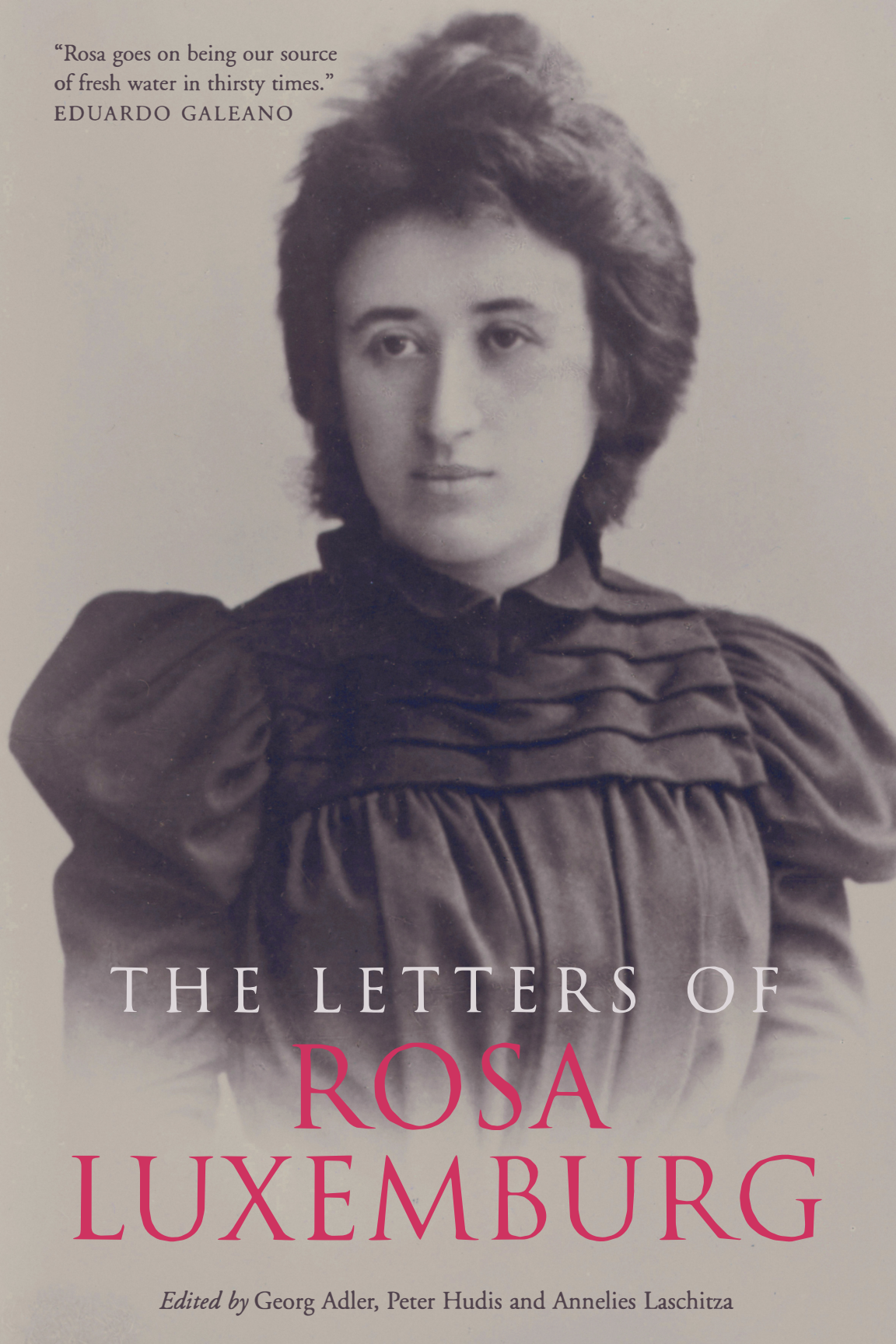


"Rosa goes on being our source
of fresh water in thirsty times."

EDUARDO GALEANO



THE LETTERS OF ROSA LUXEMBURG

Edited by Georg Adler, Peter Hudis and Annelies Laschitza

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and Annelies Laschitza

Translated by George Shriver



**ROSA
LUXEMBURG
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VERSO

London • New York

Verso would like to express its gratitude to Rosa Luxemburg Stiftung
for help in publishing this book.



This paperback edition first published by Verso 2013

First published by Verso 2011

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Based on the German selection *Herzlichst, Ihre Rosa*

[In the Most Heartfelt Way, Your Rosa]

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English translation © George Shriver 2011

Introduction © Peter Hudis 2011

Introduction from the Editor of the German Edition

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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Verso

UK: 6 Meard Street, London W1F 0EG

US: 20 Jay Street, Suite 1010, Brooklyn, NY 11201

www.versobooks.com

Verso is the imprint of New Left Books

ISBN-13: 978-1-78168-107-7

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

A catalog record for this book is available from the Library of Congress

Typeset in Caslon by MJ & N Gavan, Truro, Cornwall

Printed by in the US by Maple Vail

Contents

<i>Introduction: Rediscovering Rosa Luxemburg</i> by Peter Hudis	vii
<i>Introduction from the Editor of the German Edition</i> by Annelies Laschitza	xiii
<i>Translator's Note</i>	xli
The Letters, July 17, 1891–January 11, 1919	1
A Glossary of Personal Names	495
Selected List of Publications	571
Abbreviations	581
Archive Locations of the Letters	583
Index	591

Introduction: Rediscovering Rosa Luxemburg

By Peter Hudis

As one of the most insightful theorists and original personalities of modern radicalism, Rosa Luxemburg deserves a new hearing in light of the complex problems facing efforts at social transformation today. Few figures in the Marxist tradition thought harder about the central phenomenon that defines the contemporary world, the globalization of capital. Her analysis of how capitalist expansion depends upon the absorption and destruction of non-commodified social relations takes on new importance in light of capital's relentless intrusion into the nooks and crannies of everyday life. Her painstaking analysis and passionate opposition to the logic of capital speaks especially powerfully to our time, poised as we are at the edge of an economic, political, and ecological catastrophe if it is not reversed. At the same time, Luxemburg's life and work speak not only to the need for a critique of capitalism but most of all to the search for an *alternative* to it. Few thinkers in the Marxist movement thought more deeply about the political dimension of opposition to capitalism, as seen in her wide-ranging critique of both reformists and revolutionaries who made a fetish of hierarchical and centralized organizational forms while neglecting the potential found in rank-and-file initiatives and spontaneous struggles. Most of all, no one within the canon of major radical thought was more insistent upon the inseparability of democracy and socialism and struggled with the ramifications of that fundamental connection. Now that

the many efforts to impose “socialism” from above over the course of the past 100 years have proven to be abject failures, while the need to uproot capitalism remains more imperative than ever, the time has come to comprehensively revisit her life and legacy.

What has stood in the way of such a comprehensive re-examination is that much of Luxemburg’s work has been unavailable to an English-speaking audience, and some of it has not been readily available anywhere. Although *The Accumulation of Capital* was published some time ago, one of her most important works on economics—the *Introduction to Political Economy*—has never appeared in full in English. Dozens of her essays and articles connected to the political analyses found in such works as *Reform or Revolution*, *The Mass Strike*, *the Political Party*, and *the Trade Unions*, and *The Russian Revolution* have also never been published in English. Although many readers first encountered Luxemburg through her moving and thought-provoking letters, close to 90 percent of her total correspondence is inaccessible to the Anglophone monoglot. And many manuscripts and articles discovered by scholars and researchers only in the past several decades, the subjects of which range from debates within the Polish socialist movement to theoretical investigations into pre-capitalist society as well as Marx’s *Capital*, have yet to be published anywhere. In all, less than a quarter of her total writings have so far been published in English.

We aim to fill this gap by issuing *The Complete Works of Rosa Luxemburg*, which will make her entire body of writing available in fourteen volumes, each with comprehensive annotations and introductions. All of her previously published work in English will be newly translated from German, Polish, Russian, and Yiddish originals. By building upon and extending the earlier work of Dietz Verlag in Berlin, which issued Luxemburg’s *Gesammelte Werke* and *Gesammelte Briefe*, we aim to bring the contributions of this remarkable thinker and personality alive for new generations.

The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg is a companion volume to the forthcoming fourteen-volume collection. The most comprehensive selection of her letters ever published in English, it is a translation (with some additional letters) of *Herzlichst, Ihre Rosa*, edited by internationally renowned Luxemburg biographer Annelies Laschitzka and Georg Adler. Although drawing on the collected letters, which will eventually appear as part of the *Collected Works*, the present volume is

a separate and independent entity. Spanning the entire reach of her adult life, it contains letters dating from her earliest involvement in the socialist movement, in the 1890s, to her final letters, composed shortly before her murder in January 1919. We have chosen to issue this companion volume to her *Complete Works* because it brings to life the depth and breadth of Luxemburg's political and theoretical contributions as well as her original personality.

The *Complete Works* will begin with two volumes of economic writings, containing all of her published as well as unpublished books, essays, articles, and manuscripts on economic issues. One volume will include the first ever complete English translation of the *Introduction to Political Economy*, as well as several manuscripts related to the subject of that book that have not previously been published; a second volume will contain a new translation of *The Accumulation of Capital* and *Anti-Critique*. This will be followed by seven volumes of Luxemburg's complete political writings, arranged in chronological order, ranging from her critiques of reformism and studies of imperialism to her analysis of spontaneous mass movements and their relation to revolutionary organization, and from her response to the Russian Revolutions of 1905 and 1917 to her writings on democracy, nationalism, and women's rights. The *Complete Works* will be rounded out with five volumes containing all of her extant letters.

No thinker is merely the sum of ideas that flow from their pen; there is a real person behind the thought, and few personalities are as engaging and unique as Luxemburg's. She was a woman who contended for leadership of the largest socialist organization in the world at a time when left-wing organizations (let alone mainstream ones) hardly encouraged women to assume leading roles as theoreticians. Yet Luxemburg clawed her way to the top of German Social Democracy, despite facing considerable hostility from many inside and outside of the party for being a woman, a Pole, and a Jew. Her struggle as a woman theoretician reclaiming ground long reserved for males can be discerned throughout these letters and forms an important context for understanding her overall political development and orientation. We lose a great deal by reading Luxemburg's works abstracted from the internal as well as external conflicts that she engaged in as she sought to chart an independent path on an array of political and economic issues. She was a deeply analytical thinker

who mastered the language and literature of economic theory in a manner perhaps unsurpassed for the Marxists of her generation; yet at the same time she was in many respects an *idealist* in raising questions about the ultimate aims of the struggle for freedom that went beyond the immediate political or economic problems that preoccupied many of her colleagues. As she once put it, “I do not agree with the view that it is foolish to be an idealist in the German movement.”¹ She was a thinker deeply committed to a historical *materialist* explanation of social relations; yet at the same time she insisted, “I cannot separate the physical from the spiritual.”² She was a thoroughly political individual who immersed herself in an array of political debates and controversies throughout her life; yet at the same time she took an intense interest in the natural world, to the point of writing in one letter, “my innermost self belongs more to my titmice than to the ‘comrades.’”³ These statements do not reflect some internal inconsistency in Luxemburg’s approach to the world, nor are they opposing determinations resting side by side. They, rather, express Luxemburg’s multidimensionality as a thinker and a person—a person and thinker who cannot be neatly sliced and diced into the conventional political or psychoanalytical categories. To get to know Rosa Luxemburg’s thought is to get to know a way of seeing the world, and it is not truly possible to grasp that if one lacks access to what is found in her correspondence. It is for this reason that we thought it best to announce the *Complete Works of Rosa Luxemburg* with a translation of *Herzlichst, Ihre Rosa* (the literal English translation is *In the Most Heartfelt Way, Your Rosa*).

Our aim is for this volume to provide a new vantage point for getting to know and appreciate more fully Rosa Luxemburg’s distinctive contribution to Marxism. We hope that it will enable us to grasp what she herself consciously struggled to give expression to throughout her life:

1 See the letter of May 1, 1899, to Leo Jogiches, in this volume.

2 See the letter of September 27, 1908, to Kostya Zetkin, in this volume.

3 See the letter of May 2, 1917, to Sonja Liebknecht, in *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader*, edited by Peter Hudis and Kevin B. Anderson (New York, 2004), p. 391.

It's the *form* of writing that no longer satisfies me. In my "soul" a totally new, original form is ripening that ignores all rules and conventions. It breaks them by the power of ideas and strong conviction. I want to affect people like a clap of thunder, to inflame their minds not by speechifying but with the breadth of my vision, the strength of my conviction, and the power of my expression.⁴

This volume would not have been possible without the input and assistance of the members of the Editorial Board of *The Complete Works of Rosa Luxemburg*, which consists of (in addition to George Shriver and myself as General Editor) Paul Le Blanc, Lea Haro, Axel Fair-Schulz, William A. Pelz, and Susan Weissman. We also wish to thank Sebastian Budgen and Mark Martin of Verso Books for their creative work in bringing this volume to fruition. Most of all, this volume would not have been possible without the support of the Rosa-Luxemburg-Stiftung in Germany. Our words cannot express our thanks to all those who made this publication possible.

4 See the letter to Leo Jogiches of April 19, 1899, in *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader*, p. 382.

Introduction by the Editor of the German Edition

by Annelies Laschitzka

The present volume contains 230 letters by Rosa Luxemburg, addressed to forty-six different recipients. The first letter is dated July 17, 1891, and was sent from Geneva to her Russian friends Nadina and Boris Krichevsky, in Zurich. The last letter was written on January 11, 1919, four days before her death, and sent to Stuttgart, to Clara Zetkin, with whom she had a relationship of close personal trust from 1898 on.

Here readers will find a representative selection of her letters: to fellow fighters in the socialist movement, such as Leo Jogiches, Adolf Warski, Julian Marchlewski, Feliks Dzierżyński, Franz Mehring, Karl Kautsky, August Bebel, Karl Liebknecht, Jules Guesde, Camille Huysmans, Émile Vandervelde, Georgy Plekhanov, and Vladimir Lenin; to her women comrades, such as Luise Kautsky, Henriette Roland Holst, Mathilde Jacob, Sophie Liebknecht, and Mathilde Wurm; and to men who were at different times her lovers, Leo Jogiches, Kostya Zetkin, Paul Levi, and Hans Diefenbach.

All these letters provide informative glimpses into the life and work of their author. They shed light on her development as a student, a candidate for a doctoral degree, a theoretician, journalist, teacher, politician, and revolutionary. They exude the atmosphere of her times and elucidate the stirring experiences and conflicts of her life, and they make more transparent the motivation behind her thinking and her relationships.

The letters show clearly that political engagement, a fighting spirit, and revolutionary fire, as well as profound humanity, talent as a writer and painter, feminine yearnings, and a bond with nature, all combined to create the charm and fascination of her personality. The essential traits of her character become evident, her qualities, capabilities, and passions, and make evident her joys and sorrows, her strengths and weaknesses, the high and low points of her personal development.

More than two-thirds of the letters in the present selection have now become available in English for the first time. This compares favorably with an earlier selection of letters in English, edited with great care by Stephen Eric Bronner and first published in the United States in 1978, followed by a new edition in 1993.¹

The letters are based on the texts in the six-volume German edition,² which consists of more than 2,800 letters, postcards, and telegrams to more than 150 correspondents.

The letters provide specific factual information about the international workers' and socialist movements of her time and give the reader an indication of Luxemburg's role in them, her variously motivated relations with friends in the movement and, more generally, with her contemporaries, as well as her interest in the experiences of other socialist parties and movements and her opinions on current events and new international developments. The contents of the letters range from mundane biographical details to more intimate matters, and encompass Luxemburg's thoughts about particular individuals, events, and theoretical problems, as well as the positions she took in disputes among the various tendencies not only in the Polish and Russian Social Democratic movements but also in the Danish, French, and Dutch, as well as in the International Socialist Bureau (ISB) of the Second International. Here she makes pointed observations on the concept of a revolutionary socialist party and on the national question. She protests against dogmatic narrow-

1 See *The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg*, edited and with an Introduction by Stephen Eric Bronner, new edition (New Jersey, 1993).

2 Rosa Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Briefe* (Collected Letters), vols. 1–5 (Berlin, 1982–1984); a third revised and enlarged edition of vol. 2 was issued by the same publisher, Dietz Verlag, in 1999, as well as a third revised edition of vol. 4 in 2001; vol. 6, edited by Annelies Laschitzka, was published by Dietz Verlag in 1993.

mindfulness and against any arrogant attempt to dominate a group, whether it comprises socialist parties, nations, or nationalities. The issues discussed include editorial and financial matters and considerations of how to win over or influence the masses—questions that arise during revolutionary actions, in the formation of parties, and in the development of party publications. Of particular interest, the letters of 1917–18 contain precisely summarized statements of her position of hopeful solidarity as well as her extremely critical views on the events of, and prospects for, the revolution in Russia and in all of Europe.³

The letters help to enrich our understanding of how Luxemburg lived and worked over the course of nearly three decades as she creatively and critically contributed in her combative way to the history of Marxist theory, taking part in major actions of the international workers' movement. Twice, she herself participated directly in revolutions, and throughout her life, regardless of the risk to her person, she sought to accelerate any and all developments in the direction of a socially just and peaceful society. At the same time, through all kinds of difficult situations she remained a woman, with the human strengths and weaknesses and the same problems as any other woman.⁴

3 See Rosa Luxemburg, "Zur russischen Revolution" (On the Russian Revolution), in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, 1st ed. (Berlin, 1974), and 6th revised ed. (Berlin, 2000), pp. 332ff. See also *Rosa Luxemburg und die Freiheit der Andersdenkenden. Extraausgabe des unvollendeten Manuskripts "Zur russischen Revolution" und anderer Quellen zur Polemik mit Lenin* (Rosa Luxemburg and Freedom for Those Who Think Differently: Special Edition of the Uncompleted Manuscript "On the Russian Revolution" and Other Source Materials Relating to Her Polemics with Lenin), compiled, and with an Introduction, by Annelies Laschitzka (Berlin, 1990).

4 Numerous biographical and other works about Luxemburg are available, including the following: Peter Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg* (Oxford, 1966), 2 vols.; Hannah Arendt, "A Heroine of Revolution," *New York Review of Books*, October 6, 1966; Hannah Arendt, "Rosa Luxemburg 1871–1919," in *Menschen in finsternen Zeiten* (Human Beings in Dark Times), ed. Ursula Ludz (Munich, 1989), pp. 49ff; Norman Geras, *The Legacy of Rosa Luxemburg* (London, 1976); Raya Dunayevskaya, *Rosa Luxemburg, Women's Liberation and Marx's Philosophy of Revolution* (New Jersey/Sussex, 1981); Elzbieta Ettinger, *Rosa Luxemburg: A Life* (Boston, 1986); Stephen Eric Bronner, *Rosa Luxemburg: A Revolutionary for Our Times* (New York, 1987); Richard Abraham, *Rosa Luxemburg. A Life for the International*

For the most part Luxemburg's letters are highly intimate sources that provide information about the world of her thoughts and feelings as well as the heights and depths of her life experiences and vital relationships. They tell about where she lived, the cares and concerns of her daily life, her troubles and joys, her love relationships, friendships, and family relations, and relationships with and attitudes toward people who interested her. They bring out her views on how to relate to nature and society and on interactions among individuals. The letters are testaments to her healthy spiritual and mental condition, shown in the richness of her perceptions, observations, judgments, discussions, and responses, and the diverse ways in which they are consciously geared to the person to whom she is writing.

Walter Jens made the following pointed observation about Luxemburg and her letters:

To be able to speak where others remain silent; to give expression, thanks to a great power of precision, to the most secret stirrings of the soul, the varied inflections of thoughts, and of feelings as they take shape, as well as the barely perceptible emergence of a sense of sympathy with other human beings, with animals, even with things—a quality that is detectable elsewhere only in early Expressionist prose, in the young Rilke, and in the Musil of *Törless*⁵: This above all else truly confers the title of letter-writer.⁶

Luxemburg's correspondence was part and parcel of her life, which she liked to talk about in imagery that stems from the tradition of Romantic poetry.⁷

(Oxford, 1989); Paul Frolich, *Rosa Luxemburg: Ideas in Action* (Chicago, 2010); *Rosa Luxemburg: An Intimate Portrait*, by David Fernbach, Mathilde Jacob, Hans Fernbach (London, 2000).

5 The "Musil of *Törless*" refers to a novel first published in 1906, *Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Törless* (The Confusions of Young Törless) by the Austrian writer Robert Mathias Edler von Musil (1880–1942).

6 Walter Jens, "Rosa Luxemburg's Briefe" (Rosa Luxemburg's Letters), in *Die Friedensfrau* (The Woman of Peace) (Leipzig, 1989), p. 290.

7 See Evelyn Radczun and Günter Radczun, "Wirklichkeitsbewältigung in den Briefen Rosa Luxemburgs aus dem Gefängnis 1915–1918" (Coping With and Overcoming Reality: Rosa Luxemburg's Letters from Prison, 1915–1918), in *Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft* (Journal of Historical Science; hereafter cited as *ZfG*), no. 2, 1979, p. 106.

Anyone who tries to get to know Luxemburg can hardly avoid noticing in her letters a tension between two aspects of this remarkable woman: on the one hand, her universal interests and the refined sensibility of an artist and, on the other, at times, a rough, refractory quality expressive of her political and cultural ambitions. As Walter Jens also observed, there have been few letter-writers in the history of world literature in whom one can find, as one does with Luxemburg, a maximum of self-analysis together with a huge amount of reliable information about the external world.⁸ Thus it is no accident that even condensed collections of her letters carry substantial autobiographical weight.⁹

For Luxemburg, letter-writing was part of her daily routine, and it was one of her passions. Letters served many purposes: information, the exchange of ideas, organization, self-clarification, personal contact with others, helping friends, and seeking clarification of issues in dispute and answers to unresolved questions. Especially during her times in prison, the composition of long, detailed letters was meant to help break through the confines of solitude and overcome it. When it came to writing letters, Luxemburg was prolific, even fanatical. From the letters that have survived it can be seen that there are many days in which she produced multiple letters. Now and then she complained about how much time she lost attending to her mail. But actually a current of joy flows through most of the letters in which she shared herself with friends and comrades. Again and again Luxemburg sought to encourage and bring cheer to her friends, both men and women.

8 Walter Jens, "Rosa Luxemburgs Briefe," p. 292.

9 Samples of such condensed collections of Luxemburg's letters in German include the following: Rosa Luxemburg, *Briefe an Leon Jogiches* (Letters to Leo Jogiches), with an Introduction by Feliks Tych (Frankfurt on the Main, 1971); Rosa Luxemburg, *Ich umarme Sie in großer Sehnsucht. Briefe aus dem Gefängnis 1915–1918* (I Embrace You with Great Longing: Letters from Prison, 1915–1918) (Berlin-Bonn, 1980); Reinhard Hoßfeld, *Rosa Luxemburg oder Die Kühnheit des eigenen Urteils* (Rosa Luxemburg, or the Keenness of One's Own Judgment) (Aachen, 1993); Heide Inhetveen, "Glück im Winkel—Rosa Luxemburgs botanische Leidenschaft im Spiegel ihrer Gefängnisbriefe und herbarien" (Happiness in One's Own Little Corner—Rosa Luxemburg's Passion for Botany as Reflected in Her Prison Letters and Herbariums [Albums of Pressed Plants]), in *Frauen und Hortikultur* (Women and Horticulture), ed. Mathilde Schmidt (Hamburg, 2006).

Her frank and forthright way of writing letters has impressed quite a few people, not least her biographers,¹⁰ creative writers,¹¹ filmmakers, and playwrights.¹²

Luxemburg's letters served quite varied purposes. She wanted to provide her friends and comrades with information and to draw them into an exchange of ideas. Many letters were purely factual, containing only impersonal observations. Others recorded her attempts to clarify her own position with regard to situations, experiences, opinions, observations, premonitions, or fears. In part, the letters took the place of a diary. They helped her to keep an even keel when, for political reasons or because of arbitrary judicial decisions, she was imprisoned. Often she sought through her letters to give pleasure and encouragement to her friends.

In writing her letters Luxemburg was able to lift her own spirits. She wrote about what was important, endearing, awe-inspiring,

10 In addition to the biographical works already cited, see also Gilbert Badia, *Rosa Luxemburg. Journaliste, Polémiste, Revolutionnaire* (Paris, 1975); *Rosa Luxemburg mit Selbstzeugnissen und Bilddokumenten dargestellt von Helmut Hirsch* (Rosa Luxemburg's Testimony about Herself, with Documentary Photos, Drawings, and Paintings, presented by Helmut Hirsch) (Reinbek bei Hamburg, 2002); Max Gallo, *Rosa Luxemburg. Eine Biographie*, translated from the French by Rainer Pfeleiderer and Birgit Kaiser (Zürich, 1993); Frederik Hetmann, *Eine Kerze, die an beiden Enden brennt. Das Leben der Rosa Luxemburg* (A Candle Burning at Both Ends: The Life of Rosa Luxemburg) (Freiburg im Breisgau, 1998); Annelies Laschitzka, *Im Lebensrausch, trotz alledem. Eine Biographie* (Enraptured with Life, In Spite of Everything: A Biography) (Berlin, 1996).

11 Among writers of fiction who have chosen Rosa Luxemburg as a subject, compare Alfred Döblin, *November 1918. Eine deutsche Revolution. Erzählwerk in drei Teilen. Dritter Teil. Karl und Rosa* (November 1918: A German Revolution—Narrated in Three Parts, Part 3: Karl and Rosa) (Frankfurt on the Main, 2008); and Peter Weiss, *Die Ästhetik des Widerstands* (The Aesthetic of Resistance), 3 vols. (Berlin, 1983).

12 See, for example, Margarethe von Trotta and Christiane Ensslin, *Rosa Luxemburg. Das Buch zum Film* (Rosa Luxemburg: The Screenplay for the Film) (Nördlingen, 1986). Also by Margarethe von Trotta and Christiane Ensslin, *Die bleierne Zeit und andere Filmtexte* (Times Heavy as Lead and Other Film Scripts) (Berlin, 1988). Also, Róza Berger-Fiedler and Harry Hornig, *"Liebster Dziodzio"—ein Liebesfilm über Rosa* ("Dearest Dziodzio"—A Love Story in Film about Rosa) (Berlin, 1995); and Volker Ludwig and Franziska Steiof, *Rosa. Schauspiel mit Musik* (Rosa: A Stage Play with Music), Grips Theater (Berlin, 2008).

astonishing, right alongside completely trivial things, never imagining that, later on, a third party might read her words. The naturalness of her letters is the most characteristic general impression they leave with the reader. As Gilbert Badia has written,

There is nothing forced or artificial. Rosa Luxemburg presents herself in her letters as she is, with her moments of dejection as well as her serene heroism, her feeling for nature and her great love for particular works of world literature, her opinions about the world and the people who make history, but also her rare and never-failing humor. ... She writes out of a superabundance of the heart, never out of routine or adherence to convention. And all the while, these letters, in which she speaks so much about herself, hardly ever have the quality of confession. They constitute a prolonged conversation, broken off but taken up again, many-sided but actually directed toward a definite number of themes and topics that often recur in her writing, now serious, now joking, on occasion profoundly penetrating, and always interesting, a prolonged conversation that never shades off into empty chatter.¹³

As a letter-writer, Luxemburg was an artist of consummate skill, one able to utilize many different shadings and tones. She wrote with heartfelt spontaneity, but she could also write with carefully calculated coldness. She communicated in German, Polish, Russian, and French, so that in addition to the varied tones, varying degrees of intimacy, and a nuanced candor, one encounters the stylistic differences associated with the language being used.

Self-aware and empathetic as she was, she entrusted to her correspondents what she thought, felt, and did, and what her opinions were of various third parties. As primary sources, letters are highly contextual. They are tied to specific situations and governed by the feelings of the moment. They are written for the day or for the hour, born of particular moods and in most cases intended for only one recipient. Seldom are their authors able to observe things in a balanced way, seeing them from all sides, nor do they want to. To a very great extent letters are testaments to individuality. Their appeal lies in the extremely intimate perspective they offer, stamped with the unique aspects of personality, including natural

13 Gilbert Badia, *Rosa Luxemburg: Journaliste, Polémiste, Revolutionnaire* (Paris, 1975), p. 754.

self-contradictoriness. Such letters definitely tempt the reader to go further into the extensive literature about the most important events and circumstances of Luxemburg's life and work.¹⁴

It seems miraculous that so many of Luxemburg's letters and post-cards have survived, although of course a great many were lost. After all, they passed through the devastation of two world wars, the fury of fascist-like soldiers who ransacked her apartment at the time of her assassination, as well as ravaging the dwellings of her comrades-in-arms in January 1919, events which were followed by the persecution and emigration of so many of her associates in subsequent decades.

Luise Kautsky, for example, let it be known that the letters Luxemburg wrote to her from August to October 1918 were lost.¹⁵

14 The literature about Rosa Luxemburg's life and work, in addition to books listed above, includes the following: Masao Nishikawa, "Rosa Luxemburg: Bibliographie ihrer Schriften und der Literatur über sie 1945–2003" (A Bibliography of Her Writings and the Literature About Her, 1945–2003), *Studies in the Humanities, a Journal of Senshu University, Tokyo/Kanagawa, Japan*, no. 74, March 2004; Narihiko Ito, *Wegweiser zum Gedanken Rosa Luxemburgs* (Guide to the Thought of Rosa Luxemburg) (Tokyo, 2007); Narihiko Ito (ed. by Annelies Laschitza and Ottokar Luban), *Rosa Luxemburg im internationalen Diskurs. Internationale Rosa-Luxemburg-Gesellschaft in Chicago, Tampere, Berlin und Zürich (1998–2000)*, (Rosa Luxemburg in International Discourse: The International Rosa Luxemburg Society in Chicago, Tampere, Berlin, and Zurich [1998–2000]) Annelies Laschitza and Ottokar Luban, eds (Berlin, 2002); Narihiko Ito, Theodor Bergmann, Stefan Hochstadt, Ottokar Luban, eds, *China entdeckt Rosa Luxemburg. Internationale Rosa-Luxemburg-Gesellschaft in Guangzhou am 21./22. November 2004* (China Discovers Rosa Luxemburg: The International Rosa Luxemburg Society in Guangzhou, November 21–22, 2004) (Berlin, 2007); Annelies Laschitza, *Die Welt ist so schön bei allem Graus. Rosa Luxemburg im internationalen Diskurs, Rosa-Luxemburg-Stiftung* (The World Is So Beautiful, With All Its Horrors: Rosa Luxemburg in International Discourse) (Saxony, 1998); *The National Question: Selected Writings by Rosa Luxemburg*, edited and with an Introduction by Horace B. Davis (New York, 1976); Peter Hudis and Kevin B. Anderson, eds, *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader* (New York, 2004). See also the following revised or new editions of her Collected Works in German: Rosa Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1 (1893–1905), 8th rev. ed. (Berlin, 2007); vol. 1, pt. 2 (1893–1905), 7th rev. ed. (Berlin, 2000); vol. 2 (1906–June 1911), 6th rev. ed. (Berlin, 2004); vol. 3 (July 1911–July 1914), 6th rev. ed. (Berlin, 2003); vol. 4 (August 1914–January 1919), 6th rev. ed. (Berlin, 2000); vol. 5, 4th ed. (Berlin, 1990).

15 See Rosa Luxemburg, *Briefe an Karl und Luise Kautsky (1896–1918)*

The Kautskys moved from Berlin to Vienna in 1924, taking their large archive with them, which included many of Luxemburg's letters. In March 1938, when Hitler annexed Austria, the Kautsky family emigrated to Prague, then immediately flew to Amsterdam, and in the process, the large family archive was often in danger of being confiscated. Also, during the evacuation of Amsterdam, in May 1940, there was a real threat that the Kautsky papers would become war booty in the hands of the invading German army.¹⁶

Luxemburg's letters to Mathilde Jacob were also in Germany, where Hitler's fascist dictatorship was persecuting, robbing, and exterminating Jews, and thus for a long time those documents were endangered until a way was found to get them to the United States. But Jacob personally remained in Germany, blocked from going to the US, because she did not have the necessary financial resources.¹⁷ Help from friends overseas came too late for her. Her life ended in a Nazi concentration camp at Theresienstadt on April 14, 1943. No more worthy tribute can be paid to Mathilde Jacob for the help she provided in saving and preserving Luxemburg's legacy than was done by Heinz Knobloch in his book *Meine liebste Mathilde*¹⁸ and by Sibylle Quack, together with Rüdiger Zimmermann, who made available a reproduction, entirely faithful to the original, of Mathilde Jacob's memoirs about Rosa Luxemburg and her friends.¹⁹

(Letters to Karl and Luise Kautsky), ed. Luise Kautsk (Berlin 1923), p. 231.

16 After Karl Kautsky's death in October 1938, Luise deposited the family papers with the International Institute of Social History (IISH) in Amsterdam. The Kautsky family archive survived World War II because it was transferred to the British section of the IISH.

17 See Ralph H. Lutz, "Rosa Luxemburg's Unpublished Prison Letters, 1916–1918," in *Journal of Central European Affairs*, vol. 23, no. 3, October 1963, pp. 303–12; Agnes F. Peterson, "A working woman: Mathilde Jacob, 1873–1942," in *Internationale wissenschaftliche Korrespondenz zur Geschichte der deutschen Arbeiterbewegung* (International Scholarly Correspondence on the History of the German Workers' Movement; hereafter cited as *IWK*), no. 18, April 1973, pp. 51–5; also, there has existed since 1989, in the Hoover Institution Archives at Stanford University, a "Register of the Rosa Luxemburg–Mathilde Jacob Papers," prepared by Katherine A. Reynolds.

18 See Heinz Knobloch, *Meine liebste Mathilde. Geschichte zum Berühren* (My Dearest Mathilde: A Painful, Deeply Moving Story) (Berlin, 1985).

19 See "Von Rosa Luxemburg und ihren Freunden in Krieg und Revolution 1914–1919" (On Rosa Luxemburg and Her Friends in War

The letters that did survive were saved by timely publication and also, above all, by being turned over for safekeeping to various archival institutions, especially in Moscow but also in Amsterdam, Antwerp, Berlin, Bonn, Karlsruhe, New York, Stanford, Warsaw, and Zurich, and by being locked up in the private safes of family members and friends of the recipients, such as Paul Levi, Berta Thalheimer, Rosi Wolfstein, and Clara Zetkin.

The process by which the letters were tracked down, gathered together, and published is a turbulent and eventful story in its own right. It began with a joint initiative taken by Sophie Liebknecht²⁰ and the Communist Youth International, and the result was *Briefe an Freunde*, published in 1920, a work that has become legendary.²¹ The publishers of that first volume of letters wrote as follows:

Here the youth, the workers, all those for whose well-being and freedom she fought, suffered, and died—murdered by cowardly criminal hands—will find the soul of this much-reviled woman fully revealed. Here any shyness about divulging the truth of one's personal life disappears. These private letters are no longer private. Whoever knows only Rosa Luxemburg the fighter and the scholarly author does not yet know all sides of her as a person. The letters from prison round out the picture. Rosa Luxemburg's supporters and fellow fighters have the right to know the richness of the inexhaustible wellsprings of her heart. They have the right to see how this woman, rising above her own sufferings, embraced all the products of creation with understanding love and truly poetic power, how her heart leapt up at the song of a bird, how vibrant and exalted lines of verse echoed in her soul, how she kept the secrets of both fateful events and everyday doings in the lives of her friends.

and Revolution, 1914–1919), a manuscript by Mathilde Jacob, edited and introduced by Sibylle Quack and Rüdiger Zimmermann, in *IWK*, vol. 24, no. 4, December 1988.

20 See Annelies Laschitzka, *Die Liebknechts. Karl und Sophie—Politik und Familie* (The Liebknechts: Karl and Sophie—Politics and Family) (Berlin, 2007), pp. 304ff., 317, 438ff.

21 Rosa Luxemburg, *Briefe aus dem Gefängnis* (Letters from Prison), published by the Executive Committee of the Communist Youth International (Berlin, 1920). The quotation from the publishers is from page 4 of the 1920 edition.

The twenty-two letters and postcards in this small book, written to Sophie Liebknecht in the years 1916–18, helped from then on to bring to life the image of Rosa Luxemburg as a person, especially for those who felt closely linked to her or who sought to be guided by her example. Despite the arbitrary breaks in continuity and the conflicts over Luxemburg's theoretical heritage, resulting from a process of dogmatization and the imposition of party discipline, her letters to Sophie Liebknecht won an indestructible place for her in the memories of many people, including those who were far removed from Communist and Socialist circles.

For a large number of people the letters aroused strong sympathies for this controversial revolutionary woman (notorious among conservatives as “Red Rosa” or “Bloody Rosa”). Many also felt ashamed that they had previously regarded Rosa Luxemburg too narrowly and one-sidedly, only as a political figure and scholarly author and less as a human being.

The danger of “mythologizing” Luxemburg by calling her a “giantess of the soul” or “lyrical dreamer,” a tendency which Elzbieta Ettinger protests against,²² is far less serious than that posed by her demonization as the result of widely circulated slander.

It is not at all uncommon to meet people who report that the *Briefe an Freunde* gave them the faith and strength to hold out and come through terrible, unbearable situations. Especially among young people in the New Left of the 1960s—and this extended far beyond Europe—Luxemburg's letters to Sophie Liebknecht awakened new interest in this courageous advocate of resolute and unwavering opposition to war and to any form of injustice.

“There is nothing unusual,” wrote Ossip K. Flechtheim, “in the fact that over the course of half a century, thanks to historical perspective, the image and characterization of a particular person should take on new forms.” Luxemburg has almost constantly grown in stature since her assassination. Bloody Rosa, once the bogeywoman, the bane of the philistines and pundits, is now all but forgotten. Nowadays people are often inclined to see only the gentle, kind woman of the *Letters from Prison* and *Briefe an Freunde*. In this many-sided individual, an inner musical and lyrical quality

22 In general, Ettinger values Luxemburg's letters quite highly. See *Comrade and Lover: Rosa Luxemburg's Letters to Leo Jogiches*, edited and translated by Elzbieta Ettinger (Cambridge, MA, 1979).

was always inseparable from her ethical and political engagement as a public figure.”²³

In 1946, after the defeat of Hitler’s fascist government, the *Letters from Prison* to Sophie Liebknecht were immediately reissued. In 1977, this book, after being reprinted in many editions, was expanded to include additional letters, along with passages that had been left out in 1920. All in all, thus far, we know of thirty-five letters and postcards to Sophie Liebknecht, and they can be found in the most recent editions of the *Briefe aus dem Gefängnis* as well as in Volume 5 of the *Gesammelte Briefe*.²⁴ Seven of the letters to Sophie Liebknecht have been selected for inclusion in the present volume.

From the very beginning, the publication of Luxemburg’s letters was an important part of the continuous struggle over the interpretation to be given to their author’s historical role and legacy. Immediately after Luxemburg’s assassination on January 15, 1919, Mathilde Jacob, Leo Jogiches, Paul Levi, and Clara Zetkin applied themselves to the task of saving and preserving her papers, and they were supported in this effort by the attorney Kurt Rosenfeld. As early as January 18, 1919, Clara Zetkin wrote to Mathilde Jacob: “Dearest friend, it is your task to see to it that not a single piece of paper, not a single line of writing, among Rosa’s manuscripts is taken away or misplaced.”²⁵ In her reply, dated January 25, 1919, Mathilde Jacob was already hinting that for the memoirs she herself intended to write Rosa Luxemburg’s letters would be an especially important source.²⁶ On February 7, 1919, she suggested that Hans Diefenbach’s sister be asked to let them have the letters her brother had received from Luxemburg. They were sure to be “extremely valuable letters,” Jacob said, because she knew that Luxemburg herself had kept a large part of the letters she had received from Hans Diefenbach.²⁷ On March 31, 1919, Jacob reported that she had just

23 Ossip K. Flechtheim, *Rosa Luxemburg zur Einführung* (Rosa Luxemburg, by Way of Introduction) (Hamburg, 1985), p. 68.

24 See Rosa Luxemburg, *Briefe aus dem Gefängnis* (Letters from Prison) 16th expanded ed. (Berlin, 2000); see also her *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 5, pp. 129ff.

25 Clara Zetkin to Mathilde Jacob, January 18, 1919, in Bundesarchiv Berlin (Archives of the Federal Republic of Germany), hereafter cited as BArch Berlin), section designated: NY 4005/79.

26 See *ibid.*, Mathilde Jacob to Clara Zetkin, January 25, 1919.

27 See *ibid.*, Mathilde Jacob to Clara Zetkin, February 7, 1919.

remembered that Leo Jogiches had told her he had a large quantity of letters in Polish from Luxemburg. Now that Jogiches had also been murdered, she intended to search for those letters. At the same time, Jacob's letter contains a reference to a wish expressed by Luxemburg that, after her death, all letters addressed to her should be burned.²⁸

Initially, Leo Jogiches and Clara Zetkin had considered themselves to be "jointly the 'natural' executors and curators, or trustees" for the acquisition, protection, and publication of Luxemburg's written legacy.²⁹ Then in 1921 Zetkin, after denouncing Paul Levi earlier that year for having published Luxemburg's manuscript on the Russian Revolution,³⁰ took the initiative on her own to force the pace of publication of Luxemburg's papers. On June 25, 1921, in a letter to Grigory Zinoviev, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Communist International (ECCI), she proposed the formation of a commission to acquire, administer, protect, and publish those papers.³¹ And that proposal was put into effect.³² This commission included Clara Zetkin, Adolf Warski, Julian Marchlewski, and Edwin Hoernle. As Zetkin stated in the *Rote Fahne* of September 10, 1921, the commission counted on support from the wider circles of Luxemburg's friends. She wrote further that she had known nothing about the actions taken by Wilhelm Pieck. Parallel to her efforts, Pieck had taken steps to ensure that the party congress of the KPD in Jena in August 1921 would adopt a proposal submitted to the central leadership by the district party conference of Berlin-Brandenburg to move forward immediately with the publication of Luxemburg's writings. The leadership responded as follows:

28 See *ibid.*, Mathilde Jacob to Clara Zetkin, March 31, 1919.

29 Jogiches was, however, murdered in March 1919, following the defeat of the Spartacus League uprising. See Clara Zetkin, "Rosa Luxemburgs literarischer Nachlass" (Rosa Luxemburg's Literary Legacy), *Rote Fahne*, no. 417, September 10, 1921 (morning edition).

30 See "Gegen den Verrat Paul Levis, Erklärung von Adolf Warski und Clara Zetkin, 20. Dezember 1921" (Against the Treachery of Paul Levi: A Declaration by Adolf Warski and Clara Zetkin, December 20, 1921), *Internationale Presse-Korrespondenz*, vol. 1, no. 39, 1921, p. 344.

31 Clara Zetkin to G. Ye. Zinoviev, July 25, 1921, in BArch Berlin, NY 4005/95.

32 See the 1921 resolution of the ECCI, in *ibid.*, NY 4005/106.

The *Zentrale* speaks in favor of accepting this proposal, but its practical implementation may well fail because Rosa Luxemburg's papers are in the hands of a woman who, as the result of breaking party discipline, no longer belongs to the party. It is an open question whether she will turn over this material to us. We will try to obtain the material, so that the proposal can be carried out.³³

In a personal statement, Mathilde Jacob emphatically rejected this incredible accusation.³⁴ In reply she received a public assurance from Zetkin:

No one knows better than I do what a great and lasting service was performed and how much credit was earned by my friend Mathilde for having kept Rosa's political and literary legacy together and protecting it with unflagging loyalty and many sacrifices—to the extent that it was possible to locate, identify, and gather this material together. Therefore I am convinced that our committee can rely on her as a willing and knowledgeable consultant and assistant in securing, arranging, and publishing that legacy.³⁵

But this did not come about. The two longtime traveling companions went separate ways because of party and political disagreements.

The committee headed by Clara Zetkin and Adolf Warski was responsible for putting forward the idea of publishing a collected works edition of Luxemburg's writings, with Paul Frölich assigned to carry out this task. Among the nine volumes envisioned for this project, one volume of her letters was included. But it was not published. Only three thematically arranged volumes of her writings came out, consisting of her longer works and some articles and speeches. After the expulsion of Paul Frölich from the KPD for "right deviation" the publication of the collected works was broken off.³⁶

33 *Rote Fahne*, August 25, 1921 (evening edition). The reference is to Mathilde Jacob, who had sided with Paul Levi and been expelled from the KPD along with him.

34 See "Rosa Luxemburg's Literary Legacy," *Die Freiheit*, no. 414, September 5, 1921, p. 3.

35 Clara Zetkin, "Rosa Luxemburg's Literary Legacy," *Rote Fahne*, no. 417, September 10, 1921 (morning edition).

36 See Elke Reuter, Wladislaw Hedeler, Horst Helas, and Klaus Kinner, eds, *Luxemburg oder Stalin. Schaltjahr 1928—Die KPD am Scheideweg. Eine*

No larger editions of letters emerged from the Communist Party milieu at that time. Until Stalin's dictatorial pronouncement against Rosa Luxemburg, in 1931,³⁷ the publication of individual letters or groups of letters did continue, but solely in newspapers, magazines, and special anthologies or collections of documents on particular themes; but after that nothing more was passed by the censor. The intensified campaign against Luxemburgism blocked any further publication for many years.³⁸

Paul Frölich did not let himself be discouraged. He continued to work on Rosa Luxemburg and her legacy. Shortly before the outbreak of World War II he was able to publish his biography of her, in which his vivid depiction of her personality rested in part on his knowledge of hundreds of her letters. He no longer had them in his possession, but he could elaborate on them from memory.³⁹

With his expulsion from the German Communist Party and from the Communist International his assignment as editor of Luxemburg's works was withdrawn and he was ordered to surrender the fund of source material he had collected.⁴⁰

kommentierte Dokumentation (Luxemburg or Stalin: "Year of the Great Leap" 1928—The KPD at the Crossroads: Documents with Commentary) (Berlin, 2003).

37 See Joseph Stalin, "Über einige Fragen der Geschichte des Bolschewismus. Brief an die Redaktion der Zeitschrift 'Proletarskaja Revoluzija'" (On Some Questions of the History of Bolshevism: Letter to the Editors of *Proletarskaya Revolyutsiya*), in Rosa Luxemburg, *Ausgewählte Reden und Schriften* (Selected Speeches and Writings), vol. 1 (Berlin, 1951), pp. 136ff.

38 See Erwin Lewin, "Einige Aspekte der Wirkung von Stalins Luxemburg-Urteil 1931 in der Kommintern" (Some Aspects of the Effects on the Comintern of Stalin's 1931 Verdict against Rosa Luxemburg), *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Arbeiterbewegung* (Essays on the History of the Workers' Movement—hereafter cited as *BzG*), vol. 33, no. 4, 1991, pp. 483ff.; and Annelies Laschitza, "Zum Umgang mit Rosa Luxemburg in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart" (On the Treatment of Rosa Luxemburg in the Past and Present), *ibid.*, pp. 435ff.

39 See Paul Frölich, *Rosa Luxemburg. Gedanke und Tat* (Frankfurt on the Main, 1967, and Berlin, 1990). English-language editions include Paul Frölich, *Rosa Luxemburg: Ideas in Action*, translated by Joanna Hoornweg (Chicago, 2010). Paul Frölich's biography of Luxemburg first appeared in English in a translation by Edward Fitzgerald in 1940.

40 Rosi Frölich reported in a 1981 letter to Hermann Weber that in 1933, when Paul Frölich still sat on the Central Committee of the Sozialistische

We have Luise Kautsky to thank for the appearance of a second volume of letters in the 1920s. In 1923, she published most of the letters she and her husband had received from Luxemburg. Luise Kautsky had been one of her closest confidantes for a very long time. From her own experience she was able to highlight, in a memorial article, how well her friend understood the importance of giving courage to the timid and strength to the weak.⁴¹

At a later time Luise Kautsky wrote:

As far as her outer appearance was concerned, Nature had certainly treated her in an almost stepmotherly way. At first glance she made anything but an impressive appearance, given her delicate constitution, her short stature, like that of a child, and the somewhat misshapen frame of her body. But it was as if Mother Nature wanted to make up for what she had denied Rosa in physical attributes, because she fitted Rosa out with so many richer spiritual gifts. ...

Rosa hated any kind of oppression, and to rebel against it was in her blood. ... All the qualities of a true fighter were united in her to a rare degree: the highest personal courage, great knowledge, paired with quickness of wit and repartee, exceptional ability as a public speaker, backed up by an elegant manner of expression, a lively imagination, and plenty of gumption—she never shrank from facing any and all opponents. On top of that was the pleasant sound of a lovely voice, so that it was no wonder, when all these resources were working in harmony together, she had a magical effect on almost everyone who encountered her, except for those prejudiced against her. In our own ranks there were certainly more than a few who had a burning hatred of her. That was because she dealt with political opponents just as sharply and ruthlessly as she did when lambasting capitalism and its abominations, and she directed her fire just as fiercely against comrades she suspected of half-heartedness or betrayal of party principles. ...

Arbeiterpartei, or SAP, and it had fled to Belgium, “friends with whom the Rosa Luxemburg material had been deposited in February 1933 sent it for safekeeping to the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow by way of the Soviet Embassy.” Cited by Hermann Weber in “Neue Tendenzen in der SED-Geschichtsschreibung” (New Trends in SED Historiography), *Deutschland-Archiv*, no. 8, 1981, p. 804.

41 See Luise Kautsky, “Rosa Luxemburg zum Gedächtnis” (In Remembrance of Rosa Luxemburg), *Die Freiheit*, no. 36, January 20, 1919, pp. 2ff.

At home and among friends she was quite different from her public persona. There she was considerate, helpful, and full of tender feelings, with compassion for every living creature. She was effusively enthusiastic about all the fine arts, with a passionate love of music and painting, an art that she in fact pursued successfully, and she was as much at home in the realm of good literature as she was in many fields of science. ... And then there were her letters! Their appearance within a few years after Rosa's violent death had a truly sensational impact in all party circles, extending even into the ranks of the bourgeoisie. They captured the world's attention: What was this? The work of Bloody Rosa, the much-despised Megaera? This woman of great sensitivity, full of feeling and spirit, to whom nothing human was alien, who knew how to console and support her friends even from prison?!

In these letters from prison to Karl Liebknecht's wife, Sophie (Sonya), and to the writer of these lines Rosa reveals herself with all the greatness of her soul and her most lovable qualities. These letters are all the more to be wondered at because during her many years of imprisonment Rosa endured great physical suffering and many torments of the soul.⁴²

There was an astonished and emotional reaction to the appearance of this new volume of letters to the Kautskys, so different from the first. In the letters to Sophie Liebknecht, Luxemburg had wanted, above all, simply to give warm, human support to a woman who was anxious and worried about the fate of her husband, the imprisoned Karl Liebknecht, and about the welfare of their three children during the war years 1916–18. In contrast, the letters to Karl and Luise Kautsky reflected the many-sided relationship that had developed over years of a life shared together, based on close friendship, almost as though they were family. In these letters, in addition to personal matters, burning political issues of the day came up for discussion.

After reading this volume, for example, Hans and Gretel Müller wrote about the great admiration they felt for this unique woman, although they had never been influenced by her in their

42 Luise Kautsky, "Rosa Luxemburg anlässlich ihres 15. Todestages" (Rosa Luxemburg on the Occasion of the Fifteenth Anniversary of Her Death), an unpublished manuscript in the Kautsky Family Archives at the International Institute of Social History, in Amsterdam, document no. 2201.

political views. They wrote that Luxemburg's friendship with Hans Diefenbach, who is often mentioned in the letters to Luise Kautsky, filled them with pride (Gretel, or Margarete, being Diefenbach's sister and Hans Müller, Diefenbach's brother-in-law).⁴³ Dr. Dossmann, the director of the Breslau prison, where Rosa had been held in 1917–18, appreciated the reinforcement of his favorable memories of Rosa Luxemburg, with whom he had spent so many hours in conversations that still stirred his feelings, a woman who had been so undeservedly and hatefully torn from this life.⁴⁴ Irmgard Delbrück also wrote about the very profound impressions made by this book.⁴⁵

On the other hand, Adolf Braun expostulated at some length on the contradiction between the person and the politician. Braun's self-description and comments on the topic "New Letters of Rosa Luxemburg" include the following:

He [i.e., Adolf Braun] was always a fierce political opponent of Rosa Luxemburg, and he always perceived her as a foreign body in our party, as a woman who sought to influence the German workers' movement in a decisive way and with the greatest zeal without understanding the essential nature of the German work force, a woman who wanted to influence the German workers in their struggle for emancipation on the basis of methods constructed in her brain and derived from Russian socialist politics. Although the present writer encountered her many times at party congresses and other sessions—"special conference" was the technical expression—we repelled one another and not the slightest human connection was formed between us. ... Now this book comes along. ... Whoever reads this book, judging just by a few sentences, will not be able to imagine at all the fiery revolutionary, the tireless conspirator, the woman who pronounced ill-considered and unjust judgments against the German workers' movement, and who at the same time was a highly commendable leader of our party.⁴⁶

43 Hans Müller-Diefenbach to Luise Kautsky, August 2, 1923, in the Kautsky Family Archives, IISH, no. 1240.

44 Dr. Dossmann to Luise Kautsky, August 9, 1925, in *ibid.*, no. 998.

45 Irmgard Delbrück to Luise Kautsky, February 28, 1926, in *ibid.*, no. 3379.

46 Typed manuscript of an article written by Adolf Braun for *Fränkische Tagespost* in the International Institute of Social History, item no. 2274.

For Eugen Dietzgen as well, Luxemburg's sensitive and artistically inclined personality was something completely new.⁴⁷

Luise Kautsky, with her knowledge of and feeling for the enlightening and informative value of the letters, felt so encouraged by the many-sided and even contradictory reactions to the collection of letters she had published that she immediately decided to continue her work by putting together a new volume of letters. She wanted to bring it out on the tenth anniversary of Rosa's murder. She energetically made contact with Józef Luxemburg, one of Rosa's brothers, who had attended her funeral in Berlin in 1919 and was the family member responsible for matters connected with her papers and other matters involving her estate.⁴⁸ Luise also wrote to (and received responses from) Gretel Müller-Diefenbach, Mathilde Wurm, and Adolf Geck.⁴⁹

Thus Luise Kautsky gathered together an impressive number of interesting letters. But this undertaking ran aground in 1927, because the German Communist Party (KPD) did not want to allow the publication of the letters if Luise Kautsky was to have priority in presenting the manuscript.⁵⁰ The KPD in a court case had won exclusive rights to the publication of Luxemburg's papers, and it immediately asserted those rights.⁵¹ Luise refused to allow

47 *Ibid.*, no. 991.

48 See Józef Luxemburg to Luise Kautsky, July 29, 1922, and July 28, 1924, in *ibid.*, no. 1207.

49 See Gretel Müller-Diefenbach to Luise Kautsky, April 29, 1923; June 11, 1924; August 29, 1924; January 20, 1925; February 19, 1925; February 22, 1925; May 9, 1925, in *ibid.*, no. 1241; Mathilde Wurm to Luise Kautsky, January 19, 1925, in *ibid.*, no. 1471; Luise Kautsky to Adolf Geck, May 6 and June 23, 1924, in the Generallandesarchiv Karlsruhe (General Archives of the State of Karlsruhe), 69 N 1, no. 967/9 and 967/10.

50 See the editor's foreword (p. 7) in Rosa Luxemburg, *Briefe an Freunde* (Letters to Friends), edited by Benedikt Kautsky on the basis of the manuscript prepared by Luise Kautsky (Frankfurt on the Main, 1986).

51 See the letter of the "Sekretariat V/5" to Wilhelm Pieck, dated March 22, 1927, which states: "Dear Wilhelm! We have now won the trial in the federal court in the matter of Rosa Luxemburg's papers. After this Rosa Luxemburg's papers belong to us in their entirety, that is to say, Viva! Until now the executor of the papers has been the attorney Rosenfeld." This document is in BArch Berlin, NY 4002/1. Two related documents are also found there, from which the further course of events and related problems become evident. They are an undated note of Rosi Wolfstein, who had

KPD censorship of her book, and she defied these intentions, which pained her deeply, by bringing out a different book in 1929 in memory of Luxemburg. This *Gedenkbuch* took the place of the intended volume of letters.⁵²

The manuscript for the book that was to become *Briefe an Freunde* went with the Kautskys when they emigrated from Vienna in 1938, and in 1950 that volume was published by Luise's son Benedikt Kautsky with the support of the International Institute for Social History, in Amsterdam. It included an introduction outlining the history of the book's writing and publication. That volume contained 128 letters or parts of letters to the following individuals: Konrad Haenisch, Arthur Stadthagen, Emmanuel and Mathilde Wurm, Camille Huysmans, Hans Diefenbach and his sister Margarete, Marta Rosenbaum, Adolf Geck, Gertrud Zlottko, and Mathilde Jacob, as well as to Luise Kautsky herself, to Luise's mother-in-law Minna Kautsky, and to Luise's son Benedikt Kautsky.

Benedikt Kautsky, as he himself acknowledged, disregarded a wish expressed by Mathilde Wurm concerning the letter of December 28, 1916, to her from Luxemburg.⁵³ Wurm had stated that under no circumstances should the letter be published.⁵⁴ During the preparation of *Briefe an Freunde* for publication, a discovery was made among the documents at police headquarters in Berlin—a copy of Wurm's reply to that letter. Wurm's reply makes it possible to conclude that she expressed her wish that the document not be published not only out of concern for other persons who were still alive but also, in all likelihood, because she wished to avoid personal embarrassment.

appeared in the federal court in behalf of the KPD, and a letter from an attorney, Dr. Artur Samter, to the Central Committee of the KPD, dated November 11, 1927. The year 1927 also opened with serious difficulties for Luise Kautsky in her dealings with Józef Luxemburg and Gretel Müller-Diefenbach. Both of them went back on, or placed new restrictions on, previous agreements concerning the right to publish certain letters. See, for example, in the Kautsky Family Archives at the IISH, no. 1241, the letters of Gretel Müller-Diefenbach to Luise Kautsky of June 25, August 10, and September 27, 1927, and of February 1, 1929.

52 See Luise Kautsky, *Rosa Luxemburg. Ein Gedenkbuch* (A Book in Memory of Rosa Luxemburg) (Berlin, 1929).

53 See, below, the letter to Mathilde Wurm of December 28, 1916.

54 See Luxemburg, *Briefe an Freunde*, p. 10; see also Mathilde Wurm to Luise Kautsky, January 19, 1925, in the Kautsky Family Archives at the IISH, in Amsterdam, no. 1471.

Luxemburg had been right about many points in her sharp criticism of Mathilde Wurm, including the latter's personal weakness—her desire not to have it known to party public opinion that she held views different from those of her husband, Emmanuel Wurm. "For people who are as closely connected as E[manuel] and I," she wrote, "a difference of opinion can be taken as a heavy blow, to the point that weakness and a lack of personal freedom result. In our case, I have quite consciously assumed the role of the weaker person, and in the process have burned up more physical and psychic energy than you can imagine."⁵⁵ Mathilde Wurm also argued that the moderate opposition was not at all as bad as Luxemburg judged it to be. Nothing would be accomplished or improved if people held onto illusions that had no basis in reality. Out of her own personal embarrassment Mathilde Wurm, in her letter of January 20, 1917, directed very sharp criticisms at Rosa Luxemburg:

Very few people would think of doing what you demand and expect, because you are ready at any moment to offer yourself as a sacrifice. And I am convinced as always that you and Karl [Liebknecht] have not been helpful, either to the cause of peace or to that of socialism ... Has a battle commander ever placed himself right in the very front line? Must a strategist *prove* that he has no practical obligations beyond the mental work he performs, the drawing up of the necessary military plans?

Is the proletariat still so immature that it can acknowledge its leaders and believe in their superiority and greatness only if those leaders subject themselves to every danger? If so, then *you* should not make this concession to it, but should educate this giant-with-the-mind-of-a-child so that it will have greater sense. Yes, I repeat, what is the point and who benefits if our best, keenest, most knowledgeable people are laid low? And if a leadership that is clear about its goals is replaced by a weak and uncertain waffling back and forth?⁵⁶

55 Mathilde Wurm to Rosa Luxemburg, January 20, 1917, in Brandenburgisches Landeshauptarchiv (Main Archives of the State of Brandenburg), Potsdam, Pr. Br. Rep. 30 Berlin C, Polizeipräsidium (Police Headquarters), Titel 95, Sektion 7 15851, die sozialdemokratische Frauenbewegung in Deutschland 1915–18 (The Social Democratic Women's Movement in Germany), Bl. 128 R.

56 *Ibid.*, Bl. 129.

These extracts show how beneficial it would be to efforts to create a fully rounded critical understanding of Luxemburg if more of her correspondents' letters could be discovered and were published.

Before World War II, a third woman friend of Luxemburg's managed to bring out her personal reminiscences of the great revolutionary. That was Henriette Roland Holst-van der Schalk. In the 1930s, she published five lengthy letters she had received from Rosa as an appendix to her biography of Luxemburg. These five letters have been chosen for inclusion in the present volume because they not only provide documentary evidence of the open-hearted relations between the two women but also give insight into Luxemburg's conception of how internationalism should be understood and treated in the socialist movement if it was to remain viable and effective in accomplishing the emancipation of workers and of all humanity from exploitation and oppression by international capital.⁵⁷

Equally rich in commentary on fundamental political problems of the workers' movement are the letters to Alexander Potresov, Pavel Axelrod, Leo Jogiches, Adolf Warski, and others that were published in journals and anthologies by her Polish comrades-in-arms or Russian historians in the first twelve years after Rosa Luxemburg's death (and before Stalin's pronouncement against her).⁵⁸

In the 1960s and 1970s, there was a great upsurge in the publication of Luxemburg's letters, unparalleled in its size and scope. This was the result, first of all, of the increased attention paid to her as the hundredth anniversary of her birth drew near. Secondly, it had to do with the wide-ranging, though differentiated, waves of

57 See Henriette Roland Holst-van der Schalk, *Rosa Luxemburg—Haar Leven en Werken* (Rosa Luxemburg—Her Life and Work) (Rotterdam, 1935); see also the German edition, *Rosa Luxemburg: Ihr Leben und Wirken* (Zürich, 1937), esp. pp. 210ff.

58 See, for example, "Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to A. Warski und J. Hanecki" published (in Polish) in *Z pola walki* (From the Field of Battle), no. 7–8, 1929; "Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Leo Jogiches (J. Tyszką), 1893–96," prepared for publication and annotated (in Polish) by H. D. Zakrzewska, in *Z pola walki* (Moscow, 1930), no. 9–10; "Letters of Rosa Luxemburg of January 1905," and "Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Leo Jogiches (J. Tyszką)," in *ibid.*, 1931, no. 11–12; and (in Russian) Alexander Potresov and Boris Nikolaevsky, eds, *Sotsial-demokraticheskoe dvizhenie v Rossii. Materialy* (The Social Democratic Movement in Russia: Documentary Materials) (Moscow-Leningrad, 1928), vol. 1.

opposition and rebellion by activists advocating alternative positions—waves that engulfed and shook both the capitalist world and the “socialist” countries, and because of these movements, Luxemburg’s concepts of freedom, democracy, and socialism were brought to the fore. Thirdly, after the revelations about Stalin’s crimes and personality cult at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956, opportunities opened up for researchers on Luxemburg in the Communist and Socialist parties to pursue their research on the basis of authentic original sources without being officially accused of or condemned for the harmful promotion of “Luxemburgism.” Thus, it became possible to break out of a closed circle, the ideological vise of the “struggle against Luxemburgism,” and to have done with Stalin’s charges that Luxemburg was tainted with numerous errors and on fundamental questions had gone astray as a “semi-Menshevik.”

While she had still been officially honored as a revolutionary, an opponent of war, and a cofounder of the KPD, in effect Stalin’s allegations led to her being treated as a bloodless, petrified icon. To counter all that, it was now necessary that editions of her original letters and other writings appear in order to direct attention to her true theoretical legacy and her impressive individuality.

Meanwhile, in the 1950s (and early 1960s), some significant publication of letters by Rosa Luxemburg had already occurred—from the materials held by the International Institute of Social History (IISH), in Amsterdam, thanks to the efforts of IISH Director Werner Blumenburg.⁵⁹

The most comprehensive and at the same time the most significant breakthrough in the publication of Rosa Luxemburg’s letters was accomplished by Feliks Tych with his three-volume Polish-language edition of her letters to Leo Jogiches.⁶⁰ In addition, Feliks

59 See Werner Blumenburg, “Einige Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs und andere Dokumente” (Some Letters of Rosa Luxemburg and Other Documents), *Bulletin of the International Institute of Social History Amsterdam*, vol. 7, 1952, pp. 39ff.; and Werner Blumenburg, “Einige Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs” (Some Letters of Rosa Luxemburg), *International Review of Social History*, vol. 8, 1963, pp. 94ff.

60 Róża Luksemburg, *Listy do Leona Jogichesa-Tyszki* (Letters to Leo Jogiches-Tyszka), compiled and annotated with an Introduction by Feliks Tych, vol. 1 (1893–99) (Warsaw, 1968); vol. 2 (1900–05) (Warsaw, 1968); vol. 3 (1908–14) (Warsaw, 1971).

Tych published collections of letters to Cezaryna Wojnarowska, Franz Mehring, Kurt Eisner, Hans Kautsky, Bratman-Brodowski, and Julian Marchlewski.⁶¹

In 1961 Feliks Tych began publication of Luxemburg's letters to Leo Jogiches, the largest and most interesting part of her written legacy with enormous value as historical source material.⁶² In doing so he resumed a project that Polish Communists had begun in 1930–31 in the Polish-language journal *Z pola walki* (From the Field of Battle), then published in Moscow, an undertaking that was broken off under Stalinist pressure.⁶³ It soon became clear to Tych that it was necessary to embody these letters in book form. He accurately described them as living sources that provided first-hand observations about persons and events as seen through the eyes of their author. Questions of concern to the Polish and international working-class movement were refracted in the most impressive way "through the prism of her uniquely fine-tuned sensibilities in matters both political and personal."⁶⁴ The three-volume Polish-language edition that Tych brought out, with over 900 letters from Luxemburg to Jogiches (and to some others), furnished with a comprehensive and highly informative scholarly apparatus, immediately became a standard work. Tych's editorial efforts made a contribution of the most fundamental kind to filling out our picture of the real

61 See Feliks Tych, "Rosa Luxemburg's Letters to Cezaryna Wojnarowska (1896–1905)," *Z pola walki* (Warsaw, 1971), no. 1; "Rosa Luxemburg's Letters to Franz Mehring," *Z pola walki* (Warsaw, 1969), no. 1; "Zwei Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs an Kurt Eisner" (Two Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Kurt Eisner), *IWK*, no. 15, 1972; "Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs an Hans Kautsky. Mit einer Vorbemerkung von Feliks Tych" (Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Hans Kautsky, with Introductory Comment by Feliks Tych), *BzG*, no. 2, 1979; "Drei unbekannte Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs über die Oktoberrevolution" (Three Previously Unknown Letters of Rosa Luxemburg about the October Revolution), *IWK*, vol. 27, no. 3, September 1991.

62 See Feliks Tych, "The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Leo Jogiches (Tyszka)," in *Z pola walki* (Warsaw, 1961), no. 3, and 1965, no. 2.

63 The Polish journal that had been published in Moscow, *Z pola walki* was "revived," in the sense that a Polish-language journal with the same name, and dealing mainly with party history, began to appear in Warsaw after the turbulent events of 1956 connected with "de-Stalinization."

64 Feliks Tych, "Introduction to *The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Leo Jogiches* (Tyszka)," *Z pola walki* (Warsaw, 1961), no. 3, p. 130.

essence of this woman's life and laid the basis for the publication of an authoritative edition of her collected letters.

The next major contribution, a selection of about 450 important letters to various persons, was made by a research group in Paris, consisting of Claudie Weill, Irène Petit, and Gilbert Badia, working under the direction of Georges Haupt.⁶⁵ Haupt had previously made available in a special edition the letters that had been in the possession of Camille Huysmans, a former secretary of the ISB. Above all, the work of the researchers and editors in Paris, in addition to newly discovered letters, shed light on the significant results achieved in the ongoing search for Luxemburg's letters.

The Japanese Luxemburg researcher Narihiko Ito, who also undertook important initiatives in helping to found the International Rosa Luxemburg Society, published the previously little-known letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Mathilde Jacob, which before then could only be seen in the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. Narihiko Ito brought these out in two German-language editions, first as a reproduction of the original manuscripts, published in Tokyo,⁶⁶ and then as a book entitled *Ich umarme Sie in grosser Sehnsucht*.⁶⁷

Around the same time or soon after came the publication of substantial groups of letters by Götz Langkau⁶⁸ and Jürgen

65 See Rosa Luxemburg, *Vive la lutte! Correspondance 1891–1914* (Long Live the Struggle! Correspondence of 1891–1914), compiled, translated, and annotated under the direction of Georges Haupt by Claudie Weill, Irène Petit, and Gilbert Badia (Paris, 1975); and Rosa Luxemburg, *J'étais, je suis, je serai! Correspondance 1914–1919* (I Was, I Am, I Shall Be! Correspondence of 1914–1919), compiled, translated, and annotated under the direction of Georges Haupt by Claudie Weill, Irène Petit and Gilbert Badia (Paris, 1977).

66 See Rosa Luxemburg et al., *Briefe an Mathilde Jacob (1913–1918)* (Letters to Mathilde Jacob, 1913–1918), edited and with a Foreword by Narihiko Ito (Tokyo, 1972).

67 Rosa Luxemburg, *Ich umarme Sie in grosser Sehnsucht. Briefe aus dem Gefängnis 1915–1918* (I Embrace You with Great Longing: Letters from Prison, 1915–1918), with a Foreword by Narihiko Ito, and "Versuch eines Dialogs: Mathilde Jacob im Gespräch von Charles Schüddekopf" (An Attempt at a Dialogue: Mathilde Jacob as Discussed by Charles Schüddekopf) (Berlin-Bonn, 1980).

68 See Götz Langkau, "Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs im IISG—ein Nachtrag" (Letters of Rosa Luxemburg at the International Institute of Social History), *International Review of Social History*, vol. 21, 1976, part 3, pp. 412ff.

Rojahn⁶⁹ of the International Institute of Social History, who added to the earlier work of Werner Blumenburg with important new discoveries.

In addition to the fundamental collections of letters that have already been mentioned, a great many individual items appeared in periodicals and anthologies as well as in translations and reprinted editions, and those are listed in bibliographies, such as the one published by Masao Nishikawa.⁷⁰

On the basis of this extensive and thriving industry of editorial work and biographical research, it became possible at the end of the 1970s to begin the process of bringing together and publishing in a single edition all the letters whose existence had become known and that were accessible. This work was provisionally concluded in 1993 with the appearance of Volume 6 of the *Gesammelte Briefe*. We say “provisionally” because it cannot be ruled out that, in the future, additional letters will come to light or be discovered. From 1993 to the end of 2008, only four such items became known.⁷¹

69 See Jürgen Rojahn, “Um die Erneuerung der Internationale: Rosa Luxemburg contra Pieter Jelles Troelstra. Zur Haltung der radikalen Linken in Deutschland nach dem 4. August 1914. Anhang: Unveröffentlichte Briefe Rosa Luxemburgs und Karl Liebknechts an Sozialisten im neutralen Ausland, August 1914–Januar 1915” (For the Renewal of the International: Rosa Luxemburg versus Pieter Jelles Troelstra—On the Conduct of the Left Radicals in Germany after August 4, 1914, with an Appendix: Unpublished Letters of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht to Socialists in Neutral Foreign Countries, August 1914–January 1915), *International Review of Social History*, vol. 30, 1985, part 1, pp. 137ff.

70 Masao Nishikawa, “Rosa Luxemburg: Bibliographie ihrer Schriften und der Literatur über sie 1945–2003” (A Bibliography of Her Writings and the Literature About Her, 1945–2003), *Studies in the Humanities, a Journal of the Senshu University Research Society*, Tokyo/Kanagawa, no. 74, March 2004.

71 A letter by Rosa Luxemburg addressed to a “Highly Esteemed Professor” (Hochverehrter Professor—probably Julius Wolf) and dated June 30, 1896, was discovered by Narihiko Ito in 2001 in the archives of the Friedrich Ebert Foundation (Archiv der Friedrich-Ebert-Stiftung), Bonn and Bad Godesberg; for a letter by Rosa Luxemburg reprinted in issue No. 100, June 20, 1910, of the newspaper *Zibna* (The Struggle) of the Latvian Social Democratic Party, see Annelies Laschitzka, “Ein neuer Brief von Rosa Luxemburg” (A Newly Discovered Letter by Rosa Luxemburg), in *UTOPIE kreativ*, no. 142–3, July–August 2002, pp. 720ff.; for a letter by Rosa Luxemburg to Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld, dated February 1, 1915, see

If one is to judge by the large number of people in the international workers' movement with whom Luxemburg maintained correspondence—people whom she valued highly and who had become her friends—or to judge from the entries in her prison calendar about incoming and outgoing mail,⁷² it can be seen that quite a few letters are still missing. And we do not know the situation in every case, as in the cases of Vaillant or Schoenlank, where there is either a certainty or a high probability that the correspondence with Rosa no longer exists. In France, the papers of the most important Luxemburg correspondents in that country are not accessible to the public.⁷³ The losses caused by wartime destruction in Warsaw are irretrievable. Their toll includes documents located there, presumably ones of importance, that were in the possession of Rosa's brother, Józef.⁷⁴

Perhaps the appearance of the present volume will, in turn, encourage others to come forward if they have letters of hers in their possession or know of the existence of such documents. It may also be that for various reasons other letters are lying ignored somewhere.

Ute Speck, "Ein weiterer Brief von Rosa Luxemburg und Ergänzungen zu einem Karl-Liebknecht-Brief" (A Further Letter by Rosa Luxemburg and Additions to a Letter by Karl Liebknecht), in *IWK*, no. 1, March 1997, pp. 83ff.; for a postcard by Rosa Luxemburg to Berta Thalheimer, dated November 14, 1918, see Annelies Laschitza, "Meine liebste Berta. Eine unbekannte Postkarte von Rosa Luxemburg an Berta Thalheimer" (My Dearest Berta: A Previously Unknown Postcard of Rosa Luxemburg to Berta Thalheimer), in Ursula Balzer, Heiner M. Becker, and Jaap Kloosterman, eds, *Kein Nachruf! Beiträge über und für Götz Langkau* (No Obituary! Articles for and about Götz Langkau), International Institute of Social History (Amsterdam, 2003), pp. 117ff.

72 See Rosa Luxemburg's Prison Calendar at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, in the Rosa Luxemburg-Mathilde Jacob Papers. Excerpts from it were published in *Rosa Luxemburg im Gefängnis. Briefe und Dokumente aus den Jahren 1915–1918* (Rosa Luxemburg in Prison: Letters and Documents from the Years 1915–1918), edited and with an Introduction by Charlotte Beradt (Frankfurt on the Main, 1973), pp. 115ff.

73 See the Foreword by Georges Haupt in Rosa Luxemburg, *Vive la lutte!*, p. 11.

74 This assertion is based on statements made to the author (Annelies Laschitza) by Kazimierz Luxemburg, son of Józef Luxemburg, in conversation, June 1989, in Berlin.

At the end of the 1970s, the time had grown ripe to bring together in one edition all the known letters, including those that had not yet been published, for example, the more than 800 letters to Clara and Kostya Zetkin, and to make these available in the German language to a relatively large number of readers. That was and is the intention of the six-volume *Gesammelte Briefe*, whose publication was begun by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism under the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany. The greater part of this project was completed by 1989, and after that it was supported by the substantially smaller Institute for the History of the Workers' Movement, which was conceived in a new way; then, after spring 1992, the project was finally brought to completion without institutional support, but with the sympathetic assistance of friends.

Since 1999 the publisher of corrected and expanded editions of the letters has been the Rosa Luxemburg Foundation, together with the Karl Dietz Verlag in Berlin.

In 1989 a special volume containing 190 letters appeared under the title *Herzlichst Ihre Rosa* (In the Most Heartfelt Way, Your Rosa), which was very well received, especially because it included sixteen photos and illustrations in both color and black and white, as well as fourteen color reproductions from Luxemburg's herbariums.⁷⁵ That collection of 190 letters, expanded to include forty letters from Volume 6 of the *Gesammelte Briefe*, which appeared in 1993, constitutes the basis for the present volume. May the present work arouse as much interest as have all previous such letter collections—and above all as their author has always deserved. It certainly has the potential to prompt people to go more deeply into her life and work and to inspire them to intensify their efforts for a better world. Rosa Luxemburg was always persuasive about encouraging people in that direction, because “what you take on with fire and passion becomes firmly rooted inside you” [*was man so mit Glut erfaßt, das hat in einem feste Wurzeln*].⁷⁶

75 See Annelies Laschitzka and Georg Adler, eds, *Herzlichst Ihre Rosa. Ausgewählte Briefe* (In the Most Heartfelt Way, Your Rosa: Selected Letters) (Berlin, 1989; 2nd expanded ed., Berlin, 1990).

76 See, below, Rosa Luxemburg's letter to Hans Diefenbach of March 30, 1917.

Translator's Note

In her letters Rosa Luxemburg often used very long paragraphs, but we have not broken those down into shorter ones, as would be more common in English and which might be easier to follow. Similarly, she often started a new topic within a paragraph merely by inserting a dash, or just starting a new sentence. And often she used a comma to connect separate, complete thoughts, rather than using a period to start a new sentence. It seems that in her haste to write down thoughts crowding fast on one another, rules of punctuation took second place. Generally we have tried to repeat the punctuation and paragraphing as they occurred in the letters (except where the meaning might be confused) in order to convey the tone of the originals as much as possible.

ON THE LETTERS TO JOGICHES

Most of the first half of *Herzlichst Ihre Rosa*—the source of most of the letters in the present selection—consists of Luxemburg's letters to her comrade and lover, Leo Jogiches. Luxemburg wrote to Jogiches mostly in Polish, and I have consulted the published Polish edition of these letters: Róża Luksemburg, *Listy do Leona Jogichesa-Tyszki*. Listy zebrał, słowem wstępnym i przypisami opatrzył, Feliks Tych (Letters to Leon Jogiches-Tyszka, collected, edited, annotated, and with an introduction by Feliks Tych), 3 vols., Warsaw, 1968–71.

Sometimes the version of a letter to Jogiches in the German edition contains material that was not in the published Polish edition. We have not been able to check copies of the original,

mostly Polish manuscripts—and that is also true of letters to others that were originally in Polish, Russian, and French; thus we were often obliged to retranslate from German rather than from the exact wording of the original letters. At present the originals (or copies of them) are mostly preserved at the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History (Russkii Gosudarstvennyi Arkhiv Sotsialno-Politicheskoi Istorii, or RGASPI), in Moscow.

PROBLEMS OF STYLING IN THE LETTERS TO JOGICHES

While the letters are mostly in Polish, there are frequently words, phrases, or entire passages in other languages—Russian, German, French, Latin, Italian, even English.

I think it is important to include much of this foreign-language material in the body of the letters (rather than simply turning it all into English) to graphically illustrate Luxemburg's multilingual capabilities, which are closely related to her unique qualities as a Marxist internationalist. Her use of Polish and Russian, as well as German, for example, reflects her close links with the revolutionary movements in all of those countries.

Following the style used in the German edition, I have given the shorter foreign texts in the original language with an explanation either in brackets within the text or in the Notes.

In the case of longer passages, I have usually not included the foreign-language material in the text of the letter, but have indicated with bracketed notes what language was used, other than Polish. Such passages are usually *italicized* to indicate they were not in Polish in the original letter.

To indicate Luxemburg's use of emphatic type, I have used bold-face rather than the more usual italics. This is in conformity with the German edition, and is necessitated by the plentiful use of italics to convey the polyglot character of the letters.

If Luxemburg emphasized a word or phrase in the body of a non-Polish language passage, I have used ***italic bold*** for such occurrences, which are quite rare, because the style used in the German edition (of extra space between the letters of an italicized word) is not one normally used in English.

A similar editorial style has been used for letters that were originally written in Russian (e.g., to Boris Krichevsky and Aleksandr Potresov) or in Polish to recipients other than Jogiches (e.g., Cezaryna Wojnarowska, Adolf Warski, and others).

In the letters to Jogiches, Rosa Luxemburg, who was then in her early twenties (born 1871), addresses him, her comrade and lover, with endearing terms such as "Ciucia" or "Dziodzio" (which have many variant forms: "Ciuciuchna," "Dziodziusiu," "Dziodziuchna," etc.). In Polish (or in the family where Rosa grew up) endearing terms like these were used for children. (An English-language equivalent of "Ciucia," for example, might be "Poopsie.") It is almost as though her inner child was speaking to his inner child. She also calls him "my golden one" and just plain "Gold" (or "treasure"), as well as such terms of endearment commonly used between lovers as "beloved," "darling," etc.

TO NADINA¹ AND BORIS KRICHEVSKY²

Geneva, July 17, 1891

Hello, my dears!

Recently I would have liked very much to go [on foot to] visit my dear friends (I see the way you're smiling wickedly at how small I am, I see it [i.e., too small for such a walk]). But since walking from Geneva to Zurich is rather hard (especially on the purse) one must content oneself with a handshake in writing, which, however, is meant no less sincerely from the heart. —I hope that you are both in good health and that all your affairs are in good order. By the way I have heard some stories about events in Zurich, but people say they have a bad smell to them, and I have no desire whatever to learn the particulars. And you know, it makes an unpleasant and peculiar impression on a person who is at a distance when an entire mass of serious and intelligent people keep themselves busy for weeks on end to the point of obsession with someone else's dirty linen, don't you agree? At any rate that's the impression made on me by the letters of my friends, who apparently have forgotten everything else in the world except this craziness, and at the same time you yourself write that it is an entirely personal matter.

I will not write to you about Geneva in general. You know the place yourself. It pleases me (1) as a beautiful city with a European look to it, and (2) by the absence of anything in the nature of

1 It is unclear who "Nadina" was. The editors of the German edition of Luxemburg's letters (*Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 6 [Berlin, 1993]) do not identify her. In other letters to Krichevsky, in 1893, 1895, and 1898, Luxemburg refers to Krichevsky's wife as "Fenya," presumably a nickname derived from a longer first name that is nowhere specified. The Krichevskys had two daughters: Raya (or Raissa), nicknamed Rayechka and/or Rayinka; and Nadezhda, nicknamed Nadya and/or Nadechka (and possibly "Nadina").

2 The four letters to Boris Krichevsky in this collection were originally written mostly in Russian. Occasional passages that were in German (or Latin or French) in the original have been italicized to indicate they were in a different language. The Russian originals of the letters to Krichevsky are in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History (RGASPI), in Moscow. An excerpt from the 1891 letter was first published, in Polish translation, in Róża Luksemburg, *Listy do Leona Jogichesa-Tyszki* (Letters to Leo Jogiches-Tyszka), compiled with an Introduction and notes by Feliks Tych, vol. 1, 1893–99 (Warsaw, 1968), p. xxvii (of Tych's Introduction).

Oberstrass.³ On the whole, things are going very well for me here—I'm working hard and making the acquaintance of interesting people. Only on Sundays do my "thoughts filled with longing" turn to *Oberstrass* and toward evening I "accompany" all of you, my dears, to the Axelrods—for kefir and herring. —Seriously, sometimes I would very much like to see my *Oberstrass* again, but in general I am quite content to be living here alone and am not complaining. Actually, I have now completely grown up, my dears, and am proud of that.

I was in Mornex,⁴ but I won't go there again, although I'd like to see them. I won't go there again because Plekhanov is too highly developed for me, or more exactly, is too highly educated. What can a conversation with me offer him? He knows everything better than I do, and such original, "spontaneous" ideas, you know, I can't come up with them, and to tell you the truth I don't even consider them of very great value. At the Axelrods I observed Plekhanov from the corner, [and] simply to watch the way he talks, how he moves, and to observe his face—that was extraordinarily pleasant for me. But to go to Mornex, and to sit in the corner and admire him, that just won't do. —Vera [Zasulich] can't talk at all, but she's a splendid person.

Of the people here, I am in closest contact with a splendid young Bulgarian and with Sarchi; also, I have two or three Polish women friends here from Warsaw, and besides that, Romanowski, who was in Zurich briefly for a few days.

Yes, I did like Plekhanov's wife very, very much—her outward appearance, the way she walked, her voice. But I didn't get to know her any better—I was only there twice and now I [do not] want to go back there. In addition of course I know Lurye and Selitrenny, but for some reason no friendship has been struck up between us.

3 *Oberstrass* was the bohemian university quarter in Zurich, where, among other things, the Polish Readers' Hall was located. It was a district favored as a gathering place by Polish and Russian student groups. In this mostly Russian-language letter, the word *Oberstrass* was written in the Western alphabet; hence, it is in italics.

4 In the small French town of Mornex on the border near Switzerland, Georgy Plekhanov and Vera Zasulich had been living since 1889. After members of the Russian populist and terrorist group Narodnaya Volya (People's Freedom) exploded a bomb in the hills near Zurich in March 1889, both Plekhanov and Zasulich were expelled from Switzerland as undesirable foreigners.

"Today we have cookies and cakes!" which means: some dear people are coming to visit me today from Zurich on their vacation. Ooh, perhaps that means a soldier will come to visit you! Well, my dears, I must stop, because I'm beginning to talk nonsense.

Keep healthy and happy and be sure to give a thought sometimes to your dear friend,

R. Luxemburg

In case it occurs to you to make me happy by sending greetings this is my address: *627 Rue de Lancy*.

Heartfelt greetings to Mrs. Axelrod

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Clarens, Switzerland, March 20, 1893] Monday

Ciucia, my golden one! I just now (around 4 p.m.) received your letter and the card. So, two more days of waiting! And I was already at the station today at 3 p.m., and had the intention of going back again at 8:20 this evening.

Today it's been quite gray, ever since morning—for the first time. But not a trace of rain. The whole sky is covered with clouds of different sizes and different shadings and has the look of a deep, stormy sea. The lake [Lake Geneva] glistens with smooth surface areas the color of steel. The mountains are shrouded in mist and look sad, and as for the Dent du Midi range, it's like seeing it through a fog. The air is mild and fresh and filled with the fragrance of apple trees and grasses. There is stillness all around, and the birds chirp softly and steadily—as if asleep. I'm sitting near the house in the grass, under a tree, by the small path that leads to the well. The grass is growing quite luxuriantly. There are flowers in abundance, especially those large yellow ones. The bees are buzzing around them in such massive numbers that I'm surrounded by *sploshnóye zhuzhzháníe*.⁵

There's also a smell of honey. Over there now and then a huge bumblebee flies by, droning loudly. I'm in a melancholy mood, and at the same time I'm in very good spirits, because I love such quiet, pensive weather immensely. The only thing that's too bad is that it

5 Russian: "continual, unbroken humming."

puts me in the mood for dreaming rather than for work. Dziodzio, hurry up!

You won't even come on Wednesday, most likely. In the card you started to add the word **or** [*ili*]. That means what you already have in mind is—Thursday! See here, Dziodziu, we must get away from here as soon as possible. [...]

Enclosed I'm sending you a letter from home [i.e., from Poland or Lithuania] again. Today a thick package of newspapers came, also from your people in Wilno.⁶

So there's still this evening [to get through], and then all day tomorrow, and half a day more the day after tomorrow! How empty it feels here all by myself. The truth is, we were together here for not even three weeks. We're still going out in a rowboat, aren't we? And taking a long hike in the mountains, isn't that right? So hurry, my precious Gold, **as quick as you can**, back to yours.

Don't forget to bring the Chartism [book].⁷

Somebody's voice woke me up last night. I listened—but it was I myself who had been muttering. [...] Awakened by my own voice, I realized I had been dreaming and I became aware of the sad reality that my Dziodzio is far, far away and I am utterly alone. But the very next moment someone was going loudly up the stairs. Still under the influence of the dream, I conjectured that it was **you** going upstairs, that you had come on the last train at 1 a.m. (in the dream I changed the train schedule a little), and that, in order not to wake me, you had gone to your room upstairs to sleep, planning to surprise me in the morning. I smiled with satisfaction and went back to sleep. Today I got up early and flew upstairs to you, and—came to see that my nighttime conjectures were only a dream. So if you don't arrive Wednesday, I'll come bounding to Geneva on the early train. You'll see!

6 This city, the birthplace of Leo Jogiches, is now known by its Lithuanian name, Vilnius. In Polish it was called Wilno, in German, Wilna, and in Russian, Vilna. Several members of Jogiches's family were still living there in 1893: his mother Zofia, his brothers Pawel and Józef, and his sister Emilia.

7 The following paragraph, according to the Polish edition of Luxemburg's letters to Jogiches, was a separate letter written on March 21, 1893. In the German edition, possibly by mistake, it is presented as part of the March 20 letter.

TO BORIS KRICHEVSKY

[Zurich, November 27, 1893]⁸

Worthy comrade!

I thank you for asking about my health—it is satisfactory. The issue [of *Sprawa Robotnicza*] is almost finished and will soon be available to you.⁹

I would like to have an exchange with you about some pleasant pieces of news. First, I received news from home. You have probably heard that we had a setback at the beginning of the month in which seven persons were involved and which threatened to become an epidemic. Now, in a letter of the 18th, they write that for the time being there has been nothing further and that the work is proceeding successfully. Invariably people are waiting with impatience for the *Sprawa* [*Robotnicza*], especially the workers—imagine that!—and especially for the report to the congress¹⁰ (and they got that issue immediately after it was published).

But the most interesting thing is this: In Wilno (but this is **top** secret) at present there is a strike by tailors [i.e., garment workers], which has been going on for a long time. They appealed to our people in Warsaw through a Muscovite and asked for a loan of 30 rubles. This was explained to the workers [in Warsaw] at a meeting and they decided unanimously not to lend the sum, but to **give** it to them, and beyond that, they expressed the desire to establish

8 The date and place were stamped on the envelope. In quoting from this letter, Paul Frölich mistakenly gave the date September 27, 1893. See his *Rosa Luxemburg: Ideas in Action* (London, 1972), p. 20.

9 The reference is to SDKP's publication *Sprawa Robotnicza* (Workers' Cause), no. 7, January 1894.

10 The reference is to the International Socialist and Labor Congress, held in Zurich, August 6–12, 1893. Luxemburg had a major part in drafting a report to that congress on behalf of the SDKP. See "Bericht an den III. Internationalen Sozialistischen Arbeiterkongress in 1893 über den Stand und Verlauf der sozialdemokratischen Bewegung in Russisch-Polen 1889–93. Erstattet von der Redaktion *Sprawa Robotnicza*, Organ der Sozialdemokraten des Königreichs Polen" (Report to the Third International Socialist and Labor Congress on the Status and Progress of the Social Democratic Movement in Russian Poland, 1889–93. Submitted by the Editorial Board of *Sprawa Robotnicza*, organ of the SDKP), in Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke* (Collected Works), vol. 1, pt. 1 (Berlin, 1990), pp. 5–13.

permanent ties with the Wilno people and with the Russians in general. A gratifying development, no? But don't even think of telling anyone except Fenya¹¹ (not even Rayechka,¹² because she does like to chatter all day long).

The second piece of news is that yesterday I received a letter from Mr. WL [Wilhelm Liebknecht, editor] of *Vorwärts*, who writes that my article will go in, but only if I “allow him to make a few editorial comments,” in which connection he “hopes nevertheless” that I will be “satisfied with that.” This is something you didn't expect, right? Are you ready to start believing once more that the truth sometimes finds its way even to Katzbach Street?¹³ Now the *comments* of Mr. L are quite interesting. By the way, I don't know why he addresses me as a man, calling me *Genosse*¹⁴ (after all, I did sign with my first name). He explains the delay until now by the fact that he “had to deal beforehand with some matters about the opportuneness of publishing this” [“hatte noch vorher einiges über die Opportunität der Veröffentlichung zu verhandeln”]. We conclude from this that he consulted with authoritative circles and that someone there was against the article—possibly Bebel.

Nevertheless the article has come through.¹⁵ Grosowski¹⁶ told me that an item from your dissertation will be reprinted in *Neue Zeit*.¹⁷ That is interesting. But still, you are not resourceful [enough], it is, after all, much more in keeping with the times nowadays to write about the customs duty on tobacco [*Tabaksteuer*], or about the elections to state assemblies [*Landtagswahlen*], or at least about

11 Krichevsky's wife.

12 Krichevsky's older daughter.

13 The offices of the SPD Executive (*Vorstand*) were located at 9 Katzbach Street, in Berlin.

14 The masculine form of “Comrade,” instead of the feminine *Genossin*.

15 It has not been possible to find any article by Luxemburg with editorial comments by Wilhelm Liebknecht in issues of the *Vorwärts* in the weeks immediately following the date of this letter.

16 A pseudonym of Leo Jogiches.

17 The only item by Krichevsky that could be found in *Neue Zeit* (New Times) at around the time of this letter was a review by him in the issue dated February 7, 1894, with the headline “Zur Lage der russischen Fabrikarbeiter” (On the Conditions of Russian Factory Workers). Krichevsky's review was of a book in Russian by Ye. M. Dementyev entitled *Fabrika, chto ona daet naseleniiu i chto ona u nee beret* (The Factory—What It Gives to the Population and What It Takes from It) (Moscow, 1893).

the superiority of the political struggle to that in the factories and workshops. In this connection, our [SPD] Executive finds it necessary for **Berfus** of the Polish-German party to explain in *Vorwärts* that, in his view, trade unions are not at all possible in German Poland, but only a political organization is possible.¹⁸ (Do you understand? In a region where the masses are completely downtrodden and indifferent, where they can be brought into motion only by appealing to their most immediate interests, [such as] the fight for higher wages [*Lohnkampf*]! And thus German Poland represents a classic justification for the views of His Majesty Bebel! —But after my article in *Vorwärts* they will probably notice that all this bootlicking ...¹⁹ with the German Executive will not help them.

For now, fare thee well, I send kisses to Fenya and Rayinka.²⁰ How is your health? I firmly clasp your hand, worthy comrade [*werter Genosse*].

R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, March 11, 1894] Sunday

My most precious, beloved child!

At last I can write you. It's now 11 o'clock at night. I just returned from Adolf [Warski]'s and am sitting in my little room on the fifth floor. Considering the conditions here [in Paris], the room isn't bad. But that's beside the point. I wanted only to write to you and about you now, but my head is drooping from exhaustion. Undoubtedly you'll notice that more and more often as this letter goes on.

Precious gold, my Ciucia! My Dziodzio! My little mite! What are you doing now? No doubt you're lying in bed, with the lamp on

18 Berfus had an article in *Vorwärts* on November 22, 1893. He wrote that the German comrades ought to call on the Polish workers to join the Polish Social Democratic political associations and to take an interest in *Gazeta Robotnicza*, the publication of the PPS in German-occupied Poland, which was subsidized by the SPD Executive.

19 Several words in the original letter are crossed out at this point and are illegible.

20 Krichevsky's wife and older daughter.

the table next to you, and you're reading or scribbling something and puffing clouds of smoke from your cigarette. My only one, my Bobo! When will I see you? I miss you so much that my soul is simply thirsting! Do you know what, my gold? It's soon going to be midnight, but down below [on the streets] all around there's noise and shouting, paper boys crying out—just like at noontime.

What did I do today? Nothing. I slept for about three hours. Then Morek [Warszawski] came to Adolf's, and also a worker, another Pole. So I wasn't able to get anything done. Besides I had such a racket in my head that I wasn't fit for anything. Ah, my gold, if only I had you here with me! Anyhow, later [today] we went by street-car to the Bois du Boulogne and came back. I saw the Trocadero, the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, and the Grand Opera. I'm deafened by the noise. And how many beautiful women there are here! Really, **all of them** are beautiful, or at least they seem to be. No, under no circumstances will you come here! You stay in Zurich!

You ask how it was to see Adolf again? Very good. We haven't really talked about anything yet. However, he has given his advice about what should be published next, etc. He asked whether I had printed his letter about Kaspr[zak]²¹ and the article about artisans [rzemieslniki].²² He denies having written that he didn't want [the letter about Kasprzak] printed. In a word, the same as usual.

Now to business. Gold! Just imagine! There are four columns still unfilled for the [next] issue. I really don't know what to do. You see, unfortunately I didn't bring with me the article by Julek.²³ But it will be two days before you get this letter, and then two more days before he corrects it and you send it to me, another day before Reiff typesets it—five days at the minimum!

So this is what I've decided to do. Early tomorrow I'll go to Reiff and inquire. If he has letters for the May pamphlet, then instead of

21 Warski had written a letter in defense of Martin Kaszprak, against whom defamatory charges had been made by leaders of the PPS living abroad, alleging that he was an informer working for the police. The letter was not published.

22 Luxemburg is referring to the article (in Polish) signed "A. W." and entitled "An Overall View of the Homeland," which was published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 7, January 1894.

23 Luxemburg is referring to the article (in Polish) by Julian Marchlewski, entitled "What the May Day Holiday Has Already Given Us," which was signed "J." and published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 8, February 1894.

ripping the issue apart, I'll let it wait, and in the meantime he can typeset the pamphlet (in two parts). But if he has no letters, I'll telegraph you for the article by Julek. I'll go over it myself, and shove it in. Gold! ...

I'm exhausted and nerve-racked. I can't [write] any more.

I kiss Dziódzio, my Ciucia. R.

[P.S.] Dziódziu, have you solicited articles from K[richevsky] and G[elfand]? Especially from K! He should hurry and so should Julek, but [they should] write as succinctly as possible, because I will also need a column for small notices from the French.

Flora Wislicka brought with her the news that in the next few days the sentence against the oldtimers²⁴ is supposed to be announced. Meanwhile Bolek [Dębiński] received news that Lopek [Bein] has been arrested again.

My address: Faubourg St.-Denis 7, Chambre Nr. 11.

Send me the brown dress (and the petticoat) and be timely about it, because I must be at a banquet the French are putting on, on March 18.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, March 25, 1894] Sunday

My dear! I have been very angry with you [and] I have a few nasty things to reproach you for. It's put me in such a melancholy mood that I had the intention of not writing you any more until my departure. But feelings gained the upper hand. Here, then, is what I have to reproach you for.

1. Your letters contain **absolutely nothing** besides *Sprawa Robotnicza*, criticism of what I've done, and indications of what I should do. When you indignantly say that, after all, you do send me so many loving words in every letter, my answer to you is that tender **little words** aren't enough for me, and I'd gladly send them back to you [in exchange] for the tiniest bit of information about your personal life. Not the slightest word! The only thing

²⁴ Luxemburg is referring to arrested members of the Union of Polish Workers.

that connects us is the cause and a leftover tradition of earlier feelings. That's very painful. It has become especially clear to me here. [Recently] When I sat myself down to rest for a moment, so exhausted I was ready to drop from the constant work for the cause, I let my thoughts wander and I got the feeling that I don't have my own personal corner anywhere and that nowhere do I exist and live as **myself**. In Zurich it's the same thing, in fact with an even heavier load of editorial work. I felt I had just as little desire to remain here as to return to Zurich. Don't tell me that I can't bear the ongoing pressure of work, that what is speaking from me is the desire for rest. Oh no, I can put up with twice as much work. The only thing that causes me agony and makes me feel dreary is that wherever I turn, on every side, the only thing I have is the *Sprawa* [the *Cause*]. And why is it necessary for me to have others keep my head turned in this direction, when for my own part I already do enough thinking about the *Sprawa* and am concerned about it quite enough. It really annoys me—the fact that whenever I take a letter in hand, whether from someone else or from you—everywhere it's the same—it's either the next issue, or it's the pamphlet, or it's this article or that one. That would all be fine if at least **in addition to that, alongside of that**, there was a bit of the **human person**, the soul, the individual to be seen. But from you there's nothing, absolutely nothing. During this time have you had no impressions, have no thoughts occurred to you, have you read nothing, had no perceptions that you could share with me? Perhaps you might ask me the same question. Oh, but in my case it's quite the contrary. I have encountered **in spite of the *Sprawa*** a whole crowd of thoughts and impressions at every turn—only I've had **no one** I could share them with. With you? Oh, I value myself too highly to do that! Sooner than that I might have an exchange of views with [Wladyslaw] Heinrich, Mitek [Hartmann], or Adolf [Warski], but unfortunately I'm not in love with them, and so I have no desire to do that. You on the other hand I do love, but—[and here I repeat] exactly what I've written above. It isn't true that things are getting too hot now, that the press of work is too great: In a certain kind of relationship—one always finds something to speak about and a moment of time to write. See, for example, how typical what follows is, and this is what I reproach you for:

2. Supposedly you live only for our and your cause. So then, let's take the Russian matter. Have you written me even one little word about it? What's going on, what was printed, what about the young fellows there in Zurich? You don't consider it necessary to write even the slightest bit about that. I know that [probably] nothing special has happened over there, but it's precisely to people who are close to you that one writes even about small things. You think it's enough for me if I scribble for the *Sprawa* and do a good job of presenting your "inconsequential" opinions [*"unmassgebende" Meinung*]. **That is very characteristic.**

3. E.g., Hein[rich] has come (to Zurich). As I find out from today's letter from him he has reported the whole business to you and discussed it with you, and **you** have **demande** **uncondition-** **ally** from him some changes in the *Sprawa's* organizational relations with the party. And not a word to **me** about all this? Without my opinion, without an exchange of ideas with me about this, you make a decision and insist on it. H[einrich] was at least honest enough to write me about it (today for the first time!) and to ask my opinion. But you—you didn't do that.

4. From Brzez[ina]'s letter I learned that he has authorized Heinrich to pass on to me all information about border crossings. He naturally told you right away, but from you to me—not a word. I sit here, hurrying up with the work, sending things off, and **have no inkling** what's really going on with the border crossings, whether things are getting through, how much and how quickly, and who is looking after it—Brz[ezina] or Hein[rich]. People seem to think that all this is none of my business.

The magnanimous explanation that I ought not to **worry myself** over practical matters, because they're already being taken care of without me—only a person who **doesn't know me at all** could hand that out. Such an explanation might perhaps be quite sufficient for Julek [Marchlewski], since he doesn't worry about anything, because of his weak nerves. But as far as I'm concerned, such a mode of operation—with the word "little bird" [*ptichka*] being thrown in on top of everything—to me that's an insult, to put it mildly. Add to that the crass, heavy-handed instructions: Do such-and-such with Adolf, conduct yourself in such-and-such a way when you visit Lavrov, stop doing this or keep doing that—when it's all put together it leaves a single, indelible impression on me, a feeling of

uneasiness, fatigue, exhaustion, and restlessness that comes over me in moments when I have time to think about it. I am not writing all this as a reproach to you. I cannot **demand** that you be different from what you are. I am writing partly because I still have the stupid habit of saying what I feel, and partly because I want you to be *au courant* with how things are between us.

Enclosed I'm sending galley proofs of all the articles to be published, except the one by Julek [Marchlewski] and the feature article.²⁵ Of all things, I haven't yet received galleys of Julek's article, but I did go over it so carefully that I feel quite calm about that one. As for the feature article, you know about it. The article by Krich[evsky]²⁶ is not yet ready for typesetting. I'll rework it today.

I'm sending these to you because I'm already a little tired, the articles don't make a sufficiently fresh impression on me, and I'm afraid I'll be reprimanded. So look through them and send your comments. Don't go using force on our space limitations. I haven't gone through the galleys at all yet, and they're teeming with awkward phrases. Pay no attention to that, but focus only on the content. If we put in Krichevsky's article, which takes up more than three columns, this issue would not, in any case, have to be more than one signature long. There won't be anything special in the issue, because even the fight for a shorter workday,²⁷ although it was written very superficially, used up a lot of space. Judge for yourself whether it could have been written more concisely. —In the article about shortening the workday I also added facts from **our own** struggle, along with the results. I've put a somewhat better ending on the article, as a transition to discussion of the eight-hour day. —What do you think of putting in the little item signed "Ch.,"²⁸ as an extra "topping"?

25 Luxemburg is referring to her own article (in Polish), signed with the pseudonym "R. K." (R. Kruszyńska) and entitled "The Holiday of May 1, 1892, in Łódź," which was published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 8, February 1894.

26 The article by B. N. Krichevsky (in Polish) entitled "The May Day Holiday and Socialism" was published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 8, February 1894.

27 Luxemburg's reference is to her own article (in Polish) entitled "The Struggle for the Shortening of the Workday," which was signed "X" and published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 8, February 1894.

28 Luxemburg is referring to an article (in Polish) by Jadzia Warska (who used her maiden name, Chrzanowska, as a pen name). The article, signed

(It's a translation, done by Jadzia [Warska], of an item by Defnet [about May Day in Belgium], which has been worked over by me.) Adolf says that it won't be suitable as an introduction, that [instead] a signed statement by the editors should appear at the beginning. What do you think about this? In contrast [to Adolf], I like the item so much that I want to put it at the beginning.

With all these articles plus the one by Krichevsky, if we use a double signature, seven columns would remain unfilled. They can be filled in as follows: one column on women; one or one-and-a-half columns on wages; and finally, I'll have to write another lead article, a political one. That one worries me the most because on that subject my head feels quite empty. Naturally, I'll write it anyhow. But I want to keep it short. Something like two or two-and-a-half columns. For the remaining space, I'll put in a small article about the preparations for May Day in other countries, where I'll mention three things: The English have moved their observance from Sunday to May 1 itself; the Germans have united for a **celebration**; and all the French²⁹ have united for their observance of the holiday: for the first time all the parties will observe it **together**. In this way the issue will be very full and rich in variety. —Adolf's article about the holiday³⁰ may not inspire you, but I have no possibility of making everything perfect.

He, the poor fellow, wrote it once, whereupon I rejected it and wrote him an outline. He wrote it a second time, following the outline, and then I revised and improved it another two times. In the end, I can't ask anything more of him. Besides, it isn't bad at all now. —Write your opinion of the article without beating around the bush and without sweetening the pill with compliments about **my** article. They (that is, such compliments) leave a bad-tasting impression. —I'm going to break down the article about labor time into several parts, each standing by itself and taking up a different country, so that it will be easier to read. I'll have the whole thing

"Ch." and entitled "The May Day Holiday," was published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 8, February 1894.

29 Luxemburg is referring to all the socialist parties and groupings in France.

30 The reference is to an article (in Polish) by Adolf Warski entitled "How the May 1 Holiday Must Be Celebrated." It was signed "A. W." and published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 8, February 1894.

cut and stitched, so that the pages will be easier to turn. I didn't like Krichevsky's article. I would much rather have written it myself, but I do intend to make the effort to rewrite it. Your observations about it coincide [*soupadayut*] approximately with my own.

Now I want to ask you about the following things:

1. Can one say that the French people in 1848 were mainly fighting for universal suffrage?

2. Were the explosions in Chicago³¹ in 1886 or 1887?

3. How many rubles to the dollar?

(In the order they're listed, these questions are somewhat similar to those asked during the "Discussion Evening" at the Eintracht.)³²

4. The strikes by gas workers and dockworkers in England—were they in 1889? And were they over the eight-hour day?³³

The rest of the questionable passages you'll undoubtedly discover on your own. —Today is Sunday. You're sure to receive this letter with the galley proofs tomorrow, that is, Monday. Hurry up with the proofreading and sending back by mail, so that I'll have everything here on Tuesday, or **at the latest** on Wednesday. Because on Tuesday I'll definitely be done with all the articles. (Adolf is writing about wages.) —I've gotten on Reiff's back so much that he hired another typesetter, a Pole, but now he's crying for material to typeset.

I'm sending you Reiff's receipt and the bills. Together with the 100 that I received today, I have 118 for our business matters. The pamphlet will certainly take 90 or 100 of that. (Paper is expensive, apparently 7 francs for a thousand small sheets, plus the pamphlet, plus stitching.) I'll take the rest of the money for my own use in

31 On May 1, 1886, a general strike for the eight-hour day was held in Chicago on the initiative of the American Federation of Labor. When the police used armed force against the strikers, resulting in a number of dead and wounded, protest demonstrations and rallies were organized. During a rally at Haymarket Square in Chicago, on May 4, a provocateur threw a bomb among the police. This incident served as a pretext for the arrest of the leaders of the workers' movement in Chicago, four of whom were executed, in 1887. The events in Chicago became the basis for declaring May 1 an international day of struggle for workers in all countries.

32 Eintracht (meaning "harmony; concord") was the name of a local organization of the Social Democratic Party in Zurich.

33 At the beginning of 1889, workers at the London Gas Works waged a successful struggle for better working conditions. In the same year the 30,000 dockworkers of London Harbor carried out a successful general strike.

the meantime. Unfortunately I've been paying out a lot of money here—I myself don't know what for. For the room I pay 28 francs, for the [room-cleaning] service a minimum of 5 francs, but it's paid in advance for two weeks, and so I gave them 16 francs. For Jadzia, 1.5 [francs] daily (because I eat with them at noon and in the evening), which means 23 francs [for two weeks]. All together that's 40, and I brought 60 with me. Well—all of it has flown away. I myself don't know where it went. A lamp, 1.50; cocoa, 1.20; milk, 1.65; Jadzia made me a hat for 2.25, and gloves, 2; bread and sugar for breakfast, about 2 francs. But where did the rest end up? I don't know. I paid one franc, or 1.5, for flowers and pastries for Jadzia, who loves them enormously (I don't eat them); after all, she cooks so much for me. Maybe Adolf borrowed a few francs and the accounts are thrown off. At any rate I'm stuck here without a penny and, for the time being, will have to borrow about 18 francs from the funds for our cause. —Your money transfers, since the time I asked for them, have been delayed so much that you will soon have to send me about 125 to pay for the February issue. Bear in mind that the issue will be ready on Wednesday. Would you perhaps also send me, only to avoid additional charges, something to live on and to buy the ticket for the return trip?

As far as sightseeing in Paris goes—I have my doubts about whether I'll go anywhere at all, because the insane noise here and the crowds leave me feeling weak and give me a migraine. After a stay of half an hour in Bon Marché³⁴ I could barely make it back out to the street. The celebration of the anniversary of the Commune was done very shabbily. The speakers included Lafargue, Paula Mink, Zévaès, Chauvin, and a few others. Their speeches were rather flat, especially Lafargue's. Guesde did not come, despite having consented to speak. At the most there were two hundred people. (Supposedly a great many would be present on the day when all the parties would celebrate in unison, but because of my nerves I didn't feel up to going.) —

I'll close now, because [otherwise] it will be too late for the mail. Do you regard it as not necessary to send me newspapers? You do know, don't you, that among the French there's only the stupid Parisian rubbish. I no longer have any inkling about [what's going

34 A large department store in Paris.

on in] Germany or Austria. It's odd that the idea hasn't occurred to you [to send German-language newspapers]. Is Anna [Gordon] still sick in bed? Isn't she getting better? I would definitely write to her, but **I have no time**. Have you received the issues yet (four hundred)? Did you receive the pamphlet, and what are its weaknesses?

How many copies of the February issue should be printed, and where should they be sent and how many?

What's going on with the German appeal?³⁵ It really is essential! And what about the Polish [version]? I'm no longer up to doing it myself.

To Krichevsky I sent a pamphlet. How did he like it? And did Anna?

I sent two thousand pamphlets to Munich. What should I do with the rest?

I received a letter from Moźdz[ęński]: No doubt nothing will come of it.

Prochitai unimatelno moyo pismo [Read my letter attentively]³⁶ and answer **all questions**.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, March 29, 1894]

My most precious Ciucia!

Today I received your letter with the one from Wlad[yslaw Heinrich] enclosed. By now you've surely calmed down; [because] it was possible to get everything straightened out in good time. **Not a single copy** of that edition has been delivered anywhere. Only this man Reiff—the idiot—gave something to this police agent [*Spitzel*] here.³⁷ I don't agree with everything you've just written. But that's of

35 Luxemburg is referring to an appeal to be issued in the name of the SDKP leadership, addressed to German workers in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland and calling on them to celebrate May Day in solidarity with the Polish workers by stopping work. This appeal was published in German in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 11/12, May/June 1894.

36 Luxemburg is quoting back to Jogiches a Russian phrase he had apparently used in a letter to her.

37 Adolf Reiff, the Polish printer in Paris, had made it possible for a police agent to meet Luxemburg and had given him a copy of the May issue of *Sprawa Robotnicza*.

no significance, now that everything has been taken care of. As far as the appeal is concerned, at present, for health reasons, I am absolutely not in a position to undertake it. Write it, Gold, with as much detail as possible, and since I don't have a lot of work to do, send it **directly to me**, without Julek [Marchlewski] translating it. Adolf [Warski] might hear something from Julek, and I don't want them to know that you wrote it. Your supportive attitude about having the appeal in the next issue has inspired the Adolfs [i.e., the Warskis], especially Jadzia [Warska]. Of course, they expressed total agreement about the appeal all along, but in their hearts they were having a hard time over it, and above all they were very pleased with your knowledgeable response in regard to the complaints.

Be sure to send me the appeal. I'll be waiting for it. I received the brassiere and the underclothes. I'm sending you, finally, the bill from Reiff for the pamphlet. It will definitely give you a shock. I hesitated about sending it to you because I was absolutely determined to get the price reduced somehow. At first I categorically refused to pay, and Reiff said that we should go to Janiszewski. We had a furious argument. I demanded an itemized bill instead of a lump sum, and I inquired among the workers whether he had really paid them so much. It turns out that, with a few minor exceptions, he's right. What was I to do? After a long back and forth I got 5 francs off the price. Nothing in the world will make him go lower! It seems, in fact, on top of everything, that you made too low an estimate when you spoke of something like 75 francs. At any rate, the next thousand will cost 25 francs—I found this out later with reference to other newspapers. The paper [for the pamphlet] is much more expensive than that used for *Sprawa Robotnicza*; also, the Elzevir binding is more expensive.³⁸ At any rate, it will by no means be more expensive than that wretched Berlin pamphlet.³⁹ I'm enclosing bills for the recent shipment of (ten) packages to you, amounting to more than 10 francs. Together with the forwarding charge that makes a total of 11.50.

38 Elzevir was the name of a family of Dutch printers and publishers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their editions were renowned for their high craftsmanship and cost.

39 Luxemburg is probably referring to a pamphlet (in Polish) published anonymously in Berlin in 1892 and entitled *The 1892 May Day Celebration in Lodz*.

With that I've accounted for over 200 [francs]. But I've received 300 from you (by mail). Of the remaining 100, I paid a goodly 40 to Reiff on the bill for issue No. 8, and I spent 60 (!) on myself. My golden one, don't be angry that I'm giving you such a detailed accounting, but I feel ashamed because of the large sum, and it seems to me that you probably can't imagine what I'm doing here with the money. So then, dear golden heart, once again, to Jadzia for two weeks—23, for the room in the hotel (with [cleaning] service)—17, for the doctor and medicine (my eyes)—5 francs; all together, 45. Then we also went once to the Eldorado⁴⁰ and once to see Sarah Bern[hardt] (about 1 F.), once to a student café, and once on an outing to St.-Cloud. That cost me 15 F, but don't forget that I also paid for them—they have nothing, and I couldn't do otherwise. And that's the end of it. I won't pay out more for anything; I feel terribly ashamed that I've spent so much. Besides all that, trips on public transport have cost me a lot. Every time I turn around I have to take a streetcar to Reiff's, because the distances here are many miles long! On one occasion I wasn't well, and we had to take a carriage there and back, and that cost exactly 3 F! And so I repeat, to make the accounting quite clear: I took 300 for the cause and 65 for myself when I left. Of that 300, 282 went to Reiff and [other] expenses for our cause and 18 for my personal expenses. Then you sent me by mail 100 and 200. Of that I've already spent 200 for the cause and 60 for myself. (I'm saving the remaining 40 for the next *Sprawa* bill.) —In an hour I'm going to Reiff's, to expedite the sending of issue No. 8 to you. My dearest Gold, how I wish I was already back with you. You know, the thought keeps running through my head that this Polish lecture project⁴¹ may not be such a bright idea, because in such cases different impressions always remain afterward, as after the lectures about Mendelson. We say we've smashed them to pieces, and they say we haven't proven anything. Perhaps it's better simply to wait, and knock them to pieces in our publications. But when I have these thoughts I say to myself that perhaps they're an expression of a hidden longing to be with

40 A café in Paris.

41 Luxemburg was considering the possibility of giving a public talk on the Polish question for the émigrés in Paris, in which she wished to make clear the differences between the positions of the PPS and those of the Association of Polish Socialists Abroad.

you and a wish to get away from here sooner. Therefore I've decided not to pay any attention to them. But, oy! I have no desire to work on this lecture project at all! I haven't yet prepared anything. Until now I've been busy all day long with matters involving the *Sprawa*, trips to Reiff's shop, sending things off, etc. This evening, however, I'll talk with Adolf [Warski]. It seems that we'll agree on it. And the lecture will have to be on a Sunday, because otherwise it will have to start at 9 [p.m.] at the earliest (they have their meals here at 7 [p.m.]), and the travel time is about an hour. And yet I should be writing the appeal all over again and getting it printed. When am I supposed to prepare for the lecture? I'll end up sitting here for an eternity. Oy, my dearest gold, I would like so much, as soon as possible, to stop being a "mature, responsible" person (especially because this doesn't work out well [*ne vezyot*] for me). I'd like to get back to you, and be in your arms, because everything here leaves me completely unmoved. I didn't always have this fear that in one hour a telegram could turn to nothing everything I've been working to build. Dear golden heart, this isn't a reproach **against you**. You're not to blame. —Krichevsky's opinion about the pamphlet made me very happy. **Immediately** after you get word from Wlad[yslaw Heinrich] of the shipment's having come through successfully, **telegraph me**: "Congratulations" [*Gratuliere*] at Adolf's address ... I haven't received the books yet. —I'll answer your ten questions in another letter. [...]

Ciuciutka, several times I've wanted to imagine you laughing, and how you look when you do—and I can't. Why? Why do you laugh so seldom? You'll see what a nasty, awful wife will come back to you, with a long, thin nose and circles under her eyes, and a beard. Do you want one like that?

Ciucia, what is the tomcat up to? Does he come to you? Are you good to him? ...

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, April 1, 1894] early Sunday

My dearest, my most precious creature, I just this moment got your sweet letter. You're mistaken, my only one: in the given instance we are not "racing each other" [*nie "gonimy się"*]. My status, or situation [*stan*], is the same as yours. I dream of seeing you again, my only happiness. I have to fight hard to keep myself from saying to hell with the public talks [*referaty*] and all the rest, and not to go flying back to you, but I'm ashamed of myself for that. Besides, I have a feeling, and I'm sure of it, that you yourself will call me back when everything is done. My *Krümelchen*, my dear one, my little golden boy [*Bengelchen*]⁴² Do you want to make a trip to Locarno?

Wherever you want to go! Even if you just want to stay in Zurich the whole summer—for me it's good to be anywhere with you. I am totally incapable now of thinking about a village [to go to]. I think only of **you**. Besides, in this filthy, noisy city of Paris, where I constantly have terrible catarrh from the bad air and a headache from the clanging and banging—Zurich, so still and calm and sweet smelling, with Mount Zurich right there, seems to me a true paradise. My Gold, perhaps you would prefer to go to Weggis right away, let me know! I will very gladly go there too, right away, if you just write me [to do that]. I repeat: wherever you want, wherever you write me to go—I'll go there without a second thought [*bez namystu*]. — [...] I must remain here at least one more week for sure: two public talks [*referaty*], the visit to Lavrov, and talking things over with Adolf [Warski]. That's what's still waiting for me. [...] Now I have to ask you for only one thing: get together some [current] statistics on the production and export of grain in Poland, just a few (for earlier times there is an entire table in Poznanski).⁴³

42 One source states that *Krümelchen*, which means "tiny tot," was a pseudonym used by Jogiches. These terms of endearment (*Krümelchen* and *Bengelchen*) are given in German because the Polish equivalents of these terms were, for some reason, omitted from the mostly Polish three-volume edition published by Feliks Tych in 1968–70.

43 Luxemburg is probably referring to a work (in Russian) by J. Poznanski, *Proizvoditel'nye sily Tsarstva Pol'skogo* (Productive Forces of the Kingdom of Poland) (St. Petersburg, 1880), of which she made extensive use in her dissertation.

Also on Russian imports. I have not yet thought about an outline, but it looks like I will decide to write a critique, against this background, of the article in *Przegląd [Socjalistyczny]*, because it is an expression of the conceptions here. Anyhow, you have the article, and whatever statistics you find necessary—send them to me, but [do it] quickly.

From Hein[rich] I received the *Głos*—and once again he has made a complete muddle of things. Maybe you can make sense of it.

In his letter he writes: “I am sending you the *Głos* in which there are certain signs—very faint to the eye. If there will be something important for my trip to our home country—send a telegram to Katowice. My signs are on page 6 and following.” I took [the publication] and searched—nothing, I mean absolutely nothing. On page 6 there actually are some signs. I try [deciphering] them with the key I have for Kazius [Ratyński] (1648753)—the result is the following words: “Pamphlets on the way, prepare some places *hzlosie*.” What does it all mean, who’s writing to whom, and what does the last word mean? —I don’t understand anything. Most likely it means, “Get a storage place ready in advance,” and H[einrich] is writing to Kaziuta [Ratynski].⁴⁴ But then, why in the world did he send it to me? Either this [issue of] *Głos* has gone to our home country with this message and now has come back. (But has all this actually been done?) Or is it that H[einrich] meant to send this copy of *Głos* to Kazius and a different one to me and got the addresses mixed up? In that case, will there be bad consequences? Please advise, what should be done! I wanted to warn him at any rate, but I don’t have his address here with me!! He writes (the ass!): “Write to poste restante at Katowice,” but he doesn’t indicate **what name to write!** Whether it should be Alex or Hein[rich] or Miod. I’ll write him a letter in any case addressed to Alex. Do whatever you consider necessary. Yesterday I sent you the sample copy. Reiff doesn’t want to print it today. It will be done tomorrow; you’ll receive everything on Tuesday. As for money, dear Gold, send 150 F. to cover all eventualities. So long for now, golden one, my only, precious, sweet beloved. R!

44 At that time Kazimierz Ratyński was in charge of SDKP party work in Warsaw.

TO BORIS KRICHEVSKY

[January 19, 1895]⁴⁵

Worthy comrade!

Enclosed I am sending a short article in German for you to check over. This time at least your efforts are not for nothing, because its acceptance by the *Arbeiterstimme* is guaranteed in advance.⁴⁶ Please be so kind as to go through it nicely, so that it will be more succinct and stronger, and if possible, more dazzling as well. This accursed language [German] has dampened the finest outbursts of my thought, and so you must do this for me. Also, the article takes up 9 of my pages, when it's supposed to be 6 or 7 pages, *maximum*. Actually, I was unable to shorten it any more, because there's almost nothing left that can be crossed out without hurting the presentation, and that's exactly what I'm incapable of doing in a foreign language. If each thought is presented strongly and concisely, one can avoid repetition. I especially recommend pages 8 and 9 for condensation by you. Please tighten it up and reduce it to 7 of **my** pages, *maximum*.

Finally, I have one more request. Please, please start on this **immediately** upon receipt of this letter. I promised Seidel faithfully [*hoch und heilig*] to deliver the article to him tomorrow morning (Saturday). Well, as far as I'm concerned, to hell with it. I'll deliver it [tomorrow] in the evening, or at least on Sunday, if only you do it early and send it back right away, then I can see that he gets it tomorrow or the day after. Please forgive me for imposing on your time, but is it my fault that you can do German better than anyone else?

I thank you in advance and await your reply by tomorrow afternoon.

Heartfelt greetings to Fenya.⁴⁷

How are things with her eye? Is she still wearing glasses or is there no more trace [of the problem]? What are the two kidlets

45 The date is in the handwriting of someone other than Luxemburg.

46 The article, signed "R. L-burg" and entitled "Polnische Sozialdemokratie und Nationalität" (Polish Social Democracy and the Question of Nationality), appeared on January 26, 1895, in *Arbeiterstimme* (Socialist Voice), a Swiss socialist paper edited by Robert Seidel.

47 Probably Krichesvsky's wife.

[*Schnipse*] doing? Actually, you haven't even written what kind of place you've found to live in.

Stay healthy, all of you, [and] I send hearty handshakes to all.

Yours,

R. L.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, March 18, 1895]

Ciuciu, poor thing, you did the proofreading of the December issue in vain. Looking through it, I see after all that nothing important needed to be changed. There was only one thing that went wrong: I wasn't able to include an item specifying "Corrections for the November Issue." The last words of [that] issue, the most important, were changed disastrously—they don't bear looking at. Adolf [Warski] and the typesetter give the excuse that there was no more room, not even a tiny bit, so little room in fact that after shortening my final paragraph by about six lines, they also had to throw out the subtitle "What the Tsar Is Paying Out Money For" and had to merge [the ending of my article] with the beginning of [another] article. I myself would have done it differently of course, but what can one do?

I'm now going to Reiff's, to look through my corrections for the May issue and to send it to be printed. I've already reached agreement about the paper (color and weight). He delays the work so much that it's enough to make a person explode, but there's no possibility of persuading him to do otherwise. I was at Goupys and gave them a good scolding because of the way the shipment was packed; they apologized profusely and promised to do the packing differently. I didn't scold them about the paper, because they had given Adolf samples, and Adolf chose, entirely in accordance with our requirements that the paper should be as light as possible. As regards the color and the firmness of the paper, he thought the three qualities [light weight, firmness, and the color] could not be combined.

I gave Reiff the finished article to be printed, and I should receive the proof sheets today. I have already written "The Verdict," together

with details,⁴⁸ and so five compactly written pages have been done. All together it's enough, so that I myself favor leaving out the poems, for which once again there isn't room. I'll put the poems together with the March issue, but again I have no inkling of what I should do with my Foreword, which is hardly appropriate to put anywhere in the special workers' issue.⁴⁹ —Together we read out loud the letters in the March issue and the article by the workers. They are excellent. The issue will be very successful, in my opinion.

I'm experiencing a great disappointment. Adolf is giving me almost no help at all. He comes home late, and is generally in no condition to write anything reasonably good. For that reason in living here with the Adolfs [i.e., Warskis] I have run into various obstacles, because people come here to meet with me, and I didn't feel I could move again from Adolf's to some place else, because in order to do that, one would have to find a good place to live, and one would have to search for a long time to find it, and, once again, I have neither time nor energy for that. But this is going to come to an end now, because today, for sure, I'm going to rent a room. Wojnarowska has a room for me in the same building where she lives. It's fairly close to the Adolfs' but on the other hand it's far from Reiff's and the Bibliothèque Nationale, and I will have to travel by streetcar to those places. But there is no other possibility, because there are few furnished rooms in the vicinity of the library, and they are frightfully expensive. All in all, Zebrak's talk about a splendid room for 25 francs turned out to be a fairy tale. No one has heard of any such thing. The **cheapest** acceptable room costs 30. And I will have to take such a room, but [at least] it will be decent, as Wojnarowska says.

For the library I even have two cards to choose from, already.

I got to know Wojnarowska yesterday. She came to the Adolfs [i.e., Warskis]. She's very pretty, kind, and intelligent. What she's

48 Luxemburg is referring to a notice about the sentencing of arrested officials of the Union of Polish Workers, the second Proletariat party, and the SDKP. This notice was published (in Polish) under the title "The Verdict" in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 19, January 1895.

49 Issue no. 21 of *Sprawa Robotnicza*, of March 1895, consisted entirely of workers' letters that had been sent from Poland. Contained on the last page of this special issue, under the title "Prison Songs," were the poems of a Social Democratic worker who was imprisoned in the Warsaw Citadel. The poems were signed with the pen name Mularz.

like other than that, we'll have to see. At any rate I can make use of her as a neighbor to make some acquaintances among the French, because unfortunately Guesde is not around. His mental instability is a tale unto itself. He's in a weakened condition, with a kidney ailment, and is keeping himself in the South of France. We have the intention, all of us together, of visiting Lavrov.

Yesterday I was at a banquet in honor of the Commune held by the Guesdistes.⁵⁰ I heard Camélinat speak, among others (he's the only one from the first section of the International who's still alive). He reported on the history of 1864–71. Carnaud from Marseille spoke brilliantly. No one begins their remarks without compliments for the Germans; it's almost enough to make a person sick. Among the Germans have you ever heard an expression like *le sentiment de la lutte des classes*?!! ...⁵¹ [Here] they mention that and similar things all the time. But just imagine, they've never translated the article by Engels from *Neue Zeit*.⁵² In general they don't consider it a big issue. Neither Guesde nor Lafargue is thinking about altering the program. —In the letter from home that you forwarded to me I found the news that my mother, when she went out of the house for the first time to pick a rose, fell down in the yard and broke her left arm (two weeks ago). Supposedly, it's already better. —In the letter from Gutt there was a card with one mark for Wladek [Olszewski]. I'll enclose it. —

We're eating in a restaurant [these days]. Jadzia [Warska] no longer cooks at home, because it's too far for Adolf to come home from the office.

In general I'm not in especially good spirits. I feel sluggish and nothing appeals to me. It would be quite different if you were here.

50 Luxemburg is referring to the members and supporters of the Parti Ouvrier Français (French Workers' Party), founded by Jules Guesde, which considered itself the Marxist tendency within the French working class movement.

51 The French phrase might be rendered in English as "class-struggle sentiment."

52 Luxemburg is referring to the article entitled "The Peasant Question in France and Germany," which was published in *Neue Zeit*, in the issue for November 28, 1894, vol. 1, p. 13. In that article, among other things, Engels criticized the agrarian program of the Parti Ouvrier Français, which had been adopted at that party's congress in Marseille in 1892. See *Marx-Engels Collected Works*, vol. 27 (New York, 1990), pp. 481–500.

There's an interesting state secret of the party that Adolf revealed to me yesterday, but it's too late at night for me to write about it now. I'll write tomorrow or the day after.

I'm waiting for the first and fourth issues of *Robotnik*.

I'm having such a hard time writing this lead article and about *Robotnik*. You have no idea. My head is simply dried up.

Stay healthy and write more often. Your R.

[P.S.] Where should I send the things?

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, March 19, 1895]

Tuesday night

My dear! I'm sending you the lead article for the January issue.⁵³ I'm sending it so that you will reply as to whether you will be too upset if it is printed. It is weak. I know that. And I know everything you'll say to me, but in no case can I write another one. If I don't put this one in, I won't put anything in, and I'll fill [the issue] up with something, without a lead article. I am completely incapable of writing [more]. Adolf [Warski] is writing nothing. He just can't do it, as he says. In general, I regret that I've taken on so much. If it hadn't been for the writings by the workers, I would have stopped with the January issue at the latest. I can't do it. You must understand that I can't. I'm not a machine. Nothing more is coming out of my head, and besides I'm not feeling especially well (already I'm out of my skin [*ze skóry mi już zeszło*]). Reiff is going to print the May issue tomorrow. Except for the most necessary things, I've made no improvements in the article about the social patriots.⁵⁴ That's because (1) I've already rewritten this article six times, though I

53 Luxemburg is referring to her article (in Polish) entitled "Nowe panowanie" (The New Reign), which was published anonymously in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 19, January 1895. The title refers to the reign of the new ruler of the Russian Empire, Nicholas II, who succeeded his father as tsar when the latter died in October 1894.

54 Luxemburg is referring to her article (in Polish) entitled "May Day and the Fate of Social Patriotism," which was published anonymously in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 22, April 1895.

don't know why; and (2) because the wise Adolf is having the issue set *en pages*.⁵⁵ And so [for any changes] the typesetter has to break open and redo the whole article and the whole issue, and meanwhile the pages already had to be broken open previously. Reiff is typesetting very slowly, and whenever I get into a row with him about it he cites a whole series of facts; he says we're always making a fuss [telling him to hurry], and then it takes us four weeks. And he's right. I think that even now everything remains unsold and is still lying there, because there is no more news about sales. Is it still true that absolutely nothing has come from there??

I have a room already, for 30 [francs]; with room-cleaning service, 35. It is very pretty, and quite large, with polished floors, in a private home, furnished and clean, in the same house where Wojnarowska is. Unfortunately, from all directions there are Poles and Russians writing that they want to meet me, and that they'll be coming to Adolf [Warski]'s. Actually I do have the time and the inclination for meeting them.

Be well. Write about what sort of news you have there. I don't know if I'll be in a position to write about the *Robotnik*.

Send the article and the corrections back **immediately**, because I'm waiting for them.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Paris, March 21, 1895]

Thursday evening

My dearest, only, beloved Dziodzio!

Finally I'm taking a break. I'm terribly exhausted both physically and spiritually. For the first time since my arrival I'm finally alone. At this moment I have my own place to live and I've moved in. I have a charming room, it's almost like a small salon, and my dream is that you'll come here and we can both be here together. (You could get a room in the same house.)

It's near the Adolfs [Warskis] and very far from the library, but over there one can't even think of getting a room for less than 50

55 That is, page by page, rather than column by column.

to 75 francs. For that reason it's better to travel back and forth once a day on the streetcar. I make the trip early. I have lunch there not far [from the library] at a private home (of some Poles, Social Democrats!), Adolf [Warski] only eats there. Then I go back to the library, and in the evening travel home. The library's open now from 9 to 5. But never mind about these particulars of daily life.

My golden one, my only one, in my thoughts I embrace you and rest my head on your chest, with my eyes closed, to get some rest. I am so exhausted! And what about you way off there, poor thing, no sooner were you free of us than you had to start work on your pamphlet. How little time you have! Or is the work going well for you?

You little monkey, I know you. Now you'll answer me the same way, with an intimate letter, and as soon as I start writing dryly, you'll be sure to do likewise. You little monkey, you have to imitate me in everything. You never have a mood of your own (except when you're furiously raging and [then you're] unbearable). But are you in my situation? Are your impressions [and perceptions] the same as mine? What do you imitate me for? Sometimes it really seems to me that you're [like] a piece of wood. It was said once, or it actually happened, that you loved me, and now you're trying to act as if that were so, that you love me. But from within yourself, you never feel an active impulse in this direction [*A sam ze siebie nigdy nie czujesz czegoś aktywnego w tym kierunku*]. Oh, you're horrible, and I don't like you.

You know, if you were here, you'd really be happy. Here for the first time one can get a sense of the importance of *Sprawa Robotnicza*. Adolf tells me that recently it's made more of an impression than it ever has before. The social patriots are constantly feeling under pressure because of it, and they wait with trepidation for the appearance of each new issue (those were Adolf's words). Why is that? I asked him, in order to find out more. Well, they're afraid of such articles as "Na Kongress"⁵⁶ and "Pod bat."⁵⁷

56 Luxemburg is referring to her article (in Polish) entitled "On the Congress of the Polish Socialists in Germany," which was published anonymously in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 15/16, September/October, 1894.

57 Luxemburg is referring to her twelve-page supplement (in Polish) to *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 13/14, July/August, 1894, entitled "Pod bat opinii publicznej" (Under the Whip of Public Opinion), which consisted entirely of articles and brief items directed against the PPS.

The interest [in our journal] is enormous. People are constantly asking for the latest issues and actually scrambling to get hold of the "Independent Poland."⁵⁸ But the best is yet to come.

In the local section here of the Union of Polish Socialists Abroad⁵⁹ the leading figure is [Kelles-]Krauz (a friend of Stasia and Janek). In November he gave a talk to the section in which he strongly criticized the Union Abroad and the tactics of the PPS and *Predswit*. He referred to "Pod bat" and indicated that many of our criticisms are quite correct, and he called for a response on the topics [we had raised]. Among other things he asked the PPS reproachfully why the *Robotnik* "had not uttered a single word about the program." Further, he said: Undoubtedly the most important expression of PPS tactics was the Kościuszko celebration.⁶⁰ But what vacillations, how much inconsistency the PPS displayed in organizing the celebration. Why a joint celebration with the patriots? (In some respects [this was] a reiteration of "Dwie daty.") [*Mniej więcej streszczenie "Dwóch dat."*]⁶¹ These were all mistakes, "which our opponents (he's referring to us) have made use of with such passion and such exaggeration." To put it briefly—it's hitting home! Every blow of ours strikes hard at their Achilles' heel. You ask where I know all this from. It's a simple matter. The Paris section decided to print the talk by K[elles-Krauz] and—had it printed at Reiff's. But obviously the Londoners and Zurichers got cold feet and prevented it from being circulated in any way. Thus the little pamphlet did not make its appearance (it's the one I wrote you about in the postcard). It's a

58 Luxemburg is referring to her work *Niepodległa Polska a sprawa robotnicza* (Independent Poland and the Workers' Cause), which was published under the pseudonym Maciej Różga in Paris in 1895. *Sprawa Robotnicza* issued it as a separate publication on behalf of the Executive Committee of the SDKP.

59 The Union of Polish Socialists Abroad (*Związek Zagraniczny Socjalistów Polskich*) was an organization of Polish émigrés from the Russian-occupied Kingdom of Poland. Established in Paris in 1892, it initiated the founding of the PPS (*Polska Partia Socjalistyczna*) and became the foreign representative body of the PPS.

60 The reference is to the hundredth anniversary of the 1794 uprising against the third partition of Poland, which was headed by Tadeusz Kościuszko.

61 Luxemburg is referring to her article (in Polish) whose title means "Two Dates." Published in *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 11/12, May/June 1894, it dealt with the hundredth anniversary of the Kościuszko rebellion.

shame, a great shame, [because] it's a concoction that would be of **priceless** service to us in every respect. In it, for example, there is an objection to German Social Democracy as an "appalling swamp" [*Jest tam np. zarzucanie niemieckiej sojaldemokracji "przerazającego zabagnienia"*]. (All the social patriots here are "Allemanistes"⁶² and the term "Guesdiste"⁶³ is for them a dirty word.) The argument is made—in order to dispose of us—that we are repeating word for word the tactics and programmatic concepts of Bebel, Liebknecht, and Guesde, while they pay homage to the "true revolutionary, Nieuwenhuis." Unfortunately this pamphlet can't be used, because that would be regarded as a theft, but it can be used, as Adolf says, as a "weapon in reserve," since one can at a suitable moment make it known to the *Przedświt* people that we possess a copy. I'll send you a confidential copy. Adolf got hold of it and gave it to me confidentially without Jadzia's knowledge, because with her moral conceptions she considers it swinishness [to take someone else's pamphlet] and has forbidden him to say anything to me about it. As you see, we are now standing exactly where we wanted to be. At all times I'm keeping them in suspense. One minute they're impressed by our issues dealing with the tsar, and the next thing they know they're getting a hiding because of the *Robotnik*, and finally the issue with the workers' letters will be a sensation because it shows our ties with the homeland.⁶⁴ In short, everything would be splendid if it were not for this damned smuggling situation.⁶⁵ What's wrong? What's the problem there? It's definitely making me anxious about what's going to happen. When will we straighten it out? You remind me about the deadline and shout for the issues to be made ready. But don't forget that Reiff prints **very slowly**, and I can't do anything

62 A reference to the supporters of Jean Allemane, who in 1891 split from the Possibilists and founded the Parti Ouvrier Socialiste Révolutionnaire. Anarchist tendencies were prevalent in a section of the party's membership.

63 The followers of Jules Guesde in the Parti Ouvrier Français (French Workers' Party).

64 Luxemburg is referring to *Sprawa Robotnicza*, no. 21, March 1895, which was to appear as a special issue under the title "Polska Robotnicza" (Workers' Poland) and was based entirely on letters and other writings by workers in Poland.

65 The reference is to the illegal transporting of SDKP party literature from France into Poland.

about that. He says he can't go any faster, and that's all. If we could give the job to the Goupys, it would be done in three days, but then it would cost 105 F. instead of 85 (because it's 5 F. for the typesetting but Reiff includes that in his charges).

For God's sake send the addresses so that the May and December packages can be sent off, because I'm ashamed that after such a big row they're still lying there. Because of that, Reiff no longer has any regard for the pressure I put on him. At least the packages should be lying around over there, but not here. So I'm waiting for the addresses. It's impossible to put everything in one package, because waiting until the other issues are done would take too long. Would it be better if I sent everything to you there, so that you would pack it all up? Because it's very difficult for me here to get it all packaged properly, so that it's ready to be mailed, and we have written to Dicken⁶⁶ to tell him that he should just tear off the outer newspaper wrapper. This [work] can't be done at the Adolfs, because there's not room enough, and also, people keep showing up there; for example, Morek [Warszawski; Adolf's brother] can't just be turned away. (Besides that, moving such large packages would immediately attract the attention of the concierge.) There can be no question of bringing the material here to where I live. There's a police agent who regularly visits the concierge. (Write to me with caution. If necessary, use a code, as with Karol [Brzezina]. Instead of my last name, put an *x* over an *m*.) Otherwise the concierge is ready to make a denunciation because she's just a simple-minded woman. After having thought it over, I now see that **definitely** the first thing is to send [the material] to you in Zurich. I can't let Reiff's people do the packaging, because they would never do it **the way you do**. They would do it sloppily, as usual. So you yourself, together with Julek [Marchlewski], have to do it. So write **immediately**, at least a postcard, as to whether you agree with all this and whether everything necessary should be sent to Zurich.

See how base and vile [*podły*] you are. I already sense that every word about the stupidest [political] business interests you twice as much, ten times as much, a hundred times as much as when I pour my heart out to you. The moment you read any detail about the PPS your eyes light up immediately, quite differently from when

66 This is probably a reference to J. S. Blumenfeld.

I write you something about myself, that I'm tired or that I have a yearning, etc.

Ah, you Gold! I have some very fearsome intentions for you, you know! Really, while I've been here, I've been letting it run through my head a little, the question of our relationship, and when I return I'm going to take you in my claws so sharply that it will make you squeal, you'll see. I will terrorize you completely. You will **have to** submit [*pokorit'sa*]. You will have to give in and bow down. That is the condition for our living together further. I must break you, [and] grind the sharp edges off your horns, or else I can't continue with you. You are a bad-tempered person, and now, within myself, I am as sure of that as that the sun is in the sky, after having thought about your entire spiritual physiognomy. And I'll smother this rage and fury that you have in yourself as sure as I'm alive. Such weeds can't be allowed to get in among the cabbages. I have the right to do this because I'm ten times better than you, and I quite consciously condemn this very salient aspect of your character. I am now going to terrorize you without any mercy until you become gentle, and begin to feel and conduct yourself toward other people as any ordinary good person would. At one and the same time I feel a boundless love for you and an implacable strictness toward the failings in your character. Therefore note well—get a hold of yourself! Because I'm already standing here with the carpet beater in my hand, and as soon as I arrive I'm going to start beating the dust out of you.

Undoubtedly there's a lot in the words above that you don't understand, but I'll explain it to you after I get back. And now, as the beginning of my reign of terror: think about it, **be good!** Write kind and gentle letters, and don't address me with the formal "you," which is a tactless piece of crudity on your part. Don't pick apart my letters, be humble, and tell me you love me without being afraid that you will be demeaning yourself if, say, just for today, you give me three pennies more than I give you. Don't be afraid and don't be ashamed to express your feelings for me (if you still **have** them, because I will use no force on you in **that** regard), and don't have any anxiety that I may not accept them with the accustomed respect. Learn to kneel down in spirit a little, and **do it not only** at those moments when with open arms I call to you but also when I'm standing with my back to you. In a word, be more generous, more magnanimous, relate to your feelings in a more noble way. I

demand it! Unfortunately I feel certain deficiencies of character in myself from constantly being around you, but that only spurs me on to struggle with you more vigorously than ever. Think about it. You **must** submit, because I will force you to through the power of love. Gold, my only one, be well. I embrace you and kiss you many hundreds of times, Ciucia, my one and only! ...

Dearest Gold, **I beg of you, send me some money [that I can use] for me!** But send it right away.

Gold, you've received some caviar there for me from Rostov (a present from my brother). You've gone wild [over it], right? But don't you dare eat it up. Put off that urge until [we're in] Weggis!!

Scoundrel, send me your photograph **right away!!!**

Forward my letters **without delay**.

My address: Avenue Reille 7, au 3-ème

**TO THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF POLITICAL SCIENCES,
ZURICH UNIVERSITY**

Zurich, March 12, 1897

Highly esteemed and respected Sir!

May I permit myself, with reference to the accompanying dissertation, *The Industrial Development of Poland*, to request that I be allowed to take the examination for the title of Doctor of Public Law and Economic Affairs [*Doctor juris publici et rerum cameralium*].

At the same time I most humbly request that my examination, if at all possible, be scheduled during the second half of the month of April, because I am compelled by family obligations to leave Zurich at the end of April.⁶⁷

Allow me, highly esteemed Sir, to express my regards

With deepest respect and humility,

Rosa Luxemburg

67 Luxemburg's request was granted. She completed her final written examination between April 21 and 24, 1897. Professor Julius Wolf's approval of her dissertation dates from the end of March, and those of Professors Vogt, Treichler, Schneider, Hitzig, Schollenberger, Fleiner, Cohn, and Meili are dated April 14, 1897. It has not been possible to establish the exact date of Luxemburg's oral examination. According to the records of Zurich University, she completed her studies there at the end of May 1897.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Switzerland, July 16, 1897]

No, I can't go on working. The thought of you keeps distracting me. I must write you a few words. Dearest, most beloved, you are not with me now, yet my entire soul is filled with you, and it embraces you. To you it will certainly seem monstrous, perhaps even comical, that I'm writing you this letter when we live ten steps apart, see each other three times a day, and besides—I'm your wife, after all—so why all this romanticism—writing a letter at night to your own husband? Oh my golden one, let it seem comical to the whole world—only not to you. At least read this letter seriously and with your heart, with the same feeling that you read my letters back then—in Geneva—when I was not yet your wife. Because I'm writing it with the same strong feelings as then, and my whole soul impels me toward you in exactly the same way—my eyes overflow with tears. (At this point no doubt you smile [and quote me]—"You know, nowadays I cry over the tiniest trifle"! [*"Ja przecież o tyle co teraz płaczę"*].)

Dziodzio, my love, do you know why I'm writing you this letter instead of saying all this to you in person? Because I don't know how, I'm not able to talk with you so freely about these things anymore. Right now I'm as touchy and skittish as a hare. Your slightest gesture or inconsequential remark makes my heart shrink and seals my mouth. I can speak with you as openly as this only if I feel surrounded by a warm, trusting atmosphere, and that tends to happen so rarely between us now! As you see, today I've been flooded with such strange and peculiar feelings, awakened in me by these couple of days of being alone and reflecting. I've had so many thoughts to share with you. But you were distracted, though cheerful, and you didn't feel you wanted anything "physical"—in other words, [you thought] that's all I was concerned about at that moment. That's precisely the difficulty I've been obsessed with at this moment. That hurt me so much, but you thought I was just feeling dissatisfied because you were in a hurry to set off on your trip. Perhaps I might not even have had the nerve to write this letter now, but a bit of feeling [that you showed] has given me courage. At our parting you brought up [something, and gave me] a whiff of the past, that past in memory of which every night before going to sleep I almost

choke among the pillows from my tears. My dear, my love—no doubt your eyes are already glancing around, impatiently searching: “What in the world does she want?” [*czegoż ona chce*]. Do I [myself] know what I really want? I want to love you. I want the same gentle, trusting, ideal atmosphere to exist between us as existed back then. You, my dear, often understand me too superficially. You think I’m always “sulking” [*duyus*] because you’re going away or something like that. And you can’t imagine that it hurts me deeply that for you our relationship is something totally external. Oh don’t say, my love, that I don’t understand, that it’s not just an outward formality the way I think it is. I know, I understand what it means. I understand it because—I feel. Earlier when you spoke with me about this, to me it was empty sound, sound without meaning, but now it is—a hard reality. Oh, I have a very good sense of what this outward formality really is. —I feel it when I see how gloomy you are, and without speaking you busy yourself with something, any other concerns or even with unpleasant things, and your look tells me—“It’s none of your affair; go mind your own business” [*Ne tvoyo delo, smotri sebe svoi dela*]; I feel it when I see how you, when we have quarrels on a bigger scale, take these impressions to heart and mull them over, and you think about our relationship and you arrive at one or another conclusion and you quickly make some decision or other, and in some way, in spite of everything, I am left behind, and I can only ponder over it with my poor brain, wondering what and how you are thinking; I feel it after every time we are together, when you shove me aside afterwards, and close yourself off in your work; I feel it, in conclusion, if in my thoughts I review my whole past life, and my whole future, in which I envision myself as a mannequin activated by some internal mechanism. My dear one, my love, I am not complaining, I am not asking for anything, all I want is that you not interpret any weeping on my part as “just the scenes that women put on.” Do I know what the situation is, after all? I am certainly very much to blame for it, perhaps the most to blame, for the fact that no warm and well-balanced relationship prevails between us. But what can I do? —I don’t know, I don’t know how to behave, I can’t get control over the way I am in our relationship. I don’t know how to do it. I’m not capable of taking firm hold of the situation. I’m not capable of drawing [certain] conclusions, I’m not capable of taking a particular firm position in relation to you—at any moment I behave

the way inspiration or impulse dictates, so much love and suffering have accumulated in my soul that I throw myself at you, throw my arms around your neck, and your coldness pains me—it tears at my soul, and I hate you for it—and I feel I could kill you. My golden one, after all, you are capable of reasoning and comprehending. You have always done that [reasoned and comprehended], both for you and for me, in our relationship! Why is it that now you don't want to do it together with me? Why do you leave me all by myself? Oh my God, I'm turning to you and appealing to you so much that maybe, as a result, it's become true, what more and more often seems to me to be so, that perhaps—you don't love me so much anymore, do you? Truly, truly—I feel that so often.

You now find everything about me so bad and hateful. You scarcely feel the need to spend time with me! Incidentally, do I even know **what** it is that drives me to these thoughts? I know only, if I let my thoughts wander this way, if I imagine everything, taken all together, then something tells me that you would be far happier now if this didn't exist, that you would prefer to run off somewhere and be rid of the whole business. Oh my love, I understand that completely. I see how little brightness there is for you in this relationship, how I wear on your nerves with these scenes, these tears, these trifles, even this lack of belief in your love. I know it, my golden one, and if I think about it, then maybe I would prefer to be somewhere else—with the devil—or best of all, not to exist. There's a thought that pains me so: that into your pure, proud, solitary life I have come crowding in with my old wives' tales, with my unbalanced self, and my disorderliness, and for what, for what, for the devil? Oh my God, what's the use of talking about it—it's pointless. And again, my dear, you will ask, what is it, after all, that I want? I want nothing, nothing, my precious, only that you should know that I, even with the personality I have, am not tormenting you so blindly and unfeelingly, I want you to know that I weep often and bitterly because of this, and once again—I don't understand it, I don't know how to behave or what I should do to help myself. Sometimes I think it would be best to see you as seldom as possible. At other times I pop up, in good spirits again, and would like to forget it all and throw myself in your arms and cry my heart out, but then this cursed thought comes again and whispers to me—leave him in peace; he puts up with all of it only out of politeness, from wanting to be tactful—then two

or three small things immediately [seem to] confirm this thought, and hatred wells up in me, and I'd like to torment you, to bite you, to show you that I don't need your love, that I too would be ready to do without you, then again I torment myself and grieve all alone, and so it goes endlessly, in a vicious circle.

"How much drama!" Right? "It's boring! The same thing over and over." But to me it's as though I haven't said even one-tenth of what I wanted to say. [*"Skol'ko dram!" Pravda? "Skuchno! Vechno odno i to zhe."* *A mne tak, kak budto ya i desyatoi doli togo ne skazala, chto khotela.*]

If the tongue were true to the voice,
And the voice to the thought,
How then could the word ever hold within bounds
The lightning of thought?⁶⁸

Well, goodbye. It's as though I'm already regretting that I wrote [this]. Maybe you'll get angry? Maybe you'll laugh? Oh no, don't laugh! [*Nu, proshchai. Ya uzbe kak budto zhaleyu, chto napisala. Mozhet budesh' zlit'sya? Mozhet budesh' smeyat'sya? O net, ne smeisya!*].

Only you, my beloved, can offer "welcome to the ghost"⁶⁹ **as you once did!**

Dziodzio, Dziodzio!

[A scene from long ago —] With ardent longing
I reach out my arms to you
In my soul I behold the loveliest image
And give it the sweetest names.

Tenderly, deeply moved, also smiling,
I tear from my heart the resentment that makes me ill.
I find a joy in the echo of your voice,
Myself the echo of your words.

Yet when you come, I stand paralyzed,
Instead of plunging into your arms.
My heart's constricted, waiting with fear,
To see what welcome will greet me.

68 The four-line quotation is from Mickiewicz's verse drama *Dziady* (Forefathers' Eve).

69 The phrase "welcome to the ghost" is also from *Dziady* by Mickiewicz.

My eyes search to see what you will bring,
 What look you will have on your face when you come,
 Waiting to see if you'll deign an embrace,
 I weigh every movement, every word.

And I don't know what power drives
 My thoughts, my words, ever faster.
 The thoughts are not true to the feelings,
 The words are not true to the thoughts.

You sit stiffly, I stand beside you.
 Each one hurts the other

With words and also with silence.
 And so we remain, close-lipped and frightened.
 What has happened? What *is* it that's happened?
 We loved each other so much!
 Time never even touched us
 When we were together.

We were good and we were bad
 Meeting and parting were full of trust
 We harkened to the voice of love
 Free of any second thoughts

Today you leave, disgusted by quarrels
 I want to call out: Stay, beloved! Don't go!
 "Goodnight"—that's what the cold lips whisper,
 And I turn back, dissolved in tears.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, May 17, 1898] Tuesday evening

My dearest Dziodzio!

I now have the first more or less peaceful moment in which I am alone and can write you in more detail, because all day yesterday and today I've been running around with the "little cousin" in search

of a place to live. You have no inkling what it means, in Berlin, to search for a place to live. I've been searching "only" in three parts of the city—Charlottenburg, the West, and the Northwest—because living in other parts of the city in the summer is unbearable. But the dimensions of things here are such that you spend hours on a couple of streets, especially because you have to run way up, many storeys high, one building after another, depending on what's said on the notice on the front door—and it's mostly all in vain. The rooms are generally dreadfully expensive everywhere. Here in Charlottenburg the cheapest room that would be at all acceptable to me costs 28 marks [per month]. There's no sense in dreaming, not even for a moment, of having a separate bedroom. What we generally run into is a single room that doubles as a bedroom—though [*allerdings*] one that is splendidly furnished. Nevertheless it will cost ... 80 marks! Temporarily I have a room for one mark per day, and I have arranged things so that I sleep on the sofa bed [*Schlafdiwan*] and at other times I have a sofa. It just wouldn't work otherwise. Incidentally, we have to admit that my place in Zurich is a white raven [i.e., a rare find]. All the same, don't be concerned. I never take the first as best, and I'm terribly picky, and the "little cousin," enraptured by the place in Zurich, is also searching with that ideal in mind. Tomorrow I will finally decide, although the choice is so difficult that a person could get anxious about it, because while one place makes the stomach retch [*zhivot noyet*], one can't help noticing that in another place a soldier was here [*soldat byl*]. The dimensions are so completely incomparable [to Zurich] that I feel like my head's going to burst before I decide on something. As for a soldier [*soldat*] he actually was and is [*byl i yest'*] everywhere around here. Officers are literally the dominant caste hereabouts. They also live in furnished rooms, and everywhere I either run into a room vacated by an officer or find an officer as a neighbor. In view of the danger that might threaten you from that quarter and your long-standing fear lest your wife run off with an officer [*ne udrala s ofitserom*], of course I avoid any such neighbor like the plague. But just imagine: the drawings by Thöny are by no means caricatures. They are simply photographic likenesses taken from nature—a million of them running around on the streets here. —

Of the people I've seen, there's only the mother of Shmuilova (seen fleetingly), her son-in-law—subeditor at the *Neue Welt* (Kühl)—and

Shmuilov himself. The latter has not yet arranged to introduce me to Gradn[auer], and I find that quite satisfactory by the way. I learn from him only that at present Parvus is regarded in the party as a *persona comica* and that everyone has turned away from him (Gradn[auer], [Clara] Zetkin, Auer, et al.), that is to say [*es heisst*] he has lost everything that up to now he had gained. That means the two of us have very good noses [to scent things out], but in the last analysis it's very sad. As for Juleczek [Marchlewski], people supposedly have the opinion that he is insignificant [*unbedeutend*] and that his writing is "flat" [*fad*], which means he writes in a weak, insipid manner, at least that is what Shmu[ilov] and Gradnauer say. From Adolf [Warski] I know that Juleczek has been trying for a long time in Munich to obtain a foreign visitor's passport, to go to Silesia to do some agitating, but nothing has come of it. Bebel and Auer are here. I have not yet written to B[ebel], because when I meet him, I'd like to already have a room and to have the appearance of being a little bit human. Incidentally, I'm making a very big impression here—at least on my landlady—and what is most astonishing, everyone sees me as being extraordinarily young, and they're amazed that I'm already so mature. That is for your reassurance. As for the Jadzios [the Warskis], they found me "enchanting" in my black dress and new hat. All of that has to do with my outer appearance. My inner appearance is somewhat less "enchanting," though it is equally black, for which the depressing dimensions of Berlin are to blame. I feel as though I have arrived here as a complete stranger and all alone, to "conquer Berlin," and having laid eyes on it, I now feel anxious in the face of its cold power, completely indifferent to me. At the same time I console myself with the thought that the whole of Berlin will arouse my interest [*z calego Berlina obchodzi mnie*]⁷⁰ ...

I've borrowed another sheet of paper from the landlady, because I can't take leave of you now. I could keep writing all night, but I'm afraid you'll give me a [verbal] thrashing again for putting too much paper in the envelope. Let me go back to the subject. I said that I feel black-and-blue places, bruises everywhere on my soul. I'm explaining it to you exactly the way I feel it. Yesterday evening, when I was already in bed, in a strange house, in the middle of a strange

70 Alternatively, Luxemburg might have meant "that the whole of Berlin will fire me up."

city, I felt a little despondent, and this is what I thought in the deepest recesses of my soul: wouldn't it be a happier thing if, instead of such an adventurous life, we were to live quietly and harmoniously, just the two of us, somewhere in Switzerland, to enjoy our youth and make each other happy? But when I turned my thoughts back for a moment to review what I had left behind, what I saw was—an empty space. And it became clear to me at once that it was all a delusion. We neither lived together nor did we find joy in one another, and in fact there was nothing very happy (I'm saying all this only about our personal relationship, abstracting from the difficulties encountered in our work for the cause, because those things cannot in fact prevent people from living together warmly and lovingly [*żyć ze sobą serdecznie*]). On the contrary, looking back over the last half year and not even looking farther back, I felt such a completely bewildering sense of disharmony, something incomprehensible to me, tormenting and dark, that I got shooting pains in my temples, and then I had exactly the physical sensation of black-and-blue places, painful bruises on my soul, so that I could turn neither right nor left as I lay there. The most tormenting thing in all this is the feeling of something incomprehensible, as if there were a dull thudding or roaring in my head, and at that point I don't know why everything has happened, what for, to what purpose ...

And just imagine, it was precisely those bruises on my soul that at the next moment gave me the courage for a new life. It became clear to me that I had not given up anything good, that things would not be one iota better even if we lived together, that in the same way I would constantly be surrounded by an atmosphere that I would strive in vain, and amidst agonies, to comprehend, while being surrounded by constant disharmony. What I had longed for momentarily was only my fantasy, and I felt myself to be exactly like that tomcat in Weggis—do you remember?—a dog had trapped it between the cliffside and the lake. Imagine the dog to be the life that drives me on; the hillside to be your “stony heart,” as constant and reliable as a cliff, but also just as hard and inaccessible; and finally imagine the lake to be the waves of the life into which I am now plunging in Berlin. The choice between “two forms of punishment” [*zwei Trachten Prügel*] is at least not hard to make. And the only thing I need to be concerned about is that with the passage of time I won't go down among the Berlin waves like the cat ...

Because I am always deeply touched when I talk about myself [*ça me touche toujours quand je parle de moi-même*—because of that on this occasion I have a desire to howl, but my well-trained ear at the same moment hears your impatient voice [saying in Russian]: “Come on now, stop that crying; you’ll end up looking like the devil only knows what.” And obediently I put down my handkerchief so that in the morning I won’t look like “the devil only knows what.”⁷¹

Give the devil his due, and the pope his too, isn’t that so? In spite of everything, I keep on doing what you said to me before I left, singing the old song of the demand for personal comfort. That is exactly right. I have the accursed desire to be happy, and would be ready, day after day, to haggle for my little portion of happiness [*Portiönchen Glück*] with the foolish obstinacy of a pigeon. But that is just a leftover remnant. This desire grows ever weaker within me in the face of how the sun makes clear, or rather the night darkly underlines, the impossibility of being happy. No happiness without joy [*Kein Glück ohne Freude*], but maybe that’s just the way life is, i.e., our relationship. (For me, after all, they are identical: *vous savez, les femmes ...*)⁷² Maybe it is just a joyless, gloomy thing [*freudeloses, düsteres Ding*]. I am actually beginning to understand that life can grab hold of a person and not let go [*tashchit i ne puskat*]. And there’s no good advice to be had about it. I’m actually beginning to grow accustomed to the thought that my only task now is to think about the elections.⁷³ And after that, to think about what will come after the elections. Since our combined ages already add up to sixty, mind you, I have a feeling similar to that which a forty-year-old woman certainly has, when the physical symptoms of sex life stop showing up.

Naturally after you have read through the above oration, you will think: What disgusting egoism, to think only about one’s own “happiness” in the face of the losses you [Leo Jogiches] have suffered, which are a hundred times greater than the loss of a loved one’s embrace.

You will think that ... and you will be wrong. I do not forget for a

71 The Russian wording in the original is as follows: *Da perestan’ zhe plakat’; ty budesh’ vyglyadet’, kak chort znaet chto takoye.*

72 French: “You know how women are ...”

73 Reichstag elections were to be held on June 16, 1898.

single moment **your** inner bookkeeping, which now shows nothing but “debits.” Always running around expressing my feelings is not the only thing I do. Actually, in addition to the reproaches made above, I have one more reproach to make, that you don’t allow me to take part in your bookkeeping and the only thing you allow me is—to keep quiet. You are like the [mountain peak] Rigi, but I am not the [mountain peak] Jungfrau,⁷⁴ which with its snowcapped peak manages to gaze down majestically from the high heavens. I am really just an ordinary cat, who would like to be petted and to pet others, who purrs when things are going well and meows when they’re not, and wants nothing more than self-expression. And since you don’t allow me to meow, I can only write about myself and about these uninteresting personal matters. If, nevertheless, you bring up this charge of egoism against me, then your blow will miss its mark [*wirst fehlschlagen*].

I wish to hell an end would come to this problem of a place to live, so that I could settle down to work and be able to send you the first sounds of battle [*pervye boyevye zvuki*]. I’d be proud if I already had something like that to cheer you up with. Unfortunately I don’t have anything at hand that I could write about, and that’s why this has become such a boring letter.

Do you have any conception of how much I love you?

About 12 midnight, outside Berlin, my train ran over someone. Because of this we were standing still for about a quarter of an hour, and waking from my sleep, all at once I heard shouting. It was a farmer who in the dark was driving his oxen across the railroad track. When I asked if he was still alive, the answer they gave me was: Still alive, a little bit [*Lebt noch a bissele*].

Not a good omen.

I’ll close soon, my one and only. When you can, please write as much as possible **about yourself**. Of all the things you’ve written me up to now what made me the happiest was your promise that you will look after yourself better. Write to me about that **in detail**. Are you drinking cocoa at four o’clock? Are you drinking milk **daily**? Please write about **everything**.

My dear, don’t be upset that the paper is thick and that the letter will be heavy. I don’t have any other paper here.

74 This also means “virgin.”

Be well, and write to the address: 55 Kant Street, but without my last name, only my first name and the "Ilyinichna,"⁷⁵ because they're keeping up a lot of surveillance here. Yours
[P.S.] Do you know anything yet about Anna [Gordon]?

[Notes in margins]

For the time being I have a room for one mark per day.

What's going on with the dressmaker? My conscience is constantly bothering me that I've made too much of a fuss about the dress, and the only thing that's come of it for you is the added expense, and for the dressmaker, so much unpleasantness. I feel terribly sorry for her. As for the hat, Jadzia [Warska] admits that it's perfect.

Today I'm writing home [to Warsaw] to ask for a loan.

Did you visit Herkner [professor at Zurich University]? Have you begun to look for lectures to attend? You haven't the slightest inkling how much I would like it if you were through with all that. The cross weighs on me with painful heaviness when I think about you and the university.

Just imagine, Frau [Anita] Augspurg is forty years old. She now lives in Munich; she has gotten to know Shmuilov. It seems that she is a person with a rather eventful past [*mit einer bewegten Vergangenheit*], and in general the literary-artistic Bohemia there in Munich seems to be quite a heap of trash. Helene Dönniges is there as well, with her [current] husband, that fellow Schewitsch at *Simplicissimus*.

75 In Russian culture, everyone has, as his/her middle name, a patronymic, a name derived from the first name of his/her father. For example, Lenin was the son of a man whose first name was Ilya (Russian form of Elijah), and so in Russian culture he is known as Vladimir Ilyich (Vladimir, son of Ilya). In this case Luxemburg is suggesting that Jogiches, in addressing her, should use an invented middle name, as though her father's first name were Ilya (when actually it was Elias, a Polish form of Elijah, equivalent to the Russian "Ilya"). In Russian, Ilyinichna (daughter of Ilya) is the feminine counterpart to Ilyich, the masculine form of the patronymic formed from Ilya. In Polish culture, this use of a patronymic as a middle name for everyone does not occur, but Luxemburg was probably making a concession here to the Russian culture that Leo Jogiches apparently identified with (his mother having spoken Russian). It seems that he usually wrote to Luxemburg in Russian and wanted Russian spoken in the home when they were together. That is why, when she quotes from Jogiches's letters, the quotations are usually in Russian.

Shmuilov was astonished that my work will be published by D[uncker] and H[umblot]. He maintained that they definitely must have someone who knows the current literature and that's how they heard about me. [He says] it's a *Verlag* [publishing company] that everyone who intends to "make a career" in this field is chasing after.

Daszynski's wife has run off with another man. Even before this she apparently had the reputation of being a "loose woman." For his part he married her, it seems, because "the results were already obvious." They say that in the party in Galicia he's not very well liked, because he's a skirt-chaser, corrupt and depraved, and prefers to live like a feudal lord.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] May 20, 1898

Dearest Ciuciu!

I just read your letter written on Wednesday. With satisfaction I draw the conclusion from it that all your suggestions and advice about what is to be done are the same as the ones I've already noted down. I haven't forgotten the slightest thing. I'm starting on all this today and tomorrow, because as long as I had no place to live I couldn't think about anything else. I've been living the whole time in a furnished private room for one mark a day, and from the very first moment my time has been spent energetically searching for a place. I have a strong desire to plunge into the stream of struggle [*bor'by*], but don't worry, I'll keep a cool head. Today I finally rented a place to live, after I had looked at 75 different rooms in various parts of the city, and as a result I already know these districts of Berlin (the West, the Northwest, and Charlottenburg) like the back of my hand. I've taken a room at No. 2 Cuxhaven Street, Garden House 1, bordering directly on the Tiergarten [the large park containing the Berlin Zoo] in the most aristocratic district, as you will see. Your next letter should still be sent to the address of K[rauz] (though **without** my name; my initials are enough). The room has to be cleaned, and I don't know exactly when I can move in.

The room corresponds more or less to all my requirements. It's on the first floor, is elegantly furnished, with a piano, sunny, with a small balcony overgrown with greenery, with a writing desk, a rocking chair [*Schaukelstuhl*], a mirror covering the whole length of the wall, the balcony and the window opening onto the garden, and all around one sees nothing but greenery. The landlady is friendly and talkative, but ... I'm almost afraid to write this ... it's 33 marks! Believe me, Dziodziu, I would not have taken it if there had been even the **slightest** possibility of taking a different one ... But in the end this is what I had to choose from: a room for 25 marks, but in Charlottenburg, in a section of the apartment building to the rear of the courtyard, with a guesthouse underneath, and the courtyard having a large entranceway; another room, in the West, but with a dirty-looking landlady a la Lüthi,⁷⁶ and in the evening the stairs are swarming with couples, a man in the king's uniform [*im Rock des Königs*] with a lady on his arm; the third choice was in the West as well, for 30 marks, but on the ground floor, dark without any sun, in a house owned by philistines who surely would have fainted if the police asked about me (they've never seen a "Frau Doktor" before), and with a doorman at the entrance (which is closed all day) to whom all visitors must tell who they are coming to see. I'm sure you yourself would have chosen what I chose and that reassures me. Here the main door is always open and there is no doorman. If it hadn't been for worries and scruples—because we've gone 3 marks over budget—I would have taken this room right away, because we looked at it the very first day, but my conscience would not let me do that without first making a thorough search of half the city and seeing that no other choice was left. To make up for it, I will be able to eat lunch well and cheaply with this landlady, and in general I will keep track of every penny just as I have been doing. I had to hurry up and solve this housing problem because a person has to pay a ransom for storing luggage at the railroad station, and I could not have my trunk moved from one place to another because that too costs a fortune—the district where I now have my room is charming and quiet, there's no street traffic here, all around there's nothing but luxuriant greenery, and the air quality is excellent. Write me immediately, if you're going to reprimand me greatly for going 3 marks

76 This is a reference to Luxemburg's former landlady in Zurich, Switzerland.

over the budget. But everyone maintains that—in this district for such a room, and with a balcony besides—the price is fabulously cheap. The lady actually wanted 40 but I talked her down. As for the library, it turns out they let you take books home, so that I won't have to be traveling there so often. By the way, a big issue here is travel time, and as far as money goes, it amounts to the same thing. There is an arrangement here by which for 3 marks you can buy a month's pass on the urban railroad system [*Stadtbahn*], which goes everywhere. For example, you can travel all day long to any stop you want. Everyone here has one of these indispensable monthly tickets, and I too bought one as soon as I arrived. I definitely would have spent 2 marks already if I had paid separately for each trip. —Now for the first time I can write to Bebel, and I'll do it today or tomorrow. (I'd like to be looking somewhat better, because my stomach's been bothering me and I look like a tea rose after the rain.) I'll let myself borrow *Gazeta Robotnicza* from "little cousin." As for the *Volksmacht*, I'll either get hold of it the same way or subscribe to it. At the Claassens, I hope to obtain the *Handbuch*.⁷⁷ I go out the whole time without any help other than the cousin, who simply doesn't want to let me go alone, but for the most part I do go everywhere alone. At the Claassens' place, after the first visit to Shm[uilov] for two minutes, I haven't once stuck my nose in there, which has got them worried, and so yesterday and today they came to my place and invited me to visit them. One can see that they're accustomed to having new arrivals come pestering them immediately. Poor Anna [Gordon], the crazy thing, lived with them for several days and dragged them around with her on her errands all day long. I, on the other hand, am extremely reserved [*zurückhaltend*] and have merely promised them that I would stop by at their regular get-together, their *jour fixe*, next Thursday evening. They could be very useful to me in many respects. (I see, N.B. [*nota bene*], that everyone takes me for a rich person, the devil knows why.) Only for the sake of the *Handbuch* will I call on the Cl[aassens] for a moment. Surely they have it. I'd like to have my own copy at hand, but the damn thing

77 The SPD's manual with information relating to the Reichstag elections scheduled for June 16, 1898. It was published by the SPD Executive in Berlin in 1898 under the title *Handbuch für sozialdemokratische Wähler. Der Reichstag 1893–1898* (Manual for Social Democratic Voters: The Reichstag, 1893–1898).

costs 4 marks. I will simply bone up on it till I know it by heart, like a grammar book. Apropos of that, here's a pathetically funny little item: Shmuilov has been searching here the whole time, all sick and suffering, searching for—[the poet] Hugo von Hofmannsthal. He had befriended him and is taking him to visit his wife in Munich! ... I greatly fear that this amusingly good and proper husband is shortly to be the third party in a triangle [*im Bunde—der Dritte*] ... Don't grimace, my golden one, because I keep writing about such mundane things. It's not because I've forgotten the tasks before me, but only in order to entertain myself a little at the moment, since I've managed to deal with this place-to-live business—and because of the pains in my stomach I can't pull myself together to do anything. Also, most dearly beloved, **at the least** I like to talk about everything with you, [and share] all my impressions.

And now, to turn to you, my love. It's very good that you went to see Herkner, but now you **have to** write a few words to [Professor Julius] Wolf, after he recommended you to Herkner. Otherwise, God knows, you would be a real pig. I'll enclose a rough draft of such a letter. You can fix it up for yourself to suit your taste. But don't delay or dawdle about it, I beg you. Do it right away, do you hear? How did you like Herk[ner]? Write me about that in detail. And generally speaking, you ape, write in more detail about yourself, and not two general words! Now, advise me what to do: It's absolutely necessary to make a trip to Dresden, but it costs all of 7 marks for the round trip. It's awful to pay so much. Should I make the trip or for the time being be content with writing a letter? I'd like best **not** to go, if it were not for the desire to find out something about the situation, and about Julek [Marchlewski], Winter, et al. Above all, however, we want to see what Bebel will say, isn't that right? I have written to Humblot,⁷⁸ and I wrote home earlier. —I'm feeling healthy and brave, don't worry at all. Maybe tomorrow I'll go to the police,⁷⁹ but, on the other hand, maybe not until after moving into

78 In 1898 the Duncker & Humblot publishing company in Leipzig was preparing to publish Luxemburg's dissertation *Die industrielle Entwicklung Polens* (The Industrial Development of Poland), both as a dissertation and in book form.

79 In order to be active politically in Germany without interference by the authorities, Luxemburg needed to obtain from the police a certificate of citizenship, a document certifying that she was a German citizen. For

my room. Write me in detail about what dealings you've had with the dressmaker. I'm meeting Wladek [Olszewski] on Sunday.

Write quickly, and a lot. I read your letters several times over. Golden boy, how are you feeling, my dear, my only child? Don't you know anything [have any news] about Anna?

Yours,

[Postscripts]

Golden one, you write so well in Polish. Write a whole letter that way, Kukasia. Has nothing yet come of your *Gemeinde*? [The Swiss citizenship Jogiches was applying for.] Kr. Isayev is here, and has given a prepared talk [*referat*] on a social democratic topic in the Russian colony, [but] reportedly his speech was nothing special.

I forgot to add: Of course I don't have a separate bedroom. (At this price such a thing is **not to be thought of**.) But instead of a bed, I have a huge sofa bed, and also a washbasin covered by a pretty curtain, the same color as the room. Thus, altogether quite a salon.

Buy yourself a map of Berlin without fail, so you can see where I live.

You can send me the Beethoven within the next few days!

The various additions about Bachm[an], etc., you can just as well leave out. I have put them in myself, and the writing doesn't come out looking like a schoolchild's. Keep in mind that you are now no longer a schoolboy, and therefore you must write **in a more courtly manner** as a well-educated person.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] Wednesday, May 25, 1898

Well, Dziodzio, yesterday I went to see Auer. It was not possible to wait for Bebel, because no one knew when he would return, and every day here was precious. So I went from there [Bebel's home]

this purpose, in the spring of 1898, she had entered into a marriage of convenience with Gustav Lübeck, a Prussian citizen, and thus automatically obtained Prussian citizenship. This sham marriage was ended by a divorce granted on April 4, 1903.

to Katzbach Street.⁸⁰ I rang the bell, and who should come out in person but—Herr Auer (big and blond, about 40 years old, absolutely the same type [in appearance] as some higher-ranking Russian or *pomeshchik* [member of the landowning nobility]). He bade me “take a seat”—to which I replied by asking if I had the pleasure of speaking with Herr Auer, and I introduced myself. In response to that he gave an “Ah!” and a friendly smile. The fellow drew himself up and pressed my hand in his, at which point we became cosier and the chitchat began. In order not to start in the moment I came through the door, I began by saying I had just arrived [in Germany], had seen a good bit of the Polish movement, and concluded that there was hardly any electoral agitation going on, that everything was slumbering, etc. Whereupon the fellow tried, with his deep bass voice, to expostulate, just as Bebel would have at that point, “That’s wrong” [*Das ist falsch*], actually things were going quite well, he said, and rattled on in this vein for several minutes. I heard him out like a well-brought-up person, and when he had finished I explained to him calmly: “*You have told me nothing new. I am much better informed on this question than you are, because I have direct relations with comrades in Poznań, Breslau, etc., and also here in Berlin.*”⁸¹ I told him then that the reason I had come to talk with him was not to complain to him about the Polish movement, for that would be senseless, but I came with a completely practical goal in mind. And then I explained: “I would like to help all of you in your work, to this end I have obtained German citizenship, and I came [to see you] in order to take an active part. I of course have my own action plan in this respect, but I would prefer not to start out on my own without reaching an understanding with the German party leadership [*Parteileitung*].” At this point he uttered another “Ah” ... The fellow was greatly impressed that I have German citizenship—he expressed surprise and immediately asked for my address, which he entered into the party address book, and after that we began to discuss quite frankly, a discussion that I cannot repeat to you word for word because it lasted for more than an hour. The most important thing he told me is the following (but I hardly imagined that he

80 The offices of the SPD Executive were located at 9 Katzbach Street in Berlin.

81 Luxemburg wrote the above italicized lines in German, quoting her own remarks to Auer.

would be no less adamant against Polish independence than you or I, and looking at me with a smile, he assured me that he considered that idea an idiocy!) [Here is what he said:]⁸²

(1) *All five of us in the Party Executive*⁸³ *regard the independence of Poland as nonsense, as fantasy. We founded the paper*⁸⁴ *and gave it money with the explicit proviso that there would not be one word about nationalism. Well, then came the influence from London*⁸⁵ *and at first Mendelson wanted to be designated as protector, but they [the five members of the SPD Executive] hold to the standpoint described above. The protector of the PPS is [Wilhelm] Liebknecht, and then there followed a characterization of the old man and his attitude toward the PPS, and we [that is, Jogiches and Luxemburg] could not have given a better description.*

*"One knows where these opinions [Ansichten] of his and his Polish patriotism came from. The little people [die Leuten] write him letters with congratulations, and he replies, and when he arrives somewhere, in Paris or London, he's greeted by ovations, in which only three people are taking part, of which two are usually police agents (!), and therefore he's always thinking that the Polish insurgents are marching across Germany to France, etc. Well, he is an old man, and one must allow him to have this pleasure. He said the same kind of thing to us in Hamburg."*⁸⁶ [Auer said:] *Discussing with him [Wilhelm Liebknecht] is like throwing dried peas against a wall [i.e., no impression is made; it's a waste of time]. "You have certainly experienced this yourself"*⁸⁷—spoken with a

82 The beginning of the following paragraph and the first half of the next one, as well as parts of other paragraphs, are in italics because they were written in German in Luxemburg's mostly Polish-language original. She is quoting Auer about Wilhelm Liebknecht.

83 The SPD Executive consisted of August Bebel and Paul Singer (co-chairs), Ignatz Auer and Wilhelm Pfannkuch (secretaries), and Karl Gerisch (treasurer).

84 The reference is to *Gazeta Robotnicza*, which was founded in Berlin in 1891 with the help of the SPD Executive, which provided financing for the paper.

85 The reference is to the Union of Polish Socialists Abroad, which was based in London and which advocated nationalist views on Poland.

86 At the SPD Party Congress in Hamburg, October 3–9, 1897, Wilhelm Liebknecht had given two speeches on the Polish question.

87 This is probably an allusion to the polemic between Luxemburg and Wilhelm Liebknecht over "the Eastern question," which was conducted in the Social Democratic press at the end of 1896. See Luxemburg's article

sweet smile at me. But I ought not to think of him [Liebknecht] as an obstacle to be taken seriously. When it comes to anything practical (and here he was talking about editorial posts, about which more below), then he allows people to reason with him [*er lässt dann mit sich reden*], (which means: they don't give a hoot about him [*man pfeift dann auf ihn*]). So much for [Auer's] more or less programmatic position.

2. As for Winter, he is completely *persona grata* with them. At any rate, for them the Polish movement equals Winter. They know nothing about the PPS and are not interested in it. Apparently they don't give a hoot about Berlin and Poznań.⁸⁸ They only care about Upper Silesia, and here they place all their hopes on Win[ter]. "*We are lucky that a person has been found who is willing to work there.*" He repeated this to me about W[inter] several times. "*We are also giving him a small contribution.*" That means they're paying him a minimal stipend! Auer acknowledged that W[inter] had perhaps spoken incautiously,⁸⁹ *but that is surely a minor matter*. Auer himself also holds the opinion that *one cannot do the Polish workers a greater favor than to Germanize them, but one may not say this publicly (!)*.

3. Of what is going on in the PPS they know nothing. Auer didn't even know who the editor is!⁹⁰ They make their jokes about Berfus and they don't like him. Moraw[ski] they consider to be the most tolerable, I was the first to tell them about the [PPS's] flyer [*Flugblatt*] and pamphlet.⁹¹ They've had it up to here with the whole

"Zur Orientpolitik des *Vorwärts*" (On the Eastern Policies of *Vorwärts*) in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 69–73. Liebknecht was then chief editor of *Vorwärts*.

88 Luxemburg is referring to the centers of PPS strength.

89 On June 4, 1897, an article by August Winter was published in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* under the title "The Congress of the Polish Social Democratic Party." A section of the PPS leadership took this as an occasion for sharp attacks on Winter. In his article Winter had expressed himself roughly to the effect that a kind of Germanization was going on, against which there was no rational reason to object, namely the gradual Germanization of Poles through their migration into German districts, through interaction with Germans in everyday life, especially on the job and in similar situations, and that there would be no reason for regret if this Germanization was carried further by good German schools.

90 The editor of the PPS paper *Gazeta Robotnicza* was Franciszek Morawski.

91 The reference is to "Appeal to the Polish People," a Polish-language

Polish movement. "I'll send you all of Polish-dom together with the Polish Social Democracy, and you can have them."—Against that I immediately made a sharp objection, so that the fellow began to explain himself more carefully: "These people only cost us money, and we get nothing out of it. The whole history was piled on our necks [*auf den Hals gelade*] by August in Halle."⁹² "You know, with his prophetic ways [*Prophetentum*] he always has to come up with something like that [*er muss immer so etwas erfinden*]." They regard the present moment—that is to say, actually, the activity of Winter—as "a last attempt to achieve something" (imagine that).

4. They had contact with Julek [Marchlewski] by way of Parvus; Auer can never, even once, remember his (Julek's) name, he only knows it's something starting with M, and otherwise he knows nothing about him. The contacts were of the following kind: Julek requested of them, through Parvus, to have a Polish-language election brochure written, to which they replied in the negative. After that Julek, the blockhead, proposed to them that "The Social Democrats Are Coming" be translated into Polish, in which connection it came out that this pamphlet had already been translated long before.⁹³ As a result Julek simply made a fool of himself. After these two attempts Julek—according to Auer—felt offended and didn't write to them any more. He merely asked Winter if he could translate a flyer from German for him, and he did that, about which more later. Finally Winter wrote—to Auer—that he had taken on someone named "M" for agitation work in Silesia. Whether it was

flyer put out by the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland in May 1898, and to a pamphlet that was published in London under the title *1 Maja 1898. Pamiątka majowa y przedwyborcza ludu pracującego zaboru pruskiego* (May 1, 1898: A Commemorative Message for May Day and the Upcoming Elections, to the Working People of the Prussian-Occupied District).

92 This comment apparently has to do with the statement by August Bebel in his report from the Executive to the SPD Party Congress in Halle, October 12–18, 1890, that the propaganda activity of the party among Polish workers had to be expanded by establishing a Polish-language workers' paper. With political support and financial aid from the SPD Executive, the weekly paper *Gazeta Robotnicza*, serving the Prussian-occupied part of Poland, was founded, its first issue appearing on January 1, 1891.

93 A Polish translation was published in London by the PPS of the Prussian-occupied part of Poland.

Julek or perhaps Ocik [Marchlewski] or someone else Auer couldn't recall and asked me about it.

5. In conclusion, in regard to myself—no doubt you're bursting to find out—matters took shape as follows: Auer wants to send me to Upper Silesia immediately. He doesn't want to know anything about Westphalia.⁹⁴ He insists that I concentrate my efforts on Upper Silesia. For this purpose he wanted, as early as yesterday, to write to Winter about my arrival, and said I should wait for instructions, either directly from Win[ter] or from Auer. At a suitable moment I turned the conversation to the question of the editorial board.⁹⁵ We talked about that a lot, but the essence of the matter in practical terms is this: It's pointless to try to make changes now, before the elections,⁹⁶ and after the elections, if I remain in Berlin, they can see about it then. They would be very happy, [Auer said] but all of that will of course have to be looked into. Here he added that I should not fear any difficulties on the part of [Wilhelm] Liebknecht, and that's when he said what I wrote above on this matter.

Those were probably the most important points. As for me personally, as far as I can judge, I made quite a good impression on him. In saying goodbye he assured me he was very happy to have made my acquaintance, which means quite a lot, coming from such a Bavarian bumpkin. He praised me, saying it was a very fine thing that I wanted to agitate in Upper Silesia. This praise I rejected [*otklo-nila*] with a gesture indicating coldness, and gave him to understand that I didn't need his praise. He gave me the *Handbuch*.⁹⁷ When I started to pay him for it, he refused to take payment and handed it to me with a charming smile, "*For your political agitation in Upper Silesia.*" But, dammit, there's another important matter I forgot about: Winter has written a flier [*Flugblatt*] for Upper Silesia, six yards long, and Julek has translated it into Polish.⁹⁸ Auer gave me

94 Many Polish workers were employed in the Rhineland-Westphalia region, especially as coal miners. The city of Dortmund was a center of this industrial region.

95 Luxemburg is probably referring to *Gazeta Robotnicza*, the newspaper of the PPS of the Prussian-occupied part of Poland. The paper was subsidized by the SPD.

96 Reichstag elections were scheduled for June 16, 1898.

97 This refers to the SPD manual containing information related to the upcoming Reichstag elections.

98 Luxemburg is referring to an election campaign pamphlet, many pages

both [the German and the Polish], and supposedly they've already distributed 120,000 copies of it.

Write your thoughts about this audience [with Auer], or wait, I'll write you mine tomorrow.

And now, quickly, about business: As far as Wladek [Olszewski] is concerned, of course Gutt lied, it was he who wrote this proposal for W[ladek] and not the other way around. I couldn't force W[ladek] to put this in writing (I saw him in person), it didn't work out. Tell him from me that he is a filthy liar and that I'm staying on the Executive⁹⁹ and by no means am I thinking of stepping down. Tell him that. Otherwise I'll write him myself, and that will be worse.

I handed in my application [*Antrag*] to the police. Tomorrow I'm supposed to go there again. The whole affair will take from ten to fourteen days. If only that doesn't put a crimp in my plans!

I move into the place tomorrow, because the fellow didn't move out until today. And so you can write to me at 2 Cuxhavener Street, 1st garden house, NW.

To Dresden I'll have to travel on Whitsunday (on the second [of June]), because there's a train for 7 marks on that day. Otherwise it costs twice as much! But I definitely don't have enough money, because I have to pay **in advance** for the place where I'm going to live, that's how it's done here, and on top of that I've already paid out a lot, even though I'm living as frugally as I possibly can. Today I'm going to the first gathering, at Auer's. Tomorrow I'll be at the Claassens' *jour fixe* and will get to know quite a diverse *société*.

About personal questions, tomorrow. God, how much work I have here with this *Handbuch* and the *Vorwärts*! And half the day gets spent on running around the city.

I did receive your big, long letter, and later the short one. The way this correspondence is getting dragged out, it's terrible!

Yours

[P.S.] Dziudzi, I kiss you on the nose.

long, entitled "Upper Silesia, to the Ballot Box!" It was distributed in both German and Polish by the Central Election Committee of Königshütte (Królewska Huta, an iron-and-steel manufacturing city in Upper Silesia).

99 The reference is to the Executive of the Union of Social Democratic Workers from the Kingdom of Poland Abroad.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] Saturday, May 28, 1898

Dziodzio, yesterday I wrote you that I had almost decided about going to Upper Silesia. I have thought the situation over once more, and again I see no other way out.

The following are things I don't like:

(1) I would rather, at the beginning, "operate" on the larger, more universal stage—in Berlin, not some hole in the wall in Upper Silesia.

(2) I'd much rather eventually make an appearance in Dortmund. There at least there are public gatherings from time to time.

(3) Since there exists no possibility of holding public rallies in Upper Silesia, as Winter writes, the work will go on silently and in the dark, so that not even a dog will hear anything about it.

(4) I go to Upper Silesia, to serve against my will under Winter's command, and even if I hold myself back from acting as if I were the governor-general, that's what I will be *de facto*, because I don't know either how to relate to him or how to conduct myself so as not to be superior to him.

(5) It is by no means the *éclat* [the dramatic entrance] that we wished for. *However*:

(1) In Berlin there is no work, because on the one hand the good Poles have **absolutely** no significance when it comes to "ordaining" me to do German agitation here in Berlin, and on the other hand, to leave the Polish work to Moraw[ski] and Winter is stupid nonsense [*Mumpitz*]. Finally and conclusively, the Germans don't need me here at all [in Berlin], and for me not to participate in the **Polish** work before the elections is to rob myself of the possibility of eventually having a say on this question at the party congress. Polish agitation—for the Germans that means Upper Silesia. Auer said so explicitly. *Sapienti sat*.¹⁰⁰

(2) In Dortmund the Poles are not "dangerous" because they're under the dominant influence of the Germans. Besides, Auer is right, **from his point of view**, that forces must be concentrated in Upper Silesia. They won't give me any means for traveling to Dortmund, anyway.

100 Latin abbreviation for "A word to the wise is sufficient."

(3) Not to go to Upper Silesia now would be not to accept the only Polish electoral work that they are offering me, which would mean to spoil relations with the SPD Executive, to appear before them as a hero of empty words [*Maulheld*]. Secondly, it would be to ruin relations with Winter, who can later establish himself as the only person representing the [SPD's] Polish work.

(4) If I have the intention, at least later on, of presenting an independent point of view on the Polish work, I must establish direct connections with Upper Silesia, and the local elections offer the only opportunity for that. The same thing is important in regard to the party congress [*Parteitag*], if we are thinking about a mandate [i.e., being elected as a delegate to the congress].

(5) To operate on my own and to thumb my nose at Auer and Winter would be most tempting for me—but where would I operate? There's no place that one can hook on to: Berlin is unpromising, Poznań likewise, and in Upper Silesia on my own I would accomplish nothing.

(6) With regard to editorial posts,¹⁰¹ good relations with the SPD Executive and with Winter are essential.

In short, there is nothing left but to pack my suitcase and go. Where to? I'm waiting for a letter from Winter on that very subject—most likely to Bytom [German name, Beuthen]. I will write you again in detail before leaving.

I will tell Auer in advance that in regard to the impossibility of public meetings, I can't promise too much, and that if the region proves to be unproductive, I will repay them for the travel money. In the best of cases, it's better not to promise too much in advance.

For the trip I will take 50 marks in addition to the travel money from Auer. —I will borrow the 50 marks from "the cousin" for a week. I can't wait any longer for the money from you. Please be so good as to send that amount **to her**; just send it to her address without a letter, if you can. Only don't give your name as the sender. You should have more than just this 50 marks ready **for me**, so anyway send it to **her** address, with the notation that it is for me. Again, in general, send all letters to her address [for now], because when I go away I won't be able to receive letters otherwise. I can't

101 This is probably a reference to the editorial board of *Gazeta Robotnicza*.

give my landlady the Upper Silesia address. Besides, I don't trust her that much. I'll make arrangements about other letters.

I should receive the certificate of citizenship [*Heimatschein*] from the police today, for which I must give the police official [*Assessor*] a tip [*Schmiergeld*] of about 3 marks (because he went to the trouble of getting it for me in four days instead of fourteen!).

I'm enclosing my accounts. After I pay 2 marks for the *Heimatschein* plus the 3 marks tip I won't have a single penny left, for the first time. Forgive me, Gold, that it has added up to so much. This is only the first month [after all], and I won't pay out a single *Pfennig* more, aside from regular mailing expenses. Write back immediately as to whether I can count on you to give "the cousin" 50 marks.

Be quick about writing, and write about everything. R.

TO ROBERT AND MATHILDE SEIDEL

[Berlin,] May 30, 1898

Dear friends!

I don't know where Mathilde is now, and so I'm writing to both of you, together. You're probably quite angry with me, that you have heard nothing from me for so long. But until now I have been in a transitional state in every respect, and that's why. I didn't want to write until I could report something definite.

First, it's been several days now that I have had a room of my own: that's how long I had to search. My address is: NW, 2 Cuxhavener Street, 1st Garden House. Make use of it soon!

As for my further "plans and assignments," even now I am being sent by the SPD Executive to Upper Silesia for election campaigning. It's a difficult bit of work; public meetings are not allowed there, and the police can come down on us at any moment. Well, we'll see.

I have had no difficulties with the police here; they found my papers **in order** [*in Ordnung*] and issued me a certificate of citizenship right away. —In general, Berlin makes a most unfavorable impression on me: cold, massive, and lacking in taste—a true and proper barracks; and the dear Prussians with their arrogant demeanor, as if each one had swallowed the stick previously used for beating him! ...

Everywhere I turn, I miss the hospitable friendliness [*Gemütlichkeit*] and the culture of the Swiss. And also the cleanliness! I don't know where the fairy tale about the super-clean German housewife came from, because I haven't seen a single one of them here.

It's terrible how much time one wastes here. You can picture it roughly this way: I'm living in the middle of the city, or more exactly in its western part, and in one day I have to make three trips, or rather, three railroad trips: first, around noon to Charlottenburg (half an hour to the west), then to the SPD Executive on Katzbach Street (three quarters of an hour to the south), and one more trip, to the police headquarters on Alexanderplatz (again three quarters of an hour to the east). In this way the whole day is as good as gone, and when an evening gathering comes up that I would like to attend, I don't get to bed, after a day spent traveling around so productively, before 2 a.m.

This will absolutely have to be done differently in the future. I will stick my nose out of the house only once a day, and since it's quite long enough, I will hopefully have seen enough of Berlin by sticking it out just once. Currently, however, the thing is to go to Upper Silesia—even farther away from culture! I will remain there **at the most** until the runoff elections [it seems quite certain], because we certainly won't come out on top in the first round.¹⁰² When I find some time I'll write you both from Upper Silesia.

Keep healthy and be happy, and write to me! Mail will be forwarded. Yours, Ruscha¹⁰³

TO LEO JOGICHES

Kr[ólewska] Huta, Thursday, June 9, 1898

My Dearest! Yesterday evening I came back to Königshütte [German name of Królewska Huta] and discovered your three letters (only the last one with Wint[er]'s address), then today the one you sent

102 A runoff election was held in a local election district if in the first round none of the candidates in the district received the required minimum number of votes. The narrower runoff election was between the two candidates who received the largest number of votes in the first round.

103 "Ruscha" is a way of phonetically spelling in German the sound of Luxemburg's first name as it occurs in Polish—Róża.

Monday. You can imagine how happy I am that the gathering pleased you so much. —As far as my work here is concerned, we spent the whole beloved day from eight in the morning till eight at night going through Wolny's election district¹⁰⁴ distributing voting cards and copies of our appeal to voters. To you this work will seem demeaning, which means you have now arrived at the conception with which I began in Berlin and because of which I was so uncomfortable about the trip to Upper Silesia. Here, however, I have reached the opposite view entirely. This work is the one and only thing that will stand me in good stead with Winter, Bruhns, and the [SPD] Executive, and it is the one and only thing that can give me a good name with everyone, and that's precisely because I am, at the same time, making my appearance as an outstanding public speaker [*vortreffliche Rednerin*] (see the enclosed letter from Br[uhns] to Winter, which arrived today),¹⁰⁵ that is to say, while I am also capable of better things, I do not shy away from marching "with the rank and file" [*in Reih und Glied*"]. By the way, Winter does the same thing **every day**. This very day and for the next several days he is going to be among the workers, and I will be sitting in the election office [*Wahlbüro*], i.e., his home, to receive the workers who keep arriving at every moment, whether to obtain advice or to offer their services for agitation or for distributing our election statement [*Aufruf*], and at the same time I have to finish writing some short pieces. W[inter] is very grouchy about Br[uhns] dragging me off to Liegnitz [Polish name, Legnica] for some public meetings, he wanted me to sit here the whole time, but for me it's more beneficial to speak in public as often as possible before the elections, because people hear about the public meetings from the newspapers, but about my virtuous activities here [they would learn] only through private channels, so it's necessary to combine the one with the other. —You advise me, no matter what, not to speak in Breslau, and yet I never even dreamed of doing that, because this much is clear to me

104 In the election district of Grossstrehlitz-Kosel, Tomasz Wolny had been nominated as the SPD candidate for the Reichstag elections scheduled for June 16, 1898.

105 Julius Bruhns, in his letter dated June 8, 1898, informed August Winter, among other things, that he would like to have Luxemburg as a public speaker for election campaign meetings from June 13 to June 16, because he himself had an illness and could not speak.

already, that it's not worth it for me to write a second stump speech [*Referat*] as long as this one is available for use elsewhere. That's exactly why I agreed to go to Liegnitz. —I don't know yet whether I will write to Auer. For the runoff election, the "stump speech" still needs to be sharpened up, or so it seems to me, to make it a little different, but I don't know yet exactly how. —My current "stump speech" is perfect. The news account in the *Volkswacht* is far more pallid than the meeting actually was (an ordinary worker wrote it, Br[uhns] being in Liegnitz at the time).¹⁰⁶ You can detect that from the cheers [*Hoch*] recorded for me and from the Germans saying that I leave nothing to be desired in comparison with Sch[oelknecht]. —Apropos of that, Br[uhns] is a close friend of Sch[oelknecht's]. The latter spoke in Breslau on Sunday and is definitely going to stay there until the 16th, so perhaps I'll meet him on my way through to Liegnitz. —I was at [Professor Julius] Wolf's house for one and a half hours. He was either so stupid or so petty that after I left his place I almost passed out. Our conversation consisted of all possible professor's chatter [*Professorenklatsch*], so it's not worth repeating. He asked about you. —Dziódzio, my golden one, what the hell are you doing there with Gutt? ... Gold, let him bluster. Or better yet, throw him out on his first visit. What can he do, you knucklehead? Julek [Marchlewski] doesn't want to hear about him at all and hasn't even answered him with a letter. Wl[adyslaw Olszewski] and Chl[osta] have absolutely nothing in mind with [regard to] the Union.¹⁰⁷ For both of them it's just theatrics. He [Gutt] can do nothing, purely and absolutely nothing. Otherwise, I'll take on Wl[adyslaw] and Chl[osta] myself. God knows, it amazes me that you are still constantly exaggerating trifles. Send him off, just give him a kick, and don't have anything more to do with him, and you'll see that within a week he'll come crawling of his own accord, because there's nothing he can do, even together with Koczan. **Listen to me, and act accordingly!** —Earlier I of course wrote immediately to my

106 In the Breslau newspaper *Volkswacht* for June 6, 1898, a report was published about the public meeting of June 5 in Breslau, at which Luxemburg spoke. At that time, Julius Bruhns was editor of *Volkswacht* (People's Sentinel), the SPD newspaper in Breslau (Polish name, Wrocław), and a leader of the Social Democratic organization in Lower Silesia.

107 Luxemburg is referring to the Union of Social Democratic Workers from the Kingdom of Poland Abroad.

parents and to Józio [Luxemburg]; I simply told them why I needed the money, and I proposed that it would be covered by the payment from Humblot as soon as that came.¹⁰⁸ As far as the dissertation is concerned, I've decided that if H[umblot] doesn't agree to keep the words *Materialen*, etc. in the title—and that's an open question—I will change a word: from *The Industrial Development of Poland* to *The Capitalist Development of Poland*. That has quite a different ring to it, doesn't it? Write me back right away [about that], and also write me to let me know if you find a lot to be changed or improved.¹⁰⁹ You've written nothing about it. My Gold has such a tedious job there to do for me.

About personal matters, there's so much I could write (just think!—so many new impressions!) that I don't know where I should begin, and most important, I don't have a moment's peace. The surroundings here have made the strongest and most emphatic impression: cornfields, meadows, woods, broad expanses, and Polish speech and Polish peasants all around. You have no idea how happy it all makes me. I feel as though I've been born anew, as though I have the ground under my feet again. I can't get enough of listening to them speak, and I can't breathe in enough of the air here! Yesterday I had to wait for about an hour for the last train to Leschnitz [Polish name, Lesnica]. I crept around there in the fields of grain a little, and picked cornflowers and poppies. For my complete happiness there was lacking only "one." I've already decided that for our "vacation" I won't travel to Switzerland, but you'll come here (it's the same amount of money), and we'll rent a place in some Silesian village, because I'm firmly convinced that you too should live here a while, and you'll feel the same pleasure [I do] when you catch sight of the vast cornfields as far as the eye can see. (The cornstalks are already higher than I am!) Meadows with cows, being watched over by a five-year-old barefoot child, and our [favorite]—pine forests! And our peasants, emaciated, unwashed, but a magnificent race! In Kandrzin I saw three families, two peasant families and one Jewish family, who were going to America! What poverty! It almost

108 The Duncker & Humblot book company, based in Leipzig, published Luxemburg's dissertation in 1898, under the title *Die industrielle Entwicklung Polens* (The Industrial Development of Poland).

109 Jogiches, in Zurich, was reading the proofs for her book *The Industrial Development of Poland*.

brought me to tears, but at the same time I was so happy to see them I couldn't keep my eyes off them. What an impression all this would make on you! Perhaps even stronger than it makes on me, though that seems hardly possible. What I say is that for my complete happiness here I'm lacking only "one"—although of course that's a very big "only."

All in all, I feel quite tranquil as far as the work is concerned, and I haven't the slightest doubt that I'm doing good work. Your letters strengthen me in that conviction, because almost always in the suggestions you make, you're mentioning something I've already done or had the intention of doing. You also ask me about some personal "gossip." Perhaps that refers to the fact that toward me Bruhns has shown ... it's unpleasant for me to put it into words. Because he behaves himself in an absolutely blameless manner, [and] he himself is a thoroughly fine fellow (not like Schoen[lank]), besides which he's not at all well, and on top of that I must maintain good relations with people and therefore I have maintained a friendship [*eine Freundschaft*], whose limits he has not once tried to overstep. He says he wishes he had been "met" [i.e., made Luxemburg's acquaintance] five years earlier in Zurich (how amusing!?!); naturally he's just making that up. But that's the smallest thing so far. I was afraid he might confide his "bad luck" to his friend Schoen[lank]! ...

Winter, as it turns out, hasn't met Julek in person, even once. Anyhow, J[u]lek Marchlewski is sitting out these elections; he's being a stay-at-home; he must be furious when he hears about me. Parvus has written nothing to me here, because there's no reason for him to. I promised him I'd stop by and see him on the way back.

I give you a hug, Your Ciucia

[P.S.] Write me as much as possible about **you**! Every little detail!

TO ROBERT SEIDEL

June 23, 1898

Dear friend!

What a misery this is! I feel the need to chat with you, and now I don't have even a small piece of letter paper. You'll have to be satisfied with this.

It's late in the evening, I'm sitting in a rocking chair at my desk, on which stands a lamp with a large red lampshade that I made myself, and I'm reading Börne. In front of me the door to the balcony is open, and a fresh breeze is blowing in—there's a glaring flash of lightning from time to time, as a storm is brewing. (God forgive me for this prose poem of wretched quality! ...) But that's certainly the way things are at times, when there's loneliness! ... Just think: in this huge city of Berlin, with two and a half million inhabitants, not a single friend. At this moment I am so content with this thought that I even have a complacent smile on my face. I don't know if the problem is that I'm made of such poor stuff that I absorb too readily from the surrounding atmosphere, but I cannot remain one day longer in the crush of humanity without my own spiritual level declining at least one notch—but of course that's only for the moment. One day of solitude is all I need to find myself again, but in that process I always have a bitter feeling of remorse, as though I had lost a little part of myself or as though I had been demeaned. I always have the desire at such moments to shut myself off completely from the outside world, to board myself up.

A youngster is going down the street right now, playing a popular song on a flute [or pennywhistle]—I feel offended by this shrill sound coming from another human being, which intrudes forcefully on my ears and breaks in on my tranquility.

Perhaps you're surprised that I'm reading old Börne. I haven't met a German yet who would still want to read him, but he always has a powerful effect on me and always awakens fresh thoughts and lively feelings. Do you know what gives me no peace nowadays? I'm dissatisfied with the form and manner in which people in the Party, for the most part, write their articles. It's all so conventional, so wooden, so stereotyped. Nowadays the words of a Börne sound as though they're coming from another world. I know of course that the world is different now, and different times want to hear

different songs. But it is precisely these current “songs” from our tribe of scribblers which for the most part are no songs at all, but just a droning without color or tone, like the sound of a cogwheel spinning in a machine. I believe that the source of this lies in the fact that people, when they’re writing, forget for the most part to go deeper inside themselves and experience the full import and truth of what they’re writing. I believe that people need to live in the subject matter fully and really experience it every time, every day, with every article they write, and then words will be found that are fresh, that come from the heart and go to the heart, instead of [just repeating] the old familiar phrases. But people are so used to one or another truth or verity that they prattle or spout about the deepest and greatest subjects as though they were mumbling a Pater Noster. I hereby vow never to forget when I’m writing to be inspired again, on each occasion, about what I’m writing and to go inside myself for that. That’s exactly why I read, from time to time, old Börne. He reminds me faithfully of the oath I have sworn.

Poor Fredi [Seidel]! ... I always had, for as long as I can remember, a very special sympathy for people who have no talent in dealing with practical life, earning money, etc. (perhaps because I myself haven’t the slightest understanding of how to do these things). Such people are always in my thoughts. I’ve always had a hunch that there’s a bit of the artist inside them or at least a very good human being.

For **you** this is of course not very consoling. I understand that. —I look forward to some lines from Mathilde [Seidel]. Is she still in Gugi? One more thought from me: I cannot stand Berlin and the Prussians, and I will never be able to tolerate them.

I warmly press your hand,

Your Rusza

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, June 24, 1898]—Friday

My Kuka has gotten himself so dreadfully worked up and has given me such a tongue-lashing that a person becomes anxious and alarmed. And all this because I’m an ungrateful little swine and

dared to express myself so light-mindedly about Kuka's work on the page proofs.¹¹⁰ Therefore, out of sheer anxiety, I have written in all of Dziódzio's changes in the second round of proofreading with the exception of the one at the end of the introduction, which, stubbornly single-minded as I am, I have left unchanged. Seriously, I consider it absolutely necessary, and I hope you'll grant me this one place in my entire work, so that I may let it stay as is, to suit my taste. As for the "lashings" ["*kołotuszek*"] that await me, I want to respond immediately that I fear them as much as a dog fears its tail. —Duncker sends me letters twice a day. He is most urgently demanding the fourth "signature" ["*Bogen*"] and the second proofreading of the rest. He has sent the fifth and sixth signatures to me here, as well as the Foreword for the second proofreading. I've done it already and am sending it back to him. I checked the quotations from Sch[ulze]-G[ävernitz] in the library today, and they were all correct.

I have also improved the passage that has to do with the new imposition of taxes on industry in 1893; I crossed out the date and wrote: "(the tax) was now increased" ["*wird jetzt erhöht*"], etc. which will be correct no matter what. H[umboldt] is convinced that the first set of page proofs of the fourth signature was lost in the mail, because he can't imagine you would have held onto the proofs for so long. I'll leave him with that assumption and write to him that I have arranged to have a second copy sent to him from Zurich. I hope you really have sent it to him already. The change you made in the 1888 petition of the Nizhgorod people is not at all to my taste.¹¹¹ You apparently didn't find it in *Kraj* or you didn't understand correctly what it was about, whereas I already have a thorough knowledge of this case, and what I have written remains correct. However, for the sake of peace and quiet I've left the change you made. (What

110 Jogiches and Luxemburg were both reading the galleys and page proofs for her book *The Industrial Development of Poland*.

111 Nizhgorod is an abbreviation for Nizhny Novgorod, a city on the Volga River a few hundred miles east of Moscow. In *The Industrial Development of Poland* (see her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 156–7) Luxemburg recounted that in 1887 at the annual fair in Nizhny Novgorod a group of merchants from Moscow submitted a petition to the Russian minister of finance calling for higher tariffs on Polish goods, and in 1888 they again submitted a petition demanding that the tsarist government take measures against the "parasitic" industry of Poland.

great generosity, no? At this point you are undoubtedly so enraged that you're ready to rip my ears off.) H[umblot] is threatening that unless he receives all the corrected page proofs right away, there can be no question of bringing the book out this month, so that's why I sent you a telegram.

With [Professor Julius] Wolf things have already been arranged. He sent the proofs back by return mail. Apparently he had not read any of it at all. —I don't know whether Humblot will also now publish the dissertation in book form [*Buchform*]; I wrote to him immediately in reply to the letter forwarded to you, but he hasn't sent any answer. Should I perhaps make a trip to Leipzig for this purpose [i.e., to clarify this question], and also for working out the question of including *Materialen* etc. in the title?¹¹² But by the time I get your answer to that, it will be too late.

It grieves me very much that, with regard to the article for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*,¹¹³ you have a different opinion. Obviously each of us evaluates the situation quite differently, which is quite natural, by the way, since you are not familiar with many of the circumstances. I consider this article necessary and very important: (1) in order to link my name with the elections; otherwise I have nothing with which to make a connection between me and them; (2) to make use of the elections in the spirit of **our** ideas, because otherwise there will be no similar opportunity before the party congress [*Parteitag*];¹¹⁴ (3) and also because Winter will not make use of the elections for our purposes; generally speaking, he has cooled off about the fight against Mor[awski] there in Upper Silesia and has become convinced that it would be best to "spit on it all" and go his own way—an extremely harmful idea, from our point of view; of course I've made a big effort to knock that idea out of his head, and to a large extent I've succeeded, but in spite of all that, on his own initiative he will not attack them, and they¹¹⁵ will also not attack

112 Luxemburg wanted to include a subtitle, meaning "Materials for Understanding the Capitalist Economy in Poland."

113 Luxemburg is referring to her article "Die Wahlen in Oberschlesien" (The Elections in Upper Silesia), which was published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* of June 2, 1898. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 217–21.

114 The SPD Party Congress was to be held in Stuttgart, October 3–8, 1898.

115 The "they" being referred to are the PPS elements led by Morawski.

him. Because one must definitely make use of a good opportunity to thrash their hides a little bit once again. Perhaps all this will not convince you, but while I've been writing this to you, I've convinced myself even more of the necessity for this article, and so I will write it and stick my tongue out at you. By the way, I already have some fairly serious ideas, and so I have subscribed to the *Katolik*, the most important publication of the Polish elements in the center of the political spectrum in Upper Silesia, and proceeding from that I am going to express some general ideas about the tasks of Social Democracy in Upper Silesia. I will send the article to you as soon as I have written it. Dziodziuchna, don't be angry; after all, I must write it if I'm convinced that it's necessary; I'm quite sure that you too will be convinced, especially when you receive the article. Immediately after this letter, I will get working on it today. I already have an outline.

Now tell me what I should begin with. I have so much to write to you about that the physical tension of it gives me anxiety—that's how debilitated I am. You are surely very dissatisfied, or at least not very satisfied, with my work up to now, but I on the other hand am filled with the best of hopes. Not that I am all fired up and bursting with enthusiasm, on the contrary, I am quite calm and look to the future with confidence. You have no inkling of what a good effect my attempts so far to speak at public meetings have had on me. I didn't have the slightest self-assurance in this respect, but had to take a chance and step out on the ice. Now I'm sure that in half a year's time I will be among the best of the party's speakers. The voice, the effortlessness, the language—everything comes out right for me, and what's most important, I step onto the speaker's stand as calmly as if I had been speaking in public for at least twenty years, I don't even feel the least bit of stage fright. —In something like two or three weeks public meetings will start up again, and then I will definitely make my entrance with *éclat*, first in Dresden, then perhaps in Leipzig, and after that right here in Berlin. Have no fear, this side of the work gives me no trouble and I only wish that everything else would go as smoothly as the public speeches. To my understanding, the "everything else" includes primarily two things: (1) the article against Bernstein;¹¹⁶ and (2) the campaign against

116 From the fall of 1896 to the middle of 1898, Eduard Bernstein published a series of articles in *Neue Zeit*, the monthly theoretical magazine

Mor[awski] (*hazer mit a indyk!*).¹¹⁷ In regard to the first point, you know all the difficulties yourself, but again I'm counting most of all on your help. Apropos of that, I want to get to work on that **soon**, and for that purpose I need you to do two things for me: (1) send me the *Neue Zeit* regularly, including the last few weeks; and (2) [send me] books, including, of course, Marx. — As for the second point, i.e., the campaign against Mor[awski], the worst thing is that at the moment it is also unclear which side to tackle it from, just as unclear as it was in Zurich. What **is** clear is that the initiative must totally come from me. The Germans are expecting that I'll start making some sort of fuss [*Krach*] right away, as Winter, Schoen[lank], etc., tell me. But what can we do? That is also unknown [*I neizvestno*]. As for the idea of bringing the discussion in front of the *Parteitag* [party congress], I have already spoken with Winter about that, and he thinks we can easily succeed in making a special point on the congress agenda [*Tagesordnung*] out of this, but he considers it possible only in the event that M[orawski] *et al.* lay the groundwork for it through some new idiocy, otherwise he regards it as quite difficult. I hope in any case to do a lot through Schoen[lank] in this respect, because he is ready for anything (he himself loves the limelight) [*er selbst liebt den éclat*] and is now extremely influential. We'll see how it works out. But I can't just sit around like this and wait for the *Parteitag*. So what should I do? For example, should I go to Poznań, give a speech there, build an organization, get myself elected as a *Vertrauensperson*¹¹⁸ or something like that, or should I go to one of their public meetings here and begin the discussion? Devil

of the German Social Democratic Party (generally known by its initials in German, SPD). In these articles Bernstein renounced Marx's concepts of class struggle, capitalist crisis, and proletarian revolution. Luxemburg's first articles refuting Bernstein were published under the title "Sozialreform oder Revolution?" (Social Reform or Revolution?) in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* from September 21 through September 28, 1898.

117 The Yiddish expression *hazer mit a indyk* means "a pig along with a turkey"; that is, two completely different things.

118 In the SPD, the *Vertrauensleute* (trustees) served as the link between the rank-and-file membership and the party Executive. Through this system of intermediary representatives of the membership, codified in the bylaws of the SPD, it was possible for German Social Democracy to get around reactionary measures, especially laws restricting unions or associations and aimed against the workers' organizations.

only knows!!! In fact, this is the one and only point at which I do get stage fright. I'm not afraid of climbing Rigi,¹¹⁹ but I lack the courage to wade in the mire [*Ich fürchte mich nicht vor dem Rigiaufstieg, aber mir fehlt der Mut, im Dreck zu waten*]. I'm simply afraid of going down among these cattle. Nevertheless, the most important thing is that a person cannot simply go and get into a quarrel without a definite goal and without a plan, just to see what will come of it. As for plans, I have exactly none. What the devil is one to try and get out of Mor[awski]?¹²⁰ A unification? That is excluded and would even be disadvantageous. A fight? But for what purpose? "That is the question."¹²¹ Apropos of that, with regard to Kasprz[ak], everything's in good shape, I'm corresponding with him. But what good does it do? With regard to Wolny too, everything's good, but nothing is gained from that either. The most important thing now—is to have a plan and take some initiative, and only I can do that. You, my poor dear, can't help me much here, I know that. Soon my head is going to burst. As soon as I think of something, I'll write you about it. The article for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* is the only gleam of light [I can see] in this respect, because it will again stir up the hornets' nest [*ins Wespennest*] and force the *Gazeta Robotnicza* to attack me and Winter, i.e., exactly what we need at this moment.

With Winter, when we parted, things were not as good as I might have wished. He's difficult to deal with, the fellow is hardbitten, dry, and mistrustful; I did everything I could to smooth things over with him, and by the middle of my stay there he was more easygoing. Nevertheless, toward the end he again made a turn to the right, and we parted in a rather frosty atmosphere. Why? I don't know; I didn't give him the slightest reason. He will of course remain in Upper Silesia, but for now we haven't arrived at any harmonious basis for further collaboration. Incidentally, nothing there has been lost, and so things can work out entirely. We saw each other so briefly in those last few days and were both so tired that having a conversation even once was not to be thought of. Still, the most important thing is that I have no definite plan, and he doesn't either. The only

119 One of the highest mountains in the Alps.

120 Franciszek Morawski was a leader of the reformist Polish socialist group, the PPS, in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland, and editor of its paper.

121 Here Luxemburg uses the original English wording of Shakespeare's famous phrase.

thing we agreed on, as I wrote you, was about the discussion at the *Parteitag*. He suggested to me the idea of building an organization in Poznań following the model of the Upper Silesian one and to work without looking to Berlin, but that doesn't appeal to me very much for various reasons. Above all I have no money for a trip to Poznań! Yes, of course, if one went to Poznań, or to Hamburg, one could give speeches there and win people over! But let's wait, even though in fact I will not wait long about making some more German appearances [as a public speaker], and then perhaps something can be done. Write what you think about all this.

I wanted to draw a balance sheet on what I've gained from the trip to Upper Silesia: (1) [establishing] personal relations with Bruhns and Schoen[lank], that is, two editors who are fully to my taste; (2) already earning a reputation in one part of Germany as an outstanding speaker, on which basis I will surely be invited to Breslau, and certainly to Leipzig as well, to give prepared talks [*na referaty*]; (3) getting to know what the relationships are in Upper Silesia, which under the circumstances even a three months' visit would not have given me. I will now [be able to] write with an entirely different kind of assurance about the conditions there, and about how the situation develops, and in any case I no longer run the risk of making a big blunder [*lapsus*] in this regard; (4) [establishing] practical ties with the SPD Executive, which under other circumstances I would never have had; (5) personal acquaintance with the most important Upper Silesian worker-agitators, which will come in handy for me at the first opportunity.

After a break: I just received your letter and the second corrections of the first three signatures; I read the changes you made and almost had a fit. But I won't talk about that any more, it doesn't help matters anyhow. I'll send it all off as it is; the only thing I've done is improve the wording throughout. It's a shame, by the way, that the first set of proofs didn't come to me first. Humblot will have to wait patiently, no matter what—at least for one day longer. In many places the text, in my opinion, now has the taste of stale coffee, which makes a person wonder why it's still being served up.

Well, enough of that. I know that you view this business from a different standpoint. For you it represents more than two weeks of insanely intense labor, correcting the massive inaccuracies in the numerical data, etc. Oh, if only such labors never come our way

again! I now hate this dissertation so much, precisely because so much effort and energy has been spent on it that unwittingly I start to cry just thinking about it—for this reason I want to report to you some general conclusions I've arrived at here concerning methods of work. The system that we have used up to now is in all respects idiotic, *na kontse slozhit' goroshinu, a s'yst' goru dobruyu* of our strength and health.¹²² Efforts and exertions whose results are not evident to the outside observer do not deserve positive evaluation but [on the contrary] deserve to be scoffed at. One's guiding principle must be to achieve the greatest results with the smallest amount of effort. I am already following this principle here. To do everything calmly and lightly, without getting myself worked up in the slightest way, and not to work too much on any one thing—that is my system. I wrote my campaign speech this way, and this is the way I will write the article for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. There are cases where the labor should not become too much for one person, especially in regard to minor matters, and the exertion of our effort ought not to become too much, as was the case, for example, with my article "Von Stufe zu Stufe,"¹²³ and I think the same about the article against Bernstein. But the labor is **not** lost in these cases: one senses whether an article has been fully polished, by its compact consistency and harmony of form. But to put in as much work as I did at one time on the article signed "K. P." for the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*¹²⁴ or to put in all this work on the doctoral dissertation—why, it's sheer madness. No one is able to appreciate it or even notice it. Of course what I'm referring to here is not incorrect numerical data, which must be corrected, but thousands of other little gnats or fleas, which under the microscope of your literary pedantry grow to the size of elephants.

122 The Russian phrase means literally "in the end to set down one little pea, but to devour a goodly mountain." The concept that Luxemburg expresses here in Russian is roughly equivalent to the saying in English, "The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse."

123 Luxemburg is referring to her article "Step by Step: Toward a History of the Bourgeois Classes in Poland," which was published in *Neue Zeit*. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 94–111.

124 Luxemburg is referring to an article, which she signed with the initials "K. P.," entitled "Die Agitation unter der polnischen Bevölkerung" (Conducting Propaganda among the Polish Population [of Germany]), which appeared in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* (Workers' Paper of Saxony), June 5 and 6, 1897. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 74–81.

In general, when I review the sum total of our exertions and the total results [in the recent past]—I feel ashamed. Let there be an end to that—fresh, free, and joyful [*frisch, froh, frei*] [that's the slogan], to work cheerfully and with a light touch, think everything through seriously, but **briefly**; what has already been achieved does not need to be thought about any more at all; make decisions quickly and carry them out quickly, and the journey goes on. Up to now I have done everything that way here and I have not made a single mistake: if I have not yet succeeded in making a public appearance here in Berlin, it is not my fault. I was ready, and if it had happened, I would have accomplished my task splendidly. Well, but enough of self-praise. I wanted to write you about you and me personally and about millions of more things.

I cannot write much about me personally. I would like to restate what I wrote to you already, but again you won't understand me, and it will be unpleasant for you. "I feel cold and calm." You took that as a statement related to you, when I was simply complaining to you about my own state of mind, which still persists. A kind of deadly apathy, with which I carry out all my activities, even those that only involve thinking. I do things like an automaton, as though someone else was doing them. What is that? Explain it to me. You once asked me what was the matter with me. It's simply **life**! I feel as though something in me had died, I experience neither anxiety nor pain, not even loneliness, exactly like a corpse. It is as though I am an entirely different person from the one I was in Zurich, and I look back on myself as I was then as though I'm looking at someone else. You write to me that you are suffering terribly from the loss of your mother; perhaps now you will also believe me that for me too that is a terrible pain, which does not stop and does not leave me for even one day. I noticed in Zurich that you did not believe me and therefore allowed yourself not to make any comment, but this feeling of shuddering horror does not let go of me, but stays with me here just as much as it did there. Especially when I lie down to sleep, this fact [of my mother's death] immediately arises again before my eyes, and I have to groan out loud from pain. I don't know how it is with you but I don't suffer mainly from longing anymore and I don't suffer **on my own account**, but what makes me shudder every time is this one thought: what kind of life was that! What has this person lived through, **what is the point** of a life like that!

I don't know of any thought that is so dreadful for me as this one; I feel as though it would tear me apart if I began to think about it, and yet it comes to me under the most surprising circumstances, at any moment. Recently I had to go see Prof. Eulenburg on behalf of my brother [Józef Luxemburg] and I had to wait for him for several hours, and right then and there this thought came to me again, and I simply couldn't hold back the tears, but fortunately no one saw that. (By now you are certainly feeling anxiety.) I'm writing this about myself not out of egoism, but only so that you will know that I understand very well what such a simple three-word phrase means which you wrote me [feeling the loss of one's mother]. —I don't know any longer how that [realization] came to me all of a sudden. —You ask about what has impressed me. The only strong impression is the one I've already written to you about—the fields of grain and the Polish landscape. Other than that absolutely nothing has made an imprint on my soul. Somehow I don't pay any attention to people [here], and I regard Berlin as not real. I long to be back in Silesia, in some village, and am already dreaming of when we will both be there. I'm all set for that. I'm sure that the landscape there will have the same effect on you as on me; we would both feel revived there while wandering through the fields of grain. You haven't answered whether this appeals to you, or don't you believe in the possibility of making this a reality? That reminds me of financial matters, and so I will take them up right here and now. The situation stands as follows: the remainder of all that I had will now last only until the first of the month (perhaps I'll still have a couple of marks left over), because I have to pay a lot for milk (one liter daily! and three eggs for each supper) and also a lot is spent for stamps. Therefore I have nothing with which to pay back the remainder to Gerisch. But there is no hurry, because now they are all busy [with other things], but anyhow I will write him that I will settle up with him around the first of the month. If I count only the cost of the train trip, a third-class ticket at that, I have to pay him back 54 marks, but if I count 14 marks for riding second class in one direction (I took third class on the way back), then I need 40 marks for him. Will you be in a position to send me that? Perhaps I'll have something left over from my brother's 130 marks, because there were only six signatures.¹²⁵

125 Luxemburg is referring to payment for her dissertation, *The Industrial Development of Poland*.

That equals 120 marks, + about 25 for the proofs, which equals 145 marks, + 50 from Zurich = 195, and about 70 marks remain. Maybe I should not have taken so much from my brother. Why should I have such a large debt? Now you know everything about the money matters, so I'll put an end to this unpleasant subject.

You are mistaken when you assume that Schoenlank can come crawling to see me at any hour. He cannot visit me without having first reached agreement with me by mail; my room looks approximately like the one in Zurich, but no bed or night table, the washstand is in the corner, but almost unnoticeable, the furniture is elegant, and today I had the floor polished the way it's done in Switzerland, there's a piano and a balcony with a small table and chairs; it opens onto the garden below and has wild grapevines twining all around it—generally speaking everything is very good. If only the books and the Beethoven come, I will be able to receive any guests with confidence. (Oh yes, besides that, there is a hanging lamp and a desk.)

Now for some small news items: Prof. [Julius] Platter recommends one of my articles as reading for his lectures (the "cousin" tells me that; she heard it from Glasberg).

Parvus is asking me most urgently to come to Dresden. (He's making another "revolution" at his newspaper.) I wrote back to him that I can't do that now, that he should come here (that would be more useful, he could introduce me to Ledebour, etc.).

Ganelin is living here in Berlin regularly. In Russia Abramovich has been arrested. I've had enough of these trivia. Away with them. The farther from me, and from you, the better. You know, I can't imagine now how you can put up with that Kohler woman there. I have so little patience for her now that it makes me sick to even think about her. By the way she behaves quite differently toward you, of course. What impression has the new Russian party¹²⁶ made on you? The same as on me, I'm sure; comical figures, but they have climbed up in the world! In the press this has not had the echo that they undoubtedly hoped for. They seized the moment, but it was not a favorable one. Surely this occasion will soon be followed in the *Neue Zeit* by one of Axelrod's "unspoken speeches" or "unthought

126 The reference is to the first, or founding, congress of the RSDRP (Russian initials for the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party), which was held in Minsk, March 1–3, 1898.

thoughts.” I have subscribed to the *Vorwärts* here. Do you still get *La Petite République*? Perhaps you could send it to me? I never see a word of French here.

I was going to ask you what you’ve been doing all these days, but then the damn proofreading occurred to me. Oh God, it seems like you can never get out from under my yoke. Well, now it’s already at an end after this set of proofs. You will at last have time for yourself. I am sure that this has given you a reason not to even visit the university. Isn’t that so? I’m going to begin from now on to follow a well-ordered way of life. I’ve obtained books from the library (Kuno Fischer and others) and I’m going to read daily on a regular basis. Don’t forget to send me, among the books you’re sending, Gaspey and the Italian grammar book. And you’ve also stopped eating because of this proofreading! That is downright awful, once again you’ll be looking like death warmed over! My only Gold, take yourself in hand. Eat regularly and eat a lot, all right? My one and only, write me about that!! And go for walks! You certainly know where a person can go walking there where you are, but here where I am where can I go? Either on the stinking streets or in the stupid Tiergarten, which is swarming with children and their nannies. One fortunate thing is that I have very good air coming up from the little garden. It’s already quite late, and I must get this letter off. Answer **immediately** that you aren’t angry any more, all right? Your R.

[P.S.] Ciucia, Kukuchna!

How are things with your “community status” [*Gemeinde*]?¹²⁷ Why in the name of a thousand devils don’t you ever answer me about that? Where did you get the idea that “Юз” should be spelled “Hughes”?¹²⁸

127 The question refers to the efforts of Leo Jogiches to obtain Swiss citizenship.

128 This may be a reference to the British industrialist John Hughes, who in the 1870s established a coal-, iron-, and steel-producing company town in southeast Ukraine, which was given the name Yúzovka— i.e., the town of “Húghes-ovka” (now named Donetsk).

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] Monday, June 27, 1898

Dziodziusiu, golden one, I just received your angry card, where you tell me off so badly. I was consoling myself with the thought that by today you would already have my huge long letter¹²⁹ and would see that you had told me off unfairly, but now this card has ruined my whole mood and I must put aside the book I was reading in order to write you again! Dear Gold, how could you be so crass as to write me like that!? Have you gone crazy, or what? That hurt me terribly. But it's not important. I'll write to you anyhow, the way I intended to yesterday.

Do you know why it's difficult for me to write you about my impressions, etc.? It seems to me that the explanation I gave you in my last letter—that it was as though I were dead—is not complete enough. Yesterday when I was taking a short walk, it became clear to me. The more precise reason is that after all that we have gone through and accomplished, and after **the way we** have lived in recent times, it seems that, against my will, without meaning to, I fail to attribute much significance to my personal impressions, psychological states, etc., and I feel a certain reluctance when I describe them or even analyze them. But I ought to go inside myself and listen to myself. Instinctively nowadays I place value only on actual deeds of some sort, concrete results, etc., and it seems to me—though this may be wrong—that also for you this is the only thing that has value now, and anything other than what I've described above *is from the devil* [*ist vom Teufel*]. It may easily be that this condition, which first came fully to my consciousness yesterday, is the only reason for that inner emptiness that I complain about to you. Perhaps it is simply aversion and disdain for all personal inner feelings [*Regungen*] and the concentration of all attention on perceptible results from work and activity. But there would be nothing surprising in that; in recent times we have been living so exclusively filled with the desire for results of some kind, and on the lookout for them, that it could have found expression within me in this way. Besides, there is an additional circumstance—I'm living here, as one might say, without air. —If you were here, that is, if we lived together, my existence here

129 A reference to the preceding letter of June 24, 1898.

would somehow be normal, and it could easily be that then Berlin would even please me and I could take some pleasure in walking in the Tiergarten. As it is now, strictly speaking, I derive **absolutely no** pleasant impressions [from anything]—I don't notice whether it's raining or the sun is blazing; it's a matter of total indifference to me—when I go through the streets I pay no attention whatsoever to the shop windows or the people; at home I think only about what to do next, what letters to write, and I go to bed with the same indifference as when I get up. In the end, it seems to me there is a very simple reason for all this—because you are not here. Because of that I feel somehow as though I've been torn out of the ground, alien to everyone and everything. And now once again in the course of this discussion I find that I'm talking about myself when what I wanted to talk about was **you**. Dziudziuchna, I must confess to you that your recent changes (in the page proofs [of the dissertation]) had a very strong impact on me, and I must humbly ask you for forgiveness for the fact that at times I was furious over the corrections you made. It is a fact that you found a huge number of important errors. Only it makes me so nervous that this caused you to work so much, and on top of that without eating or sleeping—what madness.

I have long since written my article for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.¹³⁰

It came out very well, the maximum that one could write on this subject, and very moderate in tone. I have not sent it off, because I don't yet have the numbers [for the election results]. I'm not going to send the article to you (1) because copying twelve pages is a rather frightful task; and (2) in no case would you manage to send it back to me quickly, and I don't want to wait too long. After all, my Reflections on the Election Results [*Betrachtungen über die Wahlergebnisse*] ought not to appear too long after the elections. I hope to receive the numbers tomorrow. I have written to Winter for them. I received word from him earlier, from Austria, where he went for a short vacation and rest.

Why do you so stubbornly refuse to answer my repeated questions about how matters stand with your citizenship? If now you

130 The reference is to her article entitled "Die Wahlen in Oberschlesien" (The Elections in Upper Silesia), which was published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* on July 2, 1898. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 217–21.

still categorically refuse to answer—I will get nasty [*werde ich grob*]. Nowadays I have exactly as many relations with people here as you have there, i.e., only with my landlady. I have no close acquaintances here (I don't like to go to the Claassens—it's boring, and the "cousin" is after all just a big kid and preoccupied with herself), so I spend the whole day alone, which by the way suits me fine. I don't want any company other than you. You have always maintained that on the whole the only thing I feel the lack of is people, that I have to have someone around me. Well, you see that I'm not lifting a finger to go see people. (I won't even go to see Mrs. [Emma] Ihr, although that will be necessary at some point.) I also think with distaste that it will be necessary to meet up with Parvus. I have no desire either to talk with anyone or even to leave the house. As far as Parvus goes, I've written to him that he should come here if he wants to, because I can't go there now. I have received no answer as yet. As for Schoen[lank], he isn't here now—apparently he did not go to Stettin to give a talk, but the earliest that he'll be here in Berlin on a regular basis will be in September, when the session begins.¹³¹

In a short time my sister will be coming to visit me. I don't know if I wrote you about this or not, but a work by Józio [nickname of Rosa Luxemburg's brother, Józef] was awarded a prize in the last few days in a competition held by the Warsaw Medical Association (300 rubles). That made me very happy. This week he also had an article published in the *Berlin Medical Weekly*.¹³² In this connection I have just been to see the editor, Eulenburg.

I feel that it would be good to go to Leipzig now in order to put pressure on Humblot (1) to find out what's going on now with the publication in book form. (He has not answered me about that, and it's not appropriate to ask again in a letter, especially because of his continuing annoyance about the lateness of the corrections.) And (2) to find out what the situation is concerning putting the words *Materialen*, etc., in the title. In general I don't have the energy for that, nor do I have the conviction that it's really necessary. Maybe I will think it over and make the trip anyhow, because it's not very

131 The reference was to the next session of Germany's national legislative body of that era, the Reichstag.

132 The actual title of the journal was *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* (German Medical Weekly).

expensive. I'm especially concerned about the question of publication in book form. It would be fatal if publication was put off until autumn, and for that reason alone it's urgent to make the trip, because the fellow constantly writes only about the "dissertation." As far as including the words *Materialen* . . . etc., I can't even mention it now in a letter—that would be completely pointless, but to discuss it verbally [in person] is something else altogether. Should I pull myself together and do this or not? I'll wait till tomorrow to think it over, because it's already late. To be honest with you, I have a dreadful fear of traveling by train even for just an hour.

In my little room I feel very well, comparatively speaking; I've gone all out to fix it up, and it now has a very welcoming appearance. Especially the small balcony. Without meaning to, I observe everything with your eyes and take pains with every little thing to arrange it as you would, the way that would please you, etc. When will you finally see it?! Write soon!!! Kisses [...] Your R.

[P.S.] I will send the article to you tomorrow after all.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, between July 12 and 20, 1898]

Ciuciuchny, my only one, what are you so sad for, far away over there? My golden little animal, my Kukuchna, why are you so out of sorts? Kukasia is allowed to be in a good mood only, because he has a capable little wife. She will do a lot of work, and she will earn a lot of money, and it won't be just for herself, but she will send every month a little bit to her father and another little bit to her Dziódzio, and all that without any great pains, exactly as though it was for fun. Seriously, this idea of mine, to write small items about Poland, France, and Belgium for Parvus is definitely something ingenious, because not only will it take almost none of my time; it won't cost me the slightest intellectual effort. I will receive money to pay for the newspaper subscriptions, but besides that I'll also earn more. In order to write these items, I must study the newspapers closely and regularly, so that I'm constantly *au courant*. Besides that, Parvus is happy and thanks me fervently. Therefore everything is in order

as far as that goes. As for my idea about the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, I will write you about the results in a postscript to this letter early tomorrow after receiving an answer from Sch[oenlank]. But I still won't say everything. I'll only say summarily [*summarisch*] whether the news is good or not. —Dziodziusi must not dare to think even once about taking back his deposit money for the citizenship application! You little dummy, that money will be for your doctoral dissertation, and as soon as you receive citizenship, it will be locked up in the bank until Dziudzia takes his exams. Your own money is enough for your living expenses, and I will have, when I count it all together, every month (if the business with Sch[oenlank] works out) a **minimum** of 100 marks. Moreover—and don't laugh, I ask you please—at the end of the month I will send you an accounting and place it right on the table.

Ciucia has obviously been sitting there the last few days without a penny but couldn't write me about it earlier, isn't that so? Enclosed I'm sending about 10 marks immediately from my reserves. I am now swimming in abundance here. I'm not even using the full amount that you send me, despite the fact that up to now I've paid the newspaper subscriptions out of my own pocket and even though I've been eating like a horse, if you'll pardon the expression.

Dziudzia wants to know how I spend the day. All right then, I wake up in the morning before 8, jump into the front room, snap up the newspapers and letters, then presto back under the feather comforter again. I read the most important things. Then I have a cold bath (regularly, every day), then I get dressed, drink a glass of hot milk with bread and butter (I have home delivery of bread and milk every morning). Then I get properly dressed and go for an hour's walk in the Tiergarten park (regularly, every day, whatever the weather). Then I go back home, change clothes again, and write my short notices for Parvus, or I write letters. I eat lunch at home at 12:30 for 30 pfennigs, in my own room. The meal is excellent and extremely healthy. After lunch every day: whoosh—onto the sofa for a nap! Toward 3 p.m. I get up, drink tea, and sit down to write more news items or letters (in addition to what I wrote before noon) or I read books. That is, from the library I have: Bluntschle, *History of Constitutional Law* [*Staatsrecht*], Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and Adler's *History of Social and Political Movements*, but also [Marx's] *Capital*. Around 5 or 6 I drink some cocoa, work some

more, or more often go to the post office to mail letters and the items I've written (doing this is something I enjoy tremendously). Around 8 I eat my evening meal: (don't be shocked) three soft-boiled eggs, bread and butter with cheese or ham, and another glass of hot milk. Then I settle down to working on Bernstein. (Oy! ...) Toward 10 p.m. I drink one more glass of milk (1 liter daily). I very much enjoy working in the evening. I made myself a red lampshade and I sit at my desk right next to the open balcony. The room is in rosy half-shadow and looks charming and delightful, and fresh air from the little garden comes up over the balcony. Around 12 midnight I set the alarm clock, and sing something to myself. Then I prepare the tub with water for the morning rubdown, undress and—whoosh—under the feather comforter. Is Dziodzio satisfied? I am too. Dziodzio, golden one, leave me in peace finally with your talk about *Frau Ihrer* [Mrs. (Emma) Ihrer] and other people. Primo (point number one), my sister [Anna Luxemburg] is coming now to visit me. Two, after that you and I will meet. Three, generally speaking, it's "silly season" here now.¹³³ In short, until the beginning of the Reichstag session and the time for giving public speeches, I'm not up to meeting with people, that is, even people we can rely on. By the way, I do maintain contact by letter with the most important people: Br[uhns], Sch[oenlank], and Par[vus]. With them I can do everything that's necessary. When Sch[oenlank] comes here he will introduce me to the best people in the land. In the meantime I enjoy holy peace, free from all Swabians.¹³⁴ Don't you agree? Now, about our meeting up. In no case will I travel to Switzerland, but you must come here; both you and I need to free ourselves from the impressions there [in Switzerland]. By the way, I'm repeating myself, but I'm very much counting on the cornfields for you, and in your presence I want to pick some cornflowers for you, out of sheer contrariness. There is no question that you will be able to stay there. The whole time I was in Upper Silesia not a single soul asked me for papers, although I was quite openly engaged in public political agitation. However, in spite of everything, I will find out the exact details from Bruhns, and as a last resort, for this short period of

133 The mostly British phrase "silly season" suggests that in the summer, a slow news time, newspapers tend to publish silly stories, for lack of anything else.

134 In Polish, "Swabian" was an ironic term for a German.

time, I'll get papers made up by some Swabian; we will live in some little village, among fields and woods, alone just like Adam and Eve, and in one room to ourselves. But we have to wait for all this until after my sister's visit. Is Ciucia happy about our seeing each other again, eh?

Now a couple of words about business. Write to me about who I should send the dissertation to. Tomorrow I will send you some additional galley proofs for proofreading as soon as Humblot sends them back to me. Should I send you some of my newspapers? It makes me very happy that you are going to the Leseverein,¹³⁵ but a person can't read a lot there at one time. Perhaps I should send you *Vorwärts* the next day [after I read it]? In that case I'll read it through **immediately**, but as for clippings from the paper, mostly there's no chance of that. Or should I send the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*? (What a splendid newspaper that is, really!)

Now Dziodzio has to write exactly what he does all day long, when he gets up, what he eats, and whether he goes for walks. And about the dissertation. And Dziodziu should always be reading a serious book, because I will not have any kind of a dumbbell for a husband! About the work on Bernstein in the next letter.

A little kiss on your little mouth. Your wife.

[P.S.] Everything is all right with the Seidels. I received a letter from them today. I'm sorry that you have broken off with them. I fear that in doing this you have behaved in a petty way. With regard to them one should not engage in petty accounting, in view of the many services they have done for **me**. They will not drive us apart, and their "*bestseremmonost*"¹³⁶ toward you is, to a great extent, because of me.

135 A library in Zurich, the "Reading Association."

136 Luxemburg quotes a Russian word that Jogiches had used. It literally means "unceremoniousness," but here the meanings "informality" and "casual treatment," suggesting impoliteness or disrespect, seem to convey best what Jogiches was apparently objecting to about the Seidels' behavior.

TO ROBERT AND MATHILDE SEIDEL

[Berlin,] August 11, 1898

My dear, dear friends!

I haven't written to you for a long time, but I have just lived through a very difficult hour, a moral crisis, and in it—I thought of you. I wished for your advice and support and communicated with you in spirit. In this way I showed you more true and loyal friendship than with a dozen letters. What and how—that can't be put in writing, and perhaps can't even be spoken. One must work through the most difficult things by oneself, isn't that true, my dear ones? And now, *finis*. I can only tell you that I have remained true to myself and am satisfied with myself. I want to hope that this will be so in the future as well. —Recently my spiritual (inner) life has been extremely intense. I had a lot of new material to process, and with every hour I grew more than in an entire year in Zurich, among the old, peaceful relationships. It is sometimes very hard for me that I'm completely alone. Sometimes I can scarcely be an adviser or counselor to myself, given my own psychology, but in the end perhaps it's better this way, and besides—it's so extraordinarily difficult, even with the closest friends, to understand one another, down to the last, innermost, spiritual wrinkle and to see clearly. Or one may perhaps have an excellent understanding of the actual words, but the "lighting" [behind or around the words] (do you understand what I mean?)—the other person doesn't see that, and yet sometimes that is everything. After these hieroglyphics I want to say something clear and distinct. Your two cards, sent from the mountains, made me very, very happy. Also, and especially, that you have made the acquaintance of my beloved Börne. You **must**, in your first free hour, get more closely acquainted with him, above all, with his *Briefe aus Paris* [Letters from Paris]. You will see that he was grappling with **great issues**. Then you will easily understand his antipathy toward Goethe. It is the primordial, eternal opposition of a "Christian" ascetic nature toward a "Hellenic" sybaritic one, the opposition, for example, of a Robespierre toward a Danton, the same thing that also divided Börne from Heine. That is where the strength, but also the weakness, of Börne lies, a type like the Roman republican, honor and virtue itself. But the entire laughing world of appearances, which lies beyond the boundaries of civic duty and

the forms of the state, even beyond good and evil—that is a closed book to him.

Well now, write to me **quickly**, about what you're doing, how life's going, and I don't want to know just the outer but also the inner.

I love you and often think of you, Robert and Mathilde.

Your Rosa

[P.S.] No one may read this letter other than **the two of you**.

TO BORIS KRICHEVSKY

Berlin, August 19, 1898

Worthy comrade! Thanks for your letter, I'm fully in agreement with you, "such fine, upstanding people as we both are" must correspond with one another. —What you write about present-day France reinforces the impressions I have from the newspapers.¹³⁷ Really the only expression of clarity against this background of confusion and of people losing their heads is the mighty figure of Jaurès, who stands alone; even from a distance he is truly impressive; one senses in him "*a true knight of the Holy Grail*." And your articles in the *Pétite République* play a role in shaping the opinions "*des nos compagnons allemands*" ["of our German comrades"]! If only you wrote entire letters as frequently as possible, like the ones in

137 A reference to the Dreyfus Affair. In 1894 Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish officer of the French General Staff, was condemned to life-long imprisonment on Devil's Island in French Guyana for alleged treason. Protests by progressive circles forced a review of the case in August 1899. Dreyfus was again found guilty, but in September 1899 he was pardoned. In 1906 his name was cleared when the charges against him were exposed as false. The Dreyfus Affair led to a sharpening of the political struggle between republicans and monarchists and brought France to the verge of civil war. Within the working class movement the Socialists around Jean Jaurès for the most part favored participation in the struggle against the anti-Semitic camp of reaction backed by the big bourgeoisie (the "anti-Dreyfusards"), but the supporters of Jules Guesde, in a declaration of July 1898, called on the proletariat to abstain from the dispute because in their opinion the Dreyfus Affair was not a matter of concern for the working class.

Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung, which recently have been very vivid and interesting. Your information about Kautsky did not surprise me, I know him already, thank God, from [dealing with him on] Polish matters. *He is a thoroughgoing Bismarck* [*Das ist ein ganzer Bismarck*], or at least that's what he imagines himself to be, and would like to play the role of an international socialist diplomat. Incidentally, that's why he moved to Berlin, in order to be closer to the helm of power and to have influence on events. Keep in mind, however, that here "among us" in Germany as well, on some questions, indeed on the most **important ones**, people have well and truly lost their heads. —

As for Plekh[anov]'s article,¹³⁸ you are probably just as surprised by it as I am, along with most of humanity. *What was the good man trying to do?* [*Was wollte der gute Mann?*] [You write:] "I notice that he has placed himself in an awkward position, but what the point of it is—no one yet knows." Hmm, we will see what comes of it, although he has already met with a blockage [*Verstopfung*]. — As for me, not only have I moved to Berlin, but have firmly established myself here and have even—(but this must remain strictly **between you and me** for now) obtained German citizenship. Two hours after I had moved here I really had had my fill of Berlin and the Germans, but what should we people without roofs over our heads do? *A Johnny without a country, such as I am*, must *make do* even with a German Fatherland.¹³⁹ Fortunately I have my compatriot jackasses here nearby, the ones who put out *Gazeta Robotnicza*,¹⁴⁰ and I can scrap and tussle with them to my heart's content.—Write and

138 The reference is to Georgy Plekhanov's article "Bernstein und der Materialismus" (Bernstein and Materialism), which appeared in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 16, 1897/98, no. 2, pp. 545–55.

139 Luxemburg arrived in Berlin on May 16, 1898, and on that very day after searching in vain for a place to live she wrote to Leo Jogiches: "I am simply exhausted beyond human endurance and already hate Berlin and the Germans so much that I could do away with them all. Generally speaking, in order to live here one apparently needs a reserve of health and strength quite different from the one I brought with me." See *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 1, p. 112.

140 *Gazeta Robotnicza* was the official publication of the PPS in the German-occupied part of Poland. It was founded in Berlin in 1891 with the help of the SPD Executive, which also financed it. Its editor was Franciszek Morawski.

tell me, please, whether there exists in the world a French editorial board of the kind that would lend itself to having a review copy of my work sent to it.¹⁴¹ You surely know that better than I.

—I would very much like to know in more detail how life is going for you there [in Paris], what kind of mood you're in, who comes to visit you, etc. Do you encounter Cezaryna [Wojnarowska] anywhere? Do you see Yefron now and then? Or Gurevich? (Does his light still shine as brightly as ever?) Generally speaking, how is the [Russian] colony there? Here it seems to me beneath all criticism—although I live quite far away from where the Russians are. Of the people you know, Ganelin is here now, among others.

Excuse me for answering so belatedly. I had a *family visit* for a few weeks.¹⁴² The address of Gr[osowski], which you wanted, is: Zurich IV, 77 University Street (he has taken my former apartment for the time being), [and] I have reminded him about your letters.

Keep healthy, I firmly clasp your hand and Fenya's and send kisses to the children.

Your R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, September 3, 1898]

Dziodziusiu, yesterday, after I wrote the letter to you, I had to go to bed again for the whole day. Today I got up, but I feel so bad that I'll have to lie down again. I don't have stomach pains any more, but I'm dreadfully weak, have a headache, and still can't eat anything.

What do you say about the *Neue Zeit*? What the devil is the matter with Plekhanov and with the discussion in general?¹⁴³ I feel that Kautsky would snap up my article like hot bread [fresh from the oven], but now the devil has played a trick on my stomach! [i.e., delaying the work] The articles in *Sozialistische Monatshefte* about the discussion are beneath all criticism [*unter jeder Kritik*]. Obviously "all of *Germania*" is in fact waiting for our liberating word.

141 The reference is to Luxemburg's dissertation, *The Industrial Development of Poland*.

142 Luxemburg had her sister Anna as a visitor.

143 The reference is to the discussion over Eduard Bernstein's revisionist views, which had begun in the *Neue Zeit*.

On Urbach's advice I am sending Jaurès a copy of the work¹⁴⁴ naturally without writing a note of any kind. And a copy to Lavrov! Why should I hold off on that?

A member of the Guesdiste party is here in Berlin, Lagardelle (one of the most influential members, according to Urb[ach]). Of course Urb[ach] absolutely insists on introducing me to him and will write to tell him that I am here. Supposedly Sarraute is also here, but I have no desire to make his acquaintance.

You surely know that Parvus is demanding that the discussion over Bernst[ein's] tactics be on the agenda [*Tagesordnung*] of the party congress (and [Clara] Zetkin's *Gleichheit* is calling for the same thing).¹⁴⁵ The *Vorwärts* is naturally opposed to that. One ought to do all one can [literally, "stand on one's head"] so as to get an article in print **before** the congress, yet it seems that this is something not to be dreamt of, at least not in the *Neue Zeit*.

Why have you written nothing for the last four days?

I can't [write] any more.

Yours, R.

TO GEORGY PLEKHANOV¹⁴⁶

Dresden–A., October 17, 1898
22p Zwinger Street

Citizen, I am so busy right now, unfortunately, that I myself cannot translate your article;¹⁴⁷ if your translator can take care of the matter very quickly, you can without any worries engage him to do it, [and]

144 Luxemburg is referring to her dissertation and book, *Die Industrielle Entwicklung Polens* (The Industrial Development of Poland).

145 The reference is to the agenda of the SPD Party Congress scheduled for October 5–8, 1898, in Stuttgart.

146 The French original of this letter is at the Plekhanov House (Dom Plekhanova), in St. Petersburg. It was first published in Luxemburg, *Vive la lutte! Correspondance 1891–1914* (Long Live the Struggle! Correspondence of 1891–1914), compiled, translated, and annotated under the direction of Georges Haupt, by Claudie Weill, Irène Petit, and Gilbert Badia (Paris, 1975).

147 The reference is to Plekhanov's Open Letter to Karl Kautsky, which was reprinted in the Dresden newspaper *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* of October 30, November 2, and November 3, 1898, under the title "Debates

I will see to it that the language is edited carefully. For this purpose it would also be necessary for you to send me a copy of the Russian, so that, if necessary, I can check the translation. If you want to, you can as well send your article to Citizen Krichevsky (Paris, 11 Avenue Reille), [and] at the same time I will write him and express the hope that he will do it for us, even though he too is very busy.

Please accept, dear citizen, the assurance of my fullest respect.

R. Luxemburg

TO AUGUST BEBEL

Dresden—A., October 31, 1898
22p Zwinger Street

Worthy Comrade!

I am very grateful to you for the information [you provided], which helps orient me on how things stand. That Bernstein, in the argumentation he has made up to now, no longer bases himself on our program was of course clear to me. However, it is also very painful that one must entirely give up hope for him. It surprises me, though, that you and Comrade Kautsky, since you have grasped the state of affairs **in precisely this way**, did not want to use the favorable mood that was created by the party congress for an immediate and energetic debate, but before all else, you made an arrangement that Bernstein would bring out a pamphlet, or booklet [restating his views], which had the effect of delaying the discussion.¹⁴⁸ At any rate, I believe that through it all I, among others, made use of

over Tactics: Why We Should Be Thankful for Them." Starting at the end of September, Luxemburg was the managing editor of this newspaper.

148 At the SPD Party Congress in Stuttgart, October 3–8, 1898, August Bebel intervened in favor of postponement of the debate on Eduard Bernstein's revisionist views, on the grounds that discussion of disagreements over the party's basic concepts first required a thoroughgoing preliminary treatment in the Social Democratic press. In the October 13, 1898, issue of *Vorwärts*, the SPD's main newspaper, Karl Kautsky urged Bernstein to summarize and restate his views in a pamphlet, or booklet. This work by Bernstein was published in March 1899 under the title *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgabe der Sozial-demokratie* (The Prerequisites of Socialism and the Tasks of the Social Democratic Movement).

Plekhanov's letter¹⁴⁹ in a manner consistent with the state of affairs as you characterized it in your letter. If Bernstein is really lost, the party must get used to it, however painful it is—and must regard him from now on as a Schmoller or other [such] social reformer.

As far as the further discussion is concerned, for the moment I don't have the slightest idea whether I will be in a position to carry it on in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*. My colleagues, on the one hand, and Gradnauer, [on the other,] are pressing and pushing toward a conflict in which I can easily see myself being forced to give up the editorship.¹⁵⁰ At the [next] meeting of the Press Commission, which will be held on Wednesday [November 2], and in which the issue will come to some resolution, I will, for my part, demand as a condition [that I be granted] full freedom to pursue the discussion on tactics. —The relations on our editorial board are very unproductive and in spite of the great pains I have taken to bring about harmony and internal agreement, the intrigues and grumbling I have encountered are continuing. My colleagues' action of speaking out in the *Vorwärts*¹⁵¹ was only an expression of

149 Georgy Plekhanov's open letter to Karl Kautsky, entitled "The Discussion on Tactics: Why We Should Be Thankful for It," was published in three issues of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* on October 30, November 2, and November 3, 1898. Plekhanov expressed his astonishment at Kautsky's holding back from the debate with Bernstein. This reticence, Plekhanov argued, would only contribute to delaying the settling of accounts with revisionism, and he demonstrated in detail that Bernstein had adopted the views of the opponents of Marxism and had transformed himself from a Social Democrat into a social reformer.

150 At the end of September 1898, Luxemburg assumed the editorship of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden, after the previous editors, Parvus and Julian Marchlewski, had been expelled from the state of Saxony as foreigners engaging in political activity. However, after the November 2, 1898, meeting of the Press Commission of the regional SPD Executive in the state of Saxony, Luxemburg felt she was forced to resign as editor of the paper.

151 Emil Eichhorn, Emil Nitzsche, and Heinrich Wetzker, members of the editorial board of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, published a statement in the October 30 issue of the *Vorwärts*, in which they emphasized that they had not known Luxemburg was going to publish in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* a reply to Georg Gradnauer about her disagreements with him and that they did not approve of such a procedure. In this connection, see her article "Ein Parteistreit" (A Party Dispute) in *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 271–3.

animosity looking for a pretext. The matter will be settled day after tomorrow.

With best regards,
R. Luxemburg

TO AUGUST BEBEL

Dresden, November 7, 1898

Worthy Comrade!

I prefer to give a **direct** answer to your letter, a copy of which came to me by way of Comrade Schoenlank. I consider it beneath my dignity to go into such things as “moral boxing of the ears,” “unbelievable tactlessness,” etc.

On the actual issue under discussion, the following [is what I have to say]. Wallfisch was able to inform you of some facts in “a most objective way,” but not about the general situation on the editorial board and the mood that prevailed within the commission.¹⁵²—Since Parvus’s time [as editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*] relations on the editorial board have been so unsettled and intolerable that sooner or later a quarrel was bound to break out—all the more so because my colleagues, as the result of the long struggle with Parvus, had become thoroughly irritated and were determined to make use of the change of editors to bring the paper fully into their own hands, in which connection they found backing in the commission, which had been intimidated by attacks on the paper because of its “poor tone.” For my part, I considered it wrong to limit myself—as Parvus did—to merely writing polemical articles about tactics and leaving everything else to the whims of the gods. I saw as my primary task, along with the discussion of tactical questions, to generally raise the level and improve the quality of this neglected paper, and therefore I intervened in other departments, and that became the source of further friction between me and my colleagues, who, for example, used against me my introduction of an economic review¹⁵³ and discussions about tactics, claiming that these

152 This refers to the November 2, 1898, meeting of the Press Commission on the subject of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

153 For a while, Luxemburg wrote weekly summaries of economic news for the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, using the overall title

detracted from the local-news aspect of the paper. Furthermore, my “interference” in the polemic between Gradnauer and Mehring¹⁵⁴ was another card they played against me in the commission. You are of the opinion that the commission gave in to us on all essential points. In fact, it rejected all my proposals and requests. It took its stand all along the line on the side of my editorial board colleagues. And if I were to return to the editorship, I would immediately have to relinquish all my freedom of movement—given the existing relations on the editorial board and the existing attitude of the commission. **Formally**, it was only a matter of “getting rid of the poor tone.” Actually, I would soon not be able to put my own articles in the paper any more and—what is very important—not be able to put Parvus’s articles in either. I said to myself: If **this** is the commission’s standpoint, then as editor I have nothing to do, and for us the position is already lost. But if the commission wants to guarantee the necessary freedom, it can still make that known to me after my resignation. Note well. I repeated ten times during the session [of the commission] that I was being **forced** into resigning, that no other recourse was left to me. —The reaction to this was a lot of smiles, and it was regarded as an empty threat—the kind that Parvus made many times.

One more point to orient you on the situation at this moment. The editorial board members are conducting negotiations with **Ledebour**, who explains that he is quite willing and ready, under any and all conditions, to step in and become editor. As for my personal situation, I have replied as follows to several members of the commission who privately sought to persuade me to resume the editorship: the only way there could be any talk of that is if (1) the right is guaranteed for me to put articles by outsiders in the

“Wirtschaftliche und sozialpolitische Rundschau” (Economic and Socio-Political Review). See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 278–94, 308–17, 326–47, 352–60.

154 This refers to Luxemburg’s articles entitled “Erörterungen über die Taktik” (Discussions on Tactics), which were published in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* on October 19 and 26, 1898, and in which she stated her disagreements with the revisionist views of Georg Gradnauer. See *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 257–63. In those articles she also supported the positions of Franz Mehring, presented by the latter in his “Glossen zur Parteitag” (Comments on the Party Congress) and published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, October 8–13, 1898.

paper (in this case I am thinking above all of Parvus, because he has made my editorship a condition for his collaboration); and (2) full freedom [is guaranteed for me] to write in my own name even in the event that the editorial board disagrees with one or another article. Thus, the commission at its session tomorrow will also have the opportunity to state **formally** whether it continues to hold to the same old standpoint or not. I hope these facts show you that you have been a little too hasty with your judgment of my way of proceeding.

With SD [Social Democratic] greetings,
R. Luxemburg

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] December 3 [1898]

Bobo! I was at Mehring's yesterday and returned home with the sad conviction that nothing more remains for me than to sit myself down and write "a great work" [*ein grosses Werk*]. Just like Kautsky, Mehring immediately asked me: "Are you working on a bigger project, or greater work?" [*Arbeiten Sie an einem grösseren Werk?*]. And he said it so earnestly that I felt I "ought to" be working on one [*daran arbeiten*]. There's nothing to be done about it. Apparently I look like a person whose duty it is to write *ein grosses Werk*, and nothing else remains for me but to meet the general expectation. Do you perhaps know what I should write this great work **about**? My darling golden one, wouldn't you free me from giving a detailed report on the visit to Bebel and Kautsky? In exchange I'll tell you more exactly about the conversation with Mehring, which is more interesting.

(1) He explained to me several times that I had edited the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* very well, much better than P[ar]v[us], "one could see that the paper was really being edited," and he said that in general during the time when I was there the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been edited best of all. He has also told Kautsky that.

(2) He considers Ledebour, and so do they both (and so do other old timers, so it seems) to be only a temporary break in my editor-

ship and they are quite sure that I will return to Dresden and that then I can "impose a dictatorship." They spoke about that with such an amusing certainty that I was absolutely astounded.

(3) When discussion turned to Bernstein he [Mehring] said to me, "You set him back good and proper in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, and it gave me great pleasure."

(4) As for Schoen[lank], he [Mehring] does not believe in the durability or solidity of his radicalism, just as the others do not, and they asked me what exactly the party had left for us to take hold of in Stuttgart.¹⁵⁵

As for Ledebour, Mehring is sure that he'll remain in Dresden only until the Christmas holidays, because (1) he is said to be such a notorious lazybones that he will soon start coming to the editorial office at 10 am or even at noon, (2) he is so argumentative that he can't get along with anyone for more than a few weeks, and (3) theoretically he is a complete ignoramus and is incapable of managing a newspaper. Mehring knows him because they were on the editorial board together at the *Volks-Blatt* [i.e., *Volks-Zeitung*].

(5) We got around to talking about his [Mehring's] refusal to contribute to the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, whereupon I openly told him my point of view. He then assured me that it's literally impossible to contribute to three different newspapers, and that's what had obliged him to refuse. If he had known that for me it was mainly an expression of his solidarity with *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* and not a question of contributing regularly, he would have written several articles for me immediately. He added that now, if I took over the editorship again, he would immediately write something. That could be of the greatest importance. —Other than that we spoke *de omnibus rebus*¹⁵⁶ in the party and we parted on very friendly terms.

The interesting news that I promised to tell you about is that the police have been keeping me under surveillance for the past several weeks. For the last few days two agents have been sitting day and night at the janitor's place and have followed me at every step. The janitor is a former *Genosse* [comrade] and secretly informed me about everything. Since this seemed to me to be too stupid, I simply

155 The reference is to the SPD Party Congress in Stuttgart on October 3–8, 1898.

156 Latin for "of all different things."

went to the police, to the *Herr Leutnant* and put the cards on the table. I said that if this didn't stop, I would go to Windheim [Berlin's top police official] and make a scandal. The lieutenant naturally pretended that he had no inkling that this was going on, but in fact the spooks disappeared the day after that. Mehring advises me that if they show up again, to put a notice in the *Vorwärts*, and then they'll immediately crawl back into their holes. The devil knows what the reason is, but I have reason to suppose that a confusion of identities is involved; either they take me for someone else or they think someone else is me. Meanwhile, just in case, I have been cautious, I burned [some] letters, registered myself, and looked through my papers. This is all going to go away, probably, as though disappearing into the sand. As for Mor[awski], I wanted to write to him myself about the addresses, as you advise. I will answer him for the first time today, because I did not want to show any haste.

I doubt very much that Natzi [i.e., Ignatz Auer] will encroach on the plan [*auf den Plan*]. Of course I would like it very much. Tomorrow I will send you my "Wirtschaftliche Rundschau"¹⁵⁷ that I sent to them yesterday.

I received the money, 80 marks, yesterday. God grant that that will be the last time I take from you.

I am now tackling the series energetically.¹⁵⁸ What have I been doing? First of all I had to spend a lot of time on this "Wirtschaftliche Rundschau" but I've gotten myself together and now things will go smoothly, like buttering bread.

Physically I'm still very weak, although I'm living an orderly life, I could sleep 20 hours a day.

Write about yourself now, but write a lot.

One request, though, which you must fulfill **right away**: Get hold of the book by Svyatlovsky entitled Factory Hygiene [*Fabrichnaya Gigiena*], as well as Bertenson.¹⁵⁹ Send them to the address of Mrs.

157 Luxemburg is referring to her first "Economic and Socio-Political Review," signed "ego," which was published in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* on December 4, 1898. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 278–83.

158 This refers to the second series of articles refuting Bernstein, which would be published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* from April 4 through April 8, 1899.

159 Apparently a Russian-language book about mining.

Schirman: Charlottenburg, 36 Kaiser-Friedrich Street, Quergeb. 1. She has asked for them a lot, and I am greatly indebted to her. Don't forget to carry that out immediately! A thousand kisses. Your R.

[P.S.] As soon as I begin writing, I will let you know the details, so that you can help me.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, December 12, 1898]

Monday evening

Dear Dziodziu! After receiving your letter yesterday I sent you a card and a small package of newspapers. Now I will write you in more detail. And so, first of all, about the "series."¹⁶⁰ I have come to the same conclusion as you, that precisely the Bernstein question must be the "great work" that I will have to write. Thank God that K. K. [Karl Kautsky], as he explained to me categorically and even showing surprise, **has no intention** of writing a **pamphlet** (only [something] in the *Neue Zeit*). The only other person who has such an intention is Parvus, but I have no apprehensions about him as a competitor. After the pamphlet by Bernstein appears, another one opposing it will have every chance of success. So I will present this "series" as a **reply** to Ede [Bernstein]—that is, not **now** but immediately after his book appears.¹⁶¹ And [I say all] this for the following reasons: (1) The impression I already had in Dresden has grown even stronger here, namely, that K. K., by urging Bernstein to write a pamphlet, or booklet, actually succeeded in putting to sleep the general interest [in these issues] and deferring everything until the appearance of that booklet. It is a fact that everyone is now waiting for the book, and the present discussions, insofar as they

160 The reference is to the second series of articles by Luxemburg in answer to Eduard Bernstein, under the overall title *Sozialreform oder Revolution* (Reform or Revolution), which would be published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* from April 4 through April 8, 1899.

161 Eduard Bernstein's book *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgabe der Sozialdemokratie* (The Prerequisites of Socialism and the Tasks of the Social Democratic Movement) was published in March 1899. An English translation of Bernstein's book was published in 1909 with the title *Evolutionary Socialism*.

touch directly on Bernstein's theories, are even regarded as somewhat "tactless." (I can no longer recall who specifically expressed that idea to me.) At present the prevailing atmosphere is one of weariness and waiting [*Mattigkeit und Abwartung*], but as soon as Ede's thing appears, everyone will expect a discussion and will carefully weigh every word.

(2) Say what you will, but if I spout off on all these subjects now, when there will be discussion about them one way or another later on, I cannot imagine that I will again find something of an impressive nature to say at that later time.

And [to present] polemical twists and turns in such a way as to block or counter all of Bernstein's main arguments **ahead of time**—that would be offering food that is too refined [*zu feines Fressen*] for this audience. No one will give it any value. Here is how people understand things: When Bernstein brings out his book, that is the time when as much as possible we must wring its neck, and whatever was said **previously** disappears completely from the scene. That is why K. K. too will step forward and speak out after the appearance of Ede's booklet—K. K., who, as you know, always understands how to speak after another has spoken, but with words that are a little bit different [*mit ein bisschen anderen Wörtern*], so that the public thinks he is the first one to present this standpoint [*Standpunkt*]. Therefore for me it is not at all worthwhile to use up my powder [*mein Pulver ausschiesse*] now, and later, after K. K. has spoken, to regurgitate arguments that have already been used and sound hackneyed. —In short, I am of the opinion that it's necessary to have the articles printed as a series **after** Ede's booklet, but to get the series ready now, and in fact, in such a way [*und zwar so*] that then it can immediately appear as a booklet as well.¹⁶² If the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* will not publish it, Wallfisch will. That I should be silent a little bit now does not bother me in the least and will not do me the slightest discredit, you can rest assured of that, as long as I speak out immediately after Ede. At any rate, one knows and will know that only on important occasions do I speak out, but I do so with *édlat*.

So I'm working on this series now. I've already worked up a section about "seeing through **English eyeglasses**" [*Die englische Brille*] to

162 Luxemburg carried out her intention. The two series of articles answering Bernstein were published as a booklet in the first half of 1899 under the title *Sozialreform oder Revolution* (Reform or Revolution).

the best effect.¹⁶³ This is a more important topic than it seems at first glance. At the very least I want to go into it widely and deeply! As for the topics I'm working on simultaneously—"Blanquism" and "What Is to Be Done in an Eventual Revolution?"—nothing has so far come quite clearly to mind about these two topics. Perhaps something occurs to you? Anyway I'll surely cope with it myself, if not today, then tomorrow. I'm also working on theory of value [*Werttheorie*]. I have already read carefully through Ziber. He has given me little, and all in all, I'm disappointed in him. I can use him only as a reference book when I have to look up some economist or other. I have skimmed anew through *Zur Kritik*¹⁶⁴ and am now reading Volgin (on "V. V. as an Economist").¹⁶⁵ I have already found literature on Böhm-Bawerk and the whole marginal demand theory [*Grenznutztheorie*]¹⁶⁶ and made notes for myself. I want to send you particular topics as I work them up.

On the other hand, you must send me your comments about my theory of economic crises. Apropos of this, Bernstein warns me that his "anti-critique" is aimed directly at my articles, because I wrote to him in a letter, among other things, as follows: "I'm very nervous about your anti-critique, although from your 'clarification' in *Neue Zeit* I was not able to understand exactly whether you would publish it in your book or later, in *Neue Zeit*." I wrote this intentionally because I wanted him to experience some uneasiness. As for the tone of his postcard, it made the same impression on me as it did on you. To go back once more to the "English eyeglasses," I would like there, at least in a brief sketch, to portray the whole change of

163 Luxemburg's article "Die englische Brille" (Through English Eyeglasses), in which she presented her disagreements with Bernstein on the question of the trade unions, was published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* of May 9 and 10, 1899. For the German text, see Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 471–82.

164 The reference is to Marx's *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*.

165 Under the pseudonym "A. Volgin," Georgy Plekhanov published a work in St. Petersburg in 1896, entitled *Obosnovanie narodnichestva v trudakh g-na Vorontsova (V.V.)* (The Justification of Narodism in the Works of Mr. Vorontsov [V.V.]).

166 The advocates of the "marginal demand theory" propounded a theory of capital and interest by resorting to subjective psychological factors and mathematical models. In doing so they attempted to establish a closed, self-contained system of economics as a counter to Marxism.

the present economic situation of England, and for that I found some material in the *Economist*, the *Board of Trade Journal*, and in the Russian-language *Financial News* [*Vestnik Finansov*]. The latter I will send back to you, by the way, tomorrow. It would be very good if you could send me more recent copies. —The second topic that is suitable for a “great work,” and that would have great success, would be a fundamental elaboration on the question of the trade unions. The only thing that annoys me is that all the fundamental points have already been presented, in part by myself in detail in that article [unspecified] and in part at the Dresden congress (to the extent that we presented supplementary material there), so that for a pamphlet or booklet the only thing that would still be left to do would be to expand and enrich it with factual material from German, French, and English sources. But such a booklet would be very timely. As for the question of tariffs, I’m collecting material on that in the meantime. I’ve already found a book in which all the factual material is contained and will receive it in the next few days (a new book). From the library, on the other hand, what I will get for myself includes [Alfred] List and others. (I have to hurry because the foreign trade data won’t be available until the new year because of the late start of the Reichstag session.) So Bernstein occupies first place [in my attention] now. —I’m setting Ziber aside now and am taking up the Webbs again as basic to the work on the trade unions.

Now another request pertaining to written works. What do you know about Isaev and his tendency? (He is, it seems, a Marxist, but one not lacking in peculiarity.)¹⁶⁷ I remember that I read once in some Russian journal [*zhurnal*] a long article by him about capitalist development in which he described some awful things, but what they were I don’t any longer know or remember exactly, but now I would be in great need of an assessment of his book, and it would serve for writing, without great effort, two leading articles (worth 40 marks). That is precisely the article I wanted to write at an earlier time for the Leipzig people in order to earn a lot for that month, but I had to postpone it because I wanted to make a thoroughgoing critical review and back then I lacked the necessary information for that. I must break off here and fly to the post office with this

167 Luxemburg used a Russian phrase for “Marxist, but not lacking in peculiarity.” The phrase is: *Markсист ne lishennyi strannosti*.

letter, because I have no stamps, and it's about to close. And so, until tomorrow, to take up Polish matters and the rest. You haven't yet given me any information about the Beethoven! Until later. Hugs, your R. (Are you still furious?)

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, December 15, 1898]

Dziudziuchna! I just got your letter and am hurrying to reply, at least with a few words. Today's "Rundschau" will be more timely than ever, by far, because I found some highly pertinent material. But don't forget that we decided to take up this whole business to provide a service and not for the sake of gaining fame, and so there's no need to get carried away [*uvlekat'sa*]. Naturally everything must be done properly so that it does not compromise or discredit us, but one ought not to spend too much time and attention on that. As far as the plan is concerned, at first glance it's still firmly in place, absolutely—to be specific: (1) current phenomena of an economic nature; (2) important new developments in the realm of technology (e.g. in transportation and communication), which give evidence of the general trend of capitalist development; (3) social policy, which gives evidence of steps forward in either social reform or class struggle. —Incidentally, my hope is to bring the "Rundschau" to completion little by little by adding to it [now and then] and so I don't get worked up about it and don't upset myself. In any case it is better than Julek [Marchlewski]'s or even Calwer's. —I'm very glad you have advised me to take up Ehrenfels for discussion. I have already written directly to Schoen[lank] about that and even have an answer, that he will order it right away and send it to me. —I have some important news from him. At the most recent gathering of the SPD Reichstag group Bebel dealt with the question of Isegrim-Schippel [Big Bad Wolf Schippel] and explained that his position must be condemned. It was decided that a **special** session of the Reichstag group will be called for January 10 or 11, and Schippel will be invited to it! At this most recent session Alb[ert] Schmidt (from the provinces) stated to Auer, among others, that in

the provinces people are outraged by his attacks on me and Klara [i.e. Clara Zetkin] at the Stuttgart congress.¹⁶⁸

—My dear, write to me **right away**. I need some especially significant information about Stepniak (and his activities). Schoen[lank] asked me for that for the Reichstag library, and I know nothing. In the meantime I've written to him that Stepniak's real name was Kravchinsky and he was the one that carried out a successful attempt on the life of [tsarist head of police] Mezentsov. Do I have that right? Parvus's *Weltpolitik* is at the present time simply comical.¹⁶⁹ Perhaps later on something more substantial will come of it. But in any case he always gives off an air of freshness and displays a "broad and expansive" way of thinking. —I'm settling down and going through *Wage Labor and Capital*, the *Communist Manifesto*,¹⁷⁰ etc., for material on the theory of impoverishment. As far as I can tell, it is a rather difficult business. —Have you read Cunow in *Neue Zeit*?¹⁷¹

So I am assuming that things are as good as certain in regard to your citizenship application in Zurich, am I right? I want to write a letter to **Forrer**. Have you gotten together with the Seidels? Dear me, what troubles you have there! Yours

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, December 27, 1898] Tuesday

My dear one, my beloved! On Saturday morning (the 24th) I received your long letter, and in the evening your telegram, and yesterday (Monday) your present with a postcard and in it a critique of my gift

168 During the SPD Party Congress in Stuttgart, October 3–8, 1898, Ignatz Auer had spoken disparagingly of Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin, who at that congress defended the historical tradition and revolutionary outlook of Social Democracy, advocating tactics consistent with the perspective of preparing for social revolution.

169 Parvus was publishing a newsletter entitled *Aus der Weltpolitik* (From World Politics).

170 Karl Marx was the author of *Wage Labor and Capital* and the *Communist Manifesto*.

171 The reference is to an article by Heinrich Cunow "Zur Zusammenbruchstheorie" (On the Theory of the Economic Collapse [of Capitalism]), which was published in the SPD theoretical magazine, *Neue Zeit*, vol. 17, 1898/99, no. 1.

to you. I send you heartfelt thanks for the Molière, even though my education—and I say this in complete humility—does have other, bigger holes besides classical French comedy, and although, for me, that other belated gift and the Molière are certainly fantastic, I'm also sure that it [the Molière] is the direct result of *Das Leben Jesu*¹⁷²—despite the fact that, as far as the history of literature goes, such a sequence violates chronology. That you would make fun of my Strauss **was quite clear to me** beforehand, because I know you well. I expected a longer letter with the Molière, but I'll just have to do without, knowing absolutely nothing [new] about you. To be sure, I write irregularly and not exhaustively. Nevertheless there is always news from me about what I'm doing. Your letters, on the other hand, are always just replies about business matters.

Your accusations in the letter I received Christmas Eve are partly unjustifiable. I absolutely do not live here “in the Lübeck [Bohemian] manner.” Mind you, I live an extremely regular life, eat and sleep at the right time, go for walks regularly, take care of my health and my clothes. All my affairs are in order. I read and clip the newspapers scrupulously every day, and I go to the library four times a week. You are also mistaken in saying that I don't get around to working on my economic supplement until just before the train leaves. I go to the library continually from Monday on and read through **all** the reviews that are in any way applicable (and there are quite a few of them). You could have gathered this in particular from my article about America in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.¹⁷³ But the problem is that frequently I can extract absolutely nothing from it all, partly [because] they are so irregular about putting the new issues out [on the library shelves], and I end up for two weeks' time with the same article at my fingertips. That's how it was just now, this last week (before the holidays), despite my complaints. Fresh issues [of periodicals] from Saturday were not put out until **Thursday**, but I was busy on Thursday with the Mickiewicz.¹⁷⁴ It was not until Friday,

172 The reference is to the gift she sent him, a work by David Friedrich Strauss, *Das Leben Jesu* (published in Germany, 2 vols, 1835–36; English translation by George Eliot, *The Life of Jesus*, 1846).

173 Luxemburg is referring to her article “Die Kosten eines Sieges” (The Costs of a Victory), which was published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* on December 19, 1898. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 295–308.

174 Luxemburg is referring to her article “Adam Mickiewicz,” which

the last day of the week, that I finally found the material, which on top of it all was not especially good, and I had to work right up until the train left. To make matters worse, I did the work and rushed myself to absolutely no avail. My "Rundschau" was **not** published in the Saturday issue, and that was, as Led[ebour] writes me today, because of the idiotic office worker who picked up the mail and left my manuscript lying in his briefcase and took it out only at 12:30 pm, when it was already too late for typesetting. (They start printing at 1 pm.) Because of that I will lose 20 marks for this month. But I'm going to write to Led[ebour] today to say that perhaps he should publish this "Rundschau" in **tomorrow's** paper, because it will not have gone stale.¹⁷⁵ And then on the [next] Saturday [he can print] a fresh, new one again. I don't want to lose the money, because I had already calculated that this month I would earn about 143 marks (plus or minus 3 marks for the item in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*). But that's pretty good money, wouldn't you say? And all of it quite unplanned. In the next two months I hope to earn just as much (minimum), and I can do it easily, so that you can come here at Easter time (or, it goes without saying, I can go to where you are, if you prefer that). Two days before Christmas Eve I had a terrific urge to cable you that you should come here. I was just walking around in the Tiergarten and suddenly I wanted so badly for you to come here that I turned into the street leading to the post office to send you a telegram. But at the last moment there came before my eyes your stay in Dresden and the situation with you there and [I realized] that the same thing would be repeated here, because I now **must** sit all day long and work on Bernstein, so in this case we would both sit all day long from morning to night and slave away on these articles. At the very thought of it I began to feel nauseated, and I repeated to myself my decision from Dresden: I want to see you **without** any work going on. I want to write everything **by myself** and then spend my free time with you. Also by the time of the little holidays this fuss with the Bernst[ein] [pamphlet] will be over, and I have no plans for anything else of that sort. So

appeared in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* on December 24, 1898. For the German text, see her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 302–7.

175 Actually, this "Economic and Socio-Political Review" by Luxemburg was published on Wednesday, December 28, 1898, in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*. See *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 308–17.

then, since your holidays begin in the first days of March, we'll see each other in two months. Write me immediately, and well ahead of time, whether you want to consider Berlin. Naturally I would prefer that, but ultimately the place is not important to me. **Write about that right away.**

Of the money for next month I've already spent a huge amount on presents (for father's birthday, for the Schoenlanks, for the landlady). I had to have some sent to me from Dresden, because otherwise I would have had nothing. In spite of that I will soon have **too much**, of course, and I don't need anything at all from you on the first. Of what's left over I have to give part of it to pay for my teeth, which I finally have to pick up. Wallfisch wasn't here. Obviously he hasn't come here (that wasn't definite, anyway). I'm having some trouble with Ledebour [editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden]. He insists that I must sign my "Rundschau," just as I do in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. If I sign there but don't with him, he says that "people can get the idea that you don't want to work with us." I don't know what I should do. Naturally I wrote to him immediately that I definitely will not sign the "Rundschau," that the only thing I will sign is an eventual lead article. But after all, if one has promised, one must someday write the article! What is one to do about this dilemma?

Now about that article on America in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.¹⁷⁶ Why did I **write** the article? Because some interesting material fell into my hands, and I was able to work it up in one day. Why did I **sign** it? Because ultimately it's a polemical jab at Bern[stein] and I absolutely can't do that kind of thing anonymously. And besides, the article was really quite nice and will in no way do me discredit, so I decided to sign it. And why did I write about Mick[iewicz]? Not because Schoen[lank] was waving his hands, as you assume, but because it is a **Polish** topic (and for the Germans too it's important—the whole [German socialist] press was running big articles: *Neue Zeit*, the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung* with Daszyński's article, and even the bourgeois press ran big articles). That's why it was obligatory for **me** to work up an article. I tried to turn it in a direction that would bring grist to our mill—to the extent that aesthetic considerations would allow—and in order to do that, I presented him in

176 Luxemburg is referring to her article "Die Kosten eines Sieges" (The Costs of a Victory).

connection with the history of nationalism and not, as M[ax] Beer did, from the angle of his philosophical views derived from an era of confused thinking. I know very well that it was not **what was expected** of me, and also not what I came to Berlin for. However, I do not by any means see these things that way, and certainly not other things either. It is clear that these are incidental works written on opportune occasions [*Gelegenheits-arbeiten*], and there will also be something theoretically important apropos of Bernstein. I'm going to break off here in order to give the woman this letter to take along and drop in the mail. I'll write you more tomorrow. Be good, Dziodziu, golden one, be sure to be good! You hear? I'm begging you. I kiss you and embrace you **with all my heart**. Your R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, March 2, 1899]

My precious Gold! These days your dear letters are a great source of strength for me, because I don't feel at all well. I've been **sleeping** whole days and am incapable of doing any work, neither to think nor even to write one letter. I wander around like some mindless head of cattle. I myself am astonished at being so exhausted by those four articles, which are certainly somewhat more than is permitted by the police [*als die Polizei erlaubt*].¹⁷⁷ Even now I'm writing you with the greatest effort, and after two words I forget what I wanted to say. You know what occurred to me yesterday? [I wondered] whether one day I'll die from a mental illness, because for such a long time (actually since **last year**) I've been feeling very peculiar, as I have often told you and written to you. I have the sensation of a clouding over or dulling of the mind. I think and feel everything as though through a screen of tracing paper. I have the sensation that my thoughts are being torn away from me and go so far away in fact

177 Luxemburg's articles were a polemic against the revisionist views of Max Schippel. They were published as a series of four articles in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* on February 20, 21, 22, and 25, 1899, under the overall title "Miliz und Militarismus" (People's Militia and Militarism) and were also intended as an Appendix to her book *Reform or Revolution*. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 446–66.

that I have to make an effort to remember exactly what it was I was thinking about. Besides that, I am now continuing to suffer from forgetfulness and mental lethargy. Just imagine, nowadays I never know **when and about what** I wrote to you last. A little while after I've sent the letter off, I no longer know whether I really did drop it in the mailbox or whether I lost it, if it had been properly addressed, etc. That's why I'm simply surprised that I was able to think so energetically and quickly in writing those Schippel articles. Well, all that is unimportant, and now down to business.

Your critical comments on my polemic (strictly speaking, the one most important comment) made me tremendously happy, because once again I have been convinced that I can fully rely on my own critical sense. You see, when I **sent off** this reply [to Schippel] I said to myself, "My dear kitty cat, you've gone galloping off, and you've turned down the wrong alley."¹⁷⁸ Instead of attacking opportunism again, I let myself be carried away with my favorite topic of economics, and went off into the thickets of theory. I opened **your letter** and read word for word the very same thing. Now you will ask why I didn't write better, since I was aware of this. I tell you, I myself am amazed that, under the conditions, I was able to write at all. Just imagine, I had to write this reply to Schippel in a matter of four hours right in Schoenlank's presence.¹⁷⁹ I thought I would go mad [from the situation]! He himself brought me Schippel's *Zuschrift* (addendum) and sat himself down to wait [as I answered it]. I told him of course that I could not write with him being there, but what can you do with [someone like] him? He assured me that he would not disturb me at all, that he would read a newspaper, that after all, before it was sent off, he had to look it over for style, etc. To get rid of him I pretended that I couldn't recall in which volume Rodbertus had written something about economic crises, and I sent him to the library to look it up. I thought to myself that surely it would take about three hours. —After half an hour he was back with a book under his arm. This nearly made me crazy. It ended up with us having an argument and me writing the article with my hands

178 In the second part of what Luxemburg "said to herself," she used a Russian phrase, *zagnula ne v tot pereulok*, whose literal meaning is "turned down the wrong alley," but figuratively it means "you've gone off track."

179 Luxemburg is referring to the fourth article in her series on militia and militarism.

trembling. —As I must confess, however, in all this, aside from the objectionable circumstances, I was partly playing a role in which I took great pleasure, because of the powerful effect of firing back [at Schippel] **immediately**. In fact I would have liked to write **more**, but there was neither time enough—I was writing up to the last minute—nor space in the limits of one article, and since this was slated for the Sunday edition, if I didn't do it, it would have to be postponed till Monday or Tuesday, and I was afraid that Mäxchen ["Maxie" Schippel] would have time, if I hesitated, to take back his addendum, which he had written after he read my third article, and then this fortunate opportunity to blast away at him would be lost. So I said to myself: *Da gilt es, schnell zu agieren* (the thing is to act quickly). At any rate the article is nicely done, and the party, the blockheaded ox, will not notice the fine points anyhow. It will be said simply that I "trounced" him and therefore [everything else] will be unimportant ... and that's how it turned out. Everyone was enthusiastic, and the only thing they were surprised about was "how Schippel could write such stupidities! ..." Schoenlank came to visit me today to report on the "impact." First of all (immediately after the reply to Schippel was printed) he had spoken with August [Bebel]. A's [August's] words: "*The articles are brilliant; I subscribe to them word for word; the tone is elegant and irreproachable. It is of course nonsense that the Reichstag group kept its decision secret.*"¹⁸⁰ *The matter must be brought before the party congress. However ...*" About this "*however*"—which came from him, not from me—more later. Antrick chanced to meet him [and said, in German]: "*I haven't read the articles myself, but people say that Luxemburg is demanding Schippel be thrown out. I take the same position she does.*"

Besides that, he visited Arons [who said]: "*The articles are excellent. Does Rosa really want Sch[ippel] thrown out? She's right. Berliners are reading the articles very eagerly, and the issues [with her articles] are lying around in all the bigger gathering places where party members go.*"

But back to Bebel. He also mentioned K[arl] K[autsky]'s articles, but did not praise them, not a word, merely expressing the opinion that they are too long [*zu lange*].

180 At a special session of the SPD Reichstag group on January 10, 1899, Max Schippel's revisionist views had been condemned.

As an indication of the success [of my articles] it should also be noted, "last not least,"¹⁸¹ that the bourgeois press raised a hue and cry about them. The *free-thinkers' paper*¹⁸² referred to the articles, calling me "the well-known noisemaker of the party" ["*die bekannte Krakeelerin der Partei*"], and it took a stand in support of Schippel. I enclose the clipping from the *Kreuz-Zeitung*.¹⁸³ These are both leading organs [of the bourgeois classes, and their statements] will be printed by the whole "free-thinking" press as well as by the entire reactionary press.

You have read the reprint in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*. It's all the more important because, in Schoen[lank's] opinion, it will be easier for the provincial party press to reprint that item, while they would not know what to do with the three-article series. —As for your advice to definitely write one more article, that is not feasible. It would make a peculiar impression now if I came clumping along with one more article as an encore. In this connection, you see things somewhat too darkly in regard to the mistake in my reply [to Schippel]. It came so quickly after the third article and was written so strongly that the impression of a definitive political statement has not in any way been blurred. I gather that from Schoen[lank's] report [on responses to her article]—My hopes for writing again on this question are more closely connected with the possibility that Schippel will continue his polemic in *Neue Zeit*, where he will surely want to justify himself, and then he won't hold anything back in the attempt to knock me down *en passant*. At that point I could speak out again. —It's rather difficult for me to lash out against the [SPD's central paper] *Vorwärts*. (1) Mr. Schoen[lank] has some anxiety in this regard and is nervous about it. (You don't know what difficulties I had with him over the third article!) He's afraid to take on the *Vorwärts*, although at the very first opportunity he would surely cut loose and start cussing like a trooper for no good reason. (2) I myself have no desire to get on the back of this pathetic old nag, which is

181 In English in the original.

182 *Freisinnige Zeitung*, organ of the Free-Thinking People's Party, published in Berlin from 1885 to 1918.

183 The morning edition of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* of March 2, 1899, expressed its views on the "Schippel case" and dismissed with defamatory phrases the positions taken by Luxemburg as well as others in the revolutionary workers' movement, calling them "busy little women."

on its last legs even without that—[I mean] the *Vorwärts*—a fact that is sufficiently well known to everyone, and no additional honor would accrue to me for trouncing it, especially after Parvus's unending campaign.¹⁸⁴ I cannot write on the same subject in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*. One must have some sort of system in one's work as a whole. If I am carrying on a discussion of party politics in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, I cannot do that at the same time in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, because I just don't have enough powder for that. It would look as though I were trying to write the way Parvus does—a great deal and at great length, but all quite colorless. I would always prefer to write less, but in such a way that it grabs the reader, and I can do that only in one publication. At present the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* has no significance, and it is not my task to cauterize this wound. And don't think that Sch[oenlank] would just look on without doing anything. On the contrary, as far as the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* is concerned, at this time I am the only representative of radicalism. —I've written to you about this previously, you know—because Mehring doesn't write there anymore, and by the way he's not writing at all, anywhere. Thus K. K. [Karl Kautsky] and I are now the only defenders of the extreme left. (Parvus has withdrawn and is stuck wallowing in his *Weltpolitik*,¹⁸⁵ and Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] is writing nothing.) —I wrote a short letter to K. K. about Daszyńska.¹⁸⁶ We'll see what his response will be.

As for my trip, you've given me a hard nut to crack with the proposal that it be put off until May. Quite frankly I have a lot of anxiety about that—do you know why? It's because, [first] as soon as I'm

184 Parvus published a statement entitled "My Fight for Freedom of Speech in *Vorwärts*." This appeared in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* of January 17, 1899. He accused the editors of *Vorwärts* of denying him the opportunity of expressing himself in their newspaper. In response *Vorwärts* published a polemical item on January 18, 1899, which Parvus in turn replied to in a letter published in *Vorwärts* on January 20, 1899, in the section "Comments and Responses." That in turn was followed by a reply from the editors.

185 A reference to Parvus's newsletter, *Aus der Weltpolitik*.

186 Zofia Daszyńska published a review of Luxemburg's *Industrial Development of Poland* in the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* of February 1899. Luxemburg rejected a request from the editors of that publication that she write a reply to Daszyńska in their magazine. She inquired of Karl Kautsky whether her reply could eventually be published in *Neue Zeit*. Kautsky agreed, but no such article was published.

aware of you in the same room, all my initiative evaporates immediately, and I “wait” for what you are going to say. Second, I feel that I ought to stay here at my post to deal with things, for example, to prepare a public talk on “Militarism and Social Democracy.” That would show that I was conducting a campaign persistently and with consistency. Otherwise, I would certainly like to make the trip and would do so as quick as you could count 1-2-3, and I would dismiss all other considerations [*Rücksichten*] with a wave of the hand. At each moment I keep changing my mind and I can’t come to a final decision. I would like best to be guided only by the considerations of the cause, but I myself don’t know what would be better for the cause. I’ll sleep on it tonight and write you tomorrow. (Apropos of that, I have also told Schoen[lank] that he should have a speech ready on this topic, and I’ve written to Klara for the same purpose, so that at least in one way or another a well-planned campaign will come out of all this ...)

A thousand kisses, Your R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin, March 3, 1899]

My dearest Gold!

You see what kind of head I have on my shoulders. Yesterday I wrote you about Bebel’s “However” and then forgot, later on, to explain what that meant. So then: “However,” he went on: “*Vorwärts isn’t saying anything because of the Old Man,*¹⁸⁷ *and Gradnauer is a partisan supporter of Schippel’s. The provincial press will hold its tongue because it has no self-confidence, and we ourselves* (that is, the Reichstag Group—RL) *have differing opinions on all the most important questions. When people see all this, they themselves will get depressed and lose the desire to struggle.*”¹⁸⁸ In a word, this whole short speech of Bebel’s had only one meaning: that Bebel himself is on the way to being senile and letting the reins slip from his grasp. He is happy when others put up a fight, but he himself no longer has either the energy or the fire to take any initiative. As for Singer, he is not a person of great significance. And K. K. [Karl Kautsky] limits himself to

187 That is, Wilhelm Liebknecht.

188 The italicized sentences are in German in the original letter.

theory. In short, when you take a look around [*kak vzglyanut' da posmotret' krugom*] the whole party is just standing there in damn bad condition, in a state of absolute headlessness [*bezholowie*], as the Ruthenians say. No one is providing leadership, and no one feels responsible. And among the few people who have courage and a point of view, Parvus—the devil knows why—has become totally involved with that stupid *Weltpolitik* of his.¹⁸⁹ Instead of, as he ought to be doing, writing in the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* (he apparently wants, like Seidel, to show the party that it can't get along without him) and that ass Mehring has gone and left the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* because of some stupidity.¹⁹⁰ Only K. K. [Karl Kautsky] and I remain on the field [*na placu zostayq*]. This is a situation in which a person with energy and health in my place could accomplish a lot. For example, I have now felt obliged to hold several public meetings, one after the other, on the subject of "Militarism and a People's Militia" [*"Militarismus und Miliz"*] in order to shake up the masses and to give a forward push to Bebel and the other gray heads. —But my health! —*Miserabel!* Yesterday a delegate from Schöneberg came to see me to ask me to give a prepared talk, so that means I **have to** do two of them this month. In general, one has had to be active and deal with things and eventually to meet with people, although as far as the last item is concerned, I prefer to stick to my tactic of dignified restraint and reserve [*vornehme Zurückhaltung*]. But in any case I distinctly feel that one ought to stay here at one's post [*auf dem Posten*], to speak out, and be at the ready at any moment. That's why I'm still unable to decide: to make the trip now or not. Oh, if only you would relieve me of this decision, so that I could be at peace and feel that I have made a **good** decision! ... I will sleep on it again tonight. I enclose clippings from the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. This means that the entire bourgeois press has reacted.¹⁹¹ Yet the *Vorwärts* remains silent. This is evident

189 A reference to Parvus's newsletter, *Aus der Weltpolitik*.

190 Because of a conflict going back many years between Bruno Schoenlank and Franz Mehring, Maximilian Harden succeeded in provoking renewed disagreements between these two experienced socialist journalists, with the result that Franz Mehring discontinued his collaboration with *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.

191 Luxemburg is referring to her polemic against the revisionist views of Max Schippel.

to people—never fear—and in Hanover they will be taken to task about this.¹⁹² Apropos of that, our situation in Hanover will be more difficult: I am not “editor” anymore, and Parvus won’t be there! To make up for it, Schoen[lank] is already on our side. Only I have to constantly keep propping him up. He is very stirred up over the impact the articles have had. The Leipzig comrades have presented a request to him that I should come there and give a report.

A thousand kisses, your R.

[P.S.] Obviously you haven’t read the last two issues of *Neue Zeit*. Right there on the cover is the entire contents of Ber[nstein’s] book, from which you can see for yourself what you have to work on. Blanquism, for heaven’s sake! I’m ordering the book for you so that you’ll receive it immediately, by the 14th at the latest.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] March 6 [1899]

My dear, beloved Dziodziuszka! I kiss you a thousand times for your most wonderful letter and for the gift, although I have not yet received it.¹⁹³ What’s happening this year? I’m being flooded with abundance as though from a cornucopia. Just imagine, I received from the Schoenlanks a fourteen-volume set of Goethe in deluxe binding [*Luxuseinband*]. Together with the books from you this will, all of a sudden, be an entire library, and the landlady will have to give me a new bookshelf, besides the two that I already have. You probably cannot even imagine how happy I am over what you chose [as a gift]. Rodbertus is my **favorite** writer on economics, who I can read a hundred times over just for the mental pleasure of it. But the *Handwörterbuch*¹⁹⁴—that goes beyond my wildest dreams. I have the impression that I have received not just a book, but some sort of **property**, something like a house or a piece of land. You know that we will have, all together, a very fine library, and when we start

192 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled for Hanover, in northern Germany, October 9–14, 1899.

193 March 5 was Luxemburg’s birthday.

194 Probably a multivolume reference work on the social and political sciences, the *Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften*.

living together like regular people, we must buy a bookcase with glass doors.

My golden one, my dear, how happy you made me with your letter. I read it six times from beginning to end. So you're really satisfied with me!? You write that perhaps, deep within me, I know that somewhere there is a man named Dziodzio who belongs to me. Don't you realize that everything I do is always only with the thought of you: when I write an article, my first thought is, Will it make you happy? And when I have a day when I doubt my strength and I can't work, the only thought that bothers me is what impact this will have on you, will it be disappointing for you? When I have proof of success, for example, that letter from Kautsky, I regard it as a moral tribute [*moralische Steuer*] to you. **I give you my word**, as sure as I love my mother, Kautsky's letter is not that important to me; I was so happy only because when I opened that letter I felt what great joy it would give you. I'm waiting with great impatience for an answer from you (most likely it will come tomorrow, together with the books, and that will be happiness twice over). There's only one thing lacking for me to have inner peace—the outward arrangements of your life and our relationship. Aren't you aware that very soon I will have such a strong (moral) position here that we will be able to live together quietly and openly as husband and wife!? You most likely understand that yourself. I am happy that finally your citizenship problem is coming to an end and that you're energetically getting closer to your PhD. I feel from your last letter that you are in a very good mood for working. By the way, your letters during the Schippel campaign were daily stimulants to my thinking, and in the last one you gave me an entire passage, which is the finest ornament in that article (the part about relief for the workers, which I translated directly from your letter). Do you think that I don't see and don't value that when the sounds of battle [*zvuki boyevye*] ring out, you stand by me with help and encourage me in my work, totally forgetting about criticizing, and overlooking my errors of omission [*upuscheniya*]? You have no idea what pleasure your letters bring me and with what desire I look forward to them: I know that every one of them will bring me joy, support, and the courage to deal with life.

But the greatest joy you gave me was when you wrote that we are still young and will be able to organize our personal life. Oh, my

golden Dziodzio, if you could only fulfill that promise! [Imagine] our own little apartment, our own little bits of furniture, our own library, quiet and regular work, working together, and from time to time, the opera, and a very small circle of acquaintances whom one can invite for dinner, and going for a trip to the country for one month every year, but absolutely without any work. (And maybe a very, absolutely small little Bobo [i.e., baby].) Will this never be allowed? Never? Dziodziu, you know, what happened to me yesterday while I was walking in the Tiergarten? Something totally unexpected, without any exaggeration. All of a sudden some little child (a little Bobo) three or four years old was at my feet, wearing a pretty dress and with long blond hair, and started to stare at me. Suddenly something came over me. I had the desire to pick up that child and quickly run home and keep it as mine. Oh, Dziodziu, will I never have a Bobo!?

But we will never quarrel with each other in our home, right? Our home will have to be quiet and peaceful, like most people's homes. But you know what really bothers me. I am already feeling old and ugly. You will have a not very pretty wife when you take her hand to go for a walk in the Tiergarten. —And we'll keep our distance from the Germans. In spite of invitations from the Kautskys, even now I remain aloof, so that they have to work harder and will feel that I don't care so much to be with them.

Dziodzio, if you (1) finish with the citizenship, (2) finish your doctorate, (3) settle down with me openly in our own place, so that we can start working together, that will be ideal. No other couple in the world has such possibilities for being happy as we have. And with just a little bit more willingness from each of us we will be, we must be happy. Were we not happy so many times? Only if we had stayed that way a little longer, and also if, along with that, there was work together. Do you remember Weggis? Melide? Bougy? Blonay? Do you remember how at that time we had no need for the world at large? As long as we were with each other in harmony, the world was not important to us. Quite the opposite, at such times I had great fear of any stranger barging into our lives. Do you remember Weggis when I was writing "Step by Step" ["Von Stufe zu Stufe"]?¹⁹⁵

195 The full title of the article was "Von Stufe zu Stufe. Zur Geschichte der bürgerlichen Klassen in Polen" (Step by Step: Toward a History of the Bourgeois Classes in Poland). It was published in the *Neue Zeit*,

(I always think with pride of what a superb piece of writing that is.) I was sick, lying in bed and writing, and nervous about it, and you were so good and kind, you were calming me down, giving me a kiss, talking to me with your dear, kind voice, which I can still hear. "Now, now, Ciućka, don't worry, **everything will be all right.**" I will **never** forget that. Also, do you remember in Melide after lunch you sat on the balcony, drinking thick, black coffee, sweating like a bull under the horrible sun, and I was hiding down in the garden with my notebook on theory of public administration [*Verwaltungslehre*]. Or do you remember one time there when musicians came into the garden on a Sunday and wouldn't let us sit there and we had to go by foot to Maroggia, and there the moon rose over Mount San Salvatore, and we were talking, actually, about whether I should go to Germany, and we stood there and hugged each other on the road in the darkness and gazed at the moon shaped like a sickle above the mountain, do you remember? In my memory I can still smell the fragrance of that evening. Do you remember when you arrived at 8:20 in the evening from Lugano with groceries. I ran downstairs with the lamp and we struggled together dragging those big packages upstairs and later we unloaded them on the table—oranges, cheese, salami, and a little cake in a paper wrapper. You know we probably never had a more fabulous supper than at that time on that little table in an empty room with the balcony door open and the sweet aroma coming up from the garden. You were cooking eggs in the frying pan with great skill, and from the distance in the darkness we could hear the train to Milan going over the bridge with a tremendous clatter.

Ah, Dziodzio, Dziodzio, come quickly. We will hide away from the world, the two of us, in two little rooms, we will work hard, we will cook, and it will be so good, so good. (And do you remember: "*Tol'ko odni lapki jest', sovsem malenkiye*"?)¹⁹⁶

vol. 16, 1897/98, no. 1, pp. 164–76. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 94–111.

¹⁹⁶ There are differing interpretations of the Russian sentence. In Elzbieta Ettinger's interpretation, it means something like: "There is only one (such lovely) pair of hands (as yours), such tiny, little hands." The German edition interprets the Russian as: "There's nothing (around) but sled dogs, and very small ones at that," suggesting almost total seclusion from the outside world.

Dziodzio, dear, I throw my arms around your neck and kiss you a thousand times. I want you to pick me up and carry me in your arms (but you always have the excuse that I'm too heavy).

Today I don't want to write anything about business. Tomorrow after I visit K. K. [Karl Kautsky]. I'll go there without the article,¹⁹⁷ because I'm waiting for your letter. I hug you and kiss you on the mouth, and I absolutely insist that you carry me in your arms.

Your Róża

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Berlin,] May 1, 1899

Dziodziuchna! I thank you for your express letter of yesterday. It made me very happy, because I had been sitting all day long in an empty house—waiting for your [brother] Józio. And anyhow, there was no sense going anywhere. It was raining, and I was feeling very bored. Unexpectedly the postman rang the bell and brought me [this] news from you, which I had been waiting for, for two days already.

Your brother is coming and not coming! I sat at home again all day today [in vain], and I don't understand what it means.

You ask if the speeches for the party congress have been assigned yet. I did write to you, Dziodziu, that Bebel is going to give the report on Bernstein and that it isn't known yet who will speak on militarism. Other points are of no concern to us. Your advice, at all costs, try to get a report [*vo chto by to ni stalo, dobivatsa referata*]¹⁹⁷—God knows, that's childish. I'm amazed at the way you keep giving such impractical bits of advice, and [this one] on such an important question. Do you really think there would be even the slightest chance that an official report [*Referat*] [at a party congress] would be entrusted to a person who has been active in the movement for only a year and who has called attention to her existence with a few **articles**, even though we may say they were outstanding ones. A person who does not belong to an in-group [*zur Sippschaft*], who has **no one's** protection, but only the use of her own elbows, a person who, for future

197 Luxemburg is referring to her reply to a review of her dissertation written by Zofia Daszyńska.

purposes, is feared not only by opponents (Auer & Co.) but also, in their heart of hearts, by allies [*Bundesgenossen*]*—*Bebel, K. K. [Karl Kautsky], Singer, etc., a person they feel it would be better to keep at a distance as much as possible, because this person could quickly grow right up over their heads [*über den Kopf wachsen*]. Don't you understand all that? To fight to give a report [that would be] **against** all of them—there is no means of doing that, because it is strictly their agreement they come to [*Abmachung*] behind the scenes. But I observe all that with profound calm: I knew in advance that everything would be like this. Likewise I knew that in one to two years, no intrigues, fears, or envious feelings would accomplish anything, and I would occupy one of the first places in the party. It's true, the situation at the present moment—Bernstein—is exceptional. But once again you seem to think that right now that is precisely the belly-button of the earth [*pup zemli*] and that if we don't do it now, then all is lost. That is foolishness. The party is now (and has been for the past two years) marching forward into a whirlpool of ever more difficult tasks and ever more dangerous phenomena. There will still be a thousand and yet another thousand opportunities at every turn for the party to show its strength and indispensability. In all this, I have no intention whatever of limiting myself to **criticism**. On the contrary, I have the intention and the desire to **push in a positive direction**, and not just to push individuals but the movement as a whole, to bring our entire positive effort under review, to demonstrate new ways of doing agitation and practical work (to the extent that such ways can be found, and I have no doubt they can), to fight against casualness, routinism [*Schlendrian*], etc. In a word, to be constantly giving new impetus to the movement, that is—to do what Parvus began and did well for several months, but only several. At any rate I now have the same unshakable belief that P[arvus] had: namely, that with the appropriate abilities one can accomplish a huge amount in this movement, [that] one can do it from day to day and for years to come [*auf Jahre hinaus*]. The entire current epoch is an extraordinarily crucial one. And that there is no one present who is in a position to wake up the party by tapping on its skull is shown by the question of the state assemblies [*Landtagswahlen*],¹⁹⁸ which I

198 The differing tactics used by the SPD in elections to the state assembly (*Landtag*) in each different state (*Land*) of Germany, such as in Prussia as distinct from Saxony, led to a discussion in the German Social

unfortunately came in too late to take up. But there will be hundreds of more such questions every year. [For example,] the tariff question, foreign policy, and the trade unions, [just take] those alone—and you already have three untouched areas [*nepochatykh ugla*]. And then to put the spoken and written propaganda on a new track, because in the old forms it has become petrified and has almost no effect on anyone any more, and in general to bring new life to the press, the pamphlets, and the public meetings. I'm only writing all this in a hurry, in a disorderly way, to show you that I don't view what's going on around me in an unplanned or unthinking way, and second of all, to remind you that the world is not coming to an end with Bernstein and Hanover.¹⁹⁹

As for the statement that it is ridiculous to be an idealist in the German movement, I don't agree with that. First of all, because there are idealists here too—above all the huge number of the most ordinary party agitators from among the mass of the workers and furthermore, **even** among the leaders: e.g., **Bebel**. Second—all that, taken together, doesn't bother me. Because the *suprema ratio* [supreme principle] with which I have succeeded in all my Polish-German revolutionary practical work is this: always to be myself, without any regard to the surroundings or other people. Indeed, I am an idealist and will remain one, as much in the German movement as in the Polish. That does not mean of course that I intend to play the role of a virtuous donkey, doing other people's work for them. I certainly want to and will strive for as influential a place in the movement as possible. But that does not in the least conflict with idealism and does not require me to employ any means other than my own talent, to the extent that I have any. And by the way, my golden one, if you think they can succeed in the **given** case (the case of Bernstein) with a tactic of keeping me away from the table [*von der Tafel zu verdrängen*], you are very much mistaken. —My

Democratic movement in 1898 and 1899. Opinions differed quite widely over the value of participating in elections in states where reactionary and restrictive election laws had been introduced. Particularly strong disagreements were aroused by the question of whether and to what extent it would be permissible for the SPD to engage in electoral work together with bourgeois parties.

199 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled for October 9–14, 1899, in the city of Hanover.

articles and, still more, my booklet,²⁰⁰ have done their work and will continue to do so, setting the seal on my contribution to the discussion. And you will see that even Bebel in Hanover, just like Clara here, will be reciting from my booklet. Incidentally, who will be in Hanover and what will occur there cannot be determined beforehand. Just get the idea of a report out of your head, because it's ridiculous.

*Praeterea censeo:*²⁰¹ It is best, as you yourself concede, to keep one's **distance** from them.

Also, you can see in the case of Mehring that you yourself don't know what you want. Today you're writing that it would be better not to bring him into the work of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. Yet in a letter of **one week ago** you shouted with all your might [that we must] get him involved, because without him the world would come to an end: "In a word, Mehring is necessary!" [*Odnim slovom, nuzhen Mehring!*"] Now, a few days later, M[ehring] is already unnecessary [*nenuzhen*]. What if I had carried out all your "orders" instantaneously?! You incorrigible diplomat! I have to close now, for today. I kiss you strongly, right on the kisser.

Your Rosa

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, December 18, 1899]

Dziudziuchna, golden one! Today I was at Katzbach Street.²⁰² We changed the plan, and I will start the trip on the 25th and stay there until the 31st.²⁰³ Originally W[inter] particularly wanted me to give talks on the 17th, 26th, and 31st. For this pleasure I would have had to spend half a month there and sit around doing nothing from the 17th to the 26th, nine days! Of course I couldn't do any

200 Luxemburg is referring to her work *Reform or Revolution*.

201 Here the Latin phrase seems to mean: "Beyond all that, here's my assessment ..."

202 The offices of the SPD Executive were located at 9 Katzbach Street in Berlin.

203 Luxemburg was in Upper Silesia to hold public meetings promoting the SPD from December 23, 1899, to January 1, 1900, making stops in Katowice, Bielszowice, and Zabrze, among other places.

writing for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* there, not having newspapers and books, and so I would have definitely gone bankrupt for this month. I didn't go along with this proposal and consented only to make the trip for the two public meetings on the 26th and 31st. Under these conditions your plans having to do with Hamburg or Munich are the only ones we can carry out, as it now seems. This prospect of an eternal nomadic existence scares me terribly. I'm also afraid we'll both lose a lot of time because of this, and besides, prices are high and we will have to live very frugally. The way things are going I will soon have to take over payment of the living expenses for my father and sister. To respond with indifference to this situation, based on news I have just received from home, or to bow out with wishes of "good luck" would be an unconscionable action on my part. It is high time that I assume my responsibilities with full seriousness. Here too I have run into some reversals that are enough to make me shout out loud dementedly. (I obviously won't be able to afford this with my writings alone, or else my writing will go to the dogs.) God knows how this will all work out. But the heck with all that—let me get back to the subject. This situation really is unpleasant, damn it all. It irritates me so much that I would rather not think about it. Just finish your dissertation, since the deadline is coming closer—that is, the deadline toward which we have been aiming. Then we will decide. We already know the difficulties, and nothing new is going to crop up for us. There is only one choice: either Berlin for the whole year or half the year in Berlin and half in Hamburg. I lean toward that rather than Munich. In the summer we can live by the sea for a certain length of time, which would also be good for our health. On the other hand, [I wonder] whether there would be more gossip [about us] in Hamburg than in Munich, because in Munich we would exclusively be living with the Adolfs [Warskis]. We would simply keep away from all others. In Hamburg, to the contrary, certain party responsibilities and relationships would be on my shoulders, so that I would have to have dealings with people.

I have to be very brief in writing you today because I received a telegram from Leipzig to send an article about the French party congress.²⁰⁴ They need it tomorrow and that's a lot of work. I would

204 Luxemburg's article "Die Französische Vereinigung" (The Unification [of Socialist Parties] in France) was published in the *Leipziger*

have written to you yesterday but I had to do an article in great haste, come what may, because Sch[oenlank] is sick.

Because of the situation at home and the constant little obstacles to getting work done (such as this trip to Upper Silesia), I'm in a very bad mood. Kisses from the heart, Your R.

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

semi-Asia, December 30, 1899

My dear friends!

I send you hearty greetings from the border between civilization and barbarism. My countrymen locally are quite satisfied with my visit here, and I am no less satisfied myself. The trip was very necessary. A word spoken in Polish has quite a different effect than when spoken in that "foreign" tongue, German.

Our [friend] Winter is very nice and a splendid comrade. As for his spouse, one small detail among many is characteristic: she wrote to him from Berlin, after she first visited me, "RL is quite human."

The local comrades in their naïve way made the confession to me that they had imagined me quite differently: large and fat! ... We've had only two public meetings, but in between them every night the comrades have had their "beer evenings" in my honor, at one time in Katowice, another in Zabrze, and so forth. At these beer evenings certainly none of Ballestrem's champagne was on tap.²⁰⁵ To make up for that, however, the producers of surplus value mentioned so scornfully by Ballestrem were filled with the holy spirit of Social Democracy. Seriously, such private get-togethers among a close circle of friends have a much more stimulating effect than the public lectures. These are people with strong **feelings**, like all Poles, and **personal** contact is very important. Incidentally, among other things I had to tell where and what I have studied, how old I

Volkszeitung, December 18–20, 1899. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 651–60.

²⁰⁵ This is a joking reference to a statement made by Franz von Ballestrem, who became president of the Reichstag in 1898. He claimed that during the so-called *Gründerzeit* workers' wages had risen so high that construction workers were drinking champagne out of beer glasses.

am, how I make my living, how my family is, etc., etc. It is humorous and touching at the same time. The miners, some of them came directly from work, completely black with coal dust. Tomorrow I have the last public meeting of my speaking tour here. (I leave at 1 p.m., saying goodbye to our local party unit, which will celebrate December 31st with us and the end of the century.)

So then, Happy New Year! Here's wishing the best of luck to the entire Kautsky clan, all three generations. Your totally devoted Rosa.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau,] January [4,] 1900

Dear Dziodziuś! This morning I received your angry letter, from which I conclude that you did not receive one of my letters from Upper Silesia! Still, I did write you twice, as I recall, once on the 27th and the second time, together with New Year's greetings, on the 30th. You mention only one letter. Write whether you received them both! I've already explained to you the business about the railroad timetable.²⁰⁶

Yesterday evening I was just about to write you, but at that moment I got a note from Lopek [Bein] asking me to get on the streetcar right away and go to see him because he had an important matter to take up, but could not come to my place. So I had to make the trip right away, and it turned out he wanted to borrow 50 marks from me, which I could naturally neither give to him nor promise him. However, as a result the whole evening was lost to me.

Now back to the subject. To put it briefly, here's how the trip went: all of Monday [December 25] was spent traveling. No one met me in Bytom because the train arrived an hour late. So I hired a horse-drawn sleigh and headed for Winter's place. With difficulty, after searching for half an hour, we found the street. The building and the floor on which he lived were deserted and so dark that one might easily have broken one's neck. Neither of the Winters was there. They had gone to visit their parents in Silesia for the Christmas holidays,

206 Instead of an article by Luxemburg, Jogiches had received in the mail a Swiss railroad timetable. Luxemburg assumed that there had been a mix-up in transit through the Swiss postal system.

which by the way, I had known about beforehand. The maidservant was waiting for me. A few days earlier it had been arranged that, on Winter's orders, a *Vertrauensperson* [SPD "trustee"] from Katowice, a man by the name of Borys, would meet me at the train and take me to the public meeting in Bielszowice. But no Borys showed up. Toward noon, observing that no one was coming to meet me, I hunted up the only party office that I had an address for in Bytom and asked for a guide to take me to Bielszowice, because I didn't have any inkling of where the [SPD] local was [in that town]. They finally gave me a fellow who, as it turned out later, didn't know the way himself. He and I took the wrong streetcar, and we had to get out after going some distance, and then we had to wait, right out in the open, in snow and freezing cold, **for an hour** for a different streetcar to come along. I sent the fellow to the neighboring village to hire a wagon or sleigh—but he found nothing. After an hour of waiting my legs had almost fallen off from the cold. We finally got onto the right streetcar and traveled for another hour. Then once again we had to go on foot across country, that is, through snow, ice, and mud, where there was no path, until we trudged our way to the [SPD] local, a shack standing out in an open field. It was understood that we would arrive there for this meeting at 4:30 pm (after we had left the house at 1 pm). I had barely shown up when the [police] commissar called the meeting off on the grounds that it was already dark and no "appropriate" lighting was available.

The indignation of the workers was tremendous, but after all, I had lost [this chance for] a meeting and I was furious. When the older comrades who were there saw what had happened they cursed Winter roundly for having assigned Borys instead of someone else, because as it turned out to my misfortune, it was exactly at that time that Borys's mother had died and that was why he couldn't come to meet me. You can imagine how I was fuming inside myself, but one thing turned out to our advantage: since we were forced to wait several hours for the train for the return journey, we ended up forming a rather large circle at the station and we had discussions and conversations and got to know each other personally. I gathered a great deal of information about their relations with Winter, their attitudes toward him, toward the PPS, etc. We immediately arranged that we would have a meeting the next day with a group of reliable people, in Katowice, then some of them accompanied

me home, where I arrived toward 10 pm, tired, frozen through, and with feet soaking wet, and also in despair because of the failed attempt at a meeting. It was impossible to write you that day, on the next day I did write you briefly, but didn't mention this failed meeting, because it was extremely unpleasant for me. The next evening the Winters came back. Winter had to concede that he had committed a stupidity because after organizing a meeting and inviting me he should have stayed home and been available and not relied on other people. —In the following days we did have meetings, one in Katowice, then in Zabrze and Siemianowice [German name, Laurahütte] with equally reliable people in those places, as well as representatives of the PPS. The fellows were very happy about my being there, poured their hearts out to me, placed great confidence in me, and in the end brought up the question of my attitude toward the PPS. I informed them about that briefly. They definitely wanted to bring this matter up at the next PPS congress at Easter time. They wanted to give me a mandate and threatened that if the people in Berlin had the least thing to say against me, all of Upper Silesia would rise against them. With regard to the Polish question, they take our position completely. They also asked me to give them my address, and we are going to correspond, and the party delegates from Upper Silesia will visit me here [when they come to Berlin].

These confidential discussions brought to me and to our cause greater benefit than the public meetings did, because they brought us closer together personally, and these fellows exclaimed when we were saying goodbye: "We love you so!" (all using *ty*, the familiar form of address). (The only thing is, they say they had a different image of me [previously]: "large and fat.")

As has been shown, the Berlin PPS people are also in a very conciliatory mood. Not only did they report about my public meeting in the *Gazeta Robotnicza* but they have also written to Winter that they are very glad I came to Upper Silesia as an agitator. They also asked if I could urge people to subscribe to the *Gazeta Robotnicza* and that they hoped that their statement in the *Gazeta Robotnicza* "will please you [Winter] and Rosa" (word for word!). In view of this we now must consider what tactic we should follow toward them and what to undertake in connection with their party congress. Think about it.

Finally my last public meeting came on Sunday. This time I pestered Winter so much that we arrived on time at our destination. Again we waited for the streetcar literally in vain, then we immediately hired a carriage in Bytom that took us there in one hour and waited for us while we were in Bielszowice. The number of people who gathered for the meeting was larger than ever before. There were easily 150, which is a very large number for the conditions existing there (really!), because they have to make the trip from the whole surrounding region, from as far as two hours away. First Winter thanked me publicly with a few words for making my appearance there, and then I gave my talk—exactly one hour. It went very well, and they interrupted me several times with applause, and at the end they “thunderously” shouted bravo and burst forth with cheers [*Hochrufe*] for me. An old mine worker came up to me after the meeting, patted me on the face, and said, “You did that real well.”...

There will be a report in the *Gazeta Robotnicza*, which I will send to you. The workers were happy that they had finally gotten to hear “a word spoken in Polish.” To be sure, Morawski had spoken there already but “he can’t be compared with you,” they assured me. After me, Marek the SPD trustee [*Vertrauensperson*] spoke, and he explained that it is of course not surprising that Comrade Luxemburg knew how to speak so beautifully, “because certainly that’s exactly what she was like at the *gimnazjum* [Polish for “high school”].” (Word for word [that’s what he said].)

To sum it all up [*Summa summarum*], I am highly satisfied with this trip because it will have a decisively positive effect on our relations with the PPS in the entire coming period; and these relations have finally moved off of dead center, where they have been for so long.

What’s your advice about what to do now?

Mrs. Winter was sick, and for the whole time that I remained in the house I had to make hot compresses! Because of all that I could barely pull myself together to write you two letters.

Have I written you about this or not? For Christmas from the Kautskys I received a lovely basket of marzipan fruit, a little box of candy, and a whole bag full of snacks for the trip. From the Schoenlanks I received a beautifully bound edition of the works of Lothar Bucher. The Kautskys are already calling me “**Rosa**” [i.e., are already on a first name basis].

Send this letter to Adolf [Warski] because I'm not up to giving one more account!

The women are quite satisfied with me; they too came to the private gatherings. They came to Bielszowice as well, but the police chased them away.

I had to promise the workers that I would come again and that at the latest it would be Whitsuntide (because Easter is the PPS congress). I have to close now, for today! We're having a "five o'clock" [written in English] at the house of ... [of all people,] Askew (the Kautskys, myself, Paul Göhre, and a man from Holland will be there), and on Sunday there is an evening meal at the Kautskys' with people from Italy.

Kisses from the heart! Your R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, circa January 13, 1900]

Dear Dziodziu!

You really are remarkably funny [*paradny*!] First you write me a letter in the most abominable tone, and when I naturally reply to that briefly and dispiritedly you call it [*du heisst es*] "your post-card [written] in a tone that does not dispose me to write at greater length" [*tvoyo oktrytoye pismo v tone ne raspologayushchem menya pisat bolee podrobno*] ...

Generally speaking, you don't notice that your entire correspondence systematically displays a quality of being one huge unpleasant thing: Its only content is a dreary, pedantic **mentoring**, such as is more usually associated with "letters of a teacher to his pet pupil." I understand that you want to let me know your critical comments and observations, and I understand their usefulness in general, and even the necessity for them in particular cases. But for God's sake, with you all this has definitely turned into a bad habit and an honest-to-goodness **illness**! I can't write to you about a single thing, not one idea, not one fact, without receiving in reply the most boring and tasteless perorations. Whether it be my articles, my visits to people, my stay with the Winters—whether it be newspaper subscriptions or even clothes, whether it be my relations with [people] "at home"

[i.e., in Poland]—in a word, there is literally not a single thing that is of concern to me and that I write you about that you don't reply to with lectures and advice. It really is too boring for words! And even more so from being so one-sided, because for your part, you neither give me material for criticism and advice nor do I have the desire or the bad habit of wishing to instruct you. And if once in a while I dare to give you some advice, you don't even think about following it. What sense was there, for example, in your tirade in yesterday's postcard "with regard to your tasks in the German movement and in literary work, as well as concerning your studies at home for yourself" [*"naschyot tvoikh zadach v nemetskom dvizhenii i v literaturnoi deyatelnosti, a takzhe kasatelno zanyatiy doma dlia sebya"*] "so as not to go to the dogs, either politically or intellectually"?²⁰⁷ ... It would be much more interesting if you would finally write to me just once with regard to tasks [*naschyot zadach*]²⁰⁸ that you have thought out for yourself to do, and what reading **you** are doing there to keep yourself from going to the dogs. Judging from the spirit and content of your letters, I'm afraid this prospect [of going to the dogs] threatens **you** in Zurich far more than it threatens me in Berlin. What a tasteless idea, all these last few weeks, to be saving me from "going to the dogs"!

All that comes from your old bad habit, which became noticeable right from the start in Zurich and which fundamentally ruined the situation when we were living together, namely your bad habit of assuming the role of mentor, as a result of which you felt called upon to instruct me eternally about everything and take on the role of my private tutor. Your advice and criticism nowadays in relation to my "activity" here goes once again far beyond the bounds of advice and observations from a good friend and has again turned into systematic mentoring. Therefore really the only thing I can do each time is shrug my shoulders, and later in my letters I avoid mentioning anything to you that is not absolutely indispensable, so as not to provoke any tasteless instruction giving as an answer. And besides, what value can your moralizing have in my eyes when what you do, being on your own, customarily depends on your whim of

207 The remainder of the quotation from Jogiches's "postcard of yesterday" is italicized because he wrote it in German.

208 Luxemburg is quoting back to Jogiches a Russian phrase that he himself had used (see previous paragraph).

the moment. Here is a small sample: During the past week I complained at one point in a letter that without wanting to, and in fact, **against** my will, I have become involved in a personal friendship with K. K. [Karl Kautsky]. To that you replied that you were **very happy** about this friendship: for my sake [*Meinetwegen*]. Then suddenly, in your last letter, you express yourself about the evening at K. K.'s, which I described for you, but not of course for the purpose of obtaining your "critical assessment." You let yourself go at great length and width on the subject of the harmfulness and superfluousness of initiating a friendship with K. K., etc. How can the one statement be reconciled with the other? Quite simply, in the first instance you were in a good mood, and on the second occasion, a bad one, so you immediately painted everything black and therefore immediately I had to be warned about "going to the dogs," etc. —One more comment: in general I am impressed only by advice and the expounding of general principles which are followed by the advice-giver **himself**. So when you write your comments to me, always be sure to compare your information with how things stand in this respect **as far as you're concerned**. For example, your progress with your dissertation, your systematic intellectual work, your subscribing to and reading "newspapers from home" [i.e., from Poland], etc., etc.)

See what a shampooing I've given you. Aha! The pitcher has gone to the well so often that finally the handle breaks; add one grain after another, and the measuring cup is full; don't stick your fingers between two doors; the pot is calling the kettle black—and I could cite many other appropriate **truly Polish** proverbs here, only I'm afraid that this pure Polish is precisely something you won't understand. Therefore I will present just one proverb, composed by Mr. Jowialski²⁰⁹: the older the tomcat, the stiffer the tail ... All the conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing I leave to your sharp intelligence, because, as people say among us in Poland: for a mutonhead, two words are needed [*baraniej głowie dość dwie słowie*].²¹⁰

Now some topics for your kind consideration:

209 Jowialski is probably a made-up name taken from the Latin *jovialis*, the same root of our word "jovial" in English. It's like the character in some of the poems of Zbigniew Herbert—"Mr. Cogito," whose name obviously comes from Descartes's famous saying, "Cogito, ergo sum."

210 A play on the saying, "One word to the wise is sufficient."

(1) Yesterday Sch[oenlank] and the three Kautskys came to have an evening meal with me. Sch[oenlank] left around 10 p.m. (for the train station, because he's going off on a trip), but the K[autsky]s sat around until quarter of one in the morning.

(2) I did send you the review about Miss Zastrabska in the first letter from Bytom. I received it shortly before my trip, took it along, and immediately enclosed it in my letter of the 27th, which unfortunately is the missing letter. The review was **very complimentary** to her. She is a young and highly promising force [in the world of music], who has already appeared several times at concerts of the Leipzig Conservatory.

(3) At the same time I'm sending you the issue of *Gazeta Robotnicza* with the report about my speech.²¹¹ It just came **today**. Naturally I disclaim any responsibility for this report. This foolish gibberish is the work of the SPD trustee [*Vertrauensperson*] there, Marek. For that reason it would be ridiculous to send complaints or objections to *Gazeta Robotnicza*, because there are no false assertions in the article; the only thing is that, all in all, it's merely naïve jabbering, as always in the reports printed by *Gazeta Robotnicza*, which its readers know from experience.

(4) I have the intention of taking over the position held by Cunow with K. K.²¹² He wants to leave that position. There's very little work and the pay is steady. My own articles will be compensated for **separately**. It goes without saying that I would do this only because of the money, that is, for father. I have not yet said anything to K. K. I found out about this only yesterday. What do you have against it? Answer immediately. Hugs from the heart! Your Rosa

211 Luxemburg had spoken in Bielszowice (in Upper Silesia) on December 30, 1899, on the basic ideas of socialism. The report about the public meeting was published in the issue of *Gazeta Robotnicza* dated January 13, 1900.

212 Heinrich Cunow was an editor at the *Neue Zeit*.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau,] April 24, 1900²¹³

My precious Dziodziuś! Your letter arrived at the right time, just when a thought was ceaselessly tormenting me: When will this chaotic mess between us come to an end?

In order to explain to you my state of mind and my behavior recently, I will only say briefly that I had concluded from the whole recent period, mostly in fact from my stay in Zurich, that you ... had stopped loving me; perhaps there is even someone else who has a claim on you, that I at any rate have ceased to be for you the person who would be capable of making you happy in this life—to the extent that it is at all possible.

This idea became clear to me all at once that night when I was at [Clara] Zetkin's, lying on her sofa, and besieged by these thoughts, I could not go to sleep. Suddenly it all became so clear to me, and beyond any doubt. Your hesitation about the trip to Berlin and your entire behavior recently I have come to understand in the light of **this** fact, that it would be easier for me—truthfully—and it would relieve the pain in my chest, as in the case of a person who after endless riddles, complications, confusion, and muddling finally finds a simple and clear answer to **all** questions, even though it may be a most painful answer.

I immediately decided also to handle things in such a way as to make the separation easier for you, that is, first of all to break off our correspondence, so as not to initiate new connections between us through my letters, and so as not to affect your mood. I said to myself: this way the problem will be solved. If he loves me and wants us to live together, he will come, and if not, breaking off the correspondence is something he needs and his being used to me will gradually fade away, and the relationship will “resolve” itself of its own accord.

After that I began living here in complete isolation with the thought that I am alone and it will always be that way. I felt a certain coldness in this but also pride. And every time I saw other people living together, when I saw how lovely it is to be alive in the springtime, when I thought about the fact that you probably won't find anyone with whom you can live as you lived with me, I began,

213 Luxemburg dated this letter “June 24, 1900,” but the contents show that it was written on April 24.

without wanting to, to hatch plans and nourish hopes—and every time the same simple thought would occur: he's already living a different life; or: you have nothing to give **to him**; this thought persisted and, having chased away all my dreams, made me go back to work, completely down in the mouth.

From your letter I somehow seem to gather that I—that I made a mistake (I am not at all in the state of mind to state certain things openly)—that our relationship still has some ground under its feet and there is hope for the future. But are you yourself sure of this? Do you really know quite well what is going on inside you? Isn't it just a momentary weakness? *Dziodzius!* ...

And if everything is all right, then don't try to discuss anything with me, especially not what was and how it was, not that any more, but write when and how we are to make arrangements. There are many reasons to be quick about this.

And now briefly to get down to business. *Dziodziuchna*, my precious one, if I drove you out [*vytalkivala*] of any involvement in my affairs, that was **only** because I felt to blame inwardly for your present situation, because I had gotten you so absorbed with the Polish work, I said to myself that if I didn't break away from that, I would always be wasting your time and energy simply as a result of my own selfishness. Also you should remember how often you said to me that for our personal relationship to become normal, you would have to know that I could get along without you! Therefore I did what I could to be my own adviser and counselor, in order to set you free from me, and you call all of that driving you out [*vytalkivanie*] ... If you only knew how painful it is for me here many times, that I don't consult with anyone, that I don't rely on anyone, and cannot share my doubts with anyone. But I consoled myself about all that with the thought that you should not be drawn into it because otherwise it would wear you out. If you wanted to, how wonderfully well we could live together and work together! There is plenty of work here. I myself can't even cope with one tenth of it on my own.

Now, besides the Germans, I also have to deal with the Poles. I can tell you about the party congress in person only; it's impossible to write about it.²¹⁴ The whole two days consisted solely of a struggle by the entire party congress against me. I dominated the

214 Luxemburg participated in the Fifth Congress of the PPS of Prussian-occupied Poland, which was held in Berlin, April 15–16, 1900.

whole party congress and in the end they came crawling of their own accord. The report for *Vorwärts* from the second day of the congress²¹⁵ was written by **me** (at the wish of the editors), and therefore I could not portray myself as I have described; besides, we didn't want to annoy or provoke the defeated ones. But this was the result: victory all along the line; I even won the most embittered opponents over to my side. Therefore great furor and dismay [*smyatienie*] reigns in the camp of the PPS intelligentsia. They already have to start twisting things around, evidence of which was the article in *Gazeta Robotnicza*, which I am sending to you (send it back **immediately**), and in the next issue my reply will appear.²¹⁶

My review of the book by Schüller will be in the *Neue Zeit*.²¹⁷ Two honors have been accorded to me. (1) K. K. [Karl Kautsky] sent me the French translation of his book against Bernstein.²¹⁸ In the book

215 Luxemburg's report about the second day of the congress was published in the *Vorwärts* of April 20, 1900. The *Vorwärts* had reported on the first day in its issue of April 18.

216 The article (in Polish) "About the Party Congress" in *Gazeta Robotnicza*, no. 16, April 21, 1900, dealt especially with Luxemburg's appearance at the PPS Party Congress, welcomed the fact that she had joined the party, and stated, not without malicious emphasis, that "Luxemburg finally has become a Polish socialist." The article implied that Luxemburg's joining the PPS meant that she also supported the PPS program advocating Polish independence. Luxemburg's reply to this article was not published immediately after she sent it, but instead the editors ran a notice in issue no. 17, which put Luxemburg off until the next issue of this weekly publication. (Luxemburg referred to this notice in her letter of April 30, 1900, to Leo Jogiches.) Her reply then appeared in *Gazeta Robotnicza*, no. 18, May 5, 1900, with a note from the editors that the factual corrections that the author was requesting would not be made. Luxemburg's "Complaint to the Executive Body" (in Polish), was published in *Gazeta Robotnicza*, no. 21, May 26, 1900. The editors accompanied it with comments by the PPS Executive, which contained sharp attacks on Luxemburg.

217 Rosa Luxemburg is referring to the book by Richard Schüller entitled *Die Wirtschaftspolitik der historischen Schule* (The Economic Policy of the Historical School), Berlin, 1899. Luxemburg's review first appeared in May 1900 under the title "Back to Adam Smith." It was published in the *Neue Zeit*, vol. 18, 1899/1900, no. 2. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 728–37.

218 Karl Kautsky's book *Bernstein und das sozialdemokratische Programm* (Bernstein and the Social Democratic Program) was brought out in a French translation in Paris in 1900 under the title *Le Marxisme et son critique Bernstein*.

he wrote the inscription: "To my dear friend Rosa Luxemburg—Karl Kautsky" ["*Meiner lieben Freundin R ... L ... — K ... K ...*"]. (2) He made the suggestion that if I was in agreement, in the event that some manuscripts were found in Marx's papers [*im Nachlass von Marx*] besides the fourth volume of *Capital*, that I should take over the editing of those manuscripts, and naturally I agreed.²¹⁹ He is traveling to Paris this very day to acquire the *Nachlass* from Lafargue.²²⁰

I have not written much in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* because my time was taken up by the trip to Poznań,²²¹ then my illness (I stayed in bed for a week), and then the [PPS] party congress. I have now sent off three articles and am finishing the fourth.²²² Thus my budget will work out all right (together with the [earnings from] *Neue Zeit*).

Certainly during the time spent in Poznań things went splendidly: I disrupted a Catholic gathering and spoke at three workers' meetings: shoemakers, tailors, and party workers. There I introduced a resolution that you must have read in *Vorwärts* from that time.²²³

219 Despite her response stated here to Kautsky, there is no evidence that Luxemburg ever worked on Marx's voluminous literary remains, which contained tens of thousands of pages of manuscripts, articles, essays, and excerpt notebooks that were not transcribed or published until decades afterwards.

220 Paul Lafargue was Karl Marx's son-in-law.

221 Luxemburg was in Poznań (German name, Posen) from March 24 through March 27, 1900, where she spoke at a number of meetings.

222 This refers to a series of articles, "Agrarische Interessen und Zollpolitik" (Agrarian Interests and Tariff Policy), and the single article "Zur Verlegung des polnischen Parteiblattes" (On the Changes in the Party's Polish Paper). These were published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, respectively, on March 23–25 and on March 27, 1900. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 709–22.

223 A resolution was published in the April 3, 1900, issue of the *Vorwärts*, which had been submitted in advance by the Poznań organization to the Party Congress of the PPS of the Prussian-occupied part of Poland. It declared that the Poznań organization stood fully and completely on the same ground as the German Social Democratic Party (the SPD), and it demanded that the Executive of the PPS should work closely with the SPD. Luxemburg had introduced this resolution after she had withdrawn another resolution calling for the dissolution of the PPS of the Prussian-occupied part of Poland and the admission of its members into the local SPD organizations.

We met with success all around, the movement is developing splendidly, and Kasprzak is among the most active there.

Mehring has not been writing in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. His place has already been taken over by someone else.

I am meeting frequently with Trus[iewicz]. Things with him are very much in order. He has broken with Mill. He believes in me and me alone, and I am leading the whole movement even though I don't belong to any organization there. Likewise I am corresponding regularly and frequently with Julek [Marchlewski] and Adolf [Warski]. Juleczek [a nickname for Marchlewski] doesn't take one step without me. He was here on his way through to a family get-together in Torun. Lopek [Bein] and I meet on Sundays and we go for a walk like two old pensioners. That is the only company I have.

I seldom go to visit K. K., but he comes to visit me frequently. They really bore me stiff nowadays. In general I am turned off by the whole human race, and from you, you good-for-nothing rascal, I get a stab in the heart. When will you stop hanging around there in Switzerland?! Kisses on your kisser! Your [Rosa]

[P.S.] I have very painful news from home, but better not to talk about it now.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, April 30, 1900] Monday

My precious Dziodziu!

Yesterday morning I received your express letter and this morning the personal one and at noontime the second one. Dziodziuchna, even on Saturday I wanted to write you a second letter immediately, without waiting for your answer, but you will not believe how much work I constantly have nowadays—because this Press Commission has been “constituted,”²²⁴ and because I had to make a trip to see Janiszewski about my articles, etc. And in all the excitement, in between those two pieces of business, I wasn't capable of writing to you, especially when I didn't yet have your answer. Now, I will always write when I feel like doing it and when time allows.

²²⁴ The reference is to the Press Commission for the *Gazeta Robotnicza*.

First of all briefly about Polish matters. My dear piece of gold, since you are at a distance and don't see the turn of events that is taking place here, you advise me to pursue a somewhat inappropriate tactic. To write without specific details [*à la Marysia*], or in general to allow myself to get into a sharp polemic over Polish independence, would mean simply to fall into the trap which the *Przedświt* people have laid for me. What they are trying to do is create a division between me and the local workers here, and therefore it follows that I should not let things go that far. Morawski had my answer in his hands²²⁵ for the longest time before your letter [with your advice] arrived. You could have read it among the answers to the editors in the most recent issue. They actually could not avoid putting it in that issue. Whether my answer will satisfy you I don't know. I think it was the most appropriate tone for the situation here. —Thanks to the Press Commission I will in fact be able to direct the *Gazeta* and to smoke the *Przedświt* people out of there. Next Sunday we will have the second session [of the Press Commission]—with Morawski—and the matter will be decided immediately there. You are getting all worked up, and meanwhile here it is a matter of not to let oneself be provoked [*nicht provozieren zu lassen*]. It's a matter of pursuing a calm tactic, like the one I began at the [PPS] Party Congress and to get myself firmly seated where no one from *Przedświt* can touch me.

I don't want to write any more now about Polish matters. But I will add that the tactic [suggested by Jogiches] of using the positions taken by the Poznań and Upper Silesian organizations, as well as pressure from the Germans, is exactly the opposite of what is necessary. What it's all about is that the people here find in me protection from the Germans and not vice-versa. As far as Poznań and Upper Silesia go, it is certainly true, as I have already written you, my dear piece of gold, several times, one can accomplish nothing in this way. These people are stubborn oxen, and either they do nothing or they do things in such a way that it goes wrong. The people in Poznań did me a great disservice with their idiotic proposal for dissolving the PPS. The only thing I can count on is what I do myself. —

Now to private matters. You are right of course that for a long time each of us has been leading a separate spiritual life, but by

225 That is, Luxemburg's reply to the article "About the Party Congress."

no means did that begin in Berlin. We were already spiritually estranged for years in Zurich, especially during the last two years of my stay in Zurich [and], as is firmly imprinted on my memory, I felt terribly alone. I was not at all the one who closed myself off from you, but quite the opposite. You ask the question, Didn't I ever ask myself what life was like for **you**, how you felt inside? At that I can only smile bitterly. Oh yes, I asked about that thousands of times, and I didn't just ask myself. I asked **you**, loudly and urgently, but what I always got for an answer was that I didn't understand you, that I didn't take you into account, that I had nothing to give you, etc. This got to the point that I stopped asking, and I did not betray by any sign whether I was noticing anything at all or whether I took an interest in anything. You write: How could I think that someone else has a claim on you when, after all, no one else could either please you or understand you. I have always answered the question in the same way.

But have you forgotten that recently you have repeated to me a hundred times that I too do not understand you, that you too feel completely alone **with me**! Then what's the difference? At first when I began to recall **that**, I began to believe that I no longer existed for you. [You ask:] Didn't I react differently in 1893 to those kinds of thoughts? Bah! Haven't I changed since that time? I was just a big kid then, but today I have grown up and am a mature person, who has excellent self-control, and who is ready, even if grinding my teeth in pain inwardly, not to show even the slightest sign of this outwardly. Even now you clearly do not want to believe that I have grown up and am no longer the person I was eight years ago.

Now another thing. You keep asking: how could I have it in my thoughts so calmly to leave our relationship? I will not speak about it here as to whether this was done "calmly." But how did I come to make that decision at all? Now I will tell you the whole secret: it became especially clear to me after my last stay in Zurich that in your eyes my spiritual presence has completely disappeared, that for you I am simply **such and such a person** who perhaps differs from others at the most by the fact that she writes articles. When I go out, especially here, at every step I see **what kind of wives** other people live with and, God knows, how highly they regard them, how they simply submit to their wives' authority, and then I remembered at

every step how you treat me, and it became clear to me that for you in regard to my spiritual being every memory and every quantity has been lost. And the conviction that this was true was for me the most vital—and painful—proof that inwardly you have grown cold to me.

You ask whether I **want to** lead a spiritual life in common with you again, from now on? The answer is clear [i.e., yes], but don't forget that for this to come about depends on **you**. The way we have lived in recent years has not been a spiritual life **in common**. If you will abandon the lack of confidence you have had until now about my ability to understand you, the idea that allegedly I have no interest in your inner life, etc., then an understanding between us is possible.

I would have much, much more to say to you, but I feel truly that I have no more strength to write about all these things. As soon as you are here, so that we can finally begin **to live**, we will be able to tell each other everything. And perhaps then all kinds of talk will actually be superfluous.

I am writing to Forrer these days. The matter is being dragged out unbearably.²²⁶ Do you know that in thinking it over about how we should arrange our lives I have come back again to the original proposal: perhaps we should go down south for something like half a year? Because here it's impossible to openly live together, and without that it would be a caricature that I fear more than loneliness. In fact we need **peace and quiet** for living together, and how can we find it if we are hiding? Think about it. What does one hear from Anna [Gordon]? I have not written to her. You can imagine why. Hundreds of kisses. Your R.

226 Luxemburg is referring to the divorce proceedings to end her marriage, a marriage of convenience with Gustav Lübeck to obtain German citizenship.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, circa July 3, 1900]

Most precious Dziodziu! How I need you! We need each other! Truly no other couple has such a mission in this life, as we do, mutually, for each to make a **human being** out of the other. I feel this with every step I take, and so I feel the pain of our separation more than ever. We both constantly “live an inner life,” which means that we change, we grow, and consequently an inner gap or yawning disparity keeps arising between us, a lack of balance and harmony between the different parts of our souls. One must constantly carry out anew an inner review, or inventory, of oneself, in order to reestablish order and harmony. Thus one must constantly deal with oneself in order not to lose sight, at any moment, of the overall proportion of things, and in my opinion what this means is the following: to accomplish what is useful in life, to bring positive actions and **creative activity** to the outside world. In short, not to get lost in spiritual consumption and digestion. For this, some monitoring by another human being who is close to oneself is necessary, one who understands everything and who in addition to this exists as an individual **self** who is also seeking harmony. I wonder whether some of this is beyond your understanding because it’s similar to a series of algebraic symbols.

Nevertheless that is the one-hundredth component in a chain of thoughts and feelings that was aroused in me by a very painful experience yesterday. The honorable editors of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* sent back an article to me (the contents is of no importance: it was about the war in China) with a polite addendum, which in effect puts an end to my collaboration.

I knew ahead of time that this would happen sooner or later, ever since the moment when we broke off personal relations and because I know Sch[oenlank] very well. The last straw was undoubtedly the long break in my work, although I explained that it was because of illness. But it was already clear to me beforehand that relations with the editors under these circumstances would not be of long duration. I would never have succeeded in bringing up something that was such a clear expression of a whole **tendency**. Let’s take for example that article about obstruction,²²⁷ which I sent to the

227 Luxemburg’s article “Bilanz der Obstruktion” (A Balance Sheet on Obstruction), after being rejected by the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, was

Leipziger Volkszeitung and which was milder and more colorless by half than my original conception. Nevertheless the final, completed action hurt me very much. You can evaluate it for yourself, although you will of course interpret it even more pessimistically. Aside from the political question, the material problem arises for me of how and where to earn money?! But we will not lose our heads or our cool self-possession. There are greater unhappy occurrences in life and in political work. I kiss you hundreds of times. Your R.

TO CEZARYNA WOJNAROWSKA²²⁸

[Friedenau, March 1901]²²⁹

Dear Cezarynka!

Put on your hat, go see Guesde, and tell him: My last article about French socialism has now appeared in *Neue Zeit*.²³⁰ It [the article] deals directly with party relations and is politically of the greatest importance. For Kautsky, for me, and [for] others here it would be highly desirable to induce Jaurès to join in the discussion, [because] that would arouse great interest here in Germany. For this there is only one recourse: that Guesde write a brief leading article in *Le Petit Sou* referring to this last article of mine in *Neue Zeit*. If Guesde gives a summary of our article in *Le Socialiste*, Jaurès will not feel obliged to respond, because he knows that *Le Socialiste* is read mainly by the circles around the Parti Ouvrier itself,²³¹ but on

published in the *Neue Zeit*, vol. 18, 1899/1900, no. 2. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 752–8.

228 The Polish-language original of this letter is in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History, in Moscow. The letter was first published by Feliks Tych in the Warsaw journal *Z Pola Walki* (From the Field of Battle), no. 1, 1971, pp. 209–10.

229 The date and place are in the handwriting of someone other than Luxemburg, probably Cezaryna Wojnarowska, who was then living in Paris.

230 The reference is to Luxemburg's series of articles under the general title "The Socialist Crisis in France," which appeared in five issues of *Neue Zeit*, from January 16 through February 27, 1901. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 5–73.

231 The Workers' Party of France, headed by Jules Guesde.

the contrary, [if an article appears in] *Le Petit Sou*, a daily paper and a paper of the boulevards, it is impossible to pass over it in silence. To a leading article in *Le Petit Sou* Jaurès must give some reply, and we would immediately translate it here for *Neue Zeit* (and thus give him a rap on the knuckles). Do persuade Guesde without fail to publish something in *Le Petit Sou*! This requires diplomacy, because he must not feel offended about his beloved *Le Socialiste*, but you certainly know how little it is read, and if the thing were in *Petit Sou*, it would reach a much wider audience. That's why I am not writing to Guesde myself, but ask you very urgently to manage this diplomatic task as skillfully as possible.

Tell him also that I intend to suggest to Kautsky that we introduce a regular column in *Neue Zeit* for news from France, which would be directed by me along the appropriate lines, so as to provide a correct understanding to public opinion, which has been misguided by Krichevsky.²³² But if we are to succeed in interesting German public opinion in a discussion with Jaurès, Guesde must lend a hand in order to get Kautsky to agree even more. How strongly Kautsky already leans in favor of this discussion is shown by the fact that he has written a letter to Jaurès proposing that he answer my articles directly in *Neue Zeit*. But Jaurès of course prefers to remain silent as long as he is not feeling pressure in France.

In addition, please give Guesde a thorough scolding over the fact that they have not sent me the *Bulletin Mensuel de la Fédération des Élus*, of which I received only a few issues in November; as for *Le Socialiste*, I only get it irregularly—I haven't received the latest issues at all. Carry this out **immediately**, my dearest, and write me about the results. Stay healthy for me, and give us a little kiss.

Your R.

[P.S.] I'm sending along the latest issue of *Neue Zeit* for you.

232 Boris Krichevsky had been reporting in *Vorwärts* as its Paris correspondent, providing information mainly about the tendency led by Jean Jaurès in the French socialist movement and defending Jaurès's views.

TO CLARA ZETKIN²³³

[Friedenau,] March 5, 1901

My beloved Clarisse!

Today is my birthday, and I am celebrating it by writing you a letter. How glad I am that I have finished my series about the crisis in France.²³⁴

That was quite a lot of work, and I would not want to do it again. But in the end I think it will be of some use. Next week I'm having a conference here in Berlin on the same subject.

What do you say now about our friend Fendrich and his friend Dreesbach!²³⁵ This is a new edition of the incident involving Vollmar in 1894!²³⁶ *O jerum, o quae mutatio rerum*²³⁷ At that time August [Bebel] went after the Bavarians like a raging Roland and stirred up a real mutiny in Berlin and elsewhere. Today the good August wraps himself in the deepest silence. He's like a sardine in a can, and my dear "Charles" [Kautsky] tries to convince me that this incident is not at all as important as I think.

233 Luxemburg wrote this letter in French.

234 The reference is to a series of articles entitled "The Socialist Crisis in France," which was published in the *Neue Zeit* in January–February 1901. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 5–73. See "The Socialist Crisis in France," in *Rosa Luxemburg Speaks*, edited by Mary-Alice Waters (New York, 1971), pp. 91–105.

235 Anton Fendrich attempted, at a statewide gathering of SPD members in the state of Baden, in the city of Offenburg, to substantiate and justify the vote by the group of SPD deputies in the *Landtag* (state assembly) of Baden approving the state budget. This voting occurred on May 28, 1900. August Dreesbach defended this opportunist action and called for the Social Democratic Party to get involved in "practical work." The SPD group in the Baden state legislature also stated that, if it was numerically strong enough, it would claim the post of second vice president of the legislature in the next legislative session, arguing that it did not matter if a Social Democrat, as a member of the presiding body of the state legislature, had to submit to an aristocratic practice and report personally to the Prince of Baden.

236 On June 1, 1894, the group of SPD deputies in the *Landtag* of Bavaria, under the leadership of Georg von Vollmar, voted for the state budget, and thus violated for the first time the principle of "Not one person and not one penny in support of this system!" The majority of SPD members decisively protested against this opportunist action.

237 Latin: "Oh dear, oh how things change."

At any case I don't want to keep silent. I am only waiting for the documents that I'm having sent to me from there [i.e., from Baden].

And Mehring sees only the difficulties that would be involved in becoming members of the presidium of the state legislature! ... However that may be, we must take up this question at Lübeck,²³⁸ isn't that so? Once the debate is opened I hope that the matter will not go well for the Baden people, since the congress will take place in the north. And August himself will not be able to keep silent once we've begun the discussion. It will be the way it was in Stuttgart.²³⁹ What's your opinion about that?

I have some news, but discretion [is called for]: I have found out that in Breslau the opportunist clique of the *Volkswehr* has adopted the aim of getting rid of Sch[oenlank] from the parliament and of replacing him with—Bernstein. As a pretext they are using that ugly and annoying business about the printers in Leipzig²⁴⁰ against Bruno [Schoenlank], who naturally can do nothing about it and doesn't even know about it.

This has certainly got to be the purest form of opportunist demonstration. At any rate I have warned August, so that he'll pay attention. The best means of making short work of the "possibilist" intrigues, as they get their butterfly nets ready in Breslau, would

238 At the SPD Party Congress in Lübeck, September 22–28, 1901, the revolutionary forces directed sharp criticism at the opportunist behavior of the group of SPD deputies in the Baden state legislature who, by approving the state budget, had given a vote of confidence to the capitalist government. In a resolution of the Party Congress their behavior was termed incompatible with the program of the SPD and the basic principles of class struggle, and it was declared to be the duty of all SPD deputies to vote against any budget submitted by the capitalist authorities.

239 A reference to the SPD Party Congress in Stuttgart, October 3–8, 1898. See the letter of October 31, 1898.

240 From November 1900 to February 1901 there were differences between the management of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, together with the leadership of the local SPD organization, and the Leipzig branch of the German Book Printers Union. After new printing machinery was brought into the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* print shop, several printers were dismissed from their jobs. In these dismissals, violations of labor rights were said to have occurred. A number of typesetters declared their solidarity with those who had been dismissed. The attempts of the SPD Executive to mediate the differences produced only partial results.

be to replace Bruhns, who is leaving, with a suitable editor such as Ledebour, for example. If you would write to August along these lines, to spur him on, to undertake something rather energetic in this business, that would be very good. Think about it. Bernstein in Breslau would be the first "possibilist" member of parliament in the **north**, which until now has remained relatively true to principle.

Another interesting bit of news. Recently the bourgeois publisher Philips (producer of the late lamented *Neuland* [New Land, a bourgeois periodical published in Berlin in 1897–98], as you already know) visited Wolfgang Heine (in order to talk with him about the case of Leuss).²⁴¹ Philips said to Heine: "Oh, these damned defenders of Leuss and this whole radical gang. One must put an end to it all with these people; we're just waiting for Bebel and some of the other old timers to go away in order to have a thorough housecleaning!" ... Therefore, Claire, pack your suitcases in expectation of this great cleansing of the Augean stables!

And yet Bebel receives Heine as a good comrade and visits him in return! ... These interesting words have already been brought to his attention, and we'll see what the result will be—

Be well, and write soon!

Many heartfelt greetings, yours completely, Rosa

241 The bourgeois writer Hanz Leuss was sentenced to prison on the grounds of having committed perjury and after serving his sentence was unable to find any means of earning a livelihood. He appealed to Franz Mehring, who helped him find a publisher for his poetry and bring out several articles in the *Neue Zeit* about conditions in Germany's penal institutions. These articles were a sharp indictment of the system of class justice. Later, Leuss was allowed to contribute further to the Social Democratic press, but under severely restricted conditions. This was followed by some dishonorable actions on the part of one SPD newspaper, probably the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which was backed by the opportunists. However, Franz Mehring cleared up these difficulties.

TO JULES GUESDE²⁴²

Berlin-Friedenau, April 17, 1901

Dear citizen and friend!

I have learned from our mutual friend Cezaryna Wojnarowska that you are ready to give us some effective support by providing information and helping to correct the mistaken conception German socialists have about the truth in France, the “whole truth,” and especially the “truth on the march.”²⁴³ Our friend Kautsky has therefore commissioned me to request that you write an article for *Neue Zeit*, which I surely hope you will be kind enough to do as soon as your various party tasks allow.

Please inform us in any case if you accept our invitation and when the article might be delivered.²⁴⁴

Heartfelt and friendly best wishes!

Your Rosa Luxemburg

Berlin-Friedenau, 23 Wieland Street

Your little reply to my dear compatriots [of the PPS] was excellent.²⁴⁵

242 The French original of this letter is in the International Institute for Social History, in Amsterdam. It was first published in Luxemburg, *Vive la lutte! Correspondance 1891–1914* (Long Live the Struggle! Correspondence of 1891–1914), compiled, translated, and annotated under the direction of Georges Haupt, by Claudie Weill, Irène Petit, and Gilbert Badia (Paris, 1975).

243 “La Verité en marche” (Truth on the March) was the title of a front-page article by Louis Dubreuilh about the events surrounding the entry of the socialist politician Millerand into the cabinet of the French capitalist government as “minister of commerce.” The article appeared in Guesde’s publication *Le Socialiste*, no. 11, March 17–24, 1901.

244 No article by Jules Guesde appeared in *Neue Zeit* during 1901.

245 In *Le Socialiste* of February 17–24, 1901, Jules Guesde published a message of greetings to a memorial meeting organized by Cezaryna Wojnarowska to mark the fifteenth anniversary of the 1886 execution by the tsarist Russian authorities of four members of the “Proletariat” party. In response, the Paris group of the PPS criticized Guesde for making publicity on behalf of Luxemburg and the SDKPiL and misrepresenting the views of the PPS. Guesde printed a reply in *Le Socialiste*, no. 13, March 31–April 7, 1901.

TO CEZARYNA WOJNAROWSKA²⁴⁶

Berlin-Friedenau, May 17, 1901

Dear Cezarynka!

I read your detailed letter from yesterday and am sending it to Z[alewski]. For this reason I want to write you about a few things. First, it seems to me that you have a mistaken opinion about my role in your organization,²⁴⁷ since you evidently assume that I belong to everything along with Z and you and concern myself with everything. This wrong opinion is definitely encouraged in you by this good fellow, Z, who does not want in any way to accept that I neither belong to your organization nor do I participate in your work. I'm sure you will not think badly of me for having made such a decision immediately at the time of origin of this "Julianish" Social Democracy.²⁴⁸ You know and you have seen what pleasantries await me from my own "comrades" the moment I come together with them.²⁴⁹ Well now, I really do have enough other work—German and German-Polish—on my back not to have to expose myself to such "pleasantries." Besides, I think it's far better for our movement if I am not identified with it openly in view of all the gossip and chatter, which you are never in a position to root out, about my ambition, despotism, and other sins. I can truly serve your movement by not belonging to it; my relations among the Germans and also the French make this even more advantageous, and furthermore I have never refused to give advice to Z[alewski], and I give it to him as a person experienced in foreign affairs, all the more so because, despite all his respectability, he is ready at every turn to commit a huge number of stupidities—solely out of enthusiasm for the cause, of course. But it is very difficult to keep this fellow within bounds,

246 The Polish-language original of this letter is in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History, in Moscow. The letter was first published in the Warsaw journal *Z Pola Walki* (From the Field of Battle), no. 1, 1971, pp. 212–5.

247 The reference is to the SDKPiL.

248 The reference is to Julian Marchlewski.

249 During the International Socialist Congress in Paris, September 23–27, 1900, the PPS representatives challenged Luxemburg's mandate as a delegate to the congress. Four emigré students belonging to the SDKPiL delegation supported the PPS challenge and endorsed a PPS resolution directed against Luxemburg.

and he tires me out completely with his efforts to draw me into every little thing that he undertakes together with you. It was for this purpose that the scoundrel thought up that scheme of reviving the *Sprawa Robotnicza* organization.²⁵⁰ And he didn't want to let anyone knock this idea out of his head. Fortunately you, as an intelligent person, in your last letter, demonstrated to him all the disadvantages of such a *coup d'état* (which by the way I had already pointed out to him a hundred times), and thanks to this letter of yours, perhaps it will come about that he will finally be dissuaded from this disastrous idea, and the peace and quiet that I deserve will be restored to my soul and mind. Keep supporting me along these lines and write him once more that it is a senseless proposal. From you, however, I expect a solemn promise that neither in public conversation nor in letters will you at any time refer to me as a member of your organization or participant in your work. Naturally I don't think in terms of openly announcing that I have nothing in common with this or that movement, because that would only give rise to a lot of false assumptions and speculations and could do harm to the party. But we ourselves need [to be careful] not to encourage the erroneous opinion that I supposedly belong in general to the party or in particular to the "holy trinity."²⁵¹ We should especially not encourage this opinion among the Russians, Germans, and French. It especially concerns me [*liegt mir daran*] that Plekhanov and Zasulich won't let go of this illusion, nor will the Wladkos [Wladyslaw Olszewski] and the Juleks [Julian Marchlewski].

And now some pieces of my advice about the stupidities committed by Z[alewski], although certainly done in good faith. It is precisely the letter you wrote that gives me the opportunity to pass on some good advice to you: In any dealings you may have, do not let yourself be drawn into accepting a loan from the German [SPD] Executive: (1) Don't get caught up in a swindle involving Germans bearing "loans" and tell them right off: "We know what's involved with such loans," and say simply that you would like them [instead]

250 At one time there was a three-member editorial board of *Sprawa Robotnicza*, consisting of Luxemburg, Julian Marchlewski, and Adolf Warski.

251 The reference is to the leading group of the SDKPiL abroad, which consisted of the threesome (or "trinity") of Wojnarowska, Zalewski, and Julian Marchlewski.

to simply give you such-and-such an amount. (2) From the beginning I have held to the viewpoint that international begging is unworthy of a serious workers' party and that a movement that does not have its own resources, but must live by begging, is not standing on the necessary firm ground that it should and is a house built on sand. That is also why I have already told Z[alewski] several times that he absolutely must obtain resources from the movement itself (inside our country and abroad), and if he doesn't have them, he should not "push for them," because in the political movement (as elsewhere) one must adjust expenditure to income.²⁵² That the Russians and the Jews (of the "Bund") systematically beg from the International is no reason for us to follow in their tracks. We should proceed in keeping with our own moral principles. I very much hope that you agree with my opinion on this. And from this instance you can also be convinced how useful it is for you to keep me informed about Z's projects, because when I shoot down something of his, he always turns confidentially to you, since he has already "had a scene" with me about it. You understand that I don't want to sow distrust between you and Z, I only want to warn you that he is terribly zealous, even stubborn, but he lacks experience, especially in foreign matters.

Now for the second piece of business. It is stupid on the part of this good man Z not to have warned you sufficiently about the Jewish "Bundists." Well now, to put it briefly, this entire "Bund," and especially this "Alexander"²⁵³ and this "John"²⁵⁴ and all their side-kicks—because of their political behavior in relation to our party as well as their general methods of operation—what they deserve **at the least** is to have any upstanding, respectable person throw them down the stairs the minute they open the door (and for this purpose it is best to live on the fourth floor). For years I've known both "John" and "Alexander" personally; they are individuals who are made up of two elements: stupidity and cunning. They **are incapable of** speaking two words to **anyone** without having the concealed intention of robbing them (in a moral sense). The entire policy of the "Bund" is

252 Here Luxemburg uses an idiom, "to stretch oneself toward the ceiling," but according to one German dictionary the idiom means "to adjust expenditure to income," that is, to live within one's means.

253 Pseudonym of Arkadiusz Kremer.

254 "John Mill" was the pseudonym of Josif Mill.

based on this system. By the way they have written briefly in *Neue Zeit* that for them the question of reestablishing an independent Poland is “not yet decided,” and that at their coming party congress they will begin to discuss the Polish question with their donkey heads.²⁵⁵ As you see, in some respects relations between our party and these people are utterly impossible. Especially impossible is that mutual assistance pact proposed between you and them (to have articles about us in their *Bulletin* in exchange for us placing articles about them in the French press). That’s because our movement needs to be advertised in their *Bulletin* the way a dog needs a fifth leg, but for them it’s very important to be advertised in the French press. Thus our “little uncle” [Zalewski] has traded an ax for a wooden stick. I advise you to give these people a kick in the place they sit on and to break off all relations with them, because they will get you entangled in a situation that you will bitterly regret. As for the all-Russian-Polish federation that Zal[ewski] advocates,²⁵⁶ I have already told him that would create conditions equivalent to building a “castle on ice,” because such a fragmentation of forces prevails in Russia that to bring them together in one heap is just as impossible as it is in France today.²⁵⁷ This fellow [Zalewski] really does have a weakness for fantastical projects on a large scale instead of steadily developing party work in a calm and quiet way. Keep healthy for me and write to me quickly. Finally I’ve talked myself out.

I embrace you,
your R

255 An article with the title “Probleme der jüdisch-proletarischen Bewegung” (Problems of the Jewish Proletarian Movement), sent by the editors of the Bund’s publication *Jüdischer Arbeiter* (Jewish Worker), appeared on February 6, 1901, in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 19, no. 1.

256 Stanislaw Trusiewicz (Zalewski) favored the establishment of a Social Democratic Party of Russia on a federative basis, together with parties representing other nationalities of the Russian Empire.

257 At that time, attempts at unification of the various socialist organizations in France had repeatedly failed.

TO KARL KAUTSKY

[Friedenau,] October 3, 1901

Dear Karl!

Naturally I will forgo publication of my declaration in the *Neue Zeit*.²⁵⁸ Allow me now to add a few words of explanation.

If I were one of those who defend their own rights and interests ruthlessly with no consideration for others—and in our party the number of such people is legion, or rather: everyone in the party is like that—I would naturally insist on publication, because you yourself concede that as editor you have an obligation toward me in this case. However, since at the same time that you acknowledge this obligation of yours to me, you put a pistol to my chest, with the most friendly warnings and pleadings that I should not make use of this obligation of yours or this right of mine, and it makes me sick to the stomach to employ my rights when someone will only provide those rights with great groaning and gnashing of teeth, and at the same time with every word I say in my defense that person falls on my arms and tries to tie me up, stating that I should “defend myself” but trying in every way to talk me out of it and move me toward renouncing my rights. You have accomplished what you wanted—I release you in this case from your obligation toward me. But in doing this you are to all appearances making a mistake, claiming in all seriousness that you believe you have dealt with me in this case only out of friendship and in **my** interest. Permit me to destroy this self-deception of yours. As a **friend** you would have had to say something approximately like the following: “I advise you unconditionally and at all costs to protect your honor as a writer, because greater writers and men with reputations solidly established for decades, such as Marx and Engels, wrote entire booklets, waged entire wars of the pen, when anyone dared to accuse them of the slightest ‘falsification.’ All the more should you in such a case seek

258 At the SPD Party Congress in Lübeck, September 22–28, 1901, Luxemburg had to leave before the congress was over. After her departure she was sharply attacked by Robert Fischer and was accused of falsification. She intended to publish a declaration against Fischer in the *Neue Zeit*. The editor went to a great deal of trouble to dissuade her from carrying out this plan. For her declaration, dated October 1, 1901, see her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 146–7.

to obtain complete satisfaction, because you are a young writer with a lot of enemies." As a **friend** that is certainly how you would have had to speak.

The friend, however, allowed the editor of *Neue Zeit* to take over, and since the party congress that editor has wanted only one thing: he wants to have **peace**. He wants to show that the *Neue Zeit* has become well behaved after the drubbing it received²⁵⁹ and is now holding its tongue. And therefore the proper rights of a contributor to *Neue Zeit* to defend her most important interest, her right to defend against public slander, may be **sacrificed**. Thus it is that someone who works for the *Neue Zeit*—not in the least important position and not the worst contributor—will have to swallow a public accusation of **falsification**, because only in that way will peace reign "in all the treetops."²⁶⁰

That is the way things stand my friend! And now I send you cordial greetings, Your Rosa

[P.S.] I am up to my ears in work, and therefore I must write [rather than speak in person], and have only been able to do so for the first time at this moment.

TO ROBERT SEIDEL

[Friedenau, after January 3, 1903]

Dear friend!

Thank you for the kind lines you wrote me, as well as for the pamphlet²⁶¹ and the history about Forrer, which I found most interesting. This affair has made me do some thinking. I have no

259 At the Lübeck Party Congress, the *Neue Zeit* and its chief editor, Karl Kautsky, because of their opposition to revisionist views, were sharply attacked by the opportunists.

260 This is a slight variation on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's famous poem that starts with the lines, "*Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'/ In allen Wipfeln hörest du/ Kaum einen Hauch*" ("Over all the hilltops, there's peace/ In all the treetops, you hear scarcely a breath").

261 The reference is to Robert Seidel's booklet *Lebensmittelzölle und Sozialreform* (Tariffs on Food Products and Social Reform), supplemented with a Foreword entitled "History of the 1890/1891 Dispute over Tariffs and the Tariff Question as of 1902/1903" (Zurich, 1903).

doubt that in this case you acted nobly and courageously as a **friend**, but on the other hand I also understand that in the political struggle a certain ruthlessness, such as was directed at you by your opponents in this case, is to be expected. In this I see merely the conflict between the personal-human point of view and the party-political one, which I have often observed and from which I draw a conclusion that to you, my friend, will perhaps sound disturbing. My conclusion goes like this: For a political person and a fighter, friendship with leaders of opposing parties is an extremely difficult thing, bound around with dangers and rocky obstacles. On our side, the luxury of [such] a friendship can in general be allowed only in a few cases, and even in those few cases it can have a firm and reliable basis only in a commonality of world views and—a position of struggle held in common. Don't you feel that, too, in the depths of your soul? ...

As far as our Forrer is concerned in particular, I don't know. I feel a bit of mistrust about his character. He has a bit of a bad odor about him. I'm afraid he belongs to those who are "capable of anything" ...

I'd like to give your pamphlet on the tariff question to the *Vorwärts* for review, because the *Neue Zeit* does not review such things. Write me if you or the publishers have already sent it to the *Vorwärts*, and if not, I'll take care of it. As for the book about arts and crafts instruction,²⁶² I have now found a suitable person, or so I believe, to review it, one who will also understand and appreciate it. I should be speaking with him tomorrow, right away.

You are still a great optimist if you think that someone might bring out the truth about Greulich in a party newspaper! Are you not familiar yet with our officialdom? Here one may not even write the full truth about **our own** affairs, and you want something from a foreign country to be printed! Yes, if I had a newspaper in my hands completely, as was the case for a long time with the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, then certainly! But for the time being I do not have that.

262 Luxemburg was making an effort to have a review written about Seidel's work *Die Handarbeit—Der Grund- und Eckstein der harmonischen Bildung und Erziehung* (Arts and Crafts—The Foundation Stone and Cornerstone of Harmonious Education and Training), which had been published in Zurich.

You don't write much about Mathilde's health. I want to hope that things are going well for her.

Now I have one more request. I am enclosing a letter and a power of attorney form. "My" Gustav [Lübeck] has to sign them (both), after which you must send them off **at once** because we have a deadline on the 20th. For this purpose, please be so kind as to get hold of Gustav immediately. I cannot entrust these important papers to **him**. His address is: Alte Beckenhofstr. 12^{III} c/o H. Baumann. I don't have any Swiss stamps here. Please ask Gustav to pay for them, and I will settle up with him later.

Grossi and I send you our heartfelt greetings. Write again soon! I am so delighted every time [I hear from you]! Your R. L.

N.B.: Gustav must also include in the letter to the attorney his **complaint**, which he obtained from the court here!!

I will soon send you a photograph of me.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, after January 23, 1903]

Dearest Klärchen!

I knew that as soon as you were home you would shake off your disgruntled mood, and the lines you wrote me have gratifyingly confirmed that. As for me, I still have a lot of work to do on the Polish article, which has grown to the impressive size of a pamphlet and will appear as such.

I have already been to *A Night's Lodging*²⁶³ twice, and I'll keep going as often as my finances will to any extent allow. This play is a powerful moral statement and a blow of the fist *en pleine visage*²⁶⁴ to our "well-mannered and right-thinking" society. I observe with great pleasure and malicious glee [*Schadenfreude*] how the dear loge-occupying public feels its ears being boxed at every moment, yet with doglike humility they have to let the ear-boxing go on.

263 Maxim Gorky's play *A Night's Lodging* (in German, *Nachtsylf*) had its Berlin première at the Little Theater on January 23, 1903. Gorky's play, perhaps his best-known theatrical work, is more commonly known in English as *The Lower Depths*. In the original Russian, the title is *Na Dne*—literally, "At the Bottom," or "Down and Out."

264 French: "right in the face."

When are you going to write me that **big letter** about the women's movement? In fact I beg you for even one little letter!

So much for now and kisses from the heart for you and best wishes for the men. Your R.

TO FELIX DZIERŻYŃSKI²⁶⁵

Berlin-Friedenau [March 1903]

58 Cranach Street

Dear comrade!

I've been meaning to write you a letter for a very long time, but a huge amount of work took up every free minute I had, so that I put it off day after day.

I assume that you yourself have definitely arrived at the conviction that those circumstances that you felt compelled to write me about in Munich are slowly being resolved in a satisfactory way. At that time you were disturbed about the lampoon of me in *Prawda*,²⁶⁶ and you wanted me, with a popularly written pamphlet about socialism, to refute the slanders that were intended to do damage to me and to our party. I am of the opinion that we can much more surely achieve this purpose by the continued publication of *Przegląd*²⁶⁷ [*Socjaldemokratyczny*] with my help, more surely than by the effect any column in *Prawda* might have, since it is aimed at the intellectuals and not at the workers. Last of all, a publication like our

265 The Polish original of this letter is in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History, in Moscow. It was first published by Feliks Tych and Bronisław Radlak in the collection they edited under the title *SDKPiL: Materiały i Dokumenty* (The Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania: Materials and Documents), vol. 2, pp. 277–80.

266 The reference is to the Polish-language publication *Prawda*, a political, social, and literary weekly that appeared in Warsaw in the years 1881–1915 as the “organ” of the positivists. In February 1903, *Prawda* had published a slanderous lampoon of Luxemburg by a writer named Leon Wassilewski.

267 *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny* (Social Democratic Review), theoretical journal of the SDKPiL, the Polish organization headed by Luxemburg and Jogiches; the journal was published in Kraków from 1902 to 1904 and from 1908 to 1910.

Przegląd, which has the aim of enlightening the minds of the Polish intelligentsia, will have a much more lasting effect than a one-time popular-style pamphlet for the proletariat. Besides, it seems to me you are overestimating by far the significance of this attack by *Prawda*. For me personally, slanders in a bourgeois newspaper under the auspices of the Russian censorship are worth nothing more than to be smiled at pityingly, and this is also true above all because my position in the German and international movement protects me completely, surely you understand this. And since this also has to do with our **party**, one must have a low evaluation indeed of those socialist intellectuals who might be influenced by the attacks of a **bourgeois** newspaper! ... From a certain point of view the attacks by *Prawda* (including the most recent, which I have just found out about)—these attacks on our party are highly instructive, especially if the sources from which they come are fully exposed. These are simply the impotent convulsions of social patriotism, which has recently received a good solid thumping in Germany and everywhere abroad. It is these people, spraying saliva and poison, who because they are not able to accomplish anything abroad among socialists have crawled under the wing of bourgeois publications and the tsarist censorship. The fact is—and this very fresh piece of news I can report to you—the career of the social patriots in Germany has gone all wrong for them. **The agreement of the German party with the PPS has been smashed to pieces** and all relations have been broken off.²⁶⁸ But we are not going to make anything public about

268 On October 19, 1902, negotiations took place between the SPD Executive and the PPS of the Prussian-occupied part of Poland. These were broken off because the PPS put up its own candidate for the Reichstag elections, creating the danger that Social Democratic votes would be cast for differing candidates. Taking part in these negotiations, besides the executive bodies of the SPD and the PPS, were Luxemburg, Ignacy Daszyński, and representatives from Poznań, Lower Silesia, and Upper Silesia. This conference did not arrive at any agreement, nor did another such gathering on January 19, 1903. The differences between the SPD and PPS over organization and tactics, as well as on the national question, proved to be so serious that the PPS separated from the SPD, of which until then it had been an autonomous part. The SPD Executive withdrew its subsidy of the PPS newspaper, *Gazeta Robotnicza*, on the grounds that its nationalistic tendencies were in contradiction with the program of German Social Democracy. On December 25–26, 1902, the Seventh Party Congress of the PPS took up the question of the negotiations with the SPD (which

this until after the elections,²⁶⁹ so as not to give the bourgeois newspapers any material to gabble about. This fact will become official at the German Party Congress after the elections,²⁷⁰ so be careful not to inadvertently say anything **publicly** about this fact. With this, the PPS is completely **out of** Social Democracy, and the German party has renounced its solidarity with the PPS. The significance of this fact for the fate of social patriotism in general you can judge for yourself. *Gazeta Ludowa* remains our organ. The letter of the SPD Executive on the program of the PPS, which was published in our *Przegląd*, has surely made you happy, as it should.²⁷¹

As for the movement in our country, I am beginning to nourish great hopes. The *Przegląd* [*Socjaldemokratyczny*] and the [*Czerwony Sztandar*] certainly need improvement, but Kraków was not built in a day, and I hope that from one issue to the next these publications will get better. The main thing is that the work must continue uninterrupted, that the tasks that arise from time to time must be carried out with **correct and regular rhythm** in order to gather the workers around us and organize them. Despite the enormous amount of work in Germany and in Poznań, I am helping Adolf [Warski] with the *Przegląd* as well as I can; you should also help him further with the *Czerwony Sztandar*, because he really has a huge amount of work and we have at our disposal too few forces to do the writing.

I would be happy to hear something from you about how things are in Kraków. What's going on with the social patriots in Galicia? I think there's merely a lot of chatter about Daszyński and his cohorts, but I would like to know whether the *Przedświt* group, which surely has its full complement in Kraków, has any local ties and

was reported in the December 28, 1902, issue of *Vorwärts*).

269 The reference is to the Reichstag elections in Germany, which were scheduled for June 16, 1903.

270 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled for Dresden, September 13–20, 1903.

271 The reference is to the declaration by the SPD Executive, which it sent on December 9, 1902, to the Social Democrats of Poznań and Silesia. Luxemburg reprinted the text of this declaration in her article entitled "How the Special Polish Organization Understands 'Unification,'" in *Volksmacht*, January 12, 1903, and also in her article entitled "The Fate of Social Patriotism in Germany," published in Polish in *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny*, no. 1, January 1903.

influence.²⁷² Apropos of that, I have a request for you. Just imagine, I'm not able to get hold of *Przedświt* anywhere around here, and you will understand that if one writes about them and constantly has to deal with them, one at least has to know **what** they are thinking and writing. Subscribing to *Przedświt* is not permitted in Germany, so please do me the favor of sending me all the issues from January on, in a plain envelope. If you agree to do that, please write me how much I owe you. At the same time I ask you to buy a complete set of *Przedświt* for the second half of 1902 and send it to me as "printed matter," because I have not received the publication since then [i.e., since June 1902]. N.B.: An ordinary letter from Austria to Germany costs ten cents but a double-sized letter (up to 250 grams) is—twenty cents (probably 10 heller [an Austrian bronze coin]).

I must confess that our dealings with the Russians are of no minor significance, because there too the social patriots must be separated from the united Social Democracy.²⁷³ I also hope that the news about an end to the agreement between the SPD and PPS in Germany will not fail to influence the Russians (and the news will quite definitely reach them through private channels). Probably you noticed the lead article in *Iskra*, no. 34, which has already taken our position on the Polish question.

I would like to request one more favor of you. Cezaryna [Wojnarowska] has complained to me several times that she remains without news from our people. As you know, I take no part in the practical planning, so that I cannot keep her informed. Adolf [Warski] has a huge amount of work, as it is. So do write to the noble soul [i.e., Cezaryna] from time to time about what's going on in our country, [because] after all you certainly know how very devoted she is to our cause.

272 Ignacy Daszyński was the leader of the PPSD, which was based in Galicia, in the Austrian-occupied part of Poland, and which was part of Austrian Social Democracy. *Przedświt* was the weekly publication of the PPSD.

273 Presumably Luxemburg is referring to the preparations for the second congress of the RSDRP, which was held in Brussels and London July 30–August 23, 1903. She had known since September 1902 that the *Iskra* people wanted to invite the PPS as well as the SDKPiL. However, in the end the PPS was not represented at the congress.

If you meet with the comrades who put out the *Proletariat*,²⁷⁴ do ask them please to send me each and every issue. Up until now I've received only one issue, the one with the criticism of my article. Or have no further issues appeared?

I hope for and wish for an honest report that things are going better with your health. You will probably be fortified by the fact that our work is now going along more successfully, that we're slowly winning over the intelligentsia, creating a body of literature, etc. I must confess that things here have never been so favorable for our movement abroad. I have no doubt about the workers in our country and the ease with which we can reach them, what we always lacked was people, resources, and literature; now, in this respect also, we are slowly getting there. The only thing is, our people ought not to let their energy and enthusiasm flag, but must persevere in the future as well!

From this point of view I have great hopes that you will give them a jolt, because of course not everyone has an equally well-developed temperament.

Do you by chance know a certain Salome Perlmutter? A Russian woman comrade praised her highly to me as an internationally oriented socialist.

Keep healthy! I warmly clasp your hand —

R. Luxemburg

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

Chemnitz [June 6, 1903]

Hotel Carola

My dears!

I have chosen Chemnitz as a *pied-à-terre* and every day I go out from here to [speak at] the public meetings.²⁷⁵ In Hohenstein the

274 The reference is to the group that called itself PPS-Proletariat. It was founded in Zurich in July 1900, and at first used the name Union of Polish Radicals. The PPS-Proletariat adhered to conspiratorial and terrorist traditions, but also organized strikes in the Russian-occupied Kingdom of Poland. The group engaged intensively in publishing activity and had its own journal from 1900 to 1904. In 1905 it ceased to exist.

275 In the period June 5–15, 1903, Luxemburg undertook a speak-

meeting hall was filled to capacity. An opponent spoke up [from the audience], luckily for me. It was great fun. After the meeting an older worker gave me a gift—one mark! In Lichtenstein yesterday I spoke at an outdoor meeting of two thousand people, in a garden with brightly colored lanterns. It was very romantic. Here in Chemnitz I have seen Mäxchen [“Little Max,” or “Maxie,” a nickname for Max Schippel], and I even attended a session of the election campaign committee. Mäxchen would prefer to have no public meetings, no leaflets, no debates with opponents. He said he was afraid opponents would rub his nose in the fact that Bebel had called him a Lumpen. That was of course a dig at me. —I have word from Warsz[awski] that he is utterly delighted by your article, Carolus [jocular name for Karl Kautsky].²⁷⁶ He says that you have stated exactly what is necessary for the “*Parkhes*” to hear.²⁷⁷ Therefore, for my part, I also thank you!

Heartfelt greetings to you all. Rosa

TO LEO JOGICHES

Glauchau, June 9 [1903]

My precious!

I received your letter and the printed materials here today. You wrongly reproach me for not writing every day. From the enclosed postcard you can see that I did write you from Glauchau right after the meeting, but not one more instant remained before the train left (I had to take the last train to Chemnitz at 12:30 am), and so I left

ing tour, based in Chemnitz (in southeast Germany), in preparation for the Reichstag elections as part of the SPD election campaign. She spoke in Hohenstein, Lichtenstein, Glauchau, Meerane, Mülsen-St. Jacob, Oberlungwitz, Markneukirchen, Plauern, Adorf, and Oelsnitz.

276 The reference is to Karl Kautsky’s article (in Polish) “The Bloody Massacre in Kishinev and the Jewish Question,” which appeared in the May 1903 issue of *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny*. There was an especially brutal pogrom against Jews in Kishinev in 1903.

277 The Yiddish term *Parkhes*, or *Parches*, means roughly the same as the German phrase *miese Brüder* (“crummy brotherhood” or “scum of the earth”). In Polish, the term *parch* means “mange” or “scab,” and an adjective derived from *parch*, *parszywy*, means “mangy,” but is also used to describe a morally despicable person, someone who is “rotten” or “lousy.”

it to an SPD trustee [*Vertrauensmann*] to write the address, and you see how wisely the fool dealt with that.

Yesterday in Meerane I also did not succeed in writing you after the meeting, because a droshky was waiting right in front of the meeting hall to take me to the railroad station, so that I could return here to Glauchau for the night. After the meeting Knauf immediately wrote a card to Auer [saying]: *The meeting with Frau Doktor Luxemburg has just ended. Her visit was magnificent, and enthusiasm is running high.*²⁷⁸ Yesterday Knauf handed me a package of newspapers and your letter with Gog[owski]'s letter inside. From the card you will see that everything has been settled with Lerda's manuscript. I had a lot of running around and upset on account of it, because at first they didn't want to recognize the certificate of citizenship [*Heimatschein*]²⁷⁹ as sufficiently legitimate. —

Now I'm going to remain here in Glauchau until the end and will travel out from here to all the other places. As for the meeting in Mülsen, which was—don't have any concern about that, it was not my fault, the Herr Assessor (some official) found it uncomfortable to sit out in the open under the pouring rain and therefore he bestirred himself to have the meeting "cut short." Incidentally, you do not need to give me warnings, because you see that I'm not having difficulties anywhere.

I already have five meetings behind me and seven still to go. I don't know if I wrote this to you, but Gerisch "by a ruling of the party Executive" forbade me to travel to Spandau on the 12th, and I was not greatly upset about that. To make up for it the scoundrels gave me a different meeting for the 12th, so that I haven't had a single day for rest and recuperation. Everything's in order with my neck, but on the whole I have very little strength. The time is going by terribly slowly because every day has to be taken by storm with a public meeting.

I have settled everything with Gogowski, Schulz, and Winter. In general, I settle everything that you write to me about right away.

You definitely have the right to be afraid about the current number of *Gazeta Ludowa*—that I will do it poorly; if only your fears could

278 The italicized sentences are in German in the original letter.

279 A reference to the document certifying that Luxemburg was a German citizen, obtained after she entered into a marriage of convenience with Gustav Lübeck in 1898.

be of some help to me! Today I'm going to Oberlungwitz and tomorrow to Gersdorf, and then I'll be finished with Auer's electoral district. I assume that he will have me to thank for a significant increase in votes (in the year 1898 there was a **loss** of a thousand, seven hundred votes).²⁸⁰ Now two more meetings for Hofmann and three for Gerisch. Oh dear Jesus! ...

Stay healthy and from now on write to me at Glauchau. Your R.

[P.S.] From Chemnitz they are forwarding everything to me (in case you wrote to the Hotel Carola there); I left the forwarding address there.

Address me directly here at: **Hotel Stadt Dresden, to my attention.**

TO LEO JOGICHES

Plauen i V., June 13, 1903, 8 in the evening

My precious!

This was the first time, at this moment, that it was possible for me to write you a few words. As for yesterday's meeting in Markneukirchen (my speaking tour schedule was changed somewhat)—it was **splendid**, but it stretched out so long that I had to go right to bed. I had to be up at 8 this morning to travel here to Plauen, and here I was met at the railroad station with great honors by Gerisch himself,²⁸¹ along with a *Vertrauensmann* and two women, and until this moment they haven't left me alone. In half an hour I'm going to speak here at a meeting. G[erisch] is speaking somewhere else in the region, but will come back here after the meeting. I'm feeling very well. In two days I'll be back!

Hugs. Your R.

[P.S.] Tomorrow I speak in Adorf, day after tomorrow—the last time—in Oelnitz. The money did not reach me—I had to borrow [*pumpen*] 30 marks here; if you can, send it here to Plauen, to the address of Langenstein.

280 In the Reichstag elections of June 16, 1903, in the Glauchau-Meerane electoral district, Ignatz Auer actually did receive 4,912 more votes than he had in the 1898 elections.

281 Gerisch was a member of the SPD Executive and its treasurer.

TO ADOLF WARSKI AND JAKUB HANECKI²⁸²

[telegram]

[no later than August 6, 1903]

Make no concessions on Article 7.²⁸³ Avoid any open defeat. In such a case you must move toward a split, solely on organizational grounds.

TO ADOLF WARSKI AND JAKUB HANECKI²⁸⁴

[telegram]

[probably August 6,] 1903

The following resolution would be satisfactory:

The Party Congress, which considers the struggle against the national oppression of the Poles to be imperative, as is the struggle against any form of oppression, and which considers it possible for the autonomy of Poland to be guaranteed in Article 7, within the framework of its overall political program, at the same time calls attention to the fact that the struggle for a restoration of a Polish [capitalist] class state represents the negation of any successful struggle against the [tsarist] autocracy, and that the inclusion of this demand in the program and agitation [of the RSDRP] can only keep the Polish working class farther away from the realization of its goals—its most immediate ones as well as its ultimate goal.

282 Warski and Hanecki were the SDKPiL delegates to the Second Congress of the RSDRP (Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party), which met in Brussels and London, July 30–August 23, 1903, and at which the question of the SDKPiL's joining the RSDRP was also taken up.

283 Article 7 of the draft program of the RSDRP contained a clause guaranteeing the self-determination of nations. Luxemburg feared that this would be used to gain support for the Polish nationalist bourgeoisie. At the same time she wanted to strike a blow against the PPS and its emphasis on the nationalist demand for the independence of Poland.

284 The original Polish texts of the two telegrams above—the first from Luxemburg and Jogiches; the second of unspecified authorship but presumably from Luxemburg and Jogiches as well—are in the archives of the Polish United Workers' Party, in Warsaw. They were first published by Adolf Warski in *Z Pola Walki* (From the Field of Battle), 1929, no. 7–8, pp. 184, 190.

TO JULIUS BRUHNS

[Friedenau, October 15, 1903]

Dear friend!

At last, detailed news about you has been received. It makes me very happy to hear from your letter that you came through your time in the cooler so well²⁸⁵ and that you are setting out with renewed vigor to "clear the forest!"²⁸⁶ I am convinced that after a little while even this tough and challenging work will give you inner satisfaction. Just don't forget also to keep our party press informed about conditions in Upper Silesia, as [August] Winter did so industriously in the beginning, but unfortunately in recent years he has neglected this completely. And if you have a nice, comprehensive article you don't necessarily need to send it to the [*Sozialistische*] *Monatshefte*, toward which your opportunist heart perhaps would incline. The *Neue Zeit*, to the extent that I know Kautsky, will happily accept all instructive articles, including ones about purely practical problems of agitation. Incidentally, our esteemed newspaper *Vorwärts* more than anything lacks regular reporting from Upper Silesia, and you must, in my opinion, undertake this **immediately**.

I would be very happy to travel to Upper Silesia in the near future to visit you and have some conversations once more with our comrades, my old acquaintances. Perhaps I will come at the same time as one of the party elders. Just now we were in Poznań. Order has been restored there and the discord that our dear brothers from the PPS brought into our ranks has been straightened out. Gogowski will be the party secretary and has been released from his duties with the trade unions, bakery workers, etc., and he is also under the supervision of the comrades there. A most urgent task that lies before us is the expansion of the Polish party press.²⁸⁷

With regard to this, dear friend, you must **energetically** organize matters in Upper Silesia and get things moving. We are only

285 In the summer of 1903 Julius Bruhns had to serve a two-month term in prison.

286 Apparently, Bruhns was moving to Upper Silesia to take over the local SPD leadership there and continue organizing Polish workers in the region. He replaced August Winter, who was no longer well and who moved to Stettin.

287 The reference is to the *Gazeta Ludowa*.

covering, at the most, half of what's going on in Upper Silesia, and in the view of the SPD Executive, the paper should by no means be just a local Poznań sheet [i.e., serving Lower Silesia], but above all should also serve to enlighten (in the sense that we mean it) the Polish workers of **Upper Silesia**. Here too Winter made a good beginning at one time, but toward the end, with the general undermining of his health, he also let this slide. The coal miners of Upper Silesia are good hard-working folks, but they must be constantly watched over and monitored so that everything goes smoothly and regularly.²⁸⁸ You will be able to do this splendidly with your calm and quiet tenacity. Comrade Pfannkuch was getting ready to write to you about this himself. For my part, I ask you to do everything possible. In Upper Silesia in a short time we can easily gain several hundred subscribers, and in Poznań also the circulation of the paper has been placed on a firm foundation. All you need to do is beat the drum, summon the coal miners together, and organize sales [of the paper]. The names of the appropriate people will be given to you by Comrade Scholtysek, who seems to me the calmest and most level-headed of them all. Given the absence of meeting halls, the press is just about the only means for us to have an educational influence on the masses; therefore, the Polish paper can be a big help to you in your tasks, particularly if from time to time you keep me informed of the most important things, so that we can also report in the newspaper about party life in Upper Silesia.

You write from Katowice, but I think you'll establish your residence in Bytom, is that right? To your wife Selma I want to send respects from Winter's wife to be forwarded to the women she knows there, in the event that your wife wants to continue the work [Mrs. Winter was doing] there, as I assume she will. Winter and his wife recently visited me; he is going to a sanatorium in Silesia, but for now they are staying here in Berlin with her parents. I must say that the impression he gives is quite normal and he looks quite well. The poor fellow! Watch out that this doesn't happen to you, that PPS worm doesn't play havoc with your nerves; I am counting on your good humor and your superior qualities of firmness, which Winter did not possess.

288 Luxemburg's letter includes the following marginal note at this point: "Apropos of that, the money (in my opinion) that goes to Gogowski from the coal miners must always pass through **you**. Disbursement is in Gogowski's hands: 21 Breite Street."

Dear friend, don't place too much hope that "the rains will come" for revisionism! I think rather that thunder and lightning will come for the likes of you, or much more likely—I don't want to put you in bad company, with Braun, Heine, et al. May God not permit **that**! Your Breslau "expert," Ede [Bernstein], at any rate presents quite a wretched picture nowadays! —I have no end of praise for the role that you play. But enough for now. Please write soon!

Heartfelt greetings to you and Selma. Your Rosa Lu.

TO ALEKSANDR N. POTRESOV²⁸⁹

[Friedenau,] July 3, 1904

Worthy comrade!

Forgive me for making you wait until now for the article, but in the interim I've had so many other things to do and annoyances [*Scherereien*] to deal with (there has been a constant arrival of foreign comrades in Berlin just now), so that I absolutely could not get down to work earlier. It goes without saying that I wrote the article in German because, after all, I don't have such a sound knowledge of Russian. Kautsky feels it would be very useful to have this article published in *Neue Zeit*, though there would be a note along with it, saying that the article was written for *Iskra* and at its request and that it was taken, so to speak, from *Iskra*. I don't think you and your comrades would have any objection to that.²⁹⁰

289 The Russian original of this letter is in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History, in Moscow. It was first published by A. N. Potresov and B. I. Nikolaevsky in *Sotsial-demokraticeskoe dvizhenie v Rossii. Materialy* (The Social Democratic Movement in Russia: Documentary Materials) (Moscow-Leningrad, 1928), pp. 129–30.

290 Potresov had asked Luxemburg to write an article for *Iskra* in which she would express her views on a disputed question in the Russian Social Democratic movement, the organizational structure of the Russian party. Lenin's book *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back* had sparked renewed discussion on this matter. Luxemburg's article "Organizational Questions of Russian Social Democracy" was published in *Iskra*, no. 69, 1904, and in

To make the translation easier for you, we will immediately give the article to Dietz for typesetting with the request that they send on the galleys to you as quickly as possible.²⁹¹

Of course galleys are better for reading purposes than the manuscript would be (especially because I never, ever copy articles over, but send them off [marked up] with the changes). You will probably manage to publish it before *Neue Zeit* does, because it [the journal] probably won't come out for approximately another two weeks. I don't know to what extent my article will be of use to you, but at any rate I have made the effort to set forth *my humble opinion* [*meine unmassgebliche Meinung*].²⁹² The article has become fairly long—about 14 pages in *Neue Zeit*. Incidentally, I request that you add a note, if you consider it appropriate, explaining that I wrote it for you in German, because I would not like people to attribute to me undeservedly such a knowledge of Russian as the translation in *Iskra* would suggest.

Please pass on my heartfelt best wishes to Vera Ivanovna [Zasulich] as well as to Comrade Gurvich [Fyodor Dan].

I firmly clasp your hand,

Your R. L.

Neue Zeit, vol. 22, no. 2, 1903/04. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 422–44. See the English translation in *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader*, edited by Peter Hudis and Kevin B. Anderson (New York, 2004), pp. 248–65.

291 The Dietz publishing house produced the journal *Neue Zeit* for the Social Democratic Party of Germany.

292 The italicized phrase was in German in the letter, which for the most part was written in Russian.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Hessenwinkel (in the March of Brandenburg), end of July 1904]

Carissima Luigina!²⁹³

Above all we want to congratulate ourselves about Königsberg.²⁹⁴ It is truly an occasion for joyous celebration and a feast of victory, at least that's how I perceive it here, and hopefully you do too there [in St. Gilgen, Austria] in spite of the heat and the beauty of nature. Good heavens, such a judgment of blood against Russia and Prussia is lovelier by far than all the high-peaked mountains and smiling valleys!

Here, by the way, I am enjoying only the latter, more modest aspect of the beauties of nature—but to make up for it, [I have valleys] in unlimited quantity as much as one might want [*à discretion*]. “The Great Sandbox of the blessed Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation,” as the good old March of Brandenburg used to be called—being here has led me to a deeply philosophical question. How come when there is a **mountain**, a valley also invariably lies hidden, so that one can enjoy both, but when there is only **valley**, as for example here in Hessenwinkel, there is exactly that—**only** valley, and that's all. Can you solve this geological puzzle for me? (But please, don't make any malicious play on the ingeniousness of the question by calling it a “**psychological**” rather than a geological puzzle!) Seriously, by the way, it is wonderful here: woods going on for hours and lakes everywhere you can spit (pardon me, it wasn't meant that way) and idyllic **peace and quiet**. The merits of these surroundings have only gradually penetrated to reach my soul. At the beginning, I was still so mentally tense that between my senses and the blossoming “object” an invisible tissue paper barrier was hanging suspended from heaven to earth, and the beauties that hovered before my eyes and ears were not **perceived** and taken in

293 Italian: “Dearest Luise.”

294 In Königsberg (East Prussia), from July 12 to July 25, 1904, nine Social Democrats were on trial, charged with smuggling illegal anti-tsarist literature into Russia. Karl Liebknecht, as one of the defense attorneys, exposed the brutal oppression practiced by the tsarist regime in Russia and the collaboration between the Prussian and Russian authorities. The three principal defendants were acquitted, and the others received only nominal sentences.

by me but simply **noted** as though with the cool indifference of a Baedeker. Every day I go for an expedition lasting for hours (I get up at 6 am; Karl, don't fall off the chair), and while doing this I enjoy the company of a four-footed creature, sheared like a lion, whose name is "Rascal" [*Lump*]; good spirits find one another [*les beaux esprits se rencontrent*]. He greets me every morning with yelps of pleasure when it's time for "us" to go for a walk. Everyone observes and is amazed that his intelligence is visibly increasing since his intellectual exchanges with me have begun, and in the process I am making use frequently, as a means of enlightenment—of the lead articles in *Vorwärts*, just as I have done with my most blessed cat Mimi. Think of me here, in general, as being in a kind of Paradise like Adam before he was driven out "with family."²⁹⁵ At every turn I encounter all sorts of animals that I have only seen before at the zoo behind bars. Not to mention rabbits, my path is crossed every day by the following: deer [*Rehe*]²⁹⁶—and not the one that married Liebknecht²⁹⁶—**squirrels**, and so on. I am expecting next to see a few leopards, rhinos, and bison.

Apropos of that, I recently encountered—during a harmless walk—while I was absorbed with the blue mysteries of the heavens and the green ones of the woods—wandering miles away from any shadow of class consciousness—encountered a genuine comrade, a living and breathing one from Berlin. Unfortunately, he was also an even closer comrade in the sense of the faith of our forefathers, and of course he was so happy about the encounter that he regaled me with a mass of class-conscious bits of news and promised without fail to visit me in the near future with several more comrades. (In such cases our forefathers' custom would have been to utter a brief *mazel tov*.²⁹⁷) But in the end he somewhat made up for the pleasures he had enjoyed, and had in prospect for the future, by telling me the latest joke from Berlin. In Berlin the newspaper *Montagsblatt* has been renamed and since the beginning of summer vacation is being called *Öde am Montag*.²⁹⁸ Nice joke, no?

295 The quoted phrase was written in English.

296 Natalie Liebknecht, wife of Wilhelm Liebknecht, had the maiden name Reh, which in German means "roe deer."

297 Yiddish: "good luck."

298 This is a pun meaning both "Wasteland on Monday" and "Ede [Bernstein] on Monday." In May 1904, Eduard Bernstein began edit-

Now, as compensation for delivering that fine joke, give me a kiss, and for the time being I must say adieu. "Lump" is calling, and I the female "Rascal" [*Lumpin*] am always willing—to go for a walk.

Apropos of that, Luigina, how are things with our trip together?²⁹⁹ The Bureau is "sitting" before the congress on the morning of the 13th. I must be there on the 12th, leaving Berlin on the 11th. Can you do that? Another kiss.

Pardon me, another thing: Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] has just written to me that the case against her in Breslau has been dropped!³⁰⁰ This is the first fruit of the Königsberg victory! But for Klara it goes very much against the grain. She was looking forward with such pleasure to being on trial together with comrades Schiller and Fichte! Their shades must surely be in a foul mood up in heaven because the chance to be in this "divine comedy" has gotten away from them.

And now, in all seriousness, a kiss. Your R.

Karl can have one too, if he wants. And the boys.

ing a newspaper called *Das Neue Montagsblatt. Berliner Sozialistische Montagsschau* (The New Monday Paper: a Berlin Socialist Review); it appeared from May 2 to November 21, 1904.

299 Luxemburg was referring to a trip to Amsterdam, where the International Socialist Congress was to be held August 14–20, 1904. Luxemburg took part in the congress as a delegate.

300 At a rally in Breslau in the spring of 1904 Clara Zetkin had denounced the tsarist autocracy and acknowledged the self-sacrificing struggle of Russian revolutionaries. In her speech she cited Johann Gottlieb Fichte and made use of a quotation from Friedrich Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* about the limits of tyrannical power. At that point the rally was shut down by Prussian officials who were keeping watch. Because of the quotation, charges were brought against Clara Zetkin for "inciting class hatred" and other "political offenses." The case did not go to trial, because the charges were dismissed, obviously as a consequence of the Königsberg trial.

TO ALEKSANDR N. POTRESOV³⁰¹August 7, 1904³⁰²

Worthy comrade!

Today I received an invitation from your party's Council,³⁰³ in which the Polish Social Democracy is asked to take part in a conference with the Bund³⁰⁴ and other organizations for the promotion of an **eventual** general party congress of all active revolutionaries in Russia. I am answering officially to the extent that I can from my own standpoint, because I do not belong to the Foreign Committee of the SDKPiL. At the same time, however, I would like to have a private exchange with you, worthy comrade, about some thoughts that have occurred to me in connection with this invitation.

Allow me to be quite candid with you: Your party's statement in the present instance surprised and puzzled me to some extent. In my opinion, it is plainly evident [*liegt klar auf der Hand*] that all the attempts by the PPS, the Bund, and the like to convene party conferences and congresses, which are supposed to appeal for some sort of "action" against the autocracy, are simply the expression of the

301 The Russian original of this letter is in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History, in Moscow. It was first published by A. N. Potresov and B. I. Nikolaevsky in *Sotsial-demokraticeskoe dvizhenie v Rossii. Materialy* (The Social Democratic Movement in Russia: Documentary Materials) (Moscow-Leningrad, 1928), pp. 129–130.

302 For some passages in this letter there exists a corresponding rough draft with many parts crossed out and with additions, including the date, written in the handwriting of someone other than Luxemburg.

303 The Council of the RSDRP (Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party) met in Geneva on June 13, 1904. The participants in this meeting were: Lenin, Plekhanov, Noskov, Akselrod, and Martov. Among other matters, the meeting dealt with a proposal by the PPS which called for a conference of the two parties in order to reach an agreement for carrying on a unified struggle. The RSDRP Council spoke out instead for a conference of various revolutionary and oppositional parties.

304 The General Jewish Labor Bund in Lithuania, Poland, and Russia, also known as the Jewish Labor Bund, was a secular socialist party advocating national self-determination for Jews in a socialist Russia. It was the first nationwide Marxist organization in Russia; it was founded a year prior to the RSDRP, in 1897. At the RSDRP's Second Congress in Brussels and London, in 1903, the Bund's autonomous position within the party was revoked. In response, the Bund split from the RSDRP. It rejoined it in 1906.

federative policies which those organizations would like to raise to the level of a principle in relations among socialist groups. It is not only that such a tactic does not represent any kind of step forward on the road to the **unification** of Social Democrats in Russia; it actually means the opposite, the **canonization** of the federative principle, which we reject. For the Bund, the PPS *P[roletariat]*, etc., congresses of this kind have only one purpose, to demonstrate to themselves that one can get along wonderfully well without unity of organization and program, and also that one can organize joint actions on an ad hoc basis on important occasions, and without any [specific] agreements. This mode of operation of the federalist nationalists goes together very logically with their eclectic views on the tasks [of Social Democracy] in general and on the methods of struggle against the autocracy, but these [views] do not go together very well, in my opinion, with the comprehensive political world outlook of Social Democracy.

And you see that no "actions" have come out of all these conferences and congresses, because it is also not possible for highly disparate organizations that are divided among themselves to artificially call forth some joint action.

But from this, in my opinion, the prestige of **Russian** Social Democracy will no doubt suffer serious injury. Called upon to be the party of the Russian proletariat, it will turn out to be just one among many groups and grouplets, and instead of drawing others **together** around itself, it will officially be putting up with fragmentation—for the sake of the phantom of some joint action in which, under the given circumstances, the only result will be some joint proclamations with a dozen signatures on them. I'm afraid that in this case it could happen that for *Iskra* the triumph of a broad and charitable attitude toward theoretical views would turn into rather too much of a soft and yielding policy in practice. I have already detected such a tone in *Iskra*, e.g., in relation to the Bund. What was so valuable about *Iskra* before the party congress [of 1903] was precisely its unyielding attitude **in practice** and its intransigence toward all non-Marxist and non-Social Democratic *counsels of confusion*, that unshakable straightforwardness and directness with which the consciousness of its own strength and significance was expressed in Russian Social Democracy. It was exactly this strict unyieldingness in practice that caught the attention of everyone, [including] the

Guesdistes and German Social Democracy, and during the year or two before the party congress [of 1903] it led to an unparalleled level of prestige for your party. But now, unfortunately, this tone seems to be growing softer and softer. I understand entirely and completely that the internal discord in your ranks has undermined the stability of your party, [affecting it] externally as well, but I think that may only be a passing evil. It would be regrettable if firmness and unyieldingness **in practice** necessarily had to be combined with a Lenin-style narrow-mindedness of theoretical views, rather than being combined with broadness and flexibility of thought.

Pardon me for writing so candidly, but you know how dear to my heart your cause is, and besides, I am not generally accustomed to mincing my words. Incidentally, if I should take part in the conference planned by your Council, I will speak out most emphatically against this kind of development [*Vorgehen*]. The Social Democracy of Russia could, in reply to the Bund, simply disregard its invitation, and do so calmly, together with all its co-thinkers. Any party congress of these groups without the Russian party would be merely a laughable curiosity, and one could let them go their own way *confidently* [*getrost*], even if there would also be quite an indignant uproar [*Gequake*]. My Polish comrades wanted to simply decline the invitation they received from the "Bund," but now, in view of your party's tactic, one must of course take part, at least in the planned conference, in order to present and defend our negative attitude toward making alliances with any Tom, Dick, and Harry [*mit Krethi und Plethi*].

I hope to see you in Amsterdam.

A firm clasp of the hand to you,

Your R. Luxemburg

[P.S.] Many thanks for accepting my notice.³⁰⁵

305 At the meeting of the ISB in Brussels on February 7, 1904, Luxemburg spoke out against the admission, or recognition, of a separate Lithuanian Social Democratic delegation and emphasized that the SDKPiL was the only party representing Social Democracy in Lithuania. The Lithuanian Social Democrats protested against this, and she answered them in a notice published in *Iskra*, no. 70, 1904. See her *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 6, p. 89.

TO KARL [AND LUISE] KAUTSKY

[Zwickau, September 9, 1904³⁰⁶]

Dear Karolus!

Thank you for your news.³⁰⁷ I too had not expected much from the Press Commission. For the time being I will abstain from trying to get the article published, because I see very well that a press polemic doesn't lend itself to being waged from prison. I must urgently request that you do one thing: Write a few words to Plekhanov (his address, if needed, is at my place) to explain to him the fate of the article, because he is waiting for it to be published. Will you do that? Thanks in advance! Reassure him that later, when I am out of here, we will find an opportunity to reopen the question and to say the right thing in our press. (Tell him also that the SPD Executive is **on our side**.)

And so now you have other battles to fight. That makes me very happy, because it shows that those little people feel hard hit by our victory in Amsterdam.³⁰⁸ As I assess the situation, their wish will be to take revenge at Bremen.³⁰⁹ Plenty of salt should be poured to spoil that for them! Therefore it troubles me that you say you envy my being in a cell! I have no doubt that you will give Kurt [Eisner], Georg [Gradnauer], and Co. a good knocking on their so-called heads, but you must do it with joy and relish, not as a burdensome

306 On January 16, 1904, the regional court in Zwickau (state of Saxony) convicted Luxemburg of "lese majesty" for allegedly insulting the Prussian monarch, Kaiser Wilhelm II, in one of her campaign speeches in 1903. In July 1904, after her appeal was denied, the court sentenced her to three months in prison. She began serving her sentence in the prison of the Zwickau regional court on August 26, 1904, but was given early release on October 25 as part of a general amnesty to mark the coronation of the new king of Saxony, Frederick Augustus III. See J. P. Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg* (Oxford, 1966), pp. 198–9.

307 Kautsky had informed Luxemburg that her article against the views of the *Vorwärts* editorial board on terrorism had been rejected by it and by the Press Commission responsible for the *Vorwärts*.

308 At the International Socialist Congress (ISC) in Amsterdam, August 14–20, 1904, a resolution against revisionism was adopted—the same resolution that had been passed at the Dresden Congress of the SPD in 1903. The vote at the ISC was 25 for, 5 against, and 12 abstaining.

309 The annual SPD Congress was to be held in Bremen, September 18–24, 1904.

interruption, because the public always senses the mood of the combatants, and if you take pleasure in the fight, it lends a brighter tone to the polemic and gives you a moral advantage. You are definitely all alone now, as I can see; August [Bebel] will certainly keep laboring in the vineyard of the Lord right up to the end, and as you put it, Arthur-Leben and Paulie-Leben are “elegiac.”³¹⁰ If they can be “elegiac” after such a congress [the International Socialist Congress], may thunder and lightning drive them seven fathoms deep into the ground—between two battles, one should be full of the joy of life! Karl, the “scuffle” or “brawl” that is going on now is not a skirmish that we are forced to fight in a drab atmosphere in which no one is interested, of the kind that you have had to fight so many times in the last few years, the interest of the masses has now been revived, I feel it here through the walls [of the prison], and don’t forget that the **International** is also watching us tensely, or I should say is watching you tensely, because the point of departure for the polemic was indeed Amsterdam. I’m writing all this to you not in order to “whip you up,” I am not so lacking in taste, but to make you feel joyful about your polemic, or at least to transmit **my** joy, since I can’t get anything much started with that commodity [my joy] here in cell No. 7.

You know, I have given a lot of thought to Amsterdam. And to the general situation of the international movement and the prospects for [our understanding of] Marxism in the International. I have so much to talk with you about, but it will have to wait. For me the moral of this story is: that we have an incredible amount **to do** and above all an incredible amount **to study**, by which I mean the movement in the various countries. I have the feeling that we (the “Germans”) by merely **getting to know** the actual movement in the other countries will gain an advantage and win influence, and on the other hand I have the feeling that simply by coming closer together with the International our position (in the narrow sense, ours) will grow stronger and stronger inside the **German** movement. In a word, I am enjoying life immensely. Send me your articles enclosed with letters, but send them **as clippings**. I am sure that **Klara** [i.e., Clara Zetkin] is not “elegiac,” but will be found to be in agreement with you and me. The two of you should have fiery days in Bremen.

310 Arthur Stadthagen and Paul Singer.

Come to an understanding with her in good time, she can be relied on. I would so much like to have a letter from **her**. Apropos of the “fourth volume”³¹¹ when it actually appears I would particularly like to review it, because I have a number of ideas about this material in my head.

Now to you, dearest Luise, or rather only to you at this point, because the entire letter is of course for you as well, you understand my mood often better and more quickly (when there’s something to be “understood”). I so much wanted to write you and now I have to cut it so short! Let me just say this much, that your letters put me in the sunniest frame of mind; thank you a thousand times for every word. You give me such a lively picture of your surroundings! Send my most heartfelt greetings to Holland. Write me often, but only when you have the **desire**, don’t force yourself. I kiss you all, and the boys as well. Greetings to Granny. Your Rosa

[P.S.] Luise, write to Troelstra that at the first opportunity I will make a trip to visit Mrs. Sjoukje when we go there [to Amsterdam]. You can send photographs here without any worry. Write me a few words from Bremen about how things go there.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Zwickau, September 1904]

Dearest!

Many thanks for the photo of Karl with the lovely dedication! The picture is marvelous, the first really good picture of him that I’ve seen. The eyes, the expression on the face—it’s all superb. (Only the necktie, teeming with little white bean shapes, which really catch the eye!—Such a tie is grounds for divorce. Yes, yes, I know—women—even in the presence of the loftiest spirit, the first thing they notice is the necktie ...) [But seriously] The picture gives me great joy! Yesterday the letter from Grandma [Minna

311 Luxemburg was planning to write a review in connection with the then imminent posthumous publication of Karl Marx’s *Theorien der Mebrwert* (*Theories of Surplus Value*)—a work that Marx considered the fourth book of *Capital*.

Kautsky] arrived. She writes endearingly, to try to cheer me up, but she isn't good at concealing her own depression. Give her my heart-felt greetings. Hopefully things are going well for her again. Here at least the loveliest weather is prevailing. —It seems, however, that as soon as I'm away, the world goes to pieces. Is it true, what I read in the [*Berliner*] *Tageblatt*, that Franziskus [Franz Mehring] has resigned?³¹² But that would be a debacle—a triumph for the whole Fifth Estate!³¹³ Couldn't he be restrained from taking this step? It really shook me, and it's got me down. And meanwhile, you write me nothing further about it, you awful thing! —

Now it is evening, and a soft breeze is blowing from above through my dormer window into the cell causing my green lampshade to stir slightly, and gently blowing the pages of the Schiller volume that lies open before me. Outdoors a horse is being led slowly past the prison on its way home and in the nocturnal stillness the clapping of its hoofs on the pavement resounds in an oddly peaceful way. From the distance, barely audible, come the sentimental strains of a harmonica, on which some rank beginner, who is strolling past, is "huffing and puffing" a waltz. Some lines of poetry that I read somewhere recently keep humming in my head:

Bedded down among the treetops
Lies your little quiet garden
Where the roses and carnations
Long have waited for your darling

[Eingebettet zwischen Wipfeln
Liegt dein kleiner stiller Garten
Wo die Rosen und die Nelken
Lang schon auf dein Liebchen warten]

312 In June 1904, indignant over the mild and inconsistent arbitrator's type of pronouncements being made against the opportunists, who had slandered him at the SPD Congress of September 14–20, 1903, Mehring expressed his intention of giving up his work at the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* and the *Neue Zeit*.

313 Apparently Luxemburg uses the term "Fifth Estate" to refer to the opportunists and reformists in general.

I don't understand the meaning of these words at all. I don't even know if they have a meaning, but together with the breath of air that touches my hair as though caressingly, they put me in a strange mood. Life plays an eternal game of tag with me. It seems to me always that it's not inside me, not here where I am, but somewhere far off. Back then, at home [in my childhood], I used to sneak across to the window—it was strictly forbidden to get up before Father was up—I would open it quietly and peek out at the big courtyard. There was certainly not much to see there. Everything was still asleep, a cat crept by on its soft paws across the courtyard, a pair of sparrows were having a fight with a lot of cheeky chirping, and long, tall Antoni in his short sheepskin jacket, which he wore summer and winter, stood by the pump with both hands and chin resting on the handle of his broom, deep reflection etched on his sleepy, unwashed face. This Antoni, by the way, was a man of higher aspirations. Every evening after lockup he sat on his sleeping bench on the ground floor and sounded out letter by letter, by the lantern's feeble light, the official "Police Notes," and his reading could be heard throughout the house as a kind of muffled litany. In this he was guided purely by an interest in arts and letters, because he didn't understand a word, but merely loved to sound out the letters; he loved the letters in and for themselves. Despite that, he was not easy to satisfy. Once, at his request, I gave him something to read—Lubbock's *The Origin of Civilization*.³¹⁴ I had just gone through this book, reading it with ardent zeal as the first "serious" book I had ever read, but he returned it to me after two days with the explanation that the book was "worth nothing." As for me, several years later I came belatedly to the realization of how right Antoni was. —And so Antoni would always stand for some time sunk deep in thought, but he would come out of it all at once with a shuddering, crashing, widely reverberating yawn, and this liberating yawn invariably meant: time to

314 John Lubbock was an English politician, banker, and naturalist (author of works on anthropology, entomology, and geography). His *Prehistoric Times* (first published in 1865) was translated into several languages and often used as a textbook. Marx made important excerpt notes on Lubbock's *The Origin of Civilization* in his *Ethnological Notebooks*. See *The Ethnological Notebooks of Karl Marx*, transcribed by Lawrence Krader (Assen, 1972), pp. 337–52. Luxemburg was probably unaware of these notes by Marx.

get to work. Even now I can still hear the slurping, slapping sound with which Antoni dragged his wet, crooked, little broken-down broom over the paving and in the process always aesthetically and painstakingly formed elegant and uniform little circles around the edges, which could be taken for the finest Brussels lace trimming. His sweeping of the courtyard was a veritable poem. And that was actually the loveliest moment, before the dreary, noisy, pounding, and hammering life of the big apartment building woke up. The solemn stillness of the morning hour spread above the triviality of the courtyard's paved surface; the window panes glittered with the early morning gold of the young sun, and way up high swam sweet-smelling clouds with a touch of pink, before dissolving into the gray sky over the metropolis. Back then I firmly believed that "life," that is, "real life," was somewhere far away, off beyond the rooftops. Ever since then I've been chasing after it. But it is still hiding behind some rooftop or other. In the end was it all some kind of wanton playing or frivolous toying with me? And has real life actually remained right there in that courtyard where Antoni and I read *The Origins of Civilization* for the first time?

I embrace you with all my heart, Rosetta

[P.S.] The "comedy" in Basel—I had a lot of fun over that.³¹⁵ There was Wullschleger, who had eked out a blessing from Rome, and next to him Son Excellence Millerand, who sang songs of praise to Berlin ... It's like they used to say in the old monastery song:

Et pro rege et pro papa
*Bibunt vinum sine aqua*³¹⁶

Holdrio! (Hello, out there!) Things are getting prettier and prettier in the world.

315 In Basel, Switzerland, on September 26–8, 1904, the Third General Assembly of the Association for the Legal Protection of Workers took place. The Swiss Social Democrat Eugen Wullschleger, president of the Basel municipal government, gave the opening remarks at the assembly, and among those speaking was Alexandre Millerand, the reformist socialist from France. The Pope allowed his sympathies to be expressed to the gathering.

316 "Both for the king and for the pope / they're drinking wine, and without water."

TO HENRIETTE ROLAND HOLST³¹⁷

Berlin-Friedenau, October 27, 1904

58 Cranach Street

My dear Henriette!

Now we must switch roles, and I hasten to send my most heartfelt best wishes to you on your bed of pain. Day before yesterday I was suddenly, and for me quite unexpectedly, released from prison, or much more accurately, I was thrown out, because I made some difficulties about accepting the blessings of amnesty from the Kingdom of Saxony (on the occasion of the accession to the throne of the frontrunner on the gyron).³¹⁸ But it didn't help [to protest], and I returned to royal Prussian freedom in Friedenau just exactly one month ahead of time.³¹⁹ Yesterday we chatted all day with the Kautskys, and today is my first "deed"—to express my thanks to you for your dear letter—which was a true lifesaver [*Labsal*] for me in Cell No. 7—as well as my warmest sympathies regarding your unfortunate fall [from a bicycle]. I was already informed about that by Herman [Gorter] and was greatly concerned about how you were getting along, but unfortunately I was not at all in a position to write an inquiry to you or Kautsky—because, you see, only once a month was I allowed to correspond with the outside world. —Just then your communication arrived and reassured me to some extent. I am

317 The German original of this letter is in the International Institute of Social History, in Amsterdam. It was published—like all the letters to Roland Holst in the present selection—in the German edition of Henriette Roland Holst-van der Schalk's *Rosa Luxemburg: ihr Leben und Werke* (Rosa Luxemburg: Her Life and Work) (Zurich, 1937). That book first appeared in Dutch as *Rosa Luxemburg. Haar leven en werken* (Rotterdam, 1935).

318 A gyron is a triangular sector on a heraldic shield, as in a coat of arms; here, probably a metaphor for the coat of arms of the royal house of Saxony. In other words, Luxemburg is apparently referring to the first in line of succession for the throne of Saxony.

319 On January 16, 1904, the regional court in Zwickau (state of Saxony) convicted Luxemburg of "lese majesty" for allegedly insulting the Prussian monarch, Kaiser Wilhelm II, in one of her campaign speeches in 1903. In July 1904, after her appeal was denied, the court sentenced her to three months in prison. She began serving her sentence in the prison of the Zwickau regional court on August 26, 1904, but was given early release on October 25 as part of a general amnesty to mark the coronation of the new king of Saxony, Frederick Augustus III.

now doubly incensed about abominable bicycles—even before this I couldn't stand to see women riding bicycles, because it is seldom aesthetically pleasing. I am terribly old-fashioned, as you see, and even "philistinesque" [*philiströs*]. Hopefully, your good humor still persists and your convalescence is progressing well.

As for me, I'm feeling terrific, evil tongues will even claim I've put on weight (though for two months I nearly starved because the food was so abominable!). I gave thanks from the fullness of my heart for the peace and solitude in which I was once again able to patch up my inner self. Actually I always have a feeling of being torn inwardly when interacting with people, each new impression tugs me in a different direction, and I am entirely the slave of the moment. In solitude I find myself again, and bring the "Polish economy" [or "shambles"] of my spiritual life into a fairly well ordered state of affairs. I worked and read wonderfully well for the whole two months. Outside of my own field—economics—I also dabbled somewhat in literature and philosophy. The announcement of the amnesty tore me from the loveliest excursion into Leibniz's mountainous regions. By the way, I'd like to know if that grand old Huygens with whom Leibniz corresponded about mathematics was a forefather of our Cornélie Huygens. It would be interesting to find that out and it's not at all impossible. —My impressions from Amsterdam (I mean the congress)³²⁰ gave me a lot to think about, and the final result [of that thinking] is that it would be highly useful to encourage a closer coming-together and above all a getting-to-know-one-another among the individual parties. I do see the strengthening of international feeling to be, in and of itself, a means of fighting against bigotry and ignorance, on which such a goodly part of opportunism rests, and I find that our press, including *Neue Zeit*, for example, is not free of its share of the blame in this respect; I've frequently said and written this to Kautsky; obviously by himself he can't do much. But a personality like you, my blonde Madonna, could have a great effect. If you don't have the time yourself to inform Germany now and then about your movement, you would at least have to arrange this matter, organize it—and direct it. Because, after all, it's not a matter of merely reporting dry facts, which, for example, *Vorwärts* does with a notable absence of

320 The International Socialist Congress was held in Amsterdam, August 14–20, 1904.

inspiration, but it's a matter of conveying the living spirit of the movement. What you wrote me about the demonstration by young sailors gladdened my heart and refreshed my spirit; it was necessary for the Kautskys to learn about this for the first time from me—from Zwickau prison! There was not one word about it in our press! For my part I intend to study the Dutch movement diligently and will make use of my next visit to you for that purpose, [and] I hope to find in you a good and kind Cicero [as a guide]. Naturally, for this, I will quickly learn Dutch. In the prison cell I unfortunately had no instructional aids. I tried to read Dutch, but understood only every fifth or sixth word; to make up for it, I read a lot of Italian, because that movement too has aroused my interest. Which language would be best for getting to know the Scandinavians better? The triumvirate of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden is quite unattractive to me, and when I see the good man Knudsen, I can easily believe that Denmark does a big herring business, but I find it difficult to imagine that Prince Hamlet was born in that country. But one must certainly become better acquainted with these three dreadful parties because, as was shown again at Amsterdam, they do play a role in the International, even if not a gratifying one. — What I have found out here about party matters is also not very gratifying to me; I mean the endless controversies at the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*,³²¹ in the course of which several juicy stupidities on the part of Mehring's colleagues (probably without his having a hand in the matter) were committed and which sank to such a low and petty level that I have to force myself to read about them. On the other hand, in France it seems to me the rumbling about unity is in practice actually pointless, however it may be intended to unmask Jaurès's hypocrisy. He, who for several years was riding the idea of unity right into the ground, today has to turn around and squirm to try to avoid it! — A scene worthy of the gods. The only thing is, it's too bad that our Bebel, not being acquainted with the individuals, the Renaudels, Longuets, & Co., takes them quite seriously as authoritative promoters of unity; I'm afraid that at the next meeting

321 Conflicts over the direction and management of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* had begun as early as 1902, between Luxemburg and Franz Mehring. Such conflicts continued, between Mehring and other members of the editorial board, with the result that there were frequent arguments and misunderstandings, as well as changes of personnel.

of the International [Socialist] Bureau we may experience quite a bit of unpleasant back and forth as a result of this. *Nota bene*, Bebel wants—as I have just found out—to know if this meeting of the Bureau can be moved to Paris, and Kautsky had to write to Servy along these lines—supposedly in the interest of French unity. This is quite a wrong idea, and even Kautsky personally is not enthusiastic about it. I will also write an energetic protest to Servy against moving the meeting (especially because all that is most beautiful for me—after Amsterdam—is connected with Brussels!). It would be good if your delegates as well (Troelstra and van Kol) would submit a statement to that effect to the Bureau. It is precisely in Paris that the whole matter would most easily get all muddled up, in a milieu of constant passionate strife.³²²

And now adieu for the time being and as for you, Sir Knight³²³ (and I always call you that in my thoughts because of the powerful and resilient figure you present and because you have such flashing steel-gray eyes), you promised to send “a long letter” to me in Zwickau. Even in Friedenau, like Shylock, I insist on what is due me: either a letter or one pound of heart flesh! ... I send you heartfelt kisses, beautiful Henriette, I wish you a speedy recovery and much pleasant rest, and I clasp both your hands with all my strength. Write me soon!

Yours completely, Rosa L.

TO HENRIETTE ROLAND HOLST

[Friedenau,] December 17, 1904

Beloved Henriette!

How good that both of you exist! Sometimes when things get dark and dreary for my soul from all sorts of garbage in life, particularly party life, I remember Amsterdam and things brighten up again. You say that I see Holland too much through “rose-colored glasses.” Oh, but let me have this illusion—at least in relation to a pair of good people. It’s so fine to have a pure and fragrant memory, kept in stock.

322 The meeting of the ISB took place in Brussels on January 15, 1905.

323 Luxemburg uses this nickname for Henriette’s husband, Richard Nicolaas Roland Holst.

But why the devil am I moaning to you in such a melancholy way! Don't believe it, don't believe me in general, I'm different at every moment, and life is made up only of moments.

I didn't write you until now because I kept hoping to receive definite word of your arrival. It was the Kautskys who advised me of your intention to come here soon, although you mentioned not one syllable about that in your letter! Now we are waiting for news of **when** you are coming, and we specifically ask that, without fail, you **bring along** the Knight of the Golden Fleece.³²⁴ After all, the Golden Fleece should not travel alone, since it has proven to be such a fragile thing, hard to take care of, and we want to have **both** of you here, so that joy will be unbounded. Luise K[autsky] is energetically intriguing away so that Herman Gorter and his better half will come [too], and then we will really have a Little Amsterdam here, hurrah! And so, **when?**

With regard to your wish for a quotation regarding strikes, you are probably not thinking about **classical** economics, but about **bourgeois** economics in general. The classical authors (Locke, Petty, Smith, Ricardo, etc.) do not yet have anything directly about strikes. It was not until the '20s of the nineteenth century³²⁵ that economists began to deal with them, after the big conflicts in England. And so what you need is first to be found, as I recall, in Thornton (*On Labor*)³²⁶ and perhaps in Sismondi.³²⁷ I don't own these books, unfortunately, and I have commissioned a friend who has access to the Royal Library to search for the quotation. If something appropriate turns up, you will get it promptly. (I think you need this for your pamphlet on the general strike.)³²⁸

324 Richard Nicolaas Roland Holst, Henriette's husband.

325 The original letter had "eighteenth" by mistake.

326 William Thomas Thornton's book *On Labor* was published in 1869.

327 Luxemburg is referring to a German translation by Richard Prager (Berlin, 1901) of the second edition (1827) of a work by the Swiss economist and historian Jean Charles Léonard Simonde de Sismondi, *Nouveaux Principes d'économie politique* (New Principles of Political Economy), 1819. The German title of Sismondi's work was *Neue Grundsätze der politischen Ökonomie oder der Reichtum in seinen Beziehungen zu der Bervölkerung* (New Principles of Political Economy, or Wealth in Its Relation to Population).

328 Henriette Roland Holst's work entitled *Generalstreik und Sozialdemokratie* (General Strike and Social Democracy) was published in Dresden in 1905.

Many thanks for your poem! But for the time being you are causing me the torments of Tantalus. I have taken up Knight Roland's lead article from *Nieuwe Tijd*,³²⁹ because I found the title enticing and the first few sentences were easy, but then it began to go up hill and down dale, and soon my head began to crack from all these *mat-schapelijken* and *Kracht*. I'm annoyed because I would very much like to read the article.

I don't want to talk with you solely about the "race problem" in Social Democracy, but would much rather talk about our general situation at present. In particular I am by no means delighted by the role so-called orthodox "radicalism" has played up to now. Tracking down instances of opportunist stupidity and repeating, parrot-like, our criticisms of them is for me not a satisfying form of labor; but rather, I am so thoroughly fed up with this duty that I prefer to remain silent in such cases. I am amazed at the certainty with which many of our radical friends contend that the only thing necessary is to constantly bring the sheep that has gone astray—the party—back home to its safe stall, "firmness of principle," and in this connection I feel that with this purely negative activity we are not making any steps forward. And for a revolutionary movement not to go forward means—to fall back. The only means of fighting opportunism in a radical way is to keep going forward oneself, to **develop** tactics further, to **intensify** the revolutionary aspects of the movement. Generally speaking, opportunism is a plant that grows in swamps, spreading quickly and luxuriantly in the stagnant water of the movement; when the current flows swiftly and strongly it [opportunism] dies away by itself. It is precisely here in Germany that there is an urgent, burning need for the movement to go forward! And [only] the smallest number of us are aware of that. Some get bogged down in petty squabbles with the opportunists, and others, indeed, believe that the automatic, mechanical growth of our numbers (in elections and in our organizations) in and of itself means "moving forward"! They forget that quantity must be transformed into quality, that a party of three million cannot keep carrying out the same automatic operations performed by a party of a million and a half. I don't need to tell **you** that I am not thinking about any sudden "going into the

329 This probably refers to the article by R. N. Roland Holst, "Proletariat en Kunst" (Proletariat and Art), in *Nieuwe Tijd* (New Times), vol. 9, pp. 787–90.

streets" or any kind of artificial adventurism. But our entire work must be given a different, deeper tone, consciousness of our own strength must be raised, and ... and we'll talk all this over sometime, otherwise I'll be turning this letter into a lead article. Do you also think along these lines sometimes? This is not at all just a German problem, but an international one. The Amsterdam Congress made me very clearly aware of that. But German Social Democracy must give the signal and point the direction.

And now, in closing and to say farewell, some beautiful words from a poet. Do you know Conrad Ferdinand Meyer and his *Huttens letzte Tage* [Hutten's Last Days]? If so, the following verses will come to you as a familiar greeting. If not, they should tell you what is resounding rhythmically in my soul at this moment as an accompaniment to my thoughts. Of course there is no **logical** connection to be found here, but perhaps a **psychological** one.

The Confession

Here now I step across a grave, my own —
 Now, Hutten, won't you your confession make?
 It's a Christian custom. I'll beat my breast.
 What person has no consciousness of guilt?
 How I regret my late-come sense of duty!
 Regret my heart did not burn hot enough!
 Regret I did not enter into battle
 With sharper blows and with far greater zeal!
 Regret the hour when I no armor wore!
 Regret the day I struck no wounding blow!
 Regret—and ashes on my head I strew—
 That my belief in winning wasn't stronger!
 Regret that only one time I was banished!
 Regret that often I knew human fears!
 And, overcome now with remorse, regret
 I was not always true to being Hutten.¹³³⁰

330 On February 7, 1917, many years after this December 1904 letter to Henriette Roland Holst, Luxemburg sent a fourteen-line version of the same excerpt to Mathilde Jacob from imprisonment in the Wronke fortress. (See below.)

Is this not written with brazen hammer blows? I clasp your hand firmly and with all my heart,

Your Rosa

[P.S.] Give my heartfelt greetings to our friend [Herman] Gorter, to whom I owe many thanks for the dear and mischievous letter he sent to me [in prison] in Zwickau. I haven't written him a letter because I had the feeling he didn't need one and because I hope to see him here soon. For now, many best wishes to him and his wife!

Enclosed is a photo for Gorter from [André] Morizet, who also sent one to Bebel and to me as the "*Mitgetroffenen*" [those who appear together in the photo].³³¹ Don't be frightened by my profile!

TO HENRIETTE ROLAND HOLST

July 3, 1905

Dear Henriette!

I'm hurrying to answer your questions. Such an interpretation of the party congress decision as the one you specify is something unknown to me from the history of the [Social Democratic] party movement.³³² But the entire practice of German Social Democracy shows the opposite: if a decision is made, for example, to support liberal candidates, this means *eo ipso* [in and of itself] that support for other candidates is **forbidden**.

331 The photo referred to may be the same one reproduced in *Herzlichst Ihre Rosa* (p. 165), showing Luxemburg and Bebel apparently having a humorous exchange in Amsterdam in 1904.

332 The reference is to the April 1905 congress of the SDAP (the Sociaal-Democratische Arbeiderspartij, or Social Democratic Workers' Party), the Social Democratic organization in Holland. The congress passed a resolution, regarding the forthcoming parliamentary elections, not to limit itself to the distinction between bourgeois clerical and anticlerical parties, but to support only those bourgeois candidates, in runoff elections, who expressed a binding commitment to instituting universal suffrage quickly. After the ruling clerical parties suffered unexpectedly high losses in the first round of elections on June 17, 1905, the SDAP Executive saw itself as being in a position to decide the outcome and then "interpreted" the congress resolution to mean that it would be left to individual SDAP voters to decide who to vote for in the second round.

In general it seems to me that the notion of individual freedom for party members when it comes to supporting opponent candidates is monstrous and incompatible with the Social Democratic conception of organization.³³³ To be sure it does happen that the German party gives a free hand to individual **election districts**, as was done, for example, in Württemberg in relation to the People's Party, which is too shabby to be given support generally, but is perhaps to be preferred in some election districts over the other reactionary parties. But the decision in such cases is not left to the discretion of individuals, but to the party organization in the election district.

Giving carte blanche to individual party members is, on the other hand, a well-known method of **bourgeois** parties, and indeed it is nothing but a familiar designation for cowardly betrayal. In particular such a laissez faire policy is used by the German "free-thinkers' party" every time it wants to support reaction against Social Democracy. It seldom has the courage to recommend to its supporters an open policy of support to reaction, but does so in the disguised form of "leaving it up to individuals to act at their own discretion." Invariably that means free rein to passively or actively support the opponents of Social Democracy.

As for my trip to the beautiful Icarus land³³⁴ of Holland, you have guessed correctly that nothing will come of it. I cannot now leave my post, but I feel splendid in doing this work, because the revolution [in Russia] is developing according to all the rules, and it is a great joy to be able to observe this, understand it, and contribute to it. The "hopes and fears" of which you speak can only be felt by someone who remains merely an observer, like the *Vorwärts* people, for example, or the Russian liberals. People like us take an active part with good cheer, and the **mental work** (the analysis of the revolution's progress) is perhaps an even greater pleasure than the practical involvement. Among the masses in our country a truly voracious

333 The position taken by the SDAP Executive in the runoff elections triggered a debate in *Nieuwe Tijd*, the party journal. After Herman Gorter, a member of the Executive, and others had defended the leadership's action as being justified by the changed situation, Henriette Roland Holst made a sharp attack on this policy, and in part of what she wrote she used Luxemburg's arguments word for word.

334 A reference to Icaria, the utopian land imagined in the work of the early nineteenth-century socialist Étienne Cabet. The name derives from Icarus, the son of Daedalus in Greek mythology.

appetite has developed for light, for class consciousness, and I count myself lucky that I can contribute at least a small kernel toward appeasing this hunger for enlightenment. Only it's a pity that all of you are not directly involved and cannot write for the workers in Poland and Russia. Language still confronts the International as an accursed barrier. My ideal would be that all the fresh spirits of every country would now be working with united energies for the Russian revolution and would send a cloudburst of good pamphlets there. Then the cause would quickly come to fruition! And yet you have to waste your precious energies on idiotic parliamentary elections and the like. How awful!

I will have to share my humble opinion about your book³³⁵ in the *Neue Zeit*.³³⁶ Unfortunately I have not been able to do that until now because of my work on behalf of the Russian and Polish proletariat.

Many heartfelt greetings and kisses,
from your Rosa

[Karl Kautsky added the following P.S.:] Dear friend, I can only subscribe to what Rosa says. Even in run-off elections we have always acted only as a party, not as individuals. Where one leaves election tactics up to the individual, that is only the result of cowardice, which would like to pursue a tactic that one does not have the courage to recommend openly. By giving free choice to individuals the responsibility of the party and its leadership is taken away and shoved off onto anonymous members. —In regard to Russia I am also entirely of Rosa's opinion. Things are going forward magnificently, and I feel thoroughly refreshed by that. The Bernstein business made me old and tired before my time. The Russian revolution has made me ten years younger. I have never worked so lightly and easily as now. Vive la Revolution! Best greetings to you and Uncle Rick from us both. Yours, K. Kautsky

335 The reference is to Henriette Roland Holst's book, *Generalstreik und Sozialdemokratie* (General Strike and Social Democracy), with a Foreword by Karl Kautsky, published in Dresden in 1905.

336 No review of Roland Holst's book by Luxemburg appeared in *Neue Zeit*.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau,] the 29th [of September, 1905]

Precious! I'm writing you with uncertainty about whether this letter will still reach you tomorrow in Kraków, but I'm incapable of writing to Warsaw because I feel restricted by the address from Kuba, and for me that is fatal. I can't bring myself to write a single word. —I just got back yesterday evening from a runoff election [*Stichwahl*] in Essen. There I had six public meetings in the course of three days, three of them mass rallies [*Grossveranstaltungen*] (with 2,000–3,000 at each), three on behalf of Bebel, who was ill, and three in my own name. Things went splendidly, but you can imagine how much I was on the go [*in der Mühle*] the whole time, and you can understand why I didn't write you during that time. When I went to [the SPD Congress at] Jena, I already felt like a corpse, and while there I was on my feet the entire time, without having a moment to sit down, I gave three speeches at the congress (and spoke once on a point of personal privilege).³³⁷ Then I went directly to Berlin, spent all of Sunday "resting up," actually I wrote only seven letters that were absolutely necessary and changed my clothes, and on Monday, at 8 in the morning, I left for Essen (a nine-hour train trip) and spoke that evening at two different meetings (getting from the one to the other by droshky; by the way, at the railroad station and all over the city posters had been stuck up, one of which I'm enclosing here), and then the same schedule on Tuesday and Wednesday, then on Thursday getting up at 7 in the morning and making another nine-hour trip to Berlin. In spite of that I dealt my blows valiantly and have returned feeling ten times fresher than when I left for Jena. (N.B., this agitational work has put me in very good favor with the old-timers [i.e., the SPD leaders], and so forth. But just imagine this racing around [*gonka*]. I never knew during the whole time which world I was in, and when I thought about you every day I was incapable of picturing **where** you actually were. I am waiting with the greatest longing for the first news from you, from Kraków, to finally have some calm and peace again and to resume regular

337 At the Jena Congress (September 17–23, 1905) Luxemburg spoke on the relations between the SPD and the trade unions, the ongoing 1905 revolution in Russia, and in general, on the German workers' movement. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 595–604

correspondence. My precious, poor Dziodziuś, how you must have felt there during this time, in such a pickle [*w tych tarapatach*] and without any letters from me! But surely you were able to realize why, since you knew that I had gone to Essen and that it would be **impossible** for me to write letters [from there]. If only something would come from you, from Kraków, tomorrow!

How many fresh ideas and plans I have brought back with me, how much eager desire to work. I'll write about all that in my next letter, as soon as I know that you're in Kraków. For now, just this much about me: I had barely returned from Essen when a torrent [*Sturzbach*] of unpleasant news "from home" [i.e., from Poland], like suffocating vapors, poured down [*kblynul*]. First, a telegram from Kraków that has been lying here since the 25th, having to do with the "distribution commission."³³⁸ Why this question was not worked out with Dalski, I don't understand. You need to take the appropriate steps about that. (Today I sent a telegram to Dalski as well as to Moszoro, but I'm afraid that this business is all over by now.) Further, a packet of letters from the last four days was brought to me today, and in it, again from Kraków, were some foul clippings from *Naprzód*.³³⁹ Farther on, there was an idiotic letter from Julek [Marchlewski], which I am enclosing (I will answer him tomorrow), and all this has depressed me. Of course the most painful for me were your postcards from Riga about waiting in vain for a letter. How I yearn for all this to come to some peaceful resolution, so that at last you will feel calm and cheerful [*bodro*]! I found our living space here in the same stupid mess [*in dem gleichen tollen Durcheinander*]. I had to get hold of a cleaning woman right away, and today everything has already been cleaned up, and at least I can write a letter on a clean desk surface. Within the week I'm definitely getting a maid. A heap of (German) work is waiting for me. Among other things, Bebel is asking that I regularly write an article for the *Vorwärts* (two a month or two a week). Tomorrow I will try to send you the article about Kasprz[ak].³⁴⁰ Oh, I'm waiting so impatiently for a word from

338 The commission had the function of distributing (apportioning) to the various revolutionary groups in Russia the funds that had been raised in support of the 1905 revolution.

339 *Forward*, central organ of the PPSD, the Polish reformist-socialist group in Austria.

340 This article by Luxemburg (in Polish) dealt with the execution of

you from Kraków that I'm ready to send you a telegram, but I don't know what or where to write. My precious, be calm and stay in a good mood, be good and write immediately. I embrace you with all my heart. Your R

TO HENRIETTE ROLAND HOLST

Friedenau, October 2, 1905

My dear Henriette,

I'm hurrying to answer your questions, all the more so because I welcome with joy the second edition of your book.³⁴¹ I completely agree with you that Bebel's resolution conceived of the question very one-sidedly and superficially.³⁴² When it [Bebel's resolution] became known to us at Jena some of us intended to wage an all-out struggle against it in the discussion so as to bring out the fact that the mass strike is not a mechanical recipe for being on the political defensive but is an elementary form of revolutionary struggle. However, Bebel's speech in and of itself shifted the matter in a

Marcin Kasprzak. It was entitled "Niech żyje rewolucja!" (Long Live the Revolution!) and was published in *Z pola walki* (From the Field of Battle), no. 12, September 30, 1905.

341 Henriette Roland Holst, *Generalstreik und Sozialdemokratie* (General Strike and Social Democracy), Foreword by Karl Kautsky (Dresden, 1906).

342 The reference is to August Bebel's resolution at the SPD Party Congress at Jena, September 17–23, 1905. The part of the resolution that especially caused discussion was worded as follows: "Therefore the Party Congress declares that it is in particular the duty of the working class as a whole, in the event of an attack on universal, equal, direct suffrage and the secret ballot or on the right to form coalitions, to apply any and every means that seems appropriate for defending itself. As one of the most effective means of struggle to defend against such a political attack on the working class, or in order to defend against such a political crime against the working class or in order to conquer an important principle for its emancipation, the Party Congress considers, in the given case, 'the comprehensive application of the tactic of a massive work stoppage' to be applicable. However, in order for this means of struggle to be as effective as possible, the greatest possible expansion of the political and trade union organizations of the working class and the unceasing education and enlightenment of the masses by the workers' press and in all oral and written agitation are absolutely essential."

different direction and that was even more true as a result of the actions of the opportunists (Heine, etc.). As has often happened before we, the “extreme lefts,” saw ourselves forced, despite important differences with Bebel, to fight not against him but together with him against the opportunists. At Jena, in the middle of the discussion, to come out directly against Bebel’s resolution would have been a tactical mistake on our part. It was much more appropriate to give the resolution a revolutionary coloration, while solidarizing with Bebel, and this tactic surely was successful, even if the newspaper report gives only a weak indication of that. Actually in the discussion the mass strike was treated as a form of revolutionary mass struggle, including by Bebel, perhaps without himself fully realizing that, and the specter of revolution clearly dominated over the whole debate at the Party Congress. This fact was actually emphasized by the opportunists themselves as they cried out with their Cassandra calls against the inevitable consequences of the new tactic: against [alleged] bloody revolution. We can be completely satisfied with this result **tactically**. Party congress resolutions in general never have the aim of clarifying theoretical questions in an exhaustive way, but they merely have the aim of injecting a **political slogan** into the life of our party. This was done by the Bebel resolution and the debate, and now the slogan must develop according to its own logic naturally, a process that should be served by further discussion in the press. This is the “esoteric” aspect of the question. As far as “things esoteric” are concerned: the question of whether you should talk about this in the second edition, I do not see, at least from my point of view, why you should not do that. To the contrary, that would even make me happy, because—to be frank about it—the only objection I could make about your otherwise excellent book is that you discuss the mass strike much too formalistically as a means of defense and in that connection you put too much emphasis on the aspect of organization and discipline and much too little on the **historical** process of the sharpening of class contradictions and you haven’t spelled it out enough that from this context the mass strike emerges as an elementary phenomenon. At any rate I intend to write about the Jena debate and the congress resolution quite candidly when the opportunity arises.³⁴³—Finally,

343 Luxemburg discussed this question in the *Vorwärts*, no. 277, November 26, 1905, in an article entitled “Eine Haupt- und Staatsaktion”

as far as the review in *Vorwärts* is concerned,³⁴⁴ I would advise you **not** to get into it, despite Wallfisch's urging you to do so. The party's central organ [that is, *Vorwärts*] truly does not deserve to be eternalized that way, even if only in the second edition of your book. Readers would also grow weary of such skirmishing over an insignificant review in *Vorwärts*. —In general we can be very satisfied with Jena. The main thing is this: the entire mass of the party is in excellent fighting mood, and that is all one can hope to accomplish in a political off-season. Everything else will be brought along when a revolutionary situation develops, which cannot fail to occur sooner or later. Write back right away, and stay fresh and cheerful, as we are. Heartfelt greetings to you and your husband, as well as to Herman [Gorter], Pannekoek, and Mendels.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau] the 6th [of October, 1905]

Precious! Today at last I want to write you in more detail and send the letter off in good time, so as not to be running into the city at night.

Yesterday I received a letter from Bebel with the following salutation: Dorogoi Rakovsky!³⁴⁵ (I'll have to copy out [the German text of the letter] for you, unfortunately, because you definitely won't be able to decipher it.)³⁴⁶

(A Major Action of Statewide Significance), and she discussed it more thoroughly in her pamphlet *The Mass Strike, the Party, and the Trade Unions*.

344 In issue number 146 of *Vorwärts* on June 25, 1905, a review by the editors was published of Henriette Roland Holst's work *Generalstreik und Sozialdemokratie* (General Strike and Social Democracy), that amounted to the argument that the mass strike should be regarded as a means of struggle for the working class, but nonetheless it should not be allowed to interfere with the highest principle of socialist politics, the revolutionizing of hearts and minds. The title of the review was "Über politische Streik" (About the Political Strike).

345 The Russian phrase means "Dear Rakovsky" and was written by Bebel in the Russian alphabet. He often used this joking form of address in his letters to Luxemburg.

346 The rest of Bebel's letter, as quoted by Luxemburg to Jogiches, was in German.

"I am writing to inquire of you whether you would be inclined to write regularly for the *Vorwärts*, something like two lead articles per week, if the relevant bodies should ask you for such collaboration.

"I herewith express the opinion that you would be not be bound either to a particular day or to a particular subject. The articles, depending on the circumstances, would take up economic or political topics. Either you would choose the topic or the editorial board would express its wish for you to provide an article on such-and-such a topic. The editorial board would have to accept the article as long as there were no overriding considerations relating to the press laws. If it [the editorial board] should have reservations with regard to the content, it would **immediately** have to inform the Executive and the Press Commission. The articles [two each week] would have to be accepted as editorials in the event that you yourself preferred not to sign one or the other with your cipher [i.e., name or initials].

"It goes without saying that there would be an appropriate honorarium for the articles. Where possible, an article would not be longer than two columns, but by way of exception on important subjects a system of Article, pt. I, and Article, pt. II, will be used. I would like to ask you to let me know your opinion [regarding this proposal] **as soon as possible.**"

As you see, a marriage proposal in full form [*Heiratsantrag in aller Form*]. The terms [being offered] in and of themselves are outstanding: *special protection by the Executive*, the editorial board must accept the articles, a special honorarium (as K. K. [Karl Kautsky] told me, 25 marks [per article]), and a special, privileged status. There's a story behind this whole business: Aside from my becoming a regular contributor [*Mitarbeit*], the "reform" [of the *Vorwärts*] will consist of the ousting of two little people and bringing in two new editors, so that a firm majority of left-minded people [*eine feste Majorität der Linken*] would be established.

Of course this letter has placed me in a very difficult position. I am perfectly well aware of everything that speaks **against** it, and we don't need to repeat that. But on the other hand, the following situation exists: After the whole squabble [*Zank*] over the *Vorwärts*³⁴⁷

347 After the death of Wilhelm Liebknecht (in 1900), the new chief editor of the *Vorwärts* was Kurt Eisner, and under him the SPD's central newspaper followed more and more in the wake of the opportunists. In 1905 it sided with the opponents of the political mass strike, but by

to a certain extent this is a turn toward us on the left with an offer of forming a cabinet [*Kabinnettsbildung*]. And although I personally have had absolutely no part in the squabble, nevertheless since Jena I have figured once again as the guiding spirit of the Left [*Spiritus rector der Linken*], and a point-blank refusal on my part would be interpreted as follows: *There you have it! These people only have a big mouth for grumbling and complaining, but when it's a question of doing the job better, they make themselves scarce.* In addition to that, [my refusal] would be a particularly severe blow and a *casus belli* for August [Bebel]. He of course is the one who is now carrying out this whole reform. He is burning with a hot desire to restructure the *Vorwärts*, to reshape it on our shoemaker's last, and he has it fixed in his mind that I can do this! To refuse would mean to draw a line through the whole plan he has worked out, and it would mean *to leave the field undisputed* [*unstreitig das Feld überlassen*] to Eisner & Co. In short, it is a situation "worse than one faced by the governor of a Russian province."³⁴⁸ I have to give my answer by today (because this afternoon a session of the Executive with the Press Commission on the matter of "the great reform" will take place), and therefore yesterday evening I went to see K. K. [Karl Kautsky] to get his advice. He is now (for certain reasons) more furious at the *Vorwärts* and at August [Bebel] than ever before, but in spite of that he responded immediately, "to refuse is absolutely impossible." And so we worked out the following plan: to come to an agreement immediately with Cunow and in advance to conclude a defensive alliance [*Schutz-und-Trutz-Bündnis*] with him and Ströbel (and eventually with all those on the left [on the editorial board]), with reciprocal commitments that if a squabble with the editorial board or with the Executive occurred because of my articles, then not I alone

taking this position it aroused the indignation of the majority of SPD members. This conflict was especially evident at the SPD Congress in Jena (September 17–23, 1905). Under pressure from the mood among the ranks, the party Executive felt obliged on October 23, 1905, to ask for the resignation of six editors (Paul Büttner, Kurt Eisner, Georg Gradnauer, Julius Kaliski, Wilhelm Schröder, and Heinrich Wetzker) and to replace them with revolutionary-minded SPD members. Luxemburg was also brought on to the staff of the *Vorwärts* for a short time (November–December 1905). Later the SPD's central newspaper fell under the influence of the opportunists again.

348 In Russian: *polozhenie khuzhe gubernatorskogo*.

but the entire left would resign in solidarity from the *Vorwärts*, and in that case the editorial board would be blown apart, then Eisner & Co. would definitely be kicked out, because without Cunow the *Vorwärts* could not function.

This morning we both went to see Cunow, who agreed to this with pleasure and is already waiting eagerly for the opportunity of such a conflict. "You must know" that in recent times this fellow has become so furious at Eisner & Co. that already, in all seriousness, he wanted to leave the *Vorwärts* of his own accord, but if he left together with me that would have an entirely different meaning of course. (N.B.: Before Jena [the SPD Party Congress in 1905], at the last session of the Press Commission with the *Vorwärts* editorial board, C[unow] and E[isner] actually came to blows. C[unow] rushed at E[isner], grabbed him by the collar, shoved him against the wall, and was about to hit him in the face with his fist when the others pulled him away. N.B.: In spite of that, he [Eisner] is now constantly trying to butter up to C[unow], seeking to have discussions with him! ...)

On the strength of this I wrote a letter to Bebel in which I explained in advance that I did not believe in the effectiveness of such an artificial reform, that as long as E[isner] and G[radnauer] and W[etzker] remained on the job nothing would change, but that **in order to show goodwill** on the part of the left I would agree to B[ebel]'s proposal **on the condition** that a permanent majority of the left on the editorial board would first be assured.

That's the way I have arranged this matter, and although you are certainly making a sour face, you will nevertheless, when you think it over, concede that I could do nothing else. (N.B.: This job will give me a very influential political position directly in the center of the party, especially in view of August's special favor [toward me] in recent times.) As far as the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* is concerned, M[ehring] will of course remain there for the time being. With a lot of pleading he allowed himself to be persuaded. The people in Leipzig explained nevertheless that they were going to let him go. They wanted him merely to stay in his present position—until January or February. *Before then the above-mentioned clash at Vorwärts will most likely have taken place.*³⁴⁹

349 The preceding sentence in italics was in German in the original, mostly Polish letter.

As far as the writing goes, I have a great desire to do it and I feel that *the iron disposition of my soul is rolled up into a fist*.³⁵⁰ I will make an effort to write in such a way that the author can be recognized ten paces away. Cunow is rubbing his hands in glee when he thinks what kind of faces the “right-wingers” will make when they see such articles in the “central organ” [i.e., the *Vorwärts*].

Now a bit about personal matters. You are wrong, dear Gold, that in my thinking I continue to be fixated on the Polish work. [In German:] *Unfortunately, it is exactly the opposite*. In this respect Jena [i.e., the SPD Party Congress] has already turned me completely upside-down again. So much so that now and then I’m even afraid whether someone might try to make something of the fact that I constantly feel so cut off from everything [in Poland]. However, despite the fact that in my thoughts I am totally involved in the German work, I would like at least to be *au courant* in the most important matters of **our** work, and I ask you not to be so childish and not to screen me off from the Polish work *forcibly* the way you do, not wanting to inform me about anything anymore. My Gold—don’t ever send me any more “drastic cure suggestions” [*Pferdekuren*], all right? If I assure you that a few bits of information orienting me about the status of the [Polish] work will do no harm, and that on the contrary I feel the need for them, you can rest assured that it is so.

The maid is constantly absent. She was supposed to come yesterday but it seems she won’t come until Sunday. I would like it, on the one hand, that you not come here from Kraków before everything is organized “on a new basis”³⁵¹ and, on the other hand, not before I have brought everything into order, the maid, the housekeeping, and my work, so that you will find everything already straightened out. For example, it is with *the greatest calmness of spirit* [*mit grösster Seelenruhe*] that I put up with the disorder and the absence of the maid. I feel quite well even physically (with the exception of [not sleeping during] the night and the feeling of being unable to breathe), but you would surely be in agonies [over that], and because of that I too would be in agonies if you were here. —As for your suspicious analysis of my letters, you are wrong to do that. In general, dear Gold, let go of me completely, laissez faire, because even you

350 In Russian: *ustupaet v kulak zheleznoe raspolozhenie dukha*.

351 In Russian: *na novykh nachalakh*.

have to be a little bit subtle. By the way, if you were here and saw me, you would calm down, because I am just like always. And regarding the above mention of "analysis," I now have an even greater aversion to it than before. *I am living simply the life of a plant and people must let me be as I am.* I had a card from Andzia [Luxemburg's sister], but it was from before your visit and it seems that she is going to remain in the countryside. Annie [Luxemburg's niece] visited me and brought me an enchanting light blue blouse. I'm terribly happy about it. Listen, if [the work at the] *Vorwärts* brings in 200 marks, we'll be in a splendid position! I'll buy a frightfully large amount of underwear. That is my greatest wish.

I embrace you, R.

[P.S.] Just at this moment I received a card from Bebel that my maid will be arriving tomorrow (the Jewish Sabbath) at seven in the evening and their maid (the Bebels') will meet her at the station and bring her to my place. In short, *straight from the hands of the Party Executive.*

In the [publication] *Jugend* again there is a whole slew of jokes at my expense. I will send it to you tomorrow. You will laugh, although you will definitely get angry about the "portrait."

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, October 10, 1905]

Precious! Today I received your letter, in which after lengthy introductory remarks [*nach grosser Vorrede*]*—*you didn't write anything. And with your criticism about Sunday you have only compromised yourself in my eyes. How is it that I should have had nothing to do on Sunday? Have you forgotten that the Donna [maid] just arrived on Saturday, so that Sunday was the first day I could "train" her how to clean and tidy up one room after another, then how to do the cooking, then how to set the table, then how to wash the dishes, then making coffee [*Kaffee kochen*], then the evening meal, then getting the bed ready for the night—and so on until it was time to go to sleep. So there, I've given you this whole long and interesting litany as punishment. Are you going to learn anytime soon that I don't "talk my way out" of things?!

Nota bene, my cares and concerns as a housewife [*Hausfrauensorgen*] don't end there. This maid has been wailing at me that she suffers from headaches, that she can't climb stairs, that she can't lift anything. I definitely won't be able to put up with her for even a month, if that. I already have my eye on "something" as a replacement and am not making a big fuss about all this. To make up for it, I enjoy watching the painter at work on the stucco figures on the ceiling.

I feel poisoned when I have any kind of difficulty with my writing. Dammit, I absolutely am not a real writer when every blessed little article makes me tear my hair out and I have to force myself to write it. Only in exceptional cases, when I'm strongly aroused (as, for example, at the beginning of [my work on] the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* or this year, by the revolution in February [i.e., the aftermath of "Bloody Sunday" in Russia]). Then my pen flies along "with lightning speed" of its own accord, as with Mr. Zołzikiewicz.³⁵² But as soon as I'm in a situation where I'm squeezing an article out of myself I get into a bad mood [*missmutig*] and am incapable even of writing an ordinary letter. I feel as though I can't look anyone in the eye or be seen by anyone. Do you know what my bedtime reading is now? Benvenuto Cellini, the autobiography in Goethe's translation. A highly original work, interesting as a picture of the life and customs [*Sittenbild*] of fifteenth-century France and Italy. This is the gradual way in which I at least would like to get to know my own classics. By the way, generally speaking, Goethe has an unusually calming effect—he's a true "Olympian," and I feel such close kinship with his view of the world. Unfortunately, I lack the iron **capacity for work** [*Arbeitsamkeit*] that Goethe had, in spite of his world outlook (not to mention, of course, his genius). It's rather strange, really, what universal intellectual interests this man had! And he was a "Swabian." Someone needs to explain this to me [*Das soll mir einer erklären*]. And so, when we read together in the evening, we will have to read something serious, not *belles lettres*. *Life is too short and we are too ignorant to permit such luxury*.³⁵³ Agreed? But [to change the subject,] today I received a card from Andzia [i.e., Anna Luxemburg, her sister] with the news that she has returned and is

352 "Mr. Zołzikiewicz," a fictional character in Henryk Sienkiewicz's *Sketches in Charcoal*—a village official who lorded it over others because he was the only "educated person" in the village who knew how to write.

353 This sentence is in German in the original letter.

feeling very well. She found the lilies of the valley, still fresh, and she thanks you profoundly, but was terribly sorry that she didn't see you and she **places you under an obligation** to visit her next time. Write her a card, to Żłota Street.

Hugs. R.

May one know who this interesting young man is who I am recommending warmly [*chaleureusement*] to [Comrade] Sigg [in Switzerland]? Keep in mind that I don't want to get into a situation like Clemenceau with his "son."...

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, October 13, 1905]

Precious Dziodziuś! Yesterday I received no letter from you, and today you'll receive none from me. But that's not out of revenge. There has been no end of "visits" all day today. Right after lunch that lady ("the Social Democrat") was here, the one that Antoni bequeathed to us—quite a pleasant girl, who at first glance [seems] a capable, competent, and enthusiastic Social Democrat. Let our people there know that she was well treated here. Then Luise [Kautsky] came, and after her the boys, until it was 8 pm already and I no longer had the strength to take the streetcar and felt quite upset. It seems to me that I have already written you that Ryazanov was here one evening recently. I'm yearning to "pass him on" to you, as soon as you are here, because I don't know why I should be the only one to **have the pleasure of his company**. N.B., he too "was confused" [*putal*] a bit on the Duma question and only in my presence did he become a little stronger. He was still sitting at my place when around 9 pm Karl [Kautsky] and Luise came charging in with a comrade [*Genosse*] from Friedenau, wanting to take me along with them. Imagine, Karl had agreed to the request of this Friedenau comrade to give a talk on ... Marx's economic theory—and guess where?—in that obscure tavern on the corner of Menzel and Becker Streets, where the two attractive [statues of] dogs are sitting, looking like tigers, a place which, as it turns out, is a kind of stronghold [*Hochburg*] for the local Social Democrats. Naturally I went along, and [soon] we entered a

smoke-filled, tiny room in which there were sitting about twenty-five *Mann* [men], highly concentrated and closely crowded together. Karolus cleared his throat and began to lecture on the subject of value and exchange value [*Wert und Tauschwert*]³⁵⁴—N.B., in such an unpopularized way that I was absolutely amazed. And so it went for about an hour. The poor things struggled desperately against yawning and falling asleep. Then a discussion began, I intervened, and immediately everything became quite lively. The people kept repeating that I ought to come there often. It was very friendly and sociable [*gemütlich*], and all in all, we had some very good conversations. Karolus's eyes kept rolling around in amazement. He was obviously thinking: *Where do you know all these facts from* (various practical details about tariff agreements, etc.) *and how do you know how to get along so well with these people?*³⁵⁴ And so on.

Today I had two pleasant moments in the midst of moments that were otherwise not very pleasant at all. The package from you that came in the morning with the publication *Die Kunst*. The second was your letter that came in the afternoon with *Z pola walki* [From the Field of Battle]. I thank you very much for *Die Kunst*. "*How well you know me.*"—I sat right down on the bed with *Die Kunst* and leafed through it, turning every page. The reproductions are marvelous, and I have promised myself still more pleasure from reading the text. Perhaps I will finally find out something about Lenbach. I will also bring it along to K[arl] K[autsky]'s and we'll page through it together there. *Z pola walki* turned out very well. The photo on the front page has immediately become legendary. The whole thing is very impressive, but if only I wasn't grieved by the thought that in a month it will be outdated, and that because of me! Oh well, perhaps our people in Warsaw won't be so choosy and it will still be of some use to them! Now the next issues of *Z pola walki* and *Czerwony Sztandar* must be brought out "with lightning speed." I promise an improvement, and in proof of that I have already begun work today on *Czego chcemy* [What We Want].³⁵⁵ I have added some-

354 Italicized sentences in this letter are in German in the original.

355 Luxemburg was referring to the second part of her lengthy work *Czego chcemy*, which was published in *Przegląd Robotniczy* (Workers' Review, newspaper of the SDKPiL), no. 6, 1905. Together with the first part, which had been published in *Przegląd Robotniczy*, no. 5, 1904, this work was published as a pamphlet with the overall title *Czego chcemy? Komentarz do*

thing about “self-administration” and am enclosing it.³⁵⁶ I wanted to do the rest immediately and send it off, but I held it back in order **to receive your comments**. Send them right away! And write me what I should do in addition for *Przegląd Robotniczy*, so that you can take it off the machine [i.e., have it printed] in about a week. In that way we would improve our record a little bit, at least in the eyes of public opinion. N.B., I am tormented again by the thought of what will happen with the publications if you are not there: you yourself wrote that *Z pola walki* was still causing so many difficulties technically that you had to stay at the print shop the whole day, even though the entire issue had already gone through your hands! What would it be like if you were here? Constant fury about instances of carelessness and technical matters! The only person who, at least this is how it seems to me, has sufficient punctiliousness and perseverance [*nastoichivost*] in these matters would be Witold, if you would initiate him into these capitalistic trade secrets. But not Julek [Marchlewski] or Ad[olf Warski].

This damn painting job here [in the apartment] is now finished, but it will take until morning to “dry,” and then begins the job of putting the junk back in the kitchen and giving the rooms a real cleaning. You won’t recognize the kitchen any more. It puts the other rooms to shame and will surely be our “salon.” How do you like the fiasco of the PPS in Katowice?³⁵⁷ *Definitely something of a crushing blow!* This will serve splendidly as an illustration of what the PPS tactics lead to. Don’t forget to mention this in *Czerwony Sztandar*. However, here’s something more that’s deplorable: what’s the problem there with the pamphlet about Kasp[rzak]? We absolutely cannot delay any longer with that!!

programu Socjaldemokracji Królestwa Polskiego i Litwy (What Do We Want? A Commentary on the Program of the Social Democratic Party of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania [Warsaw, 1906]). For a German translation, see Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 37–89.

356 The term “self-administration” was used in Russia from the time of the 1860s reforms to refer to local governmental functions on a province or district level.

357 In the Reichstag by-election on October 12, 1905, the candidate of the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland, Franciszek Morawski, received the smallest number of votes. In contrast to the voting on June 16, 1903, when he won 10,044 votes, he received only 4,780 votes in 1905. The bourgeois journalist Albert Korfanty was elected with 23,550 votes.

Write and tell me where things stand with that, when it will be published, and what I should write in addition.

You will be sad again that I am writing about obvious “external” business matters, but you will be mistaken. It is really true that all **these** business matters at present represent my “inner world” [*“vnutrennii mir”*] because this kind of thing incessantly plagues and depresses me. You have no notion how these party-related errors (for example, the pamphlet about the PPS³⁵⁸ and the one on autonomy³⁵⁹) poison my life. Because of these things I am not capable of thinking about anything freely and easily. And to think that I created all this! And soon it will all be too late. I swear by every devil! [*Zu allen Teufeln!*]

Karolus suddenly received a letter from Singer [complaining] that the latter was being harassed by a certain Nathan (a Jewish member of the party, one of the Bernstein crowd), who wanted him [Singer], Karl, and August [Bebel] to make an effort to exert “influence” on the Russians so that there would be no “split” in connection with the elections to the Duma, because it looked very likely that the “radicals” would be successful in the election, etc., etc. Naturally “Pauli” [Singer] fell for this and passed the assignment on to Karl. Karolus sent a very cold answer to them about that, saying that he would never dream of exerting “influence” in this direction, quite the opposite, in fact [*dazhe sovsem naoborot*]. The only thing interesting about this story is the question of who stands behind Nathan, because such a request could only come from the *Iskra* people.³⁶⁰

However, I do thank you for the Russian newspapers (*Osvobozhdenie*, etc.). I will read through them, even though I had previously skimmed through both *Proletary* and *Iskra*.

Here is an amusing scandal: Luise [Kautsky] came to see me yesterday doubled up with laughter, asking that if possible I come to

358 This pamphlet by Luxemburg was published anonymously in Warsaw in 1906 under the title *Program federacji, czyli PPS w blednym kole* (A Program for Federation, or the PPS in a Vicious Cycle).

359 Luxemburg devoted a series of articles (in Polish) to the question of autonomy, under the general title “The Question of Nationalities, and Autonomy.” It was published in *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny* (Social Democratic Review) from August to December 1908 and from June to September 1909.

360 The reference is to the Mensheviks, who gained control of the RSDRP newspaper *Iskra* in late 1903.

see them that evening. What happened was that a letter had come from *Victor-Leben*,³⁶¹ giving notice that he would be visiting them yesterday evening, obviously with an unstated, yearning wish not to meet me again [at their house]. He was coming for the special purpose of having a heart-to-heart talk with Karl [Kautsky] about Karl's letter to Hilferding, in which Karl had called Adler a "traitor to Marxism," and the latter [Hilferding] had taken the liberty of showing the letter to the former [Adler]. Karolus had been angered by a nasty article of Adler's in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*—entitled "On the Jena Party Congress"—a vicious polemic against the general strike, entirely in the spirit of Eisner and Gradnauer.

The weather here is dreadful. The rain is pelting down almost incessantly, it's cold and dark, a person could go crazy from it. I still haven't put the heat on anyhow and I'm running around in front of the open window with a summer blouse on—I'm enjoying myself as long as you're not here to declare war against "fresh air" (do you get it? ...).

Today I'm asking Pfannk[uch] by letter what's going on there with the money. They already have more than 110,000 marks and so that ought to mean about 60,000 in cash. Maybe on Sunday I'll be in a better mood. If only the work would move forward!! I embrace you. Rest up a little bit after all this *gonka!*³⁶² Yours

[P.S.] When you're here you'll have to read Benvenuto Cellini, and I will gladly read it again together with you. A magnificent thing, it makes an impression something on the order of *Jürg Jenatsch*.³⁶³ The only thing that irritates me is that usually we read in such tiny portions, at a snail's pace!

The photo of Gurcman is incredibly appealing. He must be a very handsome youth.

Read through the postscript to *Czego chcemy* before you give it to the printer.

361 This was a nickname for Victor Adler, the Austrian socialist leader.

362 The Russian word means "racing, or chasing, around."

363 A novel by the Swiss writer C. F. Meyer.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, October 14, 1905]

Precious! Today I received your quite short and sad letter. In the meantime you already know why I've written you nothing recently and today you must have received my detailed letter. I've already written to you about *Z pola walki*. Imagine, I dreamed all night last night that Kasp[rzak] was here and had spoken with you on party questions while I was listening. When I awoke and realized that everything is *over*, and forever, I fell into a terrible mood and had no desire to get up. In general, I think about him very often and simply cannot come to terms with this fact.

Today I went for a walk for the first time [in a long time]. But actually this was the first day without rain, but to make up for it, there is a cold wind that nearly blows a person over. In spite of that I felt very refreshed from the walk through the field, you know which one, and where. The only thing that cast a cloud over the impressive scene was that damn racetrack with the incessant roar of automobile engines. Just listen to what an amusing combination of circumstances occurred: on the same day you sent me *Die Kunst* I had planned to send you something "from the same opera" [i.e., of the same sort]. I changed my mind, though, and am keeping it until you come: when you get right down to it, it's just an insignificant trifle.

As far as the treasury goes, an additional observation: I'm asking you, for the sake of keeping things in order, to make out a receipt for 700 marks (instead of for 680), and I'll add 6 marks out of my pocket (because you write that you have taken an additional 14). All right?

K. K. [Karl Kautsky] has done me a favor, may a horse tread on him. After a big consultation together with me at Jena³⁶⁴ he promised the Hamburg people [that he would give] a public speech about the mass strike in November. Now he obviously has no desire any more to do that and is talking his way out of it with the excuse that he has fears about the police and about speaking out openly too often, and he wrote to them [the Hamburg people], without my knowledge, that I would take his place, which is actually a gain for them. Naturally the Hamburg people agreed, and now nothing

364 The SPD Party congress was held in Jena, September 17–23, 1905.

is left for me but to agree as well, because I can't after all make a mockery of K[autsky].

Tomorrow is already the 15th, so please write when you're coming so that I can deal with all petty little matters appropriately.

Yesterday I received a postcard from someone from Munich intended for Parvus at my address. That means that today or tomorrow he'll come through the door. I confess to you that this time it doesn't thrill me at all, and I have the feeling that he too will not be inspired by the reception he gets. Undoubtedly you will be indignant, but his idiotic tactic toward the Duma has really put me off.³⁶⁵ *I have had enough of these "radical" leaps to one side or another.*³⁶⁶ Furthermore, the letter he sent me to Jena has made me a bit uneasy: it was loud-mouthed and boastful [*grossmäulig und prablerisch*] as usual. I know that these are childish things, but I have grown somewhat weary of such behavior by now. (I expect that you will tell me off for this in your next letter.)

My dearest Gold, *my cartels won't let me sleep*. And I simply cannot shake myself loose from these little ongoing pieces of work here. Someday I could certainly enjoy to the fullest the experience of how a person lives who has no (writer's) obligations on their conscience and deals with everything right on time. But I definitely will die without ever having that experience, as the well-known woman in Dickens who died without seeing the end of her tasks. Maybe it would have an effect on me if you [were here and we] were working regularly. What do you think?

In this issue of *Die Kunst*, after the beautiful pieces by Lenbach, did you see the "modern" monstrosity by Kolb of Magdeburg? Yesterday around 9 in the morning I ran over to the Kautskys for a short time, and we looked at it together and split our sides laughing. Karl especially made amusing marginal comments about it all.

Victor-Leben³⁶⁷ is furious at me because of Jena. He actually hisses when he speaks of me, *which makes me very happy*. As for Heller, he has already left the *Schwäbische Tagwacht*. (He was driven out among other things by the intrigues of Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin].)

365 This is a reference to Parvus's argument at the end of 1905 that any call for a boycott or non-participation in the new State Duma, which was scheduled to open in January 1906, would be a sign of weakness and timidity.

366 The italicized sentences in this letter are in German in the original.

367 Victor Adler.

Since he could find no place in the party, he went to Vienna and simply set up a business dealing in books and art! Man overboard! But as it turns out, Krichevsky [also] gave up being a correspondent, because that man Alekseyev has tempted him with orders for legal publications, and the ass [Krichevsky] is staking his whole existence on this. N.B.: He has offhandedly “sold” to him [Alekseyev] all his translations, which you had already bought from Krichevsky and published [back in the 1890s], such as the Erfurt Program [of the SPD] and Marx’s *Eighteenth Brumaire*.³⁶⁸ Incidentally, I regret very much that you won’t be here when Parvus comes because you could talk with him seriously and influence him, so that he would become more of a regular person, but I couldn’t do it and I have no desire to.

Dearest Gold, have a good day on Sunday. I will spend tomorrow as usual, all day long, alone. I want to make an effort to get some work done. When you come we’ll go to the theater, because I can get cheap tickets through Annie [Luxemburg]. All right?

Hugs! Your R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, October 20, 1905]

Precious! I’m writing you in a hurry, because I had barely received your letter with comments on *Czego chcemy* when I got right to work, in order to send it back to you in the next mail, so that you will be relieved of this plague. —I have taken into account **all** your corrections with the exception of two.

(1) As far as the details are concerned, such as a *bicameral legislature*, *ministerial responsibility*, etc., I find it hard to see clearly for myself whether there really is a place for them and which place they would fit in. At any rate, they can be held over for the pamphlet. Until then we will be in agreement.

368 These were Russian-language publications in the series “Social Democratic Library” that were published for the revolutionary movement in Russia during the first half of the 1890s by Leo Jogiches, who was then based in Switzerland.

(2) As far as the “Duma” is concerned, you are completely on the wrong track [*auf dem Holzweg*] if you think we have to mention it here. You’re crazy, my dear Gold. This is, after all, a **commentary on the program, of general and lasting significance**, [stating] our **positive** demands, not an article or agitational pamphlet geared for a few weeks or months. Everything that has to be said about the Duma should appear in Julek [Marchlewski]’s pamphlet, and I don’t think much of it being mentioned here. —If you send further comments, I will attend to them as well.

Yesterday evening by a noteworthy coincidence I pulled out the box with the last letters from Mama and Papa and the letters from Andzia [Luxemburg’s sister] and Józio [her brother] from that same time. I read through them all, and had to cry so hard that my eyes got completely swollen and I went to sleep with a huge wish never to wake up again. What became *especially* hateful for me was the entire business of “politics” [*die ganze “Politik”*], for the sake of which (scribbling out the article “Step by Step”) I put off answering letters from Mama and Papa for weeks. I never had time for them because of these *world-shaking tasks* (and that continues to this very day), and you became hateful to me as the one who always kept me welded to this accursed politics. (I remember that as the result of your persuasion I put Mrs. Lübeck off from coming to visit us at Weggis, so that I wouldn’t be interrupted from finishing that *epoch-making article* for *Sozialistische Monatshefte*.³⁶⁹ But she, she was coming to see me—with the news of my mother’s death!) You see how open-heartedly I write all this to you. Today I took a stroll in the sunshine, and I’m feeling somewhat better. Yesterday I was very close to deciding, at once, to let it all go fly and *thumb my nose at the whole world*—this whole *goddamned politics*, or rather this bloody parody of “a political life” that we are leading. It’s such an idiotic form of *Baal worship*, and nothing else, in which one’s entire human existence is offered as a sacrifice to one’s own ruin, a kind of illness of swollen mental glands. If I believed in God, I’d be convinced that God would punish us harshly for [choosing] this *torment* [*Qual*].

I embrace you. Your R.

369 Luxemburg is referring to her article “Socialism in Poland,” which appeared in the October 1897 issue of *Sozialistische Monatshefte*. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 1, pp. 82–93.

[P.S.] Apropos of that, a small dramatic occurrence: The well-known sailor Feldman from the *Potemkin*,³⁷⁰ a 19-year-old youth (who has actually now reached sanctuary outside Russia), had an 18-year-old fiancée, in Geneva. When she heard a **false** report of his arrest, before he had reached safety abroad, she threw herself from a window and was found dead on the spot.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, October 24–5, 1905] Tuesday

Precious Dziodziuś! Early this morning, first thing, I sent you a letter with corrections because last night I was so exhausted I wasn't capable of making the trip to [the post office at] Friedrich Street, and I told myself that **you** would definitely be against my doing that. There was no letter from you yesterday, and this morning your letter of Sunday came—so sad and full of doubts that I was amazed. What? Why? It's probably just depression after extraordinary exertion and exhaustion from your work that makes you have bad dreams and forebodings. And all the while here I am fussing around to clean up your room with all my might and looking in there several times a day, [including] right after I get up, without fail, and I was sitting right in your room as I was reading that stupid letter. I hope by now that this bad mood has passed.

As you will see from today's *Vorwärts* (on the last page), the palace revolution is moving ahead. The resignation of the "right-wingers" will be accepted, and as of November 1, with moaning and groaning, the new editorial board will be put in place.³⁷¹ At this moment I have received a letter from Bebel with the question whether he can count on me to provide a lead article for the November 1 issue. (!) It goes without saying that I must promise to do this and prepare something elegant. As you see, we have to take into account the

370 The sailors of the battleship *Potemkin*, part of the Black Sea Fleet, mutinied against tsarist rule in June 1905, an event memorialized in Sergei Eisenstein's film *Potemkin*.

371 On October 25, 1905, a statement of the SPD Executive was published in the *Vorwärts*, giving notice that the resignation of six editors had been accepted.

fact that, after November 1, I will have those two lead articles on my neck [every week], but in fact far more than that, because K. K. [Karl Kautsky] is asking, for example, that I be in charge of the Russian department, if only in order to write brief notices about the events there, and so I'll have quite a large amount of work. Never fear, I won't let myself be buried completely with scribbling for the *Vorwärts*, but I will have to produce the two lead articles [weekly], and this is also a very important position to maintain—but then too, there's the loot! In financial respects we are finally coming back to life, freeing ourselves from debts, and gradually we'll be able to get some absolutely essential things for ourselves. As far as the position goes, it will be my duty, in view of the fact that the editorial board will, of necessity, consist of wretched pen-pushers (although they are all “kosher”)—it will be my duty to “set the tone”³⁷² and *de facto* I will have to play first violin. Don't forget that at the same time: *This is the first experiment since the world began with the formation of a thoroughly radical cabinet at Vorwärts, and it will be necessary to show that the left is capable of governing.*³⁷³ If they offer me the editorship (which is not excluded, because August [Bebel] has me down on his list), I have decided to **decline**. Why would I need the hassle [*Kram*] and the responsibility for technical aspects of a newspaper plus the night work? I would feel **most comfortable** with writing the lead articles at home, and in this way I would still have an influential position. What do you think about all this? Write immediately!

Today I went to see Ger[isch] and received 10,000, which I've already taken to the bank. The total amount to be distributed [among the various Polish and Russian groups, etc.] came to 116,000, according to the accounting given in the *Vorwärts*.³⁷⁴ They are holding 6,000 of this in reserve for any minor requirements, and that makes 110,000 available. Of this, the amount allotted to

372 Here Luxemburg used a Russian phrase, transliterated as *zadavat' ton*, meaning “set the tone.”

373 The italicized sentences in this letter are in German in the original.

374 On July 3, 1905, the SPD Executive called on the German workers to support the revolution in Russia not only with expressions of sympathy but also by donating funds. By November the money collected added up to about 130,000 marks. The October 13 issue of the *Vorwärts* reported a sum of 116,390 marks.

us is 22,000. In August and September we already received 2,000 + 5,000 = 7,000. Add to this the 10,000 that I have now received, and it comes to 17,000. Another 5,000 remain for us in the treasury of the SPD Executive, which we can request and obtain at any time. After the deposit of today's 10,000, we have in the bank, free and clear, approximately 22,400 (plus Ger[isch] has another 5,000). As you see, our situation is not bad at all.

N.B.: An important matter. As I learned at Essen and later at the *Vorwärts*, the [German] Mine Workers' Union a little while ago (in June or July, for certain) spent 5,000 marks *for the support of striking mine workers in the Russo-Polish mining district*. I detect a bad smell here, and I suspect that this is some swindle of the PPS, because our people certainly have not received anything. And since this money was given expressly for **mine workers** without distinction as to party, the PPS could be forced by the Mine Workers' Union to give us half. Consequently, we need to find out above all whether our people in the coal-mining district know anything about the 5,000 marks. Further, a formal inquiry should be addressed to the General Commission [of the German trade unions] asking what address the 5,000 marks was sent to. And in the event of trickery by the PPS, payment of half [to us] should be demanded.

But I would prefer that this be dealt with **without me** and that our committee abroad **as such** not come forward, but **somehow** our organization in the coal-mining district [should do this], and in case of need it can undertake all tasks related to unmasking the so-called strike committee to which the money was given, its party affiliation, and the limits of its influence. It will be necessary for your conference to clear up this matter. I assume that it might be appropriate if because of this question some competent person from among our people were to come here to Berlin from Dąbrowa.

Now I have to complain to you some more: I am now receiving, every time the mail arrives, two or three invitations to give a public talk in the most varied places, often with *express reference to the "outstanding speech in Jena."* (For example, I received one from Dortmund today.) This really is a plague because it gives me no pleasure at all to send back the standard impersonal refusal notice. But I have to do it.

Now I'm devoting myself to improving the piece about "self-administration." Damn it, I myself don't know how I am to work

my way through this. You really are slick, leaving all these questions to me to sort out. But how the hell am I supposed to know what to do? Well, I'll do the best I can. But all this has to be put off once again! I'm hurrying off to work. Hugs. R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[October 26–7, 1905] Thursday

My precious Dziodziuś!

Today, in connection with the wrangles and rows [*awantury*] at the *Vorwärts* (the lead article),³⁷⁵ the Kautskys again took my time before the [morning] mail. They came running over to share the news and discuss the situation. I enclose an item for you from the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It looks like I won't avoid the pleasure, beginning on November 1, of scribbling [*bazgrać*] for the *Vorwärts*, and one must seriously take this into account.

Today I received from you a few words written in pencil. I would be fine with the shortness [of your note], because I know how much work you have now, but even in those few words I hear the sound of a downcast mood [*gedrückte Stimmung*], which strikes me unpleasantly. Or maybe that's just the impression I get? However, I think you ought to be able to definitely set the day of your arrival [in Berlin] because it looks like there will be no conference because of the railroad strike!³⁷⁶ And the *Przegląd* is already finished, as you yourself wrote [to me].

375 In the *Vorwärts* of October 26, 1905, the six editors who had submitted their resignations protested against discussion by the SPD Executive and Press Commission of political and personal issues at the *Vorwärts* and also against Luxemburg's becoming a regular contributor to and staff member of the *Vorwärts*.

376 On October 20, 1905 (October 7 by the old Russian calendar), wage laborers and salaried employees of the Moscow-Kazan railroad stopped work, by decision of a Bolshevik organization. The Central Bureau of the All-Russia Union of Rail Workers then proclaimed a general strike on all the railroads, and as a result, between October 11 and October 14 (October 24–7, Old Style) most railines were shut down. By October 17 (October 30, Old Style), the general strike was an accomplished fact on all railroads of the Russian empire.

Today with great interest I was browsing through [*czytała się*] *Osvobozhdenie*, No. 77, and saw two things that you must take a stand on in the next issue of *Czerwony Sztandar*. (1) The proceedings of the congress of peasant unions in Russia; and (2) a report on negotiations by the Bureau of the most recent gathering of zemstvo assemblies with representatives of our National Democrats [ND] and Progressive Democrats [PD], along with a **project of autonomy** for Poland, which these gentlemen presented ("privately"). We **must** place that last point under a magnifying glass, and do it immediately! Most likely *Naprzód*, *Przedświt*, etc., have already taken it up. Generally speaking the entire abnormality of the manner and way in which my Polish work is done struck me very vividly today. I get an order: "Write a lead article about autonomy (or about the Constituent Assembly)." Fine! But hell! It's necessary to follow the Polish and Russian newspapers, to be *au courant* with what is happening in society, to have a feeling [*Fühlung*] for the issues facing the party. Otherwise what will come from my pen will be a kind of repetition of tiresome formulas. I can't just fire blindly [*ins Schwarze treffen*]. And now the time has passed when it was possible to set forth [*izlagat*] the positive views of the party in agitational form. Now every issue is an object of **partisan struggle**. And to limit this struggle now, out of old habit, to the PPS alone is a big anachronism. To write an article about autonomy now, it is necessary to take into account not only the PPS but also the ND and PD, as well as the conciliators [*ugodowcy*].³⁷⁷ Every move [of all these groups] has to be taken into account. And how can I do that without seeing with my own eyes the Polish publications, not only the legal ones but also those from abroad, *Naprzód*, *Przedświt*, etc., and furthermore, **Prawda**, among others. Some time ago in the summer, from time to time, I was getting large quantities of clippings on one or another question. But now for two to three months I haven't seen any Polish publications. And now is when the most important things are happening. How am I, in such a situation, supposed to write an article about this accursed question of autonomy? It was only **by accident** that I found out about the [autonomy] project of the ND and PD, from the issue of *Osvobozhdenie* that you sent me, but you sent it because of an entirely different article (about the Duma). But can one rely on that? On what's in their publications?

377 A political tendency seeking conciliation with the tsarist regime.

Friday. I just got to that point yesterday evening when Karl and Luise Kautsky came rushing in, to take me with them to August's [Bebel's]. The latter had written to him [Kautsky] again that I should guarantee a lead article for Tuesday (the first issue under the new leadership) and Karl should guarantee one for Wednesday. August also wrote to Julek [Marchlewski] in regard to his becoming a contributor, because Cunow would like to shift the *Wirtschaftliches* [economics writing] over onto Julek, so that Cunow can devote himself to writing on politics. To tell the truth, there was no real reason for going to see August, but I didn't want to turn Karl down or disappoint him, and in general it is useful [*ist es nützlich*] [i.e., to visit Bebel]. We sat around and chatted, or rather, listened, because as always he [August] did the talking "all by himself" till 11 pm. As it turned out, the **entire** bourgeois press had sunk its teeth [*pochwycila na zęby*] into this roast beef [*den Braten*]; there was even a lead article in *Vossin*! Everywhere this same "r-r-revolutionary Rosa" is presented as a terrifying monster [*Schreckgespenst*]; a bugaboo [to frighten the children]. August remains as solid as iron [*Aujust ist fest wie Eisen*].³⁷⁸ As for your advice about the honorariums, or fees, that I will get for my writing, forgive me, but I will do things a little differently, according to my own instincts and nature, not being interested in personal gain—not by any means, far from it! [*bynajmniej*]. No, I will not **start off** by reading out some conditions or haggling [*targowac*]. At this moment there is only one thing of importance, to get rid of those pestilences, "to clean the garbage out of the house." What has now been created is by nature a provisional situation [*ein Provisorium*]. Therefore now the most important thing is to show what one can do [*was man kann*]; to show oneself as petty and calculating [*sich kleinlich und berechnend zeigen*] now would be extremely inappropriate. Besides, I don't have the slightest concern about that, because in relation to the SPD Executive I have no reason to complain, thank God! (And the same goes for the editorial board of the *Vorwärts*—remember the honoraria for my Marx articles.)³⁷⁹ In short—*everything will soon fall into place*;

378 By using the spelling *Aujust* (pronounced "Auyust"), Luxemburg is giving the name jokingly in a Berlin accent.

379 Luxemburg is referring to her articles "Stillstand und Fortschritt im Marxismus" (Stagnation and Progress in Marxism) and "Karl Marx," which were published in the *Vorwärts* on March 14, 1905. See her *Gesammelte*

*the main thing is: to remain cool, calm, and collected, behave with complete correctness, and give a solid performance at the first shot.*³⁸⁰ Don't misunderstand me [*Missverstehe mich nicht*], when I talk about a provisional situation, I have in mind, not **months**, but at the most a few weeks.

Today I will energetically get down to starting the lead article for *Czerwony Sztandar*, even though, as I have written above, it really is difficult for me to wander around in the fog, thrashing blindly with a stick [*mit der Stange im Nebel herum(zu)fahren*]. As far as our little German paper³⁸¹ is concerned, write immediately and unhesitatingly to say what you need from me. It's nothing. It can be written in three seconds [*v tri miga*] without much thinking. So don't delay. I trust that you received the postscript on autonomy yesterday. And so I'm waiting for the *Przegląd Robotniczy* [to arrive] within a few days. You must write me about whether anything will come of your conference in view of the situation on the railroads. If not, do you have any reason to stay there after finishing *Przegląd Robotniczy*?

In today's brand-new issue of *Proletary*, aside from the excerpt from *Czerwony Sztandar* (which, N.B., even in translation stands out, with its talent and form, in favorable contrast to the entire awkward and boorish *Proletary*), be sure to take note of the correspondence from Wilno about us (on the last page). Wouldn't it be possible to eliminate once and for all that "committee" of ours in Wilno, so that those clowns would cease to embarrass us with their stubborn presence? Because, evidently, no work will ever be [accomplished] there. I am enclosing correspondence from Częstochowa. N.B.: In *Iskra*, there did not appear the little article of which Parvus gave me the corrected galley proof. I'm enclosing it for you. It may be [that it didn't appear] because of lack of space. But their *chutzpah*³⁸² and their criticism of the conference³⁸³ are indeed funny. They don't

Werke, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 363–77. See "Stagnation and Progress in Marxism," in *Rosa Luxemburg Speaks*, edited by Mary-Alice Waters (New York, 1971), pp. 106–11.

380 This sentence is in German in the original.

381 The SPDkPiL was planning to put out a German-language newspaper, mainly intended for the German workers in the region of Łódź, and adopting the title *Vorwärts*. The first issue appeared in February 1906.

382 Yiddish: "shameless audacity; gall."

383 The Central Committee of the RSDRP called a conference of the national Social Democratic parties (e.g., of Latvia, Poland, etc.), at which

irritate me; they just make me laugh. I'm surprised that you take such a tragic view of them. N.B., yesterday I already started the article for *Neue Zeit*, but in view of the events,³⁸⁴ how should I write about the nonsensical tactical disagreements [*takticheskie raznoglasiya*] now when the situation and **my** position would require something more like the articles I wrote in February and March,³⁸⁵ conceived broadly and on a large scale, not polemical, but educational [*breit angelegt, grosszügig, und nicht polemisch, sondern belehrend*]. At any rate, my second lead article for the *Vorwärts* must be about Russia. I'm hurrying off for the **morning mail**, and so I send you hugs! Today, most likely, I will write you once more, if they don't interrupt me again.

Your Rosa

[P.S.] When you are here all quirky, capricious thoughts [*alle Marotten*] will go flying out of your head in an instant!

tactics in relation to the Bulygin Duma and joint, coordinated action were to be discussed. The conference was held in Riga, September 20–22, 1905 (September 7–9, Old Style). Represented at the conference were the RSDRP Central Committee (the Bolsheviks), the Bund, the Latvian Social Democratic Workers' Party, the SDKPiL, and the Revolutionary Ukrainian Party. Leo Jogiches and Adolf Warski participated on behalf of the SDKPiL. A representative of the Organizational Committee (OK) of the RSDRP, that is, the Mensheviks, who rejected any form of joint action, was present at the conference, but was not empowered as a delegate. The conference expressed itself in favor of a boycott of the Bulygin Duma, since the latter was proposed by the tsar as a consultative, not a legislative assembly and with a tiny electorate. The Bulygin Duma was named for Alexander Bulygin, Russian Minister of Interior Affairs from February to October 1905.

384 In October 1905 in all the industrial centers of tsarist Russia, political mass strikes were carried out with such slogans as "Down with the Autocracy," "Boycott the Bulygin Duma," "For a Constituent Assembly," and "For a Democratic Republic."

385 The reference is to articles Luxemburg wrote on problems of the 1905 revolution. They were published in February and March 1905 in the *Neue Zeit*, the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and the *Vorwärts*. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 485–532.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, November 1, 1905]

Precious! In haste, just a few words: I've been particularly busy at the *Vorwärts* all day, and from 4 in the afternoon at that. This proves it—the carriage is stuck in the mud [*der Karren steckt im Dreck*], and I must energetically lend a helping hand. Yesterday right there on the spot I wrote the lead article,³⁸⁶ and I worked up all the news dispatches about Russia. Again today I'm going in to write the lead article³⁸⁷ and about Russia. Therefore, briefly:³⁸⁸

As far as the tactic in regard to the tsar's Manifesto I share your opinion entirely, and I go even farther in distrust [*im Misstrauen*]. Our slogan must be: *Jusqu'à outrance*.³⁸⁹ This is the sense in which I wrote yesterday's lead article, and today the same. N.B., you can take these two lead articles from the *Vorwärts* word for word or rework them as you wish for printing in the *Czerwony Sztandar* or as a pamphlet. Yesterday I received from Sosnowiec a gigantic news dispatch [*Riesentelegramm*], which they will print in the *Vorwärts* today.³⁹⁰

On the whole, I remain as cool as the nose on a dog [*ich bleibe kalt wie eine Hundeschnauze*].

Your plans regarding Warsaw are excellent. As far as my work goes, you can be at peace in your mind, but my peace of mind depends on your activity [*ist bedingt durch Deine Rührigkeit*]. At least for this week you must get along without me. Summon Julek

386 Luxemburg's article "Das neue Verfassungsmanifest Nicholaus' des Letztens" (The New Manifesto about a Constitution by Nicholas the Last) was published anonymously in the November 1, 1905, issue of the *Vorwärts*.

387 Luxemburg's article "Das Pulver trocken, das Schwert geschliffen!" (Keep the Power Dry, and the Sword Well-Sharpened!) was published anonymously in the November 2, 1905, issue of the *Vorwärts*.

388 In the face of the political general strike of October 1905 in Russia, the tsarist regime felt obliged to make concessions by offering a constitutional monarchy. The tsar's Manifesto of October 30 (October 17, Old Style) guaranteed civil liberties, enlarged the franchise for elections to the Duma (National Assembly), and gave legislative powers to the Duma.

389 French: "all the way; to the outermost limit."

390 The news dispatch from Sosnowiec, Poland, was published in the November 2, 1905, issue of *Vorwärts* with the title "A Police Chief Arrested by Social Democrats."

[Marchlewski] to Kraków by telegram, so that he can do the writing according to your dictation. He wrote me just today that he is free and is getting ready to travel. Parv[us] likewise. My article pleased everyone today. August [Bebel], poor thing, runs around in the editorial offices every evening, all worked up and dissatisfied with our oxen. I must help out as much as I can. And so I'm flying off now to the *Vorwärts*.

Hugs!

Write about everything.

R.

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Friedenau, November 3, 1905]

Precious! I've received all the telegrams and at this very moment your (duplicated) express letter.

You ask why I don't write and what I'm doing. Well, "Why should I tell you a whole lot, Mr. Cohn?" [*Was soll ich Ihnen viel sagen, Herr Cohn?*]"—I feel sick as a dog. The *Vorwärts* is going downhill, as you correctly note, quickly sinking to the level of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and the worst thing about it is that I'm the only one who understands this, and in part, K. K. [Karl Kautsky].

The editorial board consists of oxen, and arrogant ones at that. Not a single real *journalist*. Meanwhile, Eisner & Co., together with the whole mob [*Meute*] of revisionists, are carrying on an embittered polemic against us in the press, and they are answered either by August [Bebel] (!) or Cunow or the like (!!). And the only thing I'm allowed to do is Russia [*Russland*], to write an editorial here and there [*hie und da*], and to give good advice and undertake initiatives that, in their implementation, turn out to be so awful that I have to hold my head. A small example. Right after "our" first issue (November 1) I commented to Ströbel that the item he had written against Calwer was wretched, as though Eisner had written it, that we had not come on board at the *Vorwärts* in order to *vilyat*³⁹¹ like cowardly dogs, that one must write sharply and clearly [*scharf und*

391 The Russian word means "wag the tail."

klar schreiben). Here's what he said to me about this the other day: "Well, I will do better now, so that you will feel satisfied with me."³⁹² And now what I find in today's issue is frightful empty chatter, such as "revolutionary heat lightning" [*Revolutionäres Wetterleuchten*]"—a series of meaningless phrases, "radical" terminology, and **on top of it all** this occurs in the Political Overview section [*Politische Übersicht*]. Isn't it enough to make you howl? [*Ist das nicht zum Heulen?*] And if you were to have even a little look at the **style** in which they all write! It makes me want to crawl out of my skin! [*Aus der Haut fahren möchte ich!*] What's frightening of course is the disgrace that awaits us (the radicals). And I see no way out, because the **personnel** are lacking. Besides all this, keep in mind that I'm as **tired** as a dog and am barely dragging myself around. This daily traveling to the editorial offices at 4 pm and returning toward 9 pm, plus the chatter that goes on there with this crew—it's causing me indescribable torment. Meanwhile (since the housemaid has been here) I get up every morning promptly at 8, and I go around sleep-deprived the whole time, because I can't get to sleep at night from hangover of the psyche [*vor Katzenjammer*]. To put it briefly—everything's fine [*es ist schön*].

I'm terribly happy about what our people are doing at home [i.e., in Poland]. Unfortunately, I'm not able to put very much [about it] in the *Vorwärts*, because of lack of space. If you've read carefully, [you've seen that] I've been praising, not the **Russian** Social Democrats, but those of the whole country, and that means **our** tactic toward the Duma.

Hugs. R.

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

[Ilowo, December 29, 1905]

Friday, 12 noon

My dearest ones!

I am sitting here, not being a "molder of men," but eating schnitzel with potatoes. I spent the whole night rumbling along on the slow

392 The italicized sentence appears in German in the original.

train between Alexandrowo and Torun [German name, Thorn] and I'm as tired as a dog.³⁹³ Here I am waiting for the train to Mława. What will happen after that—is still unclear. There's no hope of [choosing the option of] a horse and carriage until Sunday, because of Shabbos!³⁹⁴ To make up for that, there is still a train supposedly going to Warsaw today—under military escort! The tragicomedy of the situation, in that event, you can picture for yourself. The whole train would be occupied by the military, and among them—probably as the only passenger—would be me ... This joke played by history can, however, easily turn serious, in the event of an encounter with striking railroad workers along the way. Hopefully, in Warsaw I won't be met with Brownings!

Many kisses! R.

[P.S.] Give my greetings to [Paul] Singer and explain to him why I couldn't say goodbye to him. At Alexandrowo everything went quite smoothly.³⁹⁵

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

[Warsaw, December 30, 1905]

Saturday

My dearest ones!

Yesterday at 9 in the evening I arrived safely in a train that was unheated, had its lights out, and was escorted by the military; it crept along at "Granny's pace" for fear of surprises. The city is like a

393 On December 28, 1905, Luxemburg set out on a trip from Berlin to Warsaw, traveling with a passport identifying her as "Anna Matschke," an actual Berlin journalist, in order to take a direct part in the revolution. The 1905 revolution in the Russian empire had passed its high point, but intense class battles were continuing. Only a small group of her closest friends and comrades-in-arms knew about the trip.

394 Luxemburg uses the Yiddish word for the Jewish Sabbath, i.e., Saturday, implying that in Illowo any travel by horse and carriage depended on Jewish tradesmen.

395 Alexandrowo was the point at which the train crossed from the German empire into the Russian empire, where presumably Luxemburg's documents came under scrutiny by border officials.

place of the dead, [there's a] general strike, soldiers everywhere you turn. The work is going well, [and] today I start in.

Many heartfelt greetings. Your Rosa

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

[Warsaw,] January 2, 1906

My dearest ones!

I'm writing briefly, because I have very little time. Up to now I have been trying to orient myself on the status of our work and the general situation, [and] now I am plunging into the work. Here's how I would characterize it in just a few words (but **only for you two**): the general strike seems to have **misfired**, mostly in St. Petersburg, where the railroad workers made no attempt to carry it out at all. (Thus, Deutsch's information was hot air of dubious value.) In general, there's a vacillating, wait-and-see attitude. The reason for all this is the simple circumstance that the **general strike by itself, plain and simple**, has played out its role. Only direct, universal fighting in the street can now bring a resolution [to the situation], but for that there must be more preparation for the right moment. And so this wait-and-see attitude may continue for a while. It could be then that some "accident," a new manifesto [by the tsar] or something similar, could set off a sudden, spontaneous outbreak. In general the work is going quite well and the mood is very good. One need only explain to the masses **why** the present strike seems outwardly to have gone by "without results." —The organization is growing strongly everywhere, but at the same time it's having trouble, because everything is in flux. The worst thing is the chaos in St. Petersburg. Moscow is doing much better, and the fighting in Moscow [where there was an armed uprising] has raised the general tactics to a new level. —There can be no talk of leadership from St. Petersburg; the people [there] localize their outlook to a laughable degree. (By the way, this was also expressed in the arguments that were made, with D[eu]tsch asking for material aid **only** for St. Petersburg. Even from their own point of view this was extremely unwise, as I observed to myself afterward. The revolution

can never be victorious in St. Petersburg alone; it can now be victorious only in the Russian empire as a whole.)

Now here I come with some urgent requests, as follows: (1) please send me the article by Mehring immediately by registered letter, addressed to Dr. J. Goldenberg, Wierzbowa 9 (with an inner envelope addressed to me), to be sent directly to Warsaw **without** going through Torun. (2) Luise, speak with Freythaler at *Vorwärts* right away and ask him to begin sending on the same day **two copies** of *Vorwärts* daily in a newspaper wrapper addressed as follows: to the Editors of the Scientific Library [*Redaktion der Bibliotheka Naukowa*], Warsaw, Nowy Świat 37. I think he has already sent some issues, but because of the postal strike only one number arrived, and besides, I now need **two copies**, both in **one** newspaper wrapper. (3) Be so good as to inform **Mehring** of the same address with the same request for two copies in one newspaper wrapper, so that I can receive the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. (4) Send to me also, at the same address, every week in a single newspaper wrapper the newsletter of the General Commission [of the German trade unions], together with [the publication] *Soziale Praxis*. We need that for the trade union publication that is now going to appear [here]. I'm waiting for that to come **right away**. Send the most recent issues if you can still find them. (5) Be so kind, dear Luise, to get from my desk a kind of paper bag with blue stars on it, right at the front of the desk drawer; it contains various printed materials. Send it to me as a sealed, registered letter to the above address (Nowy Świat) urgently, **addressed to me**. (6) **Above** the desk next to the bust of Voltaire in a file of papers there is a large paper bag with my Russian manuscript in it, something like 116 numbered and typed pages. If it's not there, it's lying up above the marble bust or perhaps it's inside the drawer. If you find it, send it also as a sealed, registered letter to the Nowy Świat address, to me. In case the weight is too much, make two letters out of it.

Now again I've overloaded you with requests, but I know that you'll do it all willingly. My dearest, it's very lovely here. Every day two or three persons are bayoneted by the soldiers in the city. Arrests are increasing daily, but other than that everything is quite cheerful. Despite the martial law we're bringing out our [newspaper *Czerwony*] *Sztandar* **every day**, and it's being sold on the street. As soon as martial law is lifted, our legal daily will appear again—

Trybuna [*Ludowa*]. Nowadays we have to force them every day to print the *Sztandar* with revolver in hand at bourgeois print shops. Public meetings will also begin right away as soon as martial law is over [and] then you should be hearing from me. Fierce cold weather prevails here, and people travel only by sleigh.

I have to close. Many kisses to both of you and to the boys, heartfelt greetings to Granny, Hans [Kautsky], Mehring and Singer, and my colleagues [at *Vorwärts*]. Write me **immediately** about how you are doing and what's going on in general, how things are with the *Vorwärts*, and whether August [Bebel] hasn't been cursing and scolding. Address ordinary letters to Goldenb[erg], with an envelope inside for me.

Greetings from the heart, Your R.

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

[Warsaw,] January 11 [1906]

My dearest ones!

Heartfelt thanks for your two (unfortunately so short) letters, which I had been waiting for with great longing. I did not send you a telegram because M[archlewski] was just about to go to Berlin; but his trip, as so often happens, was postponed for a few days. Hopefully, he has passed on to you my greetings and has asked you to send me some things as **business papers** by registered mail. Then everything will fit comfortably in two envelopes. We have received the *Vorwärts* here only **once** (the "red" issue), with two copies of same, but since then—nothing! Why that is, maybe the gods and the Cossacks know. With the greatest impatience I'm waiting for Mehring's article, [whose absence] is holding us up with the publication of the one by Karl [Kautsky]. Is the problem that M[ehring] hasn't written it at all? I'm writing to him at this time, but you remind him too, dear Luise. In the last few days there was a man here from the OK (the minority).³⁹⁶ I pumped him for all possible information about the situation and want to write it up as an article for the *Vorwärts*. By the way, while I'm here I have the lofty

396 The OK was the Organizational Committee of the Mensheviks.

intention of writing regularly for the *Neue Zeit* so as to shed more light there on the events, because the *Vorwärts* is not geared to that. If only one had a bit more time!

From the *Moskal*³⁹⁷ I have also learned, by the way, that Parvus resigned from the chairmanship and from his seat in the Soviet of Workers' Delegates, after he ended up in a minority on the question of the course that was taken by the most recent general strike. The question had to do with how the strike, which had lost steam, could be invigorated. P[arvus] proposed that an armed uprising be proclaimed, following the model of Moscow, in order to save the situation. Everyone agreed with the idea, but the majority of them were convinced that it could not be carried out at that time. P[arvus] explained that he understood that he had overestimated his knowledge of the conditions, he wanted above all to keep on learning, and was stepping down in order to devote himself to his newspaper, which is having colossal success. At present, by the way, not a single newspaper of Social Democracy is being published in all of Russia. Also, all democratic papers are banned, [including] colorless ones, and even reactionary rags! (That our [*Czerwony*] *Sztandar* appears daily in spite of that and is sold in the city you probably already know from M[archlewski].) At the moment the state of affairs is this: on the one hand, one feels generally that the coming phase of the struggle will be that of an armed encounter. I have learned a lot about [what happened in] Moscow and it is most gratifying. (As soon as I have exact and reliable reports I will write you.) For the time being there's only this much, that in Moscow a victory rather than a defeat should be recorded. The regular infantry remained inactive, even the Cossacks! Only the cavalry and artillery are still "battle worthy." The losses on the side of the revolutionaries are minimal. It was the citizenry as a whole who suffered terribly, that is, people who were totally uninvolved bystanders, because the soldiers simply fired blindly and destroyed people's homes. The result: the entire citizenry is furious and in revolt! Money for the arming of the workers is given by them now on a massive scale—almost no one among the leading revolutionaries in Moscow was killed. Only the Social Revolutionaries fell completely into a government trap when they were attending a large "closed" conference,

397 A pejorative term for "Muscovite"; probably a reference to the "man from the OK."

and that was right at the beginning. The entire struggle was led by the Social Democrats. On the other hand, the Duma and the elections have appeared on the scene. You know about the mean and shabby election law.³⁹⁸ It turns out that martial law will **not** be lifted at the time of the elections!! It should seem that under such circumstances **participation** in the elections should be ruled out even more than with the Bulygin Duma.

Well, get this: the Social Democrats in St. Petersburg have decided **to take part in the elections**, and to do so with some crazy, artificial plan [as follows]: people are supposed to take part in the elections at all levels, or stages. (In the province the elections are going to be in **four** stages!!) But [they decided to do this] on the basis of—an election law providing universal suffrage (which does not exist). Furthermore, those who are elected up to the highest level will merely be delegates; they are not supposed to be deputies in the Duma ... but are supposed to [somehow] constitute themselves as the governmental authority in the province. The devil only knows, it's more than I can bear just to repeat this nonsense—this is [the result of] the victory of the *Iskra* people³⁹⁹ over the Lenin people, and they are very proud of it. Unfortunately, I could not travel to St. Petersburg at the right time; otherwise, I would have poured a little salt on this “victory.” Now we have become “different nations” in a very stupid situation. **In fact** even this elaborate and artistic plan will naturally fall apart in practice, because the first time election rallies are attacked general chaos will ensue, with the entire election campaign developing into open fighting. However, out of considerations of solidarity with St. Petersburg, it would not be fitting [for us] to put forward a different slogan, separately, and yet we cannot go along with the craziness. Well, probably we'll stick with an open, simple, and clear **rejection** of any elections based on a four-class election law and held under martial law.

I will go to St. Petersburg in a few weeks. At the beginning of February the two factions will be holding the first joint, constituent

398 Under the election law of December 1905 in Russia, voters were divided into four classes, or voting bodies (*curiae*), and as a result the big landowners retained special privileges and the number of deputies representing workers and peasants was restricted.

399 The reference is to the Mensheviks, who at the end of 1903 gained control of the Russian Social Democratic newspaper *Iskra*.

party congress.⁴⁰⁰ Naturally I want to go there. In this connection it occurs to me that it would be appropriate, in order to help the German party link up more with the revolution, for the German Social Democracy to be represented at this party congress. That would also have a beneficial effect on the factions and the possible friction between them. But since no one from Germany under the given conditions will be traveling to St. Petersburg and no one can speak Russian, perhaps the SPD Executive could entrust the representation of Germany to me. I am after all on the scene, so that there would be no additional cost for the Executive. Dear Karl, if you consider this correct, speak with the “patriarchs” [that is, the party leaders] about it, because I cannot do so myself; they should not think that I have some personal stake in this. But you must undertake it very **soon**, because the date of the party congress has not yet been fixed and could easily be expedited [that is, come sooner rather than later].

I have written a pamphlet about the general situation and the tasks here [in Russia], which is at the printer.⁴⁰¹ Besides that, a **German-language** weekly for the city of Łódź and a **trade-union** weekly are supposed to begin this week. I am therefore waiting with great longing for the newsletter [of the German trade-union commission] and other trade-union publications (the Austrian ones!).

Personally things are not going quite as I would like. Physically I am feeling somewhat under the weather, but that will soon be better. I see my sisters once a week. They complain bitterly about that, but—“We can’t do anything about it” [*non possumus*]! What are you doing, my dearest ones, all of you? What are you writing now, Karolus? How is it going with Würmchen [Emanuel Wurm]? How

400 The Fourth Party Congress of the RSDRP, which became known as the unification congress, actually was not held until April 23–May 8, 1906, in Stockholm. Luxemburg was unable to take part in that congress because on March 4, 1906, she was arrested in Warsaw.

401 This is probably a reference to Luxemburg’s work *Z doby rewolucyjnej: Co dalej?* (In Revolutionary Times: What Next?), no. 3, Warsaw, 1906. See a German version in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 11–36.) This work appeared as a pamphlet, published by *Czerwony Sztandar*. Parts 1 and 2 appeared as supplements to issues no. 25 and 26 of *Czerwony Sztandar*, but they were not numbered. See the German versions in *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 1, pt. 2, pp. 541–72.

are things with the *Vorwärts*? Has [Hans] Block been hired? Is he being involved in the work? What is Granny doing and what about the boys? In the midst of this hurly-burly I am constantly thinking about all of you, [especially] my Lulu. Write me again, but soon. With a thousand kisses and best wishes to all, Your R.

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

[Warsaw,] February 5 [1906]

My dearest, most favorite people!

I haven't let you hear from me for a long time, and you're probably feeling resentful, and rightly so. But I have as justification for myself the unending hurly-burly and the "insecurity of existence" that one constantly suffers from here. I can't very well describe the details now, but the main things are: enormous difficulties with getting things printed, arrests every day, and threats of the firing squad for those who have been arrested. Two of our comrades had this Damocles sword hanging over their heads for days, but it seems that the danger has passed. In spite of everything, work is proceeding cheerfully, big factory meetings are taking place, new leaflets are written and printed almost every day, and our newspaper, though with moaning and groaning, comes out almost every day. A small conference has just taken place in Finland, in which all parties participated. This was a new edition of the old idea of a "bloc" [with the liberals] and of course was a washout. In this connection, one at least had the opportunity to get a closer look at things in St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, the scene presented there is a real mockery of the latest news reports from St. Petersburg in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*! Indescribable chaos in the organization, factional collapse despite all the [talk of] unification, and general depression. (Let's keep this just between us.) And by the way, don't take it too tragically. As soon as a fresh wave of events comes, the people there will also move forward more strongly and briskly. The **only** unfortunate thing is that they are always so vacillating and so little capable of standing on their own feet. The family gathering will take place somewhat later than was originally intended.⁴⁰² At any rate, many thanks for

402 Luxemburg is referring to the RSDRP congress, which had been

the greeting from the “elders,” which I will deliver when the time comes.

Right now the Achilles’ heel of the movement in St. Petersburg, as it is with us [in Poland], is the colossal unemployment, which is spreading like a terrible plague ... I actually wanted to write just a few lines by way of introduction to the situation, in order to get on to that which interests me most of all at this moment, but I see that in this letter also “events” are threatening to overwhelm me again, and so I will take an audacious step backward and finally show up as a “human being” with the question: How are you, dearest Lulu?! Carolus, you know, wrote me in a manner deserving many thanks, calming me down several times; nevertheless worry constantly nags me in the midst of all the hurly-burly here, even when I can’t get around to writing. What is it that went wrong with you so suddenly? To this day I still don’t know! It must be something terrible if it has had such a prolonged effect. Are you able to go out yet? Are you in a weakened condition? Look here, all the years when I was there with you, you were always fresh and bright; and hardly do I go off into the world—when suddenly you become seriously ill! How many times I’ve thought to myself here in the midst of the work: if only I was there; every day I would like to sit with you for several hours and tend to you with such love! Well, hopefully, you don’t need anyone to tend to you any more. If it is possible for you, write me a few lines as a sign; it will be a great joy for me! I hope things are going well for everyone else. That the youngsters have not yet written to me is a source of no little annoyance for me. We do not receive the *Vorwärts* at all, and the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* very irregularly. As for me, in the next few days it will be decided whether I will travel from here to St. Petersburg for a short time or whether instead of that I will go for two months *ad penates*⁴⁰³—to see you. The only thing that attracts me personally of course is you, because otherwise, to tell the truth, the thought of the same old treadmill [in Germany] and the arguments and debates with Pëus and Rexhäuser are a sheer horror to me now!

scheduled for December 1905, but because of the revolutionary events in Russia it could not be held until April 23–May 8, 1906, in Stockholm.

403 The “lares and penates” were the household gods of the ancient Romans; thus the Latin phrase *ad penates* here has a meaning equivalent to “homeward; back to the home fires.”

But to pick up the threads again: unemployment, *voilà la plaie de la révolution*.⁴⁰⁴ There is no means of controlling it! At the same time a silent heroism and a feeling of class solidarity among the masses is developing, which I would like to show [as an example] to the dear Germans. Everywhere the workers are making certain arrangements **on their own initiative** so that, for example, the employed workers regularly take up a weekly collection for the unemployed. Or where employment has been reduced to four days a week, they arrange things so that no one is left out, but everyone works at least a few hours a day. All this is done so smoothly and self-reliantly that it was only incidentally that information about it was given to the party. In fact the feeling of solidarity and even of brotherhood with the **Russian** workers has developed so strongly that one is involuntarily amazed, even though we ourselves have worked toward that goal. —So then, here is an interesting experience from the revolution: in all the factories “on their own initiative” committees have been formed by the workers that make decisions about all conditions of work, the hiring and firing of workers, etc. The employer has literally ceased to be “master in his own home.” Here’s an odd little sample: recently factory management wanted to punish some workers because of extreme lateness, but the factory committee prevented that; the factory owner appealed to the committee of the Social Democratic Party, complaining that this matter “had not been dealt with according to basic Social Democratic principles,” since, after all, Social Democracy was supposed to stand for firm and honorable fulfillment of obligations! And it’s like that at every turn! Of course all this, after the revolution and the return to “normal conditions,” will probably become quite different. But these conditions won’t disappear without a trace. For the time being the work accomplished by the revolution, of deepening class contradictions and sharpening and clarifying relationships, has been enormous. And from outside the country one cannot see all this at all! People think that the struggle is over when in fact it has gone down into the depths. And at the same time the **organization** is making forward steps tirelessly. In spite of martial law the trade unions of Social Democracy have been built solidly—with all the formalities: printed membership booklets, stamps, by-laws, regular

404 French: “there is the plague of the revolution.”

meetings, etc. The work is being carried out completely as though political freedom already existed. And naturally the police are powerless against this mass movement. In Łódź, for example, we already have 6,000 members signed up in the Social Democratic trade union for textile workers! Here in Warsaw we have 700 bricklayers, 600 bakers, etc. In St. Petersburg the work has reportedly returned entirely to "underground conditions." And for that reason it has also come to a stop. They are absolutely incapable there of publishing even a flyer or a leaflet or a newspaper, absolutely. I would like to be there to get to the bottom of all that. Unfortunately, I have to close already, and I have one more request: Dear Carolus, please send 1,600 marks from the main account⁴⁰⁵ in the form of a check made out to: Otto Engelmann, and send it by registered mail to the address I previously gave you. It's urgent! As for that letter from Wilna, everything's in order.

A thousand kisses and best wishes to all of you, particularly to you, dearest Lulu. Write me very soon!!! Your R.

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

[March 13, 1906]

My dearest, most favorite people!

On Sunday evening, the 4th [of March], fate caught up with me: I was arrested. My passport had already been stamped for my return journey, and I was on the verge of leaving. Well, that's the way it goes. Hopefully, you won't take the matter too much to heart. Long live the Re ...! [i.e., the Revolution] and everything that comes with it. To a certain extent, so to speak, I would much rather be sitting here than ... debating with Pëus. I was found in a rather awkward situation, but let's pass over that in silence. I'm sitting here in the City Hall [prison], where "politicals," common criminals, and the mentally ill are all crammed together. My cell, which is a jewel in this setting (an ordinary single cell that in normal times holds one person), now holds fourteen guests, fortunately all politicals. Next

⁴⁰⁵ During Luxemburg's absence from Berlin, the Kautskys were holding the funds of the SDKPiL (Social Democratic Party of Poland and Lithuania) in their own bank account.

door to us are two large double-cells, each with about thirty persons, all in a state of confusion. But these conditions, I am told, are like paradise. Earlier there were sixty people in a cell, and at night they slept in shifts for a couple of hours each while the others were walking. Now we all sleep like kings, lying across wooden benches and packed next to one another like sardines, and everything's going quite well—as long as no extra music is brought in, as happened yesterday, for example, when we received a new colleague, a raving mad Jewish woman, who for twenty-four hours straight kept [everyone in] all the cells holding their breath because of her screaming and running around, and she brought quite a few of the politicals to tears. Today at last we are rid of her and have only three quiet crazy people [*meshugginah*] with us. No one here has any notion about going for walks in the courtyard. To make up for it, the cells are left open during the day, and one may walk in the corridor all day long, thus being able to rub elbows with the prostitutes and hear their beautiful songs and sayings, and to enjoy the sweet aromas from the OO [toilet], which is likewise always open. All this is merely to describe the [external] relations of things, not my [inner] mood, which is, as always, superb. Currently I am veiled from sight, but it probably won't last long. They don't trust me. On the whole the case is a serious one, because, after all, we are living in turbulent times, when "all that exists deserves to perish."⁴⁰⁶

Therefore, I don't believe at all in any long-term money changing and promissory notes. So be of good cheer and thumb your nose at everything. On the whole, for us here, during my lifetime things have gone **superbly**. I am proud of that. This was the only oasis in all of Russia where, in spite of storm and stress, the work and the struggle went forward as boldly and merrily as it did, and progress was made, as at the time of the "freest constitution in the world." Among other things, our work is an obstruction that will be a model for later times in all of Russia. Healthwise, things are going quite well for me. I will soon be transferred to another prison, because the case is a serious one. I will send you word about that soon. How are things with you, my dearest ones? What are you up to? And the boys? And Granny? And Hans? Give our friend Franziskus [Mehring] heartfelt greetings from me. Hopefully,

406 A line spoken by Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*.

things are going well again at the *Vorwärts* thanks to the firm [Hans] Block.⁴⁰⁷

Now some requests to you, Luise: (1) Please pay my rent; I will reimburse you promptly with many thanks. (2) Please send immediately, with my authorization, a money order for 2,000 Austrian krone, to Mr. Alexander Ripper at Teodorczuk's print shop in Kraków, Ulica Zielona No. 7, and designate Mr. Adam Pendzichowski as sender. Leave all **further** demands of any kind from that quarter **unanswered**. (3) Likewise, 500 marks to Janiszewski, at his print shop in Berlin, Elisabeth-ufer 29, with **Adam** as the sender. (4) Other than that, don't give out any money without a request **from me**, at the most paying from the special account, never from the main account. The only eventuality would be in response to a request from **Karski**; otherwise, no. And also, not from the account that Hans has. (5) Ask for our share from the oldtimers and from Huysmans and deposit that in the main account. (6) Karl, dear, for the time being you will have to undertake representation of the Social Democracy of Poland and Lithuania at the [International Socialist] Bureau,⁴⁰⁸ informing them officially, and you will be repaid for any necessary travel expenses to attend the sessions. (7) My imprisonment should not be publicized, until such time as a definitive unveiling occurs ... **Then**, however—and I will let you know—make a lot of noise, so that the people here will get a scare.

I have to close. A thousand kisses and best wishes. Write directly to my address: Mrs. Anna Matschke, City Hall Prison, Warsaw. I am, after all, a staff member of *Neue Zeit*. But of course write respectably. Once again, best wishes. The cell doors are being closed. I hug you both with all my heart. Your Anna

407 After Luxemburg's departure from Berlin to go to Warsaw at the end of December 1905, Block was brought onto the *Vorwärts* staff to replace her. He was a supporter of Karl Kautsky.

408 A reference to the International Socialist Bureau, on which Luxemburg had been active since 1904 as a representative of the SDKPiL.

TO LUISE AND KARL KAUTSKY

August 11, 1906

My dearest ones!

I am writing directly to Friedenau in the hope that you are back home by now. Today is your birthday, Lulu, but I'm not capable of writing you a proper kind of long letter from the heart! My nerves have gone kaput, utterly, as a result of four weeks in Warsaw, the ceaseless running around to government offices, the endless uncertainty as to when and where I could travel [from Warsaw], and so on.⁴⁰⁹ I have been here since yesterday—under close [police] surveillance, to be sure, from the railroad station on, but out of their range of fire, or so I hope. I have seen and spoken with our friends in St. Petersburg, and I will see them more often here (one hour from St. Petersburg).⁴¹⁰ Pavel [Akselrod] is also here, nearby. The general impression of disarray and disorganization, but above all, confusion in concepts and in tactics, has completely disgusted me.

By God, the revolution is great and strong, if the Social Democrats don't foul it up! I have already notified Wurm of my address by telegram and have asked that the *Neue Zeit* be sent to me (since New Year's) [i.e., all the issues for 1906]. I am busily getting myself ready to do some writing. Wurm wanted me also to intervene in the discussion about the general strike. I would like to do it, but for this purpose I must obtain the most important material that has been written up to now (I mean the **most recent** discussion). Could you send that to me, dearest Karolus? Further, I am waiting to finally receive clear and definite news on whether and when I may go back to Berlin. From the latest letter of Arthur [Stadthagen] (four days ago) I see that his fears are not based on anything definite, but only

409 By bribing a Russian official, Luxemburg's comrades-in-arms succeeded in having her released from prison on bail (3,000 rubles) on June 28, 1906, but there was a proviso that she could not leave Warsaw before completion of the investigation into her case. On July 31, she received permission, on the basis of a physician's affidavit, to leave Warsaw in order to obtain medical treatment elsewhere. On August 1, she traveled to Kuokkala, Finland, by way of St. Petersburg.

410 During her stopover in St. Petersburg, Luxemburg spoke with the Mensheviks. Afterward, in Kuokkala, she had ongoing discussions with Lenin and a small circle of other Bolsheviks about the Russian revolution and the perspectives for the international workers' movement.

on general and vague considerations in favor of caution; but I can't keep waiting like this for a long time. Can no one simply inquire and find out whether a hunt [for me] with "wanted" posters is in the offing and whether an immediate arrest is to be expected? The only thing that has persuaded me not to go home immediately was some information received at the last moment with the following content: a **very** highly placed R[ussian] official, who was in immediate charge of the case, let it be known to his personal friends that the governor-general, in connection with R[osa's] case, has had an agreement with the Prussian authorities the whole time, when R[osa] was still in prison, to abide by the wishes of the other side that R[osa] be set free and immediately conveyed to the border **before the beginning of the next Reichstag session**. The last item makes the business sound suspiciously likely. Dearest Karolus, inform August [Bebel] about this matter, but keeping it under strictest confidence, and ask whether this rumor should be taken seriously or not. I am getting terribly impatient and have an urge to simply set off on my own. I definitely want at least to be at Mannheim⁴¹¹ and, for that purpose, would like to return home ten days ahead of time, in order to visit Posen and Bromberg. Dearest, please undertake this task energetically and let me know at last whether and when I can come back, if there are not some monsters that I need to avoid. I wait with longing for a clear and definite answer. If there is a need for some sort of proxy statement, or power of attorney, from me, I will sign it as soon as I have the proper form. Arthur has also mentioned something like that, but didn't send me anything, and time is passing.

One thing further, the very thought of which embitters my life, is my apartment and the burden I've put on you with regard to it. Since I did **not** receive your letters in Warsaw, dearest Lulu, I knew nothing about what you have written me. I would like to hold onto the place (because where else could I go with my belongings? I also wish and hope to be able once again to sit and work in Friedenau). The money you have spent I will repay with a thousand thanks. I'm starting to work right away, partly to earn money for that.

411 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled to be held in the southwest German city of Mannheim, September 23–9, 1906.

I will soon have to ask you for the money from the bank.⁴¹² The greater part of it has already been spent. To put it bluntly, my friends, out of pure “piety,” and “for my sake,” but without my knowledge, did not want to draw on the funds in Berlin and helped themselves out with funds borrowed privately. Now of course I will have to pay off those debts, which will require about 25 thousand. For that, however, I am waiting for a better address than I have available at present. I will write you again, separately, about this matter.

I wait with the greatest longing for a detailed letter from you! Our correspondence has essentially been broken off since mid-April. I have a thousand things to tell you and ask you. Above all: What are you doing? Dearest Lulu, how are you? How is your leg? Are you now fully able to get around? How did you spend your vacation? What is Granny doing, and Hans [Kautsky], and the boys? I’m eager to hear about everything and anything. Write, my dearest ones! As soon as I’m buried in my work, I’ll be in a good mood again. Apropos of that, I will see Fatty tomorrow.⁴¹³ He has been cooped up since January and should be sent off quite soon for a rest cure [i.e., to Siberia], the poor thing! I want to visit him, cost what it may [*coûte que coûte*], and am very happy at the prospect. Tanya [Helphand] was recently in Warsaw, but I was unable to see her, because that very same day I had to leave Warsaw posthaste and seek a more peacefully situated nest. Karski’s wife told me she had to flee Odessa before the pogrom and became a refugee, and she is now in great need; where she is at the moment I don’t know exactly. The “other woman” is here too, but I haven’t seen her. I have to close for today, having imagined that I would only write three lines! Just one more thing, Lulu, dearest, a thousand silent hugs on your birthday, and many kisses from the heart for **everyone** in the Kautsky clan. Your R.

412 The Kautskys, during Luxemburg’s absence from Germany, had accepted custody of the party funds of the SDKPiL and held those funds in their own bank account.

413 The reference is to Alexander Helphand (Parvus), who during the 1905 Russian Revolution had been a leading member of the St. Petersburg Soviet and had been imprisoned. Later in 1906, while being transported to Siberian exile, Parvus escaped and made his way back to Germany.

[P.S.] Address: Finland, Kuokkala, by way of Helsingfors [i.e., Helsinki], Pestchanaja Doroga, Datscha Tschernigo No. 4, for Felicia Budilowitsch (nothing more).

TO FRANZ MEHRING

August 12, 1906

Dear esteemed friend!

I have been feeling the need, for the longest time, to send you and your dear wife my heartfelt greetings and also, again, to request a few lines from you. This is the first time in a week, however, that I have been sufficiently "in order" to send my address and pull myself together to write a letter. For an entire month after my release I was hanging by a thread that was held by the authorities, those dear and well-loved people, and they took pleasure in letting me wriggle on it. Then, in St. Petersburg, during my first get-together with Russian friends, I very nearly fell into the hands of the police again, and even here, in Kuokkala, "figures of the Basserman type" have accompanied me, beginning at the railroad station and continuing during my entire search for a place to live. However, I am, after all, on Finnish soil here, in a so-called constitutional state, and I think I can thumb my nose at guardian angels of this sort. Nowadays I have been up to my ears in work. You can imagine how much I have to catch up on: in Russian, the entire Duma period (pamphlets, newspapers, [official] reports); and in German, our latest "party crisis," the *Vorwärts*, *Neue Zeit*, etc. (Unfortunately, I don't have the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. Only in Warsaw, where it has many admirers, did I see several issues.) Thanks to Wurm I received and read the report about the trade-union kangaroo court.⁴¹⁴ When reading it, a person

414 A secret agreement between the SPD Executive and the General Commission of German Trade Unions had become public knowledge. This agreement had been reached, with the union leaders exerting strong pressure, during a consultation held on February 16, 1906, and was directed against any acknowledgment of the mass political strike as a method of class struggle. Here Luxemburg equates this action by the union leaders to an arbitrary ruling from a medieval court. The revelation of this secret agreement, demanded by the union leaders, unleashed a wave of indignation among the members of the SPD. As a result, a sharp dispute arose between the Executive and the trade union commission.

has to breathe deeply to keep from being suffocated by the foul air of narrow-minded bigotry. But the “crisis” seems like quite a healthy one to me if good use can be made of it at Mannheim⁴¹⁵ to clear the air in a thoroughgoing way. You probably know already from the K[autsky]s that I visited our [friend] Parvus in prison. He’s just like always: brisk and enterprising. We chatted for a long time, and he sends hearty greetings to all [our] friends in Germany. We hope he’ll have the good luck to be back soon. —I have gotten so used to the revolutionary milieu here that it makes me anxious when I think of myself back on the quiet and peaceful German treadmill. I’m afraid I won’t be able to stand it there for long ... So maybe you’ll go for a quick spin with me to Warsaw, eh?

Would you perhaps write me a few lines about your proceeds from America?

With heartfelt greetings to you and your esteemed spouse, Your R. L.

Kuokkala, Finland (via **Stockholm**)

Sandgat, Tschernigo No. 4

[address mail] to F. Budilowitsch (nothing more!)

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[after December 16, 1906]⁴¹⁶

Dear Klärchen!

I read your most recent letter to Kostya and feel the need to write you while I’m in the mood.

The appeal by the Party Executive⁴¹⁷ had the same effect on me as

415 A reference to the upcoming SPD Party conference, scheduled for September 23–9, 1906.

416 Stephen Eric Bronner gives the date of this letter as March 20, 1907 in his *The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg* (Atlantic Highlands, 1993 edition), p. 121, although he does not specify the source for that date. We have not been able to determine the exact date of this letter.

417 Luxemburg is probably referring to an appeal issued by the SPD Executive and published in the December 16, 1906, issue of the *Vorwärts*. In this appeal, concerning the elections to the Reichstag scheduled for January 25, 1907, the Executive called on party members to make the election campaign their top priority, to give a boost to the party’s finances, to

it did on you—that tells you everything. In this respect—since my return from Russia—I feel rather isolated. I have become abruptly and painfully aware, as never before, of the timidity and pettiness of our party's entire way of being. Only Parvus has a similar perception, but he has cut himself loose from German party life too much to feel all the bitterness of it, as I do. But I certainly don't get as upset over these things as you do, because I have come to realize with frightening clarity that these things and these people will not change until the whole situation becomes quite different. And even then—I have already told myself this after cool reflection and sorting it out for myself—we will have to expect the inevitable **resistance** of these people when we try to lead the masses forward.

The situation is simply this: August [Bebel], and the others even more so, have given themselves over entirely to parliamentarism and **for** parliamentarism. They will totally renounce any turn of events that goes beyond the limits of parliamentarism; indeed, they will go further, seeking to push and twist everything back into the parliamentary mold. Thus, they will fight furiously—as if against an “enemy of the people”—against everything and everyone wishing to go beyond that. The masses, and still more the great mass of [party] **comrades**, in their heart of hearts have had their fill of parliamentarism. That's the feeling I get. They would welcome joyously any breath of fresh air in party tactics. But the older authorities still weigh down heavily on them, and even more so, the upper stratum of opportunist editors, elected officials, and trade union leaders. **Our** task now is simply to counteract these authorities, who have become all rusted over, with protests that will be as rough and brusque as possible. And in doing this—such is the nature of the situation—we will be opposed not so much by the opportunists as by the Executive and by Bebel. As long as it was a matter of a defensive struggle, against Bernstein & Co., Bebel and the Executive were glad to have our companionship and assistance—because they themselves, more than anyone, were shaking in their boots.⁴¹⁸ But when it comes to an **offensive** against opportunism, then the oldtimers stand with Ede [Bernstein], Vollmar, and David against us. That is the situation as

recruit new members to the party and new subscribers to the socialist press, and not to let themselves be bluffed by the bourgeois parties.

418 The latter phrase is *sintemalen sie selbst zuallererst in die Hosen gemacht haben*; literally, “because they themselves were the first to soil their pants.”

I see it, and the main thing for now is this: **Keep healthy** and don't get worked up! These are tasks that are going to take many long years! Be well, and I kiss you with all my heart.

TO MATHILDE AND ROBERT SEIDEL

Berlin-Friedenau, January 12, 1907
58 Cranach Street

My dear friends!

Many thanks for your New Year's greeting! I've been wanting to write you at length for a long time, but my time was very much taken up by the many events of my young life. As you probably know, I was arrested, together with Grossi, in Warsaw on March 4th of last year. It was not until the beginning of July that I was released on bail and in September went to Germany. He, however, was still held in prison, and day before yesterday was for the first time brought before a military tribunal, which sentenced him to eight years at hard labor in Siberia. You can imagine, dear friends, what kind of mood I'm in and that I cannot write much now. But I did want to send you this news, since you had just sent New Year's greetings for him as well as me. By the way, I passed your greetings on to him in a letter. Otherwise, things are going as usual for me. Day after tomorrow I'm going on a speaking tour for a week and a half (election time).

How are things with you? What are you doing? How is your health, dear Mathilde? What are the youngsters up to?

Write very soon to the one who sends you heartfelt greetings,
Rosa L.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[May 13, 1907] This is Letter No. 3
 [from London]
 Monday evening

I'm sitting in the middle of the famous Whitechapel district.⁴¹⁹ I'm sitting alone in a restaurant and have been waiting for an hour (it's after 10 pm). The actual business [of the RSDRP Congress] gets under way for the first time tomorrow. Until now, there has been only a preliminary scuffle, at which the presence of *my gracious Majesty*⁴²⁰ was not desired. I haven't seen anyone yet, but I was given orders to sit here. In a foul mood I traveled through the endless stations of the dark Underground and emerged both depressed and lost in a strange and wild part of the city. It's dark and dirty here. A dim streetlight is flickering and is reflected in puddles and pools. (It's been raining the whole day.) To the left and right in the darkness the brightly colored restaurants and bars give off an eerie glow. Groups of drunken people stagger with wild noise and shouting down the middle of the street, newspaper boys are also shouting, flower girls on the street corners, looking frightfully ugly and even depraved, as though they had been drawn by Pascin, are screeching and squealing. Countless numbers of omnibuses creak past and [coachmen] crack their whips. It is chaos and also wild and strange. I couldn't find the damn hotel for the longest time, and I felt my heart shrink painfully within me. Why? Why in this life must I suffer these loud, piercing, slashing impressions when inside me, eternally, a longing for peace and harmony is crying? Why am I plunging again into dangers and frightening new situations in which I am sure to be lost, because nothing can be done to overcome the onrushing external world? Finally I found [the hotel—] "The Three Nuns." Why, the very name is suspicious as hell. A brightly lit dining room, but

419 Luxemburg was in London to attend the Fifth Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party (RSDRP), the proceedings of which took place May 13–June 1, 1907. She participated in this Congress as a delegate from the Polish party, the SDKPiL, and as a representative of the German party, the SPD. For excerpts from one of her speeches at the Russian Party Congress, see *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader*, edited by Peter Hudis and Kevin B. Anderson (New York, 2004), pp. 200–7.

420 Luxemburg wrote the italicized phrase in English.

empty. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw two women sitting at a little table. Unfortunately I then saw that all the guests were familiar with these women and without any formality [*sans façon*], and still wearing their hats, were sitting down at the table to join them. On the other side of the wall some people are obviously putting on a variety show of an unambiguous sort. I can hear all the couplets being recited, and after each one comes a raucous round of applause with stamping of the feet as though a wild horde was loose. Besides that, there's a ceaseless coming and going here, quite a noteworthy picture on the whole. But suddenly inside me now some gypsy blood has been awakened. The shrill chords of night in the big city, with its demonic magic, have touched certain strings in the soul of the children of the great city. Somewhere in the depths an indistinct desire is coming to light, a desire to plunge into this whirlpool ... What will the young man with the thick head and the deep dark eyes say about this? The young man whose face breathes of calm and stability, in whose soul the gray mist of morning is nevertheless beginning to stir and surge up at the sight of a marvelous mountain landscape at sunrise. This is all nonsense, dear boy, go get some sleep or take a walk. Adieu, R. L.

Aha! My address is London NW, Finchley Road, 66 Goldhurst Terrace. It is safe to write.

In the event that it is morning [when you get this], here is a poem from the year 1619? [or] 1649?⁴²¹

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet airs, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft,
 To give my Love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please his* mind,
 To give my Love good-morrow,
 Bird, prime thy wing,
 Nightingale sing,
 To give my Love good-morrow.

[RL's note:] (*In the original, of course, it says "her.")

421 Luxemburg quotes the poem in English. The verse fragment is from a drama by Thomas Heywood (d. 1649), *The Rape of Lucrece*, printed in 1608.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN⁴²²

[Kilburn, England, May 23, 1907]

Beloved, I already wrote you that your letter was intercepted by L[eo Jogiches]. Yesterday things came to a brief and soft-spoken, but frightening confrontation—during a trip on an omnibus.⁴²³ Without any mention of the letter, we were talking about my intention of leaving tomorrow. L[eo] won't let me go and declares that he would sooner kill me; [he says] I'll be staying here even if in a hospital ... We went directly [from the bus] into an elegant restaurant, where my brother was expecting me for dinner. A fine orchestra was playing, in the gallery, music from the last scene of *Carmen*, and while they were playing L[eo] softly whispered to me: I would sooner strike you dead.

Bubi,⁴²⁴ I don't know what's going to happen with me in the days ahead, or with my departure, or in general what will become of me. I feel a strange calm, and this quiet conflict, which perhaps will be the death of me; it makes my pulse beat in a lively way, almost joyfully. As stated, I know nothing. Only one thing I do know. I've become dreadfully anxious about you. Beloved little Bubi, be on your guard. You still have your whole life ahead of you. I would like it best if I knew you were in Sillenbuch,⁴²⁵ in the large, shadowy forest, which would enfold you protectively and caressingly. This evening L[eo] wants to go from here to my brother's, in order to have better control over me, and it is therefore possible that I won't manage to drop you another line before my departure. So be calm, beloved, be calm, do you hear little Bubi? You must be calm and cheerful. Go frequently in the days ahead to see Gertrud [Zlottko] because I will at any rate notify her by telegram of my arrival. But **don't** come to the station, unless I telegraph you directly, because otherwise I won't be coming alone.

I kiss you many thousand times.

422 The German original of this letter, as is the case with most of the letters to Kostya Zetkin in this collection, is in the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History, in Moscow.

423 Luxemburg broke off her longtime love affair with Jogiches not long after his return to Germany in 1907, shortly before this letter was composed.

424 From the German *Bub*, "boy child; little boy."

425 Sillenbuch, near Stuttgart, was the site of the Zetkins' family home.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Friedenau,] June 4, 1907

Dear Klärchen!

I want to write you before I go “in the hole.”⁴²⁶ I just got back from London,⁴²⁷ dog-tired and down with a cold. The impression made by the party congress was thoroughly depressing. Plekhanov is finished. He has bitterly disillusioned even his most devoted supporters. He is now capable only of telling jokes, and very old ones at that, which we already heard from him twenty years ago. Bernstein and Jaurès would take great delight in him, if they could understand his Russian politics. I did some real brawling and made myself a mass of new enemies. Plekhanov and Axelrod (and with them, Gurvich, Martov, et. al.) are the most pathetic things the Russian revolution has to offer. As for positive results, the party congress accomplished an extremely small amount, but it has undoubtedly contributed to clarification. The majority, having a sense of principled politics, consisted of: half the Russians (the so-called Bolsheviks), the Poles, and the Latvians. The Jews from the Bund revealed themselves as the shabbiest of political horsetraders [*Schacherpolitiker*]. They constantly, after many tricks and dodges [*Winkelzüge*] and radical phrases, ended up holding the banner of Plekhanov’s opportunism. For that I nailed them hard with remarks that cut like whips and

426 On the grounds of alleged “incitement to acts of violence” in her speech about the mass political strike at the SPD Party Congress in Jena in 1905, Luxemburg was sentenced by the regional court in Weimar on December 12, 1906, to a two-month prison term. As a result she was incarcerated in the women’s prison on Barnim Street in Berlin from June 12 to August 12, 1907.

427 Luxemburg was in London to take part in the Fifth Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party (RSDRP), held from May 13 through June 1, 1907. At the congress she attacked the Mensheviks for their pro-liberal conception of the Russian revolution, stating, “Into what an anxious cackling of hens, pecking away in search of a pearl in the dung heap of bourgeois parliamentarism, you have transformed this doctrine [of Marx], which represents the mighty beating of the eagle wings of the proletariat.” See Luxemburg, “Rede über die Rolle der Bourgeoisie in der Revolution 1905/06 in Russland” (Speech on the Role of the Bourgeoisie in the 1905/06 Revolution in Russia), in *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, p. 224. While broadly agreeing with the Bolsheviks, she also criticized them for “overestimating the so-called role of the armed insurrection.”

got them into a white-hot fury. By the end I was so tired, and had such a hangover mood of depression, that thoughts of suicide came to me. —You know that state of mind from your own experience. Now prison stands before me, or rather, I stand before it. Just think, I'll be sitting in prison in **Berlin**, the women's prison at 10 Barnim Street—note down the address—I'm very happy about it. It will do me good. I'll have my friends and acquaintances right nearby. I don't know yet what day I have to go to prison. At any rate it's in something like a week. Write to me now and then while I'm "in the hole," so that I'll be *au courant*. I especially want to know everything about you and how your health is. I very much enjoyed your Balabanova, only she's far too weepy for my taste. She implored me that you have to take care of yourself and get cured. You certainly are not doing anything! Won't you, before all else, let yourself be examined by a specialist to find out whether Salm[anoff]'s diagnosis is correct? We probably won't see each other until the International Congress,⁴²⁸ during which I'll stay at your place. Until then, write to me, and know that you are kissed a thousand times by your R.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Berlin women's prison, Barnim Street]⁴²⁹ the 24th [of June, 1907]

Little Bub [meaning "boy child"],

Today I experienced a great joy, a double joy. First thing in the morning I received your letter and then I also have the hope of answering it right away making use of an opportunity [*per Gelegenheit*].⁴³⁰ What is my little darling doing, the little darling who I think about so incessantly? While eating I think with concern that he will be neglected, that no one will take care of him, and that the poor darling will spend the day half hungry. Most of all

428 The International Socialist Congress was scheduled for Stuttgart, August 18–24, 1907.

429 Luxemburg was in this prison from June 12 to August 12, 1907.

430 In a letter to Clara Zetkin, Luxemburg explained that by the phrase *per Gelegenheit* she meant an opportunity to smuggle a letter out of the prison, thus avoiding censorship by the prison authorities and also preventing them from reading her letters and knowing what she was writing about. See *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 2, pp. 296–7.

I'm tormented by the thought that in the morning, when he has such a fine appetite, he'll be given a meager meal. I'm sure you'll be quite annoyed that I'm thinking about such insignificant things as eating. But for me in this relationship **nothing** is insignificant, and then [I realized] that it would be better to write **that**, rather than the other [thing I already wrote]. My good spirits don't always hold up against my yearning, sometimes I have to lie down on the bed, do nothing, and dream of ... calmness, nothing but peace and quiet like that time on the sofa before I left. I can't imagine any greater blessing than to be undisturbed this way and to have this sweet, satiated calmness. Sometimes my rebellious thoughts want to search for a solid point of reference in the near future, when I would once again find such a moment of blessed peace and quiet, and for the time being they can find no such thing, and therefore they are driven to distraction and become all confused ... But then I quickly call myself "to order"—it will indeed happen, I tell myself, just don't have this unworthy despondency and cowardice about facing the future! —And then the image of the automobile beckons to me ... How many lovely scenes I have already painted for myself around this automobile trip! In the evening in the shadowy, sweet-smelling coolness of the forest we zoom uphill with the speed of an arrow—three of us pressed closely together, baby in the middle, not a word is spoken, the speed at which we're traveling takes our breath away, but how magnificent is this silence! And then the mornings in the golden sunlight, when the grass is still damply gleaming with dew, and to go back down the same way in the fresh air ... Luise [Kautsky] told me that you come to see them every day; at first for a moment I was jealous, then I berated myself for that and rejoiced with all my heart that you are seeing something of other people. The two older boys [in the Kautsky family] left me with a very dear impression of that evening with its mysteriously important air of secrecy. I would like it if you visited them frequently; after all, the children are always better than the grown-ups.

Little boy child, be cheerful and get a lot of work done. I embrace and kiss my darling, my baby [in English], many, many times.

Yours

[P.S.] It's not possible here to receive letters often, and so don't write again for a week or a week and a half. My sister-in-law⁴³¹ has been at my apartment since yesterday. Tell Gertrud Zlottko that, along with the shoes, she should bring me some flowers and my **soap**. Soap will be the sign that you received this.

In case your mother applies to visit me on Sunday, have my sister-in-law advise her through Luise that she should postpone **her** visit until just before she leaves Berlin, otherwise there would be too many visits one after the other and the people here [the authorities] would become uncooperative.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

the 24th [of September, 1907]

Sweet little beloved, I received your dear, long letter on December 21, and today the short one. You have obviously not yet received mine, in which I answered your worried letter of the 18th. My darling, your concern about my health is groundless; your mother probably heard it from Karl [Kautsky] and he, from Luise [Kautsky], who, from a shortage of other topics, complains to various people about my imaginary sorrows. At any rate I did feel quite ill because I had not been alone [i.e., had time for myself], but that was purely mental depression and tiredness. Just think, aside from the short week with you, I haven't had one bit of vacation [for rest and recuperation] after the [stressful] times in London, in Moabit [in prison], and in Stuttgart, and after all that I've been through.⁴³² But all of that is now giving way to a calm, regular life and diligent work. Finally I am back in line with [the work I want to do on] economics. I had gotten completely out of the habit of [systematic or intensive] thinking, and that depressed me greatly. Now, however, new upheav-

431 Presumably Luxemburg is referring to Lily Luxemburg, the wife of her brother Mikolaj.

432 Here Luxemburg is recalling her participation in the London Party Congress of the RSDRP (May 13–June 1, 1907), her two-month confinement in prison in Berlin (June 12–August 12, 1907), and her participation in the First International Conference of Socialist Women (August 17 and 19, 1907) and the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart (August 18–24, 1907).

als are threatening me. "Rudolf" as well as the astronomer—**this is in the strictest confidence**—have been forbidden to give lectures at the school.⁴³³ School is supposed to begin on the 1st [of October], and there are not enough teachers. I am now being yanked by the ear. I'm supposed to take over teaching on economics. Early this morning Karl [Kautsky] informed me of this proposal, and I have to give a definitive answer early tomorrow. I was undecided and I still feel very much undecided. My first thought and my feeling was to say no. My interest in the school as a whole is lukewarm, and I was not born to be a schoolteacher. Even the honor of filling in for that fine fellow Rudolf is no big thing. Other considerations, however, speak in favor [of taking the assignment], specifically, it suddenly occurred to me that this could finally be a basis for material existence for me. A person earns 3,000 marks for a half-year course (October–March), with four lectures per week. These are actually rather glittering prospects, and in half a year I would regularly be earning more than I usually earn in an entire year, and on top of that I would always have the afternoon free, and half the year entirely to myself. Perhaps those considerations were the most rational; otherwise, with my irregular way of working I would constantly be living from hand to mouth, depending on chance for my existence. Also, I would have peace and quiet as well as leisure to do my scholarly work. Entirely by chance it happens that for me I am quite prepared to teach this Berlin course, and I could use the existing teaching plan, only in more detail. What a shame that you are not here so that we could consult together about this, but I have the feeling that you would make the same arguments for and against and would in fact decide **in favor**. My time would be committed, then, four times a week from 10 in the morning until noon, up until March, and the rest of the time I would be quite free. The course for the Berliners, which I had been so happy about and which I considered ten times more important—I will naturally have to drop that. Actually this

433 As foreigners not having German citizenship, the Austrian socialist Rudolf Hilferding and the astronomer and Dutch socialist Anton Pannekoek were prohibited by order of the Prussian authorities from teaching at the SPD party school, which had been started in November 1906. Luxemburg jumped in to fill the breach and, beginning on October 1, 1907, began teaching courses at the party school on economics and economic history.

whole effort has not been lost, to the extent that I had written up my lectures as pamphlets. Now I only have to work for two more weeks and then they'll be finished.⁴³⁴ I believe that you too will have something useful to contribute—tomorrow, after this business has been finally worked out, I'll write you a few more lines about it.

These days we are having wonderful weather again, and every morning at 8 am I go for a walk. I think about you a lot while I'm doing that. Yesterday I was preoccupied with thoughts of Maderno and the splendid dark blue waters of Lake Garda. (I had been stirred up by a biography of [the Italian painter] Segantini, who was born in Arco, on the shores of Lake Garda.) It is my dream to go there again for a few weeks, but I would like to take you with me, little darling, and wander along the shores of the lake with you. I think that my resources will soon allow us to do that.

I have also been thinking about your work on the subject of the colonies. Currently I have been rereading the relevant chapters in *Capital*, vol. 1.⁴³⁵ The debates at Essen⁴³⁶ have again stimulated my thinking [on that subject] and it shows how necessary such a work would be.

I am very happy that you are captivated by Ferdinand [Lassalle]. I am mad about him too, and I don't let anybody or anything spoil that for me. He still has an effect on me [in that he's] always spurring me on to work and serious study, to labor and science. He had such a lively and ingenious way of being. To be sure, Marx is more powerful and more deeply grounded, but far from being so brilliant and colorful as the former.

434 Luxemburg had planned to give a course in Berlin during October and November 1907. It was to have been on economics, covering six topics. These lectures, each prepared as a separate pamphlet, remained partly unfinished, but in 1910–11 they were supposed to be published under the title *Einführung in die Nationalökonomie (Introduction to Political Economy)*. Various circumstances prevented publication, and the surviving parts were first published in 1925. This version, checked against the original handwritten text, is included in Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 5 (Berlin, 1990), pp. 524–778. An English translation of the full manuscript will be contained in the next volume of this series.

435 The reference is to Karl Marx's *Capital*, vol. 1, chapters 26–33.

436 At the center of the SPD Party Congress in Essen, September 15–21, 1907, were discussions about the party's position on war and on the colonial question.

Luise told me yesterday that Mara will soon be coming here (I believe on October 1) and for the time being (until the New Year) will have her living quarters at August [Bebel]'s. And so you will have company. Today I had a dream that you had gotten yourself together and had come to tell me that ... Luise reported also that Maxim [Zetkin] would soon be coming here. He had told Karl that himself. I don't believe it after what M[axim] said to me. —Annie [Luxemburg] is also here; she has been here since September 1. She's coming rather often.

The tomcat Mischa has gone to the land of shadows! And our foster child Mutik has come into his inheritance. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi.*⁴³⁷ Such is the way of the world. An inevitable corollary of that, unfortunately, is: *La reine est mort, vive la reine.*⁴³⁸ Today in my dream, or so it seems to me, I replied to you with the latter remark, with bitter irony.

Little darling, I am much more lonely here now than you are there. I don't go anywhere and I don't see anyone. Actually, yesterday evening there was a comrade from Poland after an eleven-month imprisonment in a common cell with masses of other people—he came here. He was a lively and cheerful youngster, a boisterous child really. —That's what he used to be—he has come back to us as a bloated neurasthenic with trembling hands. He is “on leave” so that he can recover somewhat before he starts to work again. Also, Ryazanov (I think you know him)—the broad-shouldered, sturdy man with the big beard—he has also come here from prison. He has a boil on his hand from being in jail, and his entire little finger was amputated. My heart constricted at the sight of seeing him so trampled upon, and he himself is depressed.

These are the kind of fine figures who come out of that whirlpool over there. I was so stirred up yesterday that I couldn't sleep for half the night and I had bad dreams ... Sweet beloved, I kiss you.

437 French: “The king is dead, long live the king.”

438 French: “The queen is dead, long live the queen.”

TO KARL KAUTSKY

[Friedenau, beginning of December 1907]

Dear Karolus!

I read your letter with great satisfaction, particularly your protest against printing in a bourgeois paper.⁴³⁹

For my part, I would only like to ask: Who is this “Dr. Mikhailov”? I know all the more prominent leaders of **both** Russian tendencies fairly well, but this person is completely unknown to me, and for me it would be rather painful if **your** statement, which for the Russians is sure to be of great significance, should come to light via some obscure figure. For me it is particularly suspicious that this person does not want to publish your letter in a **party publication**, which any real party comrade would regard as the means closest to hand for honoring his party.

And then, [there’s] another argument **against** contributing to the bourgeois press in **Russia today**. Right now we’re living through an epoch in which the workers’ party in every respect—political, intellectual, literary—is winning through to independence and self-reliance and taking a **leading role** in public life. The output of the Russian Social Democrat press is even now enjoying—in spite of its underground character—the greatest attention from all the political parties. Even [Social Democratic] leaflets are often reprinted in the bourgeois newspapers. Therefore the statement by your Mikhailov (as well as Plekhanov’s) is simply **untrue**. These people are talking about the party press as though it was still in the **prerevolutionary** period. Here, as in all things, they don’t take into account the complete change that has come about. And a particularly important circumstance is relevant here—one that is the guiding idea in present-day party development: the struggle of Social Democracy against **liberalism** for political hegemony in the present revolution. The independence of the press is a part of this [struggle for]

439 A “Dr. Mikhailov” of St. Petersburg had requested of Karl Kautsky that he state his opinion on the question of socialists contributing to bourgeois newspapers. Mikhailov intended to write an article for the liberal Russian newspaper *Tovarishch* (Comrade), to which Plekhanov and other Mensheviks had contributed as well. He wanted also to publish Kautsky’s reply in this newspaper. Kautsky answered Mikhailov on December 3, 1907, and sent his statement to Luxemburg as well.

hegemony. And it is precisely the **liberal** press, the press of our immediate **political** rivals, from whom one should clearly and cleanly distinguish oneself—it is in their antechambers that Plekhanov and Co. are waiting, and by their contributions to the bourgeois democratic papers they are enabling the bourgeois liberals to wear the pretty little mantle of “nonpartisanship” and “classless socialism.”

These are very important defining points, as I see it. And with that, many good wishes to you, and kisses for Luise. R.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Clarens, Switzerland,] April 14 [1908]⁴⁴⁰

2 in the aftern[oon]

Beloved Diuidu, having just arrived here, I am taking the first opportunity to write you at length. You probably received my letter from Frankfurt on the Main, one from Basel, and a telegram from Basel. At this moment I am calmer, I was frightfully upset when I wrote from there [that is, from Frankfurt and Basel]. The problem is this. I was wavering with great uncertainty even in Berlin about whether I should travel with K[autsky] and when I should travel, and then all of a sudden L[eo Jogiches] rushed into the apartment and into my room and cried out that he had learned I was going to travel with K, but that a stop must be put to that, or else I would remain there on the spot, dead. An icy calm came over me, as always, while that was going on, I remained in my seat and said not one word in reply. That made him even more rabid, and he rushed off to try to find you, having demanded I give him your address (I answered nothing of course) and he made Gertrud [Zlottko] give him both keys. When I saw that, I went to K[arl] K[autsky]’s and remained there overnight. I cannot describe to you the way I felt, that night was frightening. On the next morning I went with the boys⁴⁴¹ to my apartment to see about the letters, met him on the street, of course he didn’t look at me, and I went upstairs. Up there my letters were lying around, having been opened, and when I went back down he was again in

440 The place and date have been added according to what was stamped on the envelope.

441 The sons of Karl and Luise Kautsky.

front of the house and began walking alongside me. He had been at your place. Mrs. Grossmann⁴⁴² [he said] had given him “all the information”—obviously about visits—“The bird has flown,” [he said,] but he would certainly catch up with him; furthermore, I must not take one step out of Berlin, I must promise that, or else he would kill me right there and then. And he took hold of something in his pocket. I remained calm and icy, not once did I turn my head, and at that point he left. Inwardly, however, I was so frightfully upset and disturbed by this abuse and felt so unhappy that I had to go back to the K[autsky] house—with all its noise and the banality [of everyday life]—and I didn’t dare go home (for me my house had become a horror since he had taken the keys), so that I immediately sent a letter to Hannes [Diefenbach] by *Rohrpost* [a pneumatic dispatch system], asking him to come call for me at the K[autsky]s’. He came right away at 3 p.m. and took me away, we drove to his house, but I knew that I would not be able to say a single word to him and would not want to, he simply saw that I was frightfully upset, we read and chatted a little, and then he came back with me to the K[autsky] house. I felt so lonely, not knowing what to do, seeing no way out, worse than I had ever felt before. Above all, I absolutely could not make up my mind: Should I make the trip or not? I thought to myself that you would definitely be in favor of my making the trip, and with Hannes’s help I quickly grabbed a few of my things again in the evening, came back to the K[autsky]s’ at 11 p.m., and on the next morning started off on the trip. Outwardly the whole time I was calm and merry (for the sake of the K[autsky]s), but inwardly I was horribly upset and disturbed. In Frankfurt during the night I fell into such a disturbed state that I distinctly felt an outbreak of insanity coming on, thoughts and perceptions were chasing one after the other at such a furious pace that I was just about to get up and send a telegram to you or to Hannes. **What** exactly [I would say in the telegram] I don’t know. I only wanted to hold onto somebody. However, you must not think of coming here, in no case whatsoever, because L is going to come—that became clear to me that very night in Frankfurt—and will be here soon. He will certainly break into a fury when he finds out that I have left, and then he will shove everything aside and come here to revenge himself. He has gone so

442 In 1908, whenever Kostya Zetkin was in Berlin, he stayed at the house of Mrs. Grossmann in Friedenau at 14^{IV} Peschke Street.

far in the threats he has made that he can't allow anyone to mock or challenge his threats, I know him. What will come of it all I don't know. At this moment I am calm, I even slept well in Laus[anne], tiredness blunted my disturbed inner state, and here the sun is so mild and so beautiful.

In Clarens I have not yet asked for letters. Write to me here at the pension using my own name, merely disguise your handwriting a little bit, just in case, because of K. You have the address on the envelope. I enclose some flowers that I just picked for you myself. Write to me soon, my sweet, my dear treasure.

Your Niunia

Be calm and cheerful, Bubi, I was glad to know all this time that you were far from Berlin, far from all this gruesome upset and out of the way of danger. Diuidu my sweet

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Baugy sur Clarens,] the 15th [of April, 1908]⁴⁴³

My heart, my beloved! I just had a letter from you handed over to me finally in Clarens, I will ask after that other one and will have it sent to me here. I wrote you yesterday from here and am waiting longingly for a few calmer lines from you, above all something kind and endearing, [because] I myself am feeling so very depressed! Outwardly of course one sees nothing at all of this from me, I go for walks with K[autsky], lie in the sun, etc., but I have such uneasiness within me that I would like best to go traveling again immediately or at least to go hiking a lot, to climb, to go on camping trips. Unfortunately K. doesn't want to do any of those things, doesn't want to climb or hike anywhere, doesn't want to see anything, just wants to sit around on the balcony or on the grass. Oh, Niuniu, if only you were here! What wouldn't we see together and where wouldn't we go wandering together! It's wonderful here and the weather is magnificent. But I feel like a leaf that has been torn off and blown by the wind. There's so much I would like to

443 The place and date are according to what was stamped on the envelope.

write you about, everything that I'm thinking and feeling, but I'm not up to it. I only want to talk with you. At night I constantly dream awful things, and actually they're always about you: you're soon going to start berating me, soon you're going to be untrue to me. That shows you in what an upset state of nerves I go to sleep and wake up. But that will subside, don't worry. Although I've no idea what solution will be found to the present knotty problems of our situation, somehow things must definitely come to an end. And if no catastrophe intervenes, I will certainly be with you in two weeks, because K. and I want to stop off and visit all of you on our return trip. However, he's talking about only one day, and it's not fitting for me to insist on more, therefore see to it that your mother invites him for **several** days, then he himself will break out of here earlier. We'll write a postcard to all of you asking your approval, then she can answer yes. Dear heart, write to me here often, I have such a craving for a dear word from you! I kiss you a thousand times.

Your Niunia

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Chailly sur Clarens,] the 16th [of April, 1908]

My dear treasure, I sent you a letter early today and now I'm writing you again, although I have nothing special to say and nothing has happened.

I feel quite alone here. Yesterday evening and also this morning I went for a walk all by myself, because K[autsky] has no need for that and won't stir one inch. I had no inkling that he already needed his rest so much. I thought he was much younger than that. Therefore I shudder a bit at the thought of the ten days that he wants to spend here, without going for a single excursion. Meanwhile, the mountains all around are so tempting one can scarcely resist them. Early this morning I was sitting up high and looking at the lake below and the snow-capped peaks across the lake. I let myself be roasted by the sun and listened to the humming of the bumblebees; somewhere in the village a hen was cackling persistently, and from behind me came the steady clunking of the spades, with which the farmers everywhere around here are now digging up their vineyards.

So much peace had poured over the whole place that I could no longer imagine the wild, death-dealing passion that is pursuing and threatening me. At the same time, somewhere in the depths of my mind I had the thought: Just don't let yourself be lulled to sleep by the peacefulness around here. The specter is lurking behind your back and is only waiting for you to forget that it exists ...

Diuidu, my beloved little one, how fine it would be if you were sitting next to me here at the edge of the vineyard. When I do go for a walk with K[autsky] he perceives everything differently from me. Cold, pedantic, and doctrinaire, which destroys my illusions. I wrote [to you] at Cully and perhaps I'll get a letter back from you as soon as today. And there perhaps I'll find a few loving words; in yesterday's letter there was only anxiety and reserve; I understand very well why. But in my present state of mind I will easily make mistakes about anything and everything, including you, my sweet Niuniu. I would like these ten days to be over already, to see you, and to talk about everything with you. Diuiduku, love of my heart, I kiss you on your sweet little mouth many times. Don't worry and be of good cheer, let yourself play *Figaro* and sing [the work] of the great master. Yagugu

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau,] May 8 [1908]

Sweet love, Niuniuku, today I received your third letter (number them, beloved, so we can keep track of them). Hopefully you've also received my second one today.

Since yesterday I've been feeling well, the migraine is almost gone, I'm making an effort to work, and went out for a walk early today. I sat on our bench behind the statue of Bismarck, a whole school of little kids was playing on the grass with a lot of loud noise and shrill voices, and farther down the bigger youngsters were playing tennis. In my heart I felt such melancholy that I sat there like a dead person. [...] Niuniu, love of my heart, I would like so much to talk with you about everything I'm reading, but I can't write [about it]—scholarly letters seem so unnatural to me. What you write me about Mignet, I know very well. But, dearest, it's that way with every book,

because by itself every book is something terribly unapproachable. What always torments me also, when I'm reading, is the need to get to the root of things. There's the feeling that only a little tip or tidbit has been provided and that the correct and important part remains hidden. But the only way that can be remedied is through [the reading of] **many** books and with the passage of time, during which knowledge gradually accumulates.

I am now reading one of the books that I've scraped together for you. It's about Cabet, a hefty, new book in French. It's written so thoroughly and honestly, and at the same time its form is so clear and simple, that it's a pleasure to read. Hopefully you will also enjoy it. In order to keep in close touch with you, what I would like most of all now is to be reading the same books as you. With a tender loving feeling I've been paging through Becker (on the Commune of 1793) and through [a book about] Fourier, among others, because these are some books that you will soon have in your hands. Gugu, I am now sending you seven books:

1. Krichevsky
2. Becker
3. Greulich (on Fourier)
4. Liebknecht (on Owen)
- from K. K. 5. Lor.[enz] Stein
- [Karl Kautsky] 6. Thomas (on Babeuf)
7. Janet (on St.-Simon)

With regard to Babeuf, you must also get from the library the best and most thorough book: **V. Advielle**, *Histoire de Gracchus Babeuf et du babouvisme d'après de nombreux documents inédits*,⁴⁴⁴ Paris, 1884, 2 vols. — Send the books back to me quickly, particularly those from K. K. In reading them, you must therefore take notes on them right away, because I don't want him to know I sent them to you. Above all, read everything about the [French] Revolution, and write down the chapter headings immediately. [...]

444 A History of Gracchus Babeuf and of Babouvism, Based on Numerous Unpublished Documents.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, May 9, 1908]

Sweet beloved!

I've just come from the post office—today there was nothing from you. I don't know if I'll get anything tomorrow, because it's Sunday, but I'll go and inquire. Diuidu, my sweet, you won't receive these lines until early Monday.

I'm feeling somewhat better, and today the work proceeded fairly well. This morning I also wrote about ten letters that I was behind on; they were weighing on me terribly. Among them to the Russians in Siberia.

It's so silent now in the place where we're staying. Your mother is visiting with women all day long, Gertrud [Zlottko] has gone downtown, and I'm all alone; from outside, over the balcony, comes the noise of the street, children playing, carts and carriages rolling by, the loud chirping of birds—all so merry and joyful because it's warm out today. The little almond trees are blooming down there on our street in front of almost every house, and they have quite the look of brides about them, with their tender pink blossoms. ([Heinrich] Schulz, the twit, was talking about them today: he called them "blackthorns." A fine pedagogue he is!) —He came to pick up your mother. But there's no warmth or sparkle in anything for me, because with you not here I will not surrender my soul to the springtime. I go around cold and quiet. But if only I could work good and hard!

Diuidu, today I laid a little groundwork for our plan about the school, in a conversation with Schulz—naturally without the slightest mention of you, although he, like your mother, definitely wanted to know: Who do I have in mind?⁴⁴⁵

But, Niuniu, you still have to do a few things toward this goal. In particular, I strongly advise you to give some lectures in the youth organization there [in Stuttgart] about various stages in the history of socialism, to the extent that you make progress with writing out your lectures. For example, one about Babeuf, then one about St.-Simon, etc. Believe me that will (1) be very good preparation for a spoken lecture and (2) also for the written composition. I saw this

445 Luxemburg wanted to get a job for Kostya as an instructor at the party school where she was teaching.

here with my economics essays, how much more clearly and graphically I grasped the subject **after** the spoken lecture. Do it, beloved! Write me what you think about this.

I am reading further in the book by Cabet with great pleasure: the historical evolution, the events of the July monarchy, the part played by the traditions of the Great Revolution, all this is utterly fascinating and gripping. History is the most interesting thing there is, and I have the secret hope that even if you scorn economics you will find your own field in history, and through it, and for its sake, you will also finally grasp and appreciate economics [...]

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau,] May 19 [1908]

Beloved, yesterday was a sad day: no letter from Niuniu. To make up for it, this morning there came letter No. 10.

Diuidu, I'm so glad that you are really reading so much now about history. Even if you feel constantly annoyed, that proves how much the subject is now always on your mind. But don't lose yourself too deeply in the Great Revolution, Niuniu. Don't forget that what you need [to watch for] there is the action of the working class and therefore Marat, the Convention,⁴⁴⁶ and Babeuf.

You bring up an important question: whether there actually existed a working class worthy of the name at that time in France. That is exactly what is important, for example, with respect to those who hold views like Bebel's, that [supposedly] in Russia nothing special can be accomplished because the urban working class makes up such a small percentage of the population! In France at the time of the Great Revolution a factory proletariat was as good as non-existent; what workers there were, were mostly artisans, manual workers, journeymen in the workshops and the few manufacturing establishments of Paris and its suburbs. And yet it was precisely this very small proletariat in Paris that was the driving force behind

446 The National Convention, during the French Revolution, was the highest representative body of the people. Based on the demands of the people, the Convention passed legislation abolishing feudal relations, in particular by redistributing land from feudal landowners to the peasantry.

the Mountain⁴⁴⁷ and the basis for the Convention! At any rate, one has to add to that the numerous *petits bourgeois* of Paris: mechanics, workmen, shopkeepers, etc., keeping in mind that class divisions were not yet fully developed there, and it was precisely this circumstance that characterized the social reforms and the entire policy of the Convention (the distribution of land ownership, etc.). By the way, read the writings of K. K. on this subject once again.⁴⁴⁸ As far as I can remember he [wrote] something about that. But I will send you a few more books that discuss the social situation further. Above all: **Levasseur**, *Histoire des classes ouvrières en France*.⁴⁴⁹ (I'm quoting from memory and so the title could be a little different.) Also **Espinas**, *La Philosophie sociale du XVIII^e siècle et la Révolution*.⁴⁵⁰ You only need to browse through the latter, and I think you'll find something there.

Once again: don't lose yourself, Niuniuk, keep in mind the limits of the work and what comes further on!

Gugu, today I worked out a new plan: I figured out a way in which we can be together during the summer vacation. It wouldn't work if I came alone, but what would you say if I brought Luise K[autsky] and the two older [Kautsky] boys to Switzerland, and you would go along, and we would go for excursions there the whole time. I know Switzerland well and I've thought out the entire route. Karl and Bendel are going somewhere else. We would have the opportunity certainly to be alone now and then, and above all we would be together all the time—in magnificent Switzerland—on hikes!! Diuidu, do you want to do it? I will soon have earned enough money for both of us, but perhaps I would then have to forego making a

447 The Mountain was the extreme revolutionary party of Danton and Robespierre, which occupied the highest seats in the National Assembly of 1793. The Jacobins were the leading force in this party, which led the popular uprising of May 31–June 2, 1793, bringing the revolution to its highest point and instituting the Jacobin dictatorship.

448 The reference is to Karl Kautsky, *Die Klassengegensätze im Zeitalter der Französischen Revolution* (Class Contradictions in the Age of the French Revolution).

449 E. Levasseur, *Histoire des classes ouvrières en France depuis 1789 jusqu'au nos jours* (History of the Working Classes in France from 1789 to the Present), published in 1867.

450 Alfred-Victor Espinas, "Eighteenth-Century Social Philosophy and the Revolution."

trip to see you at Whitsuntide so as to save some money. Dear heart, write me whether you want to do this, because then I will wangle it somehow. But your people have to keep their mouths shut in front of those like Berta [Thalheimer], etc. My sweet, I'm yearning for my Niuniu, oh how much! ...

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, May 28, 1908]⁴⁵¹

Thursday (Ascension Day)

My sweet treasure, today I got your short letter beautifully written in ink. But the first one, scribbled in pencil, also made me very happy—it was, after all, the first news [from you] after a pause! Dudu, beloved, I am so happy that you still love me! I have such longing to be near you, I miss you everywhere and in everything; even when you are only sitting near me silently, everything acquires meaning and vitality. Gugu, our moon has gone away, but just think, recently I had Hannes [Diefenbach] read to me aloud from the *West-östlicher [Diwan]*,⁴⁵² and there I found the following lines in the part by Suleika Nameh, No. 44, “Vollmondnacht” (Full Moon Night):

“Your beloved, far away, is tasting the bittersweet just as you are,
Feeling an unhappy happiness.
The two of you vowed faithfully to greet each other by the full moon.
This is the moment.”

Generally speaking, I have found marvelous things in the *Diwan*. I would like to read it together with you.

451 The place and date are according to what was stamped on the envelope.

452 Goethe's *West-East Divan* is a collection of poems written in imitation of the fourteenth-century Persian Sufi poet Hafiz. The poems by “Suleika” in the *West-East Divan* were by Goethe's friend and lover Marianne von Willemer. One of the meanings of *divan*, a term that originated in Persia, is a collection of poems by one author (or in this case two closely associated coauthors).

Dudu, it's raining lightly, the air is dull, I'm sitting by myself in the empty apartment. Gertrud [Zlottko] has gone out, all powdered and painted, I've kept Hannes [Diefenbach] and all the others at a distance from me today, and I ought to be working. My work is lying in front of me on the desk, but I'm looking distractedly out onto the open balcony and listening to the sultry and indecisive twittering of the birds. If only my young man were here, I do not want anything more than that he should simply be in the room and fill it up with his silent magic.

Gugu, how much I'm looking forward to traveling and hiking with you! I dream of it day and night.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, June 5, 1908]

Friday, 8 in the evening

I'm feeling awful. I feel such pressure on my throat, from depression, that I'm suffocating. Oh, to see a human being now—but there's no one. Oh, to have wings and fly to Niuniu—but I have no wings. If I had just a couple of days off for myself, I'd get on the night train tonight and be with you early in the morning. But nothing like that is possible. Oh, this frightful pressure on my forehead and the palpitations of my heart! I know what I'll do—I'll sit myself down and write to my beloved, to my dear friend who was always there for me with his love whenever trouble had me in its claws. Dudu, dear heart, you sweet consolation, I have experienced so many terrible things since yesterday. In the morning there came to my house, specially sent from Warsaw, a very important lawyer working on the current political trials. He and his colleagues are appealing to me to summon "all of Europe" to its feet against the horror and atrocity prevailing there in the military tribunals, in the prisons, and in the torture chambers. He gave his accounts and I noted down the material from 10 in the morning to 7 in the evening, until he had to leave because early today he has to be in court again. We both wept as we worked. It's ghastly. Every day there are several executions. Things are happening in the prisons that make your hair stand on end. You can imagine how it was for me. A little relief and brightening came

from the following: he told me about various prisoners he was supposed to defend and among others mentioned my young fellow⁴⁵³ (without suspecting that it was [someone I knew]). I asked: How is it going for him? —Oh, he said, things are very bad for him. —How so? —Well I visited him just before I came to see you. The gendarme himself summoned me, saying it was “**absolutely**” necessary for me to see him; and literally—when I saw him I was horrified, he was yellow, his chest caved in, he can barely sit, and he speaks so softly that I had to put my ear next to his mouth. I believe he has consumption, and I went to see his mother to tell her that. —Niuniu, can you imagine what that was like for me? Then came the writing and the running around in order to get this news to various newspapers by telegram, in order to rouse people to their feet. I didn’t sleep the whole night and today I’ve been running around all day. I feel completely broken now. Oh, my dear friend, if I could only see you now.

I’m not going for the trip on Sunday, perhaps on Tuesday. So keep writing to me, don’t leave me without letters. Today your sweet letter was such a consolation.

But please, Diuidu, don’t be sad, be cheerful, my little love, maybe I should have kept quiet about all this with you, but I can’t stop myself.

The moon is still there in the sky and the evening star. Through them I send you my best wishes, my precious [...]

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, July 14, 1908]⁴⁵⁴

Tuesday

My sweet, beloved heart, I didn’t write you yesterday because I didn’t feel well, and even today I’m very weak and listless. Yesterday L[eo Jogiches] was [here], and this much is clear, that he wants to accompany me on my trip, in order to, in the event that I meet you, shoot

453 The reference is to a Polish revolutionary whose name it has not been possible to determine.

454 The date and place are according to what was stamped on the envelope.

you and himself. Can I make the trip under such circumstances? I can't get away from him here, but also everything in me rebels against sneaking away like some sort of slave. The state of mind he's in is no joke any longer, his inner self is shattered, he's become abnormal, and he lives only with this idea fixed in his sight. And so once again I'm beside myself. Even if I were to sneak away by some luck, he would surely come to where you are immediately, and don't imagine that anyone could persuade him not to carry out his plan. Ought I to place your life at risk? You would not demand that of me, Duduk. But I absolutely want to see you, we have to see each other and talk everything over. Therefore I would like to make a trip to where you are for several days. But up there at your family's home it is much too dangerous, and besides I'm feeling too exhausted to try and appear normal and cheerful to some extent in front of your mother and "the Poet" [Friedrich Zundel]. The thought of sitting around a table with people is dreadful to me in this frame of mind. Could we perhaps meet somewhere else, where we could be free together for the whole time? Do you perhaps know of something [like that]? I think we could simply meet at some railroad station and then decide whether we would stay there the two days or go elsewhere. The nearer to me we meet, the longer we could be together, because I would have a shorter trip alone to meet you. On the other hand, of course, the thought of a hotel terrifies me. In the end you can decide. Could we perhaps meet at some small station outside of Stuttg[art]? I will telegraph you what day and on what train I can make the trip, but you must telegraph me after you receive this letter: saying "Agreed," if you agree with this plan in general.

If I telegraph you that you should travel in my direction I will also send you money by telegram, because otherwise a letter with money in it would probably take too long.

I will think it over some more today about how we can arrange our get-together. I am now still waiting for news from H. K. [Hans Kautsky], of whom I requested some money (2,000),⁴⁵⁵ and I'm waiting for another bit of news.

I am writing to you in a very disorderly way, but my head feels so

455 Luxemburg had been making an effort since the beginning of 1908 to collect money from various friends in order to post bail for the release of an imprisoned young revolutionary in Warsaw who was very ill. See her *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 2, pp. 360–1.

chaotic from these shocks that I sometimes think I'm ready for the cold water treatment [i.e., to be institutionalized]. My darling I kiss you, I would like to hold you in my arms at last.

One more thing! In the event that I send you a telegram and you should travel in my direction, do **not** say that you are making a trip to see me, in case L. comes to where you all live. Otherwise your mother might unsuspectingly tell him.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, August 21, 1908]

Niuniu, love of my heart,

Your letter of yesterday about the little picture I painted has made me so happy and put me in such good spirits that I immediately started a new painting yesterday. It's so demanding on me and takes up so much of my time that I can barely eat, I'm so impatient to be able to send it to you. But it will have to take perhaps another four or five days! Dudu, dearest, if I'm still painting at all, it's your fault, because only you give me the courage for this foolhardiness. Duduk, dear heart, I've had no letter from you today. I'm going to the post office right now.

A big kiss!

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau,] the 22nd [of August, 1908] Saturday

Dudu, beloved, today for the first time I went out to paint directly from nature. I went to the Schlachtensee [a lake in Berlin] and was burning with impatience, but my God, what difficulties! I could only take a sketchbook with me, and so I was simply painting on the flat paper out in the open, because it just didn't work to take the easel along! And so I had to hold the sketchbook and the palette in one hand and the brush in the other. Besides, I had to **be sitting** (on a bench), and so I couldn't constantly step back to see how it was coming out. I was also forced to paint within a very small space, or format, but I have the need to make really large paintings; other-

wise the brush has no sweep to it, no power, and to top it all off I could only paint for an hour, because some people came, and that drove me away. All together it was enough to make me despair, and in addition to that, the water kept changing every moment and so did the sky (today a storm was constantly building up). I was on the verge of tears when I headed home. But again I've learned something. Only I have no idea how I'm going to overcome these external difficulties—how to bring the easel with me and at least some larger-sized cardboard. Oh, Dudu, if I only had two years to do nothing but paint—it would absorb me completely. I wouldn't go to any painter for lessons or instructions, nor would I ask anyone about anything, but just learn on my own by painting, and asking you! But those are crazy dreams. I can't let myself do it, because there isn't even a dog that needs my wretched paintings. However, people do need the articles I write—tomorrow I'll send you today's little painting. I think it will be dry soon. And this time I'm so afraid it's going to disappoint you! But you must be strict and honest with yourself and with me; otherwise, it would be no good, because I am definitely listening only to you!

Dudu, I'm going to the post office now and hope to get something [from you].

Niuniu, I simply cannot write everything that I experience and that I would like to experience with you. My nerves are very strained now, and at night I only sleep a few hours from being so worked up, and during the day moods, hope and discouragement, chase through me one after another like clouds in the sky.

Dudu!

Kiss the sweet little kitty on the head and on the back. I am not jealous. I love it too, the innocent little thing. The carnation from yesterday is splendid. I put it in some water.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, August 25, 1908] Tuesday

Dudu, love of my heart, I probably will not send you yesterday's "painting" because it came out poorly. It was done on paper, and now all the color has sunk into the paper and the thing has become quite

dull and dreadful. But the main thing is this: I am messing everything up for myself through impatience and lack of time. Instead of going out for a few days in a row and working on the same subject, I absolutely want everything finished in one hour, and therefore after making a good beginning to some extent, I kind of smear the rest hastily off the top of my head and make rubbish out of it. Oh, Dudu, nothing's going to come of it all: where will I find the time? Now it means saying adieu for half a year, and then I won't want to start in again from the beginning, after not having made any progress for half a year.

Unlucky me—I have to go to the party congress after all.⁴⁵⁶ August [Bebel] has written twice already, with great urgency, and the elders are giving me a mandate, so I can't talk my way out of it. Therefore I now have to work at top speed in order to get the new issue of our Polish review finished by the 22nd.⁴⁵⁷ And I myself will have to fill at least two entire signatures of that issue! Oh my poor little book that I'm trying to write on economics!⁴⁵⁸ I shudder to think of Nuremberg! Perhaps you will go there? But no, there can't be any question of that. You would do much better if you went to the Tyrol while there's time. That I should come to Stuttgart in September is an impossible idea. Dudu! When am I supposed to find the time for that? And it will come just before the visit by Dichter, Mietze, etc., and that inhibits me. Also, I have to prepare myself a little for the party school.

Today I'm sending you Advielle.⁴⁵⁹ I hope you'll read him with interest. It's due back on the 12th, but I can renew it then. The other volume is still here, the one that deals with Babeuf's defense at his trial. I will not send that one to you for the time being. It's not absolutely necessary for you to read it, only if you have some desire to do so.

456 The SPD Party Congress was held in Nuremberg, September 13–19, 1908. Luxemburg took part in it as a delegate from Poznań (German name, Posen) and Sulechów–Krosno Odrzańskie (German name, Züllichau-Krossen).

457 The reference is to *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny* (Social Democratic Review), theoretical organ of the SDKPiL.

458 Luxemburg is referring to her *Introduction to Political Economy*.

459 Author of the two-volume work on Babeuf mentioned in the letter of May 8, 1908.

Now I'm waiting for further news about you from the doctor. Dudu, beloved, everything is not all right with your dear heart. Am I supposed to be happy about that because it gives you a deferment from military service? That's a very poor consolation for me. See here, darling, I told you that you mustn't strain your heart! I'm worried, by the way, about your mountain climbing in the Tyrol ... I kiss you, dear heart.

Yagugu

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, August 30, 1908]

Dearest Klara!

I just got back from Świebodzin [German name, Schwiebus], found what you sent me, and am sending it back after careful and attentive study. (Coincidentally, Karl [Kautsky] is bringing me his envelope, and I'll pack my material in with his.) The guiding principles and the resolution⁴⁶⁰ are excellent: conceived on a large scale, thorough, sharp, lively and full of spirit. Since you wish for criticism, and since I am a pedant, I have crossed out some things and added some comments where the text did not seem clear enough to me or seemed open to misinterpretation. You can throw the comments in the wastepaper basket without a care.

I give you a hug.

See you soon, Yours

[P.S.] I'm coming on Sunday the 13th,⁴⁶¹ about 5 pm, I think. Let me know where to find you and where we're going to stay.

460 Luxemburg is probably talking about the guiding principles for a workers' youth organization and the corresponding resolution, which were presented and explained by Clara Zetkin at the Fifth Conference of Social Democratic Women of Germany, September 11–12, 1908, in Nuremburg. The guiding principles and the resolution were approved by a large majority at the women's conference.

461 On September 13, 1908, in Nuremburg, the SPD Party Congress was scheduled to begin. Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin took part as delegates to the congress.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau,] September 2 [1908] Wednesday

Dudu, beloved, finally I can write you, because last night I received your address from Munich. Darling, I am very glad that you undertook this whole trip and I hope for good results. Meanwhile I had to try to master the greatest impatience, because I was finished with a painting right on the 29th and was dying of impatience to send it to you just when I got your telegram saying that I shouldn't write to you. Now the painting is waiting patiently until you are back or even longer: until I come to visit you. The fact is unfortunately that I must go to Nuremburg,⁴⁶² but from there I will go for 2–3 days to visit you and bring the picture along. I hope to bring you a lot of joy with it. Here I find no comprehension whatsoever, only from you do I get the feeling of certainty that I can accomplish something, as well as some encouragement. My little Dudu, how I long to go where you are and for a calm and peaceful life with you! My heart can scarcely endure this absence of peace and calm any more, the doctor has discovered something wrong with a heart valve and has prescribed strophanthin [a heart stimulant] for me, he's coming again tomorrow. I'm already dreading the party school.⁴⁶³ All this hard work for six long months, and during that time you will no longer wait for me in the room, sitting in the red easy chair, so that when I come home I can see your dear image in the mirror [even before I enter] and be cheered up by that! ... But don't be sad, Niuniu, we must both be brave, isn't that right? Everything will definitely be all right if we have courage and perseverance, and I certainly will be able to paint now and then if the days are bright. Niuniu, I will see you soon, soon we will have each other again—in three weeks, if only for a short time. Oh my sweet, may you have peace! People make me sick. Be cheerful for me and write to me even if just a couple of words, so that I see a little something from you. Dearest!—

462 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled for September 13–19, 1908, in Nuremburg.

463 Luxemburg was teaching at the SPD party school in Berlin. The six-month session began on October 1.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau,] September 8 [1908]

Niuniu, sweet darling, your letters make me so happy. I am now living in such a mad rush that I can scarcely come to my senses, and it will probably continue until it's time to leave for the Party Congress.⁴⁶⁴ I'm happy that you're having such beautiful hiking trips and that you have the hardest part behind you. Darling, do avoid risks! Just think [how you would feel] if you knew I was constantly hovering over abysses. My sweet, in ten days probably we'll have each other again, I am also not thinking of sitting around in Nuremburg until the end, but I don't know how the congress agenda will go. I'll bring the painting along. Dear heart, I still have so much to live through and work to do until I fight my way through to you! And I long so for peace and quiet. That's what I find with you.

Heart of mine, I kiss you, my sweet.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, September 27, 1908]

Sunday, 10 a.m.

I go to the P.O. at noon

Sweet, beloved heart of mine, my darling, yesterday I received your two letters from Thursday and Friday, but actually I couldn't go to the post office again on Friday evening, because Hannes [Diefenbach] came. Oh Dudu, what longing overcame me when I read them! I was considering just not writing you, but I've been reproaching myself fiercely, since I arrived here, for not staying a few more days with you. I was such a wretched coward, but here everything, for me, is such a mess, and I bitterly regret that I made you and me poorer by two or three days of happiness. Niuniu, my sweet, how dull and drab everything is to me without you.

Yesterday Hannes came right at 5 [p.m.], he wanted to do something, telephoned H. K. [Hans Kautsky], who came to get us with his car, because it was raining, so we drove over to his house and he

464 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled for September 13–19, 1908, in Nuremburg.

played *Figaro* for us [on the piano]. But for me the ride in the car as well as the music itself were drab and colorless, I feel at my best if I'm working all by myself, the "distractions" [interrupting the work] are dreadful. The only point of light was that, looking out from the corner where I was sitting on the sofa, I made a sketch on a scrap of paper of the two Hanses together with the piano and a bit of the room.

I was already looking forward to sending you the picture, but Hannes insists on having it as a gift for his father. By the way, to my taste the picture lacks beauty and has nothing noble about it, but as far as my real paintings are concerned, I actually feel that only a painting of you would have high quality, otherwise these are patches [of color] that go together only passably.

I want to do a painting of myself for you, but then I must wear a blouse for a half-length portrait, because a [full-length] painting of a woman in a dress is stupid—a lumpy bunch of rags. On the other hand, in your clothes you look fine and noble in any pose. —

Hans K. gives the impression of a deeply unhappy man, but he keeps quiet [about it]. He took me home in his car and we didn't speak a single word. It's very nice of him, but I already have a dread of his visits, because Hans [Diefenbach] is going away.

H. [Hans Diefenbach] has **already certified** your booklets?

How do things stand with the police?

I already wrote to Wurm about a library card in order to borrow Advielle for you.

Niuniu, when we're together it so much doesn't matter what we're doing or what's going on around us, the main thing, after all, is that we're together, isn't that right? And the sight of you gives me such aesthetic pleasure. But Duduk shouldn't think that I love him only for his body, [because] I cannot by any means separate that [the physical] from the spiritual, to me they are one.

Niuniu, I kiss you.

R.

[P.S.] Niuniu, send me **your sketch of the field with the tree!** I forgot to take it. Please!

Hannes's idea of doing some advertising or promotion for me is in very poor taste. Of course I don't say anything.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, October 9, 1908] Friday

Darling, I just received the lines you wrote from Freudenstadt. Meanwhile, I wrote to you at Sillenbuch.

I'm so glad you feel refreshed. The lines you wrote breathe of mountain air, the heat of the sun, and the freshness of the forest. I feel so happy about that.

Things are going well for me. I get up early, work, go for a stroll, and have conversations with Mimi. Yesterday evening this is what she did: I was searching all the rooms for her, but she wasn't there. I was getting worried, and then I discovered her in my bed, but she was lying so that the cover was tucked up prettily right under her chin with her head on the pillow exactly the way I lie, and she looked at me calmly and roguishly.

It's sunny here today, with a cool breeze. I thought to myself: it would be wonderful to go off wandering and stay up high [in the mountains] as long as possible.

We both send you greetings many times over.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, after January 3, 1909] Thursday

Sweet beloved, your dear letters are a great joy for me. Today I was free the whole day. [Kurt] Rosenfeld took over my lessons.⁴⁶⁵ In the forenoon I did a little bit of walking—in your neighborhood. Other than that I spent the whole day reading, so that my head is now a wild chaotic mess. I definitely don't want to see people, and I'm glad no one's coming to see me. I was reading about the history of the big reform of the judicial system in Russia in 1864⁴⁶⁶ (I came across

465 Luxemburg is referring to the classes she was giving at the SPD party school in Berlin.

466 Under the statutes of the judiciary, which became law in Russia in 1864, a unified system of judicial institutions was introduced, based on the principle of formal equality before the law for all social groups in the population. Despite all the progress represented by this judicial reform, the influence of surviving remnants, or vestiges, of feudalism and serfdom

this subject through my work on autonomy).⁴⁶⁷ The subject interests me very much. One circumstance among many is especially interesting: the heart and soul of this judicial reform, the person who is particularly regarded as the creator of trial by jury in Russia and who worked on these reforms for twenty-five years—was by profession an astronomer and had absolutely no legal education! (Incidentally, his name was Zarudny, the father of the St. Petersburg woman painter,⁴⁶⁸ whose portrait of me is on the bookcase at Karl Kautsky's!) Besides that, I have given myself a bit of an orientation on this subject in Western Europe. Trial by jury has existed in England since 1264, so it is a thoroughly medieval institution, and in France, since the Great Revolution (Robespierre and Barrère), in Germany, in some states, since 1848; and in the Reich [i.e., in the Prussian-dominated German empire], for the past seventy years. Now a backward revision must certainly take place. I will have to look that up in Heinemann in *Neue Zeit*.⁴⁶⁹ What does the book by Hildebrand say about form?⁴⁷⁰

It's very stormy today, but at the same time warm, and quite wet, what is called *Tauwetter* (a thaw), and yet the storm and the clouds chasing by do me good. Now I will go for a bit of a walk in the evening after supper, I have such hunger for fresh air.

And longing for Niuniu.

Niuniuta, I found the glove, but I really did leave three small-fringed napkins at your place. They were in that little bag with my eating utensils. Gertrud [Zlottko] is shouting for them. Gugu, bring them with you for me.

remained clearly evident, and in practice the courts continued to be subordinate to the tsarist autocracy and its bureaucratic officialdom.

467 Luxemburg is referring to her pamphlet, published in 1906, entitled *Program federacji, czyli PPS w błędnym kole* (A Program for Federation, or the PPS in a Vicious Cycle).

468 Yekaterina Zarudnaya-Cavos.

469 The reference is to a series of articles by Hugo Heinemann entitled "Zur Reform der Strafprozessordnung" (On the Reform of the Criminal Procedural Code), which was published in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 27, no. 1, 1907/08.

470 Adolf E. R. Ritter von Hildebrand, *Das Problem der Form in der bildenden Kunst* (The Problem of Form in the Fine Arts).

TO N. S. SESYULINSKY⁴⁷¹[Friedenau, March 1909?] ⁴⁷²

Dear N. S. I received your greetings and am very glad, although your sad mood also distressed us. That you are reading Pushkin does not surprise me at all. When I was in a situation similar to yours I submerged myself in Krasiński, a Polish poet who you probably do not know. His verses, in their content, are the most trivial rubbish made up of Catholic mysticism, but in their sound they are the purest music, and I was enraptured by them. I read them mostly for their tone and color. Nowadays, on the other hand, I'm enraptured mostly by Mozart—the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*—that is my real “faith,” and in addition to that, Rembrandt. It's a shame that those things aren't available to you! But I believe that day will also come!

Other than that, things are not so good. I will pass on your greeting to the Old Man. He is sightseeing with his family in Paris, but [he writes] “as soon as they sit down, things don't go along very well”—that was in reference to some concert.

I firmly clasp your hand,
Your R.

[P.S.] People here are asking whether or not there will be war.

We of course would prefer that “the cleansing storm” come [instead].

Your sketches have arrived! I am very happy about them.

471 The Russian original of this postcard is at the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History in Moscow. It was first published in the journal *Krasnaya Nov'* (Red Virgin Soil), no. 3, January 20, 1924, p. 73.

472 On this postcard it is possible to decipher the place from which it was sent, but not the date. It was addressed to the political prisoner N. S. Sesyulinsky at a prison in the city of Tyumen, in Siberia.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Sillenbuch, near Stuttgart,] May 1 [1909]

Dearest Lulu!

I'm writing you today for the first time, because since my arrival here I've been living as though in prison; that is, I promised myself to finish my work (for our Polish review)⁴⁷³ before ever lifting my head from the writing desk. And I've actually been working for the entire two and a half weeks, up in my room all alone, not even spending time in the garden, where one can become quite distracted. I've been getting up at 6:30 in the morning, and not stopping work until supptime, around 7, going downstairs only for meals. The work has been going along superbly for me, and I have spread ink over two and a half signatures. Today I'm sending off the manuscript, and thus I feel as though I've been released from prison, and I'm now writing letters that I've neglected the whole time. Tomorrow I'm moving on—going to Zurich next. I have such longing for the sun and for warmth! It's been cold and rainy here the whole time, and today it's even snowing. In spite of that, the garden and the woods are splendid, everything is blooming, and the rest and fresh air have been very good for me. I have recuperated a lot, despite the rigorous way of life.

Now I'll be going elsewhere, and you ask, "Where to?" Well, actually, I myself don't know at this moment. I promised myself firmly to finish my historical work on Poland and get it ready for publication (the work that our friend Franz [Mehring] so uninhibitedly plagiarized and rewrote).⁴⁷⁴ For this purpose I need a lot of

473 Luxemburg was writing a series of articles entitled "The Question of Nationalities, and Autonomy" for the SDKPiL publication *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny*. The series was published from August to December 1908 and from June to September 1909.

474 In 1902 Franz Mehring published a four-volume collection entitled *Aus dem literarischen Nachlass von Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels und Ferdinand Lassalle* (From the Literary Legacy of Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, and Ferdinand Lassalle). In his introductory essay to the third volume, "Collected Writings of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels from May 1848 to October 1850," Mehring took up, among other things, the Polish question. He acknowledged his indebtedness for most of the content of this essay to relevant publications by Luxemburg and to an unpublished manuscript that she had made available to him. This manuscript of Luxemburg's has not been published. As with many of her papers, it has apparently been lost.

material from Polish history, and I will find it at the Polish library in Rapperswil, near Zurich. But now a question arises, Might the people there possibly let me take the books to Italy with me, or will I be forced to use them on site? That would mean sitting in Zurich and traveling to Rapperswil to do my work. This question won't be decided until I get to Zurich, and therefore, at the moment, I can't say any more than that. I am just hoping I'll manage to persuade the library administration, so that I can go to Italy [with the books]. I will write you then about my future fate.

I have not yet heard from Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] how things went for her in Berlin.⁴⁷⁵ She's coming back tomorrow from London [to Stuttgart].⁴⁷⁶

Even now I'm waiting for her to arrive. Otherwise, I would have been gone from here today.

So what are you up to? And what are all of you doing? How have the senior and the juniors recovered? In the next few days I will also be sending to Karl [Kautsky] an article for *Neue Zeit* on Russian matters.

Hannes [Diefenbach] is here; he suddenly popped up yesterday; but I haven't heard much from him about you; he seems to be totally buried in his medicine and to have been living "like a monk." —It made me very happy that Klara took a few lovely days for you. Without her here there is a void that one feels very much.

Keeping me company here in my room there's an entire family of cats: Mimi [Luxemburg's cat] is here along with two charming kittens, who force me to go to bed and get up with great punctuality. What their upbringing will be like after these fine beginnings, after I have gone on from here—the heart bleeds to think of it ...

I kiss you with all my heart and embrace all of you. If you write immediately, use the address: poste restante, Zurich. If not, I'll have to send you my address later on when I've established one. Once again, a kiss with truest love. Your R.

475 Clara Zetkin had agreed to present a cycle, or series, of five lectures in Berlin on the topic "The Position of Women Historically." She gave these lectures from May 14 to May 28, 1909.

476 In London on April 26, 1909, an international rally and demonstration of women for universal suffrage took place, in which Clara Zetkin took part as secretary of the International Proletarian Women's Movement. She presented the case for universal equal suffrage for women. She also spoke at the 1909 May Day demonstration in London's Hyde Park.

TO HANS KAUTSKY

Degerloch [near Stuttgart] May 1, 1909

Dear Hans!

Today I hear by a letter from Luise [Kautsky] that you are still in Berlin! What light-mindedness, what a crime against your health! Here we've been having what's called *Sauwetter* [filthy, swinish weather], with storms, rain, and cold all the time, and today it's snowing on the occasion of May 1. It wouldn't be much different up where you are, but still you're not in any hurry to go south! Unheard of! The reason I've been sitting here so long is that I had some written work to finish.⁴⁷⁷ Today that's been accomplished, and tomorrow I'm heading for Switzerland. I have to stay over in Zurich for a while to look for material in the Polish library there, to be used for some further work [on the same topic]. I don't know if I'll get anything there or how long it will detain me. At any rate, from there I'll head south. I hope to find out an address for you later on from Luise, so I can give you some sign of life from me.

In the meantime, hearty greetings from your RL.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

Genoa, May 14, 1909

Dearest Lulu!

For the last few days I've been in *Genova superba*, as it calls itself, whereas the Tuscans have a different opinion of it and say that here there is *mare senza pesce, montagne senza alberi, uomini senza fede, e donne senza vergogna*.⁴⁷⁸ I lean toward the view of the Tuscans, but with one difference, that the *uomini* are also *senza vergogna*.⁴⁷⁹ At least that's so in the stores, where they constantly cheat me on the price of things, and on top of that they manage to pawn off a few counterfeit coins on me. Otherwise it's a lovely little city,

477 A reference to her writings on the National Question for the SDKPiL publication *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny*.

478 Italian: "sea without fish, mountains without trees, men without faith, and women without shame."

479 That is, the men are also "without shame."

splendidly laid out, like an amphitheater on a narrow coastal strip around a large bay, protected from behind by beautiful hills, each crowned with a fortress and standing out in sharp contrast against the heavens—Italian heavens of course. In the harbor below there is the usual harbor chaos of ships, barges, grain elevators, dirt, smoke, crowded conditions, and hustle and bustle. The streets are narrow, and the houses scrape the sky and for their own part are mostly scraped up, each being two or four windows in width, and all hung with brightly colored laundry from top to bottom, so that with every zephyr's breath shirts, *Gatjen* [underwear], stockings and socks with holes in them, and similar springtime items flutter and flap. In order to reach the streets situated higher up, every few steps there are charming *vicoli* or *scalite*, that is, little alleyways, which are quite dark, have a rich smell to them, and are exactly so wide, all in all, that passage through them can be blocked by one slightly swaying citizen [*cittadino*], who has turned slightly away from public view and is performing his silent devotions, seeing to it that the alley is regularly moistened so that the air does not become too dry. In the somewhat wider lanes, however, one must go caroming between two-wheeled carts—here I have seen no other kind—to which two mules and a horse are harnessed lengthwise (that is, one in front of the other) and which have a preference for traveling on the left side, not the right, so that a well-disciplined and cultured person from the German Reich, more often than not, suddenly becomes aware, behind one's head or above it, of the loving breath of a damp muzzle or the cracking end of a whip, because anything like a sidewalk for pedestrians separated from the flow of traffic is scornfully regarded here as undemocratic, and so it's left to each and every creature to buffet its way through life and through the alley with its elbows.

Three favorite occupations I have observed among the Genoese: [one] standing around with hands in trousers' pockets and a pipe in the mouth to watch some busy fellow man, e.g., a dock worker or someone digging in the ground, with quiet sympathy for hours at a time; another, expectorating every quarter of an hour, but not in such a simple and formless way as among us, but artistically, with a long, thin stream out of the corner of the mouth without moving the head and with a small hissing sound; and lastly, getting a shave, and by no means in the morning, but in the evening from 7 to 10 or 11 pm, on every street, left and right, one must admire the open

shops of the barbers [*parruchieri*]; (every third Genoese is a *parruchiere*, the other two being swindlers of indefinite profession) and the seated figures covered with white barber's cloths, with their noses tilted philosophically upward, so that they seem to be observing the dirty ceiling while black-eyed youths bend over them with razors as their not quite spotless fingers dance over the faces [of the customers]. Among the other curiosities to be noted is that, thanks to the state monopoly on salt, the latter is a luxury item, and as a result the bread is completely unsalted and without yeast and it tastes approximately like the mixture which one of us Northerners uses to seal the windows for the winter. Also, the price of sugar—for some reason about which I have no further information—is 85 centesimos per pound, and the “pound” in Italy, as I have finally concluded after lengthy and trying experience, contains only 350 grams, and as a result the waiter [*cameriere*] when serving tea, consistently forgets to bring the sugar bowl, and by the time one has the chance to bring this trifle to his attention, the tea is cold. Finally, the trains come and go with a normal delay of one to two hours, and when a naïve Indo-German from Northern Europe, bathed in sweat, leaps into the compartment at the last moment, according to the hour listed on the *orario* [the railroad schedule], he then has plenty of time to cool off and calm down; for it is only after half an hour that the conductor calls out in a sonorous voice “All aboard!” [*Partenza!*] and then he disappears with the locomotive driver into the buffet. After another half hour the two of them reappear on the station platform, visibly refreshed and in good spirits, and then the train gradually but actually gets under way. (I experienced this yesterday, when I went on an excursion out to the Riviera Levante,⁴⁸⁰ and as a result of delays didn't get home until 2:30 in the morning.) Above all this of course stands a blue sky, eternally smiling, and now I know very well why it's smiling. But of course it only smiles when it's not raining.

There [you have] a brief outline [*Ecco una breva machietta*] of my impressions. As for myself, I received favorable news in Zurich. I was allowed to obtain all the books here, but only by going through a local city or government library. This again keeps me tied down to Genoa to some extent. But in spite of the fact that I have found

480 The Italian Riviera to the east of Genoa is called Riviera di Levante (Riviera of the East); west of Genoa it is called Riviera di Ponente (Riviera of the West).

a pretty room in a good location (high above the city), I think that very soon I'll have had my fill of life here, and perhaps I'll be able to go to the seashore somewhere. But this is, unfortunately, not as easy to do as one might imagine; I found this out yesterday on my first serious look around. There are either true resorts like Nervi, which to me are simply a horror, or there are hot and dirty little towns, where on top of everything you can only find entire suites [rather than a single room]—but without cleaning service or meals. Besides, there is no real beach there, because the shore is very steep and rocky. Nevertheless, something probably will soon be found. On the whole, life and nature here please me very much, but the main thing is the sea, which is magnificent. I can see it from my room all day long and can't get my fill of looking at it.

Well, how are things with you and all your family? No doubt you are going to Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin]'s lectures.⁴⁸¹ Write me all the details about that too. Since I don't know where Klara is staying, I'm enclosing a letter for her. —By the way, while doing my work here, I've had an idea for you, a topic for an article that would stand on its own—a minor study that would be good for the *Gleichheit* or *Neue Zeit* and in which you could put to good use your knowledge of English, also one that would not overtax your modest self-esteem. Generally speaking, it annoys me that you let people pile one dreary translation job after another on you. What do you get from that? What do you learn from this mechanical labor fit for a beast of burden? Really it's a waste of your time and energy. We will talk or write about my proposal as soon as you're finished with that muck and are again disposed for some work. —A few more requests in connection with *my* work: Gertrud [Zlottko] has probably let you have my keys, so be a dear and send the following from my library (left side of the large bookcase):

(1) Bücher's *Entstehung der Volkswirtschaft* [Origin of Economics].
 (2) Ingram's *Geschichte der Volkswirtschaftslehre* [History of Economic Theory]. (3) The Webbs' *History of Trade Unions*. Besides that, be so kind as to write out the following excerpts: (1) From **Roscher** (have Karl give you [Roscher's] *Nationalökonomie* [Political Economy]), his **definition** of: what is economics (or economic theory), probably at the beginning of his course of lectures. I need only a few

481 A reference to Zetkin's lectures on "The Position of Women Historically."

sentences, but quoted word for word and the exact title of the book. (2) From the *Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften*, **Schmoller's** article on economic theory. You must find the passage where the idiot says that economics arose as a result of the financial and bureaucratic needs of the modern state in the eighteenth century. That passage is all I need. I know that you will be willing to help me, and it really will be a great help, because the library here is no good (it's a *Saubibliothek* [fit only for cows]) and such books are not to be found in it. Also, one more request: Could you copy down for me what Germany's exports and imports were for some recent year, but with items listed individually, so that a person can see what kind of commodities go where and what kind come from where. (Only the type of commodity, the country, and the total value **or** total weight.) But if this should cause you difficulties, the hell with it. I'll get by all the same.

Write me now about all of you, and what the boys are doing.⁴⁸² Pardon me, the ex-mules⁴⁸³ (what are they called now—*asini*?). And the little Schnips?⁴⁸⁴ What is Karolus Magnus [Karl Kautsky] doing? Write me at poste restante (*si ferma in posta*), but **by registered mail**, otherwise it's uncertain. The books in particular should be registered. I send heartfelt kisses to all of you. Your R.

[P.S.] What is Granny doing, and where is she? I send her best wishes.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Levanto,] the 13th [of June,] 1909

Dearest Lulu!

Today I received both your cards: from the 9th and the 11th—together! Meanwhile, you already know that the package arrived, and thus you've been reassured. I myself haven't written for a long

482 Felix Kautsky and Karl Kautsky, Jr.

483 In Germany, boys who had graduated from high school but not yet entered college were called *muli* ("mules"). The Italian word *asini* means "asses."

484 Bendel Kautsky.

time, because in the interim I've had to keep slaving away, and also every day I had one or several business letters to write, and so no real leisure time remained for me to write you the way I wanted to. Also, waiting for the books made me impatient and "grumpy," as Franz [Mehring] would say, and you know that I don't like to show myself when bad weather is "with me." Today there's sunshine again—inside me and around me. Actually we had a whole week of rainy weather, storms, cold winds, and a turbulent sea. Today there's suddenly an azure blue sky, beaming sun, and dark blue sea with foamy white-caps that glitter in the sunlight like snow. On the whole it's much cooler here than I thought and as one would normally imagine. A friend writes me from Switzerland: I don't understand how you can bear it now on the [Italian] Riviera! I had to laugh, because to judge by the news from [other] acquaintances, it is now much hotter in Switzerland than here. Levanto is a tiny little nest, two hours from Genoa, and I didn't know at first whether I would be able to stay here—the conditions were certainly quite unfamiliar to me—that's why I didn't send you an address right away, nor did I send one to the Friedenau post office [for forwarding mail], because Levanto is not known to the world at large—thank God!—and letters might have wandered astray to anywhere possible, including the Orient. But now I have remained here, after all, and am even receiving my mail, although with the most beastly lack of punctuality.

Now as to your plans ("your" singular and plural) and my plans. I am almost certainly going to Switzerland in July, and so I hope it can be arranged that we will meet. Naturally I will inform you immediately where my travels will take me as soon as I know that myself. At the moment I cannot make up my mind, but in the end it will probably be my beloved Lake of Lucerne. The only thing is, I'm afraid, from previous experience, that I will get roasted [sunburned] much more there than here in Italy. Where are you and Karl [Kautsky] thinking of spending your three weeks in Switzerland? Write me about that right away if you have something definite in mind. That will also perhaps make my conjectures easier. Then write me exactly when Karl and Bendel are coming to Genoa—or are they going directly from Marseille to Switzerland? Also what ship will they be on? (Is it really a freighter? If so, the trip really could last forever.) When we all finally meet in Switzerland, that will be an occasion for lots of fun and chitchat!!

My nest here is charmingly situated above a little bay, but fortunately without a harbor, so that no fishing vessels and sailboats ruin the view, as they do in Sestri Levante (where Gerhart Hauptmann is "working in lucid and fragrant tranquility," as I have learned from *Il Secolo*).⁴⁸⁵ Also this little nest is not located on the tourist road, as are the Ponente and Levante districts [of the Italian Riviera] as far as Sestri, with the cars roaring past and befouling the air. This little town is set in the middle of the soft Appenine Hills, covered with olive trees and pines, offering greenery of every shading. It's completely quiet here, only the tragic rasping croak of a mule's voice makes itself heard now and then along with the vehement cries of the mule drivers. Other than that a few sleepy figures stand by the entrances to the few stores on "Main Street," and children play in the sand, or red and white cats slink across the street from one garden fence to another. The town center consists of the four-cornered Piazza Municipale, which is surrounded by the main buildings of the town, all furnished with galleries. In these buildings is found everything that represents authority, rank, and power: the post office, the garrison (probably six soldiers with two officers), the *podestà* [mayor's office], the customs house, and alongside all this of course is a marble memorial tablet with two protruding borders around it. Some passerby is always standing at this plaque with his back to the piazza, while other than that only the sun floods across the empty square, in the middle of which stands a statue dedicated to Cavour, "the greatest dummy of the nineteenth century," as the inscription wittily explains (*al più grande statisto*).⁴⁸⁶ Other than that one sees only, at a narrow brook beneath three large cedars, the washerwomen [*lavandaie*], meanwhile the men like best to chat with one another in front of my *albergo* [hotel], for example, two or three citizens are usually standing or sitting on some ledge or wall protruding from the building and they feel quite contented to be chatting for hours, meanwhile inside I am fuming because this unceasing pitter-patter of voices outside distracts me completely from my thoughts, and I am tempted to just shove my work aside,

485 Luxemburg quoted the Italian phrase in *Il Secolo*, which stated that Gerhart Hauptmann *sta lavorando nella tranquillità lucida et fragrante* ("is working in fragrant and clear tranquility").

486 The Italian phrase means "to the greatest statesman," but Luxemburg is playing with the word *statisto*, which can also mean "stupid person."

and best of all I would like to plunk myself down and sit around in the sun. In the cool of the evening, every living thing goes out onto "Main Street" to walk up and down, countless dark little children run around playing, and the "iceman" at his little cart does a thriving business. Every evening I also buy ice from him for 10 centesimos in a small wafer cone if I can manage to break through the crowd of children besieging him. Intellectually there are apparently two individuals who dominate society here: the postman, a heavy-set, round, darkly gleaming young man, who in his white shoes and Garibaldi hat, set at a jaunty angle, functions during his hours off duty as the chieftain and idol of the local *jeunesse dorée*, in the evenings, surrounded by friends, he tosses off witticisms that I don't understand and promotes good cheer all around him, along with—I'm afraid to say—a bit of free-thinking and cynicism. The owner of the drugstore is quite a different sort, indeed he is also in his prime, but pale and grim-looking, and he always has a few equally serious gentlemen present in his store along with the local priest, and they sit there, wearing their hats and discussing politics. They even do that, by the way, if the drugstore owner is absent, during which time they keep a good conversation going even without him, while reading the newspapers in his store. Twice already I wanted to buy tooth powder from him, and each time he had to be fetched by one of the politicking gentlemen of the clerical party. Every Sunday there is a procession in which women, children, and old men dressed in black participate, but the procession moves along lazily, the singing keeps breaking off at every moment, and the spectators laugh; "Signor Gesù" [Lord Jesus], who is being carried aloft on a lengthy beam of wood, has a strained look on his face, because he's being blinded by the glaring sun and his nose is itching. But this business is not always as innocent as it looks. Do you know where the storm and rain last week came from? Today I read the following in the *Secolo*: In Porto Maurizio in the Ponente district a religious procession was organized to conjure away the drought [*per scongiurare la siccità*]. In view of that should one not believe in the mercifulness [*misericordia*] of God? The drugstore owner was of course triumphant and with a cold smile on his face looked over at the postman's party. But at the same time on every street corner giant posters of the Social Democracy are now hanging resplendently, calling people to come out for May Day. No one is upset about this—perhaps

even on May Day no one will be upset about it, that I don't know. Oh! The world is so imperfect. Everything would be so beautiful, except for—except for ... First of all: the frogs. As soon as the sun goes down the frog concerts begin on every side, the like of which I have not heard in any country. I already encountered this surprise in Genoa, but I expected it least of all on the Riviera. Frogs—I can put up with them. But **such** frogs, such a far-reaching, rasping, self-satisfied, blown-up croaking, as if the frog was the number one and absolutely most important being! ... Second: the bells. I appreciate and love church bells. But this ringing every quarter of an hour, and such a light-minded, silly, childish ding-dong-ding—ding-dong-dong, which can make a person quite idiotic. First thing every Sunday, and especially on the feast of Corpus Christi, these stupid bells have been rolling and rumbling with joy like so many piglets who just couldn't get enough of it. Third of all—third—Karl, if you go to Italy, don't forget to take along a box of insect powder. Other than all that, it's wonderful here.

Karolus, in closing, I have something else relating to business. Attached is the title of a new book by Lenin (Ilyin is his pseudonym). He would like it if the book could be mentioned in the "Books Received" section.⁴⁸⁷ As far as a review of the book is concerned, don't assign it to anyone, I will perhaps be able to suggest someone, otherwise you might unintentionally offend the author. But please include the book **immediately** in the "Books Received" section and **also** in the section on literature about socialism. And now I kiss all of you, all together, and you, Lulu, in particular. Your R.

TO HANS KAUTSKY

Levanto, June 20 [1909]

Dear Hans!

I thought you would immediately report your new address to me from Wengen, but since you're keeping quiet, I'm writing to the old address. Hopefully, this letter will be forwarded to you.

487 In a letter of May 18, 1909, Lenin had informed Luxemburg that he was sending her his book on philosophy and asked that she publish a notice about the book in *Neue Zeit*. Such a notice, about Lenin's work *Materialism and Empiriocriticism*, did appear in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 28, 1909/10, no. 1.

I'm coming to Switzerland July 1. I wrote to L[ui]se Kautsky] and formally invited her to come visit me exactly on the 1st. I mentioned Gersau (on the Lake of Lucerne), since I knew nothing else to suggest at the time. In Gersau I will also wait for Luise and, depending on whether it will be convenient for her, I'll remain there or immediately go to the Walensee [or Lake of Wallenstadt, near Zurich]. Since I can't arrange this with her by letter, the best thing will be for us to meet first and talk.

So then, that will satisfy you.

I couldn't come to Switzerland earlier, and for L[ui]se] too there would have been no point. In fact, the earliest she can start her trip is at the beginning of July.

I'm very glad that you're reading diligently. On the great [French] revolution you should now read the history by Louis Blanc, if it has appeared in German (not to be confused with two other books he wrote, a *History of the 1848 Revolution* and *Ten Years*). If you can't get hold of it, try to find **Sybel's** history; it's tendentiously "German" and reactionary, but a solid work. —

I felt amused that you're complaining about my *Jacque* [a novel by Bourget]. Young man, I certainly did not praise the **novel**, which is a disgusting mess, like most of Bourget, merely the figure of the mother, which is in fact splendidly true to life. And so, to make up for that, my [Georg] Büchner has pleased you! One also ought to have read *Notes from the House of the Dead*.⁴⁸⁸ However, in your present frame of mind the thing will depress you. It is gray on gray, and quite grim. Apropos [of the above]: I now remember a classical work about the great revolution that you must read: Tocqueville's *The Ancien Regime and the Revolution*. That is surely to be had in German, and in its time was epoch-making.

I certainly hope to see a bit of you, even if you may have other things in mind, and then we'll have a cheerful chat. Oh God, if only you wouldn't constantly suffer so! I would very much like to see you joyful and free, like I am, for example.

For now, stay well, and see you soon!

Your R. Luxemburg

488 By Fyodor Dostoyevsky, about his experience in a penal colony in Siberia, first published in 1862.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Quarten,⁴⁸⁹ August 13, 1909]
Friday

Sweet beloved, one and only darling, for some time now—almost since your return from the Black Forest—you’ve been writing me so coldly and mechanically, and only every other day, that I simply can’t account for it. I’m afraid of any explanations from you because you can [so] easily have an outburst of rage, and therefore I’ve remained silent and tried to adjust the tone of my letters to yours. But I can’t bear it any more. Every day I wait with longing for your letters, and every letter gives me a deathly cold stab in the heart; I have been quite ill recently. Therefore I ask you for just one thing: If you no longer love me, say it to me openly, in just three words. I will certainly not utter the slightest reproach against you; after all, you can’t do anything about it, and it must come out someday.

But be open. You owe it to the concept of “having truth in life”—and also out of consideration for me.

I kiss you, and kiss you even if it’s for the last time, my dear, sweet love.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Quarten, August 17, 1909]⁴⁹⁰
Thursday

My dear Costia, it costs me a great effort of will to still write you, but in parting I do want you to see into me as clearly as I see into you.

So I have made the effort and am now quite calm. To me it’s as though a year had gone by since Sunday; I had already survived the most difficult part when your false letters arrived and when I read the last one, the candid one, a great coldness and a painful aching

489 Quarten is a resort town in Switzerland, on the Walensee, or Lake of Wallstadt, near Zurich.

490 August 17, 1909, was a Tuesday. It has not been possible to establish with certainty whether Luxemburg wrote this letter on Tuesday, August 17, or Thursday, August 19.

entered my heart, but also, in fact, a great peace. It occurred to me that things have turned out as I said to you at the beginning: you forced me to love you because of your love, and if your love were to fade away into nothingness, that would happen with mine too. It pained me that I didn't relieve you of this burden earlier. I felt pained by the angry and tormented looks of a captured baby bird, but I never dared to say the emancipating word, because inwardly I regarded our relationship as a sacred and serious matter. You poor youngster, you felt you were trapped when at any moment the slightest little word could have freed you, as you now certainly see, and when in reality I was the trapped one, because the memory of a soft pleading stammer: "Be true to me, be true to me," and a letter pleading: "Don't leave me, don't abandon me," held me like a chain of iron. The stammering of a beloved little boy held my heart fast even when your unhappy appearance caused me unutterable torture, when during sleepless nights in Genoa the unclearness of your attitude toward me choked me. But I have the sweet consolation that I fulfilled the little boy's wish: I was true to him to the end and not once, not once did he get a nasty, piercing glance from me or even a most hidden thought.

Now the effort has been made. I am going to work with pleasure and love and am determined to bring more strictness, clarity, and chasteness into my life. This conception of life for me has grown to maturity in dealing with you and therefore it is fitting for you to hear these words also.

Now you are free as a bird, and may you be happy. Principaccia no longer stands in your way. Fare thee well, and may the nightingales of the Appenine Hills sing to you and the wide-horned oxen of the Caucasus greet you.

R.⁴⁹¹

491 Despite the note of finality in this letter, it did not mark the end of the relationship between Luxemburg and Kostya Zetkin. Kostya wrote back, apologizing and asking that their friendship and correspondence continue. As will be seen by subsequent letters in the present selection, the two remained in communication even during Luxemburg's wartime years in prison, 1915–18, that is, until a few months before her death.

TO ANATOLY LUNACHARSKY [AND OTHERS]⁴⁹²

Quarten am Walensee, August 21, 1909

Worthy comrades!

I received your kind invitation, together with your school's program, and read them with the greatest interest.⁴⁹³ To my deepest regret it is too late now for me to think of a trip to Capri. On September 1, because of my party obligations, I absolutely must be in Berlin, on the spot and ready to go, because that's when regular party work resumes and soon after that, the party school.⁴⁹⁴ Therefore I cannot venture on such a long trip now. As you see, there is no possibility of that at all. Perhaps sometime next summer, if arrangements can be made on time.

Meanwhile, I wish all of you much success in your undertaking, and I shake all of your hands.

R. Luxemburg

492 The Russian original of this letter is held at Columbia University Library in New York. It was first published in Luxemburg, *Vive la lutte! Correspondance 1891–1914* (Long Live the Struggle! Correspondence of 1891–1914), compiled, translated, and annotated under the direction of Georges Haupt by Claudie Weil, Irène Petit, and Gilbert Badia (Paris, 1975), pp. 314–15.

493 The RSDRP party school on the Italian island of Capri was established in the spring of 1909. It began operations in August 1909. The lecturers were: Aleksandr Bogdanov, G. A. Alexinsky, Anatoly Lunacharsky, Maxim Gorky, M. N. Lyadov, M. N. Pokrovsky, and V. A. Desnitsky. Lenin was also invited to speak, but refused to do so because of what he claimed was the factional character of the school. Luxemburg had been invited by Bogdanov, Alexinsky, and Lunacharsky to give lectures at the Capri school. She had the desire to do so, but at the same time she wrote (to Leo Jogiches): "Nevertheless I don't know whether, given the hostility between Lenin and the Capri colony, that might not conflict with **party political principles**." See her *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 3, p. 66.

494 On October 1, 1907, Luxemburg began teaching economics and economic history at the SPD party school in Berlin.

TO MAXIM GORKY⁴⁹⁵

[presumably 1909 or 1910]
Berlin SW 69, 3 Linden Street

Dear, respected Comrade Gorky!

The bearer of these lines, our party attorney and friend, Comrade Dr. [Kurt] Rosenfeld, along with his wife, on the occasion of their trip to Italy, will pass on to you and your dear wife heartfelt greetings from Kautsky and me. Hopefully, everything with you is as well as all of us here wish it to be.

Greetings and a clasp of the hand

Your Rosa Luxemburg

Luise Kautsky herself would be eager to add her greetings as well, but unfortunately, she is not here at the moment.

TO KONRAD HAENISCH

[Friedenau, before March 14, 1910]

Dear Comrade Haenisch!

I am enclosing two lead articles, whose publication, precisely in your paper, would be very much appreciated by me.⁴⁹⁶ The situation, to state it briefly, is this: The [SPD] Executive and the General Commission [of the Trade Unions] have already considered the mass strike, and after lengthy negotiations it was defeated by the resistance of the General Commission. In view of this, the Party Executive naturally believes that it must trim its sails and would like best to forbid even a **discussion** about the mass strike! I therefore

495 The German original of this postcard is in the A. M. Gorky [Gor'kii] Archives at the Institute for World Literature, Russian Academy of Sciences, in Moscow.

496 The reference is to Luxemburg's two-part article "Was weiter?" (What Next?), which was published in the Dortmund newspaper *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on March 14 and 15, 1910, after Karl Kautsky refused to print it in *Neue Zeit*. Haenisch was the editor of the Dortmund paper at that time. For an English translation, see "The Next Step," in *Rosa Luxemburg: Selected Political Writings*, edited by Robert Looker (New York: 1974), pp. 148–59.

consider it urgently necessary to carry the discussion to the widest mass audience. The masses themselves ought to decide, but it is our duty to present the pros and cons, the general line of argument. I therefore am counting on you to give your support here [in this matter] and to run the articles without delay. If they are printed, please send me several copies. My hope is that the articles will be reprinted [by other papers].

Best wishes Rosa Luxemburg

An honorarium—if possible—would also be viewed with sympathy hereabouts.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Friedenau,] March 17 [1910]

Dearest Lulu!

My life here is now so feverish that I simply don't get around to writing you, although I constantly feel a strong urge to do so. So then, from the "theater of war."⁴⁹⁷ I reworked and improved my article, which was refused by Karl [Kautsky], making it even better (clearer and sharper), and it has already been published in the Dortmund *Arbeiter-Zeitung* (Konrad Haenisch).⁴⁹⁸ The people in Leipzig and those in Bremen have already reprinted it, to be followed by others as well, I hope.

The day before yesterday, on Tuesday, the 15th, evening meetings were arranged in 48 places, with the clear intention of preventing any actions on the 18th, tomorrow.⁴⁹⁹ As speakers, nothing but fourth- and fifth-rate people, mainly union officials! Besides that, an item was printed in *Vorwärts* forbidding any demonstrations in the streets after the meetings. I found out on the 12th, at the

497 The reference is to the powerful upsurge of struggle by the German working class in early 1910 (including many strikes, frequent demonstrations, and clashes with police). The workers were demanding a democratic change in the restrictive electoral laws, especially in Prussia.

498 A reference to Luxemburg's two-part article "Was weiter?" (What Next?).

499 On March 18 every year, Berliners held memorial activities in Friedrichshain in honor of those who fell in the 1848 revolution.

school,⁵⁰⁰ that they were lacking a speaker, so I immediately took it on and in the evening gave a speech in the fourth electoral district. The meeting was so full it could have knocked you out (about one and a half thousand), and the mood was terrific. Naturally I gave it everything I had, and the response was stormy applause. (Hannes [Diefenbach], Gerl[ach], Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin], and Eckst[ein] were there with me, and the latter has come over to my point of view since yesterday, as he told me.)

Today I received an urgent invitation from Bremen by telephone, and one from Essen by letter, to address meetings on the subject of the mass strike.⁵⁰¹

I'm considering whether I shouldn't chuck the school in the near future and head out across the country in order to heat things up everywhere. I will send you my articles. This evening I'm going to pay a flying visit to Nied Street. Write soon! I miss you so!

I send you a kiss in haste. Your Rosa

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Dortmund, April 13, 1910]

Dearest Lulu!

All goes well, I have eight public meetings behind me and six more to go.⁵⁰² Everywhere I find the comrades agree [with me] unconditionally and enthusiastically. Karl's article⁵⁰³ elicits only a shrugging of the shoulders. I observed this particularly in Kiel,

500 The SPD's party school in Berlin, where Luxemburg was a teacher of economics and other subjects.

501 Luxemburg spoke in Bremen on April 6, 1910, on the topic of "The Electoral Struggle and Its Lessons," and in Essen on April 11, 1910, on the mass strike and the political situation.

502 From April 3 to April 18, 1910, Luxemburg made a speaking tour in which she discussed the struggle to expand suffrage and the lessons of that struggle. She spoke in Gottesberg, Liegnitz, Breslau, Essen, Elberfeld, Barmen, Düsseldorf, and Frankfurt on the Main, among other places.

503 The reference is to Karl Kautsky's article "Was nun?" (What Now?), which he published in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 28, 1909/10, no. 2. In reply to Luxemburg's demand for the use of the political mass strike in the fight for democratic election rights and for a democratic republic, Kautsky rejected any discussion about the mass strike, because in his view the time was not yet ripe for struggles outside the electoral, parliamentary arena.

Bremen, Dortmund, [and] with Dittmann in Solingen. The most amusing thing is—as Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] writes me—that the regional [SPD] secretary Wasner (!) at a public meeting expressed his amazement at Karl's behavior in the sharpest terms. By the way, I knew immediately that I wouldn't get the galley proofs. Karl wants, for as long as he can, to make it impossible for me to reply and it is not "Wurm's way [of doing things]," as you think, that the article appears in two separate issues, but Karl's own way toward the same end. Tell him that I know well how to evaluate the loyalty and friendship in these little tricks, that he has put his foot in it badly by so bravely stabbing me in the back. —How are you? What's my Mimi doing? Drop me a line here at Haenisch's address (16 Dresden Street). I'll stay here till the 16th and travel around from here.

A kiss and best wishes to you and the boys. R.

TO MATHILDE AND ROBERT SEIDEL

[Friedenau,] May 28, 1910

Dearest Mathilde and dear Robert!

How many hundreds of times I have written and sent you epistles filled with love—in my thoughts ... It simply didn't get down in ink on paper because of the God-damned whirlpool of life in which one lives and in which one always has "the next urgent thing" to attend to and thus puts off personal matters such as love "until tomorrow." How thrilled I was by your flowers from Weggis, Mathilde! I was seized by such a longing for Switzerland that I would have preferred to rush off all at once to visit you. Yet I remain here on the rack of party work. During all of April, I roared through Germany with rallies and public meetings on the electoral issue. Now I am romping around in the press (see *Neue Zeit*).⁵⁰⁴ And always, in between those things, there was the Russian and Polish work. So there's always enough to do. But I am personally satisfied because, after all, I enjoy life most in the midst of the storm. Besides, for the greatest personal joy in my life I have a little something out of the ordinary: I paint. This came upon me suddenly, and now I'm

504 In *Neue Zeit* and in the daily press, Luxemburg took issue primarily with Karl Kautsky's views on the question of the mass strike and his "strategy of attrition."

doing portraits in oil, which gives me much pleasure. Of course I get around to doing this only once a year, in the summer somewhat, because from fall through spring my time is completely taken up with the party school. But enough about me. How are you? How is your health, Mathilde? And how is your work going, Robert? Aren't you going to come to Germany sometime? Maybe on the occasion of the Freiligrath celebration.⁵⁰⁵ What are the "youngsters" doing, that is, the grown-up gentlemen?⁵⁰⁶ Be "good Christians," give bread in return for a stone and write to me soon and at length. Everything about you interests me deeply. Don't you hear anything from Olympia [Lübeck]? I haven't heard from her in a hundred years, don't even know her address.

Best wishes to you both, with all my heart, Rosa

TO KONRAD HAENISCH

[Friedenau,] June 18, 1910

Dear Comrade Haenisch!

Both your letters made me very happy, but I was particularly pleased with the Freiligrath volume. I wanted to let you know earlier what joy that gave me, but I've been very busy.

What you report to me about the latest [official] "decisions" is certainly quite despicable, but these are the results, after all, of the "strategy of attrition."⁵⁰⁷ It is to be hoped that the current discussion and its continuation at Magdeburg⁵⁰⁸ will shake up our people and

505 A celebration was scheduled for June 1910, for the hundredth anniversary of the German poet Ferdinand Freiligrath.

506 Kurt and Alfred Seidel.

507 This theory, advanced by Karl Kautsky in spring 1910, held that the struggle of the proletariat should be conducted only on the parliamentary level—that is, in the electoral arena, not with strikes and street demonstrations—in order supposedly to undermine the positions of political strength held by the ruling class, thus "wearing down" the class enemy by "attrition." Kautsky argued that as a consequence, it would be possible to "grow over" into socialism by peaceful means. Luxemburg's sharp opposition to Kautsky's theory led her to break from him, in 1910. For her critique of the "strategy of attrition," see "Theory and Practice," in *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader*, edited by Peter Hudis and Kevin B. Anderson (New York, 2004), pp. 208–32.

508 Magdeburg was the location of the 1910 SPD Party Congress,



Luxemburg in 1893



1907



1912



Luxemburg and August Bebel, 1904



At the SPD Congress, 1905



With Paul Levi



With Luise Kautsky



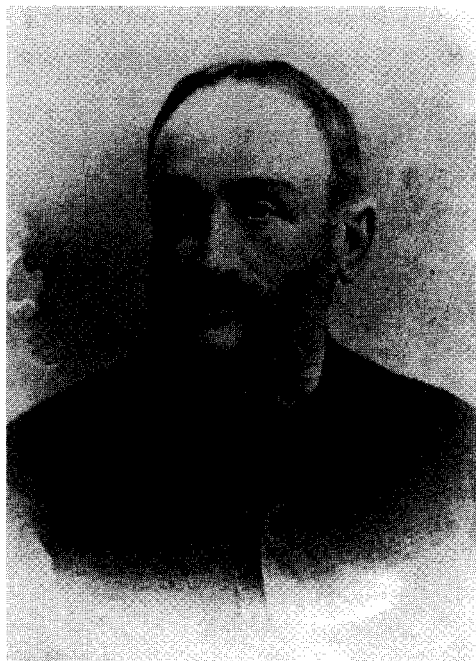
With Clara Zetkin



Luxemburg speaking in Stuttgart, 1907



At the Party School



Luxemburg's father, Elias



Leo Jogiches



With Kostya Zetkin



Julius Bruhns



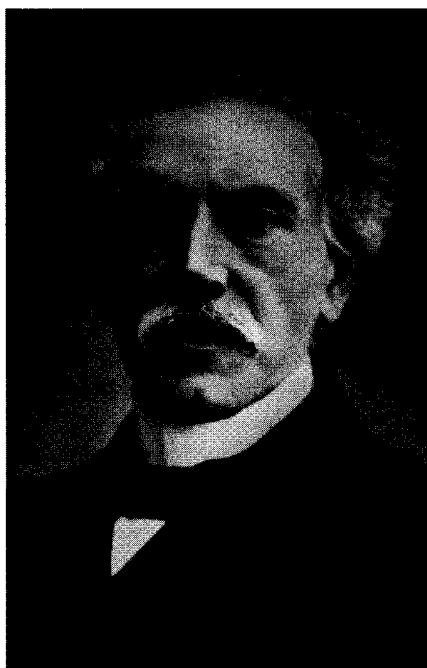
Hans Diefenbach



Mathilde Jacob



Mathilde Wurm



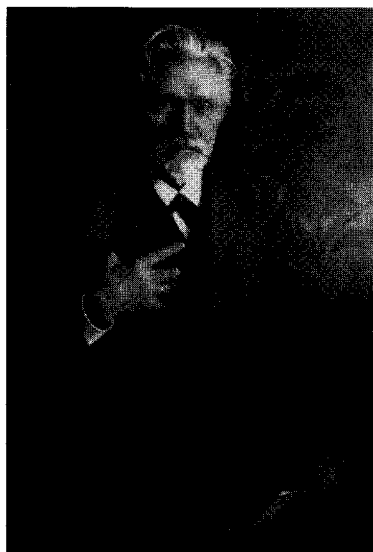
Robert Seidel



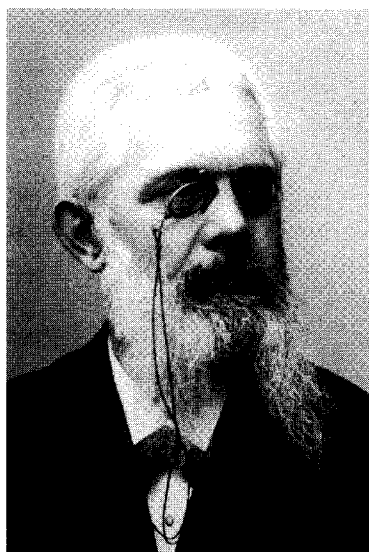
Sophie Liebknecht



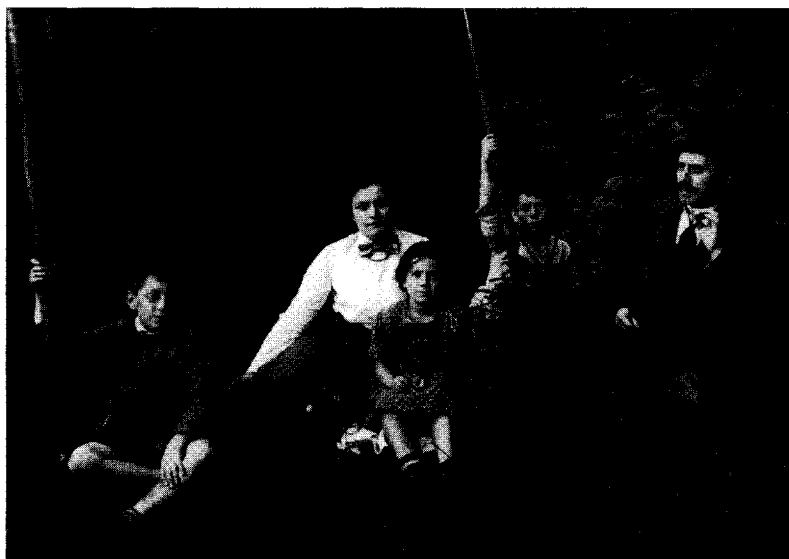
Karl Liebknecht



August Bebel



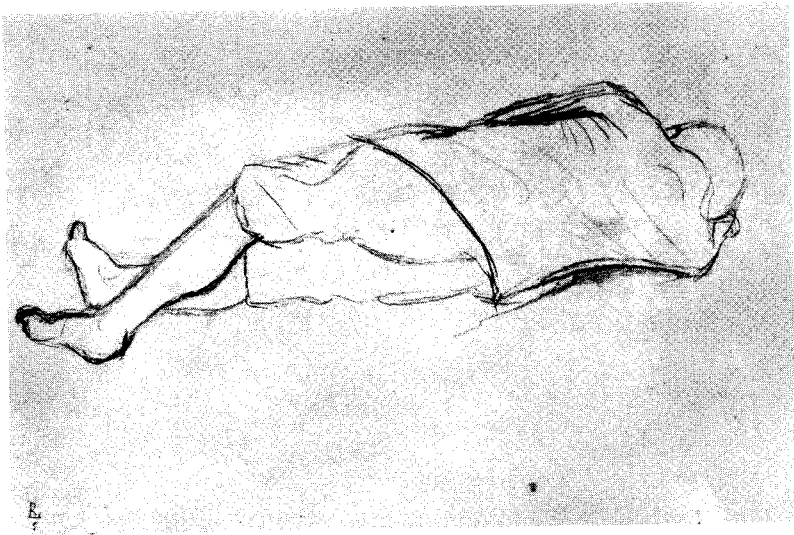
Franz Mehring



The Liebknecht Family



Sketches of Kostya Zetkin by Luxemburg





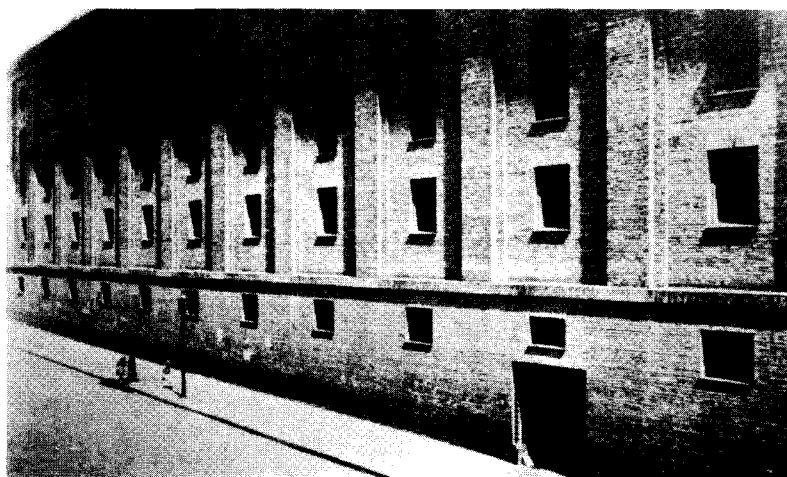
Luxemburg's sketch of railway passengers



Luxemburg in prison



Luxemburg's bedroom at Wronke Fortress



Berlin women's prison, on Barnim Street

spur them on to greater vigilance *vis-à-vis* the “higher authorities.” I consider it my party duty, at any rate, to go forward with unhesitating, relentless candor. The fact that Karl Kautsky is stepping so badly ever deeper into the mire is a painful thing for radicalism.⁵⁰⁹ But even so perhaps some gain will come out of this, namely that our people will learn to think for themselves more and to parrot the authorities less.

Karl Kautsky has made a notable blunder on the question of calling for a republic. That passage [in Luxemburg’s article “What Next?”] about a republic, which he did not want taken up, has nevertheless appeared as a separate article, entitled “Zeit der Aussaat” (Time for the Sowing of Seeds)⁵¹⁰ in the Breslau and Dortmund papers, and perhaps a dozen others! And now K[autsky] reproaches me with the claim that I myself “had renounced” it! ...

Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] is coming here today. I sent her your letter for purposes of information.

N.B.: Are you familiar with my pamphlet about the mass strike (1906)?⁵¹¹ It deals **exactly** with all the questions that K. K. [Karl Kautsky] has brought up. It turns out that even our best people actually did not at all absorb the lessons of the Russian revolution [of 1905]. I would consider it very useful for this pamphlet to be circulated more widely now, perhaps the soil is better prepared now for it to take root. How would it be if you were to reprint the pamphlet, which is quite short, in several issues of your “theoretical supplement”? I don’t think the Hamburg people would have any objections to that.

held September 18–24, at which the central issues under discussion were the mass strike and working class tactics (parliamentary or otherwise).

509 By “radicalism” Luxemburg meant the left-wing tendency in German Social Democracy, i.e., the German Left.

510 Luxemburg’s article “Zeit der Aussaat” was first published in the Breslau *Volkswacht* of March 25, 1910. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 300–4.

511 Luxemburg’s pamphlet *Massenstreik, Partei und Gewerkschaften* was first published in Hamburg in the fall of 1906. The German text is in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 91–170. An English translation, under the title *The Mass Strike, the Political Party, and the Trade Unions*, may be found in *Rosa Luxemburg Speaks*, edited by Mary-Alice Waters (New York, 1971), pp. 153–218.

Klara will be able to inform you better about the Gewehr affair.⁵¹²

I have no faith in any "agreement." Poor Gewehr will somehow be made to keep quiet, so that at Magdeburg the Executive and Zietz will not be blamed.

Heartfelt greetings, your Rosa Luxemburg

TO ÉMILE VANDERVELDE⁵¹³

Berlin-Friedenau, October 8, 1910
58 Cranach Street

Dear Citizen Vandervelde!

I would like to ask you through our friend Karski⁵¹⁴ to do a great service for the Polish workers' movement.⁵¹⁵

For eight months we have had in Warsaw a legal publication of the socialist movement, *Młot* [*Hammer*]. Despite all difficulties with confiscations by the police, and undeterred by lawsuits and fines, we have carried on; it was only after my withdrawal [from the editorial work] that we changed the name of our publication.⁵¹⁶ The

512 At the end of 1909, a secretary was supposed to be added to the editorial board of *Gleichheit* on a temporary basis for six months. The editors of the newspaper proposed Elfriede Gewehr. The SPD Executive rejected this proposal. A complaint against this decision was filed with the SPD Control Commission, but it was never taken up, because in the meantime the matter was resolved.

513 The French original of this letter is in the Archives of the Polish United Workers' Party, in Warsaw.

514 Pseudonym of Julian Marchlewski.

515 In connection with the campaign of the Polish bourgeois press against *Młot* (Hammer), the SDKPiL leadership decided to ask leading representatives of the international workers' movement to write open letters supporting *Młot*. For that purpose Julian Marchlewski traveled to Paris on October 9 and returned to Berlin on October 13. Letters from Jean Jaurès, August Bebel, and others were then published in *Młot*.

516 The newspaper *Młot* appeared from August 6 through November 19, 1910, as the continuation of *Trybuna* (Tribune), which came out from April 2 through July 30, 1910. Luxemburg wrote on October 7, 1910, that the *Trybuna* and eight issues of *Młot* had come out splendidly without her participation. See her *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 3, p. 238. *Vorwärts*

existence of such an explicitly revolutionary and socialist weekly has unleashed the hatred of our bourgeoisie, and so for weeks we have been fighting against the entire bourgeois press, which has pulled out all the stops against us. In the process—and this is what is most noteworthy—the attacks on us have come above all from the so-called progressive press, from the publication “Free Thought” [*Libre Pensée*]⁵¹⁷ [edited and published by] a certain Niemojewski, who is the most rabid ringleader among our opponents. And the main point is that this “Free Thought” publication has suddenly begun preaching against us with the slogan “Down with the Jews!”—and the entire liberal, progressive press has abandoned itself to an all-out orgy of anti-Semitism. Socialists are “Jews,” our *Młot* is an organ of “the Jewish syndicate,” we are all agents of “Jewry,” and the “progressive” press is overflowing with personal slander and vulgarity. As you see, it is a Dreyfus case in miniature that is happening among us at the present time, and all of bourgeois Poland—progressives, liberals, and free-thinkers in competition with full-blooded reactionaries and the clergy—have formed a single camp to wage class war against us. Therefore we need the moral support, the assistance, the solidarity of the International, especially because in the bourgeois press, following a familiar procedure, the French, German, and other socialists are portrayed as the “good socialists” in contrast to us, who are designated as “impure and rootless socialists, lacking a Fatherland.” Write for us, then, an open letter to the editors of *Młot*, tell us what you think about this running together of “free-thinkers” with the anti-Semites, and what you think about the “Jewishness” of socialism, [and also] direct a word of encouragement to the embattled workers who are carrying on the struggle under such difficult conditions.

I thank you in advance and send heartfelt best wishes.

Rosa Luxemburg

printed two instructive reports about the campaign against *Młot*: one on December 14, 1910, under the heading “Befremdende Kampfmethoden” (Repugnant Methods of Struggle); and one on December 20, 1910, with the title “The Suppression of *Młot*.”

517 The Polish name of the publication in question was *Mysł Niepodległa* (Independent Thought).

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, March 22, 1911]

Juju, darling!

I wrote you yesterday, but today is so beautiful and warm, the sun is shining so magnificently, that I simply must write to my Niuniu [again]. The window and the balcony door are wide open, sunlight is filling both rooms, in the air there is the merry noise of children, the twittering of birds, and the humming of an electric train. One wants so much to be happy. I think so often about how Niuniu is feeling now. You haven't written anything about it, but surely you must be tormented by a longing for beauty and happiness in the world at large, and it pains me that you don't have any of that.

Today, in a volume of the *Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften*⁵¹⁸ I found this little note in your handwriting, it certainly has been there a long time. I felt so glad when I found the note.

I'm already feeling better, you don't need to worry, the only thing is that, generally speaking, I'm tired of winter and the school. I have a great desire to do my work in a sensible way, and now I want to bring the economics book to an end. I want to move forward because I've been sort of stuck in a rut for several years. I've learned a lot during these years and inwardly feel sure of my own judgment, and therefore I now must get something accomplished again.

I kiss you, and so does Mimi, N⁵¹⁹

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, end of March 1911]

Niuniuś, your note accompanying the flowers made me very happy. I had to laugh that you noticed exactly the same passage I did in K[autsky]'s discussion of Hilferding.⁵²⁰ This "discovery" is rather

518 *Concise Dictionary of the Political Sciences*; apparently a multi-volume work of the "desk encyclopedia" type.

519 The "N" stands for "Niunia." Using nicknames in her letters to Kostya, she calls him "Niuniu" (diminutive form, "Niuniuś") and herself "Niunia." Sometimes she uses other nicknames, e.g., "Gugu" and "Yagugu."

520 The reference is to Rudolf Hilferding's *Das Finanzkapital: Eine Studie über die jüngste Entwicklung des Kapitalismus* (Finance Capital: A

pyramidal.⁵²¹ But when you conclude that this discredits the sorry science of economics, your judgment is like that of a little boy. It's only that K. K. [Karl Kautsky] is making himself ridiculous with all this, showing how completely out of touch he is with the world, and revealing his spiritual "bumpkinization" [*Verbauerung*] of the last few years. By the way, I'm reading Hilferding's book right now. I haven't completely formed a judgment about it yet, but the thought is stirring faintly within me that he's only writing around the problem in a supposedly Marxist manner, but has failed to find the solution. When I'm finished with the book perhaps I too will write a review, and then I would also evaluate the "discovery."

What Hilferding wrote seems like $2 + 2 = 5$; I have again been convinced that good old Parvus, deep inside, is a rather unfinished person; he strongly urged me to read the book [by Hilferding].

The weather here was lovely on Sunday, I think, but because of noisy visitors I didn't really take it in.

Your flowers are fresh and marvelously fragrant, I've just sprayed them. Mimi helped.

We kiss you, N

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, April 2, 1911]

Little Niuniuś, don't be angry with me, but I'm going to Switzerland. I'm waiting for your mother, though, because I'm awfully happy about taking a trip with her.

On Saturday there was an end-of-school celebration.⁵²² I had a very good time, very amusing, and didn't get home till 2 a.m. On Friday I went to *Don Juan* [i.e., Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni*], which was badly performed, in part, but in the end, despite

Study of the Latest Phase of Capitalist Development) (Vienna, 1910). Karl Kautsky published a series of articles about Hilferding's book under the title "Finanzkapital und Krisen" (Finance Capital and Crises) in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 29, 1910/11, no. 1.

521 A sarcastic comment, to the effect that Kautsky's "discovery" of the supposed importance of Hilferding's book is akin to "discovering" the pyramids.

522 The SPD's party school in Berlin.

everything, it made a powerful impression on me. Today I'm being dragged off to *The Magic Flute*, although I had intended finally to get a decent amount of sleep, which I haven't managed to do for a long time. I had a lot of visitors last week.

[Kurt] Rosenfeld was here and sat around until 12:30 a.m. Mrs. Wurm also paid me a long visit, despite the fact that I don't ever send greetings to him [her husband Emmanuel Wurm]. Yesterday Lenin came, and up to today he has been here four times already. I enjoy talking with him, he's clever and well educated, and has such an ugly mug, the kind I like to look at. Yesterday I received an amusing letter from Constantinople, which I enclose for you.

Here it's warm, even balmy again, completely springtime. Poor Mimi keeps going *kuru!* She impressed Lenin tremendously, he said that only in Siberia had he seen such a magnificent creature, that she was a *barskii kot*—a majestic cat. She also flirted with him, rolled on her back and behaved enticingly toward him, but when he tried to approach her she whacked him with a paw and snarled like a tiger.

Your mother was going to write from Bremen, but has written nothing yet.

I kiss you, Mimi does too, N

TO LEO JOGICHES

[Sillenbuch, between April 2 and 16, 1911]

It comes to mind once again that someone absolutely must travel to Warsaw for two days, in order to encourage our people there. If one is still so very indignant, I would make the trip with pleasure. (The passport is ready.)

I received the enclosed letter from Kuba, don't know how I should respond.

I would like to make an arrangement with Annie [Luxemburg], but I don't have her address.⁵²³ If you have it, make this known to her right away, so that she will come to my place (on Cranach Street), she can live there and be catered to as if she were at home. Ida [Raduin] does the cooking anyway.

523 Luxemburg's niece Annie was a student at the conservatory in Berlin.

I received the enclosed card from Huysmans's "secretary."⁵²⁴ He [Huysmans] himself no longer writes, he feels offended that after he asked twice for the statutes I didn't send them. Can't anything be obtained? It seems peculiar and makes our party look ridiculous.

I enclose the invitation from the French.⁵²⁵ In my opinion, there's no harm in writing them a letter expressing best wishes. At the most, one could telegraph a few words from Berlin, such as: "*Vœux fraternels. Vive l'unité socialiste et l'intransigeance révolutionnaire.*"⁵²⁶

Rappoport, who was here (to give a talk on Tolstoy), wrote to [Clara] Zetkin that Lenin has returned from San Remo, where he conferred with Plekhanov, the latter being once again in agreement with Lenin, according to him [i.e., according to Rappoport].

The money (obviously from Józef) was received by Ida after I had left.

N.B.: Adolf [Warski] talked about the fact that Jadzia [Warska; wife of Warski] is willing to go to Warsaw and help out with the dispatching of our newspaper. Now one could send her instead of Radwański, and pay her his salary.

I enclose one more letter from Magdeburg and ask that Julek [Marchlewski] decline on my behalf, but **right away**. I myself don't know what answer I could give.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, May 3, 1911]

Dudu Jujuka, I was very happy yesterday about your short letter and the little bottle of eau de Cologne.

Today I feel so joyful. It's morning now, the weather is splendid, the street is still quiet and clean, flooded with sunlight, and Mimi

524 This card, dated May 31, 1911, from E. de Puyt, asked that the program and statutes of the SDKPiL be sent to the International Socialist Bureau (ISB) as soon as possible, since the intention was to publish the programs and statutes of all the parties affiliated with the ISB.

525 The French socialists (of the SFIO) had sent an invitation, dated March 11, 1911, asking that the SDKPiL take part in the French socialist congress scheduled for April 16–19, 1911, at Saint-Quentin.

526 "Fraternal best wishes. Long live socialist unity and revolutionary intransigence."

is merry because we are finally alone. Yesterday, you see, we had a great hurly-burly all day long. In the morning your mother came, and that gave us both a lot of joy. I had your mother lie down on the sofa, she slept soundly, and I worked. But then Annie [Luxemburg; her niece] came all dressed up for the opera, and things became very noisy. Then I had to go chasing off into the city to buy some things, then I had to send Ida [Raduin] to the post office quickly so that Niuniuś will receive the package before his departure, then suddenly Adolf Geck showed up, and we had to sit around until 10 p.m. But today things are quiet and peaceful here.

I would like to go for a walk now, but Annie wants to come again, to say goodbye, so I can't go out. She totally wants to come back to Berlin and I reinforced that desire of hers.

Dudu, I hope very much that you are going to Paris. I am waiting for definite news from you. On Friday morning I am going to Solingen, and that will be my permanent quarters until the evening of the 15th.⁵²⁷ On the morning of the 16th I'll make the trip home. My temporary address will be: care of the editors, Bergische Arbeiterstimme, Solingen (or perhaps you have Dittmann's private address at your editorial offices; that would be just as good).

You yourself will decide how I should write to you in Paris. The book by Nettelbeck⁵²⁸ is quite good for travel reading. I think you can reprint something from it for the *Gleichheit*. I have noted down the numbers of the relevant pages on the page-marker (in the book). But it was not in Kolberg that I came across it; rather, I simply saw it in a store and bought it because I enjoy reading memoirs.

Up to now I've been working on a Polish article.⁵²⁹ It took a lot of my time, and I've also been working on the article for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.⁵³⁰ Both are already finished, but now I still have to

527 Luxemburg was in the Rhineland to give agitational speeches from May 5 to May 15, 1911.

528 A book by Joachim Nettelbeck, *Bürger zu Kolberg. Eine Lebensbeschreibung von ihm selbst aufgezeichnet* (Citizen of Kolberg: An Account of His Life, Set Down by His Own Hand).

529 Luxemburg is referring to her unsigned article (in Polish) entitled "Against the Scoundrels," which was published in *Wolny Głos*, no. 7, June 3, 1911.

530 In the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* for May 6 and May 8, 1911, Luxemburg's article "Peace Utopias" was published. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 491–504. For an English translation, see "Peace Utopias," in *Rosa*

write a sequel for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, and prepare myself for the lectures in Remscheid.

As soon as I'm back, I will return to the economic work and I'll be writing regularly for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. It will be a long time until my brain becomes somewhat flexible.

Jujuka, I kiss you on your sweet little snout, and so does Mimi, N

[P.S.] I'll write you another line or two in the morning. N

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, May 18, 1911]

Dear Klärchen!

Many thanks for the material and the many brief reports. That gives me the necessary groundwork for dealing further with the case of L[indemann].⁵³¹ My second L[indemann] article has been printed in the Rhineland press.⁵³² Your letter to August [Bebel] was excellent. Unfortunately I heard again from [Adolf] Geck yesterday that August struck a blow once more with his vote **against** our people and [Joseph] Emmel [SPD leader in Alsace] to the benefit of Frank and the opportunists at the meeting of the Reichstag SPD group on the Alsace question.⁵³³ (The question is whether we should

Luxemburg Speaks, edited by Mary-Alice Waters (New York, 1971), pp. 250–7.

531 An opportunist, Hugo Lindemann, had been nominated as the SPD candidate in the mayoral election in Stuttgart, held on May 12, 1911. Luxemburg wrote an article on the subject entitled "Gefährliche Neuerungen" (Dangerous Innovations), which was published in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* on May 9, 1911. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 505–8. Lindemann was defeated in the election.

532 The reference is to Luxemburg's article "Der Disziplinbruch als Methode" (Breaking Discipline as a Method), which appeared in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* of May 15, 1911. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 2, pp. 509–14.

533 There was a debate in the Reichstag over a proposal for a constitution for Alsace-Lorraine that would include universal, equal, and direct suffrage as well as the secret ballot in elections to the new second (and lower) chamber of parliament in Alsace-Lorraine. To assure its adoption, which the SPD was striving for, it accepted, as a trade-off, the inclusion in the draft constitution of an acknowledgment of the Kaiser's ruling authority

swallow in advance and immediately the upper chamber as a price to be paid for universal suffrage.)

I am very satisfied with my tour in the Rhineland.⁵³⁴ It was a fine piece of work. In addition, I was able to get a feeling for the people. Dittmann is entirely our man [*notre homme*] and he will keep the Rhineland press in step with the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* and follow its example. In Düsseldorf I was at our new office, where Limbertz and Pokorny filled me in for all they were worth, regarding how the work [of the SPD] is going there.⁵³⁵ I also spoke confidentially with Limb[ertz]. He is excellent—and what makes me happiest—he groans about his new official position. “I’m stuck here in the office,” he said, “Haenisch is stuck in an office in Berlin, and so we are paralyzed.” That is not what we want, we must be out working around the country, in order to have influence.

As for [Wilhelm] Gewehr, the people there are not happy with him because he laid a cuckoo’s egg in their nest in the form of Ebert’s candidacy in Elberfeld.⁵³⁶ This is interpreted as Gewehr’s way of calculating, trying to do something to win the favor of the [SPD] Executive. Indeed something similar to that can be seen (such as the mandate K. K. [Karl Kautsky] was given after Magdeburg), but the poor fellow [Gewehr] is so dangerously ill (without being aware of it himself), that there is no point arguing with him anymore, rather some thought must be given to the fact that with his loss a terrible hole would be torn in the Rhineland.

over Alsace-Lorraine and the establishment of an upper chamber (a more conservative body, controlled by the aristocracy and the wealthy). The SPD claimed that this unique state constitution for Alsace-Lorraine was a step forward, but it did not meet the demand of that region’s population for autonomy.

534 Her speaking tour in Rhineland was from May 5 to May 15, 1911.

535 In 1910 the SPD Executive, in association with the German Mine Workers’ Union of Bochum, established an SPD office for Rhineland-Westphalia in Düsseldorf, headed by Heinrich Limbertz and Franz Pokorny. Its main task was to follow what was being published from day to day and to gather material, mainly against the Center Party and the industrialists of the Ruhr, and have it available for purposes of agitation (and political campaigning).

536 Friedrich Ebert was the SPD candidate in the Elberfeld-Barmen electoral district for the Reichstag elections, scheduled for January 12, 1912, and he was elected.

Apropos of that, I don't know if I already wrote you this: that "recommendation" that was used against Thalheimer did not come from K. K., but from ... Lensch!

For today, only this much.

I embrace you, your R.

TO WILHELM DITTMANN

[Friedenau, May 23, 1911]

Worthy Comrade Dittmann!

Forgive me for not providing you with the desired information about our party school until today—I was very much caught up with things and couldn't find a free minute.

If you want to know my opinion, I believe that the way instruction is organized at the party school has proved itself completely—aside from the curriculum, which in my opinion is still open to improvement.

I am especially glad that Comrade Schulz and I have had the good fortune to finally introduce the history of international socialism, and I am now working on introducing the **trade union movement** and its history, as well as its present status in various countries, as a separate subject (and made a proposal to this effect at the most recent joint conference of party-school instructors with the [SPD] Executive). I consider this extraordinarily important and just as necessary as the history of socialism. The proposal found unqualified support from **Bebel** and now there is only the question of the practical **possibilities** as to when we put this plan into effect. In particular, one very much needs to take into account the time and work capacity of the students. As for the way instruction is now organized, it corresponds in my opinion to the highest standards of pedagogy. Indeed, we have **at the most** thirty students during a school year.*

*[Note by RL:] Of those, for the past three years, ten openings have been available for the trade unions; unfortunately, only the Miners Union and the Bricklayers Union have made use of this, insofar as they each sent two students each year. The other unions, particularly the Metal Workers, are boycotting the party school—to their shame and to ours!

But in our case the instruction covers only two, or sometimes three, subjects each day. Each subject is scheduled for two consecutive hours (in my case, with a quarter-hour break between the two hours). Thus actually it is only the morning from 8 to 12 that is devoted to instruction. In the afternoon only easy subjects are presented, such as stylistics, speech practice, or nature study. Our ideal, generally speaking, is to leave the afternoon free (the afternoon classes usually end around 3 or 4), because the students need time in the afternoon and evening to do their homework. Without this possibility, without working over at home the material they heard in the morning, and reviewing their notes, without the reading of relevant pamphlets and books, all the instruction becomes totally worthless and pointless. All you have to do is observe the trade union schools. Do you know the way they're organized? To me it's completely incomprehensible how practical people can throw their time and money out the window like this.

First of all, each course there [in the trade union schools] lasts six weeks (whereas we can barely get something of value across to the students in six months!). And then there are about 60–70 students sitting together [in a class], so that there can be no idea at all of discussion with the teacher, no thorough treatment of the material by allowing questions and talking things over from every angle. On top of that, five subjects are presented every day, one after the other, by five different teachers, each for one hour (only one subject per day being taught for two hours, 3–5 p.m.). Thus the different subjects come chasing after one another, so that the students can hardly get their thoughts together. And the instruction is organized in such a way that—from 9 in the morning to 6 in the evening—it takes up the entire morning and afternoon. What time then remains for the students to learn something on their own, to read, to think over what they have heard and absorb it mentally? Of course, during the midday break, 12–3, no work is done, and thus the mealtime takes away from everything else, and any remaining time is unavoidably frittered away. By the time they have gone home in the evening and had something to eat it's 7 or 8 p.m., and naturally they're too tired, and probably no alternative is left to the students but to go somewhere, to a bar, to refresh themselves, which can scarcely contribute to deepening their knowledge or their capacity for work the next morning. And then there's another thing that stands out:

From the beginning of September to the beginning of April—while we are doing **one** course—the teachers at the trade union school have to go through four courses, one after the other, and in the process, of necessity, they present one and the same thing, four times over! For me the free half year in the summer, after the close of the heavy [six-months'] course, comes as a genuine deliverance, because no one wants to merely keep repeating [the same material], one wants to gather fresh material, expand, change, and improve it again and again for each new course. Finally, I simply cannot imagine how a teacher [in the trade union school] could avoid having his own teaching become repugnant to him if he has to whip through it four times in a seven-month period, one after the other; even with the best of will a person there [under such conditions] will become a phonograph record. Thus everything seems to be arranged to impede the teachers as well as the students from finding any joy in the work or acquiring any real capacity for achievement.

I am observing all this solely from the standpoint of pure pedagogy, as you see, and so I have not once mentioned who functions as teachers of the most important subjects: Bernstein, Schippel, Bernhard, and Calwer (of all people, on cartels!). The [political] tendency of the instructors is a matter of conviction, but the way the teaching is organized is a matter of rational pedagogy, and here the whole trade union school is an outright enigma. Aren't the "theoreticians" and the "doctrinaires" in this case once again much more practical than the supposedly "practical people"? But even with us at the party school things should be improved and developed further. In every course the wish is expressed repeatedly that either the course be made longer or a follow-up course be added. I would prefer the latter, and it could be done without putting an additional burden on the party. But of course the Reichstag elections take first place now, and there is no time for reform plans [for the party school]. I have great hopes that this year the school will be dropped altogether, I hope that—because I would indeed like to have the winter as well [as the summer], to be able to do my own work.

How are you, and how is your wife? Your short letter made me very happy. I also thank you for the report. The material about liberalism [will be] in the next letter.

I'll be speaking with Ros[enfeld] today or tomorrow.

Meanwhile best wishes, your R. Luxemburg

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, June 8, 1911]

Darling, I was glad about your note saying the little box did arrive on time. I am finished with [Anatole] France and very much appreciate the book.⁵³⁷ The depiction of the abbot is excellent and, for all its shabbiness, not without greatness; all the other characters are quite vivid aside from the alchemist, who means nothing to me and I don't know how to relate to him. What pleased me most was the drinking bout at Catherine's—how coarsely and crudely a German book would have treated this situation and how gracefully it is handled in the elegant French spirit! —The scene where the wounded abbot is carried into the village has the touch of true poetry. I revise my judgment about [Anatole] France, who previously I could not stand.

Yesterday the Kautskys dragged me off to *Figaro*. The performance was wretched, and being transported “family-fashion” did not heighten my pleasure. But the music is indeed immortal and has its effect on me every time. —Today I gave a close reading to the brand-new issue of *Gleichheit* from my Niuniu; I found his improving hand present in the political survey, and the amber story⁵³⁸ interested me. (I found the Finnish song in Bücher.) Do you know Dahlmann's *History of the English Revolution*? Hannes [Diefenbach] brought it to me.

Mimi is a scoundrel. She leaped at me from the floor and tried to bite me.

I kiss you. Mimi does too. N.

537 The reference is to *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque* by Anatole France.

538 A story entitled “Amber” (*Bernstein*) by Eugenie Jacobie appeared in the children's supplement of *Gleichheit*, no. 18, 1911.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, June 16, 1911]

Juju, darling, with the Feuerbach⁵³⁹ you've given me such joy! I had just come back from my trip and there on the table was a large package with Niuniu's handwriting. Just a glance at the *Iphigenia* on the cover made me happy. Then there was your little letter. I hope you received mine from Danzig.⁵⁴⁰ I came back feeling so wiped-out that I looked terrible. Hoarse as I was, I had to speak for two hours **out in the open** in front of 5,000 people in Königsberg and again the next day in Elbing, where the stormy turbulence of the masses outside the meeting hall all evening caused a scandal. Everywhere the people were terrifically enthusiastic. In Königsberg, on my departure, they gave me beautiful flowers. Our great agrarian expert Hofer came to the meeting there, all the way from Skaisgirren (a trip of about six hours). We sat together in a café until 1:30 in the morning and the next day he visited with me for a long time. He wants me to come visit him at his estate. He's gotten himself a car and wants to show me all of Mazuria and Lithuania.

What was especially entertaining for me was that he asked what was wrong with Kautsky, who he said was certainly wavering now in his articles on agrarian matters and who seemed to have abandoned his earlier standpoint. I had not followed what he was writing in those articles, because undoubtedly the same thing would show up in them as in his writings on other questions. And yet Hofer is the greatest admirer of K[autsky].

On my way [while traveling] I read the book about Spain and want to go to Valencia. Are you thinking seriously about Spain? Which part tempts you the most and what month do you think one should go there? I don't think I can go until after the party congress⁵⁴¹ and it won't be as hot then, either. Contact with the masses

539 Evidently Zetkin had sent an album with reproductions of paintings by Anselm Feuerbach, one of the paintings being *Iphigenia*.

540 Luxemburg spoke on the topic "Our Struggle for Power" in Danzig on June 13, 1911, in Ludwigshof near Königsberg on June 14, and in Elbing on June 15.

541 The SPD Party Congress was scheduled for Jena, September 10–16, 1911.

always gives me courage and flexibility. It's too bad Niuniu doesn't come along sometime.

Mimi showed she was happy with me right away and has again become high-spirited, comes running to me like a dog and grabs at the train of my dress.

Be cheerful, Dudu, we both kiss you, N. & M.

[P.S.] It's cold and rainy here. I will have to look at the paintings a lot more, I just glanced at them quickly to make myself happy, on Sunday I want to take a long time looking at them.

TO WILHELM DITTMAN

[Friedenau, June 17, 1911]

Worthy Comrade Dittmann!

Thank you for the letter, which I am returning to you, enclosed. I read it with interest.

Day before yesterday I was in Königsberg, where I talked at length with Haase: He wants to answer your letter very soon. He fully agrees with the basic ideas, and so it remains, in that connection, that your Commission of Seven⁵⁴² will convene before the Party Congress and will then confer with representatives of the associations of people from a particular region [*Landsmannschaften*] in order to make possible some solid collaboration and an ongoing agreement, and thus a duplication of the Party Congress, like the one at Magdeburg, will not be essential except at certain more important moments.

On the candidate question,⁵⁴³ he [Haase] is at one with us completely, that is, he also considers Bock and Hoch the best. He also wants to talk with Bock and Hoch because he is on very good terms

542 The Commission of Seven consisted of Dittmann, Heinrich Stubbe, Edmund Gottschalk, Richard Lipinski, Max Sißsheim, Kurt Rosenfeld, and Wilhelm Haupt. Its purpose was to organize permanent connections and cooperation among revolutionary-minded elements in the SPD. It was the result of the first attempts by revolutionaries of the SPD Left to oppose the revisionists in an organized way, and originated during the preparatory period before the 1910 SPD Party Congress at Magdeburg.

543 A suitable candidate needed to be found for the SPD Executive as a successor to Paul Singer, who died January 31, 1911.

with them both. Now comes another question to be considered, that of **his own** candidacy—which is certainly not excluded by what was said before; there are many people who are in favor of it (including Bebel, among others). Whether he will finally reject being a candidate I will know in two weeks. For the time being, don't mention anything about it, either to him or to others.

Here the understanding with the Berliners is difficult. Rosenfeld shares our views entirely, including on the candidate question, but he considers it advisable, as I do, to use the utmost caution with Wels & Co. Up to now we have not been able to hold a meeting; I hope to bring it about in the near future. As for Leipzig, Lensch, with whom I spoke recently, assures me that Lip[inski] can be relied on completely and should be brought in immediately, without any worries, to take part in any and all conferences. We can be sure of the Leipzigers.

So much for now.

Best wishes, also to your wife, your R. Luxemburg

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, before July 6, 1911]

Niuniu, darling, since Saturday the weather has turned around, it's cool, and I'm working like a madwoman. And sure enough—on the economics book, work I'm enjoying very much. Unfortunately I always have to interrupt the work for other things. This afternoon I wrote a long Polish article for the Warsaw weekly.⁵⁴⁴ And tomorrow I have to write something for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; otherwise I'll be bankrupt.

You ask why I'm not painting. Actually I have a picture that I'm finished with, and I don't dare start a new one, although I do have one in mind, because what I want is to move the economic work forward finally. You'll get this picture in a few days. I'm angry with myself for letting myself be talked into sending it first to old man Diefenbach, who is then supposed to send it on **to you**, but of course I have some financial considerations in mind, otherwise I wouldn't

544 The reference is to *Wolny Głos*, legal organ of the SDKPiL, published weekly in Warsaw from April to October 1911.

show it to anyone but you. —What that meant was that old man Diefenbach is going on vacation soon. Write me as soon as you get it.

Mimi is loved by all and today in the presence of the Adolf [Warski] family she caused universal amazement, because she was standing on two paws, holding onto the water faucet and with one paw catching the falling drips and accompanying them on their downward course.

We both kiss you. N. & M.

TO HENRIETTE ROLAND HOLST⁵⁴⁵

[Friedenau, August 1911]

Dear Henriette!

Comrade Sneevliet has been a pleasant guest for me, not only because I learned many interesting things from him but also because he brought news of you. You really are wrong to leave your friend without any word from you for so long. All of us—that is, the few people who think and feel along the same lines—must keep in touch with each other! Your long silence was all the more painful for me because I had to assume for various reasons you were dissatisfied with the general situation and consequently with your own.

Now I hear: things are going well with you personally and with your health, but you want to leave the SDAP.⁵⁴⁶ The first things make me truly happy, but the last one—no! You certainly know I was strongly opposed to your staying in the party at the time when the others left it. I was and am of the opinion that you should all stay together—inside or outside. Fragmentation of the Marxists (not to be confused with having differences of opinion) is fatal. But now, when you want to leave the party, I would like with all my might to

545 The German original of this letter is at the International Institute of Social History, in Amsterdam. It was first published in Henriette Roland Holst-van der Schalk, *Rosa Luxemburg. Haar leven en werken* (Rosa Luxemburg: Her Life and Work) (Rotterdam, 1935). See also the German edition, *Rosa Luxemburg: ihr Leben und Werken* (Zurich, 1937).

546 The initials SDAP stand for the Sociaal-Democratische Arbeiderspartij (Social Democratic Workers' Party) in Holland.

prevent you from doing that. You do not want to join the SDP, or so I hear.⁵⁴⁷ I'm not able to judge whether that is correct or not. If you want to join the SDP but can't, enough said. But then by leaving the SDAP you are leaving the Social Democratic movement! You can't do that, none of us can! We can't be outside the organizations of the **masses**, out of contact with them. The worst working-class party is better than none. And times can change. In a few years a stormy period could sweep away the opportunist muck in Hol[land] or even in all of Europe. But a person can not wait for such times **from the outside**, one must carry on the fight within, no matter how sterile or fruitless the effort may seem—to the very end. If you stay outside, you are finished, dead for the political movement. Don't do that! You also have responsibilities toward the International. Stay with the rank and file, that is our duty, we are all soldiers. I warn you against taking a false step!⁵⁴⁸

Your Rosa

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Friedenau, August 14, 1911]

Niuniu, darling, we are both very happy that the heat is continuing. Yesterday, however, since I didn't eat anything but a saucer of sour cream and some sour tomato salad, I got terrible stomach pains and can't do anything today except drink tea. In spite of that I'm cheerful and busily working. On the 20th I'm supposed to speak in Leipzig, at Störteritzer Field, together with Guesde and Vaillant. It's not known yet whether the two of them have agreed and are coming. On the 26th the people in Hamburg, in Altona, on the occasion of the Kaiser's presence at a big ceremony, are going to hold a giant demonstration, at which I am supposed to speak on the

547 The initials SDP stand for the Sociaal-Democratische Partij (in Holland), which later became the Communist Party of Holland.

548 Henriette Roland Holst joined the SDAP in 1897. In 1909 disagreements between the reformists and the Marxists led to a split. The latter founded the SDP. Roland Holst left the SDAP in 1911, founded the Revolutionair Socialistisch Verband (Revolutionary Socialist Association), and together with that group joined the SDP in 1916.

question of a republic. Of all days, on my moving day.⁵⁴⁹ But I have accepted. I have refused invitations from Magdeburg and Hagen (to speak against the Morocco policy).⁵⁵⁰ I can't let myself be completely taken away from my work again. Thus I will have done with these disturbances. I am waiting for *Gleichheit* to come, to read your introduction to the Nettelbeck excerpt.⁵⁵¹

Mimi is eating almost nothing, but she's so cheerful and gallops through all the rooms like a wild hare. We're now on very good terms with each other.

We both kiss you on the mouth. N. & M.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin, before September 7, 1911]

Dear Klärchen!

I find the outcome of the Stuttgart affair to be good.⁵⁵² The point is that this has become a sharp crisis that will force people to seek a radical cure. Any hushing-up of the disagreements is now impossible, and the masses in Stuttgart and in the state will be roused to action. To me this outcome is preferable to all pseudo victories

549 Luxemburg was about to move from Friedenau, a western suburb of Berlin, to Südende, a suburb south of Berlin.

550 In the spring of 1911 France sought to extend its domination to all of Morocco and to consolidate its colonial rule over that country. Germany chose this occasion to renew its demand to exert its own influence in Morocco. On July 1, 1911, the German government sent the warships *Panther* and *Berlin* to the port of Agadir in Morocco, thus provoking the imminent danger of war. England's intervention on France's side forced the inspirers of Germany's colonial policy to back down. A compromise was reached between France and Germany.

551 In the children's supplement to *Gleichheit*, no. 23–5, 1911, there appeared an article with the title "Negerhandel" (The Negro Slave Trade), with the subtitle "Aus Nettelbecks Lebensbeschreibung" (From Nettelbeck's Story of His Life).

552 In Stuttgart, at a statewide meeting of SPD members in the state of Württemberg, Friedrich Westmeyer and Otto Krille, the revolutionary editors of *Schwäbische Tagwacht*, were reprimanded, at which point a large minority walked out of the meeting. This was a blow against all attempts at reconciliation between the Left and the opportunists.

and compromises. Clarification of the situation is the best thing for us.

Where are we going to stay in Jena?⁵⁵³ I'm leaving early on the 7th for Dortmund.⁵⁵⁴

I embrace you. Your R.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, September 25, 1911]

Niuniu, darling, since the party congress it's as though I've been on a treadmill and literally couldn't get off in order to write you even one line. On Wednesday I had a public meeting in Magdeburg, on Thursday I was summoned by telegram to an ISB meeting in Zurich!⁵⁵⁵ I had to start my journey within a few hours, and on top of that I had people visiting me all day. Bracke again, and then Schulz with the money, Poland, and so forth. Friday at 8 a.m. I traveled to Stuttgart (!) where I stayed overnight. It hurt me to be so near you without seeing you, but I didn't want to upset you and disturb your peace for the sake of just a few minutes. You see, I had to resume my trip the next morning at 8 a.m., because the [ISB] meeting was scheduled for 2 p.m. In Zurich all my time was taken up completely until my departure at 3 p.m. [the next day]. I traveled all night (third class), my train stopped in Stuttgart for only 9 minutes, so again there was no point in bothering you. We would have gotten nothing out of it in the midst of such turmoil. Today I arrived at 9 a.m. And now a hundred tasks are already waiting for me—among others, an invitation to give a report tomorrow about the Jena Congress, which I must accept.

553 The yearly congress of the SPD was scheduled for Jena, September 10–16, 1911.

554 In Dortmund on September 7, 1911, Luxemburg gave a speech at an election campaign rally before a runoff election for a seat in the Reichstag. The election was held on September 19, and the SPD candidate received 48.55 percent of the vote.

555 The International Socialist Bureau (ISB) met in Zurich on September 23–4, 1911. Luxemburg introduced a resolution on the rising cost of living, which was adopted unanimously. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 3 (Berlin, 1990), p. 57.

I'll report to you about the Zurich meeting in the next letter. For now, something more important, I'd like to know more exactly what your plans are ... In particular, I have no intention of coming to where you are. I want to go on the trip directly from here. Only I thought that if you can get free by October 5, then I could come to Stuttgart from Nuremburg, where I'm giving a speech on the 3rd, so that we could meet there, and since the route to Spain is through Paris, for me it would be right on the way. So write to me about when you can go. I don't want to pressure you, only to know how I should prepare for the trip. At any rate, I would like it if we could meet on the 5th, because then my travel expenses as far as Nuremburg would be covered, and in general the earlier one goes, the better, given the shorter days.

Mimi was very happy today to have me back. I'm very tired and have pretty much had enough of contact with party comrades and with people in general. I'm sorry it was rainy on your trip. Let's hope we have better weather in the south. We both kiss you.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, November 14, 1911]

Niuniu, darling, I didn't receive your Saturday letter until yesterday morning. I am living a regular life and working. Yesterday and the day before I sent some lead articles for the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, but they will now appear without my initials. —Lensch doesn't want me to stick out so much from the rest of the paper anymore. I don't especially like that. I like to be responsible for myself, but it's not fitting for me to protest. By the way, Lensch wants to come see me very soon. Yesterday evening I had the desire to get some fresh air, so I went with Ida [Raduin] to Steglitz and there she showed me the motion picture theater she goes to on Sundays. I went in with her (thirty pennies per seat!) and was quite well entertained. They even had musical accompaniment, hardly anyone but children with their nannies or messenger boys were sitting there. A very touching story was shown about a prince who fell in love with a peasant girl, but he was betrothed to a "princess" from Illyria and abandoned the girl. Ida wept at that and naturally I did too, but at the same time I

was laughing, and Ida was very surprised at that. Then they showed the pope's palace in Avignon—an impressive building, but it looked like a prison. We also saw a story about a dog who saved his master's life by running to the police and leading them to the robber's den where his master was lying all tied up. Many different things, all in pouring rain, or that's how it always looks.

Mimi is sweet and lovely and playful, last night she got behind the marble bust above my desk, grabbed it around the neck with her paws, and bit its nose. It looked very comical.

I am still pretty much being spared from having visitors. We both kiss you. N. & M.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, November 21, 1911]

Niuniu, darling, I was so happy about your note on Sunday. When I read about the earthquake⁵⁵⁶ it occurred to me at first that you had dreamed it, but the papers arrived with the news at the same time. That surprised me very much, [and] I'm also very glad you got through it safely. But I'm surprised that I noticed nothing in the atmosphere, in other cases one can smell the foul, oppressive air, even from the Antilles.

In the last few days I had to spend a lot of time with people. They never stopped coming. Hannes [Diefenbach] is already back in the area, the Kautskys announce their arrival, as do Adolf [Warski] with wife and child, Marchlewski with wife and child, and even Miss Gretl Bosch—all one after the other. And the whole time my thoughts are completely on my work.

Things are moving forward, that is, the task of solving that problem purely economically is moving forward, and I have become almost pure abstraction. How I would like to report and explain the matter to you right away! But doing it by letter doesn't work. I took the opportunity to go back through and read carefully that series of articles by Kautsky in the 1902 *Neue Zeit* against Tugan-

556 On November 16, 1911, an earthquake shook all of south and central Germany. The effects were felt as widely as Kassel, Magdeburg, and Halle (Saale).

Baranovsky.⁵⁵⁷ And here too I had to conclude that it is a crummy, dull, and sloppy job [*loddrige, platte Pfüscherarbeit*]. When you look at it under a magnifying glass it turns out to be trash. He has made confusion out of Marx's theory of economic crisis and slimed it over in true Kautsky fashion, and then he says: this is how Marx and Engels understood [the question]. Meanwhile, actually Tugan-Baranovsky was right against him!

My conflict with Lensch is continuing. He can't come here on the Day of Repentance, or so he has just written me, but I won't write any more until he formally agrees to let my initials appear and stop "editing" my articles.⁵⁵⁸ Marchlewski, who is helping out there now, until the elections, and who flies to the bosom of his family only on Sundays, told me that the whole editorial board (and that means him too!) participated in deleting the concluding passage. Indeed these geniuses were of one mind about the following: no purpose is served now in taking up a struggle against the Reichstag group and Bebel as well, because we will end up alone. And look—they triumphantly declare—the entire party press (aside from Mehring) has swallowed this and remained silent! Those are arguments?! Thus if the party press has become like a trained dog, we should become the same, and console ourselves with jokes around the coffee table about our inner superiority. Yes, Lensch must still be educated politically. And therefore I don't give in, although my fingers are itching to write.

Nowadays I'm getting up late, unfortunately; partly because I go to bed late; when people take up my time I sit up late afterwards and do my work. Besides, there's nothing to tempt me to get out of bed in the morning like my Niuniu; the cold shower is the only "point of light" each morning.

We both kiss you. N. & M.

557 The reference is to a series by Karl Kautsky entitled "Krisentheorien" (Theories of Crisis) in *Neue Zeit*, vol. 20, 1901/02, no. 2.

558 Paul Lensch, chief editor of *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, had published articles by Luxemburg without her name or initials, against which she protested. In the case of her article "The Mass Strike [Comes] Before the Reichstag," a concluding passage, critical of the SPD parliamentary group in the Reichstag, was deleted.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, between January 15 and 19, 1912]

Darling, your note came today. I continue to take [cold] showers with pleasure, but the trouble is that it's impossible to heat my place. I heat it twice a day and have 8⁰ [Celsius] in the room. That interferes with my work. Yesterday I was in the city, but I came back home none too soon, feeling beat. If Juju visits us, he can have a hot bath every day. For the birds we bought two pounds of good birdseed at Wertheim's yesterday, and today they are enjoying it immensely. Mehring is very ill again, and I feel terrible about that. [By the way,] for even some good people having the title "member of the Reichstag" really goes to their heads, for example, Würmchen [Emmanuel Wurm] is now on his high horse and very much believes in his own godlike qualities.

With others it will be correspondingly worse. I was happy to see Ledebour win, although of course in that case too the personality of the candidate has the least effect on the outcome. What is Jujuka reading? Just now Mimi is staring at the sparrows.

We both kiss you, N. & M.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, January 20, 1912]

Dear heart, your note with Sunday greetings just came. I don't want you to be sad. You mustn't take the rubbish in the party so tragically, like your mother, who can't let go of the ethical element in her appraisal of things. All of this will soon get back on the rails, if one views it by and large and on the whole; I believe that more than ever, [historical] circumstances will definitely take care of all that. I want to write a lead article for all of you about the tasks that have grown up and confront the party now that the elections are over,⁵⁵⁹ does that please you? It is certainly nothing new, but one must always refer back to the old: the expansion and promotion

559 Luxemburg's article was published under the title "Was nun?" (What Now?) in *Gleichheit*, no. 10, February 5, 1912. See her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 3, pp. 91–9.

of socialism should not be forgotten. Today the cold shower was splendid. I've decided that in the near future your mother should get out of the Press Commission and the Control Commission,⁵⁶⁰ so as to have peace of mind and be able to do her own work. Her nerves are in urgent need of that. I very much want to talk with her when she comes here. I'm already looking forward so much to her coming. I hope by then it will also be warmer. The frost patterns on the window glass have already disappeared.

Mimi is sleeping next to me on the easy chair, curled up like a snail.

Be cheerful, darling! We both kiss you, N. & M.

[P.S.] I'm reading and enjoying the supplement with Gorky's story; also the poem by Liliencron is beautiful.⁵⁶¹

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, after January 26, 1912]

Juju, darling, your dear note came early this morning, and only now do I have some peace and quiet for writing you. Yesterday there were people sitting around at my place—luckily the article⁵⁶² was already finished—and I couldn't even remember what I had written to you. This morning I went out for a bit of a walk and that refreshed me; as I was going out I met the mailman, who gave me your letter, I read it right away on the street and became cheerful and happy. Juju, you're right, one must now work systematically against parliamentary cretinism, but first I still have to translate for myself how exactly that is to be understood. Above all, it seems to me important to agitate for an action program in the sense that we mean it, and I hope that

560 The reference is to the Press Commission of the *Schwäbische Tagwacht* and to the SPD Control Commission. Clara Zetkin was a member of both commissions.

561 In the women's supplement of *Gleichheit*, no. 9–11, 1912, Maxim Gorky's story "Yemelyan Pilyay" was published; and the children's supplement, no. 9, 1912, reprinted the poem by Detlev von Liliencron "Heide im Winter" (Heather in Winter).

562 A reference to her article "Was nun?" (What Now?) in *Gleichheit*, no. 10, February 5, 1912.

yesterday's article will be reprinted by the press. Otherwise, the only thing our radicals know—including the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*—is to repeat by rote: "What we were we shall remain, we will not accept any new tactics." This is the eternal defensive response against opportunism, which only knows the phrase "the good, old tactics, tried and true," carrying it like a banner. I believe, to the contrary, that we now have to make a mighty effort to move forward, to promote greater capability for action and take the offensive. It's too bad that Duncker already expressed readiness for concessions on the question of the presiding committee [of the Reichstag].⁵⁶³

Once again that's supposed to be clever politics. I consider it necessary to say exactly the opposite as sharply as possible, that we don't give a hoot about this business. Maybe that will even cause annoyance among our own people at first—but it will gradually win acceptance and have a sobering effect.

Most important now would be to hold public meetings on the issues. I'm still wavering about whether or not I should try to hold one here in Berlin. It would definitely have an impact. But I feel it would be such a shame to dissipate my energies again. In the end I must, after all, stick to my work on economics.⁵⁶⁴

Niuniu, I now have a book for Niuniu, which I will send him by way of his mother and from which he can take a lot for use in the children's supplement. I'm reading it now and enjoying it. Dudu, it's snowing today and the world is white. Mimi was meowing for two days and nights, making me very nervous. She also became thin and faint, but now she's better already, today she even played with me a little. Poor, dear Mimi.

Today, among the other sparrows that came to eat, was one with a dislocated leg, he hopped only on one leg, but he could fly. I felt so sorry for him!

All of us kiss you: N., M., and the sparrows.

563 The question at issue was whether the SPD, on the basis of its strength in the Reichstag, ought necessarily to be represented in the Reichstag's presiding committee. At a meeting in Stuttgart on January 25, 1912, at which Hermann Duncker spoke, a resolution was adopted demanding "that the [SPD Reichstag] group assert its rights to be represented in the parliamentary leadership."

564 The reference is to her work *The Accumulation of Capital*, which she had begun in January 1912.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, March 18, 1912]

Darling, Juju, yesterday evening I was at [a performance of] the St. Matthew's Passion of Bach at the Garrison Church. It made a profound impression on me, it is perhaps even more beautiful than [Bach's] Mass in A-Minor (*b-Moll-Messe*), more dramatic and harsher. There is a back-and-forth conversation the whole time between Christ, Pilate, and someone else, the Angels, I think (I didn't have the text), with the people as the chorus. The Christ part was quite visionary, sung by a tenor, light and soft; in contrast, the baritone was strong, and Pilate was a brutal bass; and in between them, over and over again, the choir would join in with a brief apostrophe, but the two female solos—the alto (that was Philippi) and the soprano—echoed quite high under the vaulted ceiling, like the voices of skylarks. Each solo was wedded with a particular instrument: responding to Christ was the organ, only muffled and hollow; the alto was accompanied by the cello, and so on. But the choruses are the most beautiful part: they are simply a crying-out, a desolate, impassioned alarm being shouted aloud ten times; one literally sees those Jews of old, with their flowing beards, gesticulating with their hands and shepherd's staffs; the chorus consists more of bawling or yelling than singing, which makes one want to laugh involuntarily. I have never heard such a wonderful chorus. I believe that here for the first time it has been shown exactly how a mass chorus should be handled. The people do not "sing," they shout and roar and groan. The orchestra is also undeniably in beautiful form, simple and powerful. Are you familiar with it, the St. Matthew's Passion?

This afternoon was so lovely, with a pinkness shimmering on the horizon, the air fresh and sunny. Mimi and I are alone together. I should be working, but I'm feeling lazy. Mimi is rolling over teasingly on the carpet, saying *prau* ["meow"] and letting herself be tickled on the tummy.

We both kiss you, N. & M.

And for your dear mother, Mimi and I also send a kiss.

The two violets gave us such joy today! They smell divine. I was completely happy, and Mimi sniffed at them all day Sunday.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, March 28, 1912]

Darling Niuniu, your mother has arrived hale and hearty. I had so much pleasure from your presents and your dear letter. We busied ourselves with the flowers right away, that is, Mimi and I, she helping me skillfully the whole time, sitting next to the box on the table, purring, chewing up a blade of grass now and then, and following [closely what happened to] every flower I took in my hand. We snipped off a bit of the end of each one, separately, and placed it in lukewarm water, [arranged] as follows: The long primroses with the cuckooflower or lady's smock formed a complete bouquet. The short primroses intermixed with the anemone and daisies are in the low blue vase, and look very colorful and lovely. But the four blue violets, together with the white one, are standing by themselves like the most tender noble maidens in a tiny liqueur glass and smelling sweetly. Mimi sniffed at everything and kissed my hands in the process. It made her very happy that I was rummaging around with the flowers.

In the evenings usually I read Tolstoy.

Be happy. We both kiss you. N. & M.

TO FRANZ MEHRING

Südende, April 19, 1912

Highly esteemed comrade!

The friendly lines you wrote instilled such great fear in me because of your closing phrase that I had the urge to take up my pen immediately. You wrote that perhaps you would not stay much longer at the *Neue Zeit*.⁵⁶⁵ Today I read Bebel's attack on you in the *Neue*

565 A conflict arose between Karl Kautsky and Franz Mehring over their fundamentally different positions on parliamentarism and the relation between reform and revolution. In this dispute the SPD Executive took a position against Mehring. His criticisms of the policies of the Executive, which had appeared in the *Neue Zeit*, served Kautsky and the Executive as a pretext for denying him permission to continue writing lead articles for the *Neue Zeit*.

*Zeit*⁵⁶⁶ and also today I learned that one of the commentaries you had submitted was removed from the issue on orders from Kautsky by telegram. I find Kautsky's way of treating his co-editor to be disgusting and Bebel's statement to be senile drivel. Every decent person in the party who is not a spiritual vassal of the Executive will be on your side. But how could all that make you want to throw away such a highly important position? Please keep in mind the general situation in our party. You too must certainly feel that we are coming closer and closer to a time when the masses, the ranks of the party, will need an energetic and ruthlessly determined leadership on the grand scale [i.e., one attuned to the larger patterns of historical development], and that our leading bodies: the Executive, the central organ [*Vorwärts*], the parliamentary group in the Reichstag, all are becoming more and more petty, cowardly, and caught up in parliamentary cretinism—and the same will happen to the “theoretical publication” [i.e., *Neue Zeit*] without you in your present position. We must therefore openly look this lovely future in the eye, occupy and hold fast to all our posts, which make it possible despite the official leadership to protect and preserve the right of criticism. How few such posts there are, unfortunately, and how few people there are who are willing to grasp the real situation, you surely know better than I. Nevertheless, the **masses** stand behind us and want to have a different leadership—that was certainly demonstrated by the recent general meeting of the Berliners⁵⁶⁷ as well as the conduct of party membership meetings throughout the country. But it follows from this that we have a duty precisely to hold out, not to do the party mandarins a favor by “throwing our flint into the cornfields” [i.e., throwing in the towel]. We must indeed be prepared for constant combat and continual clashes, particularly when the holy of holies—parliamentary cretinism—has been shaken as roughly as you shook it. But in spite of everything—the best motto seems to

566 The reference is to the article by August Bebel “Berichtigung und Ergänzung” (Correction and Addition) in the *Neue Zeit*, vol. 30, 1911/12, no. 2.

567 Luxemburg is referring to the general meeting of the Association of Social Democratic Voters' Leagues of Berlin and its environs on March 17 and 31, 1912, at which the secret agreement between the SPD Executive and the bourgeois Progressive People's Party for the runoff elections in January 1912 was rejected because it served as an impediment to the Social Democratic election campaigns in a whole series of electoral districts.

me to be "Not one step backward." The *Neue Zeit* ought not to be surrendered completely to sterility and officiousness. Laugh at the miseries and continue to write in the magazine, so that the hearts of all of us will dance with joy!

With heartfelt greetings to you, as well as to your esteemed spouse, your R. L.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Südende, May 10, 1912]

Niuniu, darling, hopefully it's already as fresh and airy where you are as it is here, so that you won't suffer any more from the muggy weather. Here the weather's splendid. Early yesterday before the session [of the Control Commission], at quarter of eight in the morning, I dragged your mother out into the fields, we walked for more than an hour, gathered wildflowers by the canal, and listened to a nightingale from a neighbor's garden. This morning we were at the Sezession [exhibition by avant-garde painters], from there we went directly to the Schlachtensee [lake in Berlin], where your mother had an opulent midday meal out in the open by the water, then we walked along the lakeshore and reached the station at Zehlendorf by foot. The weather was wonderful, and we feasted our eyes on the water and the clouds, which at times looked lovely and innocent and at other times, dark and threatening. The Sezession is undescrivable garbage. Day before yesterday I finished Part Two of my work [*The Accumulation of Capital*]: 550 ~~manuscript~~ pages. Now, what's left is the last part, which, again, will take up about 250 pages and for which I will need four weeks. At that point [i.e., after finishing Part Two] I allowed myself two days to goof off, then immediately I resumed thinking about the work and writing it out. How I would like to read to you from it, to hear your opinion. The way it's going now is like when I'm painting a picture: At one moment it seems excellent to me, and at the next, like complete garbage. But I do hope it will be good. Now on with it, energetically! Oh, if only I didn't have to do other stuff along with this (Polish things, things for Mehring, etc.). I have never worked so systematically and persistently. But this time I'm not going to let go of it until the last

line is written. I also thought about letting myself sew the material from your mother. I'm happy about your new gray suit. The lilies of the valley are all coming up and smell wonderful. From my potted plants I enclose a pansy as a Sunday greeting.

We both kiss you. Be happy! Na. & Mi. [short for "Niunia and Mimi"]

TO FRANZ MEHRING

[Südende, February 10, 1913]

Highly esteemed comrade!

Right after I sent off my letter I received Parts II and III.⁵⁶⁸ Many thanks for your kindness and for "covering my flanks." It's too bad that Nachimson still has a slap in the face coming to him, but perhaps in the end that would be too great an honor to give this scoundrel and expert at confusion. It's more important, at any rate, that you so elegantly made a laughingstock of that worthy gentleman, Pannekoek; the good man shows such a wooden lack of understanding of the problem under discussion that I am simply astonished.⁵⁶⁹ In general, I was well aware that the book would run into resistance in the short term; unfortunately, our prevailing "Marxism," like some gout-ridden old uncle, is afraid of any fresh breeze of thought, and I took it into account that I would have to do a lot of fighting at first. My fingers are itching to demonstrate clearly to Pannekoek in particular that he suffers from economic narrow-mindedness, but surely the same will turn out to be necessary with regard to Kautsky and Otto Bauer.⁵⁷⁰ Should I start firing away right now? Or should I wait and take up the defense of the whole question later on, doing it all in one wash—in something like a polemical pamphlet?⁵⁷¹ A

568 In a three-part article Mehring had summarized the essential content of Luxemburg's book *The Accumulation of Capital* and had taken issue with a number of critical reviews of the book.

569 M. I. Nachimson reviewed Luxemburg's book in the *Dresdener Volkszeitung* of January 21 and 22, 1913, and Anton Pannekoek did likewise in the *Bremer Bürger-Zeitung* of January 29 and 30, 1913.

570 Kautsky published a review by Otto Bauer of Luxemburg's *The Accumulation of Capital* in the *Neue Zeit*, vol. 32, 1912/13, no. 1.

571 In fact, Luxemburg did not write her reply to critics until she was

further question: Should I leave Nachimson alone entirely for now, or should I give him a sharp rap on the knuckles in a signed article in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*?

I would be deeply grateful for your advice.

Again, many thanks, and best wishes as well to your esteemed spouse.

Your Rosa Luxemburg

[P.S.] Comrade Gerson has, in the meantime, received word from Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin].

TO THE EDITORS OF *SOCIAL-DEMOKRATEN*⁵⁷²

Berlin-Südende, October 20, 1913
2 Linden Street

Worthy comrades!

Some time ago a statement by the Party Executive of the Social Democracy of Poland and Lithuania [SDKPiL], signed by J. Karski,⁵⁷³ was printed in your publication, warning against collectors of funds who, using the name of the above-mentioned party [the SDKPiL], sought to entice Danish comrades to give money for a textile workers' strike in Russian-occupied Poland. The statement by the Polish party leadership asserted and confirmed that these fund-gatherers had taken action on their own, without the authorization of the party, that in fact this entailed misuse of the party name by certain individuals, in particular a person named **Marchewczynski**, and therefore this was to be regarded as blatantly false representation.

in prison during the World War, in 1915. Her *Anti-Critique* was first published posthumously in 1921. The full title was *The Accumulation of Capital, or What the Epigones Have Made of Marx's Theory: An Anti-Critique*. For the original German text, see her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 3, pp. 413–523. An English translation was published as *The Accumulation of Capital: An Anti-Critique*, edited by Kenneth Tarbuck (New York, 1972).

⁵⁷² The German original of the above letter is in the Library and Archive of the Workers' Movement, in Copenhagen. It was first published by Gerd Callesen in *Arbog for Arbejderbevaegelsens Historie* (Archive for the History of the Workers' Movement) (Copenhagen, 1971), pp. 109–11.

⁵⁷³ "Karski" was the pseudonym of Julian Marchlewski.

Thereupon your publication ran an astonishing commentary by the editorial board, stating it had learned “from a reliable source” that the above-named Marchewczynski deserves full confidence and, further, that there are three parties in Poland, that the editorial board does not know what the disputes are among these Polish parties, and that it does not want to get mixed up in them. In this way your editorial board, while saying it did not want to interfere, actually took up the defense, right there in front of the Danish comrades, of those persons who, misusing the name of the SDKPiL, have set the unauthorized collectors of funds in Copenhagen on their course of action.

As the official representative of the SDKPiL on the International Socialist Bureau (ISB), I must assert the following:

1. In Poland there are **not** “three” Social Democratic parties. There is only one: the Social Democracy of [the Kingdom of] Poland and Lithuania [SDKPiL]. (There is another socialist organization in Poland, which uses the name Polish Socialist Party [Polish initials, PPS] but has nothing in common with us organizationally, has a different program, speaks under its own name, is represented on the ISB by other individuals, and therefore, is not relevant to the matter at hand.)

2. The group from which the collectors of funds in Copenhagen come had split away from the SDKPiL [at an earlier time] after its organization [in Warsaw] had been dissolved, because of its obstructionism [*Quertreiberei*] and violations of party discipline. It was dissolved by action of the Party Executive and by a conference of the entire party, and thus this group no longer belongs to the above-named party [the SDKPiL]. Their attempt to obtain representation at the recent International [Socialist] Congress in Basel in an unaccustomed way, via the Russian delegation, was negated by ISB Secretary Camille Huysmans, and their purported delegates were removed from the list [of delegates recognized by the Congress].⁵⁷⁴

574 Luxemburg's letters to Camille Huysmans, dated December 2, 1912, and December 16, 1912, and the notes accompanying those letters, provide a detailed account of the dissolved Warsaw organization of the SDKPiL and the unsuccessful attempt by that unrecognized splinter group to obtain representation at the 1912 International Socialist Congress, with support from the Russian delegation, headed by Lenin. See Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 6, pp. 181–6.

If this group dares to continue acting in the name of a party to which it no longer belongs and even collects money among foreign comrades under that name, such action must be condemned as a gross abuse, and this condemnation should be stated publicly.

3. The "reliable source" from which the editors of *Social-Demokraten* take their information about Polish party relations is the representative of a Russian **Social Democratic faction**, Lenin.⁵⁷⁵ This faction [headed by Lenin], which for years in Russia itself has systematically sought to split the workers' party and recklessly engaged in faction fighting, which has formed a fictitious "Central Committee," not recognized by anyone, which has stubbornly blocked all efforts toward unification and thereby has brought the Russian party movement to the verge of ruin—this faction is the most unreliable, non-authoritative source for any information about Polish party relations. The Lenin faction and its representatives in fact do not understand a word of Polish and can therefore say nothing from their own knowledge about internal party relations in Poland. Nevertheless, in a planned and deliberate manner they are seeking to cultivate the same kind of split in Polish Social Democracy as the one they pursue as their specialty in the Russian [Social Democratic Workers'] Party [RSDRP]. They therefore blindly support those who cause disruption and disorganization in the Polish Social Democratic Party and thus, with all their might, they cause difficulties for our

575 In the Warsaw organization of the SDKPiL an opposition group was formed to oppose the policies of the party's top leadership. At a conference in Warsaw on December 10, 1911, this opposition group elected its own committee and decided to publish its own newspaper. Numerous arrests by the Russian secret police at that time led the SDKPiL leadership, urged on in particular by Luxemburg, to accuse the Warsaw committee of being the work of the Russian secret police. In June 1912 the top leaders of the SDKPiL founded a new Warsaw committee, acceptable to them, declared the "splitter" organization dissolved, and expelled its leaders from the SDKPiL. Also in June 1912, the SDKPiL leadership published a leaflet on the subject signed on behalf of the leadership by Józef Domanski, J. Karski, Jan Tyszka, and Adolf Warski. Luxemburg also signed as the representative of the SDKPiL on the International Socialist Bureau (ISB). Lenin took an opposing position and defended the Warsaw committee. He demanded that all parties belonging to the Second International be informed. The top leadership of the SDKPiL decided to issue a reply to Lenin, dated October 16, 1912, which was also sent to the ISB.

party—as revenge for the fact that Polish Social Democracy fights with all **its** might against the splitting policy in Russia.

In view of all this, we, the official representatives of Polish Social Democracy, that is, its Party Executive, refuse to tolerate that any information be cited as definitive with regard to party relations in Poland if it comes from a Russian organization or any other foreign [i.e., non-Polish] organization. The SDKPiL is a fully autonomous member of the International Socialist Bureau, and it also has complete organizational autonomy in the Russian party [the RSDRP] as a whole, according to the terms of its unity agreement [with it]. It is therefore just as unacceptable to publicly cite a Russian faction about internal Polish party matters as it would be, for example, if in Germany information about some separate or special Danish group was regarded as definitive if it came, not from the Danish party leadership, but from a Swedish, English, or Dutch organization.⁵⁷⁶

On the matter in question, let it be firmly stated once again:

The warning given by Comrade Karski remains in full effect. The collecting of funds by Marchewczynski and his friends in the name of the SDKPiL is a blatant misrepresentation, and the Danish comrades must beware of that. In Denmark the only authorized representatives of the above-named party [the SDKPiL] are Comrade Huptich, representative of Polish agricultural workers, and Comrade Grant.

576 An October 14 draft version of the present letter includes the following comment: “This systematic support for attempts to split the Polish party movement from behind the scenes by the Russian faction of Lenin should be raised for discussion by the International and its judgment ought to be binding.” This sentence was omitted from the final version of the letter dated October 20, 1913.

TO WALTER STOECKER

Berlin-Südende, March 11, 1914
2 Linden Street

Worthy Comrade Stoecker!

I cannot recommend to you any of the bourgeois writings on political economy, because they will only waste your time and arouse your disgust. Better that you proceed further in [Marx's] *Capital*. Before you go on to the second volume of *Capital* I would advise you perhaps to go through my book on accumulation. I know no other book that would serve to the same extent as an introduction to the second volume of *Capital*; that volume, however, is very difficult, because it tends more to present problems than to provide thoroughly worked-out solutions. Just keep trying, and if the book begins to seem disconcerting, perhaps you can give mine a try. The most dangerous thing, in my opinion, is if a person manages to overcome each **particular** difficulty in the second volume quite well, even with apparent ease. Because most often in the process one fails to notice that one is not at all clear about certain fundamental questions: In which **field** or **area** is the investigation being conducted, and what are the actual problems being taken up in the volume? —

That there are comrades who can assume I would flee Germany because of the prison sentence⁵⁷⁷—I could be quite amused by that if it were not, at the same time, rather saddening. Dear young friend, I assure you that I would not flee even if I were threatened by the gallows, and that is so for the simple reason that I consider it absolutely necessary to accustom our party to the idea that sacrifices

577 In October 1913, criminal proceedings against Luxemburg began on the grounds that at two public meetings—one in Fechenheim on September 25, 1913 and one in Bockenheim on September 26, 1913—she had called for a struggle against the danger of war and urged workers, in the event of war, not to fire on their class brothers in France or other countries. The trial was held on February 20, 1914, at the regional court in Frankfurt on the Main, and Luxemburg was sentenced to one year in prison. In the end Luxemburg served this sentence from February 18, 1915, to February 18, 1916, in the Berlin women's prison on Barnim Street. An English translation of Luxemburg's speech in her own defense at the trial in Frankfurt on February 20, 1914, is in J. P. Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg*, (Oxford, 1966), pp. 488–92.

are part of a socialist's work in life, that they are simply a matter of course. You are right: "Long live the struggle!"

Heartfelt greetings, your R. Luxemburg

TO PAUL LEVI

[Südende, (late) March 1914]

Of all things, the man with the mustache [Leo Jogiches] was here when your telegram arrived. But instinctively I was guarded about mentioning you, and when he asked me, later on, whether I was pleased with my attorney, I was quite reticent in reply.

My travel plans! I will stay put here till April 1, and I only hope that you will be here Sunday morning, then I dream of traveling south for three weeks around April 5. At any rate, my travel money will only reach as far as Geneva or Lake Vierwaldstätter. But one can rest up there too. In the event that you do come on Sunday, we will talk about the South and about travel. There are three more days till Sunday, so you can write me three more times. R. L.

TO PAUL LEVI

[Südende, August] 31 [1914]

When your letter came I was just about to send you a telegram to ask why I had been so long without news. The report about the conception put forward by D[issmann]⁵⁷⁸ gave me the distressing certainty that the clarification of views will be much more difficult than I had already assumed. The distinction between the good-hearted people who approved the war and the evil-hearted ones,⁵⁷⁹ between the war patriots without chauvinism and those with chauvinism, is all right

578 Robert Dissmann was seeking to justify the action of the SPD parliamentary group in the Reichstag, which had voted for war credits.

579 On August 4, 1914, the SPD parliamentary group—with group discipline applied against the minority—voted in favor of the war-credits motion of the imperialist government. The decision to approve money for war was made on August 3, after a heated dispute within the SPD parliamentary group, by a vote of 78 to 14. The support given by the majority to the war meant that an open split in the SPD was inevitable.

for evaluating people personally, but unfortunately it's not appropriate as a political line of orientation. Besides, the position taken by B[ernard] and the Hanau people is simply a reflection of the position taken by Hoch,⁵⁸⁰ who advocated the same point of view in the SPD parliamentary group. I think your conception would be different and will be different when you find out about the state of affairs within the parliamentary group from the mouths of others. In this matter, where we are talking about the vital nerve center, the "to be or not to be" of international socialism, **nuances** in the approval of war cannot have decisive weight. Dividing people according to whether they approved out of necessity or did so with a joyful heart isn't worth a pinch of powder. This is shown by the fact that not one person will admit that he voted for any reason other than being under coercion, being placed before a *fait accompli*. The only thing left would be to try and read people's hearts and kidneys **as opposed to** their actual statements or explanations. No judgment can be made about **motives** in cases of such world-historical significance, only about actions. On top of that, almost **every one** of the approvers presents a slightly different motivation, so that not just two, but six or eight, different groups can be distinguished, and thus the supposed line of demarcation disappears in the sand. The reproaches one wants to make against "those on the right" only involve the **degree of consistency** in their approval of the war, and thus the distinction proposed by D[issmann], in the final analysis, boils down to that between a consistent pro-war policy or one that is not consistent. I am, under all circumstances, in favor of consistency, but I expect nothing but wretchedness from the notion of swallowing approval of the war, and may consistency be damned. Incidentally, I hope as soon as possible to speak with you and D[issmann] about all this. I would like it best if you summoned Dr. Obuch to Frankfurt. Try to do that now, right away. Then I will telegraph you to say when I am coming, and you can inform O[buch] and D[issmann] in good time. —Perhaps Karl Liebknecht will come with me, he has the desire. And so, until we meet again soon!

N.B.: Immediately confirm by telegram the receipt of this letter.

580 In the caucus sessions of the SPD's Reichstag group before August 4, 1914, Gustav Hoch actually spoke in favor of approving the war credits, and he was part of the commission assigned to draft the final wording of the declaration that was made by the SPD parliamentary group on August 4.

TO KARL MOOR

[Südende,] October 12, 1914

Dear Karl!

I take the opportunity to send you a few lines by a roundabout route. Above all, many thanks for the newspaper [the *Berner Tagewacht*] that I also do not receive at home any more. Nowadays it's a refreshing comfort to have a Social Democratic paper in front of one's face that speaks in the good old way. From the party press here what one gets most often is—nausea.

In reply to my two postcards I have not yet received any word from you, I assume that you did write, but the answer didn't reach me. At the present time every greeting and every sign of life from co-thinkers in other countries is doubly precious. Here we feel ourselves to be cut off from the world, blocked off, in fact, by a double wall: the state of siege [martial law] and the party officialdom. For your information and for the information of other friends (but not for publication) let it be said only that it would be a great error to think that the official behavior of the [SPD] Reichstag group, the SPD Executive, and the party editors express the thoughts and feelings of the whole party! On the contrary, a growing bitterness is observable on all sides. How far this bitterness extends, which side has the majority, cannot now be determined, even approximately, since it is precisely the opponents of the official party tactics whose mouths are gagged, and the political life of the masses is completely suppressed. Also the mood is shifting more and more: many who favored voting for the war credits have since then, in the face of subsequent developments, been overtaken by healthy fears, and now they are opponents of this policy or will be tomorrow. At the same time another group of comrades with each passing day are backsliding most blatantly, following in the wake of the national-patriotic government policy. Thus the internal development of the party in the midst of the war, although hidden from observation, is undergoing an unstoppable process in which different elements are being sheared off, on the one side, elements actually belonging to the bourgeois camp, who at best would constitute a reformist workers' party, subservient to the military, with a strong nationalist streak, and on the other side, elements who do not want to abandon the core principles of revolutionary class struggle and internationalism. This silent internal struggle has

already begun, although we really did not want to take up the struggle under such unfavorable conditions. Mutual distrust and mutual hatred, however, can scarcely be concealed and are already evident as tiny flames flickering on the surface. No one hides it from himself that as soon as the war and the state of siege have ended, the internal disagreements will break out with tremendous force, and still less would anyone hope that the highly prized unity of the party could be preserved when there is such a deep-going internal rift. It is only the state of siege and the war that artificially shore up the supposed party unity. There is no doubt about it: German socialism, and international socialism as well, are going through a crisis as never before in history and have been placed before a fateful question by this war. If after the war international socialism does not succeed in rejecting imperialism and militarism in all their forms, a real and proper rejection that is meant seriously this time, and that would apply even in the event of war, then socialism can let itself be buried, or rather it will have buried itself already. The process of clarification after the war will decide the "to be or not to be" of socialism. But precisely because this process is of such immense world-historical importance, it must be carried out thoroughly and honestly, with care and deliberation. To this end, it would be important that no hasty, ill-considered steps be undertaken on the part of the International, steps that would to some extent move in the direction of calling a meeting of the International Bureau or a conference **as soon as possible**. Because, as of now, only one of two things could result: Either the representatives of the different countries would angrily quarrel and refuse to hear any justifications from one another, which would at any rate provide sad documentary evidence of the collapse of the International. Or, on the other hand, all the representatives from the countries at war—perhaps with the blessing of the neutrals—would grant pardons to one another for the atrocities that have been committed and declare in the spirit of mutual toleration that each party understands that the other could not have acted otherwise; that would be even more fatal, because, while preserving the International, or rather a hypocritical semblance of an International, it would actually mean the burial of international socialism. So it would be better that no attempt to artificially patch up the International, or glue it together, be made, not before firm and solid foundations have been laid, and this can be

done only by an **internal** clarification process. One must first allow us time in Germany itself to determine what the party is thinking in its majority and where it stands in regard to the war. The same can be done by the French, English, Italians, etc. Then the International would know where it stands and how it can be rebuilt. All forced attempts to tie together the threads of the International right now, as soon as possible, could only result in a hypocritical slapdash job, if they did not move in an even more harmful direction, like the trips being made to neutral countries from Berlin and Vienna,⁵⁸¹ which have the explicit purpose of solidifying the neutrals in the interests of the German-Austrian military leadership and of putting other countries in a mood favorable to Germany and Austria.

When all is said and done, our situation here inside the party is very sad, and every day one must pull together all one's strength and courage in order to wade further through this morass. For example, the self-surrender of the *Vorwärts*⁵⁸² was a severe jolt for many, and there is sometimes a feeling of shame at going along, even partly, with all this. You can certainly believe that at every opportunity we seek to oppose the backward flow of this stream. Unfortunately all the central institutions of the party, which for the moment have the outward-seeming power in their hands, are dominated by opportunist elements, and the whole opposition has been broken to

581 Shortly after the World War began the SPD Executive sent Albert Südekum to Italy, Richard Fischer to Switzerland, Philip Scheidemann to Holland, and Wilhelm Jansson to Denmark and Sweden, while the Executive of the Austrian Social Democratic Party sent three representatives to Italy—their purpose being to justify the pro-war conduct of the German and Austrian party leaderships in the eyes of the Social Democrats of the neutral countries and win them over to the German-Austrian position.

582 On September 27, 1914, under martial law, the high command of the March of Brandenburg (the region including Berlin) banned the main SPD newspaper, the *Vorwärts*, for an indefinite length of time, because of an article entitled "Deutschland und das Ausland" (Germany and the Outside World), in which it was suggested that the German workers, and the workers of other countries, had been forced to take part in the war against their will. After the SPD Executive gave a written pledge to edit the *Vorwärts*, from then on during the war, in such a way that the topics of "class war and class hatred" would not be touched on, the ban was lifted, on September 30. In this way the SPD Executive blatantly demonstrated its submission to the military dictatorship.

pieces, because the masses cannot protest and in large part they have been scattered to the various battlefields. N.B.: it made me happy to read **my** article⁵⁸³ in your paper. For our part Mehring and I continue to put out our publication [*Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz*], and some newspapers have reprinted from it. (The article "Scenes from a Comedy" [*Komödienspiele*] on September 28 was by Mehring.)⁵⁸⁴

Now several requests:

1. Be so kind as to have the enclosed declaration⁵⁸⁵ printed in your paper as well as in the *Volksrecht*.

2. Do write to the *Volksrecht* people conveying my request that they send me a copy [of their paper] every day (give them my address), and also that they forward all the back issues from August 1 on.

3. Write to Angelica Balabanoff that a letter is currently on its way to her by the same route and that she should confirm by a post-card to me whether she received the letter (give her my address). Actually Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] already wrote to her a month ago, to Mussolini's address, but has received not a word in reply.⁵⁸⁶

583 Luxemburg's unsigned article "Gegen den Franktireurkrieg" (Against Guerrilla War) appeared in the September 17, 1914, issue of *Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz*. It was reprinted on September 19 in the *Volksmacht* in Halle (Saale), from which it was taken for publication on September 30 by the *Berner Tagewacht* in Switzerland. For the German text, see Luxemburg, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4 (Berlin, 1990), pp. 6–8.

584 Mehring's article appeared unsigned in the *Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz* of September 22, 1914, and was reprinted by other publications, including the *Bremer Bürger-Zeitung* on September 24 and the *Berner Tagewacht* on September 28.

585 A declaration signed by Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring, and Clara Zetkin, dated September 10, 1914, was sent to various foreign newspapers. For the German text, see Luxemburg's *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, p. 5. It was published in the *Berner Tagewacht* on October 30, 1914, and in the Zurich newspaper *Volksrecht* on October 31, 1914. For an English version of this brief declaration, see J. P. Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg* (Oxford, 1966), p. 610.

586 At the start of World War I in August 1914, Benito Mussolini was a leading member of the left wing of the Italian Socialist Party and strongly opposed the war. Unbeknownst to Luxemburg, shortly afterwards, in October 1914, he swung sharply to the right and became a leading proponent of Italian intervention in the war, on the side of the Entente. As a result, he was expelled from the Italian Socialist Party in November 1914.

4. You yourself should confirm to me immediately, with an unobtrusive postcard, the receipt of this letter and [let me know] whether you will carry out all my requests.

5. Send a request from me to the editors of [the Italian socialist publication] *Avanti*,⁵⁸⁷ that they should send me a copy of their paper [regularly], and that they should do so right away.

6. Send the declaration to *Avanti* also, because there is no way of knowing whether it will reach them by any other means.

And now many heartfelt greetings and handclasps to you and all our friends there and others, who with all their heart have remained true to the International. Write soon, and in detail, although with caution, to this address: Mr. Hugo Eberlein, Esq., Berlin–Mariendorf, 82 Ring Street; nothing more. That way I will get it.

Give my greetings especially to Otto Lang from the bottom of my heart.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

[Südende,] November 1, 1914

My dear Hannesle,⁵⁸⁸

Today it must happen! For weeks I've been writing you the lengthiest, most detailed letters "in spirit," but haven't gotten around to putting them on paper. This has been a burden to me, like a rock weighing on my heart. But I have so little quiet or solitude, even though everything tends to lay me low. Well, now things should get better. I am proposing once again to "start a new life," go to sleep early, toss all visitors out the door, and—go to work, but really with a will. And the first step in this "new life" is this letter to you. Both of your recent detailed letters, via Hans [Kautsky], made me awfully happy. Thus I can picture, at least a little bit, how you are living and what you are up to ...

587 Mussolini was the editor of *Avanti!* from 1911 until his expulsion from the Italian Socialist Party in November 1914, a month after the composition of this letter.

588 A diminutive form of Hans, a term of endearment. In addressing Diefenbach, Luxemburg used, besides "Hannesle," both "Hänschen" and "Hanneselein."

First, a small report about me, since you wanted one. Well, my initial mood of despair has already become quite different. It's not as if I judge the situation to be rosier or have any reason for cheerfulness—not at all. But the severity of the first blow has worn off, and since then the blows have become an everyday occurrence. That the party [the SPD] and the International have gone kaput, thoroughly kaput, is not open to any doubt, but precisely the increasing dimensions of the disaster have made of it a world-historical drama, and in this regard the objective historical significance comes to the fore and the personal feeling of wanting to tear one's hair out has been displaced. Of course sometimes the pain is still there, scarcely endurable, as former "friends" commit ever new villainies and vile actions and as the press goes through a process of unheard-of degradation. To counteract this, however, there remains with me more than ever the inner conviction that—if the fact is that things cannot go any differently—I can find for myself a lovely consolation for my modest personal needs: a good book, a walk in the meadows of Südde in the lovely fall weather, just as, at one time, I walked with [you,] Hannesle [,] through the stubble, and last of all there is music! Ah, music! How painful it is to be deprived of it and how I yearn for it! Up to now I have not been able to provide myself with any. First, for weeks there was nothing. Then, on any pretext at all, there began to be patriotic demonstrations at the opera and at the concert hall. Finally, I feel I could dare to go out [to hear music], but Hannesle is not here! He's not here to get the tickets, and besides, if one is so completely without company, the music is no consolation. In conclusion, I still have some hope with regard to Hans [Kautsky]. He visited me a week ago, to bring me your letter. He looks red-cheeked and refreshed and has grown more youthful. Rome has been excellent for him. Even without that, he made a very favorable impression on me, and I promised to go visit him right away—but I haven't gotten around to it. Perhaps I'll go there tomorrow. He promised to play for me two hours every day if I would only come. He has probably reported to you about his children: Gretl is the happy bride of a Slovak of touching modesty and shyness; Fritz is a dashing lieutenant; Robert is an accomplished painter; only Hansl remains as a prodigal son [*fils perdu*] and makes fun of his Papa in letters to Robert, and poor Papa just had to go and find those letters and read them. Luise [Kautsky] is feeling so

down, as H[ans Kautsky] relates, that I would do better not to go there, even a phone conversation is too much for her. Next week they (H[ans] and L[uike]) are going to the South again. I envy them. Karli [i.e., Karl Kautsky, Jr.] has made a career in Frankfurt on the Main. Bendel [Kautsky], since having typhus, has become as fat as a little pig, [and] Felix [Kautsky] is the same as ever. All in all, the Kautsky clan is thriving and finding its way through life's perils. Last week Lady Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] was with me at my house for six days, she has lost weight terribly, Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin] is still at home and working on the editorial board of *Gleichheit*.⁵⁸⁹ From Maxim [Zetkin] there's been no sign of life again for a month. On the other hand, I recently received an endearing sign of life from Medi [Hans Kautsky's "later" wife]. It's true that she was sick, but now she's home and back at work. Brandel's father⁵⁹⁰ was here again last week at last, together with Klara. The poor fellow seems to have changed so much, half his face is paralyzed. He let me read a letter from Brandel, which was very interesting and shows the lad in the best of lights. He is stationed not far from you. Write to him [at this address]: Vizefeldwebel [Sergeant Second Class] B[randel] G[eck], XVIII. [Eighteenth] Army Corps, 25th Division, active-duty Regiment 116, Sixth Company. He will certainly be glad to hear from you. —Kurt Rosenfeld writes to me quite often, he is in the East, and was recently in Wilkowyszky, where he—as the battalion clerk—sets the tax rates for meat, both kosher and non-kosher, carries out house searches, and performs similar juridical functions. Then he was involved in heavy fighting, made it through all that dreadfulness, and now I think he's back on German soil. Spiritually he has remained quite fresh and lively and naturally remains true to [our] banner. You want to know what I'm up to and particularly what I'm writing. All right then, above all I want to get finished with my work on economics⁵⁹¹ which is advisable in fact for personal economic reasons. This is work that will take several months. The party school of course has been shut down for the duration of the war, so I would have time if it were not for

589 Kostya Zetkin worked as an editor at *Gleichheit* and for the most part edited the newspaper's "Supplement for Our Children."

590 Brandel Geck was the son of Luxemburg's friends and political allies, Adolf and Marie Geck.

591 Luxemburg is referring to her *Introduction to Political Economy*.

the visitors from morning to night, the discussions and the meetings. But this should—as I've said—now be ended. Besides that, of course I also want to write a study about the war.⁵⁹² That work—as you can imagine—will soon be an urgent necessity. In the meantime obviously the “civil truce” prevails. But in the silence we are living side-by-side with the Südekums, et al.,⁵⁹³ the way cats live with dogs, and the atmosphere is becoming more and more strained. The subject [of the war] attracts me strongly, but of course purely from a theoretical and fiction writer's standpoint. “All we need is time, my dear, just time,” as the poet Dehmel used to sing—Dehmel who has now become a “volunteer.” The testimonies of all German poets, artists, and scholars will, at any rate, constitute a *document humain* of the first order.

Soon I will have to undergo my own version of the “civil truce”—in the mighty fortress on Prison Street⁵⁹⁴ I cannot claim, under the circumstances, that this makes me especially happy. Half a year ago I was glad about it, regarding it as a holiday, but today this “honor” falls on my chest like the Iron Cross fell on yours. Well, I console myself with the thought that at the end of the war I will breathe fresh air again. We will both make our parade into the capital city, you with oak leaves on your brow as a victor, and I—as your maid of honor dressed in white. An announcement by the Bundesrat yesterday estimated that the war would last until after the harvest of 1915 [and] the English and Russian papers say the same thing. That's just great! In general people are asking how the provisions stored up from the harvest are going to hold out, but I ask how the nerves of the soldiers and officers are going to hold out. God grant you a continued peaceful life in the hospitable cottage of your woman farmer, at whose home you seek so touchingly to make up for the absent husband. I see from your last letter, by the way, that you have discovered a few sympathetic souls beneath the masks, and I'm very happy about that. Keep writing me as often as possible. There is always a big celebration at my house when a letter from you

592 Luxemburg is referring to her powerful tract denouncing World War I, the so-called Junius pamphlet, which she wrote in early 1915.

593 Südekum was one of the most fervent war supporters among the SPD officialdom.

594 Luxemburg assumed that her prison sentence would have to be served at the Moabit prison on Prison Street (Turnstrasse).

arrives. Even Mimi sniffs at it lovingly (she calls that “reading the letter”). Gertrud [Zlottko] has been away since the 15th, but I’m taking care of myself. Don’t worry about me, Hannesle, I will fight my way through. But if you, as a conquistador who has enriched himself, want to toss a hundred marks monthly our way, tell me, could you not sacrifice that for a young fellow who wants to study, is highly gifted, but has no means? If he could at least get through the war years that way perhaps he would create a basis for himself later by his own efforts. —Gertrud has written to you, by the way, and complains about your silence. Well, for now, heartfelt greetings from me and Mimi. Write soon, about whether you received this letter. Your R

[P.S.] You can write to my address without worrying, or if you wish, write to Felix [Kautsky], who will gallantly pass it on to me. (I mean when Hans [Kautsky] has gone away again.)

TO THE EDITORS OF *SOCIAL-DEMOKRATEN*⁵⁹⁵

Berlin, November 9, 1914

Worthy comrades, I ask that you publish the following lines:

When I, like other members of the Intern[ational] Soc[ialist] Bureau,⁵⁹⁶ received the proposal of the Party Executive of the Dutch Social Democracy to move the seat of the International Bureau temporarily to Holland,⁵⁹⁷ I assumed naturally that this proposal was

595 Luxemburg sent a comparable letter to the editors of *Het Volk* (*The People*), a Social Democratic paper in Stockholm, and of the *Berner Tagwacht*. The German original of this letter is in the Archive and Library for the Workers’ Movement, Stockholm. It was first published by Jürgen Rojahn in *International Review of Social History*, vol. 30, pt. 1, 1986, pp. 146–7.

596 The words “like other members of the Intern. Soc. Bureau” were inserted by hand by Karl Liebknecht in this letter, the rest of which had been typed.

597 As the representative of the SDKPiL on the ISB, Luxemburg had received a circular dated October 2, 1914, and addressed to all parties affiliated to the ISB. The circular stated, in particular, that “when the time approaches to prepare for peace,” the ISB would have big tasks to carry out

made after consultation with the Belgian comrades of the [ISB's] Executive Committee and with their agreement. It was natural to assume that the Belgian comrades, given the circumstances in their country at the time, were prevented from functioning as the Executive Committee of the ISB and that they wished to relieve themselves of this honor. The report recently appearing in *Vorwärts*⁵⁹⁸ that Comrades Huysmans and Bertrand have declared their willingness to go to Amsterdam and to move part of the Executive Committee to the Hague offers the happiest solution to the difficulty at this point. It is clear that as long as our Belgian friends have declared themselves willing to continue carrying out their duties as the International Executive, this body must be regarded as the sole legal body of the old International, and that it can be left to the Belgian comrades' discretion whether they want to be reinforced by Bureau members from other countries. The arrangement arrived at by Comrades Huysmans and Bertrand seems a practical one, all the more so because, for the time being, there unfortunately remains only a narrow sphere of activity for the International Bureau. All attempts to artificially bring about an international conference as soon as possible seem to me to be entirely mistaken. Perhaps the soothing reassurances made by some comrades are very pleasant, [to the effect] that the International is not dead and that, supposedly, the rift that has arisen within it will be easy to mend. But what international socialism needs above all, in my opinion, is an honest and open settling of accounts with regard to its ignominious bankruptcy over this war. Until an internal clarification and determination is made by the socialist parties in every country regarding their position toward militarism, solid foundations for rebuilding the International will be lacking. Until then we must content ourselves

and for these it would have to gather necessary material and as regularly as possible maintain contact with the affiliated parties. "It is also desirable in general, for the continued existence and good functioning of the International, that in the midst of the storm of national passions at least a central point of organization should exist, where the affiliated parties will know how to find one another." The circular also stated that the idea of holding an international conference on the question of changing the location of the ISB did not seem "feasible" at that time.

598 The reference is to the report "Verlegung des Internationalen Büros" (Relocation of the International Bureau) in *Vorwärts*, no. 208, October 31, 1914.

with avoiding everything that tends to carry further the bankruptcy of the old International or that attempts to shove in something new, born out of the war, to replace it.

With socialist greetings,
R. Luxemburg

TO CAMILLE HUYSMANS⁵⁹⁹

[Südende,] November 10, 1914

Dear friend!

I rejoice at the opportunity to write you a few words. I am happy about the solution you found for the Executive Committee.⁶⁰⁰ I ask you please to stick it out and remain at your post despite all attempts that might possibly be made to strip you of your mandate or convince you to renounce it.

Enclosed is what I have written and sent to *Het Volk* in Stockholm and to Bern.⁶⁰¹

Our situation here is quite difficult. I am convinced that the masses of workers would be on our side if we had the opportunity to explain the issue to them. However, in the meantime, the careerists are taking advantage of the state of siege for their ongoing attempts to terrorize us and demoralize the masses. (Indeed, more and more are changing their position.)

The collapse of the International is as complete as it is dreadful! At the minimum, we are opposed to all efforts to replace it with a farce and a delusion. Refounding the International can proceed, in my opinion, only after a rigorous and open criticism of the betrayal that occurred, and that means after the war. If only I could at least

599 The French original of the above letter is in the Camille Huysmans Archive in Antwerp. It was first published in Luxemburg, *Briefe an Freunde* (Letters to Friends), edited by Benedikt Kautsky on the basis of the manuscript prepared by Luise Kautsky (Hamburg, 1950), pp. 67–9.

600 The reference is to the transfer of the ISB Executive Committee to the Hague.

601 See the preceding letter, of November 9, 1914, to *Social-Demokraten* in Copenhagen, a copy of which Luxemburg sent to Stockholm and to Bern.

rejoice in the “freedom” that the end of the war will bring me! But that is highly uncertain because prison may swallow me up at any moment, whenever ... it pleases “the gods.”⁶⁰²

Clara [Zetkin] was in Switzerland, where she took part in the congress⁶⁰³ and also spoke with the Italians. She worked hard and learned many good things about our “*patres conscripti*”⁶⁰⁴ abroad.

I warmly clasp your hand, my dear friend, and send greetings to you and your family. Write me if you have the opportunity to come across the border [by mail] at the following address: Mr. Hugo Eberlein, Berlin–Mariendorf, 82 Ring Street (adding nothing more).

The small volume that I sent off on August 2 has been returned by the postal service.

R. L.⁶⁰⁵

TO PAUL LEVI

[Südende,] November 17 [1914]

I've been wanting to write for a long time, if only I had once had a **single** day, and some peace and quiet! Curse all this busy chasing all about and talking all about, as a result of which things have not moved off dead center! All my time goes by as a result. Every day someone new has “fallen by the wayside,” and every day we have new monstrosities to hear about. But the main monstrosity is coming up

602 At her trial in Frankfurt on the Main, on February 20, 1914, Luxemburg had been sentenced to one year in prison. Because of the poor state of her health, she was granted a postponement of the date on which she would begin serving her sentence. In the end, she served from February 18, 1915, to February 18, 1916, in the Barnim Street women's prison in Berlin.

603 The reference is to the party congress of the Swiss Social Democratic Party, which took place at the House of the People (*Volkshaus*) in Bern on October 30–1, 1914, and about which *Vorwärts* printed an item on November 5, 1914.

604 Latin: “fathers having been conscripted.”

605 Following this letter was a postscript from Karl Liebkecht, in which he expressed his solidarity with Huysmans.

before us on December 2.⁶⁰⁶ Of course the history of August 4⁶⁰⁷ will be repeated, but this time there will be no grounds for any excuse, such as “a surprise attack,” distorted information, and the like. The honor of the party will simply receive the last nail in its coffin. Now our “radicals” will once again cover themselves with glory. In casting a minority vote, Karl will certainly find himself alone, or if all goes well—with two or three others!

The verdict⁶⁰⁸ arrived during the last few days, also the statement of court costs. So the only thing still missing is the order stating when the serving of the prison sentence is to begin. I am enclosing the verdict, it's lovely.

From Dissm[ann] a letter came today. Even now he still has no courage to go into action against that little scoundrel Witt[isch], even now [there are] still considerations, caution, diplomacy, when it's really just a matter of grabbing a little scoundrel by the ear. ... And with such people we're supposed to turn the world upside down? Soon I'll have no patience and no hope of gaining even one victory with this army. I too do not know of any “firm and intrepid person” who “perhaps” would take over the post based on the ten conditions which Dissm[ann] has turned into sheer possibilities out of the blue.⁶⁰⁹ N.B.: Antrick has done better with his business, he took Thalheimer to Brunswick to replace Wagner.⁶¹⁰ —Now a question: couldn't you make several necessary trips in order to feel people out and establish ties? Above all, Munich, Karlsruhe, and Hof. If the

606 Luxemburg assumed that on December 2, 1914, when the proposal to approve war credits would come up for the second time, the SPD parliamentary group in the Reichstag would vote in favor. In the actual vote, Karl Liebknecht was the only elected representative who refused to vote for the war credits.

607 The day in 1914 when the SPD parliamentary group approved credits for the war.

608 The reference is to the verdict in the Frankfurt trial. After Luxemburg's appeal was rejected on October 22, 1914, the verdict went into effect.

609 The reference is to a reorganization, or reassignment of posts, on the editorial board of the *Volksstimme* in Frankfurt.

610 With the beginning of the World War, Richard Wagner, an editor of the *Volksfreund* in Brunswick (Braunschweig) who previously had shared the views of the German Left, suddenly assumed a pro-war position and consequently was removed from the editorial board. On the initiative of Otto Antrick, August Thalheimer was brought in as an editor to work on the *Volksfreund*.

answer is yes, I will send the addresses. No one here has the time or the money to do it, but feeling people out is necessary. It is a fine idea to spend Christmas in Switzerland. Fortunate the person who could do it!

In case you do make the trip, I will send you letters to friends. The best way to go to Switzerland would be—by way of Berlin, that is my opinion. Then one could talk things over and make good use of the trip.

N.B.: The infamous article in your *Volksstimme* entitled “Three Months of the World War” (about two weeks ago) is by [of all people] ... Lensch! He is already halfway to falling by the wayside.⁶¹¹

Write soon. RL

TO MARTA ROSENBAUM

Südende, January 5, 1915—2 Linden Street

Dear Comrade Rosenbaum!

Among the many requests and tasks with which I must plague you before my leaving “to go down below,”⁶¹² there is one matter that brooks no delay. We have decided to subscribe to the “underground” correspondence of the General Commission of Trade Unions,⁶¹³ that systematically spreads poison against the foreign comrades, and we have decided to circulate it among our own people so as to be able to counteract this sham. We had to choose someone with an inconspicuous name to be the subscriber. A comrade in Mariendorf, Hugo Eberlein, who is entirely devoted to us and is an influential person, undertook to subscribe to the *Korrespondenz* and to pass it on. The first batch has already been received and is in the possession of Karl Liebknecht, from him it will go to Mehring, later to you, and

611 The “infamous” article appeared in the November 2, 1914, issue of the *Volksstimme* in Frankfurt.

612 Luxemburg was referring to the prison sentence she was soon to begin serving.

613 This probably refers to the *Internazionale Korrespondenz* (International Correspondence), which began publication in Berlin in September 1914 under the editorship of Albert Baumeister, a union official. This publication served as a vehicle for rightist and pro-war views.

from you to Kurt [Rosenfeld]; and we would like it to continue even further. Would you be so good—because I am departing—to take over the regulation of this matter and the finances? The expenses, which are indeed not insignificant, cannot of course be covered by Eberlein on his own. We can defray these costs out of the funds of the magazine.⁶¹⁴ Would you, therefore, be so good as to send payment to Eberlein in accordance with the enclosed bill? Many greetings [to you] until we meet again soon! Your R. L.

Eberlein's address is on the receipt.

TO ALEXANDER WINKLER

Berlin-Südende, February 11, 1915—2 Linden Street

Highly esteemed Comrade Winkler!

In the name of Karl L[iebknicht] and in mine I send you heartfelt thanks for your energetic support of our undertaking.⁶¹⁵ The preparations are under way, yesterday the business manager from Leipzig was here, the man through whom we will send the journal to the printer, and we talked over the practical side of the matter. The first issue will come out at the beginning of March, and the articles are already being worked on. I hope that the thing will have an impact. Here in Berlin and in several party locations that we are in touch with there is truly a ravenous craving for a Social Democratic word spoken in the old spirit. What a delightful prospect! The mass of party comrades—one sees this ever more clearly—have **not** been re-educated, they have merely unlearned the habit of trusting their leaders unconditionally, because the latter have failed them so miserably.

Day before yesterday, here in Charlottenburg, one of the most important party centers in Berlin, we again had a general membership meeting of the electoral district (with an attendance of about 600 persons), at which the elected representative of the district,

614 This probably refers to *Die Internationale* (The International), the publication edited by Luxemburg and Franz Mehring.

615 Alexander Winkler had responded to a request from Karl Liebknecht and had given financial support to the revolutionary forces in putting out agitational material and especially in establishing *Die Internationale*.

Zubeil, tried to justify the behavior of the [SPD] parliamentary group. In the discussion it became evident that perhaps thirty attending union officials took the side of the Reichstag group but the whole large meeting was in strong opposition to that. And we have experienced the same kind of thing in every meeting so far. The bustling activity of the right wing, the many pamphlets and articles by Heine, Scheidemann, etc., have obviously had only the opposite effect [from what was intended]. The eyes of the masses have been opened, they see what dangers threaten our movement and our party.

Of course we will not get by without very stormy battles, but I hope the old tradition will prove to be much stronger than the so-called new course. —It goes without saying that we will send you the first copy of the journal, which will soon be finished. May your health allow you, together with us, to emerge victorious out of the coming severe crisis in party life.

With best wishes and greetings, your Rosa Luxemburg

TO HELENE WINKLER

Berlin-Südende, February 11, 1915—2 Linden Street

Dear Comrade Winkler!

Your dear letter gave me much joy. I heard that the state of your father's health, unfortunately, leaves much to be desired and that you are looking after him with great dedication. The situation with Karl Liebknecht is such that he is not at all wearing a coat of gray, in fact such a thing is expressly "forbidden."⁶¹⁶ This is a very comical and very typical story. He was simply summoned by a superior officer, and the latter explained to him: from today on you are to regard

616 On February 6, 1915, Karl Liebknecht received a telegram informing him that as of February 7 he was drafted to serve as a soldier "for reinforcement purposes" in the local militia. On February 7 he was informed that aside from his duties as an elected representative he was forbidden to engage in any other political activities and that he would be "given leave" to take part in sessions of the Prussian house of representatives and the Reichstag. Liebknecht remained in Berlin from then until March 21, 1915.

yourself as a soldier; you may not leave Berlin, you may not wear a uniform, and **any political collaboration** (except in parliament) **is forbidden to you**. —That was of course the whole purpose. It was to be made impossible for KL [Karl Liebknecht] to take any part in protest demonstrations against the majority in the [SPD] Reichstag group, to issue public statements, etc. In a word: he has been “switched off,” but he performs no actual military service, perhaps later on he will in fact be called up for duty if in any way he again “becomes a nuisance.”

Meanwhile in the party things are proceeding along their disastrous course: the censorship is becoming stricter and stricter, the economic situation ever more difficult, and the official party, in particular the trade union leadership, is more and more becoming a government party. A vehement propaganda campaign is being waged “against the troublemakers,” that is, against all of us who defend the fundamental old positions and the glorious traditions of the party. But I trust in the masses and do not shy away from the struggle. *Ça ira*—it will go on! I don’t know how things are with you in Thuringia, but here in Berlin and in several other big cities the mood is excellent.

I will be very happy when you give me another sign of life and also report on the state of your dear father’s health. I am fairly well, at least I don’t have much time to think about my health, and that’s the best way for people like us.

Heartfelt greetings, your R. L.

TO KOSTYA ZETKIN

[Berlin,] April 10, 1915

Niuniu, darling, I hope you will get this letter promptly on your birthday. I enclose as a gift a picture of Mimi, which I got yesterday and which gave me great joy. The young doctor who is keeping her is an acquaintance of Miss [Mathilde] Jacob, he wanted to photograph Mimi with his camera, but he himself had to hold her in place. I did order a book for you from Wertheim, but he has not yet sent it; as soon as it comes, you’ll get it. I hope that on Sundays sometimes you will have the time and the desire to read for a few hours.

With the 10 marks, which will come to you additionally, you must buy yourself something good, I certainly can't do it, unfortunately.⁶¹⁷ Probably one cannot have flowers in the barracks, so buy something else. I thought that perhaps a fountain pen might be of use to you. I personally can't stand such an implement, for me it belongs in the same category as the thermometer, but out in the field [on military duty] it could really be useful to a person.⁶¹⁸

You write so sadly about the Easter vacation, Niuniu. You definitely should not go around with such a heavy heart. The only serious grounds for such a thing would be your mother's condition, but there I have high hopes that Hope [Adams-Lehmann]⁶¹⁹ will energetically take your mother's case. Perhaps you will write a few lines to her (to Hope). That would have a very good effect. By the way, I still do not want to believe that there are organic heart problems (nothing more need be said). Your mother's previous instances of heart trouble were more than likely caused by nerves. See that you write down the diagnosis by Hope, so that we can know the truth. Other than that, you must be calm and cheerful. Niuniu, have patience for just a little time more. In a year everything will surely change for the better. Don't think about anything but the day's work, then the time will go by quickly. Next year we want to celebrate your birthday properly. This is already the second time that it hasn't been done right. But the previous year at least you were in Persia and had a lovely time.

Niuniu, just think, I am doing botany again here! I have my albums [for dried flowers] with me, as well as the botany book by Fünfstück and the small atlases from you, and sometimes I get a few flowers myself or in a letter from Miss Jacob, who is in Thuringia for Easter. I have started a new album for dried flowers (the eleventh one!), and as the first little flower in it I inserted the snowdrop from Niuniu for March 5.⁶²⁰ That was the "greater snowdrop"—*Leucojum vernum*. The "lesser snowdrop" has three little inner leaves in the

617 From February 18, 1915, to February 18, 1916, Luxemburg had to serve the sentence that was handed down against her at the Frankfurt trial of February 20, 1914. She served the sentence in the Berlin Women's Prison on Barnim Street.

618 Kostya Zetkin was called up for military service in March 1915.

619 A doctor from England, then living in Germany.

620 March 5 was Luxemburg's birthday.

corona, not pointed, but in scooped-out heart shapes, with three little green lines on each; in Berlin this snowdrop is sold on the streets in large quantities, but I don't think you have it in your garden. It has such a pretty name: *Galanthus nivalis*. Just think, this plant family (the Amaryllidaceae) includes not only the snowdrop and the narcissus—but also the large agave! If you find daphne or the “scylla,” which I am not familiar with, or something else pretty, send it to me in a letter. Miss Jacob has also sent me a cowslip, which has very soft down, and a goldstar, which is very beautiful. Are you familiar with it?

It occurred to me how quickly we have become impatient and whiny when for a time we encounter prison or the barracks or difficulties of any kind, but Cervantes, for example, spent so many long years in outright slavery. Human beings are able to endure much more as individuals, on their own, than as “heroes” to whom the masses look out of slavish obedience. I don't know who has recently got me thinking about Cervantes, but somewhere I read an expression of boundless amazement over *Don Quixote*. Was it perhaps something written by Goethe?

Niuniu, I am sending a newspaper item for you about Easter Island. I am fascinated by this name, and above all by the “mystery” of the giant stone heads. Did you know something about this, and can you make any suppositions about it? Surely this island was merely part of an older, submerged continent, which perhaps was once connected with the coast of Chile. But what about the fact that all these stone figures are looking out to sea? But wait! Maybe this was just an April Fool's joke by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, could that be it?

I embrace you, Niunia

TO FRANZ MEHRING

[Berlin,] August 31, 1915—10 Barnim Street

Highly respected and dear friend, your letter brought great joy to my heart, all the more so because I was already pining away with longing for some word from you and your dear wife, Eva, and I very much wanted to know whether you had found the wished-for rest and recuperation. It saddens me greatly that you have suffered so from the bad weather, and I look with alarm through the opening in the air vent above me at the heavy, gray sky and splashing rain, which are perhaps afflicting you in the Harz [Mountains] as well, and again ruining your mood. But how wrong you are to make any connection between these moods and your age! In that case I could be your grandmother, because I am as dependent on the weather as a frog, and when the autumn rains come it sometimes seems to me that my whole existence is a shallow and pointless farce. And what is youth if not the irrepressible joy one gets from working, scrapping, and laughing? And when it comes to those things, you still beat all the rest of us hollow, every day. You certainly don't know how very much the example of your amazing capacity for work, and the very thought of your tremendous flexibility of spirit, as well as the slightest hope for approval from you—how all those things put me to shame and spur me on whenever I give in—you know only too little about this shameful weakness of mine—to the notion of taking to my heels, from sheer impatience, and getting out from under the yoke of duty.

Obviously the whole situation is now of a kind that is so confused and complicated that a true joy in the struggle is no match for it. Everything is still in the process of moving and shifting, and the giant landslide seems to have no end whatever, and on such churned-up and fluctuating ground it is a devilishly difficult task to decide strategy and organize the battle. Actually now I am no longer full of fear and presentiment, not at all. At the first moment, back on August 4 [1914], I was horrified and appalled, almost broken; since then I have become quite calm. The catastrophe has taken on such huge dimensions that ordinary ways of measuring human guilt and human pain no longer apply; the elemental devastation indeed has something calming about it precisely because of its immensity and blindness. And finally if this is the way things are, if the whole

splendor of the peacetime structure was merely an *ignis fatuus*, a delusory light moving about over a swamp, then it is certainly better that matters be put to rest. But for the time being we have the agony and the discomfort of the transitional situation and there's a saying that truly applies to us: *Le mort saisit le vif*.⁶²¹ The jibber-jabber of our wavering friends, which you complain about, is in fact nothing but the fruit of the universal corruption from which the structure that gleamed so proudly in peacetime has collapsed. Wherever one reaches out one touches rotten, brittle tinder. I think that all of this will still have to disintegrate and come apart more before the sound wood underneath will finally be revealed.

In this wretched situation, which I now accept with full calmness of soul, your words are a true consolation for me. Your first article [in *Neue Zeit*] was doubly interesting for me because I had just been reading something by Seeley or Macaulay that's related to the subject matter [of your article] and in which I find the view that you presented fully borne out: that fundamentally the Seven Years' War was nothing but a contest between England and France for hegemony in America and Asia, and that Frederick [King Frederick II of Prussia] was merely an incidental beneficiary of this rivalry on a world scale. At first I was astonished by the point of view [you presented]—one certainly brings from the school bench some limited, home-baked, European points of view—but now, precisely in the light of today's experiences, one finds joy in the broad horizons that you opened up. It also occurred to me in reading the description of Frederick's army and its brilliant victories, as well as the description of such figures as Clive and his sepoys,⁶²² how much is implied in the light of history by the current [widely used] chapter headings such as "war heroism—universal conscription—and English mercenaries." Now I am waiting with bated breath for the sequel, but today's *Neue Zeit* in its idiotic way contains no continuation of your article! The letter carrier is probably not an editor there anymore, because he would at least have presented to the reader the different parts of your contribution [in immediate sequence] one after the other.

621 French: "The dead lays hold of the living."

622 General Robert Clive laid the groundwork for English colonial power in East India; "sepoy" was the term for native Indians trained to serve in the army of the East India Company.

To refresh myself I am reading a little bit further in Lassalle⁶²³ but, oh ye gods, help me from crawling out of my skin over the annotations by Bernstein. Like a stupid tomcat he keeps jumping in between Lassalle's legs. Just when the latter is holding forth most beautifully, giving Schulze [Delitsch] a resounding clap on the ear, the ass [Bernstein] tugs at his arm and comments with finger raised that "actually" Schulze was "not entirely" wrong "insofar as," etc. And when Lassalle closes a chapter like a rolling storm with thunder and lightning and I am breathing deeply of this good, fresh air, a footnote down underneath quickly pops up like a spider in its web, the inexorable Ede [Bernstein], and he "observes" that "actually" Molinari had already said such-and-such in the year 1846, or he hands us I don't know what other bit of rubbish. Oh, may the devil just take you away! I have to shout like that every moment. He completely interferes and prevents one from being alone with Lassalle. How could you endure such desecration of the dead? Why didn't you rage against that with thunder and lightning? Oh, we accepted too many things quietly. Your wife Eva was certainly right: we were much too mild. But I swear I am going to improve myself. I already feel like a porcupine with all my quills sticking out, burning to run amok among the philistines.

Unfortunately, with my work things are not going forward very well. It is probably the monotony and narrowness of life, the absence of impressions, which gradually overlays the senses like a paste. Generally speaking, I can only work in a state of exaltation, when I am in a fresh and joyful mood, but now every little bit I produce is done with great effort. This is not to complain, but to give "mitigating circumstances," to excuse myself if I disappoint your expectations.

Otherwise you need not worry at all about my health, and Miss J[acob] will get a good talking to because she has been discussing my carcass too freely. I wish I could be just as calm and unworried about

623 Probably Luxemburg was referring to an article by Ferdinand Lassalle entitled "Herr Bastiat-Schulze von Delitsch, der ökonomische Julian, oder Kapital und Arbeit" (Mr. Bastiat-Schulze von Delitsch, the Julian of Economics, or Capital and Labor), in Volume Three of Lassalle's *Reden und Schriften. Neue Gesamtausgabe* (Speeches and Writings: A New Complete Edition), edited by, and with a biographical introduction by, Eduard Bernstein.

our Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin].⁶²⁴ But the uncertainty of what will happen to her and how long this foul play will continue gets on my nerves somewhat. By the way, I am indignant—no, let's be honest: I am happy—that the “fraction” [the SPD parliamentary group in the Reichstag] has not uttered a single word about Klara. Do you remember what the dying Valentin said to Gretchen [in Goethe's *Faust*]? “Und bist du einmal eine—so, sei es eben recht!”⁶²⁵

Well now, again the most heartfelt greetings to you both. How much I am already looking forward to sitting at the little tables in your comfortable study, chatting and laughing together!

Once again, all best wishes. Your R. L.

Many thanks in advance for *The Lessing Legend*⁶²⁶ and the folded printer's sheets of the Marx book.⁶²⁷

N.B.: it was probably inadvertent, but you left your letter completely unsealed.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

Confirm receipt right
away by postcard!

[Südende,] March 9, 1916

My dearest Klara!

Do you believe me that today for the first time I've had the necessary peace and quiet to be able to write you as I want to, from the heart? I came directly out of the hole into the hurly-burly,

624 On July 29, 1915, Clara Zetkin was arrested in Stuttgart and sent to Karlsruhe. On July 30 an investigation was begun against her on charges of “attempted treason.” The investigative proceedings took up her leading role at the International Socialist Women's Conference, held in Bern, Switzerland, March 26–8, 1915, and her dissemination in Germany of the manifesto of that conference. On October 12, 1915, the charges were dropped and Clara Zetkin was released from custody.

625 The line—which means roughly “And if you are just who you are—well, that will be exactly right”—is from *Faust*, Part One, the scene entitled “The Street in Front of Gretchen's Door.”

626 *The Lessing Legend* was one of Franz Mehring's best-known books.

627 Franz Mehring was working on his biography of Karl Marx.

went right to work, and scarcely have time to breathe. But don't be concerned about me. I'm fresh and fit for work, my physical condition isn't good, but that doesn't bother me much. Besides I'm receiving systematic medical treatment, in the care of a good specialist (right now I'm expecting him to visit me again), and I follow his orders—except for the rule about regularly going to bed early and going for a walk twice a day. But from today on I'm again going to start living somewhat more quietly, at least that is my intention. —

How can I thank you and “the Poet” for the wonderful display of flowers on the 5th!⁶²⁸ I am quite overwhelmed by so much kindness, which is coming to me now from all sides, it's rather frightening and unfamiliar [*unheimlich*] to me, I simply don't know why it's all happening! The four vases of flowers from you on the 18th⁶²⁹ bring me joy every day, I really was short of vases, and now I have such enchantingly beautiful ones that amaze everyone. And the two baskets of flowers that came on the 5th are fabulous in their color and fullness! Also the little flowers that were in your letter are now in a small glass on my desk, and they gladden my heart because I know that you picked them for me yourself. You've probably already heard how the women comrades here welcomed me. More than a thousand in number, they gathered me up [from the prison] and then came in massive numbers to where I live, to shake my hand. My dwelling place was and still is stuffed full with their presents, window boxes with flowers, baked goods, canned goods, fruitcakes, teabags, soap, cocoa, sardines, and the finest vegetables—just like in a delicatessen, and all of it done by these poor and warm-hearted women, baked by themselves, canned or preserved by themselves, and brought by themselves. You must know what I felt when I saw all that. I wanted to howl with shame and only consoled myself with the thought that in this case I am just the wooden pole on which they are hanging their banner of universal readiness for struggle. In Mariendorf there then followed a reception with an evening of readings, again with a giant bouquet on the table, and the faces, the serious expressions and eyes gleaming! It would have been a heart-felt joy for you to see these women. I was greeted by the chairperson

628 March 5 was Luxemburg's birthday. *Der Dichter*, “the Poet,” was a nickname for Clara Zetkin's second husband, Georg Friedrich Zundel.

629 Luxemburg was released from the Barnim Street women's prison in Berlin on February 18, 1916.

with the explanation that the demonstration on the 18th had been made quite spontaneously on their own initiative by the women of Berlin in order to greet the person who “we missed so much because she always spoke a sharp word directly to the party leaders, and because she is the kind of person that the people higher up in the party would rather see going *into* prison than coming out of it.” In fact from the Party Executive I have not received even one syllable, but just a moment!—from Luise Zietz, thank you, a giant telegram very much from the heart in the name of all the women of Germany (she obviously can’t even whisper to herself anymore without saying “in the name of all the women”). —

On the other hand, I want to report to you my impressions regarding our cause. I believe I have oriented myself already, in general, and can only tell you that I am very satisfied with the state of things. You understand me well: I mean of course not the general jibber-jabber and the frightful suffering that the poor masses of our people have to go through, what I mean is the situation inside the party and the direction things are taking as they unfold. I find after a year—among all of you, no one can testify to this as well as I can—a powerful step forward has been taken in clarification, strengthening, and differentiation among the good souls [of the SPD]. The differentiation is proceeding quite logically and consistently. There is no doubt that individual errors have been made and wavering has occurred, even among our closest friends, and that many things could have been done more clearly and more decisively. But I don’t make much of that at all. By no means do we need to fidget and fret or get upset about particular details or secondary matters when, by and large and on the whole, things are going the right way. I place my trust most of all in the objective logic of history, which tirelessly carries out its work of clarification and differentiation. It is also a mistake for a politician to want to eat the soup before it’s finished cooking. Of course I’m not falling into some sort of comfortable fatalism, of that there can be no question. I would only like to impart to you the calm assurance I have, which always takes into account the fact that this or that detail might not have been done correctly, something might have been missed or done too quickly, but nevertheless in all of this we must keep in our sight the main direction of things and the larger picture. I don’t want to talk with you about particular details, not because I want to shield you from

them, but because I don't let such things make me fidgety or fretful, as many others among our friends do. About the situation on the whole and in general you can be at peace.

I just got word that our hearing in Dusseldorf on the 22nd has been **canceled**,⁶³⁰ this news will be pleasant for you too. —I know you too well not to know precisely how burdensome and intolerable the present enforced idleness is for you. But really you can bear with it in good conscience. Out of my mature consideration of things and out of the most complete conviction I can assure you: not now, but significantly later on, perhaps in a year, we will need every bit of strength and energy, which means yours in the front rank, and we will have to exert all our energies to the utmost. At that time, of course, will come the general settling of differences [*Generalauseinandersetzung*] with the people on the right and in the swamp. What is now going on, and will be for months, is the preparatory internal process of the shearing-off of the opposition from the swamp, a process that is new for most of our people, and therefore needs time and an inner ripening, a process which can only be helped along by measured and careful consideration, and then whatever will already have been achieved—you can rest easy about it. What I am in favor of, in general, is that things should proceed slowly and thoroughly rather than hastily and superficially. It is an entire process of political schooling that must be gone through by the masses of our people, and that requires time. In such times of transition, patience is the duty of a political person and a leader, even if it is not a pleasant duty. And you too must practice this patience, but as calmly and cheerfully as possible, as I do, not self-tormentingly, as you do. I know, dearest, all the things that disturb your peace, but I also know that you are above all a person with a strong sense of responsibility [*ein Pflichtmensch*] who gets consumed with worry at the thought of not being able to lend a hand when the labor seems so urgently necessary. It is precisely this false notion of yours that I would like to clear away. I don't say this *ad usum Delphini* [in the manner of the oracle at Delphi] nor to console you. You do know how serious my evaluation of the situation is. It is this,

630 In May 1915 criminal charges had been filed against Peter Berten, Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring, and Clara Zetkin in connection with their work on the journal *Die Internationale*. The proceedings were pending in Dusseldorf, because that was the journal's place of publication.

my strongest inner conviction, which I immediately expressed to the fretful Karl [Liebknecht] and others: not to want to do too much; a few, calm, well-aimed steps—that's what is now necessary but also completely sufficient. Objective development, doing its part, will have to accomplish the rest. Get well rested, then, so that we have you present when "all hands on board" will actually be necessary. But until then—fortunately or unfortunately, depending on how one looks at it—there will still be a good, long while.

The worst thing is that I can't go visit you now, not even for two days: (1) I have much to do here, (2) I must continue my treatment and scarcely feel in condition to make a trip, (3) money must be saved (by you as well as me and all of us). And here you are sending me such baskets of flowers, and "the Poet" is also indulging in such luxury! Oh, you incorrigible *grands seigneurs* of the heart—with your pockets full of holes! A long, detailed conversation with you would have such a liberating effect. But what can we do? This too must be taken in stride calmly and cheerfully.

In the Barnim Street prison I trained myself so well that I can really now swallow anything without batting an eyelash. —From Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin] I received a note for the 5th [Luxemburg's birthday] that I want to answer right now. He certainly is not having an easy time of it, but in his short letter I sense a lot of manly maturity and strength, he is visibly growing stronger in this hard school,⁶³¹ and if it ends well, as I hope it will, then all of us will have nothing to regret. Your book and the one from him have given me heartfelt joy. —Do you ever get around to reading? I would like it if you were doing only very light reading, some good fiction. Your Mehring article was excellent—that's the prevailing opinion in regard to it.⁶³² The only thing that makes everything seem black to you is the poor state of your health. I have not yet seen the women's paper. —We had a very fine celebration for the Old Man, with everything done in a serious way and worthy of the occasion.⁶³³ It was quite different from that time with Bebel, do you still remem-

631 Kostya Zetkin, who had been called up in March 1915, was in training as a medical orderly. When that training was completed in July 1916 he returned to his regiment at Ulm.

632 The reference is to an unsigned article by Clara Zetkin, entitled "Franz Mehring. Zum 70. Geburtstag" (Franz Mehring: On His 70th Birthday), which was published in *Gleichheit*, no. 11, February 18, 1916.

633 The "Old Man" was a nickname for Franz Mehring.

ber that? The Old Man gave a speech about you, with which we all heartily agreed. For now I must close, more soon.

A thousand kisses. Yours

[I wrote] about my health only to reassure you. It's nothing more than a stomach that has gone to ruin, but the treatment is already working, and I will continue to pursue the treatment.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Südende,] May 12, 1916

Dearest Klara!

You can well imagine how much I've been in turmoil and hurly-burly since May 1⁶³⁴ and that I wasn't able to write you, though you were in my thoughts daily and hourly, not even to thank you for your sweet greeting in the form of flowers on Sunday. From the minute Karl [Liebknecht] was arrested—it happened at 8:30 am, when we were promenading together with the crowd on Potsdamer Platz [Potsdam Square]—I of course have not had a free moment, because it was necessary to find out where he had been taken and to force a way through to him. Indeed I tried with all the might of my fists to “free” him [when he was seized] and I pulled at him and at the policemen all the way to the police station, from which I was unceremoniously expelled. Then, that same evening, we were unable to learn anything more about his fate in spite of running around and driving around by car until 1 a.m. On the next morning I was at his home during the police search, then there was a quick run to his office, because there too a police search took place. Then hither and thither until we both (his wife [Sonya] had to have me with her constantly, as you can imagine, because she is very upset and doesn't know what to do) found out that he was being held under arrest by the military, and we forced our way through to him, in order to have at least some small items delivered to him and thus to give him a sure sign that people are concerned about him. On the next morning his wife was indeed able to see him, and [the same] every day since

634 During the Berlin May Day demonstration on Potsdam Square on May 1, 1916, Karl Liebknecht shouted: “Down with the war! Down with the government!” He was arrested and taken to a military prison on Lehrter Street in Berlin.

then. The people there are very nice and humane—a hundred times more humane than the pack of dogs at Alexanderplatz⁶³⁵ or in the Reichstag.⁶³⁶ Karl in his usual manner is taking on the heavy load, going all out. Nevertheless I still hope that military justice will show more of a regard for the obvious facts than the riffraff at the Reichstag and that [the charge of] high treason, greedily wished for and crassly suggested by the police and the government, will not be rolled out, in which case we'd never be able to find him, even searching with a candle. Personally, Karl's in good health, looks marvelous (for the first time in a long time the poor man is eating, sleeping, and reading), and his mood is splendid, as usual. Every day he is allowed to receive food from home, books, and other small items. We have the impression that everyone there treats him with sympathy and respect, they are after all military people, not "party comrades," and therefore they still know how to appreciate the individual and his character even if he is an opponent. For the rest, what remains is to wait and see what the indictment will say; it should be drawn up by the middle of next week. He is allowed to and wants to have a defense lawyer, but the difficulty is that only a few are permitted to appear before a military court, and among those few one cannot of course choose just anyone; up to now we have no one. As soon as the indictment comes out, I'll send you word right away.

Now to you, dearest! Both the news of the consequences of your "trip" to the city and, in particular, the conscription of "the Poet"⁶³⁷

635 Alexanderplatz, in Berlin, was the location of police headquarters and the central police prison. Later in 1916, in July and in September–October, Luxemburg herself was incarcerated there.

636 On May 2, 1916, the SPD parliamentary group in the Reichstag made a motion that "the legal proceedings against Dr. Liebknecht be suspended for the duration of the current Reichstag session and that the imprisonment imposed on him be ended." On May 9, this motion, together with a similar motion by the centrist Social Democratic Working Group, was referred to a commission that dealt with points of order. On May 11, this commission proposed that both motions be rejected, and in the subsequent Reichstag voting the commission's proposal was adopted by a vote of 230 to 110 with two abstentions. In explaining the rationale for the SPD motion, Otto Landsberg had reaffirmed the SPD majority's support for the war policies of the government and had distanced himself from Liebknecht's fight against the war.

637 Friedrich Zundel served as a civilian driver for the Red Cross, using his own automobile. Among other duties he was assigned to the war zone in France.

appalled me. What will come of this?! Will “the Poet” really be called up, in all seriousness? After the examples we have experienced here (for example, with our poor Weinberg) it seems that no illness can protect one against “being called up for duty,” and so one must be prepared for the worst. In this case I would have to come to visit you, in order to nurse you, but just now, after Karl’s departure, it’s even less possible than ever for me to leave here. In addition to the larger duties there are all sorts of small bits of junk (for example, the usual ones involving Franziskus [Franz Mehring]...), all of which eats up time and energy and chains me to Berlin. So what is going to happen? I see only one solution: that you come here to visit me, [especially] if “the Poet” is going to be drafted in all seriousness. But a trip is unthinkable for you! And of course I don’t have your magnificent garden here for you. Really I’m racking my brains over what to do. In all the turmoil of recent times, by the way, I have also not written to Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin] for a long time, but I’ll do it tomorrow. Does he know what’s in store for “the Poet”? I can imagine what his concern is for you! ...

That you don’t go to the Control [Commission meetings] and have been “excluded” from it, I regard as a victory ...⁶³⁸ The Party Executive is certainly rushing toward anarchy with blind zeal, and with its own hands is tearing apart all the old, established ties, all the “God-given” authorities and traditions. This will cure even the most stiff-necked “legalists” in our opposition circles.

Dearest, I would like to tell you a thousand more things, but I have to close now, in order to begin running around to chase up a few eggs, rolls, and the like so that a reasonable “dinner” will happen, and this has become a more complicated problem every day. Actually it’s hardly possible to find anything anymore, especially here in the wilderness of Südende. Keep calm and stay in a good mood in spite of everything. Soon everything will certainly take a turn for the better. I embrace you many times, your R

More soon.

638 Since 1895, Clara Zetkin had been a member of the SPD Control Commission. For a long time, because of her poor health, she was not able to take part in the sessions of the Commission, held in Berlin. In May 1917 she was officially dropped from the Commission, because she belonged to a revolutionary Social Democratic organization that had been established in Stuttgart and that stood in opposition to the SPD Executive and no longer paid membership dues to the SPD Executive.

TO MATHILDE WURM

Wronke, December 28, 1916

My dearest Tilde!

I want to answer your Christmas letter immediately, while the anger it stirred up in me is still fresh. Yes, your letter made me hopping mad, because every line in it, brief as it is, shows how very much you are again under the spell of your milieu.⁶³⁹ This crybaby tone, this “oh dear” and “woe is me” about the “disappointments” you’ve experienced—attributing them to others, instead of just looking at the mirror to see all the wretchedness of humanity in its most striking likeness! And in your mouth “we” now means the froggy denizens of the swamp [i.e., the centrists] with whom you now associate, whereas earlier, when you were with me, “we” meant in company with **me**. So just wait, and I’ll deal with you [*Dich*—singular, familiar] in plural terms [*per* “*Ihr*”—in the plural of “you”; “you-all”; “all of you”].

You suppose, in your melancholy way, that you are “too little of an adventure-goer” for my taste. “Too little” is good! Generally speaking, all of you are not “goers” but “creepers.” It is not a difference of degree, but of substance. In general, “you-all” [*Ihr*] are of a different zoological genus from me, and you-all’s peevish, sourpuss, cowardly, and half-hearted way of being was never so foreign and so hateful to me as now. You suggest that “adventure-going” would indeed be suitable for you-all, but one merely gets put “in the hole” for that, and is then “of little use.” Oh, you miserable pettifogging souls, who would certainly be ready for a bit of “heroism,” but only for cash, for at least three moldy copper pennies, because you first have to see “something of use” lying on the store counter. And for you people the simple statement of honorable and straightforward men, “Here I stand, I can do no other, so help me God,” was never spoken. It’s lucky that world history up to now was not made by people like all of you, because otherwise we would have had no Reformation and would probably still be sitting under the *ancien régime*. As for me, in recent times I, who certainly was never soft, have become as hard as polished steel and from now on will neither politically nor in personal relations make even the slightest

639 Luxemburg is referring to the milieu of the centrist opposition in German Social Democracy, grouped around Karl Kautsky.

concession. When I simply recall the gallery of your heroes, such a fit of depression takes hold of me [to think of them]: the sweet-spoken Haase, Dittmann with his lovely beard and lovely Reichstag speeches, and the wavering, misguided shepherd Kautsky, who your Emmo⁶⁴⁰ follows loyally, of course, over hill and dale, the magnificent Arthur [Stadthagen]—*ah, je n'en finirai!*⁶⁴¹ I swear to you: I would rather sit for years [in prison]—and I don't mean here [in Wronke], where after all it's like being in the kingdom of heaven, but rather in the cave at Alexanderplatz where I, in an eleven square meter cell, without light both mornings and evenings, crammed in between the C (without W) and the iron bunk, would recite my Mörike aloud—I would rather do that than “fight,” if I can use the term, beside your heroes, or in general have anything to do with them! Indeed I would rather deal with Count Westarp—and not because he spoke of my “almond-shaped velvet eyes” in the Reichstag, but because he is a **man**. I tell you, as soon as I can stick my nose out of here again, I will come hunting and hounding your company of frogs with the blare of trumpets, the cracking of whips, and the baying of bloodhounds—I was going to say, like Penthesilea,⁶⁴² but by God the bunch of you are by no means Achilles. Have you had enough of my New Year's greeting yet? Then see that you remain a **human being**. To be a human being is the main thing, above all else. And that means: to be firm and clear and **cheerful**, yes, cheerful in spite of everything and anything, because howling is the business of the weak. To be a human being means to joyfully toss your entire life “on the giant scales of fate” if it must be so, and at the same time to rejoice in the brightness of every day and the beauty of every cloud. Oh, I don't know any recipe that can be written down on how to be a human being, I only know when a person **is** one, and you too always used to know when we walked together through the fields of Südende for hours at a time and the red glow of evening lay upon the stalks of grain. The world is so beautiful, with all its horrors, and would be even more beautiful if there were no weaklings or

640 The nickname of Emmanuel Wurm, Mathilde Wurm's husband.

641 French: “oh, I could never finish [the list].”

642 In ancient Greek myth, queen of the Amazons, who fought against and is killed by Achilles in the Trojan War. In Heinrich von Kleist's play *Penthesilea*, which Luxemburg directly refers to in another letter, Penthesilea kills Achilles.

cowards in it. Come, you get another kiss, after all, because you actually are an honorable, well-intentioned little girl. A toast to the new year! R.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

Wronke in Poznań, Fortress, January 26, 1917

Lulu, beloved! Yesterday in Berlin I had a hearing (in my absence), at which undoubtedly a few months of prison have again fallen to my lot.⁶⁴³ Today it has been exactly three months that I have been stuck “sitting” here—in the third stage [of my imprisonment].⁶⁴⁴ In celebration of two such memorable days, by which they have interrupted my existence in this pleasant way for years now, you deserve to get a letter. Forgive me, dearest, for letting you wait so long for an answer from me, but I just had a bout of miserable cowardice for a short time. For several days we had an icy wind storm, and I felt so tiny and weak that I didn’t go out of my “den” at all, for fear that the cold would totally destroy me. In such a mood I was of course waiting for a warm-hearted, encouraging letter, but unfortunately my friends always wait to be prodded and nudged by me. None of them ever take a good fresh initiative and write me of their own accord—other than Hänschen [Diefenbach]. He [Hans Diefenbach] is probably rather tired by now after two and a half years of writing letters “that don’t reach you” and that are not answered. Finally a letter came from Sonya [Liebknecht], but her

643 Charges were brought against Luxemburg before the Royal Special Court in central Berlin for insulting an officer of the criminal justice system. She was sentenced to an additional ten days in prison.

644 The first “stage” was in the prison at Alexanderplatz, the second was at the women’s prison on Barnim Street, and the third was at Wronke. On July 10, 1916, because of her political activity, Luxemburg was taken into “military protective custody” by order of General Gustav von Kessel, the top military commander of the March of Brandenburg. At first she was held in the police prison at Alexanderplatz in Berlin, then on July 21, she was moved to the Berlin women’s prison on Barnim Street. From October 26, 1916, to July 22, 1917, she was held in the Wronke fortress in the province of Poznań. From there she was sent to the Breslau prison, from which she was finally freed by the German revolution on November 8, 1918.

tone is always like that of cracked glass. At that point I hastened, as always, to get back up out of the depths by my own effort, and it is good to do that.

Now I am bright and lively again and in a good mood, and the only way you're failing me is that you're not here chitchatting and laughing as only the two of us understand how to do. I would very soon get you laughing again, even though your last few letters sounded disturbingly gloomy. You know, once when we were coming home from an evening at Bebel's and around midnight in the middle of the street three of us were putting on a regular frog's concert, you said that when we two were together you always felt a little tipsy, as though we had been drinking bubbly. That's exactly what I love about you, that I can always put you in a champagne mood, with life making our fingers tingle and us ready for any kind of foolishness. We can go without seeing each other for three years, and then within half an hour it's as though we'd seen each other only yesterday, and I would so much like right now to suddenly break in on Hans Naivus [Hans Kautsky] and be able to laugh again with you and those sitting around your table, the way we laughed in June during the visit by Hänschen [Diefenbach]. (He wrote me later that in the train all the way to the front he had to laugh out loud from time to time to the amazement of his soldier comrades in the railroad compartment and undoubtedly "looked like an idiot" in their eyes.) Actual champagne is out of the question and has been now for a long time, ever since poor [Hugo] Faisst fell as the first casualty of the World War.⁶⁴⁵

Well, away with champagne and away with the *Lieder* of Hugo Wolf. By the way I have a very heart-warming memory of our last "carousal" with champagne. It was in the last summer [before the war] when I was in the Black Forest.⁶⁴⁶ He [Faisst] came on a Sunday with Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin], they having clambered up from Wildbad for a visit; it was a marvelous day and after eating, we sat out in the open around a small battery of bottles of Mumm [champagne], we rejoiced in the sun and were very merry. Of course the one who drank the most was "the noble donor" [of the

645 Hugo Faisst died on July 30, 1914.

646 Rosa Luxemburg is probably referring to the time she spent at Wiesenbach in the Black Forest. She was there together with Clara Zetkin in August 1912.

champagne, i.e., Faisst]. Once again he experienced “an unforgettable hour,” laughing, gesticulating, crying out, and shoving one sparkling glass after the other into his wide-open Swabian “trap.” He was especially amused by the Sunday visiting public that swarmed around us on the porch. “Look how these Philistines are gaping at us,” he cried out enthusiastically, “if only they knew who was going on a bender here!” And the funniest thing was that we were the ones who were clueless, because the landlord, as he told me later that evening, had somehow deciphered my unfortunate “incognito” and naturally tipped off all his guests about it. The scoundrel kept serving us with such ingratiating smiles and made the corks pop extra loud, but the Philistines were, as you can imagine, most highly edified by this “Social Democratic champagne orgy.” —And now for the third time already over Faisst’s grave the springtime will “let its blue ribbon flutter” (he sang that song⁶⁴⁷ very beautifully, much better than Julia Culp, whom we once heard—do you still remember?—once when you and I were together at the Academy of Song). Probably for you the desire for music, as for all other things, has gone by for a while, your mind is full of concern about world history, which has gone all wrong, and your heart is full of sighs over the wretchedness of—Scheidemann and comrades. And everyone who writes to me moans and sighs in the same way. Don’t you understand that the overall disaster is much **too great** to be moaned and groaned about? I can grieve or feel bad if Mimi is sick, or if you are not well. But when the whole world is out of joint, then I merely seek to **understand** what is going on and why, and then I have done my duty, and I am calm and in good spirits from then on. *Ultra posse nemo obligatur*.⁶⁴⁸ And then for me there still remains **everything** else that makes me happy: music and painting and clouds and doing botany in the spring and good books and Mimi and you and much more. —In short, I am “stinking rich” and I’m thinking of staying that way to the end. This giving oneself up completely to the headaches and miseries of the day is completely incomprehensible and intolerable to me. See, for example, how Goethe stood above things with cool composure. But think what he must have gone through: the Great French Revolution, which surely must have seemed like

647 The reference is to Eduard Mörike’s poem “Er ist’s” (He’s the One), set to music by the composer Hugo Wolf.

648 Latin: “None are obliged to do more than they can.”

a bloody and completely pointless farce from up close, and then from 1793 till 1815 an unbroken series of wars, when once again the world must have seemed like a madhouse turned loose. Yet at the same time how calmly, with such equanimity, he pursued his studies about the metamorphosis of plants, the theory of colors, and a thousand other things. I don't ask that you be a poet like Goethe, but everyone can adopt for themselves his outlook on life—the universalism of interests, the inner harmony—or at least strive toward that. And if you say something like: but Goethe was not a political fighter, my opinion is this: a fighter is precisely a person who must strive to rise above things, otherwise one's nose will get stuck in every bit of nonsense. —Obviously I'm thinking of a fighter on the grand scale, not a weathervane of the caliber of the "great men" who sit around your table, who recently sent a greeting card to me here. ... Never mind⁶⁴⁹—**your** greeting was really the only one that was dear to me among all those. And in recompense for that I want to send you very soon a little picture from my Turner album. The only thing is that you better not give me a rebuff in reply to that, as recently occurred for me. Just think, for Christmas I sent a wonderfully beautiful picture from this album to Leo [Jogiches] and then I received word by way of Miss Jacob: refused with thanks; supposedly it was "vandalism," and the picture must be replaced in the album! Typical Leo, isn't that so? I was furious, because I also hold the view that Goethe expresses here:

Would I have any hesitation,
From Balkh, Bukhara, Samarkand,
These cities' brightest, shiny goods
To send to you, my love so grand?

Or would you rather ask the king
To grant you these cities from above?
He's more magnificent and wiser,
But he knows not how to love.⁶⁵⁰

649 These two words were written in English.

650 These lines are from Goethe's *West-East Divan*.

Leo [Jogiches] is neither the king nor “wiser,” but still “he knows not how to love.” And yet the two of us know, don’t we, Lulu? And when I next have the chance to pull down a few stars to bestow on someone for use as cufflinks, there better be no cold-blooded pedant with his finger raised to restrain me, saying that I’m creating confusion in all the astronomy textbooks.

The Greiner album that you sent brings me ever more joy, I leaf through it often, and in doing so, I feel a greater and greater hunger for more. Couldn’t Robert [Kautsky] send along a few of his latest paintings by way of the next living being who visits me here? (From Miss J[acob], one can find out who the finger of Herr von Kessel has designated.) The paintings would be returned unscathed, it’s guaranteed, and I would have had a great joy! Generally speaking, couldn’t Robert himself visit me sometime? Perhaps he could even carry out his intention of painting my portrait, if three or four sittings would be enough for him. By God, what fun the very thought of it gives me. Since I’m already “sitting” [in prison], I could just as well “sit” for **him**. In any case it would do me a lot of good just to see this sprightly youngster with his gleaming eyes. I am sure he would get permission as the son of a painter at the Royal Theater, especially if Count Hülsen⁶⁵¹ were to write a few lines. ... Of course I’m only joking; Hans Naivus [Hans Kautsky] would certainly rather die than reveal his friendship with [me,] the notorious incendiary [*petroleuse*]. But Robert would probably get permission without any patronage. Aside from all that, how are things with **you**? Have you already applied for a visit? I would of course prefer that you come in the spring, when this region would look more hospitable, and it should be beautiful, as people who have seen it report. Given the present railroad calamities and the bad weather, it would be much too risky for you now, but I am definitely ordering up a visit from you for the spring. You will be astounded by everything you will find here around me. The great titmice are in loyal attendance in front of my window, they already know my voice exactly, and it seems that they like it when I sing. Recently I sang the Countess’s aria from *Figaro*, about six of them were perched there on a bush in front of the window and listened without moving all the way to the end; it was a very funny sight to see. Then there are also two blackbirds

651 Hans Kautsky, Robert’s father, was a painter at the Royal Theater, the head of which was Count von Hülsen.

that come at my call every day, I've never seen such tame ones. They eat out of the metal plate in front of the window. For this purpose I have ordered a cantata also to be held on April 1 [April Fool's Day], which should be quite an event. Can't you send me some sunflower seeds for these little people? And for my own beak I would also like to order another "military cake," like the ones you've already sent a few times, they provide one with a slight foretaste of paradise. And now that I'm talking about lofty and super-lofty things, there's one more problem that gives me no rest: it seems that the world of the stars has gone all wrong, without my being to blame. I don't know for sure if you have noticed in the midst of your intense concern about Scheidemann, but last year an epoch-making discovery was revealed: the Englishman Walkey is said to have discovered "the center of the universe," and supposedly it's the star Canopus in the constellation Argo (in the southern hemisphere), which is "only" five hundred light years away from us and is approximately 1.5 million times larger than the sun. These dimensions don't impress me at all, I have become blasé. But I'm concerned about something else: a **single** center around which "everything" moves transforms the universe into a kind of round ball. Now I find it completely far-fetched to imagine the universe as a ball—a kind of giant potato dumpling or *bombe glacé*. The symmetry of such an image, when applied "to the whole," seems to me a completely fatuous petty-bourgeois conception. Since we are talking about nothing more and nothing less than the **infinity** of the universe, this is like thumbing one's nose at the concept [of infinity]. Because a "ball-shaped infinity" is certainly rubbish. And for my own spiritual comfort I must think of the infinite as something other than human stupidity! As you see, I literally have the "worries and concerns of the philosopher Kant." What does Hans Naivus think about this or his learned son [*filius*]? Now write a proper letter right away *de omnibus rebus*,⁶⁵² otherwise I will evict you from the main chamber of my heart, where you now sit right next to Mimi, and put you in a side chamber. —

Good Lord! I forgot the main thing: I have not yet finished the translation.⁶⁵³ Only seven signatures [*Bogen*] remain to be finished,

652 Latin: "about all things."

653 Luxemburg was translating from Russian to German the autobiographical novel by Vladimir Korolenko, *Istoriia moego sovremennika* (History of My Contemporary). Her translation was brought out

but first I must make a clean copy [of the drafts]. Can't the publisher make a judgment based on the twelve "signatures"?! But finally I must close.

I embrace you, your R.

N.B.: You can write directly to this address: Wronke i. P. [in Poznań], the Fortress, I will certainly get the letter.

If you receive a letter for me from Hänschen [Diefenbach], send it here without worrying. He can write to me about everything.

TO MARTA ROSENBAUM

[Wronke, between February 4 and 9, 1917]

My dear Martchen!⁶⁵⁴

I was so happy about your visit yesterday. It was so lovely, so comfortable and friendly, and I certainly hope that today and Sunday will be the same. For me your visit gives great refreshment to my soul, and I will now draw nourishment from it for many weeks to come. You provide so much healing warmth with your nearness, you dear soul. After a little while you'll come again, won't you? I'm already rejoicing over the next time. That is, if I continue to sit [in confinement] here. But in general you can feel at peace about me, really: I am now following the doctor's orders with the most painful exactness and have the firm hope of leaving here healthy and strong, so that you will find it a joy to see me at work and in battle. There will be very, very much work and battling to do. But I absolutely do not become disheartened. Dearest, history itself always knows best what to do about things, even when the situation looks most desperate. I speak this word not as some sort of comfortable fatalism! Quite the opposite! The human will must be spurred on to the utmost, and it's necessary to fight consciously with all one's might. What I mean is: The **success** of such conscious effort toward influencing the masses now, when everything **seems** so totally hopeless,

posthumously in Berlin in 1919 by Paul Cassirer Publishers. She wrote her "Introduction" to this book in July 1918 while in prison in Breslau; the German text of the "Introduction" is in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, pp. 302–31.

654 Diminutive, endearing form of Marta.

depends on the deep, elemental, hidden wellsprings of history, and I know from the lessons of history as well as from my personal experience in Russia that it is precisely when everything has the outward appearance of being terrible with absolutely no way out, just then a complete turnaround is being prepared, is in the making, and it proves to be all the more powerful because of [the delay]. In general, don't ever forget: We are linked with the laws of historical development, and these **never** fail, even if sometimes they don't go exactly according to some "plan F" that we have worked out. And so, in all eventualities: Hold your head high and don't let your courage fail.

I embrace you heartily with warmth and love, Your R.

[P.S.] Please also write to Hänschen [Diefenbach], [to say that] in the event that, as I suggest, he simply wants to show up here, then **Sunday** afternoon is best. Perhaps next Sunday? Of course he should not mention that he **knew** Sunday would be best, he should just come "on the off chance," because permission from the commandant takes too long. I guarantee that it will work.

TO MATHILDE JACOB

[Wronke, February 7, 1917]

My dear Mathilde!

My conscience is gnawing at me so: Marta [Rosenbaum] was here today, and I was in a completely lousy mood. But I will pull myself together for the next time. That you propose to pawn my birthday off onto Luise [Kautsky] is absolutely out of the question. I insist on what's coming to me. For weeks I've been happily looking forward to this visit of yours, and until now I've always had it [your visit] on my birthday, and now you want to play at magnanimity at my expense! I'm writing to Luise right now that I'm inviting her to come in May, and please be sure to inform me who [else] is coming to see me and when.

Today I received the verdict for insulting a criminal official: ten days of prison and court costs. Please take the necessary steps at the office of Dr. Weinberg. The verdict was sent from the following address: Schöffengericht Berlin-Mitte, Abteilung 136 [Special

Court, Central Berlin, Section 136]. It is dated January 25, and has the number 136 D 565/II 16. In the explanation of the grounds for the verdict there's nothing more than a restatement of the actions that I admitted to.⁶⁵⁵

Are you really upset about the finger I hurt? There's nothing to it: it's just that I shut the bureau drawer vigorously, forgetting that my little finger was still there, and it ended up being squashed, which I quite rightly deserved.

Oh, Mathilde, when will I sit with you and Mimi again in Südende and read Goethe aloud to both of you? Actually, right now, today, I want to recite a poem to you out of my head, it came back to me last night—God knows why. It's by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, the dear Swiss author who also wrote *Jürg Jenatsch*. Sit down now, take Mimi in your lap, and put that dear reverent, sheepish look on your face, as you are accustomed to do when I read something out loud to you. Now then. *Silentium!* [Silence!]

Hutten's Confession⁶⁵⁶

Here now I step across a grave, my own.
 Now, Hutten, won't you your confession make?
 Good Christian custom. I will beat my breast.
 What person has no consciousness of guilt?
 How I regret my late-come sense of duty,
 Regret my heart did not burn hot enough,
 Regret I did not enter into battle

655 The explanation of the grounds for the verdict against Luxemburg contains the following passage: "The accused is guilty of having insulted Constable Palm by word and deed, in Central Berlin on September 22, 1916, by shouting at him, 'You're just an ordinary police spy and a swine. Get out of here,' and at the same time throwing an inkpot at him ... The accused was under protective custody at the Berlin women's prison. On the day in question Constable Palm was present as overseer during her conversation with Mathilde Jacob. After the expiration of ten minutes he declared that the conversation was ended. The accused has now confessed to making the above-mentioned verbal insult. She denies having thrown anything at the police official."

656 Ulrich von Hutten (1488–1523) was a German humanist and poet, an outspoken advocate of the Reformation and ally of Martin Luther.

With sharper blows and with far greater zeal,
 Regret that only one time I was banished,
 Regret that often I knew human fears,
 Regret the day I struck no wounding blow,
 Regret the hour when I no armor wore,
 And, overcome now with remorse, regret
 That I was not three times more keen and bold.

You can have the closing part of this poem placed over my grave ... Did you take that seriously Mathilde? Hey, laugh at it. On my grave, as in my life, there will be no pompous phrases. Only two syllables will be allowed to appear on my gravestone: "Tsvee-tsvee." That is the call made by the large blue titmouse, which I can imitate so well that they all immediately come running. And just think, in this call, which is usually quite clear and thin, sparkling like a steel needle, in the last few days there has been quite a low, little trill, a tiny chesty sound. And do you know what that means, Miss Jacob? That is the first soft stirring of the coming spring. —In spite of the snow and frost and the loneliness, we believe—the titmice and I—in the coming of spring! And if out of impatience I don't live through it, then don't forget that on my gravestone **nothing** is to appear except that "Tsvee-tsvee"...

I embrace you and Mimi with terrible longing, Your R. L.

TO MATHILDE WURM

Wronke i. P., Fortress

February 16, 1917

(send your letters directly here

sealed and without the notation

"prisoner-of-war letter.")

My dear Tilde!

Letter, postcard, and cookies received—many thanks. Be at peace; despite the fact that you so boldly parried my thrust and are even challenging me to a duel,⁶⁵⁷ I remain as kindly disposed toward you

657 See above, the letter to Mathilde Wurm of December 28, 1916.

as ever. I had to laugh that you want to “engage in combat” with me. Girl, I sit firmly in the saddle, no one yet has stretched me out on the sand; I would be interested to see the one who can do it. It was for a different reason, though, that I had to smile: because you really don’t want to “engage in combat” with me at all, and you even depend on me politically more than you want to believe is true. I will always remain a compass for you, because your very nature tells you that I have the most unerring judgment—in my case all the distracting side issues fall away: anxiety or nervousness, routinism, parliamentary cretinism, things that color the judgment of others. You argue against my slogan, “Here I stand—I can do no other!” Your argument comes down to the following: that is all well and good, but human beings are too cowardly and weak for such heroism, ergo one must adapt one’s tactics to their weakness and to the principle *che va piano, va sano*.⁶⁵⁸ What narrowness of historical outlook, my little lamb! There is nothing more changeable than human psychology. That’s especially because the psyche of the masses, like Thalatta,⁶⁵⁹ the eternal sea, always bears within it every latent possibility: deathly stillness and raging storm, the basest cowardice and the wildest heroism. The masses are always what they **must** be according to the circumstances of the times, and they are always on the verge of becoming something totally different from what they seem to be. It would be a fine sea captain who would steer a course based only on the momentary appearance of the ocean’s surface and did not understand how to draw conclusions from signs in the sky and in the ocean’s depths. My dear little girl, “disappointment with the masses” is always the most reprehensible quality to be found in a political leader. A leader with the quality of greatness applies tactics, not according to the momentary mood of the masses, but according to higher laws of development, and sticks firmly to those tactics despite all disappointments and, for the rest, calmly allows history to bring its work to fruition.

With that let us close the debate. I willingly remain your friend.

Whether I also remain a teacher for you, as you want, depends on **you**.

658 The Italian phrase means literally “whoever walks softly, walks sensibly”; an equivalent English phrase is “slow but sure.”

659 The Greek word for sea is *thalassa*.

You reminisce about an evening six years ago when we were waiting by the shore of the Schlachtensee [a lake in Berlin] for the comet to appear.⁶⁶⁰ Oddly enough, I have absolutely no recollection of that. But you have awakened another memory for me. At that time on an October evening I was sitting with Hans Kautsky (the painter) by the Havel River, across from the Peacock Island, and we were also waiting to see the comet. The twilight had already deepened, but on the horizon a dim reddish-purple strip was still aglow, and it was mirrored in the Havel, transforming the surface of the water into a vast enormous rose petal. Across the way a buoy sounded softly, and in one area the water was sprinkled with many dark spots. These were wild ducks, who were taking a rest from their flight along the Havel, and their muffled cry, in which there is so much longing and a sense of vast, empty expanse—they were conveying that cry across the water to us. The mood was wonderful, and we were sitting there in silence as though entranced. I was looking toward the Havel River. Hans happened to be looking at me [with his back to the river]. Suddenly he behaved as though he were appalled and grasped me by the hand: What was wrong with me? he cried out. Behind his back a meteor had fallen and had flooded me with a green phosphorous light so that I looked as pale green as a corpse, and because I started and had a strikingly startled expression on my face, because of the same spectacle [behind his back] that he could not see, Hans probably thought I was having a fatal attack and was dying. (Later he created a beautiful big painting of that evening on the Havel.)

To me it is disastrous that you now have no time or mood for anything but “item number one,” namely the miserable state of the party, because such one-sidedness also clouds one’s political judgment, and above all one must at all times live as a complete human being. But look here, girl, if the fact is that you seldom get around to picking up a book, then at least read only **the good ones**, not such kitsch as the “Spinoza novel” which you sent me. What do you want with this theme of the “special suffering of the Jews”? I am just as much concerned with the poor victims on the rubber plantations of Putumayo, the Blacks in Africa with whose corpses the Europeans play catch. You know the words that were written

660 The reference was to Halley’s comet, which was visible in 1910.

about the great work of the General Staff, about Gen. Trotha's campaign in the Kalahari desert:⁶⁶¹ "And the death rattles of the dying, the demented cries of those driven mad by thirst faded away in the sublime stillness of eternity." Oh that "sublime stillness of eternity," in which so many cries of anguish have faded away **unheard**, they resound within me so strongly that I have no special place in my heart for the [Jewish] ghetto. I feel at home in the entire world, wherever there are clouds and birds and human tears.

Yesterday evening there were amazingly beautiful pink clouds above the walls of my fortress. I stood in front of my grated window and recited to myself my favorite poem by Mörike:

Into a friendly city I came one day.
 Along its streets the ruddy glow of sunset lay.
 From an open window just then,
 Across a most luxuriant spread of flowers,
 Far off I heard the golden trembling of bells,
 And a single human voice had the sound of a nightingale
 chorus,
 So that all the flowers quivered,
 So that all fragrances became more vivid,
 So that a higher redness touched the rose.

Long was I held there, dazed with delight, astonished.

How I came out of the city gates,
 To tell the truth, I do not know myself.

661 In 1904, in German Southwest Africa, the Herrero and Hottentot peoples rose up against the harsh colonial rule of German imperialism. To put down the uprising a force of 12,000 colonial troops was deployed under the command of General Lothar von Trotha. The indigenous people were driven out into the desert, cut off from their sources of water, and as a result tens of thousands were left to die a horrible death. General von Trotha also gave orders to shoot and kill women and children. Earlier, in 1900, von Trotha had commanded a German brigade during the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion in China; an alliance of Western governments employed mass murder to put it down. Von Trotha later became a leading member of the racist Thule Society, which greatly influenced the young Adolf Hitler.

And here—how lightly lies the world around me.

The heavens heave with crowds decked out in purple,
The city's in a golden haze, behind me.
How the stream roars amidst its alder bushes!
How the ground groans with the grinding millstones!

Like one who's drunk too much, I'm at a loss.
O Muse, you've moved my heart to tears,
With your silken fetters of love!

And so, may life treat you well, my fine young girl. Heaven knows when I'll have a chance to write you again. Nowadays I have no inclination for writing. But I owed you this one.

I send you a kiss and a hearty squeeze of the hand, your R.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke in Posen, March 5, 1917
(to celebrate the day)⁶⁶²

My dear Hänschen!

Your conjecturing about my impulsive nature, youthfulness, and flattering things like that is based on an error. Because, first of all, I **did** write to you—a beautiful letter, eight pages long—I merely didn't send it (as proof I'm enclosing the drawing that adorned that letter, perhaps you'll like it). Second, I was living with the persistent illusion, suggested by my own longing, that any day you were bound to make an appearance here in the flesh. But it seems that Herr von Kessel⁶⁶³ found out that he could strike at me in the most hurtful ways, and now he wants to put me to the test to see whether I can "withstand" this. Don't make the "withstanding" any harder by being angry at me, but keep on writing to me untiringly—be kind, loving, and patient with me, even if I'm not worth it—as you always have done.

662 March 5 was Luxemburg's birthday.

663 General Gustav von Kessel was Supreme Commander of the March of Brandenburg, and it was under his authority that Luxemburg was imprisoned under "military protective custody."

Actually, right now I'm going through a rather hard time. Things are repeating themselves exactly as last year at Barnim Street. For seven months I hold up sturdily, [but] in the eighth, [and] ninth [month], suddenly the nerves give way; every day that I have to live here becomes a small mountain that I climb laboriously, and every little trifle causes me painful irritation. In five days a full eight months of the second year of my solitude will be over. Surely then, as happened last year, a revitalization will come of its own accord, especially since spring will soon be on its way. By the way, everything would be much easier to live through if only I would not forget the basic rule I've made for my life: To be kind and good is the main thing! Plainly and simply, to be good—that resolves and unites everything and is better than all cleverness and insistence on “being right.” But who is here to remind me of that, since Mimi [the cat] is not here? At home so many times she knew how to lead me onto the right road with her long, silent look, so that I always had to smother her with kisses (in defiance of you!) and say to her: You're right, being kind and good is the main thing. So if you sometimes notice from my talk or my silence that I am contrary or grim, just refer me to that truthful saying of Mimi's, and—and you yourself should go ahead of me, setting the example: **You be** kind and good, even if I don't deserve it ...

Now, before anything else, many thanks—the list has grown quite long: for the booklets, for the saccharin (which is coming back to you with a bonus, because I received a large supply and you need it yourself), for the picture, the thermometer, the sweets, the two most recent books, and the portraits of Roman emperors, which teach by their graphic [negative] example the reaffirmation of republican convictions, but above all, thanks for your letters, which give me great consolation. It was a lot of fun for me to read about your epic adventure in Wronke; only it's too bad I wasn't in it with you and couldn't snatch even one ray of light from it. But my joy became [especially] boisterous at the letter in which, with all your cunning arts, you try to seduce me into someday reading Hebbel and in which you relish in advance the surprise [this would be] to my ignorance. How glad I am that you still remain the same old indestructible Hänschen and cannot possibly suppose that I know anything that did not come from your dear mentoring hands. O Hanneselein, I've known Hebbel longer than I've known you. I was already borrowing

him from Mehring at the time when my friendship with him was passing through its hottest epoch and the region between Steglitz [where Mehring lived] and Friedenau (where I was still living) was like a tropical landscape in which the primeval elephant [*Elephas primigenius*] was grazing and the slender giraffe was plucking green fronds from the phoenix palm. At that time—when Hänschen did not yet exist for Berlin, even in conception—I was reading *Agnes Bernauer*, *Mary Magdalene*, *Judith*, and *Herod and Mariamne* [plays by Hebbel]. I didn't get any further, though, because the tropical climate had to yield to the first great glacial period, and my fat Gertrud [Zlottko] had to travel to Steglitz with a laundry basket full of borrowed books and presents received earlier, in return for a shipment of the same sort which had made its appearance in Friedenau, the kind of thing that occurred customarily with each and every one of our estrangements. So I do know Hebbel, and I have a great, if cool, respect for him. I rank him, however, **far below** Grillparzer and Kleist. He has a lot of intelligence and beauty of form, but there is too little life and blood in his characters, they are to a great extent merely signboards, though cleverly thought out and subtly refined, merely vehicles illustrating particular problems. If you want to honor me with him [Hebbel] as a present, might I perhaps trade him for Grillparzer? Quite seriously I have a great love for the latter. I wonder if you know him and value him highly enough? If you want to read something magnificent, pick up the short fragment by him, *Judith*.⁶⁶⁴ The purest Shakespeare in conciseness, aptness, and popular humor, along with a tender, poetic touch that Shakespeare doesn't have. Isn't it laughable that in person Grillparzer was a dry-as-dust government official and quite a boring fellow. (See his autobiography, which is in almost as poor taste as Bebel's.)

But how do things stand with **your** reading? Are you provided for sufficiently? I, for my part, have in the recent past made a series of new acquaintances that I would very much like to lay at your feet. Thus, first of all—in case you're not yet familiar with it—there's *Emanuel Quint* by Gerhart Hauptmann (a novel). Do you know the paintings of Christ by Hans Thoma? You'll have a similar experience of the image of Christ in this book [by Hauptmann]: the

664 Luxemburg was referring to the fragment by Grillparzer entitled *Esther*.

way he [Christ] walks, slender and tall, veiled in a dark-reddish glow, through fields of ripe grain, and to the left and right of his dark figure soft waves of purple flow over the silver tassels of grain. There [in that book] one issue caught my attention, among countless others, an issue that I've never seen portrayed elsewhere and one that I have felt deeply in my own life: the tragedy of a person who preaches to the crowd and who is aware that every word, the moment it leaves the mouth, is coarsened and becomes congealed in the minds of its listeners in distorted form as a caricature; and on the basis of this caricature, the preacher is now nailed fast and in the end is surrounded by disciples, who rage around, shouting crudely: "Show us the miracle! That's what you taught us. Where is your miracle?" It's absolutely ingenious the way Hauptmann portrays this. Hänschen, one should never form a finished and final judgment about people, they can always surprise you, in the bad sense, but also, praise God, in the good sense. I considered Hauptmann a perfect stuck-up nitwit [*Fatzke*], and now the fellow swings around with a book so full of depth and greatness that I would like best to immediately write him a feverishly burning letter. I know that **you** would encourage me to do that, just as you wanted me to write to Ricarda Huch. But I am too shy and retiring for such ostentatious confessions. It's enough for me if I confess to **you**.

I have a thousand more things I would like to say to you. When are you finally going to come here? Aff'ly.⁶⁶⁵ Your R.

[P.S.] Please pass on my greatest thanks to the March[lews]kis for *Ingeborg* by Kellermann and many best wishes. I hope to visit their domain someday and get to know the charming Jagoda.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke i. P., March 27, 1917

L. H. [Liebes Hänschen—Dear Hans]

What's going on with you? You wrote me on the 13th that you would send a long, detailed letter "tomorrow," and then you've been

665 Here where Luxemburg used the abbreviation *Herzl.*, presumably for *Herzlich*, we have used an abbreviation, "Aff'ly," for "Affectionately."

silent for two weeks. I've already had the blackest forebodings concerning your [possible] illness, sudden departure, etc., etc. And then after the bitter disappointment of the refusal [refusal by the military authorities to allow Diefenbach to visit Luxemburg], letters are now for me the only consolation. So improve yourself and do better. And don't write at such length in a single letter, or at least send postcards more frequently in between letters. What does it mean, by the way, that you are now "working hard"? After all you are a patient!! Or what kind of "work" did you mean?

You can well imagine what a turmoil [the news from] Russia⁶⁶⁶ has stirred within me. So many old friends who have been languishing in prison for years in Moscow, in St. Petersburg, Orel, or Riga are now walking around free. How much that lightens the burden for me of sitting here! A comical *change de place* [changing of places], is it not? But I am content with it and do not begrudge them their freedom even if **my** chances have become so much the worse as a direct result ...

As for my visit to Dr. L[ehmann], the cure [that he suggests] can fundamentally be reduced to the advice that the good old parson at Ufenau gave to Hutten when he was deathly ill:

"... Now you will find peace here,
Don't listen to what's outside you,
Don't listen to anything beyond me,
By this quiet bay the storm of time subsides,
Hutten, forget that Hutten's who you are!"

And in reply to that Hutten says:

666 In Petrograd, Russia's capital, over the course of five days, beginning on International Women's Day, March 8, 1917 (February 23 by the old Russian calendar), strikes and mass demonstrations by hundreds of thousands of workers against food shortages, against the war, and against the rule of the tsar culminated on March 12, when the 150,000 soldiers of the Petrograd garrison mutinied and went over to the side of the workers, causing the downfall of the tsarist regime. Tsar Nicholas II abdicated on March 15, terminating the 300-year rule of the Romanov dynasty. A "dual power" arose, with Councils of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies forming in all parts of Russia and exercising at least as much real authority as the Provisional Government.

“Your counsel is, dear friend, miraculous;
I **should not** live when live is what I must!”

Well, I have never been accustomed to grieving for long over the unattainable, and with all my soul I am attached to the present moment and the beauty that it offers. My worst time, by the way, has already passed and I am breathing more freely—the ominous eighth month came to an end yesterday.⁶⁶⁷ We had a cheerful sunny day here, even if it was rather cool; and the jumble of bushes, still bare and leafless, in my little garden shimmered in the sunshine with all the colors of the rainbow. On top of that the larks were trilling up high in the sky, and there was a hint of spring despite the snow and cold. Then it occurred to me that last year at this time I was still free, and during the Easter season I sat with Karl [Liebknecht] and his wife in the Garrison Church [listening to] the St. Matthew’s Passion.

Yet who needs Bach and the St. Matthew’s Passion? When I was simply roaming around the streets of Südende on a lukewarm spring day—I believe that everyone there already knew me from the way I dreamily wandered around—both hands in the pockets of my jacket, with no destination, just to gawk and gaze around and breathe life in—from the houses came the sounds of the beating of mattresses [for spring cleaning] at Easter time, a hen clucked loudly somewhere, little school kids were scrapping with each other on the way home in the middle of the roadway with bright cries and laughter, an urban transit train as it chugs past gives off a short whistle of greetings, a heavy beer wagon rattles down the street, and the hooves of its horses clomp rhythmically and vigorously over the railroad bridge—all those things in the bright sunshine produce such a symphony, such an “Ode to Joy,” as no Bach or Beethoven could reproduce, and my heart rejoices about everything, even the plainest, dullest detail.

I stand next to other gawkers at the little Südende railroad station, in front of which small groups of some sort are always lounging around. Do you know what else? On the left there’s a flower shop and on the right a cigar shop. How splendid is the jumble of colors

667 On October 26 Luxemburg, held in prison under “military protective custody,” was transferred from the Barnim Street women’s prison in Berlin to the Wronke fortress in the province of Poznań.

in the window of the flower shop! The pretty woman shopkeeper smiles at me from inside, looking over at me above the flowers that she's selling to some lady, she knows me well, because I never go past without buying, even with my last ten pennies, a little bouquet. In the window of the cigar store hang colorful lottery tickets. Aren't they delightful? And I smile, made happy by the sight of tickets for betting on horses. Inside the store, the door of which is kept wide open, someone is talking loudly on the telephone (for only five pennies): "Yes. What? Yes. So then I'll come at five o'clock. Yes. All right then. So long. Until five o'clock. See you then! Adieu!"... How congenial is this fat-sounding voice and this stupid conversation! How gratifying it seems to me that this gentleman will arrive somewhere right at five o'clock. I nearly want to call out to him: "Give them greetings from me."—I don't even know to whom. To whomever you want ... Two old women are standing there with market bags on their arms and gossiping with the usual mysteriously grim expressions on their faces. I find them lovable ... On the corner the emaciated, one-eyed newspaper guy is toddling along, he rubs his hands and shouts like an automaton with his eternal "*Vossische Zeitung*, with pickchahs." ... When the weather is gray—I had to go past here every day on my way to the party school—this man with his bizarre accent brought me to despair, and I lost all hope, every time, that something sensible could become of my life. Now, because he was bathed in April sun from top to toe, I find his "pickchahs" touching, I smile at him as at an old friend, and by buying the *Vossische* I try to make up for all the sour looks I had shot at him during the winter ... On the other corner is a small Schultheiss restaurant with its yellow jalousies always lowered; the veiled and dirty window panes and the tables outside in the front garden with gravel underfoot, with the eternal red and blue checked tablecloths, which otherwise used to seem so melancholy to me that I had to rush by in order not to break out in tears, these things today seem to me actually pretty. Look how the shadows from the boughs of the nearby oak trees flash and waver slightly back and forth on the tables. —Can there be anything more lovely? And here at the baker's the door is constantly opening and closing with a loud creaking sound. Neatly dressed servant girls and little children go in and come back out loaded with white packages. Doesn't this busy creaking of the door, which somehow blends with the appetizing flavor of

the baked goods from the store and the chirping of the sparrows in the roadway, doesn't all of it together create a good mood and speak of something that is self-evidently right and proper? Doesn't it seem to say: "I am life, and life is beautiful." ... Now there comes diving out of the bakery, in front of which I am standing and gawking, an age-old, bent-over woman, the grandmother of the shoemaker who lives on my street. "Miss, you ought to come visit us some time to have coffee," she says to me with her toothless mouth. (Everyone in Südende calls me "Miss," I don't know why.) I can barely understand her, but I cheerfully promise to come for coffee some time. Quite definitely. And she nods at me smiling, and her entire wrinkled old face glows. "Well, quite definitely then!" she cries back at me. Lord God, how good and kind all people really are; a woman whom I don't know at all greets me and looks around, smiling at me. Probably I look like something peculiar with my face aglow with happiness and my hands in my pockets. But so what? What does that matter to me! Is there really any higher happiness than to stand around this way with no destination, out on the street in the spring sunshine, hands in the pockets and a little bunch of posies for ten pennies in one's buttonhole?

Hänschen, I believe that Poznań lies to the east of Wronke. That means the April sun will come to you first. So then, send it to me as quick as you can, so that it can show me the wonder of life again, which lies everywhere out on the streets, and that will make me once again good and kind, lucid, and at peace ... R

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke i. P., March 30, 1917

L. H. [Liebes Hänschen—Dear Hans]

In the midst of my lovely, laboriously achieved state of equilibrium, last night before going to sleep I was again seized by a despair blacker than the night. And today is also another gray day, without sun—a cold east wind ... I feel like a frozen bumblebee; have you ever found a bumblebee like that in the garden after the first frosty autumn morning, lying on its back quite cold and still as though dead, lying in the grass with its little legs drawn in and its little

fur coat covered with hoarfrost? Only when the sun warms it thoroughly do the little legs slowly start to move and extend themselves, then the little body starts to turn over [getting off its back], and finally the bumblebee clumsily rises into the air with a grumbling, droning sound. I always made it my business to kneel down next to such a frozen bumblebee and waken it back to life by blowing on it with my warm breath. If only the sun would wake poor me from this deathly coldness! Meanwhile I fight against the devils in my insides like Luther—by means of the inkwell. And therefore you must serve as a kind of sacrificial lamb and put up with a barrage of letters. Until you have loaded your big guns I will be peppering you with my small-caliber fire so much that it will keep you frightened and on edge. By the way, if you loaded your cannon with the same speed at the front [as in writing to me], then our current retreat on the Somme and at Ancre really doesn't surprise me, and you will surely have it on your conscience if we have to make peace without annexing beautiful Flanders.

I thank you very much for the small book by Ricarda Huch about [Gottfried] Keller. Last week, when I was in quite a wretched mood, I read it with pleasure. Ricarda is really an extremely clever and intelligent person, only her so evenly balanced, restrained, and self-controlled style seems to me somewhat forced. Her classicism strikes me as somewhat **pseudo**-classical and overly deliberate. Whoever is truly rich and free within themselves can indeed give of themselves naturally at any time and let their passion sweep them along without being untrue to themselves. I've also been reading Gottfried Keller again: the *Zurich Novellas* and *Martin Salander*. Please don't hit the ceiling over this, but Keller definitely cannot write a novel or a novella. What he produces is always a **story**, he tells a tale about long-gone, dead things and people, but I never experience something happening in the present. I constantly see only the teller of tales, who digs up all sorts of lovely old memories, as old people like to do. Only the first part of *Der grüne Heinrich* really **lives**. In spite of that, Keller always does me good, because he's such a fine fellow, who one finds quite loveable and with whom one is happy to sit and chat about the most insignificant things and listen to his recollections in minutest detail.

I've never known such a springtime or experienced one to such a full extent as the one last year at this time. Maybe that's because it

came after a year in a prison cell⁶⁶⁸ or because at that time I had an exact knowledge of every bush and every blade of grass and therefore I could follow the unfolding in every particular detail. Do you remember, only a few years ago in Südde, in the case of a yellow-blossoming bush, we tried so hard to guess what it was likely to be. You made "the proposal" that we recognize it to be "laburnum." Of course it was no such thing! How glad I am that three years ago I suddenly plunged into the study of botany the way I do everything, immediately, with all my fire and passion, with my entire being, so that the world, the party, and my work faded away for me and only one passion filled me up both day and night: to be outdoors roaming about in the springtime fields, to gather plants until my arms were full, and then at home to put them in order, identify them, and put them between the pages of a scrapbook to dry. How I lived through the whole springtime then as though in a fever, how much I suffered when I sat in front of a new little plant and for a long time couldn't identify it and didn't know how to classify it; many times I almost fainted, fretting over such cases, so that Gertrud [Zlottko] became so worried that she threatened to take the plants away from me. As a result I am now at home in the realm of greenery. I have conquered it—by storm—and what you take on with fire and passion becomes firmly rooted inside you.

Last spring I had another partner in these wanderings: Karl [Liebknecht]. Perhaps you know how he lived for many years: always busy with parliament, [sitting in] sessions, commissions, discussions, in a rush and under pressure, always leaping from the streetcar onto the electric train and from the electric train into a car, all his pockets crammed full with notepads, his arms full of freshly bought newspapers, which he could not possibly have had time to read, his body and soul covered with dust from the street, and yet all the while with a kind and loving young smile on his face. Last spring I forced him to take a brief pause, to remember that aside from the Reichstag and the State Assembly [of Prussia] a world also existed, and he went strolling with Sonja [Liebknecht] and me several times through the fields and in the botanical garden. How happy he could become,

668 Luxemburg served one year in the women's prison on Barnim Street in Berlin, from February 18, 1915, to February 18, 1916. This prison sentence resulted from a February 1914 trial, where she was convicted on the basis of her antiwar speeches of 1913–14.

like a child, at the sight of a birch tree with its young catkins! Once we took a hike across the fields toward Marienfelde. You also know that way—do you know what I'm talking about?—We took that route together once in the fall, and we had to make our way over the stubble in the fields. Last April with Karl, however, it was in the morning, and the fields were covered with fresh green sprouts from the winter sowing. A mild wind was chasing gray clouds across the sky by fits and starts here and there, and the fields gleamed at one moment in bright sunshine and at the next moment would darken in shadow into an emerald green—a magnificent play of color as we tramped along in silence. Suddenly Karl stopped and stood still and began jumping in a bizarre way, but with a serious expression on his face the whole time. I looked at him with astonishment and was even a bit frightened. "What's going on with you?" "I feel so blissful," he answered simply, at which of course we all burst out laughing like fools. Aff'ly. R.

[P.S.] You wrongly wanted to classify me as "the fairest gem" in the pearl necklace of Hindenburg's "apes from Asia and Africa." According to the official explanation, I am **not** a "prisoner of war." The proof: I have to pay for the stamps for my letters.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke i. P., April 5, 1917

L. H. [Liebes Hänschen—Dear Hans]

Good day! This little arrow of mine ought to nail you right at the threshold of your room, in order to bring you the most heart-felt Easter greetings from Wronke and many thanks for the three letters and six deluxe volumes of Grillparzer. First to reassure you, I've received **everything** from you right on time except for that one mysterious letter of the 20th, which has gone astray somewhere, and after all, that sometimes happens "even in the best of families." You can, therefore, continue to write fresh letters to me without worrying. To keep track, from now on we will **number** the letters (**not** the postcards), but you must make notes on all this for yourself, so that there will be no confusion.

Your long letter of March 24–29 was deeply troubling to me because of its strained and dejected tone, but probably the reason for that was that you worked on it [the letter], like our beloved Lord God in creating the world, for six whole days, and naturally in both cases with such a method nothing perfect could result. Seriously, Hänschen, your depression, which speaks out so clearly in that letter as well as in the short one that followed, has been a great cause of concern for me. What's going on at home? Is your old man not doing well? Is something not right with your aunt, or with your sister? Give me a little hint.

How glad I am that in two weeks you'll be coming back to Poznań! What crass egotism I'm displaying, isn't that right? But it really is comical: even though I see you certainly as little when you're here as when you were in France, the feeling of your geographical closeness actually gives me quite a different desire to correspond with you compared to the two years when you were floating back and forth at unknown distances between Glogau and Gorsous.

I have finished Hebbel's [play entitled] *The Nibelungen*, which I bought for myself in Poznań, and I am—please don't take it the wrong way—really and truly disappointed. I consider the *Nibelungen* his weakest work; there is no comparison, in terms of finished quality and firm musculature, with his *Judith*, his *Herod*, or his *Gyges*. He was obviously unable to master the great quantity of material, he gets tangled up, wanders off onto side issues, and produces no effect, at least not on me. But above all: he is eternally treating one and the same question: the power struggle between men and women. This is a purely academic issue that is spun out artificially and hardly exists in reality. Because either a woman is a true personality—by this I don't mean a so-called “intimidating woman” but a heart full of inner goodness and firmness, which one can find in a peasant hut as well as in a bourgeois family—because she establishes herself completely and remains a moral victor even when she gives in on small matters. Or else she is inwardly a nonentity—and then once again there is no problem ...

Hänschen, a wasp! Really the first young slender wasp, which obviously just woke up this morning, and it's buzzing away right now in my room! It flew in through the open window and immediately hurled itself against the closed upper pane. One inch below it the window is wide open, but it continues to bore away at the upper

window and constantly keeps sliding up and down, back and forth, with an angry buzzing as if someone else were to blame for it being so dumb. Oh, how lovely it is, and what a reminder of home is its persistent, low-decibel buzzing! It's such a reminder of summer, of the heat, and of my open balcony in Südende with the broad view out onto the fields and groves of trees shimmering in the heat, and of Mimi [the cat] lazily lying in the sun all folded together like a soft package, blinking up at the buzzing wasp. And now I have work to do, as I do every summer: I have to climb up on a chair and, however far up it is, reach to the upper windowpane, take hold of the wasp ever so carefully, and deliver it once again to freedom, because otherwise it would torment itself against the glass until it was half dead. They don't do anything to me; out in the open they even land on my lips, and that's very ticklish; but I'm worried about doing harm **to the wasp** when I take hold of it. In the end it all worked out, and suddenly it's completely quiet here in the room. Yet in my ear and heart a sunny echo still keeps buzzing. Hänschen, be cheerful and happy, after all life is so beautiful! The wasp has said so again, and it knows what it's talking about. Best wishes to your old man and to your aunt. R.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

Wronke in Posen, April 13, 1917

My dearest Klara!

A thousand thanks for the marvelous batch of flowers you sent for Easter. I've been able to rig up an entire special little table just for flowers here, and I feel I'm in royal splendor. The basket came exactly on Saturday morning just before the holiday. But I didn't receive a note from you; I mention that only for "double-checking," because you also have complained to Miss J. [Mathilde Jacob] about new painful feelings [of neglect], whereas I had written to you twice during March—though they were postcards only, because I assumed they would be more likely to reach you than a sealed letter. Miss J. says that you're also constantly concerned about me. **For no reason at all**, dearest. I am doing very well now. It's true that during the last two months I had to deal with nervous tension to some extent, just

as I did at Barnim Street last year, but now I'm completely in good health and hope in the near future to do some hard work. The news from Russia and the coming of spring also tend to make a person feel fresh and lively. The Russian events have immense, incalculable implications, and I regard what has happened there so far as only a small overture. Things there are bound to develop into something colossal. It's in the nature of the situation. And an echo throughout the world is inevitable.

Spring is coming, though very hesitantly. In my little garden here no green is yet to be seen. But after the appearance of buds I've already identified all the bushes and expect quite a magnificent blossoming. Among them are: two young sycamores, one large silver poplar, one "acacia" (or that's what people call it, in reality it's: *Robinia*), two small chestnut trees, two ornamental cherry trees (like the ones you have at the entrance to your garden, with the blood-red foliage), several ornamental currant bushes (the yellow-blossoming *Ribes*), several snowberries [*Schneebeeren*], a red *Cornus*, which has white blossoms and blue berries, some privet bushes, two hazel bushes, and in addition a lot of lilacs! These bushes will bloom one after another beautifully, and I'm waiting for that without impatience, because the buds alone give me great joy. As for birds, in addition to my titmice and blackbirds, the following come here: chaffinch, siskin, bluetit, and wagtail. The chaffinch comes at 7 every morning and calls at the window for food; the little rascal is quite tame. Don't send any more birdseed, dearest. These rascals don't want to hear anything about ordinary grain even during the winter. Only Knorr's rolled oats, sausage, and bits of cake—that's the only thing they ever want to have, anything else they simply leave lying there, and naturally I have to put out what they order. —

Many tiny mice have come to us in the prison from out in the fields, because it has been so rainy and wet out there. One of them chewed a big hole in a silk dress in my closet, [and] I'm afraid that the coloring of the silk was poisonous, because day before yesterday, unfortunately, I found one of them dead; to make up for it I've strewn bits of cake around for them, but the silk definitely seems to be bad for them; I can't do anything about it, but I feel so awful when I find one of these charming little creatures lying there as a corpse. —

You wrote to Miss J[acob] again that my favorite cats at your house died, does that mean that Mohrle [the little Moor] is no

more?! That would be awful. Why is it that the little cats are passing away like that? After all, they were so well taken care of. Does that mean you don't have any now? Mimi is quite well as ever. I have a great desire to have her brought here, but I fear the train trip would be too disturbing for her. You know how I've tried to avoid causing her any disturbance, ever since the time of that incident out in the fields. —Miss J[acob] recently obtained a reclining chair and a wicker chair for me, and I can be outside all day long now, only there's still not enough sun, and it's too windy; nevertheless, I spend three or four hours out in the open every day.

Write to me exactly how you are doing. I must let you know that once again I'm asking for the *Gleichheit*. I subscribed to it at first, and then, since two copies were coming, I didn't renew the subscription, and now I don't get any. (To make up for it I get two copies of *Vorwärts*, when only one is bad enough for me! ...) Hannes [Dieffenbach] is now at home [in Stuttgart], and I expect that he will see you and then report to me—if only by letter. For Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin] I recently sent you a small book, because I thought he could surely pick it up from you. Probably Karl's wife [Sophie Liebknecht], who is now in Stuttgart, will also visit you. She was down with a bad case of the nerves, but she does everything so unreasonably; she ought to go to a sanatorium now in order to recover completely, but instead of that she's sitting in a hotel in Stuttgart for weeks on end, which cannot possibly be good for her. Try to persuade her to go on a trip if she's still there! —

De Coster's *Honeymoon Journey* is of course much weaker than his *Tyll Ulenspiegel*, but I am very grateful to you that I have come to know this book. Did you perhaps read the Broodcoorens book⁶⁶⁹ again quickly, the one I sent to Costia? It is a splendid piece of work. —Please confirm the receipt of this letter right away and report to me exactly how you and the Poet are doing and what Costia is up to. Also an exact report on the animals and the garden.

I embrace you many times and send greetings to the Poet with all my heart. Your R.

669 The reference is to the novel *Red Flemish Blood* by Pierre Broodcoorens, which appeared in German translation in 1916.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

Wronke i. P., April 15, 1917

Beloved Lulu!

Your short letter before Easter because of its extremely depressed tone troubled me deeply, and I've immediately taken it upon myself to drill some sense into your head once again. Tell me, how can you possibly keep singing your little song of woe, like some unhappy cicada, when such a bright chorus of larks' song is ringing out from Russia? Don't you realize it's our own cause that is winning out triumphantly there, that World History in person is fighting her battles there and dancing the carmagnole, drunk with joy? When our common cause is going forward so well, must not all our private miseries be forgotten?

I know it saddens you that I am not free right now to gather up the sparks that are flying about over there, to help and to provide direction there and elsewhere. Certainly that would be a fine thing, and you can imagine how every part of me is itching to do that, and every bit of news from there hits me like an electric shock that I feel all the way to my fingertips. But my not-being-able-to-take-part doesn't get me down, not one bit, nor does it occur to me to diminish my own joy over these events by moaning and groaning about something I cannot change.

You see, I've just learned from the history of the past few years, and looking farther back, from history as a whole, that one should not overestimate the impact or effect that one individual can have. Fundamentally the powerful, unseen, plutonic forces in the depths are at work, and they are decisive, and in the end everything straightens itself out, so to speak, "of its own accord." Don't get me wrong: I'm not pronouncing my word in favor of a cheap, fatalistic optimism, which only seeks to veil its impotence, the kind of outlook that, precisely in the case of your esteemed spouse [Karl Kautsky], is so hateful to me. No, no, I am ready at my post at all times and at the first opportunity will begin striking the keys of World History's piano with all ten fingers so that it will really boom. But since right now I happen to be "on leave" from World History, not through any fault of my own but because of external compulsion, I just laugh to myself and rejoice that things are moving ahead without me, and I believe with rock-hard certainty that all will go well. History always

knows how to manage for the best even when it seems to have run into a blind alley of the most hopeless kind.

Dearest, when one has the bad habit of looking for a drop of poison in any blossom, one finds good reason, as long as one lives, to be moaning and groaning. If you take the opposite approach, and look for the honey in every blossom, then you'll always find reason to be cheerful. Besides, believe me, the time that I—and others as well—spend behind bars, under lock and key, will not be in vain. In the great overall settling of accounts this too will somehow prove to be of value. I am of the opinion that one should, without trying to be too crafty or racking one's brains too much, simply live the way one feels is right and not always expect to be repaid immediately with cash in hand. Everything will come out right in the end. And if not—to me it's all the same. I say "oh well" [*ooch schnuppe*]; either way, I am enjoying life so much, every morning I thoroughly inspect the condition of the buds on all my bushes, and every day I visit a little red ladybug with two black spots on its back, which in spite of the wind and the cold, I have been keeping alive for a week on a little bough warmly surrounded by cotton wool, and I observe the clouds, how they are constantly being renewed and becoming ever more beautiful, and—on the whole I feel that I am no more important than the ladybug and I am inexpressibly happy with this sense of my insignificance.

Above all: the clouds! What an inexhaustible source of enchantment for a pair of human eyes! Yesterday, Saturday, around 5 in the afternoon, I stood leaning against the wire fence that separates my little garden from the rest of the prison yard, I let the sun shine on my back and looked east. There a large cloud formation was piling up against the pale blue background of the sky, its color was of the most tender gray, and above it there was a light glimmering of pink as if some force from behind had breathed it out; it cast a spell as though it were an entire distant world in which endless peace and quiet, gentleness, and refinement reigned. All in all, it seemed like a gentle smile, like a vague beautiful memory from early childhood, or when sometimes one awakens in the morning with the cozy feeling of having dreamed something very beautiful without being able to remember exactly what. The prison yard was empty and, as always, I was alone, a stranger to everything around me. From the open windows of the prison came the thumping and knocking sounds of

Saturday's scrubbing and scouring, and now and then a loud reprimanding voice could be heard; meanwhile the chaffinch, way up high in the poplar tree, kept repeating its birdcall over and over, and the trunk of the poplar tree, which is still quite bare and leafless, gave off a silvery gleam in the slanted rays of the departing sun. Everything breathed of such peace, and my gaze was fixed on the softly smiling cloud formation far off there in the sky. —I stood there as though enchanted, and I thought to myself, and to all of you: Do you not see how beautiful the world is? Do you not have eyes as I do and a heart like I do to rejoice in it all?

Today I began the book *Wallenstein* by Ricarda Huch and am deeply thankful to you for the book. It refreshes me tremendously with its lively activity of thought, as well as the enjoyment felt in depicting human fates, a joy that speaks so distinctly from every line of the book. Of course it is not a work of exact science; her conception of history has no serious basis at all, is thoroughly dilettantish, and for the most part is actually distorted. But for me it's not the person or the book that forms my opinion but the fundamental material out of which the book and the person are made. Opinions that are quite wrong don't bother me at all as long as I find an inner integrity, a lively intelligence, and the joy of an artist in painting a picture of the world and of life. How lovely it is that one constantly finds, just around the corner, new people in whom one can delight! ...

I very much want of course to place at the disposal of Julek [Marchlewski] the volumes you translated from the papers of Marx and Engels,⁶⁷⁰ but I'm waiting to do that until the next visit, because it is not so certain that people will get mail in their hands if I am the sender. What do you think? Incidentally, I don't even know his [Julek's] address. Perhaps I can hand them over soon to you in person! Let's hope so. Let me know right away when you get permission or information [about a visit to Wronke].

670 Luise Kautsky had translated into German many writings in English from the papers of Marx and Engels, including Marx's newspaper articles published in the *New York Herald*. The translation came out in two volumes, edited by N. Ryazanov (Stuttgart, 1917), under the title *Gesammelte Schriften von Karl Marx und Friedrich Engels 1852 bis 1862* (Collected Writings of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, 1852–1862).

As for my translation,⁶⁷¹—I want to speed it up now; it was hard for me to work the last few months, but now I want to do better. So have patience with me.

That you are getting along so well now with Mathilde J[acob] is a great relief for me. In this case once again you experience something that I believe in firmly: one can only understand people correctly when one feels love for them.

And now be cheerful for me, do you hear? Don't grumble about the gray weather, but instead study how beautiful and many-splendored this very gray sky is. And don't have such impatient haste about the coming of spring, because, as usual, it all goes by so quickly! Now a person can at least enjoy the anticipation. Write me again very soon, so that I can see that you are in a better mood. Hannes [Diefenbach] reported to me about the failed rendezvous—as usual—that the two of you were supposed to have at Friedrich Street. [By the way,] I'm already rejoicing at the thought of his return to Poznań province.

A heartfelt embrace to you and, inclusively, to the unworthy Igel [Hans Kautsky] from your R.

[P.S.] Greetings from me to Bendel [Kautsky, the youngest son], also to Hilferding. Henriette [Roland-Holst] could write to me here sometime, but of course not about politics.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke i P., April 16, 1917

Hänschen, yesterday your [letter] No. 1 greatly brightened up my Sunday. Today it's raining in torrents here, and yet early in the morning I roamed around my little garden for two hours—as always without an umbrella and wearing only my old hat and wrapped in the cape Grandmother [Minna] Kautsky gave me. It was so lovely to think and daydream as I walked, while the rain soaked through my hat and hair to run down my face and down my neck. Even the birds were cheerful. A large titmouse, whom I have especially befriended, often goes with me on my walks, and this is how she does it: I go up

671 Luxemburg was translating Korolenko's *History of My Contemporary*.

and down the two sides of the garden along the walls, but the titmouse keeps pace with me, staying at my side by hopping from bush to bush, and on occasion flying ahead, then coming back. Isn't that sweet? Neither of us shies away from any kind of weather, and we have already taken daily walks together amid snow flurries. Today the birdie looked so windblown, wet, and bedraggled, and no doubt I did too, but we were both feeling fine the whole time.

Now, however, it's so stormy this afternoon that we're not going out any more. The titmouse is sitting on the grating of my window, tilting her head left and right to try and see me through the windowpane, but I'm just sitting here at my desk, working and enjoying the ticking of the clock, which makes the room feel so snug and cozy.

As for the food question, weather like this—as far as I understand—is quite deadly. It's impossible now to till the fields to prepare for the summer sowing. It's too late for that. But the winter crops have surely suffered from the late frost. Last year around this time in Südde the winter wheat was already twenty to twenty-five centimeters high, and in March the summer fields had already been tilled. On top of that, the floods are still to come. The poor people “from the lower depths” will have to pay for that, as always ... Now your old man has good reason to rant and rave, [for] the very skies seem to be in the pay of England.

Your Berlin-Stuttgart odyssey is shocking. There is one good thing, however, that will not be available to you, [and that is] that this time you can't consider dumping the blame for all the spiteful actions of an inanimate object on my poor sinner's head, as during our famous Christmas trips to Stuttgart. The idea of traveling to Nuremburg for a few days of peace and quiet and to other peaceful nests in the Palatinate, is very enticing. I have only a vague, foggy image of Nuremburg, as I do of all the cities in which I found myself only because of a party congress or some public meeting. From the last public meeting [in Nuremburg] before the war I remember only that on the podium there was a giant bouquet of bright red carnations that interfered very much with the speech I was giving; and I remember that just as I was about to open my mouth there rang out a cry, which at first I could not understand. “Medical assistance!” The problem was that the meeting hall was filled to overflowing, so much so that three people fainted and had to be carried out of the

room, the kind of thing that always has a depressing effect on me. I had to pull myself together good and proper before my speech could catch fire.

To make up for that, during the party congress⁶⁷² someone dragged me away from one of the evening sessions and took me for a tour in a comfortable Landau that went slowly through the city for several hours. It was the end of September, the city was in a bluish autumnal haze, out of which there loomed the fortress covered with foliage near the cemetery, as well as the high-peaked roofs and churches, very fantastically and brightly colored, with a medieval appearance, and over everything there lay the dark-red glow of departing day, while the shadows of twilight were already thickening down below in the alleyways and nooks and corners. The vision of those moments that has remained in my mind is quite wonderful, especially the contrast between the divine peace and beauty outdoors, with the steady clop-clopping of the horse's hooves, and the strife-torn confusion and tormentingly painful tastelessness encountered at the scene of the party congress. I don't even know any more who was sitting next to me in the carriage; I only know that I didn't utter a single word during the entire journey, and when I got out in front of my hotel I fleetingly caught sight of a face with an expression of disappointment. I definitely want to go to Nuremburg again, but without any public meeting or party congress, and to make up for that to have a volume of Mörike or Goethe, from which you have so often read to me in your deep bass boy's voice.

What a shame that you can't read Shakespeare to me here and now, the way we read through the entire *Wallenstein* trilogy.⁶⁷³ (I've had my William [Shakespeare books] brought to me here. You know, it's as Goethe said:

To belong to one woman only,
To admire one man only,
It's like the oneness of heart and mind!
Lida! Joy of closest closeness,

672 The reference is to the SPD Party Congress in Nuremburg, September 13–19, 1908.

673 The trilogy by Friedrich Schiller, *Wallensteins Lager* (Wallenstein's Military Camp), *Die Piccolomini* (The Piccolomini), and *Wallensteins Tod* (Wallenstein's Death).

William! Star of highest highness,
I've both of you to thank for what I am!

[*Einer Einzigen angehören,
Einen Einzigen verehren,
Wie vereint das Herz und Sinn!
Lida! Glück der nächsten Nähe,
William! Stern der höchsten Höhe,
Euch verdank' ich, was ich bin!*]

Lida is of course [Goethe's paramour, Charlotte] von Stein.) My renewed interest in him [Shakespeare] was awakened by—you will be amazed—the theater critic of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. He writes in an extremely stimulating and intellectually rich manner. Here for example is his commentary on a female character in *As You Like It*. "This Rosalind is a woman after the poet's heart. She is both lady and child of nature, she knows what is proper and she thumbs her nose at all propriety, she is not erudite and yet she knows how to say the cleverest things. She is full of high spirits and full of modesty. She can be all these things because her instincts are sure, and trusting her healthy instincts, she dances, leaps, and strides through the world as though no danger could seriously threaten her. And it is not as though this was the only instance in which Shakespeare portrays a self-confident young woman. In his works one encounters several of this type. We do not know if he ever associated with a woman who was like Rosalind, or Beatrice or Portia, whether he worked from living models or created images that he himself yearned for, but we do know one thing for certain: his belief in woman speaks from these figures. Such was the magnificence of his conviction of what the female can be on the strength of her special nature. This was [an expression] of praise for womankind as a whole—at least for a time during his life—such as no other poet has produced. He saw in woman a force of nature, which in effect could not be touched by all the culture in the world. She adopts everything that culture has to offer and puts it to her own use, but does not allow herself to depart from that which nature has prescribed for her."⁶⁷⁴

674 This passage is from the "Feuilleton Supplement" of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, March 16, 1917.

Isn't that a fine analysis? If you only knew what a strange fellow, tasteless and dry, in personal interaction this Dr. Morgenstern is, but I dearly wish that all future essayists writing in German would have the kind of psychological acuity he has. ... Apropos of that: you yourself are a descendant of Justinus Kerner, isn't that right? By God, a notable ancestor! I don't really know any of his writings. I only have a general recollection of bold verse, strong pathos, and the grand revolutionary gesture. Anyhow, the impact of the name is fabulous. Isn't it true that there are names that seem to have been created for eternity, that seem to strike an Olympian chord, even if one doesn't know anything more specific about them? Nowadays, who knows even one line of Sappho's verse? Who (aside from me) even reads Machiavelli? Who has listened to an opera by Cimarosa? But each of them is such a name! Like a flash from eternity, before which one reverently bares one's head. In the meantime, Hänschen, noblesse oblige: you must become something good and proper. We owe it to Justinus Kerner. R

[P.S.] No mention by you about Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin]? I hope you have seen her several times, right?

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

Wronke, April 19, 1917

Sonyusha,⁶⁷⁵ my dear little bird!

Yesterday your greetings by postcard gladdened my heart, even though you sounded so sad. How I would like to be with you now, in order to get you laughing again as we used to laugh back then after Karl's arrest when we both—do you still remember?—caused a bit of a sensation at the Café Fürstenhof with our boisterous gales of laughter. How lovely things were then—in spite of everything!

675 Sophie Liebknecht was from a Russian Jewish family in Rostov on the Don. Her name in Russian was "Sofiya." Luxemburg uses several Russian nicknames for "Sofiya," among them "Sonya," "Sonyusha," and "Sonyichka."

Our daily drive in a car to Potsdamer Platz [Potsdam Square] early in the morning, then the trip to the prison through the flowering Tiergarten Park and down the quiet street, Lehrter Street, with the high elm trees, then on the way back the obligatory getting out and stopping at the Fürstenhof again, then your obligatory visit to me in Südende, where all growing things were standing up in the splendor of May, the cozy hours in my kitchen, where you and Mimi waited patiently at the little table with the white tablecloth to receive proof of my culinary skill. (Do you still remember the superb green beans in the Parisian style [*haricots verts à la Parisienne*]?) Then sitting at the flower table with Goethe and a little plate of compote, the table I set up for you in the bay window, do you remember? I have the vivid memory that it was invariably hot sunny weather, and only in such weather does one have the proper joyous feeling of spring. Then in the evening my obligatory visit to you, to your dear little room—I like so much to picture you as a housewife, it makes you so very appealing when, with your sweet little figure like a teenage girl, you serve tea at the table—and finally, around midnight, we would accompany each other home through the sweet-smelling dark streets! Do you remember the fabulous full-moon night in Südende, when I was walking you home, and to us the gables of the houses, with their sharp black outlines against the background of a tender blue sky, seemed like the castles of knights of yore, do you remember?

Sonyusha, I would like to be with you like that always, to chat or be silent together with you, so that you would not fall into your despairing moods. You ask in your postcard, “Why is everything like this?” Dear child, life has always been just “like this,” everything is part of life: sorrow and parting and longing. One must always take it as a whole, including everything, and find **all of it** beautiful and good. At least that is what I do. Not through some elaborately worked out form of wisdom, but simply “just so,” because of my very nature. I feel instinctively that this is the only correct way to take life, and therefore I really do feel happy in every situation. I also would not want to exclude **anything** from my life, nor have it be any way other than it was and is. If I could only bring you to this conception of life! ...

I haven’t yet thanked you for the picture of Karl. How joyful you’ve made me with it! It was really the most beautiful birthday present

that you could have given me. It's in a good frame on the table in front of me, and [Karl] follows me with his gaze everywhere. (You know, there are pictures that seem to be looking at you no matter where you stand.) The picture is an excellent likeness. How happy Karl must be now over the news from Russia!

But you too have personal reasons to be happy: now probably nothing will stand in the way of your mother's trip to visit you! Have you already set your sights on that? For your sake I urgently wish sun and warmth to come your way. Here everything is still at the budding stage and yesterday we had snow with bits of hail. I wonder what it must look like now in my "southern landscape" at Südende? Last year we both stood there in front of the grating and you were amazed at the fullness of the array of flowers.

That little part of the world reminds me so vividly every time of that spring poem of Goethe's that I called to Karl's attention, but the two of you, as I recall, didn't take note of it as fully as you should have.

Das Beet, schon lockert
Sich's in die Höh',
Da wanken Glöckchen
So weiss wie Schnee;
Safran entfaltet
Gewalt'ge Glut,
Smaragden keimt es
Und keimt wie Blut.
Primeln stolzieren
So naseweis
Schalkhafte Veilchen,
Versteckt mit Fleiss;
Was auch noch alles
Da regt und webt,
Genug, der Frühling,
Er wirkt und lebt.

Doch was im Garten
Am reichsten blüht,
Das ist des Liebchens
Lieblich Gemüt.
Da glühen Blicke
Mir immerfort,
Erregend Liedchen,
Erheiternd Wort,
Ein immer offen,
Ein Blütenherz,
Im Ernste freundlich
Und rein im Scherz.
Wenn Ros' und Lilie
Der Sommer bringt,
Er doch vergebens
Mit liebchen ringt

The flowerbed's unlimbered,
 No longer lying low,
 Bellflowers tossing
 Their heads white as snow;
 Saffron's unfolding
 In a red-hot mood,
 Sprouting forth emeralds
 And what looks like blood.
 Proud primrose swaggers,
 Precociously snide,
 While mischievous violets
 Have tried hard to hide.
 What else there is moving
 And weaving its spell?
 Enough to say: Springtime
 Is alive and well.

What blooms in the garden
 Most richly of all?
 It is my sweetheart's
 Welcoming warmth.
 Glances are glowing
 Ever to greet me,
 A song to stir me,
 A word to cheer me,
 A heart ever open,
 A heart in full flower,
 When serious, friendly,
 When joking, still pure.
 When summertime brings us
 The rose and the lily
 In vain it's competing
 With my precious sweetie.

If you only knew what a heavenly song Hugo Wolf composed from that poem! My dear departed friend [Hugo] Faisst sang it to me so beautifully on my birthday!

Sonyusha, you should not trouble yourself with writing letters. I want to write you frequently, but I am completely satisfied if you merely send me a short greeting on a postcard! Be out in the open a lot, and do a lot of botanizing. That small atlas of flowers that I sent you, do you have it with you? Be calm and cheerful, dearest, everything will be all right! You'll see!

I embrace you many times with all my heart, Yours always,
 Rosa

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke i. P., April 28 [1917]

Hänschen, unfortunately it's impossible this time for Mrs. Marta [Rosenbaum] to make a visit to Lissa [Diefenbach's place of residence at that time]. Her leave is too short, and since the new place where she is living is so far out of the way, that's already taking a toll. I, for one, immediately located your residence in the old Diercke

school atlas (it's the same old Diercke that used to go with **you** to the high school [*Karls-Gymnasium*] in Stuttgart, because it came to me from Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin—apparently Diefenbach and Kostya attended the same school]). I also saw that Lissa is halfway between Poznań and Breslau, and so in the opposite direction from Berlin. To make up for that, you will certainly be welcoming Hans and Luise [Kautsky] in about two weeks. Luise will be having time off between May 10 and 15.

I hold it against you in earnest that you failed to visit Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin]. You **must** have been able to find the time. Do you understand my psychology in this case? The more I reproach myself inwardly that I can now do nothing to nurture her, so much greater was the need I felt, and there was the reassurance that you would deal with the matter better than I could and, so to speak, would make up for what I was unable to give in the way of kindness and tender feeling toward her. And now you have failed to do it! I no longer know (God help me) whether I revealed to her your presence in Stuttgart at Easter or not, but I now ask you to start writing immediately to her quite often and honestly and to make good the omission with an endearing letter. Just don't play the coward, Hänschen. That is unworthy of you.

I have now finished *Wallenstein* by Ricarda Huch. At first I found it very refreshing, but by the end the picture fades away into nothingness. Despite all the noisy details and depiction of every little thing no complete whole comes into being, not at all. This is a good example for a study of how **not** to write an essay, how one would have to do better. I will stick with my opinion: it's the German thoroughness that prevents a true picture of life or of the times from being created, a picture that should be tossed off with light strokes, which at the same time can be an utterly exquisite experience. Ricarda also lacks the grace of spirit—although she is a woman—that would have to tell her that the elaboration of all these particular details has an exhausting and depressing effect on a person of keen sensibility, whereas a few artfully chosen features would stir the reader's imagination and a completed picture would round itself out automatically. It's exactly the same in personal relations among people who are imaginative or rich in spirit: the slightest hints give much more satisfaction than spelling things out in full, crudely and obviously.

In the near future I would like to send you a comedy by Bernard Shaw, *The Prodigal Father*. At first I was impatient with the flagrant paradoxes and absurdities of all the characters in the play, but then there came a few serious passages, which one read with a mixed feeling of relief and hesitation, only to learn in the end that the author's real message and intention was actually to shy away in a certain sense from the tastelessness of tendentious moralizing. Until one discovers at the end that the "serious passages" were just a put-on and that Shaw is simply making fun of the whole world, and of the reader, and of himself as well, following the motto: There is absolutely nothing in life that deserves to be taken tragically. The final scene, in which a legal debate, dry as dust, between two lawyers takes place during a masquerade ball, and both of them in the end are led away waltzing. It has a downright Shakespearean effect and hits you in the face like the bantering hobgoblin mood of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In reading this final scene—all alone, sitting in my little "den" at around midnight—I broke into cascades of laughter, the way you know I do. That was right after a twinge of despair that I again experienced, and this foolish book did me a lot of good.

Since I am already on the subject of literature, listen to me now, can you tell me about the following few lines of verse, where I'm getting them from?

His lofty stature and his noble form,
The smile on his face, the power in his eyes,
And his voice's magic flow,
The touch of his hand ...

[*Sein hoher Gang, seine edle Gestalt
Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt,
Und seiner Stimme Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck ...*]

I don't know the rest of it. I could swear that it was "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel."⁶⁷⁶ At the same time I could swear that Gretchen at the spinning wheel was singing something entirely

676 The reference is to a scene in Goethe's *Faust*.

different, namely "The King of Thule." I have with me here only your small Harnack edition of Goethe, but *Faust* isn't there, so I can't look it up. These rhyming lines have been going around in my head since Easter, so that I'm soon going to believe that I have a spinning wheel in my own head. Do you know how it torments people when they can't remember where they heard a scrap of poetry or a melody, where it came from?

Right above my "den" is the schoolroom of our "collection of curiosities" [*panopticum*]. While I have been writing this, a lesson has been going on up there. First I heard a clumsy clattering of many feet, then silence, followed by a teacher's voice lecturing to everyone, and now a monotone reading in the voice of a young girl—just the way small children read in a high, somewhat anxious, half-questioning pitch without any breaks or interruptions. I cannot distinguish a single word, but the muffled murmuring has such a strange effect on me, reminding me of home. This small scene is veiled from me, although going on just over my head, and the remote sounds are reaching only me, but from it I once again get the distinct feeling that life is very beautiful. R

[P.S.] The "charmante Marquis Renard,"⁶⁷⁷ a phrase you once used, has received the Distinguished Service Medal [Germany's highest award for service, whether military or civilian]. If there is champagne in Lissa, drink a bottle [in his honor], "extra dry."⁶⁷⁸

TO MARTA ROSENBAUM

Wronke, [April 29, 1917]

My dear Martchen!

This time, I fear, nothing will go right. On Friday I was so flustered (and probably will be today as well), and my head's going round and round so much that I can by no means just sit there and chat calmly and openly with you. It is definitely the result of the redoubled supervision [by the prison authorities], and there's

677 This probably refers to Friedrich Zundel, the second husband of Clara Zetkin. He was serving in the Red Cross as a civilian.

678 The last two words were written in English.

nothing to be done about it. My guess is that you feel the same way. But to at least see you and feel your nearness is truly a comfort for me. It's too bad that it's all going at such a gallop. Next time you must come on **Thursday** and stay until Monday or Tuesday. Whether anything more will come of our "kiss goodbye" tomorrow, I don't know. But even if things don't go well, we must get through it anyhow. I've already prepared myself for that. How thankful I am to you for coming! Don't worry about me, health-wise. It's true that with my stomach things are still not going better, but with my nerves on the whole there is some slow progress. That means my stomach will probably calm down too, if only spring would come! Sun and warmth and fresh young greenery are the most important things for my general condition, as you well know! Well now, the wonderful events in Russia are also having a good effect on me, like a life-giving elixir. For all of us, what's coming from there is a message of healing. I'm afraid that all of you don't have a sufficiently full appreciation of it, that you don't realize well enough that it is our own cause that is winning there. It **must** and **will** have a redeeming impact on the whole world, it **must** radiate out to all of Europe. I am convinced with rock-hard certainty that a new epoch is now beginning and that the war cannot last very long. Therefore I would like to hear that you are in a better frame of mind, that all of you are in an uplifted and joyful mood—in spite of all that still exists of misery and horror. You see that history knows how to manage things even when they seem most unmanageable. Be cheerful and bright for me, I embrace you a thousand times and send many best wishes to Kurtchen [Kurt Rosenfeld]. Your R.

TO MATHILDE JACOB

Wronke, May 3, 1917

My dear, dear Mathilde!

Early today I received your short letter, which made me very sad because you have never before written to me so tersely, and from that I get a strong sense of how very much overworked and rundown you are again. But then, this afternoon, your package with the violets came, and that gave me some consolation. Many thanks for that,

and in response I want to send you a few lines by return mail to reassure you. There's nothing new with me except that I sit out in the open, in the sun, a lot nowadays. In this your beautiful wicker chair comes in very handy, it is so light and easy to carry around, and it feels positively regal to be sitting in it. Today a lot of butterflies and bumblebees came, but they didn't find a single blossom in the garden. —I therefore brought the flowerpot with the cineraria in full bloom, the one Marta [Rosenbaum] sent me, and you should have seen how the little creatures threw themselves upon it and couldn't get enough of that wonderful golden pollen. Today I also saw for the first time in my life a splendid bird: the yellowhammer. I sat so quiet and motionless that it hopped over quite close and I was able to observe it in exact detail. All the things I'm getting to know here in Wronke! Really, Mathilde, I am gathering new bits of knowledge in massive quantities here, then I immediately do some research, and I feel that my life has been positively enriched. Many thanks for the manuscript.⁶⁷⁹ Nevertheless, before I continue reviewing and revising it, I would like you to ask by way of Lene [Leo Jogiches] whether the Old Man [Franz Mehring] is still working on it and how far he has gotten. I could not of course send it directly to the publisher, but would send it to Mehring, and he would surely be offended if he had a good part of the work still working to do.

Luise [Kautsky] writes me today from Frankfurt on the Main that she would come [to Wronke] between the 10th and 15th [of May]. But I would like to find out as soon as possible the exact day of her arrival, so as not to be fidgeting around at random for days. Please ask her about it with a quick phone call (or write to her at Frankfurt on the Main, City Hospital; she is there with her youngster,⁶⁸⁰ and then let me know. Luise herself would not do it.

Today I sent you three books from [the publisher] Pfemfert, which I would like you to return to him with thanks (just between us, they

679 The reference is to the manuscript of Luxemburg's *Anti-Critique* (full title: *Die Akkumulation des Kapitals, oder was die Epigonen aus der Marx'schen Theorie gemacht haben. Eine Antikritik* [The Accumulation of Capital, or What the Epigones Have Made out of Marx's Theory: An Anti-Critique]), which she wrote while in the women's prison on Barnim Street in 1915, but which was published only posthumously, in Leipzig in 1921.

680 Karl Kautsky, Jr., was working as a doctor at the City Hospital in Frankfurt on the Main.

are not worth very much, I couldn't read them at all), and I also sent a little notebook for Marta's garden [for Marta to keep notes about her gardening]. According to your latest lecture, I dare not mobilize any more messengers whatsoever, and so I would like to know when you receive the package. —And now I wait with longing to receive once again a calm and kind letter from you, which will do me a lot of good. And with even greater longing I await you yourself. I hope to see you again at Whitsuntide in that light muslin dress that I like so much. Couldn't you have the dark trimming removed, which ruins the dress, and have a soft green or soft blue put in its place?

Listen, dearest! Sonya [Liebknecht] is complaining so bitterly about Lene [Leo Jogiches], saying that "she" [Lene] is neglecting "Karl's household" and "Karl's children," and that "she" [Lene] ought to concern "herself" about these things in Sonya's absence.⁶⁸¹ Karl must be indignant [about all this]. Please, couldn't this duty be turned over to the Old Man [Mehring], if Lene is too busy? At any rate, don't leave poor nervous Sonya fidgeting and worrying.

I embrace you and Mimi a thousand times with great longing.
Your R.

[P.S.] Thank you for the letter paper, unfortunately I find it somewhat limp and would at least like to stick with sturdy envelopes. Isn't it possible to obtain those anymore? I mean envelopes like the one in which I'm sending this letter?

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke, May 12, 1917

L. H. [Liebes Hänschen—Dear Hans]

No. 5 received, many thanks; I'm waiting for your style corrections.⁶⁸² (Partly you've been troubling yourself, as I see, [merely] about mistakes made by the typist.) Your comment that in the *Anti-Critique* some passages are mixed up or garbled to the point of

681 Sophie Liebknecht was staying at a sanitarium near Munich for a rest cure.

682 Here Luxemburg is apparently referring to Hans Diefenbach's proofreading of her *Anti-Critique*.

being unrecognizable definitely spurs me on to go over the whole thing again myself. Otherwise, I would not be capable, I never am, of rereading something once it has been written, and the more intensely I experience the writing of it, so much the more for me is it finished and done with afterwards. I know very well, Hänschen, that my economic works are written as though “for six persons only.” But actually, you know, I write them for only one person: for myself. The time when I was writing the [first] *Accumulation of Capital* belongs to the happiest of my life. Really I was living as though in euphoria, “on a high,” saw and heard nothing else, day or night, but this one question, which unfolded before me so beautifully, and I don’t know what to say about which gave me the greater pleasure: the process of thinking, when I was turning a complicated problem over in my mind, pacing slowly back and forth through the room, under the close and attentive observation of Mimi [the cat], who lay on the red plush tablecloth with her little paws curled under her and kept turning her wise head back and forth to follow my movements; or the process of giving shape and literary form to my thoughts with pen in hand. Do you know, at that time I wrote the whole 30 signatures [*Bogen*] all at one go in four months’ time—an unprecedented event!—and without rereading the *brouillon* [the rough draft], not even once, I sent it off to be printed. Things went the same way for me in Barnim Street [women’s prison] with the *Anti-Critique*. And then, after experiencing the work so intensely, I lost all interest in it, to such an extent that since then I’ve hardly troubled myself about a publisher. Anyway, given my “circumstances” during the past year and a half, that [worrying about a publisher] was rather difficult. — As for Eckstein, you very definitely overrate him. His “critique” [of the *Accumulation of Capital* (1913)] was nothing but his revenge for fruitless attempts to befriend me, which I roughly rejected, and it is precisely this transference of the “all-too-human” into the refined, upper Alpine region of pure science that has filled me with such contempt for him. He was capable, by the way, of being quite witty and nice. On one occasion at the Kautskys’, when I was making dubious and vain attempts in the antechamber to get my jacket down from the hat and coat stand, cursing my own Lilliputian stature, he gallantly handed down the jacket and smilingly murmured a line from a song by [Hugo] Wolf: “The little things also can enchant us ...” [*Auch kleine Dinge koennen uns entzuecken.*] (You probably know that

in Vienna, Hugo Wolf had links with the house of Eckstein, and that he is regarded there as a household deity.)

—Your idea that I should write a book about Tolstoy doesn't appeal to me one bit. For whom? What for, Hänschen? Everyone can read Tolstoy's books, and if the books themselves don't give off a powerful breath of life, I wouldn't succeed in doing so through literary commentary. Can anyone "explain" to someone else what Mozart's music is? Can one "explain" what is the magic of life? [What's the use] if people don't hear it for themselves, don't deduce it from the littlest everyday things, or more exactly: if they don't carry it within their own being? I also regard, for example, the monstrous amount of Goethe literature (that is, literature **about** Goethe) as pure trash, and it is my opinion that far too many such books have been written. What with all the literary noise, people forget to look at the world and all its beauty.

Well then, since the first [of May] we have had a series of sunny days, and I am already being greeted on my awakening by the first ray of morning, because my windows here face east. In Südende, where my residence, as you know, is like a lantern exposed to the sun in all directions, such morning hours take shape in a very lovely way. After breakfast I used to take the heavy crystal prism with its countless angles and facets, the one that lay on the desk as a paperweight, and put it in the sunlight, and the sunrays would immediately be scattered over the floor and walls in hundreds of little splashes of rainbow light. Mimi kept fascinated watch over this game, especially when I moved the prism and made the bright colors dart here and there and dance around. At first she ran and jumped up high, to catch at them, but soon she deduced that there was "nothing" to them, that they were just an optical illusion, and then she would watch the dance with her merry little eyes, without bestirring herself. We achieved fascinating effects when, for example, a tiny rainbow landed on a white hyacinth in the window box or on the marble bust above the desk or on the large bronze clock in front of the mirror. The cleanly swept, sun-filled room with its bright wallpaper breathed so much comfort and peace, the chirping of the sparrows penetrating through the open balcony door, along with the hum from time to time of an electric train that glided past or the distinct metallic clanking of workers repairing the rails somewhere [nearby]. Then I would take my hat and go out into the fields to see what had

grown overnight, and to gather fresh, juicy grass for Mimi. Here too I go out into the little garden right after breakfast, and [there] I have something splendid to keep me busy: watering the “plantation” I have in front of my window. I arranged for a pretty little watering can to be purchased for me, and I must run with it to the water tank probably a dozen times before the whole flowerbed is moist enough. The spurting sprays of water gleam in the morning sunshine, and the drops still tremble for a long time on the pink and blue hyacinths, which are half closed. Why am I nonetheless sad? I almost think I’ve overrated the sun in the sky and its strength. It may still shine so strongly, but sometimes it doesn’t warm me at all—if my own heart borrows no warmth from it. R.

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

Wronke, May 23, 1917

Sonyusha, my darling, your last letter, dated May 14 (but with the 18th stamped on the envelope!), was already here when I mailed my last letter to you. I’m so glad to be in touch with you again and would like to send you warm Whitsuntide greetings today.

“Whitsuntide, the sweet and lovely holiday, had come.” That’s how Goethe’s *Reynard the Fox* [*Reineke Fuchs*] begins. I hope you will spend it somewhat cheerfully. Last year at Whitsuntide the three of us, [you and me] with Mathilde [Wurm], made that delightful excursion to Lichtenrade, where I picked the tassels of grain for Karl and the marvelous sprig of birch catkins. In the evening we went for another walk through the fields at Südende, with roses in our hands like the “three noblewomen of Ravenna.” Here the lilacs are already in bloom now, the buds opened today; it’s so warm that I had to put on my lightest summer dress. In spite of the sunshine and warmth, little by little my friends the birds have fallen almost completely silent. They are obviously all preoccupied with the business of hatching their eggs; the females are sitting, and the males have “their beaks full” with things to do, seeking food for themselves and their mates. Also, their nests are probably more out in the fields or in the larger trees, at any rate it’s quiet in my little garden now, only now and then a nightingale sounds off briefly, or the greenfinch makes

its chattering trill, or late in the evening the chaffinch still warbles once or twice. My titmice are no longer to be seen anywhere. The only thing was that yesterday from a distance I had a brief greeting, all of a sudden, from a blue titmouse, and that completely shook me up. The blue titmouse is not like the great titmouse, which stays here all winter; the blue one comes back to us only at the end of March. At first this blue titmouse always stayed close to my window, came with the others to be fed, and diligently sang its funny little song, *tsee-tsee-bay*, but it drew out the sound so much that it sounded like the mischievous teasing of a child. It always made me laugh, and I would answer with the same call. Then the bird vanished with the others at the beginning of this month, no doubt nesting elsewhere. I had seen and heard nothing of it for weeks. Yesterday its well-known notes came suddenly from the other side of the wall which separates our courtyard from another part of the prison; but it was considerably altered, for the bird called three times in brief succession, *tsee-tsee-bay*, *tsee-tsee-bay*, *tsee-tsee-bay*, and then all was still. It went to my heart, for there was so much conveyed by this hasty call from the distance—a whole history of bird life. There was a reminiscence of the splendid days of wooing in the spring, when the birds could sing and flirt all day long; now the blue titmouse had to be on the wing all the time catching flies and gnats for itself and its family. The bird seemed to be saying: “I’ve no time to spare—oh yes, it was lovely—but spring is quickly over—*tsee-tsee bay*, *tsee-tsee-bay*, *tsee-tsee-bay*! Believe me, Sonyusha, a little snatch of bird song in which there is so much expression can stir me to the depths.

My mother, who considered the Bible (next to Schiller) the highest source of wisdom, was firmly convinced that King Solomon understood the language of birds. Back then, with all the superiority of my fifteen years and my training in natural science, I used to smile at my mother’s naiveté. But now I myself am like King Solomon: I too understand the language of the birds, and of all animals. Not, of course, as if they were using human words, but I understand the most varied shades of meaning and of feeling conveyed by their tones. Only to the rude ear of one who is quite indifferent does the song of a bird seem always the same. If one has a love of animals, and a sympathetic understanding of them, one finds great diversity of expression, an entire “language.” Even the universal silence that exists now after the clamor of early spring is full of expression, and

I know that if I'm still here in the autumn, which in all probability will be the case, all my friends will come back to seek food at my window; I'm already rejoicing now at the return of one particular great titmouse, with whom I have struck up an especially heartfelt friendship.

Sonyusha, you are embittered about my long imprisonment and ask: "How is it that [some] human beings are allowed to decide about the lives of others? What's the meaning of it all?" Forgive me, my darling, but I had to laugh out loud when I read that. In *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoyevsky, one of the characters, Madame Khokhlakova, used to ask exactly the same kind of question, and in doing so would look around helplessly from one member of the company to another, but before anyone could try to answer the question, she had jumped over to something entirely different. My dear little bird, the whole history of human civilization, which according to moderate estimates has lasted some twenty thousand years, is based on "some human beings deciding about the lives of others"; the practice is deeply rooted in the material conditions of existence. Nothing but further development, an agonizing process, can change such things, and at this very time we are witnesses to one such agonizing transition, and you ask, "What's the meaning of it all?" Your question is not a reasonable one to ask concerning the totality of life and its forms. Why are there blue titmice in the world? I really don't know, but I'm glad there are, and I experience it as a sweet consolation when a hasty *tsee-tsee-bay* sounds suddenly from the distance.

By the way, you overestimate my "serenity," Sonyichka. My inner equanimity and my blissful happiness can, unfortunately, go to pieces at the slightest shadow that falls across me, and then I suffer inexpressibly, only I have the peculiarity that at such times I suffer in silence. Literally, Sonyichka, I cannot make a single word cross my lips. For example, during the last few days I was definitely feeling so bright and cheerful and rejoicing in the sunshine, then suddenly, on Monday, an icy windstorm took hold of me—I don't know "why" or "what for"—and in an instant my radiant cheerfulness changed into the deepest misery. And if my soul's happiness had suddenly appeared in person, standing in front of me, I could not have brought a single sound out of my mouth and I could have expressed my lament of despair at most by staring silently. In fact I seldom have much inclination to speak, and for weeks I never hear the sound of

my own voice. Incidentally, that's why I made the heroic decision not to have my little Mimi [the cat] brought here. The little creature is accustomed to cheerfulness and liveliness, she likes it when I sing and laugh, and play tag with her all over the house, she would definitely get down in the dumps here. That's why I have left her in the care of Mathilde [Jacob]. Mathilde is coming to visit me in a few days, and I hope then to get my spirits back up. Perhaps for me, too, Whitsuntide will be "the sweet and lovely holiday."

Sonyichka, just for me, be cheerful and calm. Everything will still turn out well, believe me. Greetings to Karl with all my heart. I send you many hugs. Many thanks for the lovely little picture. Your R

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke, June 20, 1917

Hänschen, good day! Here I am again.

It seems to me an eternity since I wrote you and since I received your letter No. 7 (but you have withheld No. 6!). Miss Mathilde [Jacob] has surely reported to you in the meantime how much my silence was against the grain [*contre coeur*] for me. Now I will again get busy, but I also have the expectation from you that you will behave like a good Christian and in exchange for the stones of my silence give me the nourishing manna of frequent letters.

My, my, all the things I have experienced in the meantime! An entire generation of blossoms under my watchful gaze opened themselves up to life, then faded and died—from the first lilac bud to the drooping clusters of acacia with their numbingly sultry aroma that now cover the ground with the gentle snowfall of their tattered blossoms. Fruits are quickly forming and swelling, bulging out on all the bushes, green berries that fill up with juice more lushly every day and are bursting to turn red or blue and black quite soon. An entire generation of birds has grown up, whose birth I surmised from the discreet subsiding of the avian chorus, whose growth I then eavesdropped upon, hearing tender peeping from the nests hidden in every corner of my little garden, and which now—oh, joy!—come to my window together with their parents, to be fed here before my eyes. Most notably, the Chaffinch Family comes here several times a day. The mother, who I have known intimately

since her days as a bride, always brings a little daughter with her to my window. The "Little Darling," who is much larger and fatter than Mama, sits there with her feathers ruffled, throws open her huge beak with hoarse squawking, while shaking her bald head like an epileptic and letting herself be filled up by her emaciated, careworn, and unkempt mama. Entire loads of my oats thus go down the throat of "Little Darling" while Mama barely swallows even one grain herself. All this despite the fact that the brat can fly quite well and peck food for herself, which she actually condescends to do now and then. Meanwhile I watch the scene every time from behind the curtain, and sometimes I just want to get in the middle of it, I want to run out there and box the ears of the shameless brat. But just in time I remember that Mama Chaffinch in her youth surely must have must have sponged off of Grandmother in exactly the same way, and that by next June the "Little Darling" will be just as weatherbeaten [as Mama is now] and will be stuffing her own brats full, so that things balance out somehow without my intervention (and my interventions usually result in something stupid, as when I try to save some half-dead creature with great effort, thereby only uselessly prolonging its agony). Lastly, I also remember that in my family it was regarded as an unbreakable law of nature, in exactly the same way, that mother existed in the world exclusively to fill our little beaks, which were forever opened wide (above all, the beak of the paterfamilias!) in every possible way. And so I remain modestly behind the curtain ...

In another month Madame Chaffinch with her little darlings will head south, but Father is likely to remain here. That is why he is called *Fringilla coelebs*—literally, the confirmed bachelor⁶⁸³; not everyone can manage to make the trip south with the whole family [*en toute famille*]; and so Father often remains in the foggy northland and merely sends his wife and children off to Africa. On the other hand, perhaps he follows them much later in a special "men's flight" and returns earlier in the spring in order to have a look around the neighborhood and prepare the home for the oncoming "women's flight."

What a big commotion I experienced yesterday—oh, dear me! In my corridor there appeared a fat bumblebee (with a little gray fur coat and gold waistband)! It hurled itself against the closed upper

683 The Latin word *coelebs* means "unmarried"; the English word "celibate" is derived from the same Latin root.

window and began storming up and down the windowpane, while buzzing with the highest degree of indignation in the lowest of bass voices. Of course I immediately dragged up a chair and in my haste grabbed it with my bare hand, whereupon it immediately stung me so hard I had to cry out loud. Then I took a handkerchief, caught the bumblebee after a long struggle, and ran with it down the corridor toward the garden door, to set it free. But you should have heard how the little creature screamed inside that handkerchief! Suddenly the deep bass had turned into the highest, thinnest falsetto! It was literally the plaintive crying of a child, suffering from the greatest anxiety: it thought its short life was about to end, poor thing, and it was weeping! This thin little voice affected my nerves so much that my hands shook and I let it get away twice, and each time of course it immediately rushed back to the same fatal windowpane. Finally, the third time, I gathered up all my courage and with all my strength of character carried it out into the garden—whew, how it shot up into the sky! And immediately it was humming in its bass voice again, growling “Adieu!” ...

So those were my stirring experiences during this past time. Have you some equally harmless things to report, my dear? ... Listen here, I have caught that privy councilor Goethe in a falsification of history. Surely you recall that in his poem “Anacreon’s Grave” (oh, every time Faisst sang that song for me I perished from sheer delight!), at the end it goes something like this:

Spring, summer, fall—the poet enjoyed them all.
From winter this mound finally protects him.

From this one presumes: Anacreon must have died around the age of fifty, at the height of his powers. But recently I read the lyric poems of Anacreon, and there he describes himself as quite an old wine pouch and skirt-chaser, who tries over and over again to persuade his Doris, Phyllis, or Chloe that his “hoary locks” go wonderfully well with her rosy cheeks, “like a strip of white birch bark next to a red rose in a wreath.” His poems, in fact, are just eternal variations on the same theme. Some of them I couldn’t really understand, like this one, for example:

You shameless rogue! Your pranks are things
 That I have seen through now. So watch out.
 The quiver, the bow, the arrow, and the target,
 Just so in the midst of mischief, gravity, and jest.
 Not in that way do you get flustered
 As when a woodland goblin laughs.
 In simple play, inadvertently,
 You pierce my trembling heart straight through
 And it bleeds to death. Meanwhile
 Go on and do what you like.
 I love you. I remain yours.

Heaven knows what all that means and who is talking to whom.

Well, Hanneselein, I now await full confession of what you've been up to in my absence. Aff'y. R.

[P.S.] I'm greatly concerned about how you're bearing up under this brutal heat.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke, June 23, 1917

Hänschen, good day to you, here I am back again. I feel so lonely today and I need to refresh myself a little by chatting with you. — This afternoon I lay on the sofa to have the siesta prescribed by the doctor, read newspapers, and decided that since it was half past two, it was time to get up. A moment later I fell asleep unexpectedly and had a wonderful [long] dream that was very vivid, but its content was rather unclear; I only know someone dear to me was with me, that I touched my finger to his lips and asked: "Whose mouth is this?" The other person answered: "Mine." — "Oh, no!" I cried out, laughing, "This mouth actually belongs to **me**!" My laughing over this nonsense woke me up, and I looked at the clock: It was still half past two, so my long dream had lasted, obviously, only a second, but it left me with the sensation of a rich and precious experience and, feeling consoled, I went out into the garden again. There, once more, I was to experience something beautiful. A robin landed on the wall

right behind me and sang me a little song. Generally speaking, nowadays the birds are entirely taken up with family worries, only now and then do they allow themselves to be heard from, briefly. And so it was with today's sudden appearance of this robin, which had visited me a few times only at the beginning of May. I don't know whether you are particularly familiar with this little bird and its song, I have gained a precise knowledge of it here for the first time—like so much else—and I love it incomparably more than the much-famed nightingale. The nightingale's cascade of song is for me much too prima-donna-like, it's playing to the public too much with its rousing songs of triumph and enchanting hymns of praise. The robin has a very small, delicate voice, and it performs its own kind of intimate melody, which sounds like a phrase from a prelude or reveille. In the prison scene of [Beethoven's opera] *Fidelio*, do you know the liberating distant sounds of a trumpet that seem to cut through the darkness of night? That's approximately what the robin's song sounds like, but it is sung in a soft, tremulous tone of infinite sweetness, so that it sounds quite misty and affects a person like a memory lost in a dream. My heart contracts with both joy and sorrow when I hear this song, and I immediately see my life and the whole world in a new light, as though clouds had parted and a bright ray of sun had struck the earth. Today from this delicate little song, sung on the wall, everything in my heart has become so soft and tender. At once I regretted everything angry that I had ever inflicted on anyone, all harsh thoughts and feelings, and I decided once again to be kind, simply to be kind at all costs. That is better than "to be right" and to keep an exact account of every hurt or injury.

And then I decided to write you right away, today, even though since yesterday a little tablet has been sitting on my desk with seven "rules to live by," the first of which reads: "not to write any letters." You see, that's how I keep my own "ironclad" rules, that's how weak I am! If, as you wrote in your last letter, the stronger sex likes women most when they show themselves to be weak, you would have to be especially enchanted by me now: here I am, oh! so weak, more than I would like to be.

By the way, from your mouth over there, as "out of the mouths of babes," more truth was spoken than you guessed, and not too long ago I experienced this truth in the drollest manner. Well, at the Copenhagen Congress [in 1910] you most likely saw Camille

Huysmans, the large young man with the dark curly hair and typical Flemish face, didn't you?⁶⁸⁴ He is now the chief organizer of the Stockholm Conference.⁶⁸⁵ For ten years we both belonged to the International [Socialist] Bureau [ISB], and for ten years we hated each other, insofar as my "heart of a dove" (the expression comes from—of all people, Heinrich Schulz, member of the Reichstag!) is at all capable of such a feeling. Why [did we hate]?—it's hard to say. I believe that he cannot stand politically active women, and for me, his impertinent face probably got on my nerves. And now, this is what happened . . . It was at the last [ISB] session in Brussels, which was held in the face of imminent war at the end of July 1914.⁶⁸⁶ After the close of the session we were together for a few hours. I was sitting right next to a bunch of gladiolas—it was in some elegant restaurant—they were on the table and I was completely absorbed in staring at them without taking part in the political discussion. Then the conversation came around to my trip home, and at that point my helplessness in "earthly matters" came to light, my eternal need for a guardian who would take care of the ticket for me, put me on the right train, gather together my misplaced hand luggage—in short, all of my shameful weaknesses, which have provided you with so many merry moments. Huysmans watched me in silence the whole time, and in the course of one hour a ten-year-long hatred changed into a glowing friendship. It was enough to make you laugh. At last he had seen me weak, and he was in his element. Now he immediately took my fate in his hands, dragged me together with Anseele,

684 The reference is to the International Socialist Congress held in Copenhagen August 28–September 3, 1910.

685 A Dutch and Scandinavian committee of the International Socialist Bureau, together with the Petrograd Council (Soviet) of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies under the leadership of the moderate socialists (Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries), after protracted preparations, decided to issue a joint call for a peace conference in Stockholm in the summer or fall of 1917, in which socialists of all countries were to take part, including supporters of the war. The Bolsheviks in Russia and the Spartacus League in Germany protested against a conference in which right-wing socialists would participate, and they saw to it that the International Socialist Commission, a body established by the Zimmerwald movement, refused to participate. The English and French governments, for their part, denied permission for socialists from those countries to go to Stockholm, and consequently the conference did not take place.

686 This session of the ISB in Brussels was held on July 29–30, 1914.

the charming little Walloon, to his place to have dinner, brought me a little kitty-cat, and then played and sang Mozart and Schubert for me. His piano is a good one, he has a pleasing tenor voice, and for him it was a new revelation that good music is like the breath of life for me. He did an especially nice job singing Schubert's *Limits of Humanity* [*Grenzen der Menschheit*]; when he came to the last verse, "the winds and the clouds—they play with us," he sang it several times in his funny Flemish accent—with a deep *L* in his throat, making the German word for "clouds," *Wolken*, sound like *Wouken*—all the while singing in the grip of deep emotion. Then of course he brought me to the train, carried my suitcase himself, and on top of that, sat with me in the compartment, and suddenly decided: "*Mais il est impossible de vous laissez voyager seule!*"⁶⁸⁷ as if I was a total greenhorn. I barely talked him out of accompanying me at least as far as the German border, he finally jumped out when the train was already starting to move, and still he called out: "Farewell, until Paris" [*Au revoir, à Paris*"]. We were supposed to hold an international congress in Paris in two weeks.⁶⁸⁸ That was on July 31 [1914]. But when my train arrived in Berlin the mobilization was already fully under way, and two days later poor Huysmans' beloved Belgium had already been occupied. "The winds and the clouds—they play with us." I had to repeat that to myself ...

In two weeks it will be a full year of my imprisonment here—or if you don't count the short period in between—two full years will be up.⁶⁸⁹ Oh, how good it would be for me now to have a little hour of harmless idle chitchat! When I have an hour to meet with visitors we naturally talk about business matters, all in a hurry, and most of the time it's as though I were sitting on coals. And other than that not one human soul do I see or hear.

687 "But it's not possible to let you travel alone!"

688 An International Socialist Congress had been called for the week of August 23–9, 1914, but at the ISB session of July 29–30, 1914, in view of the state of war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, the decision was made to move the congress to Paris. But the Austria-Serbia conflict developed into full-scale world war, and the congress in Paris was never held.

689 Luxemburg served one year in the women's prison on Barnim Street in Berlin, from February 18, 1915, to February 18, 1916. This prison sentence resulted from a February 1914 trial, where she was convicted on the basis of her antiwar speeches of 1913–14.

It's now 9 p.m., but of course it's still bright as day. It's so quiet here around me, only the ticking of the clock is to be heard, and from the distance the muffled barking of a dog. What a strange effect it has when you're out in the country in the evening and hear the distant barking of a dog, isn't that so? At once I imagine a comfortable farmhouse, a man in shirtsleeves standing on the threshold, a pipe in his mouth, chatting with an old lady, his neighbor, and from inside the house come the sounds of bright children's voices and the clatter of dishes, while outside there's the smell of ripe grain and the first tenuous croaking of the frogs ...

Adieu, Hänschen. R.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Wronke, June 29, 1917

Good day, Hänschen! All right, fine, for your sake the first of the seven "rules to live by" shall be crossed off the list.⁶⁹⁰ The other six [rules], though, are very sensible and will surely meet with your approval. It's quite touching that Gerlach would trade me only for a field marshal.⁶⁹¹ His [Gerlach's] letter, by the way, comes across well. He seems to have grown inwardly during the war, and I will be glad when I see him again in our "Swabian" circle. When will that be?

Every evening, when I sit at my barred window, legs stretched out on a second chair, in order to breathe in the fresh air and to dream, somewhere in the neighborhood there begins an industrious but muffled beating of a rug or something that sounds like it. I have no idea who is doing this household chore or where, but because of the regular repetition of these sounds I have already established, although somewhat indefinitely, an intimate relationship with that person. These sounds awaken in me some sort of vague imaginings involving highly competent housekeeping and a small household in which everything is kept spic and span, neat

690 For Luxemburg first reference to her newly adopted "rules to live by" [*Lebensregeln*], see the preceding letter, dated June 23, 1917.

691 This may be a reference to the possibility of an exchange of prisoners between Germany and the Russian Provisional Government, formed after the fall of the tsarist monarchy in March 1917.

and clean—perhaps it is one of our prison officials, who finds time only late in the evening after a day on duty to take care of her little household tasks—a lonely old maid or widow, as most of the prison officials are, who spends her scant leisure time eternally cleaning her couple of rooms, which indeed no one else enters and of which she herself makes very little use, but still, she must take pains to bring them into good order. I know nothing for certain, but the sounds of rug-beating give me the feeling every time I hear them of a well-ordered and firmly marked-off realm of peace and quiet; and at the same time I feel somewhat oppressed at the thought of the narrowness and hopelessness of a pathetic existence—with a “Vertikow,”⁶⁹² some yellowed photographs, artificial flowers, and a sofa with stiff upholstery ...

Are you also familiar with the peculiar effect of sounds whose origins we don't know? I have put this to the test in every prison [that I've been in]. For example, in Zwickau⁶⁹³ I was awakened every night at exactly two in the morning by the loud “qua-qua-qua-qua!” of ducks that lived on a pond somewhere in the neighborhood. The first of these four syllables was uttered in a high register with the strongest emphasis and with very great conviction, but then [the syllables] went down the scale into a deep bass muttering. Awakened by this cry, I always had to struggle to find my bearings in the pitch dark on the stone-hard mattress, not knowing for the first few seconds where I was. It was always a slightly depressing feeling to realize I was in a prison cell, and together with the peculiar intonation of the “qua-qua” and the fact that I had no idea where these ducks were—I heard them only at night—all of that imparted to their cry something mysterious and meaningful. It always sounded to me like some worldly-wise pronouncement, which by being repeated regularly every night was declaring something irrevocable, something that has held true since the beginning of the world, since time immemorial, like some Coptic precept or rule to live by.

692 *Vertikow*—a kind of storage furniture, or chiffonier, oriented toward the vertical (i.e., higher than wide), usually having two paneled doors, with a drawer and a flat top above them; named after Otto Vertikow, a cabinet-maker in Berlin, who began building such furniture around 1860.

693 See the Note at the beginning of Luxemburg's letter from Zwickau prison, dated September 9, 1904, to Luise Kautsky.

In the high reaches of India's breezes,
 In crypts of Egypt, in their deep recesses,
 Only the sacred word have I heard.

[*Und auf den Höhen der indischen Lüfte,
 Und in den Tiefen ägyptischer Gräfte,
 Hab' ich das heilige Wort nur gehört.*]⁶⁹⁴

The fact that I could not decipher the meaning of this duck wisdom and had only a vague intimation of it aroused a strange uneasiness in my heart every time, and I used to lie awake, tense with anxiety, long after I had heard the ducks.

At [the women's prison on] Barnim Street things were quite different. I always went to bed at 9 p.m.—since that's when the lights went out—*nolens volens* [whether I wanted to or not], but naturally I could not fall asleep. Shortly after 9 there regularly began in the still of night in some nearby tenement the crying of a two- or three-year-old child. It always started with a few soft, broken, whimpering sounds, as though of one freshly awakened from sleep; then after a few pauses the child would gradually sob itself into an outright fit of crying, which nevertheless did not express a particular pain or particular grievance, but only the universal discomfort of existence, the incapability of dealing with life's difficulties and problems. Mama was obviously not right at hand. This helpless crying lasted about three quarters of an hour. Exactly at 10 p.m. I would hear the door open energetically, light, quick steps, which echoed loudly in the small room, and a ringing, youthful female voice in which one heard the freshness of street air: "Why aren't you sleeping? Why aren't you sleeping?" There followed after that, every time, three soft smacks from which one could literally feel the bed warmth of the little body part that had been smacked and—oh, wonder of wonders!—those three little smacks suddenly resolved all the difficulties and complicated problems of existence as if they were mere child's play. The whimpering stopped, the little child instantly fell asleep, and a relief-giving silence reigned once again in the courtyard. This scene was repeated regularly every evening so that it became a part of my very existence. I had already gotten into the habit around 9 p.m. of

694 The lines are from Goethe's "Kophtisches Lied" (Coptic Song).

waiting with tense nerves for the awakening and whimpering of my unknown little neighbor, all the registers of whose crying voice I already knew in advance, and during this process I fully shared the feeling of not knowing what to do in relation to life. Then I would wait for the young woman to come home, for her to ask her well-intonated question, and particularly for the three “liberating” smacks. Believe me, Hänschen, this old-fashioned means of solving the problems of existence worked wonders on **my** soul as well, by way of the infant’s rear end. My nerves relaxed immediately along with the child’s, and I fell asleep every time almost simultaneously with the little one. I never found out which geranium-decorated window, or little dormer, it was, from which these threads spun themselves out to me. In the harsh light of day all the houses that I could see looked equally gray, prosaic, and tightly closed off, with a look about them as if to say: “We know nothing about anything.” In the darkness of the night, on the gentle breath of the summer breeze, mysterious links stretched out and connected people who never knew or saw one another.

And oh, what a lovely recollection I have from Alexanderplatz [the central police headquarters in Berlin]! Do you know, Hänschen, what Alexanderplatz is? The month-and-a-half stay that I had there left gray hairs on my head and rent my nerves in such a way that I will never get over it. And yet I have a small recollection from there that pops up like a flower in my memory. Night began there as early as 5:30—it was late autumn, October, and the cell had no lighting at all. There was nothing left for me to do in that eleven square meter space than to stretch out on the plank bed, which was stuck in between indescribably ugly pieces of furniture, and amidst the hellish music of the municipal transit trains continually thundering by, making the cell shake as bits of red light flashed on the vibrating window pane, I recited my Mörike in a low voice to myself. After 10 p.m. the diabolic concert of the city trains would grow somewhat softer, and soon after that the following little episode from the life of the streets would become audible. First you could hear dimly a hoarse male voice, which had something demanding and admonishing about it, then in reply, a young girl singing, probably around eight years old; she sang a children’s ditty while hopping and jumping and at the same time letting go with silvery peals of laughter which had a bell-like purity of tone. The man’s voice must

have been that of a tired, bad-tempered janitor, who was calling his little daughter home to go to sleep. But the little rascal didn't want to obey, let the deep gruff voice of her father go in one ear and out the other, kept flitting around in the streets like a butterfly, and countered the oncoming strictures and threats with a merry children's rhyme. One could vividly picture the short skirt flapping and the thin legs flying in dance steps. In the hoppity-hop rhythm of a children's song, in the rippling laughter, there was so much carefree and triumphant joy of life that the whole dark and musty building of the central police headquarters was enveloped as though by a silver cloak of mist and in my foul-smelling prison cell the air was suddenly scented with the perfume of dark-red roses falling through the air ... Thus, everywhere, one picks up a bit of happiness from the street and is tempted over and over again to believe that life is rich and beautiful.

Hänschen, you have no idea how blue the sky was today! Or was it just as blue where you are in Lissa? Usually before the evening lock-up I go out for another short half hour to my little flower bed (pansies, forget-me-nots, and phlox, planted by myself) to water them with my own little watering can and to walk around in my garden just a bit more. The hour before sunset has a magic all its own. The sun was still hot, but one gladly allowed its slanted rays to burn on one's neck and cheeks like a kiss. A soft breath of air stirs the bushes like a whispering promise that the cool of evening is coming soon, relieving the heat of the day. In the sky, which was of a trembling, shimmering blue, two towering white cloud formations were piled high, while a very pale half-moon swam between them as though in a dream. The swallows had already begun their every-evening's flight in full company strength, and with their sharp, pointy wings snipped the blue silk of space into little bits, shot back and forth, overtaking one another with shrill cries, and disappearing into the dizzying heights. I stood with my little watering can dripping in my hand with my head tilted back and felt a tremendous yearning to dive up into that damp, shimmering blueness, to bathe in it, to splash around, to let myself dissolve completely in that dew, and disappear. Mörike came to my mind. Do you know these lines:

O river of mine, in the rays of morning!
 Receive thou now, receive,
 This body filled with endless longing
 And kiss its breast and kiss its cheek! —
 The heavens blue and childlike pure
 Wherein the waves are singing,
 The heavens are your very soul.
 Let me plunge in completely.
 I dive in through ever deepening blue
 And never can reach its ending.
 What is so deep, so deep as thou?
 Love alone is so, only love is true.
 It is never sated, nor does it sate,
 With its light forever changing.

For heaven's sake, Hänschen, don't follow my bad example and don't you also become so utterly talkative. It shall not happen with me again, I swear it!

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

[Wronke,] July 6, 1917—Friday evening

Hänschen, are you sleeping? I'm coming with a long piece of straw to tickle your ear. I need company, I'm sad, and I want to make a confession. The last few days I've been angry and therefore unhappy and therefore sick. Or was the order reversed: was I sick and therefore unhappy and hence angry?—I don't know any more. Now I'm well again, and I vow never, ever again to lend an ear to my inner demons. Can you blame me that I'm sometimes unhappy because I always have to see and hear from a distance those things that for me mean life and happiness? But yes, go ahead and scold me, I swear that from now on I will be patience and gentleness and gratitude itself. Good lord, don't I have reason enough to be grateful and joyful, since the sun is shining down on me so and the birds are singing their age-old song, whose meaning I have grasped so well? ...

The one who has done the most to restore me to reason is a small friend whose image I am sending you enclosed. This comrade with

the jauntily held beak, steeply rising forehead, and eye of a know-it-all is called *Hypolais hypolais*, or in everyday language the arbor bird or also the garden mocker. You have surely heard him somewhere because he likes to nest in the thickets of gardens or parks everywhere, [but] you simply haven't noticed him, just as people for the most part pass by the loveliest things in life without paying attention. This bird is quite an oddball. He doesn't sing just one song or one melody, like other birds, but he is a public speaker by the grace of God, he holds forth, making his speeches to the garden, and does so with a very loud voice full of dramatic excitement, leaping transitions, and passages of heightened pathos. He brings up the most impossible questions, then hurries to answer them himself, with nonsense, makes the most daring assertions, heatedly refuting views that no one has stated, charges through wide open doors, then suddenly exclaims in triumph: "Didn't I say so? Didn't I say so?" Immediately after that he solemnly warns everyone who's willing or not willing to listen: "You'll see! You'll see!" (He has the clever habit of repeating each witty remark twice.) And among other things it means nothing to him to suddenly squeak like a mouse whose tail has been caught or to break out in laughter that is supposed to be satanic but which comes off, given that his throat is so tiny, as unbelievably comical. In short, he never grows tired of filling the garden with the most blatant nonsense, and during the stillness that reigns while he's giving his speeches, one can almost see the other birds exchanging glances and shrugging their shoulders. But I don't shrug mine. I'm the only one who doesn't shrug; instead, I laugh every time with joy and call to him out loud: "Sweet dumbhead!" You see, I know that his foolish chatter is actually the deepest wisdom and that he's right about everything. A second Erasmus of Rotterdam, he sings "The Praise of Folly" with full awareness and in doing so unfailingly hits the nail on the head. I believe he already knows me by my voice. Today, after several weeks of silence, he again began to make his noise and in the process landed on the little hazel bush right in front of my window. When I joyfully called out to him, with my usual greeting, "Sweet dumbhead!" he shrieked something impertinent at me in reply that could be taken to mean: "You're a big fool yourself." I conceded this to him, right then and there, with grateful laughter and was cured at once of my anger, unhappiness, and sickness. —But, Hänschen, I'm not imagining about all

his dramatic chatter! Everything I've said is true. You yourself will be convinced one day in the Botanical Garden in Berlin, where the "garden mocker" nests in large numbers, and you'll split your sides laughing at this merry rascal.

Here again today was a day of indescribable, unfathomable beauty. Usually, when things aren't like this, I go back into my "den" at 10 in the morning in order to work, but today I couldn't do it. I lay stretched out in my wicker chair, my head leaning back, and for hours gazed up at the sky without moving. On every side giant clouds forming into fantastic shapes rested against the flat pastel blue, which shimmered through between their ragged outlines. All around their edges the clouds were trimmed in bright white from the light of the sun, but in the middle they were a most expressive gray, which played in all shades from the tenderest touch of silver to the dark tone of storm clouds. Have you ever noticed how rich and lovely the color gray is? It contains something of nobility and restraint, [and] is capable of so many possibilities. And how wonderfully those shades of gray stood out against the pastel blue background of the sky! Just as a gray dress goes well with deep blue eyes. All the while the tall poplar tree in my garden was rustling in front of me, its leaves trembling as though in a shudder of pleasure and gleaming in the sunlight. In those couple of hours, when I was lost in a reverie of blue and gray, it seemed to me that thousands of years went by.

Kipling, in one of his stories of India, tells of a village water buffalo herd that is given an outing at noontime every day. These giant animals, whose hooves could trample an entire village in a few minutes, patiently submit to the switches in the hands of two dark-brown peasant children wearing nothing but shirts, who with careful deliberation drive them to a distant swamp. Here the animals lower themselves with a great splash into the morass, in which they soak comfortably, sinking in up to their noses, while the children retreat from the mercilessly blazing sun to the shade of some wispy acacia bush, slowly chewing on a bit of food baked from rice flour that they've brought along, watching the lizards sleeping in the sunshine, and gazing silently at the air full of heat waves. ...

"And one such afternoon seems longer to them than an entire lifetime would seem to some people," as Kipling puts it, if I remember correctly. How well it's said, don't you think? I too feel just like

those Indian village children when I experience a morning like today's.

Only one thing torments me: that I shouldn't be enjoying so much beauty **all by myself**. I want to shout out loud over the walls: Oh please, pay attention to this marvelous day! Don't forget, as busy as you may be, as you're hurrying across the courtyard in pursuit of the day's pressing tasks, do not forget to quickly raise your head and cast a glance at those great silver clouds and that silent blue ocean in which they are swimming. Do take notice as well of the air which is heavy with the passionate breath of the last linden blossoms, and take notice of the resplendence and glory that overlie this day, because this day will never, ever come again! This day is a gift to you like a rose in full bloom, lying at your feet, waiting for you to pick it up and press it to your lips.

R.

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

Breslau, August 2, 1917

My dearest Sonyichka,

Your letter, which I received on the 28th [of July], was the first news that reached me here from the outside world, and you can easily imagine how very happy it made me. In your affectionate anxiety about me you definitely take too tragic a view of my relocation.⁶⁹⁵ After all, the likes of us are constantly living "one step at a time," and as you know, I take all the twists and turns of fate with the necessary cheerful equanimity. I have already settled in here quite well, my boxes of books arrived from Wronke today, and so my two cells here will soon be looking just as homelike and comfortable as were my quarters there, with my books and pictures unpacked, along with the modest ornaments that I like to carry around with me, and soon I will get down to work with redoubled pleasure. Of course what I don't have here is the relative freedom of movement I had at Wronke, where during the day the fortress was wide open, whereas here I am simply locked up, and then I'm also lacking the

695 On July 22, 1917, Luxemburg had been transferred from the Wronke fortress to a prison in Breslau (then the capital of Silesia, on the Oder River).

glorious fresh air, the garden, and, above all, the birds! You have no idea how much I came to depend on the society of those little creatures. However, one can of course do without all that, and soon I will forget that I ever had it any better. The whole situation here is almost exactly like it was at Barnim Street, except that there I had the lovely green infirmary garden in which every day I could make some new little discovery in botany or zoology. There is no chance of "discovering" anything here in the great paved courtyard, which only serves for taking walks, and as I go back and forth, I keep my eyes riveted on the gray paving stones to spare myself the sight of the prisoners at work in the yard, who, in their demeaning prison clothes, it is always a pain for me to look at, and among whom a few are always to be found whose age, gender, or individual features have been blotted out under the stamp of the most profound human degradation, but who, by the force of some sort of painful magnetism, always catch my eye. Everywhere, of course, there are also individual figures from whom even the prison clothes do not detract and who would gladden the eye of any painter. Thus I have already discovered a young working woman here in the prison yard whose slender form and concise gestures, with her head wrapped in a kerchief and the austerity of her profile, is a direct embodiment of a figure painted by Millet; it is a pleasure to see the nobility of movement with which she carries her loads, and her gaunt face with the unvarying chalk-white complexion reminds one of a tragic Pierrot mask. However, made wiser by sad experience, I try to give a wide berth to such highly promising manifestations. The thing is that at Barnim Street I came across a woman prisoner of truly queenly appearance and bearing, and I thought to myself that there must be a corresponding "interior." Then she came to my part of the prison as an odd-job worker [*Kalfaktrice*], and after two days it became evident that beneath the beautiful mask there lay such a mass of stupidity, such a base mentality, that from then on I always averted my gaze when she crossed my path. It occurred to me then that, ultimately, Venus de Milo could only have earned her reputation over thousands of years as the most beautiful of women only because she was silent. Had she opened her mouth, it might perhaps have come to light that at bottom she was like some women of limited mentality who take in washing or sewing, and the entire charm of her person would have gone to the devil.

What I see from my window is the men's prison, the usual gloomy building of red brick. But looking diagonally, I can see above the prison wall the green treetops of some kind of park. One of them is a tall black poplar, which I can hear rustling when the wind blows hard; and there is a row of ash trees, much lighter in color, and covered with yellow clusters of seedpods (later they will be dark brown). The windows look to the northwest, so that I often see splendid sunsets, and you know how the sight of rose-tinted clouds can carry me away from everything and make up for all else. At 8 p.m. (according to [the special] "summer time," in reality, 7 p.m.)⁶⁹⁶ the sun has only just sunk behind the gables of the men's prison; it still shines right through the skylights on the roof, and the entire heavens have a golden glow. I feel so happy then, and something—I know not what—makes me sing softly to myself the Ave Maria by Gounod (you know it of course).

Many thanks for copying out the items by Goethe. [The poem] "Men of Entitlement" [*Die berechtigten Männer*] is really very fine, although I had never been struck by it before; we are all open to suggestion in our judgment of something's beauty. If you have time, I wish you would copy out for me "Anacreon's Grave" [*Anakreons Grab*] by Goethe. Do you know it well? Hugo Wolf composed a song [*Lied*] from it, which first enabled me to really understand it. Set to music, it conveys an architectonic quality: One seems to see a Greek temple rise before one's eyes.

You ask, "How does one become good?" How does one get the "subaltern demon" inside oneself to be quiet? Sonyichka, I don't know any way other than to link up with the cheerfulness and beauty of life which are always around us everywhere, if one only knows how to use one's eyes and ears, and thus to create an inner equilibrium and rise above everything petty and annoying.

Just now the sun—I took a little break from writing, to observe the heavens—has dropped much lower behind the [men's prison] building, and high up in the sky, myriads of little clouds have silently assembled—God knows from where—their edges have a silvery sheen, but in the middle they are a soft gray, and with all

696 In Germany in 1917, from April 16 to September 17, there was a special summer reckoning of time by which all clocks were set one hour ahead of the standard time (equivalent to "daylight savings time" in the USA).

their ragged outlines they are heading north. In this procession of clouds there is so much smiling unconcern that I have to smile along with them, just as I always go along with the rhythm of life around me. With the presence of a sky like this, how could one possibly be "bad" or petty? As long as you never forget to look around you, you will always be "good" without fail.

It surprises me a little that Karl [Liebknecht] wants a book specifically about bird calls. For me the voice of the birds is inseparable from their habitat and their life as a whole, it is only the whole that interests me, rather than any detached detail. Give him a good book on the geographical distribution of animals, which will certainly give him a lot of stimulation.

I hope you will soon come to visit me. Send me a telegram as soon as you have permission to visit.

I embrace you many times, your R.

God bless me! I've written eight pages! Well, let that be enough for this time. Thanks for the books.

Please tell Mathilde [Jacob] right away that in my Leipzig case the appeals hearing has been set for the 8th of this month, in Dresden, the Regional Court of Appeals [*Oberlandesgericht*], at 2^{II} Court Street [*Gerichtstrasse*], room 154.⁶⁹⁷

697 In Leipzig, on July 6, 1916, Luxemburg had spoken before a group of SPD active members about the situation created by the split in the party, about the war aims of the German government, and about the vote by the SPD majority in the Reichstag in favor of war credits. Since this meeting had not been "properly" registered with the authorities and since the content of the speech had not been submitted to the police, an order of summary punishment by a district court judge was imposed on the leader of the meeting, Johannes Scheib, and on Luxemburg, based on an 1851 law governing the conditions of a state of siege. They were sentenced, respectively, to three days and six weeks imprisonment. The defendants' appeal was heard by the Royal Special Court in Leipzig on March 29, 1917. The verdict was a fine of 100 marks for Scheib and six weeks imprisonment for Luxemburg. Against this verdict Luxemburg filed an appeal, which was rejected by the Superior Court of Saxony in Dresden on August 8, 1917, and consequently the verdict remained in effect.

TO MATHILDE JACOB

Breslau, August 6, 1917

My dearest Mathilde!

Today, Monday, I received both your letters (of the 1st and the 3rd) together. And for the sake of keeping you properly oriented: I had received before that a postcard from you on the 1st of August and on the 2nd a postcard again, as well as the joint postcard from you and Marta [Rosenbaum]. I waited before writing you my letter until I had confirmation from you of the receipt of my first one, which now has happened. —The boxes from Wronke arrived here on the 2nd. I of course unpacked them immediately and by now am “all set up”! Both rooms at this point look halfway human, only I fear that matters will not work out properly, and I will have to restrict myself once again to one cell. Two rooms are really fine if one has access to them, but I’m always tightly locked into one of them, and before I can manage to gain access to the other cell, I have to knock and get the woman guard into action. Aside from the fact that it goes against my grain to frequently ask someone for something in my own behalf, it is also practically impossible, because she naturally has many different duties and is often not at her station at all; in addition, she is generally not there from 1 to 4 p.m. (afternoon break), and after 6 in the evening she’s off, whereas I am allowed to have the light on until 10. And in view of all that, things are difficult, and either I am blocked off from my bed, where I can lie down in between working sessions or if I’m not feeling well, and blocked off from my “tea-cooker” and my medicine cabinet, or else I’m separated from my desk and the light in the evening. In other words, it’s different here from Wronke and also from Barnim Street, where people “under protective custody” were locked up only at night and during the day were allowed to move freely in the prison, and as I said, I doubt that under these circumstances things will work out with the two cells, although of course it would be very difficult to end up in one narrow cell with all my things. But all that will soon be sorted out, so please don’t be upset about it. Things will just have to proceed in whatever way possible. —Since Friday I have been down with miserable stomach trouble, but I hope it will be better now. I think it’s from the bread here, which I have to get used to. Other than that, the food that the woman buys for me is very

good.⁶⁹⁸ The specialist Dr. Oppler, who has been given permission to treat me, wrote to me that he will be on vacation until the end of August. Meanwhile, of course, the resident physicians are here; but for the time being I obviously can't be helped much, because my stomach rejects all medications. Please don't be worried about that either; I am getting better already.

You write that Sonya [Liebknecht] is looking forward to visiting me soon, but you say no word about whether she has obtained permission. But after all, that is the main problem, and until that happens all the joy of looking forward to it doesn't mean much.

You're still not addressing your letters correctly. Please take note: two envelopes and double payment of postage are unnecessary. Simply use this address: Kommandantur [Commandant's Office] Breslau, for Frau Dr. R. Luxemburg. That is entirely sufficient. I hear that someone wrote a postcard here and mentioned both the Commandant's Office and the prison [in the address]; naturally the card went there first, and no time was gained in the process. (I haven't received that postcard yet.) At the Commandant's Office people know well enough where I am to be found. Please also alert Sonya, Marta, etc., how they should address their letters. I had a dear letter from Mehring and will answer him some time soon.

It seems to me that you have grown colder toward Mimi! ... I feel hurt by that. Believe me, she surely feels it. She will become apathetic, sluggish, and inactive. Do be kind to her, as before!

I thank you for the green tablecloth, and also I can get along quite well without the two pictures, and so it's better not to send too much more! I could use some sort of small book for entertainment. Send it simply in an envelope or a newspaper wrapper, I received one from Math[ilde] Wurm that came very quickly; otherwise it's not worth it. —Yes, my jar containing adhesive material has gone kaput on me, so please send me another by way of Sonya. I embrace you a thousand times, and also Mimi! Your R.

[P.S.] My most heartfelt greetings to your dear mother!

698 On the basis of arrangements made by Mathilde Jacob, Mrs. Selma Schlich had undertaken to provide food for Luxemburg while she was imprisoned in Breslau.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

[Breslau,] August 13, 1917

Hänschen, I recently wrote a short greeting to you on a postcard and already have a great longing for a good and proper letter from you. Here I am leading the regimented existence of an ordinary prisoner, that is, I'm locked up in my cell day and night and the only thing I see across from me is the men's prison. I am of course allowed to walk as much as I want in the prison yard below, but it is the usual paved yard for business activities, situated between prison buildings, and prisoners with work assignments rush back and forth across it, busy with their tasks, so that while I'm there, engaging in the minimum amount of physical activity prescribed by the doctors for health reasons, I restrict the length of my walk and look around as little as possible. The comedown in comparison to Wronke is a harsh one in every respect, and I say this not to complain, but only to explain why for now I cannot write you any letters woven out of rose perfume, blue sky, and wreaths of cloud, as you were accustomed to receive from Wronke. My cheerfulness will definitely come back—after all, it exists within me in inexhaustible quantities—only I must first, to some extent, get my carcass in order, and to date there has been a disturbing absence of such order. My stomach has been rebelling for the past week and a half, so I had to stay in bed a whole week, and even now I'm living mainly on hot compresses and thin soup. The underlying reason is not clear to me. Probably it's the reaction of my nerves to the harsh worsening of my overall living conditions. Today things are already going somewhat better, I was down below in the sun for an hour, and I think the worst is over. In the yard there are two narrow strips of ailing grass, which are heavily trampled by the prisoners who cross them to hang out their laundry or take it down, so naturally the grass cannot attain a state of luxuriance. Nevertheless, in those strips I've already identified some commonly occurring species, though all are in crippled condition; a few dwarf-sized yarrow plants are blooming, and a dozen hawkweed are lifting up their sunny yellow heads (surely you are familiar with them without knowing their botanical name; they look like dandelion flowers, only much smaller). The white cabbage butterflies, now fluttering around in droves, like to perch on them. There are also a few pigeons, as in any prison yard, they are from the

neighboring area, but feel quite at home here and come hurrying over whenever grain sacks (used by the military) are turned inside out and shaken, probably because bits of grain fall out now and then. Other than that only a few sparrows are hanging around.

I am now reading Mignet and Cunow on the French Revolution. What inexhaustible drama, which stirs and enchants one over and over again! (Actually I find the English revolution [of the Cromwell era] more powerful, more full of imagination, and more brilliant [in its own way], even though it was performed in drab Puritan costumes.) I've already read Guizot three times, but will take him up again even more often.

I am busily working on the Korolenko translation, which I promised to deliver by the end of the month. However, because of my illness there has been a substantial delay. —How does the thing strike you?

It occurred to me that perhaps you've been writing letters to me addressed to Frau Dr. Lübeck and that no one here knows that that's me. In any case: I've received **nothing** from you here and am now waiting with longing for a letter. Here letters are much dearer guests for me than they were at Wronke.

So long until the next letter,

Affectionately yours, R.

N.B.: Of course I have already established my identity here as **Frau Dr. Lübeck**⁶⁹⁹ and you can address your letters to me as such without any worries. Directly to the Commandant's Office [Kommandantur]. Couldn't you send me something in the way of *belles lettres*? I am entirely out of [such books]. Sonya [Liebknecht] sent me a bunch—utterly impossible ... I enclose a short piece about Shakespeare for you (by Dr. Morgenstern).⁷⁰⁰

699 Luxemburg used this name on occasion after her marriage of convenience to Gustav Lübeck in 1898, as well as after the marriage was legally ended in 1903.

700 In her letter to Diefenbach of April 16, 1917, she had quoted Morgenstern on the subject of Shakespeare's strong female characters, such as Rosalind in *As You Like It*.

TO HANS DIEFENBACH

Breslau, August 27, 1917

Hänschen, today is a gloomy day, with lousy rainy weather, and so I've been sitting all day long locked up in my "den." But now they've brought me the mail: a few letters, and among them ... from you—and so I'm happy and cheerful again! It's a relief to me too that our correspondence has again begun to flow. By the way, I wrote a letter addressed to you at Stuttgart, but I was able to get it back and am writing this to replace it.

Poor Hannesle, I can sense the mood in which you now find yourself, and I definitely feel the need to hear more from you about your troubles and sorrows. I would also be in favor of your relocating now to Stuttgart in order to be near your aging father. If one can no longer help in any way or do anything, at least it would lighten the burden if you were near him. Your mere presence would do the poor man good, and you know, later on one tends to reproach oneself bitterly for every hour that one did not devote to the old folks. I was not so lucky as to be able to do even that little bit. I of course had to take care of the pressing business of humanity and make the world happy, and so I encountered the news of my father's death when I returned to Berlin from the International Congress in Paris,⁷⁰¹ where I had been knocking about with Jaures, Millerand, Daszyński, Bebel, and God knows who else until the feathers fairly flew, and meanwhile the old gentleman [Luxemburg's father] couldn't wait any longer, and probably said to himself there was no point, because I actually had "no time" for him or even for myself—and so he died. When I returned from Paris he had already been buried for a week. **Now** of course I would be wiser, but people mostly become wise when it's too late. So if you can do something, go to your old man and stay with him to the end. This advice is no small sacrifice on my part. After all, I feel as though you're closer [when you're] at Lissa, and I would feel totally and completely abandoned if you went to Stuttgart. But I do have time—**nowadays** I have a lot of time—and ultimately the mail would bring me word of you even from there.

Romain Rolland is not an unknown person to me, Hänschen. He is certainly one of the white ravens [i.e., a rarity] *intra et extra*

701 The International Socialist Congress was held in Paris, September 23–7, 1900.

muros,⁷⁰² one who, confronted by the war, did not fall back into the psychology of Neanderthal times. I have read a German translation of his *Jean-Christophe in Paris*. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but as always I want to be quite honest: I found the book to be very brave and congenial, but more of a pamphlet than a novel, not a true work of art. I am so unmercifully sensitive about such things that for me even the most beautifully written tendentious work is no substitute for the simple and divine quality of genius. But I will be very glad to read more by him, especially in French, which in itself will be a pleasure for me, and perhaps I will find more in other volumes than in this one.

How do things stand, though, with my *Fool in Christ* by Hauptmann? Haven't you read it yet? In the mood you're in now it would be a real treasure for you. But if you've gone through it already, I urgently request your opinion of it.

For the last few days, wasps have been buzzing into my cell in huge numbers. (Naturally I keep the window open night and day.) They come here with a purpose, in search of nourishment, and as you know, I keep open house. I've put out a little bowl for them with all sorts of goodies on it, and they busily load themselves up. It's a pleasure to see these tiny creatures disappear out the window every few minutes carrying a new load, betaking themselves to a faraway park, whose green treetops I can barely see off in the distance, and after a few minutes they come flying back in through the window and go right to the bowl. Hänschen, what a fabulous capacity for orientation exists in these little eyes, no larger than a pinhead, and what memory power the wasps have! Day after day they come, and that means that during the night they don't in the least forget the way to that "fine burgher's lunch table" behind the bars! At Wronke I observed them daily on my walks in the garden, the way they bored deep holes and passageways in the earth between the paving stones, bringing to the surface the dirt they had dug out. In every square meter there were dozens of such holes, quite indistinguishable [from one another] to our human eyes. Yet each one of these creatures knew exactly and immediately which hole was its own when it returned from a big excursion out in the wide world! Birds pose enigmas of the same kind in their migrations, with which I

702 Latin: "inside and outside of the walls."

have recently become better acquainted. Hänschen, do you know that in their autumnal flights to the south, large birds like cranes often carry on their backs an entire load of smaller birds, such as larks, swallows, gold crests, etc.?! This is not just some fairy story for children, but a scientifically verified observation. And the little ones cheerfully twitter and converse in their “seats on the bus”! ... Do you know that in these autumnal migrations it often happens that birds of prey—sparrow hawks, falcons, harrier hawks—will make the journey in a single flock together with little songbirds, which they normally feed upon, in other circumstances, but during this journey a kind of God’s truce [*treuga Dei*], a general armistice, is in force? When I read something like this I am so thrilled and it puts me in such a mood of *joie de vivre* that I begin to consider even Breslau a place fit for humans to live in. I myself don’t know why this affects me so; perhaps it’s because I’m reminded again that life is indeed a beautiful story. Here at first I came close to forgetting that, but now it’s coming back to me. I will not let things get me down.

Write soon. Affectionately, Your R.

[...]

TO FRANZ MEHRING

[Breslau,] September 8, 1917⁷⁰³

With one eye laughing and the other eye weeping I am also following the inexhaustible outpourings of Kautsky’s pen. He never grows tired of continuing to calmly spin out one elaborate “topic” after another with the patience of a spider, breaking everything down neatly into short sections with subheads, all of which are given “historical” treatment, that is, beginning with the mists of primordial time and coming right down to the present. But when it comes to the main thing, he still doesn’t know what he thinks he knows. I keep thinking of Fritz Adler, who on his last visit to Berlin told me he agreed completely with Junius.⁷⁰⁴ In reply to my interjection,

703 This excerpt was published in *Die Internationale*, vol. 6, 1923, no. 3. The original letter has not been found.

704 Luxemburg had used the pseudonym Junius in her pamphlet *The Crisis of Social Democracy*, written in 1915 and published in 1916.

"But I thought you held the same position as Kautsky?" he said: "How could anyone do that? Even Kautsky doesn't hold the same position as Kautsky." Nevertheless, the Scheidemanns will soon make a martyr of him [Kautsky] and thereby allow his barren glory to shine freshly again.

TO MARTA ROSENBAUM

[Breslau, after November 12, 1917]

My dear Martchen!

Many thanks for your heart-warming card. For me too your visit here⁷⁰⁵ was a physical and spiritual refreshment, from which I draw nourishment even now. You radiate so much love and kindness it must give warmth to everyone. Also, this time everything went more nicely and in a more "human" way than I had feared, and I hope that next time you are here things will go even better. For the rest, I am living ever onward in the same way as before: during the walks in the ugly prison yard I dream to myself of something beautiful so intensively that I don't notice the surroundings at all, and the rest of the time I read in my cell and work in a calm mood the whole time. For a week or so my thoughts have of course been on Petersburg.⁷⁰⁶ With impatient hands both morning and evening I seize on the latest newspapers, but unfortunately the news is meager and confused. Lasting success there is certainly not to be counted on, but in any event the courage to seize power is in itself a punch

705 Marta Rosenbaum was in Breslau and visited Luxemburg four times from October 26 to November 1, 1917.

706 On November 6, 1917 (October 24 by the old Russian calendar), the Petrograd Soviet, in which the Bolsheviks were the elected majority, began armed insurrection. During the course of November 7–8, they overthrew the Provisional Government, headed by Alexander Kerensky. On November 8, the Second All-Russia Congress of Soviets (Councils) resolved to take full power in Russia in the name of the Councils of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies in all parts of the country, although actual power was effectively in the hands of the Bolsheviks. The Congress passed the Decree on Peace and the Decree on Land, both drafted by Lenin, and elected the first Soviet government, the Council of People's Commissars, with Lenin as chairman.

in the face for Social Democracy here and for the whole slumbering International. Kautsky, at any rate, knows nothing better than to "demonstrate statistically" that Russia's social relations are not yet ripe for a dictatorship of the proletariat! A worthy "theoretician" of the Independent Social Democratic Party! He has forgotten that "statistically" France in 1789, and also in 1793, was even much less ripe for the rule of the bourgeoisie. ... Fortunately, for a long time now history has not been going according to Kautsky's theoretical recipes, so let's hope for the best.

What are you reading now? What are you writing? (Just think, I still haven't gotten my shoes back! ... What a funny business.) Dear Martchen, keep yourself fresh and cheerful and again accept my thanks for everything. N.B.: The matron here is enthusiastic about you. Drop me a line once again (without making any mention of this letter). I embrace you warm-heartedly and send many good wishes to your husband and to Miss Ann, and also to the violets. Your R.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

Breslau, November 15, 1917

Dearest!

Thanks for your couple of words, which have put me to shame, because I certainly wrote you so briefly and bluntly about the horrible news.⁷⁰⁷ But I had just received word and felt: in such a case brevity and frankness are the most merciful things, as with a serious operation. I still find no words to say about it.

I only wish that I could now be with you and Hans [Kautsky], because to me it is as though the atmosphere of love among us three is somehow woven around him too and keeps him alive.

I still fail to come out of the deep shock. How can this be possible? To me it is like a word cut short in mid-sentence, like a musical chord broken off, although I still keep hearing it.

707 On November 10, 1917, Luxemburg had written a brief note to Luise Kautsky, saying: "I have just received word that Hannes [Hans Diefenbach] has fallen. For the moment I am unable to write more." Diefenbach was killed on the Western front, in France, on the night of October 24–5, 1917.

We had a thousand plans for life after the war. We wanted to “enjoy life,” travel, read good books, and gaze in wonder, as never before, at the coming of spring. ... I cannot comprehend it: How can this be possible? Like a blossom torn off and trampled underfoot ...

Dearest, hold your head high. One must remain proud and show nothing. We must close our ranks a little more tightly, so that it becomes “warmer.” I embrace you and Hans in the truest love. Your R.

TO MATHILDE WURM

[Breslau,] November 15, 1917

My dearest Tilde!

How much I would have liked to write to you much earlier; but I hope you know that my not writing till now did not depend on me: I did send you word that now I have to restrict myself in the number of letters I write. Other than that, my thoughts were and are often with you and in particular I find it so sweet and touching of you to provide for me so splendidly with the work of your hands. It gladdens my heart every time when something you have baked arrives and says to me smilingly: Tilde's is a nature directed toward the real and the practical, her love and friendship like to take palpable form [*handgreifliche Forme*]. *Nota bene*, it made me laugh when I read in your previous letter that E[mmanuel Wurm] had celebrated his 60th birthday. At the first moment I thought you had written it incorrectly: that it should have been 50; then I realized that, after all, that probably couldn't be right. But how little this venerable numeral fits with the fresh and supple image one has of him, and the same goes for you, my dear girl! Well, I was unable to congratulate him and you on time, so please accept belatedly my most heartfelt best wishes, including for your birthday, whose date is unknown to me. I was very troubled to hear that Emmo [Emmanuel Wurm] was so badly under the weather, but now you write me that he has improved considerably. That shows once again how colossally flexible the man is and how he only needed some relaxation and the proper routine in order to be in good health as ever.

I didn't write anything to you about the "measures taken"⁷⁰⁸ because, aside from the fact that I cannot write when I want to, I have too little to say about this matter. I am not capable of becoming indignant about people and things that have been "beyond good and evil" for a long time. I would like to be able to deal with it in a cool, free manner, without many words, but effectively ... Since I cannot do that, I prefer to remain silent. It is not to my taste to relieve myself with indignant words restricted to a small circle.

I am living here in the fashion you are familiar with: always buried in books, preferably of the kind that take me far away from the present and from the species *Homo sapiens*. I'm referring to scientific works. Only rarely am I able to read works of literature, and then only good ones. Pardon me, dearest, but I still cannot feel friendly toward *Hyperion*, because Hölderlin [its author] is, generally speaking, foreign to my nature. However, it may be that someday suddenly I will find my way to him. Something like that has already happened to me several times. For example, today I finished *Simplicius Simplicissimus* by Grimmelshausen, which has been in my possession for years—in the beautiful edition by Alb. Langen—but earlier I found I had no taste for it. It is a vast and powerful portrait of the Thirty Years' War era, a picture of the barbarization of society in Germany at that time. I nevertheless advise you not to read it just now, [because] it would perhaps depress you very much. I just read it all at one sitting only in order to numb myself and be distracted, because I have been struck a heavy blow: Hans Diefenbach has fallen. I know that life will go on, that one must continue and remain firm and courageous and even cheerful, I know all that—I will soon be done with [grieving] it, all by myself, and actually I'd rather not talk about it.

Tell me, have you read Gerhart Hauptmann's *Fool in Christ*? I have already asked you about it once. Reply without fail. You must

708 Effective October 1, 1918, the SPD Executive removed from the editorial board of *Neue Zeit* both Karl Kautsky, a cofounder of that magazine, and Emmanuel Wurm, who had been an editor of the magazine for many years. They had both joined the new Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany, founded in April 1917. The contention was that they were not editing the magazine in the spirit of the official SPD majority. The editorial direction was turned over to Heinrich Cunow.

read it, because the book will refresh your spirit like a hike in the high mountains.

Quite a while ago I received from Margarete Wengels a heartfelt letter that made me very happy. I would so much have liked to write back to her, if only I could. I will do so at the next opportunity. Meanwhile, give her greetings many times over from me.

My heart beats anxiously for the Russians, but unfortunately I have no hope for a victory by the Leninists. Yet to me such a demise is certainly preferable to "living on for the Fatherland"...

Farewell for now, my dear girl, I hope to see you here in the near future. Remain cheerful and bold. Everything will indeed be different and better when the times get around to it. In Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's *Hutten* [full title, *Hutten's Last Days*] it says at one point: "The greatest things are done by those who cannot do otherwise."... And so we will wait it out.

I kiss you and press your hand! Your Rosa
[P.S.] If you send me something [of value], do so only as a registered package or send it C.O.D. Too many packages are being lost. Recently another one from Klara [i.e., Clara Zetkin] [was lost]. Thanks for the volume of Mörike's letters. I am reading it with pleasure.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Breslau,] November 24, 1917

My dearest Klara!

I'm writing you by way of an opportunity [i.e., a letter smuggled out of prison, avoiding censorship by the authorities], so make no reference to it in any future letter from you.

Many thanks for both of your detailed letters, which I received at the same time, because the package was under way for ten days. I already wrote you that I had the news about Hannes on the 9th [of November].

Gerlach, who writes to me from time to time, sent me [the news] immediately, for which I was very grateful to him. There is no point "making words" about it.

It did me so much good that Maxim [Zetkin; one of Clara's sons] was so deeply affected by H[annes]'s death. Ask him in a letter

if he remembers the leave-taking on the balcony at my house on August 2, 1914, when Hannes, like a child with tears in his eyes, protested to us that he did not want to and could not go to war, [and that] he had the feeling he would not return, [and] how I had to comfort him like a little child. All the while Maxim was quietly smiling in his way, but he also had, I think, tears in his eyes. At the time I accompanied them both a long way through the fields. I saw H[annes] once more [when I was] at liberty in Berlin in 1916, and later he also came to visit me at Wronke.

I hope you too will have a good healthy rest now, since you are looking forward so much to your upcoming visit. It will soon be New Year's and then one can already begin anticipating spring, which will bring you out into your garden again. I am doing some gardening here on a small scale. Everyone is showering me with flowers and potted plants, so that I have an entire winter garden in my cell and must spend quite a bit of time on them, watering and spraying all these "little people" every morning. Among other things I coaxed a fuchsia into blooming a second time in October, and from it, as the result of a careful pinching back of its blossoms, there came a yield of **fruit!** Never before had I seen the likes of it, because, after all, thoughtless humans always clip off the faded blossoms and never allow the fruits to form. Thus I find it very interesting to see what comes out. It's a red, fleshy little fruit the size of a hazelnut with many gray seeds inside. By the way the fuchsia belongs to the same family as the rosebay [*Weidenröschen*] (*Epifolium angustifolium*). I now have a large blossoming white lily and we will see what kind of fruit comes from that.

In the way of animal life the only thing I have here are pigeons, which I feed and which rush down on me from all sides every morning, when I've scarcely managed to appear in the doorway to the prison yard.

Have you gotten back the *Oblomov*?⁷⁰⁹ I asked that it be sent to you more than a month ago. I wanted to have it sent by registered mail, but the postal system here doesn't register items. Forgive me, but I could read no further than page 25. In earlier days I read it once in Russian and was very inspired. Now it strikes me as so unbearably long-winded and colorless, and above all the main character,

709 The novel by the Russian writer Ivan Goncharov.

beginning with the very first page, appears as a completely standard type, the portrayal of which is carried to the extreme, so that I have no notion of what he might have further to offer; any character development and therefore interest [for me] is immediately closed off. So then, many thanks, but for me it was impossible.

I have now received, among other things, a small book by Hans Paasche entitled *Fremdenlegionär Kirsch* [Foreign Legionnaire Kirsch], which interests me only because of the author. I don't know if you know anything about him. Hans P[aasche] is the son of the former vice president of the Reichstag [Hermann Paasche], recently was married to the daughter of Witting, the lord mayor of Poznań (brother of Harden), and they both made a honeymoon trip to the sources of the Nile River, and in the process the woman, who is completely fluent in Swahili, went through all the taxing experiences together with her husband. The two of them wrote a book about it (an excerpt from which I read in the *Berliner Tageblatt*), in which they express themselves in such a humane and freedom-loving way about the African people that the book was immediately confiscated and ground to pulp. Hannes wanted to buy it for me, but he was no longer able to obtain it. Now this same H. Paasche has recently been arrested—as it seems, the arrest was caused by a leaflet in which he is said to have appealed to the women workers in the munitions branch of industry to hold a mass strike! ... The fact is that he is undergoing investigation. Isn't it wonderful that suddenly one can still discover human beings, **real men**, and in circles where they are least to be expected? See, for an additional example, how bravely Th. Wolf conducts himself in the *BT* [*Berliner Tageblatt*], particularly if one compares him to the *Vorwärts*.

The war between the frogs and mice, between the "Independents" [members of the USPD] and the Scheidemanns, makes me sick. I am really no longer capable of reading the victory reports about the speaking tours of Vogtherr, Geyer, and Dittmann, especially when I can picture these figures so well. How miserably and ridiculously they bore themselves in the "notable" Michaelis affair (concerning the rebel sailors at Wilhelmshaven). It was enough to make you howl.⁷¹⁰

710 Imperial Chancellor Georg Michaelis, in the Reichstag debate on October 9, 1917, about the attempted uprising by sailors of the German High Seas Fleet in August 1917, reaffirmed the view he had already expressed earlier, that he saw in the USPD a party that was dangerous to

Well, may the devil take the whole bunch of them. I am in a good mood in spite of it all in regard to the general situation, because I am now convinced that in the next few years a great upheaval in all of Europe is unavoidable—especially if the war lasts much longer—and that is more than likely.

The events in Russia are of amazing grandeur and tragedy. Lenin and his people will not of course be able to win out against the insuperable tangle of chaos, but their attempt, by itself, stands as a deed of world-historical significance and a genuine milestone—unlike the “milestone” that was always declared at the close of every doglike-ordinary-crummy-lousy German [SPD] party congress by the blessed Paul [Singer; co-chair of the SPD Executive]. I am sure that the noble German proletarians, just like the French and English workers, will at the present time calmly look on while the Russians bleed to death.

But in a few years everything, all around, will have to change, and no cowardice and weakness will be able to prevent it. Besides, I now regard all these things in a completely calm and cheerful manner. The more the general bankruptcy takes on gigantic dimensions and steadily persists, the more it will become obvious in an elementary way that appropriate measures must be taken against it. It is ridiculous to become indignant against humanity as a whole, one must study and observe things with the calmness of a research scientist. I have a feeling of certainty that events will now take a decisive turn. I am merely curious whether I will have to admire all this through the prison bars.

I of course read very diligently your “women’s supplement.”⁷¹¹ I feel very sorry for poor Berta [Thalheimer], but I have received a

the continued existence of the German Empire, and therefore he could not treat it in an objective manner, like other parties and tendencies. In this debate the leading representatives of the USPD distanced themselves from the revolutionary struggle of the crewmen, whose representatives had turned to the USPD for help after that party was founded in April 1917. The leaders of the USPD merely expressed regrets for the sailors who had fallen as victims of the reprisals imposed by the naval justice system after the suppression of the attempted uprising.

711 After Clara Zetkin was removed as editor of *Gleichheit* by the SPD officialdom, the USPD began publication of a “women’s supplement” to the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. The editorial direction of the supplement was entrusted to Clara Zetkin, and the first issue appeared on June 29, 1917.

few lines, cheerful and brave, from her. I don't know whether my reply has reached her.

Margarete Wengels writes me very nice letters. It was a terrible shame about her son, who was my student [at the SPD party school]. Westmeyer is a great loss.⁷¹² I always thought he had a role still to play in times of great events.

I embrace you many times, Your R

[P.S.] Please address letters only as follows: Kommandantur [Commandant's Office], Abt. [Section] IId, Breslau, Karl Street.

(Don't send me any more salted meat; because it doesn't agree with me. Many thanks for the apples!)

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

Breslau, November 24, 1917

My dear little Sonyichka, I had already promised myself to make use of the opportunity [of a smuggled letter, avoiding censorship by the authorities] to write you again. Now also your dear letter arrived yesterday, and I must chat with you, although unfortunately I don't have as much time or peace and quiet for that as I would like.

Don't talk to me about "hysterical ladies," my little chickadee. Don't you understand, haven't you noticed, that, to add to your misfortune, our best women friends are also suffering. Look at the eyes of poor Marta [Rosenbaum], in which such a nameless sorrow lies and such inexpressible anxiety and fear—fear that life's storehouses have already been closed and the reality of life has not been touched or enjoyed to the full. And Luise [Kautsky]—when I first got to know her she was quite a different person than she is now—robust, content, almost thick-skinned, and quite mature. Since then sorrow and [the strain of] dealing with people other than her husband have turned her into a soft and overly sensitive being; look in her eyes: how much astounded shock, restlessness, groping and searching, and painful disillusionment there is! And all that is the same thing you complain about. ... I don't bring all this up to offer you an

712 On November 14, 1917, Friedrich Westmeyer died in a military field hospital on the Western front, in France.

insipid consolation to the effect that since other people also suffer you should forget your own suffering. I know that for every person, for every creature, one's own life is the only single possession one really has, and with every little fly that one carelessly swats and crushes, the entire world comes to an end, in the refracting eye of the little fly it is the same as if the end of the world had destroyed all life. No, the reason I tell you about other women is precisely so that you will not underestimate and disregard your own pain, so that you won't misunderstand yourself and won't have a distorted picture of who you are. Oh, how well I understand that for you every lovely melody, every flower, every spring day, every moonlit night represents a longing for, an allurements toward the greatest beauty the world has to offer. And how well I understand that you are "in love with love"! To me it would also be true that love in itself is always more important and holier than the circumstances that give rise to it. And that is so because it allows the world to be seen as a shimmering fairy tale, because it brings out the noblest and most beautiful qualities in each person, because it raises up the most ordinary and insignificant detail and sets it around with diamonds, and because love makes it possible to live in euphoria, in ecstasy. . . . But, little Sonyusha, you have not come to the outer limit of life, like Marta and Luise. You are young and beautiful, and in the times to come you must live right. One only needs to survive these few fatal years, but after that—so much is bound to be different one way or another. You should not and must not close your accounts with life. That's ridiculous. I would still like to immerse you in all the euphoria of the joy of life, and I will firmly defend your right to experience it.

You are wrong that I am predisposed against the modern poets. About fifteen years ago I was reading Dehmel enthusiastically.⁷¹³—I was especially enchanted by some prose work or other by Dehmel—[about being] at the deathbed of a beloved woman—I have only a dim recollection of it now. Arno Holz's *Phantasmus* is something I can still recite from memory. At that time Johann Schlaf's *Spring* (poetry in prose form) thrilled and delighted me. Then I broke away from those new loves, and returned to Goethe and Möricke. I don't understand Hoffmannsthal, and I know nothing of [Stefan]

713 For Dehmel, see the letter to Hans Diefenbach, November 1, 1914.

George. It is true that in all of them I take somewhat amiss the combination of perfect form with the absence of a grand and noble philosophy. This cleavage between form and substance produces in me an impression of vacancy, so that the beauty of form becomes a positive irritant. As a rule they give wonderful portrayals of mood. But there is more to human beings than their moods.

Sonyichka, the evenings are so magical now, as though it were spring. Around 4 p.m. I go down into the prison yard, where twilight has already begun, so that the hideous surroundings are shrouded in the mysterious veil of darkness, but in contrast, the sky still glimmers with a sweet blue light, in which there floats a moon of clear silver. Every day at about this hour, high in the sky, hundreds of crows pass diagonally across the prison yard in a ragged, widely spread out flock heading out to the fields to the “roosting tree,” where they will spend the night. They fly with their wings flapping leisurely and exchange peculiar calls—quite different from the sharp *krah* with which they rapaciously chase their prey during the day. Now the call sounds soft and muted, a deep, throaty call that somehow gives me the impression of a little metallic globule. And when several of them take turns gurgling out this *kau-kau* one after the other, to me it is as if they were at play, tossing one another little metal balls that arc gently through the air. They’re chatting calmly about what they’ve experienced, talking “of the day, of the day enjoyed today ...” [*“vom Tage, vom heute genossenen Tag”*].⁷¹⁴

They seem to me so full of grave importance, the way they follow their custom every evening, flying the same designated path, [and] I feel something like reverence for these large birds, gazing after them with my head tilted back—till the very last one is gone. Then I wander to and fro in the dark and see the prisoners who are still hurriedly doing their jobs in the yard, like indistinct shadows flitting about, and I’m happy that I myself am invisible—so alone, so free with my reveries and the stolen greetings that have passed between me and the flight of crows overhead—and the balmy, springlike breeze feels so good to me. Then the prisoners with the heavy kettles (the evening soup!) go across the yard into the building, two by two, marching in step, ten pairs of them, one after the other; and I

714 Stephen Eric Bronner attributes this line of verse to the German avant-garde poet Arno Holz in *The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg* (Atlantic Highlands, 1993 edition), p. 238.

bring up the rear, the last person in the yard; in the workshops and in the yard the lights gradually go out; I step into the building and the doors are doubly locked and bolted—day is done. I am feeling so well in spite of the pain over Hans [Diefenbach]. Actually I am living in a dream world in which he is not dead. For me he lives on, and I often smile at him when I think about him.

Sonyichka, my little darling, be well. I'm so glad you're coming. Write soon—for now, by the official route, certainly that also works—and use the opportunity [of a smuggled letter] when you can.

I embrace you, Your R.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Breslau,] November 24, 1917

Dearest Lulu!

I recently wrote you a few lines. I'm now taking advantage of the opportunity [to smuggle out a letter, avoiding censorship by the authorities], although it's difficult for me to write anything right now. With **you** I can of course speak about almost nothing except **him**.⁷¹⁵ But it is exactly on this point that there is nothing to say. At least I cannot form any words. I dare not even think about it, otherwise I could not bear it. On the contrary, I live on with the dream that he is still here, I see his living form in front of me, chat with him in my thoughts about everything, in **me** he continues to live.

Yesterday my letter to him of October 21 was returned, that's the second one already. Letters that never reached him.

I had a sweet letter from his sister, she must be a fine woman, but then she is Hannes's sister after all.⁷¹⁶

So then, what are you doing and what is your life like without all your youngsters? It certainly must be very quiet and empty at home now for you. So how do you spend your days? I still picture you the way you were at Wronke in May, you looked so sweet then, you had such an anxious-painful expression in your eyes. You didn't see me watching you from my hiding place. You were walking across the prison yard to the "house," with a small suitcase full of gifts in your

715 The reference is to the death of Hans Diefenbach.

716 Diefenbach's sister was Margarete Müller.

hand. I looked at your dear face and thought to myself: how young those gray-blue eyes are in which there lies so much restless, dissatisfied searching and such helpless torment, those eyes are about twenty years younger than the rest of you appears to be; they reveal that inside you there is still, as ever, the groping, searching, anxious young woman. How I love you precisely for that inner uncertainty! ... I wish I were out of here now, so that I could sit and chat with you. Dearest, don't be despondent, don't live like a little frog that's been stepped on! Look, we still have—at least we do here—such marvelous, mild, springlike days, and the evenings with a moon of silver are so beautiful. I never get my fill of going out in the twilight for my walks in the prison yard. (I intentionally go out in the evening so as not to see the walls and the surroundings in general.) Read something beautiful! Do you have some good books now? Please be sure to write me about what you're reading, perhaps I'll send you or at least recommend you something beautiful that will refresh you.

I'm up to my ears in studying geology, which stimulates me to an extraordinary extent and makes me very happy. I only get nervous when I think about how short a lifespan is still ahead of me and how much there would still be to learn.

Are you happy about the Russians? Of course they won't be able to hold out in this Witches' Sabbath—not because statistics show such backward economic development in Russia, as your clever spouse has it all worked out, but because the Social Democracy in the highly developed West consists of miserable cowardly dogs, who, while looking on calmly, will let the Russians bleed to death. But a downfall like that is better than "living on for the Fatherland." It is a world-historical deed, the traces of which will not have disappeared eons from now. I expect even more great things in the coming years; but I would like to admire the course of world history—not only through the bars on the cell window ...

Dearest, be calm and firm, be cheerful in spite of everything—and write me soon. I embrace you. Your R.

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

[Breslau, before December 24, 1917]

Sonyichka, my little bird, I was so happy about your letter, I wanted to answer right away, but I had a lot to do right then, and I had to concentrate on it intensely, and therefore I couldn't allow myself the luxury [of writing]. Then my preference was to wait for an opportunity [to smuggle out a letter, avoiding censorship by the authorities] because it is certainly much lovelier to be able to chat among ourselves entirely free of compulsion.

I thought of you every day while reading the news from Russia and with concern I imagined you might be upset for no good reason by every senseless news dispatch. Certainly what comes from over there nowadays consists mostly of scare stories, and that goes twice for news from the south [of Russia].⁷¹⁷ The news agencies (on both sides) have a vested interest in exaggerating the chaos as much as they can, and they tendentiously blow every unverified rumor out of proportion. Until things become clarified, there is no sense in being worried so much at random and in advance [before anything has actually happened]. In general things there seem to be proceeding without much bloodshed, or at any rate all the rumors of "slaughter" remain unconfirmed. It is simply an embittered conflict between parties which, when illuminated by bourgeois news correspondents, always comes out looking like pure hell and madness gone wild. As far as pogroms against Jews are concerned, all rumors of that kind are directly **fabricated**. In Russia the time of pogroms has passed once and for all. The strength of the workers and of socialism there is much too strong for that. The revolution has cleared the air so much of the miasmas and stuffy atmosphere of reaction that a new Kishinev has become forever passé.⁷¹⁸ I can sooner imagine—pogroms against Jews here in Germany. ... Anyhow an atmosphere conducive to that prevails here, one of viciousness, cowardice, reaction, and thick-headedness.

717 Sophie Liebknecht came from Rostov on the Don, in the south of Russia, and evidently was worried about her family members there.

718 In Kishinev in April 1903, an armed organization sponsored by the tsarist regime carried out a reign of terror (a pogrom) against Jews. This pogrom was the reaction of the tsar's government to strikes and demonstrations by workers.

In this respect you can therefore be completely reassured about southern Russia. Things there have come to the point of a sharp conflict between the St. Petersburg government and the Rada,⁷¹⁹ and so a resolution and clarification must occur soon, at which point one will be able to get a view of the real situation. From all standpoints it makes no sense, and there is no purpose, in your tearing your hair out about the unknown. Do bear up bravely, my little maiden, hold your head high, remain calm and firm. Everything will turn out for the best, the only thing is not to always expect the worst! ...

I firmly hope to see you here soon, in January. Now it turns out, Mat[hilde] W[urm] wants to come in January. For me it would be difficult to go without your visit in January, but of course I cannot arrange these things. If you explain that you cannot come at any other time, perhaps things will remain as planned; can Mat[hilde] W[urm] perhaps come in February? Anyhow, I would like to know soon when I am going to see you.

It has now been a year that Karl has been sitting in Luckau.⁷²⁰ I have often thought about that during this month. And exactly one year ago you were with me at Wronke, and you gave me a beautiful Christmas tree as a gift. ... This year I have had one purchased for me here, but they brought me a completely shabby one with scraggly, skinny branches—there is no comparison with last year's. I bought eight little lights, but I don't know how I'm going to put them on it. This is my third Christmas in the clink, but you should certainly not take that tragically. I am as calm and cheerful as ever.

719 In Kiev in March 1917 a bloc of Ukrainian parties formed the Central Rada, or Council. The Central Rada comprised a wide assortment of political tendencies, including Ukrainian nationalists and radicals and Russian and Jewish socialist parties. In June 1917 the Rada obtained national autonomy for Ukraine from the Provisional Government in Russia. The Central Rada had majority support among Ukrainians; in the November 1917 elections Ukrainian parties received 75% of the vote, as against 10% for the Bolsheviks. On December 17, 1917, the Bolshevik deputies in the Rada broke from it and set up a rival government in support of Lenin's government, at the same time as the Bolsheviks initiated a military invasion of Ukraine. On February 8, 1918 (January 26 by the old Russian calendar), Soviet troops occupied Kiev and ended the rule of the Central Rada.

720 Karl Liebknecht was sent to the Luckau penitentiary on December 8, 1916, after having been sentenced earlier in 1916 to confinement in a penitentiary for four years and one month.

Yesterday I lay awake for a long time—these days I can't fall asleep before 1 a.m., but I have to go to bed at 10, because the light goes out then, and then I dream to myself about various things in the dark. Last night this is what I was thinking: how odd it is that I'm constantly in a joyful state of exaltation—without any particular reason. For example, I'm lying here in a dark cell on a stone-hard mattress, the usual silence of a church cemetery prevails in the prison building, it seems as though we're in a tomb; on the ceiling can be seen reflections coming through the window from the lanterns that burn all night in front of the prison. From time to time one hears, but only in quite a muffled way, the distant rumbling of a train passing by or quite nearby under the windows the whispering of the guards on duty at night, who take a few steps slowly in their heavy boots to relieve their stiff legs. The sand crunches so hopelessly under their heels that the entire hopeless wasteland of existence can be heard in this damp, dark night. I lie there quietly, alone, wrapped in these many-layered black veils of darkness, boredom, lack of freedom, and winter—and at the same time my heart is racing with an incomprehensible, unfamiliar inner joy as though I were walking across a flowering meadow in radiant sunshine. And in the dark I smile at life, as if I knew some sort of magical secret that gives the lie to everything evil and sad and changes it into pure light and happiness. And all the while I'm searching within myself for some reason for this joy, I find nothing and must smile to myself again—and laugh at myself. I believe that the secret is nothing other than life itself; the deep darkness of night is so beautiful and as soft as velvet, if one only looks at it the right way; and in the crunching of the damp sand beneath the slow, heavy steps of the sentries a beautiful small song of life is being sung—if one only knows how to listen properly. At such moments I think of you and I would like so much to pass on this magical key to you, so that always and in all situations you would be aware of the beautiful and the joyful, so that you too would live in a joyful euphoria as though you were walking across a multi-colored meadow. I am certainly not thinking of foisting off on you some sort of asceticism or made-up joys. I don't begrudge you all the real joys of the senses that you might wish for yourself. In addition, I would only like to pass on to you my inexhaustible inner cheerfulness, so that I could be at peace about you and not worry, so that you could go through life wearing a cloak covered with stars,

which would protect you against everything petty and trivial and everything that might cause alarm.

I'm interested that in Steglitz Park you picked a beautiful bouquet of black and pinkish-purple berries. The black ones must have been either elderberries—they hang in heavy, thick clusters among large feathered (pinnate) leaf fronds, surely you know them—or they were privet berries: slender, petite, upright panicles amid long, narrow, small green leaves. The reddish-purple berries hidden under little leaves could have been those of dwarf medlar: actually they are usually red, but often so late in the year, they are a bit over-ripe and starting to rot, and thus appear reddish-purple; the leaves are similar to those of myrtle, small, with pointed tips, dark-green, leathery above and rough underneath.

Sonyusha, do you know Platen's *Fatal Fork*? Can you send it or bring it to me? Karl once mentioned that he had read it at home. The poems by [Stefan] George are lovely; now I know where that line comes from that you used to recite when we were walking in the fields: "And underfoot the rustling of rusty stalks of grain" [*Und unterm Rauschen rötlichen Getreide*]. When you get a chance, can you write out a copy for me of "New Amadis"?⁷²¹ I love that poem so much—naturally thanks to the song Hugo Wolf composed from it—but I don't have it here. Are you reading further in *The Lessing Legend*?⁷²² I've taken up Lange's *History of Materialism* again, it always stimulates and refreshes me. I'd like so much for you to read it someday.

Oh, Sonyichka, I've lived through something sharply, terribly painful here. Into the courtyard where I take my walks there often come military supply wagons, filled with sacks or old army coats and shirts, often with bloodstains on them ... They're unloaded here [in the courtyard] and distributed to the prison cells, [where they are] patched or mended, then loaded up and turned over to the military again. Recently one of these wagons arrived with water buffaloes harnessed to it instead of horses. This was the first time I had seen these animals up close. They have a stronger, broader build than our cattle, with flat heads and horns that curve back flatly, the shape of the head being similar to that of our sheep, [and they're] completely black, with large, soft, black eyes. They come from Romania, the

721 A poem by Goethe.

722 One of Franz Mehring's best-known works.

spoils of war. ... The soldiers who serve as drivers of these supply wagons tell the story that it was a lot of trouble to catch these wild animals and even more difficult to put them to work as draft animals, because they were accustomed to their freedom. They had to be beaten terribly before they grasped the concept that they had lost the war and that the motto now applying to them was "woe unto the vanquished" [*vae victis*]... There are said to be as many as a hundred of these animals in Breslau alone, and on top of that these creatures, who lived in the verdant fields of Romania, are given meager and wretched feed. They are ruthlessly exploited, forced to haul every possible kind of wagonload, and they quickly perish in the process. —And so, a few days ago, a wagon like this arrived at the courtyard [where I take my walks]. The load was piled so high that the buffaloes couldn't pull the wagon over the threshold at the entrance gate. The soldier accompanying the wagon, a brutal fellow, began flailing at the animals so fiercely with the blunt end of his whip handle that the attendant on duty indignantly took him to task, asking him: Had he no pity for the animals? "No one has pity for us humans," he answered with an evil smile, and started in again, beating them harder than ever. ... The animals finally started to pull again and got over the hump, but one of them was bleeding ... Sonyichka, the hide of a buffalo is proverbial for its toughness and thickness, but this tough skin had been broken. During the unloading, all the animals stood there, quite still, exhausted, and the one that was bleeding kept staring into the empty space in front of him with an expression on his black face and in his soft, black eyes like an abused child. It was precisely the expression of a child that has been punished and doesn't know why or what for, doesn't know how to get away from this torment and raw violence. ... I stood before it, and the beast looked at me; tears were running down my face—they were **his** tears. No one can flinch more painfully on behalf of a beloved brother than I flinched in my helplessness over this mute suffering. How far away, how irretrievably lost were the beautiful, free, tender-green fields of Romania! How differently the sun used to shine and the wind blow there, how different was the lovely song of the birds that could be heard there, or the melodious call of the herdsman. And here—this strange, ugly city, the gloomy stall, the nauseating, stale hay, mixed with rotten straw, and the strange, frightening humans—the beating, the blood running

from the fresh wound. ... Oh, my poor buffalo, my poor, beloved brother! We both stand here so powerless and mute, and are as one in our pain, impotence, and yearning. —All this time the prisoners had hurriedly busied themselves around the wagon, unloading the heavy sacks and dragging them off into the building; but the soldier stuck both hands in his trouser pockets, paced around the courtyard with long strides, and kept smiling and softly whistling some popular tune to himself. And the entire marvelous panorama of the war passed before my eyes.

Write soon. I embrace you, Sonyichka. Your R.

Sonyichka, dearest, in spite of everything be calm and cheerful. Life is like that, one must take it as it is, [and remain] brave, undaunted, and smiling—in spite of everything. Merry Christmas! ... R.

TO FRANZ MEHRING⁷²³

[Breslau,] December 30 [1917]

How fine that your *Marx* is at least assured [of publication] and will soon appear,⁷²⁴ which is truly a gleam of light in these sorry times. I hope the book will be a stimulus and an encouragement for a great many people and at the same time a nostalgic reminder of that lovely time when one did not yet have to be ashamed to call oneself a German Social Democrat.

723 This excerpt was published in *Die Internationale*, vol. 6, 1923, no. 3. The original letter has not been found.

724 Franz Mehring had written a biography of Marx, which was published in 1918 under the title *Karl Marx. Geschichte seines Lebens*. The authorized English edition was first published in 1936 as *Karl Marx: The Story of His Life*.

TO FRANZ MEHRING⁷²⁵

[Breslau,] March 8, 1918

I absolutely cannot tell you how shaken I was by your last letter and, in particular, by the news of your awful accident.⁷²⁶ On the whole I have been putting up with my slavery, which is now going into its fourth year, with the true patience of a lamb, but now, under the painful impact of this news, a feverish impatience overtakes me and a burning desire to be let out of here immediately, to rush to Berlin, and to verify with my own eyes how you are doing, to hold your hand and chat with you for an hour or so. Not to be able to do all this and to have to lie here in this cell like a dog on a chain with the men's prison constantly in view on one side and a madhouse on the other—after your letter all this has truly stirred me into a state of rebellion.

I have the firm confidence, in spite of everything, that by next year we will finally be able to gather around you again on your birthday, and then—I'm counting on the dialectic of history, which in the end must surely find a way out of all this confusion and come out onto a grand and open road. I do not doubt for a moment that you, with all of us, will soon be breathing somewhat purer air than that which one now has to breathe.

TO ROSI WOLFSTEIN

[Breslau,] March 8, 1918

My dear Rosi,

You brought me great joy with your package and the lines you wrote—they arrived punctually on the 5th [Luxemburg's birthday]. The kittens and the little elephant made me particularly happy. If one could only put an end to this "happiness in a little corner," the enjoyment of which I am now in the fourth year of experiencing. But world history nowadays certainly reads like a bad book, a sensationalist novel in which glaring effects and bloody deeds pile

725 This excerpt was published in *Die Internationale*, vol. 6, 1923, no. 3. Until now the original letter has not been found.

726 Franz Mehring suffered a fainting spell while walking along a street and injured himself on the back of the head when he fell.

up with gross exaggeration and in which one sees no real people but just wooden puppets in action. Unfortunately one cannot simply throw this bad book away, one has to grit one's teeth and go through it. Nevertheless—"it does move."⁷²⁷ Not for one moment do I have any doubts about the ongoing dialectic of history ... I am currently informed about your fate, even if only briefly. I hope you will always be as fresh, lively, and undaunted as I have known you to be previously. News from you always does me good. Again, many thanks and I give you the most heartfelt clasp of the hand! Your R. L.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Breslau,] March 11, 1918

My dearest Klara!

How much joy you have given me with your princely package and your letter! A magnificent bouquet of orchids from you and a great big basket of white and blue hyacinths from Costia [i.e., Kostya Zetkin] have transformed my cell into a winter garden. The books are a delight to me; previously I had only the poems of Mörike, now I will read his novel *Maler Nolten* [Nolten the Painter]. The *Italianische Reise* [Travels in Italy] by Goethe is a wonderful, beautiful edition. The illustrations in it truly gladden my heart. The cookies were magnificent, and of course the apples and salted meat were also. Please write to Costia that I thank him very much and have been made very happy. How lovely that you finally have Maxim [Zetkin] back. I also received a very sweet letter from Hannes's sister,⁷²⁸ along with flowers and presents from all sides. If only one had the mood to indulge oneself in all these joys! But ... Indeed you know it yourself [what I mean]. Lord above and damn it all to hell, if I could only talk with you for a few hours *de omnibus rebus*.⁷²⁹ Yes, cookies and cakes! ... Here too there has been a sliding back into winter, but not for long, I hope. I feel very tense about your new living companion, the lynx; he better not go after the kittens, otherwise I will not want to hear anything about him. I embrace you a thousand times and send heartfelt best wishes to your menfolk. R.

727 Paraphrasing the statement attributed to Galileo: *eppur si muove*.

728 Margarete Müller, the sister of Hans Diefenbach.

729 Latin: about all things.

TO MATHILDE JACOB

[Breslau,] May 28, 1918

My dearest Mathilde,

I received your letter yesterday, which pleased me very much after such a long wait, then at noon your dear package also arrived safely. I mentioned to you already in a letter that I had also received, earlier and on time, the box with the little cookies. That probably escaped your notice. But again I **urgently** request that you not send me any more things to eat! You must respect my request. **I need nothing at all**, give it all to others who really need it more, or to your dear mother from me, that would be a real joy for me. —As for the shoes, we will buy them here. —I'm glad to hear that you have returned to a bit of reading and reflecting; with this in mind, get hold of Nexö's *Sunday*, [a novel] which I already gave to Marta [Rosenbaum] to pass on to you cons ago! I will soon write you at greater length. For today, let me just add, many heartfelt greetings, and to all your family as well. Your R. L.

TO LUISE KAUTSKY

[Breslau,] May 28, 1918

Dearest, thank you for the postcard, a small sign of life from you gives me great joy. I can imagine how very much in demand you are now, and I gather that you have shattered the lovely plans of Igel's idyll, although it made me feel a little bit sorry for him⁷³⁰ and also for you. I simply don't understand from your card whether you are giving up the entire trip or just postponing and shortening it. Most likely the latter is the case! If you do make the trip, I'll definitely get news of that first, isn't that right?

Now to Korolenko!⁷³¹ Just think what occurred to me during a sleepless night last night: it suddenly became clear to me that I cannot agree to someone else's touching the manuscript! To me the thought is unbearable that a work would be published under my name which would not be **mine** right down to the dotting of an **i**.

730 "Igel" was a nickname for Hans Kautsky.

731 Luxemburg was translating Korolenko's *History of My Contemporary*.

It's incomprehensible why this has only now occurred to me, but things between us were certainly going with the usual haste and the confusion of saying goodbye, so that I didn't properly come to my senses [until now]. In any case my desire is now definite, and in my own mind I am quite clear about it and I want to "come out" just as I am [*telle quelle*]⁷³²—with all my Slavisms and other blemishes to my beauty. So please, be so kind as to give the whole thing to Cassirer [the publisher] for printing "unsweetened, unsoured, and not watered down," the same way that my noble countrymen are accustomed to swallowing down their rum, and come what may [*vogue la galère*]. What has already been done—that should be allowed to stay of course, but not one stroke more. You will of course be angry with me with full justification for having robbed you of so much time, but unfortunately I cannot change that, and I console myself with the thought that you also had such a great interest in Korolenko, and above all, I did want to know your opinion about the whole thing. So once again: don't be angry at me, and give it all to Kestenburger [the editor] quick as you can.

I can get by with the material [that I have] for the introduction, and I thank you many times over for what I have received. I do not want to be overly wordy, and I intend to keep it short. I reported about that, incidentally, directly to Cassirer. As soon as you receive the concluding part from Mathilde Jacob and have read it, please write me your final, definitive opinion about the work (and also about the translation).

I am delighted that the *Beethoven* pleased you so much.⁷³² Tell me something, you have never mentioned whether you're familiar with Gorky's [short story] "Three Men and a Girl." I would very much like to know what you think of it. To me, quite frankly, it was painful that this very item has now been presented to the German public, because it gives a quite antiquated and therefore false picture of Russia. Write soon, if only a brief line or two!

I embrace you a thousand times. Your R.

732 *Beethoven*, a novel by Romain Rolland.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

Breslau, June 29, 1918

Dearest Klara, I strongly hope that these lines reach you on time by July 4 to let you know how much my heart and my thoughts are with you.⁷³³ When I wrote you from Wronke on your birthday last year I never thought that this year too I would be prevented from traveling to be with you, and today I only wonder: how much longer must I be satisfied with birthday greetings in the form of a letter? More than that I do not ask because there is no point and it makes no sense. It seems like we're just going on forever, which fortunately, even Kühlmann now recognizes.⁷³⁴ How glad I am, and what a consolation and reassurance it is for me, that you are enjoying at least a kind of "freedom," if only in the highly atrophied form that is determined by the "circumstances of the time" and the state of your health. Recently on a visit to you Erna found you fairly fresh and lively as ever—or so it was reported to me. I am counting very much on your garden, which must be quite splendid now in the "month of roses," to strengthen and refresh you for the winter, both the past one and the one to come. Surely Mehring's book⁷³⁵ has given you great joy, I find it magnificent and promise myself it will have a powerful impact on the masses. If only they will read it! The "décor" [i.e., the physical appearance] is indeed abominable, but for me this outer wretchedness is a certain blessing in disguise, because at least it corresponds to the inner core, the essence, of life today, and it is not like the snobbish, elegant furnishings [provided for books] in earlier times, because those represented only a hypocritical outer shell, in crying contradiction to the inner malaise of spiritual life. Did Franziskus [Franz Mehring] consider the criticism of the parliamentary group fairly well done? I enjoyed it tremendously.⁷³⁶

733 Clara Zetkin's birthday was July 5.

734 Richard Kühlmann, the German foreign secretary, speaking in the Reichstag on June 24, 1918, stated: "Given the enormous magnitude of this war between coalitions and the large number of forces involved, including from overseas, an absolute end through purely military decisions is hardly to be expected without diplomatic negotiations."

735 The biography of Marx by Mehring, *Karl Marx: The Story of His Life*.

736 Clara Zetkin, in an article entitled "On the People's Right to Vote in Prussia," published in the women's supplement to *Leipziger Volkszeitung*

I just had a visit from Miss Jacob, who could only stay here briefly this time, so that we had to hold our conversations one right after the other. She left yesterday. For me it was of course a great joy and very refreshing [to have her here], particularly since I had seen no one since the middle of April. But she is exhausted beyond all bounds, extremely overworked, and yet in spite of it all is as fresh and mobile as ever. The Old Man [Franz Mehring], in contrast, complains very much about his condition, unfortunately. I feel so bad about what he wrote in his last letter—that he would have wished for something better in the twilight of his life. I want to hope, for his sake, that he will still be able to experience something lovelier than the world war.

Do you have good news from your youngsters?⁷³⁷

Hannes's sister⁷³⁸ must be a dear and fine person. We are corresponding, and she has promised to send me books from his library; recently she even sent me some baked goods! It's really charming of her to do that for a person she has never met. Unfortunately, restricted as I am, I can only rarely write a line to anyone. And to you first of all! You can imagine how much I would like to write you often and at length! However—we'll wait until we can finally really **talk** with one another.

I send you once again a thousand greetings and best wishes and hug you with all my heart. Let me hear from you again very soon! Your R.

[P.S.] Best wishes to "the Poet." I don't know whether my *Gil Blas*⁷³⁹ will give you some pleasure. I enjoyed reading it.

of May 18, 1918, among other things had criticized the opportunist conduct of the USPD parliamentary group during negotiations in the Prussian House of Representatives about a reactionary proposal on the election law.

737 Maxim and Kostya Zetkin.

738 Margarete Müller, the sister of Hans Diefenbach.

739 A novel by Alain-René Lesage.

TO ROSI WOLFSTEIN

Breslau, July 16, 1918

My dear Rosi, I unexpectedly received such a nice “poke in the ribs” [*Rippenstoss*] that I want to send you a few lines right away. I asked long ago by way of Miss J[acob] that many thanks from me be passed on to you for the recent sweet package you sent, and I hope that happened [i.e., that it was passed on]. How might things be going with you now?

The constant sameness of my experiences, at least of the “outer” ones, is well provided for; as for the “inner” ones, they are probably not very different from yours and those of other friends of ours, except that I have to—keep them to myself. —I’m afraid that you, so greatly burdened down with tasks as you are, can hardly get around to reading books, whereas for my part I am wallowing in an excess [of reading matter]. Have you read Mehring’s book on Marx? Thank you also for the [engraving of a] little hare by Dürer, a dear old acquaintance who I was delighted to see again.

All best wishes and a heartfelt clasp of the hand to you from your R. L.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Breslau,] July 23, 1918

Dearest Klara!

Your silence makes me so uneasy. If only I knew how you were doing, how things stand with your health, whether you have good news from your youngsters.⁷⁴⁰

With me there’s nothing new, I read a lot, work a lot, and think my thoughts about what’s going on out in the world. I don’t see the slightest indication of when and how all this ought to end, but history does not stand still, and it will surely know soon what path to take next. Did you get some joy out of Mehring’s book? Write to me! I embrace you with all the true loyalty of old and send you a thousand greetings. Your R.

740 Maxim and Kostya Zetkin.

[P.S.] Yesterday it was one year since I started sitting here, and on the 10th it was two years since I was arrested the second time. —I put a bean plant in a pot for myself; it has become a large bush with great big beans on it.

TO JULIAN MARCHLEWSKI⁷⁴¹

[Breslau, end of July or August 1918]

Dear Julek! Thanks for the short letter, I will be extraordinarily happy to receive news regularly [from you]. For my part, I can communicate only opinions and impressions because [information] reaches me only third-hand [about] the actual state of affairs [in Soviet Russia] but do you think I can transmit my views to you in this way without fear [*sans gêne*]?⁷⁴² Because I don't know, I am not so familiar with the people ... The impression given by the latest turn of events is generally abysmal.⁷⁴³ One would like to give the Bolsheviks a terrible tongue-lashing, but of course [political] **considerations** do not allow that. ... Perhaps these things don't make such a disastrous impression on you there, in the midst of the chaos, as they do here, perhaps. Send me further news as precisely

741 The original of this letter was in Polish. It is on file in Moscow at the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History. It was first published by Feliks Tych in *Internationale wissenschaftliche Korrespondenz zur Geschichte der deutschen Arbeiterbewegung* (International Scholarly Correspondence on the History of the German Workers' Movement), vol. 27, no. 3, September 1991, p. 360.

742 Luxemburg was wondering whether she could safely transmit her views by way of the Soviet embassy in Berlin.

743 Luxemburg is referring to the Bolsheviks' use of terror and suppression of democracy, especially the execution or arrest of hundreds of Left SRs (members of the Left Socialist Revolutionary Party) as "expiatory sacrifices" in retaliation for the Left SR uprising against the Soviet government that began in Moscow on July 6, 1918, with the assassination of the German ambassador to Russia, Wilhelm Graf von Mirbach-Harff. See Luxemburg's manuscript "Zur russischen Revolution" (The Russian Revolution) in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, pp. 332ff. For an English translation, see *The Rosa Luxemburg Reader*, edited by Peter Hudis and Kevin B. Anderson (New York, 2004), pp. 281–311. See also her letter to Luise Kautsky of July 25, 1918, in *Gesammelte Briefe*, vol. 5, pp. 402–4.

as possible about what is going on. The specter of an alliance with the "Middle Kingdom"⁷⁴⁴ seems to become ever more threatening, and that would indeed be the ultimate in swinishness, really a rope around the neck [would be] better.

Now an urgent matter: Leo [Jogiches] must be gotten out [of prison].⁷⁴⁵ In particular the attorney⁷⁴⁶ has submitted a formal request to your people there, asking them to **lay claim to L[eo]** as theirs [as a Russian citizen]. The representative here⁷⁴⁷ is in agreement, but the demand [addressed to the German government] must come directly from the city in which you are living.⁷⁴⁸ So get the people there working, whomever you have to (and Józef⁷⁴⁹ should do that too), so that they make the claim without delay, and do so energetically. Leo knows all about it and is prepared. It would also be helpful for you!⁷⁵⁰ Please send me word right away that you have received this and have done what is necessary. You must concern yourself about this matter, and do it speedily. That's all for today. A heartfelt handclasp for you, Bronka, and Zośka.⁷⁵¹

744 Luxemburg means Germany.

745 Leo Jogiches was arrested in Berlin in March 1918 and was held in the Moabit investigations prison. The immediate grounds for his arrest was the charge that he had played a leading role in printing and distributing material calling on German soldiers to oppose the war, as well as in organizing strikes in various munitions plants, and for such activity he faced a possible death penalty. An attempt was now to be made to free Jogiches in the same way that Julian Marchlewski had been freed from the Havelberg internment camp—that is, by a prisoner exchange between Soviet Russia and Germany. Since 1901, Jogiches had held Swiss citizenship, but before that he had been a Russian subject, and on that basis he was presumably eligible to be included in a Russian-German exchange of prisoners. Such an exchange, however, did not take place.

746 Oskar Cohn, an attorney in Berlin.

747 The Soviet ambassador to Germany, Adolf Joffe.

748 Moscow.

749 "Józef" was a party name used by Feliks Dzierżyński.

750 Luxemburg is suggesting that having Jogiches in Soviet Russia would help the group of Polish Social Democrats active there.

751 Bronka is a nickname for Bronisława Marchlewska, wife of Julian Marchlewski, and Zośka, a nickname for their daughter Zofia.

TO KARL LIEBKNECHT

Breslau, August 8, 1918

Dear Karl!

For your birthday I would at least like to send you direct greetings. Through Sonya I hear about you often. I have no doubt that you remain firm and fresh, cheerful and lively. Here's wishing you all good things! Till we meet again in better times!

Yours with all my heart, R. Luxemburg

TO STEPAN BRATMAN-BRODOWSKI⁷⁵²

[Breslau, September 3, 1918]

Dear comrade! Your short letter gladdened my heart. At last we are all slowly starting to communicate with one another again. —When will we all, God willing, once again talk and work together?! ... I see that you too are not totally enthusiastic about Józ[ef]'s activities.⁷⁵³ But in the present situation it is rather difficult to "advise" him. First, because, as one can see, he is already quite heavily engaged, as are all our people there, apparently,⁷⁵⁴ but also because there is no convenient way to do that.⁷⁵⁵ Because you understand that things

752 The original of this letter was in Polish. It is on file in Moscow at the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History. It was first published by Feliks Tych in *Internationale wissenschaftliche Korrespondenz zur Geschichte der deutschen Arbeiterbewegung* (International Scholarly Correspondence on the History of the German Workers' Movement), vol. 27, no. 3, September 1991, pp. 361–3.

753 In 1930 Brodowski made the following observation: "The term *Józ* was understood to mean not only Józef[Feliks Dzierżyński] personally but also the Polish comrades (in Soviet Russia) as a whole, and also the entire Bolshevik party."

754 Luxemburg is referring to members of the SDKPiL who were in Soviet Russia at that time and had joined the revolutionary movement led by the Bolsheviks. This involved primarily Polish prisoners of the tsarist regime who were freed by the revolution of March 8–12, 1917, but were cut off from any return to Poland by the battlefronts of the World War. After the Bolshevik seizure of power on November 7–8, 1917, many SDKPiL members in Russia took important positions in the government, the party, the army, and the diplomatic service.

755 The only means of contact was through the Soviet embassy in Berlin.

are somewhat inconvenient by this route, and one must limit oneself to the most necessary things only ...

By the way, I confess that up to now I have not received a single word directly from Józef, and I too have not yet written to him. I am in the process of writing to all of you to formulate some general views. At present one must constantly take into consideration the disastrous situation of the entire history there in their country, and that very much restricts criticism. And yet, as you yourself will surely see in a short time, it is impossible to remain completely silent.⁷⁵⁶ Neither he [Józef] nor any other of our people there can change the general course of policy, they are swimming in the general stream which is guided by others, but actually it is guided—by fate in the direction that was once set at Brest.⁷⁵⁷ ...

I thank you for the gifts, actually for me there is no shortage of food items, think instead about Leo [Jogiches], who needs them very much. It seems to me that you could get in contact with him now,⁷⁵⁸ which would definitely give him great joy. Rather than food, it would be better if you regularly sent me news—of all kinds, about the Bolsheviks, about our people and their work (whatever you hear), as well as about conditions in Switzerland, things one cannot learn

756 At that time Luxemburg was working on her manuscript "Zur russische Revolution" (On the Russian Revolution).

757 The peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk (March 1918) was between Soviet Russia and the Central Powers (Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey). With this treaty Soviet Russia withdrew from the World War, but under onerous terms, including Germany's de facto domination of Ukraine, Poland, part of Belorussia, the Baltic region, and Finland. The treaty, dictated by the German side, was signed, under duress, on March 3, 1918, by the Soviet representatives at Brest-Litovsk, then was ratified by a Congress of Soviets on March 16, and by the German Reichstag on March 22. An area of one million square kilometers, with a population of forty-six million, was thus lost to Soviet Russia, including its most valuable grain-growing regions, almost all its sources of petroleum, 90 percent of its coal mines, and 54 percent of its industry. See Luxemburg, "Die russische Tragödie" (The Russian Tragedy), in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, pp. 385–92, first published in *Spartakusbrief* (Spartacus Letter), no. 11, September 1918. For an English translation, see "The Russian Tragedy," in *Rosa Luxemburg, Selected Political Writings*, edited by Robert Looker (New York, 1974), pp. 235–43. After the German revolution, which overthrew Kaiser Wilhelm and the Hohenzollern monarchy on November 8–9, 1918, the Brest-Litovsk treaty was annulled.

758 Presumably through Mathilde Jacob.

from the newspapers. I am determined to have as vital a contact with life as possible, and from the (geographically) closest sources⁷⁵⁹ it is extremely difficult even now and then to extract information, partly because the number of people is small and they are dreadfully busy, but for the most part because they are idiots and sleepyheads (I'm talking about the Germans).

How do things stand now between our people and the Left PPS?⁷⁶⁰ At the beginning of the war, as far as my talks with Walecki went, it seems to me there were no disagreements (between us and them), I thought that the war situation would even speed up the rapprochement between us. Meanwhile the comrades from Poland (or even from Russia) once wrote to me that they were completely at odds with the Lefts [of the PPS] and that they [the Lefts] were completely disoriented. What do you know about that [?]. At any rate greet Walecki [for me].

Keep on being brave, [so long for now] till we meet again in the course of the work! I warmly shake your hand.

R. L.

[P.S.] It would also make me happy if, when the opportunity arises, you could supply me with information about the more interesting things that come up in Switzerland.

I would be glad to know what role Robert Grimm, of the National Council, is playing at present. Is he still someone to be reckoned with? What view of Bolshevik policy do the Swiss have (those on the left, like Platten & Co.)?

759 Presumably Luxemburg meant the comrades of the Spartacus League.

760 The Left PPS (PPS-Lewica) was formed in 1906 as the result of a split in the PPS in Russian-occupied Poland. The right wing of the PPS, led by Józef Piłsudski, founded its own party. Shortly before the outbreak of the World War, negotiations about unification between the SDKPiL and the Left PPS had gone quite far. Bratman-Brodowski led the negotiations on behalf of the SDKPiL. It was not until mid-December 1918 that unification of the two parties came about, when they jointly founded the Communist Workers' Party of Poland. In early 1914 and in 1915, Maksymilian Horwitz-Walecki, one of the leaders of the Left PPS and its most important spokesperson, held talks in Berlin with Luxemburg about unification between the SDKPiL and the Left PPS.

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

Breslau, September 12, 1918

My dearest Sonyichka, how happy I've been about your two letters! I've wanted to write you for the longest time, but I haven't been especially well, and I always prefer to appear before you only when I am fresh and bright in order to put you in such a mood as well. Today I am definitely not back to normal yet, but I don't want to delay any longer, especially because we need to come to an agreement about your visit. I therefore hold you firmly to your word: you are coming in October! I am already tremendously overjoyed about it. I'm also writing to Marta [Rosenbaum] at the same time, and I ask you to make no more changes in this agreement. That means of course if it's still comfortable and agreeable to you! Should anything come up that makes your visit in October inconvenient, then write to **me** without any further attempt to arrange a "trade" with someone else. Otherwise, it will remain true that I will expect you in October, right? This time as well we will quite certainly be able to go out together [i.e., leave the prison] once or twice, and I look forward to that with great impatience. I have never so far had the pleasure here of going outside together with **you** and to see a bit of the world. Mathilde [Jacob] will tell you how you should manage that, or [better] I'll tell you right now, because it's very simple: while it's still September, submit a request to the Commandant's Office here for permission to make two visits [to me] or to take two excursions [out from the prison]. Then we'll take ourselves off for a few hours together in the small wooded area here and gather flowers!

Mathilde told me that it is as though you have been reborn since you received word from your mother. That was a great comfort to me. I also see from your letters that you enjoyed the summer vacation to some extent. And yet I deeply regret that you did not make a proper stay out in the country. You and I probably think and feel approximately the same about [the merits] of west versus east, or at least similarly. The confusion and complication of things seems to want to rise to the most improbable peaks before human reason begins to prevail, but in the end the reign of reason will have to come. —Nowadays I'm reading a lot in the older German literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and along with that a wonderful book on botany that affects me like a series of pure

fairy stories, and yet it is a basic text and a strictly scientific work. —*The Lost Paradise*⁷⁶¹ is a work that's impossible for me to read. — I've started it many times before—but it just doesn't go. I am now giving a try to *Jerusalem Delivered* by Torquato Tasso, but I expect just as little success. For me the light has gone out when it comes to things like that. Can you manage to do it? The Flemish book you sent me contains beautiful sketches, sometimes reminding me of Teniers and then again of Breughel's scenes from Hell.

Write soon, dearest, about whether and when you are coming.

A thousand greetings! I embrace you, your RL

TO ADOLF GECK

Breslau, September 14, 1918

Dear friend Adolphus!

Many thanks for your dear greetings and also for sending *D'r Alt' Offeburger*. It was very heartwarming and a joy for me to receive a sign of life from you, especially because I gathered from your letter that you are in good health with all the freshness and liveliness of old. What does it mean that Marie [Geck] is to enter the ranks of "Swabian elders"? Doesn't she first have to turn 40? Or rather, I think that would probably be 50, right? In any case, I send her belatedly my most heartfelt good wishes. I would be so happy to hear in more detail about all of you, about every single particular, about the boys as well as the girls! You have probably been informed about the death of our dear Hans Diefenbach. With me there is nothing new: I'm "sitting," working, reading, and—waiting. I send heartfelt greetings to all of you many times, and do let me hear from you again.

Devotedly, as ever, R. Luxemburg

[P.S.] Please pass on my greetings as well to both Trabinger comrades. The reminiscence about L[udwig] Frank was very lovely and well done.

761 *Das verlorene Paradies*, a novel by Anton Freiherr von Perfall.

TO JULIAN MARCHLEWSKI⁷⁶²

[Breslau,] September 30 [1918]

Dear Julek! Heartfelt thanks for the short letter, the greetings, and the information. I know that Leo [Jogiches]'s case is difficult,⁷⁶³ but all efforts must be made, I'm counting on you and Józ[ef].⁷⁶⁴ —N.B.: From Bronka [Marchlewska]'s letter to someone else I find out that over there some sort of malicious rumors have penetrated all the way to where you are.⁷⁶⁵ For his part, L[eo] wrote to me about it, and I sent an appropriate letter to that damned old ass Led[er], who is the source [of the rumors], and in it I demanded either proof [of the accusations] or a public retraction (i.e., in front of witnesses).⁷⁶⁶ L[eo], and you know what he's like, of course confiscated the letter: He didn't want to "wallow in the mire." It's obvious that such things should not be allowed to go unpunished. I can now formally demand the presence of Led[er] before a "court of honor," in which I, for one, would choose the [Soviet] envoy [Adolf Joffe] as the arbiter, and thus Led[er] would either give an explanation or make a solemn retraction. Inform me immediately to what extent you consider this fitting or what else you think could be done.

Your situation, as you describe it, is something I can picture exactly even from afar. A disastrous situation. It is clear that, under such conditions, i.e., being caught in the pincers of the imperialist powers from all sides, neither soc[ialism] nor the dictatorship of the proletariat can become a reality, but at the most [what will come about is] a caricature of both. I'm afraid that this situation is clear [only] for you, for me, and for a few others. On the other hand, I'm afraid that Józef has been carried away [with the idea] that economic and political holes can be plugged up by energetically

762 The original of this letter was in Polish. It is on file in Moscow at the Russian State Archive for Social and Political History. It was first published by Feliks Tych in *Internationale wissenschaftliche Korrespondenz zur Geschichte der deutschen Arbeiterbewegung* (International Scholarly Correspondence on the History of the German Workers' Movement), vol. 27, no. 3, September 1991, pp. 363–6.

763 On Jogiches's case, see Note 746 in the previous letter to Marchlewski, from the end of July or August 1918.

764 "Józef" was a party name used by Feliks Dzierżyński.

765 Marchlewski was then in Moscow.

766 This letter has not been found, nor has it been possible to establish what rumors about Leo Jogiches were being discussed.

tracking down “conspiracies” and killing “conspirators.” This notion of Radek’s, for example, of “slaughtering the bourgeoisie” or even just threatening along those lines, is indeed idiocy *summo grado* [of the highest degree]; [it] only discredits soc[ialism], and nothing more.⁷⁶⁷ Then [came] the **official** articles in *Izvestia* and *Vechnyaya Izvestia* on the occasion of the “supplementary agreement” to the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, [and these] were indeed an outright scandal.⁷⁶⁸ This is not incompetence and sloppiness, as you write, but a misleading of public opinion. **And on top of that, prettification by a North German!**⁷⁶⁹

For me [all this] is a symptom of what a twisted situation the government of the Bolsheviks has been driven into since Brest. The impression made by their entire foreign policy since Brest is extremely equivocal. For example, Józef’s latest “master stroke”: the constant uncovering of Anglo-French conspiracies,⁷⁷⁰ along with his appeal “to the civilized world”; this arouses only an ironical shrugging of the shoulders in view of the question: well, and what about Ukraine, Finland, Poland, and the Baltic countries?⁷⁷¹

767 The reference is to Karl Radek’s article “The Red Terror,” in *Izvestia*, September 6, 1918, p. 1. On September 2, 1918, in the aftermath of the attempted assassination of Lenin on August 30, the All-Russia Central Executive Committee of the Soviets announced that any attack on a representative of the Soviet government would be answered with “red terror” against the bourgeoisie and its agents, that hostages would be taken “among the bourgeoisie,” and that for every murdered representative of the Soviets, hostages would be shot in retaliation.

768 On August 27, 1918, three supplementary agreements to the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty were signed in Berlin: a political treaty (a German-Russian supplementary agreement to the Brest treaty), an agreement on private property rights, and a German-Russian financial agreement. The last-named agreement obliged Russia to pay Germany an indemnity, in various forms, of up to 6 million marks. The Soviet press, above all the government newspaper *Izvestia*, took pains to present the circumstances to its readers in the best possible light.

769 “North German” is probably a reference to Radek, who had been active in North Germany, in Bremen.

770 An example of what Luxemburg is referring to here was the so-called Lockhart conspiracy. In the early hours of September 1, 1918, the Soviet government made known the discovery of an Anglo-French conspiracy guided by British and French diplomats accredited to Russia and aiming at the overthrow of the Bolsheviks.

771 Luxemburg also took a very critical position on the Brest-Litovsk

In view of these stupidities, next to which those of the Anglo-French are nothing, [why] haven't you opened your mouths there, have you appealed to the civilized world about that? This one-sidedness of policy since Brest—the unlimited submissiveness toward the abominations of one side and the great hue and cry over the stupidities of the other side—undermines any moral authority in [Soviet foreign] policy and makes it *volens volens* [willy-nilly] a tool of one of the two camps. I know that the reason for this is the complete military helplessness [of the Soviet government *vis-à-vis* Germany], but then [there should be] passive behavior toward both sides. Or if one absolutely must choose in favor of one side, then at least not the wrong side! ...

The work among us here has gone to the dogs since L[eo]'s illness. They are all softies [*Waschlappen*], and besides they have "no time" for the work, above all if it's not paid for in cash. For "work" at the embassy⁷⁷²—which is sheer foolishness, and nothing more—they do have time; because there the pay is great. As for the paper and leaflets,⁷⁷³ for which there is now a stormy demand, Maciej Rózga⁷⁷⁴ is the only one who's doing any writing, no one else will lift a finger. But not only is there no time for Maciej to write up reasonable commentaries about the situation but also one has to suck everything out of one's thumb or from the telegraphic dispatches of WTB!⁷⁷⁵ But what can we say about all this? You are familiar with these people. Surely some terrible things will have to happen before these people bestir themselves and start to move. But even after that it looks like they would move slowly. The scandal for socialism will be definitive if once again peace is dictated by cannon—American cannon this time—rather than by the action of the proletariat. Nevertheless, perhaps something will start to move under the pressure of events. Four weeks ago it looked like big things were under way in the

treaty and the German occupation of Ukraine, Finland, Poland, and the Baltic countries in her manuscript "Zur russischen Revolution" (On the Russian Revolution).

772 The Soviet embassy in Berlin.

773 Luxemburg is referring to the *Spartacus Letter* and the leaflets put out by the Spartacus League.

774 Maciej Rózga was one of Luxemburg's pseudonyms. The name comes from one of the characters in the verse drama by Adam Mickiewicz, *Pan Tadeusz*, one of the epic works of Polish national culture.

775 Wolff's Telegraph (News) Bureau.

Rhineland,⁷⁷⁶ but of course our blockheads didn't accomplish anything politically and the movement collapsed.

Write often, we absolutely must keep in touch. I have also heard from Florian.⁷⁷⁷ Write to me about Wesoly,⁷⁷⁸ how his health is, how he looks, and what work he's doing. Heartfelt greetings to Bronka, with a request for news from her. For all our brave Polish youngsters, a thousand greetings. Be well! Letters for me [should be] always in a sealed envelope!

Your R.

[P.S.] What's going on with Adolf [Warski]? Where is he? Are you in touch with him?

TO SOPHIE LIEBKNECHT

[Breslau,] October 18, 1918

Dearest Sonyichka, I wrote you day before yesterday. Up to today I still have no decision in reply to my telegram to the Chancellor.⁷⁷⁹ Perhaps it may take a few more days. At any rate, I definitely feel

776 In the summer of 1918 several industrial regions of Germany were caught up in a wave of strikes. The strikers were protesting against the drastic worsening of living conditions and against the continuation of the war.

777 The pseudonym used by Stepan Bratman-Brodowski in the SDKPiL.

778 The reference is to Bronislaw Wesolowski.

779 At the beginning of October 1918, Prince Max von Baden was appointed Chancellor by Kaiser Wilhelm II. The head of the armed forces, General Ludendorff, had informed the Kaiser at the end of September 1918 that the war could not be won and advised that a new government be formed that would sue for peace. Prince Max von Baden, reputed to be a liberal, included SPD leaders in his government and began to make democratic concessions to the people, including the freeing of political prisoners. However, that did not affect Luxemburg. She was not freed until a revolt by sailors in the German navy, on November 3–4, spread and became a general mutiny and general strike, along with the formation of workers' and soldiers' councils all over Germany. On November 8–9, the monarchy fell, Kaiser Wilhelm fled from Germany, and a republic was proclaimed.

firm about one thing: I am already in such a mood that a visit by my friends under observation by the prison authorities has become an impossibility for me. I endured everything patiently through these past years and would, under other circumstances, remain just as patient for more years to come. But after the general turnaround in the situation a kink has developed in my psychology. Having conversations while being overheard by prison officials, the impossibility of talking about what really interests me—that is already so burdensome to me that I would rather forego any visitors until we can see each other as free human beings.

It definitely cannot last much longer. If Dittmann and Kurt Eisner have been freed, the authorities cannot keep me in prison any longer, and Karl [Liebknecht] will also soon be free.⁷⁸⁰ So it's better that we wait until we meet again in Berlin.

Until then a thousand greetings. Yours always, Rosa

TO PAUL LÖBE

[Breslau, November 8, 1918]

I am at the transport workers office at 25 Rossplatz.⁷⁸¹ Now you can obtain a pass to see me at any hour of the night or morning before the public rally. It is **absolutely** necessary that we come to an agreement before the demonstration. R.

780 Karl Liebknecht was freed from the Luckau penitentiary on October 23, 1918.

781 Luxemburg was released from the Breslau prison on November 8. On November 10 she returned to Berlin. After her release on November 8, she evidently went to the office of the transport workers union, from which she sent this note to a leader of the Breslau SPD, Paul Löbe, whom she had known and with whom she had corresponded before the World War. On November 9, she spoke at the mass rally and demonstration she refers to in this note. It was held in the central square of Breslau.

TO MARIE AND ADOLF GECK

Berlin, Hotel Moltke
 (my address for now)
 November 18, 1918

My dear, beloved friends, so close to my heart!

I just received via Breslau the dreadful black envelope.⁷⁸² My hands and heart were already trembling when I saw the handwriting and the postmark, but I still hoped that the worst would not be true. This is something I cannot comprehend, and tears interfere with my writing. What you are going through—I know it, I feel it, we all know the weight of this dreadful blow. I had so many expectations for him [Brandel], boundless expectations of the contributions he would make for the party and humanity. One has the desire to gnash one's teeth. I would like to help you somehow, yet there is no help, no consolation. My dear ones, don't let yourselves be overcome by the pain, let the sunlight that one always felt shining in your home not go out because of this horrible thing. We all stand under the shadow of blind fate, and it's a consolation for me that I too may perhaps soon be sent to the other world—perhaps by a bullet from our enemies who are lurking on all sides. But as long as I am alive I remain bound to you by the warmest, most faithful, most heartfelt love, and I want to share with you your every sorrow, every pain.

A thousand greetings, Your Rosa L.

[A second note appeared under Luxemburg's:]

My most heartfelt sympathy and condolences, and many best wishes.

Yours, Karl Liebknecht

782 Luxemburg had been released on November 8, 1918, from Breslau prison, where she had been held for more than fifteen months. The letter with the black envelope contained the news that Brandel Geck, son of Marie and Adolf, had been killed just as the World War ended.

TO WOLFGANG FERNBACH

[Berlin,] November 18, 1918—Hotel Moltke

Dear Comrade Fernbach!

With regard to your contributing to the newspaper, we have counted on it without any problem. There will be a lot of work, because we want to put out another paper in addition to the *Rote Fabne*.⁷⁸³ The only thing is that regular contact is necessary. As you can see from today's issue, for example, we have already dealt with the topic you chose: the death penalty. To avoid such occurrences, it will be necessary in the future that you always come to an agreement with us in advance on the topic and the length. So then, the biggest difficulty: all of us on the editorial board are of the opinion that in a single issue no more than two [substantial] articles can appear, otherwise the paper becomes too heavy. But currently these two are accounted for by a series of fundamental political issues of the revolution and of tactics, so that we cannot freely add any more articles. However, what is very necessary and useful would be short items [*Notizen*], brief paragraph-length newspaper items [*entrefilets*] of a current nature. These would have to be agreed to case by case. For all these reasons it would be necessary that you come to the editorial office sometime in the near future and talk with us, in particular with Comrade [Ernst] Meyer, who is the secretary of the editorial board, or with Comrade [Paul] Levi, who for the most part deals with that "department" [that is, the kind of short items needed]. Obviously we do not have an opening on the editorial board at present. All that kind of thing is still to be organized and arranged. Yet I hope everything will come together soon.

In the meantime, with best wishes, yours, R. Luxemburg

783 The newspaper of the Spartacus League.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

My address: Berlin, Hotel Moltke
November 18, 1918

Dearest, in all haste, just a few lines. Since I got off the train⁷⁸⁴ I have not yet set foot at home. Up until yesterday the entire time has been taken up in pursuit of the *Rote Fahne*. Would it appear—or wouldn't it? The struggle turned on this question from early in the morning till late at night. You must be patient with the paper, technically it has not yet reached a high level, all of that will come as we go along. Above all, however, I want to hear your opinion about the content. I have the feeling that we will be in full agreement, and that makes me happy. I am with you in all my thoughts and with all my heart. If I could only come visit you for a day! But that will happen as soon as the trains are functioning again. Meanwhile, write me a quick letter. I wait with longing for your article—[keep it] quite short! Don't put in a lot of work. We want to have your name [in our paper] right away. Write something perhaps about women,⁷⁸⁵ that is so important now, and none of us here understand anything about it.

Dearest, in haste, a thousand greetings and hugs. Your RL

TO CLARA ZETKIN

Berlin, November 24, 1918
My address for now, Mathilde [Jacob]
(I still haven't been home!)

Dearest, in fleeting haste, instead of the mile-long letter that is written out fully in my heart, just a few pitiful lines. The main thing is: I naturally would like to see you and speak with you. I could only leave here for two days in about two weeks, assuming that Thalheimer and Hoernle will in the meantime have come here to help with the paper. The fact is that we are barely able to take care of things, and on top of that there's the terrible lack of space [in

784 Luxemburg was released from prison in Breslau on November 8, 1918. She returned to Berlin by train on November 10.

785 Clara Zetkin's article appeared in the *Rote Fahne* of November 22, 1918, under the title "The Revolution—Thanks to the Women."

the paper], (and we have especially little room for *feuilletons* [light, popular pieces of writing])! No doubt you saw that we were obliged to take out some of the sentences [in your article], otherwise the issue simply would not have gone together. We are already thinking about coming out with either six pages or twice daily, but that of course requires more forces, and we are waiting impatiently for Thalheimer and Hoernle, because the soldiers' paper and the youth paper also need forces!

Now about the agitation on women's issues! Its importance and urgency is clear to us exactly as it is to you. Actually, at the first meeting of our top leadership we decided, at my suggestion, to put out a women's paper as well, and for this purpose (or more accurately, by this means) to steal you from the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.⁷⁸⁶ (By the way, the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* is now conducting itself so boldly that we actually have no desire to do it any harm.) At any rate a women's paper must be produced by us here in Berlin, either as an independent weekly or biweekly or as a daily supplement to the *Rote Fahne*—that would be up to you to determine, and of course we will have to come to an agreement about that! And it is such an urgent matter! Every day lost is a sin.

Your idea of leaflets is of course splendid. Only one wonders if a daily supplement to the *Rote Fahne* wouldn't be more practical. Everything depends on where you are and how we arrange things so that you have the matter fully in hand.

So before all else, a conversation at length [is needed]. As stated: the earliest I could visit you would be in two weeks. You want to come here. Can you really risk that? Can we take such stress and strain onto our conscience? Because nowadays a trip from Stuttgart to Berlin comes close to being life-threatening. Answer candidly! Your health is indeed more important than all other considerations. Actually you could not come here much sooner than I could come to you, because the trains are not running.

The failings of the *Rote Fahne* are painfully clear to me, have no doubt about it! It's all merely makeshift and a substitute for the real thing, but it's bound to get better.

All of us are in over our ears in turmoil and travail. As far as tactics go, probably there is not the slightest difference between you

786 The *Leipziger Volkszeitung* was at that time the organ of the USPD, and Clara Zetkin was editing the women's supplement to that paper.

and us. This is a great comfort and joy to me! Still, there would be so much to talk over and consult about! So for now, a thousand hugs for you and best wishes for your menfolk. Your Rosa

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin,] November 29, 1918

Dearest, I'm nearly perishing not only because of the work and the turmoil but also out of concern for the *Rote Fahne*, in which there is so much still lacking and so many things are still bad. Thalheimer is helping us with touching zeal, but he is still somewhat inexperienced editorially, and the good [Fritz] Rück is still very young. His recent piece signed "Juvenis,"⁷⁸⁷ which was slipped in there without my knowledge, with the outrageous "polemic" against the Independents [the USPD], nearly gave me a stroke. I have taken measures so that no such thing will happen again.

In general we hear only one voice on all sides and in particular from the Independents themselves: "*Rote Fahne* is the only socialist paper in Berlin." As for the *Freiheit*, all its people are disappointed with it, to the utmost. Recently at a session of the central executive for Greater Berlin, as well as at the press commission for *Freiheit*, a universal, sharply critical appraisal of *Freiheit* was expressed and the *Rote Fahne* was contrasted to it as an example to follow. Only Haase and Hilferding [the chief editor] defended it, weakly. Däumig, Eichhorn, and others argued for taking a stand entirely on the same grounds as ours, and the same was true for Ledebour, Zietz, Kurt Rosenfeld—and the masses! The "Left" not only approves our criticism but reproaches us in part for not criticizing the Independents enough. Their aspirations are obviously to free themselves as quickly as possible from the fatal link with the Scheidemanns and to march together with us. We are therefore demanding a party congress [of the USPD].

787 The article by Fritz Rück, entitled "Der Weg zum Nichts" (The Road to Nowhere) and signed with the pseudonym "Juvenis," appeared in the *Rote Fahne* of November 28, 1918. J. P. Nettl, in his two-volume biography of Luxemburg, mistakenly attributes this article to her. See Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg* (Oxford, 1966), p. 908.

Now about our *Fahne*. A decision has been made to have a weekly supplement of half a signature as a women's paper. You should be the one to put it together. Go about that as you see fit. We are thinking of a supplement that would not be theoretical—somewhat in the style of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* supplement—but popular and agitational, more or less like the *Rote Fahne* as a whole, of the same caliber. Of course you yourself will have to put together material for it from the press. We would like to ask you to always put a leading article [with your signature] in this supplement, about one or one and a half columns in length, and then there would be all sorts of subsections and news items, foreign, domestic, about the bourgeois women's movement, economic items, etc. You yourself should involve anyone you consider necessary as collaborators, but from among people who officially stand on our position (e.g., **not** Zietz or Mathilde Wurm, because right now that would lead to confusion). We have the best relations with these two women personally, but we want to wait until they too come over to us openly, which is surely inevitable. The only ones that can be considered [as contributors] now, I'm afraid, are Käte [Duncker], Regina Ruben, and—I don't know of any others. The main work would of course fall on your shoulders, and anyhow you yourself are the one to make the arrangements and you will definitely see how it is to be done. In terms of money the group is in a position to bear all the necessary expenses and also to pay you a subsistence allowance such as we all receive. One more catch! All these plans depend on paper—which has to be fought for daily here [in Berlin]. At any rate it is only a question of weeks, perhaps days, before we will be able to come out with six pages and to bring out a weekly women's supplement. Above all, you must answer immediately whether you are in agreement with this plan and how you conceive of carrying out this task, that is, whether we can to some extent count on you for help.

Your proposal concerning leaflets has been generally accepted, and you should write the first one as soon as possible. Only there's one condition: keep it short! The thing is that we're not getting any paper that could be used for four-sided leaflets, so figure on two-sided only. We're waiting for the manuscript. It should be a general leaflet about women workers and the revolution.

In addition, we want to introduce a small section entitled "From the Women's Movement," of roughly one-third or one-half

column, which would mainly carry small bits of news, sometimes a commentary, etc. Käte [Duncker] should put this together. But only when we come out with six pages.

If only you knew how much I have to say to you and what life is like for me here—it's like being in a witch's cauldron. Last night I didn't get home until 12:00 midnight, and then only because we were both—Karl [Liebknecht] and I—thrown out of the only hotel in this district (near Potsdamer Platz [Potsdam Square] and the Anhalter railroad station)!

A thousand greetings, I must close. I embrace you. Your R.

[P.S.] I just received the information, after a consultation, that there will be no difficulty with paper for a women's supplement. You can therefore begin as soon as you are ready! Once again, love and kisses!

TO ADOLF WARSKI

[Berlin, end of November or
beginning of December 1918]⁷⁸⁸

If our party (in Poland) is full of enthusiasm for Bolshevism and at the same time (in a secretly printed pamphlet) has come out against the Brest peace treaty of the Bolsheviks and against their use of the propaganda slogan "self-determination of nations," then it is enthusiasm combined with critical thought—what more could we want of ourselves! I too shared all your reservations and misgivings, but I have dropped them on the most important questions, and on many [questions] I did not go as far as you. The use of terror indicates great weakness, certainly, but it is directed against internal enemies who base their hopes on the existence of capitalism outside of Russia, receiving support and encouragement from it. With the coming of the European revolution, the Russian counter-revolutionaries will lose not only support [from abroad] but also—what's

788 The original letter was in Polish. This passage was translated into German by Adolf Warski in his *Rosa Luxemburgs Stellung zu den taktischen Problemen der Revolution* (Rosa Luxemburg's Position on Tactical Problems of the Revolution) (Hamburg, 1922), pp. 6–7.

more important—their courage. Thus the Bolshevik use of terror is above all an expression of the weakness of the European proletariat. Certainly, the agrarian relations that have been established are the most dangerous aspect, the worst sore spot of the Russian revolution. But here too there is a truth that applies—even the greatest revolution can accomplish only that which has ripened as a result of [historical] development. This sore spot also can only be healed by the European revolution. And it is coming!⁷⁸⁹ ...

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin, probably December 20, 1918]

Dearest Klara!

I am again taking advantage of the opportunity to drop you a line. Your little item about the doctors⁷⁹⁰ is superb and went to press right away. Send what you can like that in small amounts, preferably of course something with your signature. But short! We are not getting any paper [after all] to enlarge our publication, and are suffocating in the three [two-sided] sheets that we have at our disposal.

I see that you are fresh and lively again, and that was the loveliest thing about the article. Comrade Unfried⁷⁹¹ is waiting, and so, in all haste, I send you only a thousand greetings and hugs. Your RL

789 For more on Luxemburg's views on the problems of the Russian revolution, see her manuscripts "On the Russian Revolution" and "On the War, the National Question, and the Revolution" in her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, pp. 332ff., 366ff.

790 The reference is to the short item (*Notiz*) entitled "One Bit of Socialization," which was published in the *Rote Fahne* of December 21, 1918.

791 Emil Unfried, member of the Stuttgart Workers' Council, was staying in Berlin and serving as a courier.

TO LENIN⁷⁹²

[Berlin,] December 20, 1918

[Dorogoi Vladimir,

[Pol'zuyus poyezdkoi dyadi, chtoby pereslat vsem Vam serdechnyi privet ot nashei semyi, Karl, Franz, i drugikh.]

Dear Vladimir,

I am taking advantage of uncle's trip⁷⁹³ to send all of you heartfelt greetings from our family, Karl, Franz, and the others.⁷⁹⁴ [Dai Bog, chtoby gryadushchii god vyol nam velikiye ispolneniya.] God grant that the coming year will bring us great fulfillments [i.e., accomplishments].

[Vsego khoroshego!] All the best!

[O nashem zhityo-bytyo raskazhet dyadya.] Uncle will tell about our life here.

[Poka Vam ruk[o]pozhatiya i privety.] For now [many] handshakes and greetings,

Roza

792 The following is an English transliteration of the Russian text of Rosa Luxemburg's letter to Lenin, interspersed with the English translation.

793 The nickname "uncle" apparently refers to Eduard Fuchs, who was assigned by the central leadership (*Zentrale*) of the Spartacus League to establish direct contact with Lenin and other influential representatives of the Russian Communist Party (Bolshevik) and the Soviet government. He was the obvious choice because after 1914 he had met with Lenin in Switzerland several times, enjoyed his confidence, and had been assigned by the Soviet government to carry out the functions of civilian commissar for Russian prisoners of war who found themselves in Germany. In connection with this mission he traveled to Soviet Russia and met with Lenin in Moscow between December 26 and 28, 1918. Eduard Fuchs handed over to Lenin this letter from Luxemburg, along with her draft program of the Spartacus League, "Was will der Spartakusbund?" (What Does the Spartacus League Want?), for which see her *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 4, pp. 440ff. Luxemburg's letter to Lenin was first published in Moscow in *Pravda*, on February 2, 1919.

794 By "our family" was meant the Spartacus League.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin,] December 25 [1918]

Dearest Klara, today for the first time since Breslau I'm sitting at my desk, and I want to send you a Christmas greeting. How much I would prefer to travel to visit you! But that is out of the question, because I am chained to the editorial office,⁷⁹⁵ and every day I am there until midnight, at the printing presses to oversee the making up of the issue, and besides in these disturbed times the most urgent information and instructions that must be given still come in at 10 or 11 at night, and they must be responded to immediately. On top of that almost every day, from early in the morning, there are conferences and discussions, and public meetings in between, and as a change of pace every few days there come urgent warnings from "official sources" that Karl and I are threatened by gangs of killers [*Mordbuben*], so that we are not supposed to sleep at home but must seek shelter somewhere else, until the point was reached that this business became too stupid, in my opinion, and I simply came back here to Südende. I have been living this way, in the midst of tumult and turmoil and all in a rush from the first moment, and I don't have time to come to my senses or get my bearings. In all this I have only one small favorable prospect: we are expecting Julek [Marchlewski] soon, [and] then I could perhaps relax for a short time and go to visit you. It only depends on when he will succeed in coming across the border.⁷⁹⁶

Tensions are growing sharper here, both outwardly—with the Ebert people—and internally, in the USPD. You are probably receiving *Rote Fahne* regularly now and you see that we never cease to call for a party congress [of the USPD]. Yesterday there came an official **rejection** of that demand. The party is in complete disarray—Ströbel,

795 Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht were officially the co-editors of *Rote Fahne*, and jointly responsible for its production, although in fact Luxemburg did most of the editorial work.

796 Julian Marchlewski was taken into "military protective custody" on May 22, 1916, and imprisoned in the Berlin municipal prison. On October 25, 1916, he was transferred to the Havelburg internment camp, from which he was freed in mid-1918 by the Soviet government in exchange for German prisoners of war. He went to Moscow by way of Petrograd, from which he was able to return to Berlin only after overcoming great difficulties, and not until January 18, 1919.

Haase, Bock (!), and the *Freiheit* are openly demanding that a “line of demarcation be drawn against the left,” which means against us. On the other hand, in the provinces the merger between the USPD and the Scheidemanns is in full swing. Zietz is now conducting herself in an extremely ambiguous manner: it was she who cooked up a “nationwide conference” [instead of a party congress] and who blocked the holding of a party congress.

Tuesday! And now yesterday [that is, on December 25 during the day—this letter being written around midnight at the end of Christmas day] there was of course a “revolutionary disturbance” again. There was an enormous demonstration [and march] to the Imperial Palace,⁷⁹⁷ and then a section of the demonstrators spontaneously headed for the *Vorwärts* building and occupied it! An armored car and 18 machine guns were found inside! I was then called in a hurry to a session and didn’t get home here until 11:30 p.m. tonight. Today [on December 26] I have to go back into the city right away. And that’s how it’s been all these days. It remains that way, at least as I am writing this hasty greeting.

A thousand best wishes! Yours

797 On the afternoon of December 25, 1918, many Berlin workers protested in the Tiergarten Park against an attempted coup undertaken by counterrevolutionary troops the previous day, attacking the People’s Naval Division at the Imperial Palace and Stables. Speakers for the Spartacus League, including Karl Liebknecht, for the Revolutionary Shop Stewards, and for the People’s Naval Division denounced the counterrevolutionary machinations and called for the formation of a Red Guard and workers’ militia, and for the disarming of officers and NCOs active with the counterrevolution. After the rally in the Tiergarten a huge procession of demonstrators marched to the Imperial Palace and Stable. After a further speech by Karl Liebknecht, in which he warned against new acts of coercion by the government and lambasted the lies of the *Vorwärts* about the revolutionary movement, a section of the demonstrators hurried to Linden Street and occupied the editorial offices and printing works of the *Vorwärts*, which were located there. In the building they found an armored car and 21 machine guns, along with a large supply of ammunition and a large quantity of hand grenades.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin,] December 26 [1918]

Dearest, I just received the lines you wrote on December 23. That I should come visit you now is **unthinkable**, I can't abandon the paper [*Rote Fabne*] for even one day. The prospect that you would come here gives me a thousand reasons to rejoice.

Here you have friends waiting for you longingly, also a vast field of operations, and me with open arms. My little home is naturally at your disposal and awaits you. From now on I will send you the *Rote Fabne* myself every day. Write **as soon as possible** whether and when you are coming. The thought of it makes me happy.

I embrace you with all my heart, as ever, your RL

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin, December 1918]

Dearest Klara!

I was so happy about the news that you are doing better. A heavy weight fell from my heart, and I was able to go back to work so refreshed. Now I am again waiting with longing for further news of how you are doing.

The work here is developing splendidly. Our friend Münzenberg will do the best job of telling you about it more fully. Also about my and our views on the most important questions.

As soon as you are back to normal we will talk about the work. We here are in the process, among other things, of laying the basis for the work with women and for educational work. We are still weak, unfortunately. Käte D[uncker] is very ill and not capable of doing much. And other than that we have no forces!

I myself am so much in tumult and turmoil that I have no time to even think about how I am. "*C'est la révolution*." If only I knew that you were well, then for me everything would go splendidly.

A thousand greetings to all of you, sent in haste.

I embrace you with all my heart, your RL

TO MARTA ROSENBAUM

Berlin, January 4, 1919

My dear, beloved Martchen!

I am sending you, together with a thousand greetings, the first issue of *Rote Fabne*, the struggle over which has kept me breathless from morning till night all the past many days. I have the most urgent need to see you, to hug you, to talk with you. Kurt [Rosenfeld] told me you felt hurt by me. For me that was like having a roof tile fall on my head.

During the whole time of our friendship haven't I earned so much trust that misunderstandings would be ruled out? It was painful for me. Well, even this has to be accepted; we have to talk, and no shadow can be allowed to stand between me and my dear Marta, with the heart of gold. I tried to reach you by phone yesterday, but the call didn't go through, and later I didn't have a moment to spare. I want to see if I can get through to you today.

In the meantime I embrace you with all the love and loyalty of old, a thousand times, greeting you and your husband as well. Your Rosa L.

TO CLARA ZETKIN

[Berlin,] January 11 [1919]

Dearest Klara,

Today I received your detailed letter, finally got around to reading it in peace and quiet, and what's still more incredible, to answering it. It is impossible to describe the way of life that I—and all of us—have been living for weeks, the tumult and turmoil, the constant changing of living quarters, the never-ending reports filled with alarm, and in between, the tense strain of work, conferences, etc., etc. I literally could not find time to write you. I've only seen my own place now and then for a couple of hours at night. Perhaps tonight I will succeed in writing this letter. Only I really don't know how to begin, I have so much to tell you.

Well then, first of all, as far as nonparticipation in the elections is concerned:⁷⁹⁸ you overestimate enormously the scope and consequences of this decision. There are no “Rühle-ites,” and Rühle was by no means a “leader” at the conference. Our “defeat” was only the triumph of a rather childish, half-baked, one-dimensional radicalism. But that was only at the beginning of the conference. In its later course the feeling between us (of the central leadership) and the delegates was restored to a sound basis, and when I returned briefly to the question of participation in the elections during my report I already felt quite a different resonance than at the beginning. Don’t forget that the “Spartacists” are for the most part a fresh new generation, free of the stupefying traditions of the “grand old party, tried and true.”—And that must be viewed in both its aspects, of light and shade. We all decided unanimously not to make too big an issue of this point and not to take it too tragically. In reality the question of the National Assembly [and the elections to it] will be shoved into the background by the storm of events, and if the course of events continues as it has so far, it will prove to be highly questionable whether things will even reach the point of elections and a National Assembly. Your judgment of the matter (and by this I mean [what you consider] the tragic nature of the decision) is quite different from ours, because unfortunately you now have no feeling for the details, as we do, and moreover, a feeling for the particular situation, for which one would require the experience of direct observation. My first impulse, when I read your letter and your telegram about the elections question, was to send you a telegram: Come here, quick as you can. I am **certain** that one week’s stay here and direct participation in our activities and consultations would be enough to establish complete conformity between you and us in each and every respect. Now, however, I see myself obliged to say the opposite to you: Wait a little while about coming here, until we have quieter times again, to some extent. To live in the present turmoil and hourly danger, the constant changing of living quarters,

798 At the founding congress of the KPD (German initials for the Communist Party of Germany), December 30, 1918–January 1, 1919, a resolution was adopted not to participate in the elections for a National Assembly, in opposition to the views of Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, and other representatives of the central leadership. The resolution was introduced and motivated by Otto Rühle.

the strain and the rushing around, is not for you, and in particular there would be no possibility at all of working or even consulting in an orderly manner. I hope in a week or so the situation will have clarified itself in one way or another and regular work will again be possible. Then your relocating here would be the beginning of a systematic collaboration, in the course of which mutual agreement and a commonly shared understanding will come about automatically.

Nota bene: We have not taken any “Borchhardtians”⁷⁹⁹ into the organization. On the contrary, Borchardt was expelled from the “International Communists”⁸⁰⁰ and indeed that was done on our demand. For the most part the “Communists” were from Hamburg and Bremen. Certainly this acquisition [*Erwerbung*] has its thorny aspects, but in any case these are secondary matters, which one has to get past and which will be straightened out as the movement progresses.—

On the whole our movement is developing splendidly, and throughout all of Germany at that. The split from the USPD had become absolutely unavoidable for **political** reasons, because even if the **people** were still the same as at Gotha,⁸⁰¹ nevertheless the **situation** has become totally different.

The severe political crises that we’ve experienced here in Berlin during all of the past two weeks or even longer have blocked the way to the systematic organizational work of training our recruits, but at the same time these events are a tremendous school for the masses. And finally, one must take history as it comes, whatever course it takes.—The fact that you are receiving *Rote Fahne* so infrequently is disastrous! I will see to it that I personally send it to you every day.—At this moment in Berlin the battles are continuing.⁸⁰² Many

799 A reference to Julian Borchardt.

800 In November 1918 the name “International Communists” was adopted, first of all by left groups in Hamburg and Bremen, and also by a group in Dresden. They joined the KPD at its founding congress.

801 The USPD held its founding congress at Gotha on April 6–8, 1917.

802 On January 4, 1919, the Social Democratic government announced the dismissal of Emil Eichhorn as head of the Berlin police. Eichhorn belonged to the left wing of the USPD. The revolutionary workers and soldiers responded to this with a massive rally in Berlin, and proceeded to arm themselves for an uprising for which they were largely unprepared. The uprising was quickly crushed. Within a few days of this defeat, Luxemburg

of our brave lads have fallen. Meyer, Ledebour, and (we fear) Leo [Jogiches] have been arrested.

For today, I have to close.

I embrace you a thousand times, your R.

and Karl Liebknecht were tracked down by counterrevolutionary, proto-fascist military groups (the so-called Volunteer Corps, or *Freikorps*), and on January 15 they were arrested and assassinated.

A Glossary of Personal Names

With some exceptions, the following biographical data generally covers the time period up to the death of Rosa Luxemburg in January 1919. Where no nationality is given, it may be assumed that the nationality is German.

Abramovich, see Tyutryumova-Abramovich, R. A.

Adams-Lehmann, Hope Bridges (1855–1916), physician; Social Democrat; born in England; lived in Germany from 1872 on; worked as a doctor in Frankfurt on the Main beginning in 1881, and then in Munich; wrote in the Social Democratic press on women's issues and issues of public health.

Adler, Friedrich (1879–1960), Austrian physicist; Social Democrat; a theoretician of the Austro-Marxist school; 1907–1911, lecturer at the University of Zurich; 1910–1911, editor of the Swiss Social Democratic newspaper *Volksrecht*; after that, secretary of the Social Democratic Party of Austria; on October 21, 1916, made an attempt on the life of Count Stürgkh, the Austrian prime minister. He was a spokesperson for the left wing of the Social Democratic Party of Austria after 1914.

Adler, Georg (1863–1908), German statist economist and proponent of social betterment.

Adler, Victor (1852–1918), physician and journalist; cofounder and leading member of the Social Democratic Party of Austria; a spokesperson for reformism in the Second International who was often at odds with Luxemburg; elected to the lower Austrian Diet in 1905; during World War I, supported the war; active in the abortive socialist peace conference in Stockholm in 1917.

Advielle, Victor (1833–1903), French writer; author of historical and biographical works, including a study of Gracchus Babeuf and the Conspiracy of Equals; high official in the Ministry of Finance.

Akselrod, see Axelrod, P. B.

Alekseyev, S. A. (ca. 1878–1930), editor of Social Democratic literature, first in Odessa in 1904 and later in St. Petersburg; translated Karl Marx's *Poverty of Philosophy* into Russian.

Allemane, Jean (1843–1935), French socialist; a participant in the Paris Commune of 1871; later, a possibilist and proponent of revolutionary syndicalist views; in 1890, founded the Revolutionary Socialist Workers' Party; elected to parliament in 1901, 1906, and 1910.

Anacreon (570–488 B.C.), Greek lyric poet; his poems dwelt on such themes as love and the observations of everyday people and life.

Andersen Nexö, Martin (1869–1954), Danish poet and revolutionary writer; his novel *Pelle Eroberen* (four volumes, 1906–10) is regarded as a Danish classic; in 1919, a cofounder of the Danish Communist Party.

Anseele, Édouard (1856–1938), cofounder and leader of the Belgian Workers' Party; leading representative of the Belgian cooperative movement; member of the International Socialist Bureau; in 1918 became minister of public works.

Antoni, Józef Malecki (1821–1913), member of the SDKPiL who took an active part in the work of transporting into Poland party literature printed in Berlin.

Antrick, Otto Friedrich Wilhelm (1858–1924), cigarmaker; Social Democrat; 1898–1903 and 1912–18, member of the Reichstag; 1903–06, city councilor in Berlin; party secretary in Braunschweig (Brunswick), beginning in 1906.

Arons, Martin Leo (1860–1919), physicist; university lecturer in Berlin from 1890 on; Social Democrat; suspended in 1899 because of his political standpoint; worked in the trade unions and cooperatives; financial contributor to and longtime collaborator with the publication *Sozialistische Monatshefte*.

Askew, John B. (d. 1929), English socialist; member of the Social Democratic Federation and Independent Labour Party; moved to Germany and was active as a political journalist; translated Karl Kautsky's *The Materialist Conception of History* (1906) and other works by Kautsky into English.

Auer, Ignatz (1846–1907), saddler; Social Democrat; 1869, joined the Social Democratic Workers' Party of Germany (SDAP), also known as the "Eisenachers"; 1874, secretary of that party's Executive Committee; 1875, at the Gotha (Unity) Congress where the SDAP joined with Ferdinand Lasalle's General German Workers' Association (ADAV), elected as one of the secretaries of the SDAP; member of the Reichstag in 1877–78, 1880–81, 1884–87, and 1890–1907; in 1890, became secretary of the Executive of the SPD; an influential reformist from the mid-1890s on.

Augspurg, Anita (1857–1943), women's rights advocate; studied law at Zurich and graduated in 1897, returning to Germany that same year; in 1903, founded the German Association (*Verband*) for Women's Right to Vote and became a cofounder and leader of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Axelrod, P. B. (1850–1928), in the 1870s, a Narodnik; in 1883, a cofounder of the Emancipation of Labor group (the main group of Russian Marxists); in 1900, became an editor of *Iskra*; after 1903, one of the leading Mensheviks.

Babeuf, Gracchus (real first name, François-Noël) (1760–97),

French revolutionary and utopian communist; in 1797, edited the newspaper *Le Tribune du peuple*; in 1796, with the Conspiracy of Equals, began preparations for an armed uprising to carry the French Revolution further.

Bach, Johann Sebastian (1685–1750), German composer.

Balabanoff, Angelica, see Balabanova, A. I.

Balabanova, A. I. (1878–1965), Social Democrat; active in the Russian socialist movement and, after emigrating from Russia in 1897, in the Italian socialist movement; member of the Central Committee of the Italian Socialist Party and editor of *Avanti*; member of the ISB; took a centrist position during World War I; participated in the Zimmerwald Conference in 1915 and the Kienthal Conference in 1916; returned to Russia for a short time after 1917.

Ballestrem, Franz, Graf von (Count of) (1834–1910), German industrialist; belonged to the conservative wing of the Center Party; member of the Reichstag in 1872–93 and 1898–1906; first vice president of the Reichstag in 1890–93 and its president in 1898–1903.

Barère de Vieuzac, Bertrand (1755–1841), French lawyer and political figure in the French Revolution; as a deputy to the Convention, he became a Jacobin; later took an active part in the coup of July 27, 1794 (Thermidor).

Bauer, Otto (pseudonyms: Karl Mann, Friedrich Schulze, Heinrich Weber) (1882–1938), one of the leaders of Austrian Social Democracy and the Second International; founded the theoretical magazine *Der Kampf* in Vienna in 1907; theoretical spokesperson for Austro-Marxism; wrote important works on the National Question. Took a disapproving attitude toward the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia in 1917; was foreign minister of Austria in 1918–19.

Baumann, H. (birth and death dates unavailable), renter of rooms in Zurich.

Baumeister, Albert (1882–?), German Social Democrat and trade union official; editor of *Internationale Korrespondenz*; strong supporter of World War I; cofounder of the Republican Soldiers' Defense Corps and of the Reichstag Regiment, which alongside the Freikorps took part in the bloody repression of the January 1919 Spartacus League uprising.

Bebel, Ferdinand August (1840–1913), lathe operator; Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag, 1867–81 and 1883–1913; 1869, cofounder of the SDAP; led the legal and illegal struggle of the party during the period of the antisocialist “exceptional” laws in Germany and contributed in a major way to the founding of the party's central organ *Der Sozialdemokrat*; 1881–90, a member of the state assembly (*Landtag*) in the state of Saxony; 1892–1913, one of the two cochairmen of the SPD; from 1889 on, a leading member of the Second International, and from 1900 on, a member of the ISB.

Bebel, Johanna Caroline Julie (1843–1910), August Bebel's wife and companion in the Social Democratic movement.

Becker, Bernhard (1826–82), German writer and editor; Social Democrat; in 1863, participated in the founding of the ADAV and was its president in 1864–65; in 1870, went over to the SDAP, edited the *Freie Presse* in Chemnitz in 1871 and the *Volksfreund* in Braunschweig (Brunswick) from the end of 1871 to 1874; turned away from the workers' movement in 1874.

Beer, Max (1864–1943), historian; moved from Germany to London in 1894 and to Paris in 1897, where he worked part-time as a newspaper correspondent; 1901–11, in London, where, among other things, he worked as a correspondent for the Berlin *Vorwärts*; returned to Germany, where he was prominent as a revolutionary writer and translator.

Beethoven, Ludwig van (1770–1827), German composer.

Bein, Leopold (nickname, Lopek) (born 1867; died sometime after 1935), leading representative of the Union of Polish Workers; in 1892, moved closer to the reformist positions of *Przegląd Socjalistyczny*; in

1893–94 was a member of the PPS; arrested in 1895 and subsequently banished to Arkhangelsk province; later lived as an émigré.

Berfus, August Stanislaw (pseudonyms: Ber, Stach) (born 1852; died sometime before 1914), in 1892, secretary of the Union of Polish Socialists in Berlin; 1893–1905, chairman of the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland; co-editor of *Gazeta Robotnicza*; under the impact of the Russian Revolution of 1905, came closer to the left wing of the PPS and to the Left in Germany.

Bernard, Georg (1876–?), German machinist and Social Democrat; in 1913 he became district leader of the Metal Workers Union in Frankfurt on the Main; was second chairman of the Social Democratic Union for Bockenheim.

Bernhard, Georg (1875–1944), German Social Democrat; wrote for bourgeois publications and evolved into a mainstream journalist; in 1914, became one of the chief editors of *Vossische Zeitung*.

Bernhardt, Sarah (real name, Henriette Rosine Bernard) (1844–1923), French actress.

Bernstein, Eduard (1850–1932), German political journalist; Social Democrat; in 1872, joined the SDAP; 1890–1901, lived in emigration in London; 1896–1900, regular contributor to *Neue Zeit*; from 1896 on, one of the main theoreticians of “revisionism,” the view that Marxism should be revised and “modernized”; 1901–05, editor of *Documente des Socialismus. Hefte für Geschichte, Urkunde und Bibliographie der Socialismus*; member of the Reichstag in 1902–06 and 1912–18; in 1906, became a teacher at the trade union school in Berlin; regular contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; resigned from the SPD on pacifist grounds after August 4, 1914, when it supported World War I; in 1916, joined the Social Democratic Working Group (*Arbeitsgemeinschaft*); in 1917, became a member of the USPD; in 1919, rejoined the SPD.

Berten, Peter (1873–1960), in 1908, became editor of the *Volkszeitung* in Düsseldorf; belonged to the International Group (Spartacus Group); in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Bertenson, L. (1850–1929), in St. Petersburg, member of the scientific committee on mining; wrote a work on mining conditions in Poland entitled *Sanitarno-vrachebnoe dielo na gornyykh promyslakh Tsarstva Polskago* (The Medical-Hygienic Situation in the Mining Industry of the Kingdom of Poland) (St. Petersburg, 1893).

Bertrand, Louis (1856–1943), Belgian labor leader; member of the International Workingmen's Association (also called the First International); 1878–81, editor of the Belgian labor and socialist publication *La Voix de l'Ouvrier* (Worker's Voice); 1885–1914, editor of *Le Peuple*, main newspaper of the Belgian Workers' Party; historian of the Belgian workers' movement; member of the Executive Committee of the ISB.

Bielecki, Jan (nickname, Janek) (1869–1926), at Zurich University joined the first Polish Social Democratic group around Rosa Luxemburg; after 1896, lived in England and France, withdrawing from the workers' movement; in 1919, became a professor of chemistry at Warsaw Polytechnic.

Bismarck, Otto Eduard von (1815–1898), German nationalist, militarist, and anti-socialist; Prime Minister of Prussia from 1862–90 and Chancellor of German Empire from 1871–90; in 1878 imposed Anti-Socialist laws, directed against the SPD and other groups, which prohibited open propagation of socialist views; tried to undercut socialist movement by introducing social welfare programs from above.

Blanc, Louis (1811–82), French journalist, historian, and politician; reformist socialist; in 1848, member of the Provisional Government; 1848–70, lived in England as an émigré; in 1871, elected to the French National Assembly; supported the regime of Thiers and took a position against the Paris Commune; in 1876, became a member of the Radical Party.

Block, Hans (1870–1933), bookseller; Social Democrat; in 1892, managing director of the *Westfälische Freie Presse* in Dortmund; 1895–99, editor of *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dortmund; 1899–1906, editor of *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden; 1906–11, an

editor of *Vorwärts*; in 1911, became chief editor of *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.

Blumenfeld, J. S. (1865–1941), typesetter; member of the Russian Marxist group Emancipation of Labor; later a member of the *Iskra* organization; after 1903, a Menshevik; withdrew from political activity after the Bolshevik Revolution.

Bluntschli, Johann Caspar (1808–81), judge; reactionary politician and interpreter of constitutional law in Switzerland and Baden; a resolute supporter of Prussian hegemony in Germany.

Bock, Wilhelm (1846–1931), joined the ADAV in 1867; participant in the founding congress of the SDAP at Eisenach in 1869; 1873, chairman of the International Shoe Workers' Union and editor, in 1875–78, of its organ *Der Wekker*; in 1875, took part in preparing and carrying through the unity congress at Gotha (where the ADAV and SDAP merged); in 1878, founded the *Gothaer Volksblatt*; 1878–87, editor of *Der Schuhmacher*; member of the Reichstag in 1884–87, 1890–1906, and 1912–18; 1893–1918, member of the state assembly in the Duchy of Coburg-Gotha; in 1901, became a member of the Control Commission of the SPD and was its chairman in 1913–17; in 1917, joined the Social Democratic *Arbeitsgemeinschaft*, the “working group” of SPD deputies expelled from the Reichstag for voting against war credits in December 1915; 1917, a cofounder of the USPD.

Bogdanov, Alexander (1873–1928), Russian Marxist philosopher, scientist, and economist; widely regarded as pioneering figure in systems theory; initially trained as a physician, joined Narodnaya Volya as youth; joined Bolshevik faction of RSDRP in 1903; in 1904–06 published three-volume philosophic work *Empiriomonism*, which sought to reconcile Marxism with recent discoveries in logical empiricism; led a group of Bolsheviks opposed to participation in Tsarist Duma (the *otzovists*); clashed often with Lenin, who attacked him in his 1908 *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*; 1909, expelled from Bolsheviks; after 1911, abandoned active involvement in revolutionary politics; in 1917, denounced Bolshevik seizure of power; 1918–20, became leading figure in proletarian art move-

ment (*Prolekult*); arrested in 1923 for supporting opposition group, Worker's Truth.

Böhm-Bawerk, Eugen von (1851–1914), Austrian statesman and economist; leading representative of the marginal school of economics; author of *Karl Marx and the Close of His System* (1896); finance minister of Austria in the years 1895, 1897–98, and 1900–04; taught economics at University of Vienna until his death in 1914.

Borchardt, Julian (1868–1932), Social Democrat; in 1900–01, editor at the Hamburg newspaper *Volksblatt für Harburg, Wilhelmsburg, and Umgegend*; in 1901–06, editor at the *Königsberger Volkszeitung*; 1907–13, made speaking tours for the SPD; 1911–13, member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies; in 1913, became editor of the publication *Lichtstrahlen*; in the November revolution of 1918–19 in Germany, was an adherent of the IKD (International Communists of Germany).

Börne, Ludwig (real name, Löb Baruch) (1786–1837), German author of imaginative literature and political journalism; a radical democrat in the period after the July Revolution in France of 1830; *Briefe aus Paris* (Letters from Paris) is his most famous work.

Borys, Klemens (1874–1938), one of the pioneers of the Polish socialist movement in Upper Silesia; later, a prominent PPS activist in the same region.

Bourget, Charles-Joseph-Paul (1852–1935), French novelist, essayist, and dramatist; in 1894, became a member of the Académie Française.

Bracke (Desrousseaux), Alexandre-Marie (1861–1955), classical scholar and French socialist; member and secretary of the French Workers' Party and secretary of the Socialist Party of France; editor of *Le Socialiste*; contributor to *Travailleur du Nord* and *Petit Sous*; 1912, editor of the newspaper *l'Humanité*; member of the ISB; in 1912 and 1914, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies; strongly supported World War I.

Bratman-Brodowski, Stepan (pseudonyms: Florian, Floriariski) (1880–1937), in 1903, joined the SDKPiL; in November 1905, representative in Warsaw of the party's top leadership; 1906, secretary of the SDKPiL in Łódź; 1908–12, secretary of the SDKPiL's foreign bureau; during World War I, active in Switzerland; from May 1918 on, a Soviet diplomat.

Breughel, Pieter d. J. (ca. 1564–ca. 1638), Dutch painter.

Broodcoorens, Pierre (1885–1924), Belgian writer; he was a socialist and Flemish nationalist.

Bruhns, Julius August Friedrich (1860–1927), cigarworker; Social Democrat; 1890–93, member of the Reichstag; 1890–94, editor of *Bremer Bürger-Zeitung*; 1895–1903, editor of *Volkswacht* in Breslau; 1898–1903, city councilor in Breslau; 1903–08, SPD party secretary for Upper Silesia; 1908, editor of the *Offenbacher Abendsblatt*; contributor to the *Sozialistische Monatshefte*.

Bruhns, Selma (birth and death dates unavailable), second wife of Julius Bruhns.

Brzezina, Karol (birth and death dates unavailable), member of the left wing of the PPS in the part of Poland annexed by Prussia; participated in the transporting of illegal SDKP literature into the so-called Kingdom of Poland, the Russian-dominated part of Poland.

Bucher, Adolf Lothar (1817–92), Prussian judicial official; in 1848, belonged to the left wing in the Prussian National Assembly, but later went over to the reactionary camp and until 1864 was a close collaborator of Bismarck's.

Bücher, Karl (1847–1930), part of the "Young" German Historical School of economists that emphasized statistical and sociological analysis as against classical economists' universal support of free markets; defended Germany's authoritarian welfare state.

Büchner, Georg (1813–37), revolutionary-democratic political journalist, playwright, and narrative writer; an admirer of the

French revolution, he founded a Society for the Rights of Man and drafted a revolutionary pamphlet, *Der Hessische Landbote* (The Hessian Messenger), which included the phrase, "War on all the palaces; peace with all the hovels"; escaped arrest in 1835 by fleeing to Strasbourg; in 1836 emigrated to Zurich.

Budilowitsch, Felicia (in Polish, Felicja Budzilowicz), one of Rosa Luxemburg's pseudonyms.

Budzilowicz, see Budilowitsch, Felicia.

Büttner, Paul (birth and death dates unavailable), German Social Democrat; an editor of *Vorwärts* until 1905.

Cabet, Étienne (1788–1856), French lawyer; utopian communist; member of the Carbonari; took part in the July Revolution of 1830; until 1831 was attorney general on the island of Corsica; 1834–39, lived in exile in London; later founded utopian communities in the United States.

Calwer, Richard (1868–1927), German Social Democrat; in 1891, became editor of the *Volksfreund* in Braunschweig; after 1895, became a contributor to the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; 1898–1903, member of the Reichstag; one of the more conservative figures in the SPD, he later wrote for the revisionist organ *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; left the SPD in 1909.

Camélinat, Zéphirin (1840–1932), figure in the French workers' movement; 1864, cofounder of the Paris Section of the First International; during the Paris Commune in 1871, director of the mint; comptroller of the Socialist Party of France.

Carnaud, Maximilien-Antoine-Albert (1863–1937), French schoolteacher; socialist; ministerialist; 1906, deputy director of the newspaper *La Petite République*; left the Socialist Party in 1906.

Cassirer, Paul (1871–1926), German art dealer; cofounder of the Berlin Sezession; a cousin of the Neo-Kantian German philosopher Ernst Cassirer.

Cavour, Camillo, Count of (1810–61), Italian statesman; founded the newspaper *Il Risorgimento*; pursued a moderate liberal policy; helped achieve the unification of Italy in 1861.

Cellini, Benvenuto (1500–71), Italian goldsmith and sculptor of the late Renaissance; also famous for his autobiography.

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de (1547–1616), Spanish writer; most famous as the author of *Don Quixote*.

Chauvin, René Auguste (1860–1936), French socialist; member of the French Workers' Party; in 1901, joined the Socialist Party of France; left the party in 1914.

Chłosta, Michal (1868–1936), member of the SDKP; emigrated to Germany in 1895; member of the Berlin section of the Association of Polish Social Democratic Workers Abroad.

Cimarosa, Domenico (1749–1801), Italian opera composer; in 1799, condemned to death for taking part in a popular uprising in Naples, but then granted clemency.

Clemenceau, Georges Benjamin (1841–1929), French politician; leading spokesperson for French Radicalism before 1903; by 1906 became forceful opponent of worker's movements; 1906, minister of the interior; president of France, 1906–09 and 1917–20; extreme chauvinist, especially in World War I; supported policy of "total war."

Clive, Robert (Baron Clive of Plassey) (1725–74), English governor and commander in chief in India; laid the foundation for English rule in India.

Cohn, Oskar (1869–1934), attorney; Social Democrat; from 1909, a city council member in Berlin; 1912–18, member of the Reichstag; 1916, belonged to the Social Democratic Working Group; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Coster, Charles de (1827–29), Belgian writer and political journalist.

Culp, Julia (1880–1970), Dutch concert singer; known as the “Dutch nightingale.”

Cunow, Heinrich Wilhelm Carl (1862–1936), economist, historian, sociologist, and ethnographer; Social Democrat; member of the staff and contributor to *Neue Zeit*, becoming its editor in 1898; 1902–14, an editor of *Vorwärts*; 1907–14, instructor at the SPD party school in Berlin; before 1914 an opponent of revisionism; during World War I, moved to the right and became a strong supporter of the war; in 1917, became chief editor of *Neue Zeit*; in November 1918, a member of the “Socialization Commission.”

Dahlmann, Friedrich Christoph (1785–1860), German historian and instructor in constitutional law; 1848, a member of the Frankfurt National Assembly.

Dalski, see Ettinger-Dalski, Adam Stanislaw.

Dan, Fyodor I. (real name, F. I. Gurvich) (pseudonyms: D. Bersenev, Derevo, and others) (1871–1947), Russian Social Democrat; member of the Emancipation of Labor group and *Iskra* group; became leading Menshevik; in 1905, member of the editorial board of St. Petersburg newspaper *Nachalo* (Beginning); 1908–11, editor of the newspaper *Golos Sotsial-Demokrata* (Voice of the Social Democrat); 1913, editor of the newspaper *Luch* (Ray), and head of the Social Democratic faction in the Fourth State Duma; supported World War I and opposed Bolshevik Revolution.

Danton, Georges Jacques (1759–94), French lawyer; played a leading role in preparing the popular uprising of August 1792; became minister of justice after the fall of the monarchy; in April 1793, became a member of the Committee of Public Safety; at the end of 1793, argued for an end to the Jacobin dictatorship; executed at the beginning of April 1794 by the order of Robespierre.

Daszyńska-Golińska, Zofia (1866–1934), economist and sociologist; came close to holding Marxist positions, but then became a proponent of reformist ideas.

Daszyński, Ignacy (1866–1936), leading spokesperson for the PPSD and a deputy in the Austro-Hungarian Parliament.

Däumig, Ernst Friedrich (1866–1922), German Social Democrat; 1901–11, editor of Social Democratic newspapers in Gera, Halle, and Erfurt; in 1911, became a regular contributor to *Vorwärts* on questions of culture, education, and military science; 1912–18, chairman of the SPD's Berlin district committee on culture and education; in 1917, became a member of the USPD and, in May 1918, secretary in the USPD party leadership; 1918, one of the leaders of the Revolutionary Shop Stewards in Berlin.

David, Eduard (1863–1930), teacher; Social Democrat; in 1896, became a leading advocate of revisionism; 1896–97, editor of *Mainzer Volkszeitung*; 1898–1908, member of the lower house of Hesse; member of the staff and regular contributor to the revisionist organ *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; 1903–18, member of the Reichstag; he was a fervent supporter of German expansionism and strongly supported World War I.

Dębiński, Bolesław (pseudonyms: Józef Drut, Bolek) (1866–1921), studied medicine in St. Petersburg and Warsaw; member of the Union of Polish Workers; 1892–93, editor of the quarterly *Przegląd Socjalistyczny* (Socialist Review), published in Paris; later became a proponent of national-democratic ideas; after 1905, a practicing physician in Warsaw.

Defnet, Alfred (birth and death dates unavailable), Belgian socialist.

Dehmel, Richard (1863–1920), German writer who voiced social criticism in his poetry; in 1914, he volunteered to fight in World War I.

Deich, Lev G. (pseudonyms: Yevgeny, Alleman) (1855–1941), Russian Narodnik and, later, Social Democrat; cofounder of the

Emancipation of Labor group (the Russian Marxists around Plekhanov); in 1884, condemned to hard labor; escaped in 1901 and emigrated to Zurich; after 1903, a Menshevik; a supporter of World War I.

Dementyev, Y. M. (1850–?), Russian writer on economics; author of *The Factory—What It Gives to the Population and What It Takes Away* (1893).

Deutsch, Leo, see Deich, Lev G.

Dichter, see Zundel, Friedrich.

Dickens, Charles (pen name: Boz) (1812–70), English novelist.

Diefenbach, G. (d. 1917), father of Hans Diefenbach.

Diefenbach, Hans (1884–1917), physician; was sympathetic to German Social Democracy; wrote articles for *Neue Zeit*; Luxemburg's lover for several years prior to 1915; killed in action during World War I.

Diercke, C. (1842–1913), cartographer; publisher of school atlases.

Dissmann, Robert (1878–1926), lathe operator; Social Democrat; 1900–05, head of the German Metalworkers' Union in Barmen-Elberfeld and, 1905–1908, in Frankfurt on the Main; 1908–12, party secretary for the SPD in Hanau; 1912–17, SPD regional secretary for Hesse-Nassau; beginning in 1912, city councilor in Hanau; 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Dittmann, Wilhelm Friedrich Carl (1874–1954), carpenter; Social Democrat; 1899–1902, editor of *Die Norddeutsche Volksstimme* in Bremerhaven and, 1902–04, of *Die Bergische Arbeiterstimme* in Solingen; 1904–09, party secretary and regional chairman of the SPD for Frankfurt on the Main and, 1907–09, city councilor in Frankfurt; 1909–17, once again editor of *Die Bergische Arbeiterstimme*; 1912–18, member of the Reichstag; 1916, member of the Executive

of the Social Democratic Working Group; 1917, cofounder and one of the chairmen of the USPD.

Domanski, Józef, pseudonym of Feliks Dzierżyński.

Dönniges, Helene von (1845–1911) (later Princess Helene von Racowitza), German actress and writer; the cause of the duel in which Ferdinand Lassalle was fatally wounded.

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor M. (1821–81), Russian writer known for his probing explorations of human existence and psychology; a liberal revolutionary as a youth, he later became very conservative.

Dreesbach, Hermann Joseph August (1844–1906), cabinetmaker and merchant; Social Democrat; before 1875, a member of the ADAV; member of the Reichstag in 1890–93 and 1898–1906; 1891–1903, member of the Baden state assembly; founder and editor of the *Badisch-Pfälzisches Volksblatt* in Mannheim.

Duncker, Hermann Ludwig Rudolf (1874–1960), German Social Democrat; 1896–1900, studied philosophy, economics, and history; 1903, volunteer editorial worker on the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; 1904, head of the Leipzig Workers' Secretariat and, in 1905–07, of the Dresden Workers' Secretariat and instructor in training courses; beginning in 1906, went on speaking tours as a traveling lecturer for the SPD; 1912–14, instructor in the history of socialism at the SPD party school in Berlin; an adherent of the German Left; cofounder of the International Group (Spartacus Group); on November 9, 1918, together with rebel workers and sailors, occupied the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* and produced the first issue of *Rote Fahne*; member of the Zentrale (central leadership body) of the Spartacus League and cofounder of the KPD; husband of Käte Duncker.

Duncker, Käte (1871–1953), teacher; Social Democrat; 1906–08, on the editorial staff of *Gleichheit*; an adherent of the German Left; was actively involved in the proletarian women's movement; cofounder of the International Group (Spartacus Group) and of the KPD; wife of Hermann Duncker.

Duncker & Humblot, German book publishing company, founded in Berlin in 1809; after 1866, moved to Leipzig, and after 1912, to Munich.

Dzerzhinsky, English transliteration of the Russian spelling of the Polish name **Dzierżyński** (see below).

Dzierżyński, Feliks (pseudonym: Józef) (1877–1926), prominent figure in the Polish and Russian workers' movements; 1895, a member of the Lithuanian Social Democracy; from 1897 on, arrested many times, condemned to internal exile, and escaped; 1900, a cofounder of the SDKPiL; beginning in 1902, lived as an émigré in Berlin and then in Kraków; member of the SDKPiL's Committee Abroad and, beginning in 1905, of the SDKPiL's Chief Executive Committee; in 1906, became the representative of the SDKPiL on the Central Committee of the RSDRP; after 1908, lived as an émigré, mainly in Kraków; in Warsaw in 1912, arrested and again imprisoned; upon his release in 1917, joined Bolshevik Party; after the Bolshevik Revolution, became head of the Cheka, the secret police.

Eberlein, Max Albert Hugo (1887–1944), graphic artist; Social Democrat; 1909, cofounder and chairman of the freelance Organization for Graphic Artists; in 1915, arrested for distributing antiwar material; January 1, 1916, participant in the national conference of the Gruppe Internationale in Berlin; 1916, chairman of the district executive committee of the Social Democratic Voters League (*Wahlverein*) for the Berlin district of Teltow-Beeskow-Storkow-Charlottenburg; member of the Zentrale (central leadership body) of the Spartacus League; member of the KPD from the time of its founding and representative of the KPD to the founding congress of the Communist International.

Ebert, Friedrich (1871–1925), harness maker; Social Democrat; 1891–1905, at various times, chairman of the Social Democratic party organization in Bremen; 1893–94, local editor and court reporter for the *Bremer Bürger-Zeitung*; in 1905, became a member of the SPD Executive; 1908, chairman of the *Zentralstelle* (central office) for the Working Youth of Germany; 1912–18, member of the

Reichstag; in 1913, together with Hugo Haase, cochairman of the SPD; a leading representative of reformism and strong supporter of World War I; in 1916, became the chairman of the Reichstag group of SPD deputies; on November 9, 1918, Ebert was named chancellor of the German Empire by Prince Max von Baden; became chairman of the anti-revolutionary Council of People's Representatives; was decisively involved in the crushing of the January 1919 Spartacus League Uprising.

Eckstein, Gustav (1875–1916), Austrian historian and economist; Social Democrat; 1910–11, instructor in the history of socialism at the SPD party school in Berlin; beginning in 1910, editor of *Neue Zeit*.

Ehrenfels, Christian Freiherr von (1859–1932), Austrian philosopher; in 1900, became a professor at Prague University; in one of his works, *System der Werttheorie* (A System of Value Theory), he makes ethics the basis for a general theory of value.

Eichhorn, Robert Emil (1863–1915), mechanic; Social Democrat; 1895–1900, editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden; 1900–04, chief editor of the *Volksstimme* in Mannheim; 1901–09, member of the Baden state assembly; 1903–11, member of the Reichstag; 1908–16, head of the SPD Press Bureau in Berlin; in 1917, became a member of the USPD; was chief of police in Berlin during the November revolution of 1918–19.

Eisner, Kurt (1867–1919), writer and political journalist; Social Democrat; 1899–1905, editor of *Vorwärts*; 1907–10, chief editor of *Fränkische Tagespost* in Nuremberg; a proponent of ethical-socialist and reformist views; in 1917, became a member of the USPD; in 1918, took part in preparing for and carrying out the November revolution in Germany; 1918–19, president of the Bavarian Republic; assassinated by the counterrevolution on February 21, 1919.

Emmel, Joseph Leopold (1863–1919), in 1902, became managing director of the *Mülhause Volkszeitung* in Alsace; member of the district council and the state assembly; chairman of the precinct organization and the control commission of the SPD in Alsace-Lorraine.

Engelmann, Otto, pseudonym of Leo Jogiches.

Engels, Friedrich (1820–95), Marx's closest colleague and collaborator; author of *The Condition of the Working Class in England* and editor of Volumes II and III of Marx's *Capital*.

Espinas, Alfred-Victor (1844–1922), French philosopher who was influenced by English positivism; 1877–94, professor at Bordeaux; 1904, professor at the Sorbonne in Paris; in 1905, became a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

Ettinger-Dalski, Adam Stanislaw (1878–1934), Polish jurist and sociologist, prominent in the SDKPiL; after 1918, had connections with the Communist Workers' Party of Poland.

Eulenburg, Albert (1840–1917), German physician; beginning in 1894, editor of the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*; in 1903, became professor of neurology in Berlin.

Faisst, Hugo (nickname, Meister) (1862–1914), initially, an attorney; as a pianist and singer he promoted the work of composer Hugo Wolf; was close to the German Social Democratic movement. Luxemburg referred to Faisst as "the master" because of his superb renditions as pianist and singer of poems by Goethe and Mörike set to music by Hugo Wolf.

Feinstein, Wladislaw (pseudonyms: Zdzislaw Leder, Zdzislaw, Witold) (1880–1938), Polish jurist and political journalist, prominent in the Polish and international workers' movement; in 1903, became an official of the SDKPiL; in 1906, became a member of its chief leadership body and, in 1908, secretary of that body; in 1919, became a member of the Communist Workers' Party of Poland.

Feldman, Konstantin (1898–?), Russian sailor who took part in the revolt on the battleship *Potemkin*; played himself in Sergei Eisenstein's famous film of the same name.

Fendrich, Anton (1868–1949), writer; Social Democrat; 1897–1901, member of the Baden state assembly; proponent of revisionist views.

Fernbach, Wolfgang (1889–1919), writer and socialist activist; along with Werner Müller, one of the two representatives of the besieged workers and Spartacus League supporters who occupied the *Vorwärts* building in mid-January 1919; he offered to surrender to the counterrevolutionary forces when it became clear the battle was lost; he was killed by the besiegers shortly after his surrender.

Feuerbach, Anselm (1829–80), German painter; lived mainly in Italy.

Fichte, Johann Gottlieb (1762–1814), German philosopher, post-Kantian idealist who had major impact on the young Hegel; professor at Berlin University and the first elected rector of that institution; initially, defender of the ideas of the French Revolution of 1789 and of Jacobinism; later became staunch promoter of German nationalism.

Fischer, Kuno (1824–1907), German historian of philosophy; author of the highly influential *History of Modern Philosophy* (1852–77); wrote major studies of Kant and Hegel; helped influence the development of Neo-Kantianism.

Fischer, Richard (1855–1926), typesetter; Social Democrat; 1893–1918, member of the Reichstag; in 1902, became head of the union at the *Vorwärts* printing plant; a proponent of revisionist views; strong supporter of World War I.

Forrer, Ludwig (1845–1921), attorney in Winterthur, Switzerland; member of the National Assembly; in 1900, became director of the Central Council for International Rail Transport; beginning in 1902, member of the Federal Council.

Fourier, François-Marie-Charles (1772–1837), French utopian socialist. His writings were a major influence on the young Marx, who held his work in high regard. Marx also refers to Fourier in the *Grundrisse* and *Capital*.

France, Anatole (real name, Anatole François Thibault) (1844–1924), one of the greatest French writers of the late nineteenth and

early twentieth centuries; author of *The Temptation of St. Anthony* and *The Revolt of the Angels*; witnessed the Paris Commune of 1871; lifelong anti-clericalist and free thinker; worked with Emile Zola on the Dreyfus case.

Frank, Ludwig (1874–1914), attorney; Social Democrat; beginning in 1904, city councilor in Mannheim; 1905–14, member of the Baden state assembly; cofounder of the working-class youth movement in South Germany; 1906–08, editor of the journal *Die Junge Garde*; 1907–14, member of the Reichstag; leading representative of reformism; prominent as a supporter of World War I; volunteered for military duty and was killed in the war.

Freiligrath, Ferdinand (1810–76), lyric poet; joined the revolutionary movement of the pre-March 1848 period; emigrated to Switzerland in 1845; 1846–48, member of the Communist League; became a close friend of Karl Marx and returned to Germany in 1848; contributor to the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; withdrew from political activity in the mid-1850s.

Freythaler, Wilhelm (1862–?), lathe operator, working on both wood and iron; Social Democrat; in December 1902, became editorial secretary for the *Vorwärts*; 1902–09, chairman of the League of Social Democratic Voters in the 6th Reichstag electoral district of Berlin.

Friedrich II (1712–86), King of Prussia, 1740–86.

Fuchs, Eduard (1870–1940), satirist, artist, and journalist; initially an anarchist, joined the SPD in the late 1880s; in 1890s, in Munich, edited satirical magazine *Süddeutscher Postillon*; devoted himself to publishing books on art history; ceased active participation in politics for several years after 1908 but remained on friendly terms with SPD; close friend of Franz Mehring and other Spartacus leaders; 1916–18, served as messenger for the Spartacus League; December 1918, traveled to Moscow to deliver message from Luxemburg to Lenin; helped publish the complete works of Franz Mehring; member of the Communist Party Opposition (KPO) in late 1920s.

Fünfstück, Moritz (1856–1925), botanist; professor in Stuttgart.

Ganelin, S. S. (1862–1926), Russian chemical engineer; found his way to Marxism from the ideas of the Narodnik movement; arrested in 1885, he emigrated in 1886; attended the Polytechnic Institute in Zurich and joined the Russian Marxists in the Emancipation of Labor group; in 1892, moved to America; after 1897, no longer politically active.

Gaspey, Thomas (1788–1871), English historian; author of *History of England: Continued from the Reign of George the Third* (1852).

Geck, Brandel (1893–1918), Social Democrat; son of Adolf Geck.

Geck, Ernst Adolf (1854–1942), technician; Social Democrat; 1897–1919, member of the Baden state assembly; 1898–1912, member of the Reichstag; 1899–1933, editor of the weekly *D'r alt Offeburger*; 1902–16, member of the SPD Control Commission; in 1917, joined the USPD; husband of Marie Geck.

Geck, Marie (1865–1927), Social Democrat; wife of Adolf Geck.

Gelfand, see Helphand, Alexander L.

George, Stefan (1868–1933), German poet, close to the French symbolists; a sharp critic of modernity; translated Dante, Shakespeare, and Baudelaire into German; in 1892, founded the journal *Blätter für die Kunst*, whose publication continued until 1919.

Gerisch, Karl Alwin (1857–1922), mechanical engineer; Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag in 1894–98 and 1903–06; 1892–1912, treasurer of the SPD Executive and, in 1912–17, secretary of that body.

Gerlach, Paul (1888–1944), German physician who sympathized with the SPD.

Gerson, Julius (1868–1942), merchant; proprietor of a lithographic printing works in Berlin; Social Democrat; member of the

USPD; provided financial assistance to the Spartacus League in 1917–18.

Gewehr, Elfriede (birth and death dates unavailable), Social Democrat; 1908–09, participant in the third school year of the SPD party school in Berlin; daughter of Wilhelm Gewehr and cousin of Luxemburg.

Gewehr, Wilhelm (1858–1913), woodworker; Social Democrat; 1908, editor of the Social Democratic newspaper *Freie Presse* in Elberfeld; 1910, chairman of the Social Democratic Committee for Agitation in the Lower Rhine region.

Geyer, Friedrich August Carl (1853–1937), cigarmaker; Social Democrat; 1886–1918, member of the Reichstag; 1895–1918, editor of the *Tabakarbeiter*; 1898–1902, chairman of the Social Democratic Association for the City of Leipzig; beginning in 1913, member of the Control Commission of the SPD; during World War I, a centrist; in 1916, belonged to the Social Democratic Working Group; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749–1832), German poet, prose writer, dramatist, and naturalist; foremost representative of German classical literature.

Gogowski, Joseph (1870–1919), Social Democrat; 1899–1903, workers' secretary for the SPD in Poznań; the same in Iserlohn in 1904, and later in Singen and Lübeck.

Göhre, Paul (1864–1928), evangelical theologian and politician who advocated social reform; in 1900, became a member of the SPD; contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; elected to the Reichstag in June 1903, he gave up his mandate on October 1, 1903.

Goldenberg, Jakub (pseudonym: Stanisław Turski) (1872–1935), physician; in 1902, became active in the SDKPiL in Warsaw; after the Russian Revolution of 1905, emigrated to France and took an active part in the French workers' movement.

Goldendach, see Ryazanov, D. B., the party name by which Goldendach was best known.

Goncharov, Ivan A. (1812–91), Russian writer, best known for his novel *Oblomov*, but also the author of many literary-historical works.

Gordon, Anna (birth and death dates unavailable), participant in the socialist movement in Wilno, and later a student in Switzerland; closely associated with Leo Jogiches.

Gorky, Maxim (real name, A. M. Peshkov) (1868–1936), Russian and Soviet writer; founder of “socialist realism,” largely at Stalin’s instigation.

Gorter, Herman (1864–1927), Dutch poet and socialist; 1880s, leading member of Tachtigers, group of left-wing Dutch writers; 1897 joined SDAP; 1889, published *Mei*, an epic poem considered one of outstanding works of Dutch Impressionism; 1909, broke from SDAP to help form Social-Democratische Partji (SDP) of Netherlands in opposition to reformist orientation of the Second International; initially supported Bolshevik Revolution but then became (along with Anton Pannekoek) leading left-wing critique of Leninism; 1921, helped found Communist Workers’ Party of Germany (KAPD), which opposed the Third International.

Gottschalk, Edmund (1870–?), shoemaker; Social Democrat; beginning in 1908, circulation manager for the Solidarity League of Worker Bicyclists; 1909–10, second regional chairman for the SPD in Offenbach (on the Main).

Gounod, Charles François (1818–93), French composer; best known for his opera *Faust*, based on Goethe’s play.

Goupy, G. Morin Succ., a printing establishment in Paris.

Gradnauer, Georg (1866–1946), writer; Social Democrat; 1890–96, editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden; 1895–1907, editor of the *Vorwärts*; 1898–1906 and 1911–18, member

of the Reichstag; a proponent of opportunist views; supported World War I.

Granny, see Kautsky, Minna.

Grant, pseudonym of Feliks Dzierżyński.

Greiner, Otto (1869–1916), painter and graphic artist.

Greulich, Hermann (1842–1925), bookbinder; in 1865, moved to Switzerland; cofounder of the Social Democratic Party of Switzerland; a leader of the reformists in the Second International; supported World War I.

Grillparzer, Franz (1791–1872), Austrian poet and playwright; inspired by Friedrich Schiller, he is widely considered Austria's greatest playwright.

Grimm, Robert (1881–1958), one of the leaders of the Swiss Social Democratic Party (its president until 1919) and of the Second International; in 1909–18, editor of *Berner Tagwacht*; beginning in 1910, a member of the Swiss National Council and, in 1945–46, its president. During World War I, he at first took an antiwar position; was chairman of the Zimmerwald Conference (1915) and of the Kienthal Conference (1916), and chairman of the International Socialist Commission; then in January 1917, he aligned himself with the Swiss supporters of the war; later became one of the founders of the “2½ International” and then a member of the Bureau of the Second International. For a detailed account of Grimm's role in violating the antiwar principles of the Zimmerwald movement that he supposedly represented, see the writings of Lenin in early 1917 (when Lenin was still living in Switzerland), for example, his “Open Letter to Charles Naine” (in Lenin, *Collected Works*, Eng. ed., vol. 23, p. 220 ff.). (Naine was one of the Swiss socialists who, unlike Grimm, continued to support the Zimmerwald antiwar position.)

Grimmelshausen, Hans Jakob Christoffel von (ca. 1622–76), writer of prose fiction, with an orientation toward social criticism.

Grosowski (often shortened to Grossi), pseudonym of Leo Jogiches. Also spelled Grozowski, Grosovski.

Guesde, Jules (Mathieu-Basile) (1845–1922), French journalist; initially a follower of Mikhail Bakunin, later became leading figure of statist socialism in France; 1879, founder of the French Workers' Party, which advocated revolutionary positions; later, by 1914, evolved into a reformist and supporter of World War I.

Guizot, François Pierre Guillaume (1787–1874), French historian and statesman; 1840–48, as the guiding hand of France's domestic and foreign policy, he defended the interests of finance capital and big business.

Gurcman, Benedykt (1882–1907), Polish engineer, active in the SDKPiL; 1904, arrested together with Marcin Kasprzak when the illegal print shop of the SDKPiL was seized; sentenced to fifteen years of internal exile in Siberia, where he died.

Gurevich, E. L. (pseudonyms: V. Danevich, Pariser, Ye. Smirnov, K. Petrov) (1865–?), Russian radical political journalist; in 1885, sent into internal exile at Ufa; until 1890, a member of the populist and terrorist group Narodnaya Volya (People's Will), and after that, a Social Democrat; contributor to the newspaper *Nasha Zarya*; after the 1903 RSDRP Congress, a Menshevik; in 1911, one of the Social Democratic deputies elected to Russia's State Duma; after 1917, worked at the Institute of Marxism-Leninism.

Gurvich, see Dan, Fyodor I.

Gutt, Stanislaw (1868–ca. 1907), member of the Union of Polish Workers and later of the SDKPiL; in 1894, emigrated to Switzerland, where he was active in the Union of Polish Social Democratic Workers Abroad; in 1905, returned to Poland; proved to be an agent of the tsarist *Okhrana* (secret police).

Haase, Hugo (1863–1919), German lawyer; Social Democrat; 1894–1910, city councilor in Königsberg; member of the Reichstag in 1897–1906 and 1912–18; 1911–16, together with Friedrich

Ebert, cochairman of the SPD; 1912–15, chairman of the SPD's Reichstag group; in 1914, opposed voting of war credits but did not break party discipline by making his views public; 1916, member of the Executive Committee of the Social Democratic Working Group; 1917, one of the chairmen of the USPD; 1918, member of the Council of People's Representatives, assassinated by a monarchist in 1919.

Haenisch, Konrad (1876–1925), Social Democrat; in 1898–99, editor of the *Pfälzische Post* in Ludwigshafen and in 1899–1900 of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden; 1900–05, editor in chief of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dortmund; 1905–06, editor of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; 1906–11, once again editor in chief of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dortmund; until 1914, he defended the views of the German Left, but during World War I evolved toward a pro-war position; 1915–19, editor of *Die Glocke*.

Hanecki, Jakub (real last name, Fürstenberg) (pseudonyms: Franciszek, Henryk, Kuba, Mikołaj) (1879–1937), 1903–10, member of the top executive body of the SDKPiL; after the 1912 split in that party, he belonged to the wing that established closer contact with the Bolsheviks; 1912–15, lived in Kraków and Poronin; after that lived in Sweden, where in 1917 he was a member of the Foreign Bureau of the Central Committee of the RSDRP (Bolshevik); after the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 in Soviet Russia he was active in government work.

Harden, Maximilian (real name, Maximilian Felix Ernst Witkowski) (1868–1927), author and political journalist; founder and director of the political weekly *Die Zukunft*; spokesperson for extreme German nationalism before World War I, he later became a pacifist; most famous for having outed homosexual relations among Kaiser Wilhelm's ministers, in what became known as the "Harden-Eulenburg Affair."

Hartmann, Mieczysław (nickname, Mitek) (1869–93), Polish student in Zurich, linked with the Polish Social Democratic foreign students grouped around Rosa Luxemburg.

Haupt, Wilhelm (1869–1914), shoemaker; Social Democrat; in 1899, became the circulation manager of the *Volksstimme* in Magdeburg; in 1900, became a city councilor of Magdeburg; in 1912, became a member of the Reichstag.

Hauptmann, Gerhart (1862–1946), German playwright, novelist, and poet, especially famous for his realistic plays expressing social criticism.

Hebbel, Christian Friedrich (1815–63), German dramatist and prose writer.

Heine, Heinrich (1797–1856), one of Germany's greatest poets, essayists, and political journalists; close friend and associate of the young Marx.

Heine, Wolfgang (1861–1944), lawyer; Social Democrat; 1898–1918, member of the Reichstag; leading representative of revisionism; staff member of *Sozialistische Monatshefte* and contributor to the bourgeois *Berliner Tageblatt*; during World War I, a social chauvinist and revisionist; November 1918–January 1919, Prussian minister of justice.

Heinemann, Hugo (1863–1919), lawyer; Social Democrat; taught criminal law at the SPD party school in Berlin; regular contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; supported World War I.

Heinrich, Wladyslaw (1869–1957), as a student in Zurich he was connected with the SDKP; in 1896, withdrew from the workers' movement; later became a prominent Polish philosopher and psychologist.

Heller, Hugo (1870–1923), Austrian Social Democrat; contributor to *Neue Zeit*; 1902–05, editor of the *Schwäbische Tagwacht*; returned to Vienna and started a business dealing in books and art.

Helphand, Alexander L. (pseudonym: Parvus) (1867–1924), Russian Social Democrat; in the 1890s, became active in the German Social Democratic movement; 1895–96, editor of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; 1896–98, chief editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-*

Zeitung in Dresden; in 1902, together with Julian Marchlewski, founded a publishing house in Munich for progressive international literature; 1898–1905, produced a newsletter entitled *Aus der Weltpolitik*; during the Russian Revolution of 1905, a member of the St. Petersburg Workers' Council (*Soviet*); helped produce the newspaper *Nachalo* (The Beginning); 1906–09, on the editorial staff of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dortmund; supported World War I; in 1915, founded Social Sciences Publishers and edited the weekly *Die Glocke*; after the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia in 1917, offered to assist the Bolsheviks, but Lenin turned him down; husband of Tatyana Helphand.

Helphand, Tatyana (birth and death dates unavailable), wife of A. L. Helphand, originally from Odessa.

Herkner, Heinrich (1863–1932), conservative political economist, representative of socialism of the Academy (*Kathedersozialismus*); professor at Freiburg, Karlsruhe, Zurich, and Berlin; in 1907, became chairman of the Association for Social Betterment.

Hildebrand, Adolf E. R., Ritter von (1877–1941), sculptor and art theorist; became a member of the Berlin Academy in 1892.

Hilferding, Rudolf (1877–1941), Austrian children's doctor in Vienna; Social Democrat; 1904–23, co-editor of the Vienna journal *Marx-Studien. Blätter zur Theorie und Politik des wissenschaftlichen Sozialismus*; author of *Finance Capital*; 1907–15, editor of *Vorwärts* in Berlin; 1907, lecturer on political economy and economic history at the SPD party school in Berlin; supported World War I; from the end of 1915 until November 1918, an army doctor in the Austro-Hungarian military service; in 1917, became a member of the USPD and, in 1918, chief editor of its central organ, *Freiheit*; in 1918, became of member of the Socialization Commission; rejoined SPD and served in several SPD governments in 1920s; murdered by the Nazis.

Hoch, Gustav (1862–1942), Social Democrat; 1894, editor of *Volksstimme* in Frankfurt on the Main; 1895–1919, head of the workers' secretariat in Hanau and editor of the *Deutsche Dachdecker-*

Zeitung (German Roofers' Newspaper); member of the Reichstag in 1898–1903 and 1907–18; 1902–19, city councilor in Hanau; supported World War I.

Hoernle, Edwin (1883–1952), 1904–09, attended a theological seminary and became a vicar; in 1909, resigned from his vicarage; in 1910, joined the SPD; 1912–14, editor of the *Schwäbische Tagwacht* in Stuttgart; after 1914, was for a time editor of *Sozialdemokrat* and *Gleichheit* in Stuttgart, as well as of the revolutionary youth paper *Morgenrot*; 1916, participant in the illegal conference of oppositional socialist youth in Jena; adherent of the Spartacus Group; member of the KPD from 1918.

Hofer, Adolf (1868–1935), Social Democrat; in 1913, became a member of the Prussian House of Deputies; in 1917, expelled from the Social Democratic group in the House of Deputies and became a member of the USPD and of its Central Committee.

Hofmann, Franz Hermann Theodor (1852–1903), cigarmaker; Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag in 1892–1903.

Hofmannsthal, Hugo von (1874–1929), Austrian poet and writer; main representative of the Vienna neo-Romantic school.

Hölderlin, Johann Christian Friedrich (1770–1843), German poet and prose writer; author of *Hyperion*; close friend of the young Hegel and Schelling; an early supporter of the French Revolution.

Horwitz, Maksymilian Henryk (pseudonym: H. Walecki) (born, 1877; died not long after 1937), political journalist and prominent figure in the Polish and international workers' movement; in 1893, went to Belgium as a student from Russian-occupied Poland; 1895, joined the Belgian Workers' Party and the Association of Polish Socialists Abroad, and then the PPS; 1899–1901, imprisoned in Russia; 1901–02, in Siberian exile; escaped and went to Switzerland; after 1906 (in Poland), a leading representative of the PPS-Lewica (left wing); in 1915, emigrated to Zurich and took part in preparations for the Zimmerwald conference and the Kienthal conference (1916); 1917, still in Zurich, was a member of the editorial board

of the newspaper *Volksrecht*; in 1918, returned to Poland and was one of the initiators of the unification of the PPS-Lewica with the SDKPiL to form the Communist Workers' Party of Poland, to whose Central Committee he belonged.

Holz, Arno (1863–1929), German poet and writer.

Huch, Ricarda (1864–1947), German poet and writer; major proponent of the naturalist movement in literature.

Hülsen-Haeseler, Georg, Graf von (Count of) (1858–1922), in 1905–18, general director of the Royal Theater in Berlin.

Humblot, see Duncker & Humblot.

Huptich, pseudonym of Feliks Dzierżyński.

Hutten, Ulrich von (1488–1523), German humanist and poet; an outspoken advocate of the Reformation and ally of Martin Luther; joined anti-papal forces fighting in the Rhine region (the Knights' War, 1522); after their defeat fled to Switzerland, seeking to join the Reformation movement there; died in Swiss exile at a monastery on a lake on the island of Ufenau.

Huygens, Christiaan (1629–1695), Dutch mathematician and astronomer; made one of the first telescopic sightings of Saturn and its moon Titan; invented the pendulum clock; renowned for his theory that light consists of waves (known as the Huygens-Fresnel principle).

Huygens, Cornélie (1847–1902), Dutch feminist and socialist writer; author of an 1897 novel, *Barthold Meryan*, in which Huygens gives a fictional account of her conversion to the SDAP; committed suicide by drowning herself.

Huysmans, Camille (1871–1968), Belgian journalist and professor of philology; socialist; joined Belgian Workers' Party in 1890s; 1904–19, secretary of the ISB; beginning in 1910, was elected as a representative in the Belgian Parliament; although he initially

supported World War I, he supported the 1917 Stockholm peace conference; later held many posts in Belgian governments.

Igel, see Kautsky, Hans.

Ihrer, Emma (1857–1911), Social Democrat, active mainly in the unions and the proletarian women's movement; 1891, edited the Social Democratic women's newspaper *Die Arbeiterin*; cofounder and temporary leader of the Women Workers' Committee in the trade unions; in 1903, founded the Union of Flower, Feather, and Leaf Workers and edited its newspaper *Der Blumenarbeiter*; in 1908, became representative of the General Commission of the German Trade Unions in the Central Office for the working-class youth of Germany; contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*.

Ilyin, Vladimir, see Lenin, Vladimir Ilyich.

Ingram, John Kells (1823–1907), English economist and philologist; professor at Dublin University; president of the economics section of the British Scientific Association.

Isaev, Andrei Alekseevich (1851–1924), Russian economist, statistician, and sociologist; author of *Krizisy v Narodnom Khoziaistue* (Crises in the Economy).

Isegrim, name of the male wolf in traditional animal stories, notably the group of stories about Reineke Fuchs (Reynard the Fox). Originally the name of a Germanic hero, the "Isegrim" appellation came to be used for any disagreeable or rapacious character, and also for dangerous and deadly ones.

In late 1898, Max Schippel used "Isegrim" as a pen name for an article in which he spoke favorably of military industry because it provided jobs for workers. Luxemburg then wrote a series of four articles polemicizing against Schippel's views. These articles were reprinted as an Appendix in an 1899 edition of her work *Sozialreform oder Revolution?* (Reform or Revolution?). This appendix, which was entitled "Miliz und Militarismus" (Militia and Militarism), can be found in *Selected Political Writings of Rosa Luxemburg*, edited by Dick Howard (New York, 1970), pp. 135–58.

Jacob, Emilie (1849–1933), mother of Mathilde Jacob.

Jacob, Mathilde (1873–1943), ran a small typing and duplicating office; became Rosa Luxemburg's secretary; a sympathizer of the Social Democratic movement.

Janek, see Bielecki, Jan.

Janet, Paul (1823–99), French philosopher; professor at Bourges and then, beginning in 1864, at the Sorbonne in Paris; member of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politique; proponent of an idealist philosophy heavily influenced by Victor Cousin and Hegel.

Janiszewski, Józef Konstanty (1855–1923), one of the pioneers of the socialist movement in the Poznań region; in the 1890s, founded a print shop in Berlin where the PPS weekly *Gazeta Robotnicza*, as well as publications of the SDKPiL, were produced.

Jansson, Wilhelm (1877–1923), gardener; Social Democrat; 1896–1900, chairman of a cashier's office of the Gardeners' Trade Union, becoming a member of the union's national committee in 1897 and serving on its chief executive body in 1902–09; in 1905, became an editor, based in Berlin, on the newsletter (*Correspondenzblatt*) of the General Commission of Trade Unions of Germany; strongly supported World War I.

Jaurès, Jean Léon (1859–1914), one of the leaders of the French Socialist Party, the Second International, and the SFIO (French Section of the Second International), his activity in the French workers' movement began in 1892–93; founder of the newspaper *L'Humanité*; often clashed with Luxemburg over his reformist inclinations; one of the most prominent opponents of war, he was assassinated by pro-war chauvinists on July 31, 1914.

Jefron, see Yefron, Y. A.

Joffe, Adolph Abramovich (also spelled Ioffe and Yoffe) (1883–1927), Russian revolutionary and diplomat; joined RSDRP in 1903, took active part in Russian Revolution of 1905; was close to Trotsky's

position in RSDRP and helped edit *Pravda* with him from 1908 to 1912; in July 1917, joined the Bolsheviks and became a member of its Central Committee; supported the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 and criticized other leading Bolsheviks like Kamenev and Zinoviev for their initial opposition to the seizure of power; 1917–18, headed Soviet delegation sent to negotiate Brest-Litovsk Treaty; 1919–20, member of Council of Labor and Defense and People's Commissar of State Control of Ukrainian Soviet Republic; negotiated Treaty of Riga which ended Polish-Soviet War of 1920; a firm supporter of Trotsky's Left Opposition from 1923 onward, he committed suicide upon hearing of Trotsky's expulsion from the Communist Party.

Jogiches, Emilia (birth and death dates unavailable), sister of Leo Jogiches.

Jogiches, Józef (nickname, Józio) (1902–?), brother of Leo Jogiches.

Jogiches, Leo (pseudonyms: Grosowski, Jan Tyszka, Leonie, Otto Engelmann) (1867–1919), prominent figure in the Russian, Polish, and German workers' movements; Luxemburg's lover from the early 1890s to 1907; initially in Wilno had connections with the Narodnaya Volya, but later as an émigré in Switzerland was closer to the Russian Marxists in the Emancipation of Labor group around Plekhanov; 1893, cofounder of the SDKP (which in 1900 became the SDKPiL) and in 1902–14 a member of its main leadership body; 1893, became co-editor of *Sprawa Robotnicza*; 1900, moved to Germany; 1916, a co-organizer of the Spartacus Group; 1918, cofounder of the Spartacus League and member of its central leadership body; 1918, member of the Central Committee of the KPD; in March 1919, arrested, then murdered in prison.

Jogiches, Pawel (birth and death dates unavailable), brother of Leo Jogiches.

Jogiches, Zofia (d. 1898), mother of Leo Jogiches.

Józef, pseudonym of Feliks Dzierżyński.

Julek, see Marchlewski, Julian.

Junius, pen name of Rosa Luxemburg.

Kaiser, see Wilhelm II.

Kaliski, Julius (birth and death dates unavailable), an official of the Social Democratic Party in Berlin; until 1905, an editor at the *Vorwärts*; later, wrote for *Sozialistische Monatshefte*.

Kant, Immanuel (1724–1804), major European philosopher; wrote extensively on epistemology, ethics, logic, anthropology, and politics; leading representative of German transcendental idealism.

Karski, see Marchlewski, Julian Balthazar.

Karski, Mrs., see Marchlewska, Bronisława.

Kasprzak, Martin (pseudonyms: Martin, Maciej, Długi, Teofil, Theodor, and others) (1860–1905), worked as a roofer; in 1885–86, played an important part in organizing the socialist movement in Poland; 1888, cofounder of the Second Proletariat party, which he led until 1891, when he left Poland to live in London; assisted Luxemburg in her escape from Poland to Switzerland; worked closely with Russian revolutionaries; from 1896, a functionary of the PPS in the part of Poland annexed by Prussia; 1902–03, editor of *Gazeta Ludowa*; 1904, returned to the Russian-ruled part of Poland; was a member of the SDKPiL; in April 1904, because of his armed defense of an illegal print shop, was arrested and sentenced to death; executed on September 7, 1905.

Kautsky, Benedikt (nickname, Bendel) (1894–1960), son of Karl Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky, Felix (1891–1953), son of Karl Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky, Fritz (birth and death dates unavailable), son of Hans Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky, Grete (nicknames, Gretel, Gretl) (birth and death dates unavailable), daughter of Hans Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky, Hans (nickname, Igel) (1864–1937), professor of art; painter at the Royal Theater of Prussia; brother of Karl Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky Jr., Hans (1891–1966), chemist; professor of chemistry at the University of Leipzig; in 1949, moved to University of Marburg; son of Hans Kautsky.

Kautsky, Karl (1854–1938), Social Democratic writer; 1882, cofounder of the journal *Neue Zeit* and until 1917 its chief editor; influential theoretician of the Second International; from 1910, when Luxemburg broke from him, he moved closer to reformism with his “strategy of attrition”; 1917, a cofounder of the USPD; after the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 in Russia, became a fierce critic of Soviet policies; during the November revolution of 1918–19 in Germany; he was an appointed state secretary in the Foreign Office and chairman of the Socialization Commission; returned to SPD in 1920; husband of Luise Kautsky.

Kautsky Jr., Karl (1892–1978), edited *August Bebel's Briefwechsel mit Karl Kautsky* (August Bebel's Correspondence with Kautsky), among other works; son of Karl Kautsky.

Kautsky, Luise (nickname, Lulu) (1864–1944), wife of Karl Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky, Minna (Granny) (1837–1912), Austrian writer; gave a depiction in literature of the struggle of the organized working class; mother of Karl Kautsky, Sr.

Kautsky, Robert (1895–1962), son of Hans Kautsky, Sr.

Keller, Gottfried (1819–90), Swiss prose writer and realist poet; a progressive bourgeois democrat.

Kellerman, Bernhard (1879–1951), German writer; best known for *The Tunnel* (1913), a utopian work about the construction of a tunnel between Europe and North America, and *The Ninth of November* (1921), based on the German Revolution of 1918.

Kelles-Krauz, Kazimierz (pseudonym: Michał Luśnia) (1872–1905), political journalist and sociologist; an official and theoretician of the PPS; beginning in 1893, was part of the leadership of the ZZSP; editor of a foreign bulletin of the PPS; in 1897, became an instructor at the Collège Libre des Sciences Sociales in Paris and subsequently at the Université Nouvelle in Brussels; in his sociological works, he took positions close to Marxism, but advocated reformist views.

Kerner, Justinius (1786–1862), German physician and poet of the Late Romantic so-called Swabian school of poetry.

Kessel, Gustav von (1846–1918), Prussian general; in 1909, became commandant (Gouverneur) of Berlin and commander-in-chief of the March of Brandenburg, borderlands colonized by Germans, originally having non-German populations.

Kestenberg, Leo (1882–1962), pianist; during World War I, director of the Paul Cassirer Publishing House; 1915, member of the New Fatherland Alliance.

Kipling, (Joseph) Rudyard (1865–1936), English poet and prose writer; born and lived in Mumbai, India until 1870; again lived in India from 1882 to 1889, where he worked as a journalist and writer; enthusiast for British imperialism and anti-socialist; 1907, received the Nobel Prize for literature.

Kleist, Heinrich von (1777–1811), German poet and playwright; major figure of German romanticism; works include *Betrothal in St. Domingo*, based on the Haitian slave revolt of 1803, and *Penthesilea*.

Koczan, see Morawski, Alfons.

Kol, Henri Hubert van (1852–1925), Dutch socialist; a leader of the Dutch Social Democratic Workers' Party (*Sociaal-Democratische Arbeiderspartij*); held reformist views; opposed Soviet regime in Russia.

Kolb, Alois (1875–1942), painter and graphic artist; worked as an illustrator for *Jugend*; in 1907, became a professor of graphic art and book design at the Academy for Graphic Arts and Bookmaking.

Korfanty, Wojciech (Albert) (1873–1939), Polish politician and journalist; in 1901, founded a daily paper of National Democratic orientation, *Górno-śląszak*; 1905, edited the publication *Polak*; 1903–18, member of the Prussian House of Deputies; 1903–12 and 1918, member of the Reichstag.

Korolenko, V. G. (1853–1921), Ukrainian writer and political journalist; author of *History of My Contemporary*; longtime critic of tsarism, he also opposed the “red terror” of the Bolsheviks.

Kościuszko, Tadeusz (1746–1817), Polish general and freedom fighter, leader of the uprising in 1794 against the second partition of Poland.

Krauz, see Kelles-Krauz, Kazimierz.

Kravchinsky, S. M. (pseudonym: S. Stepniak) (1851–95), Russian revolutionary, author of fiction, and political journalist; *Narodnik*; took up residence in London in 1884 and befriended G. V. Plekhanov and Friedrich Engels; published many books in English about the Russian revolutionary movement.

Kremer, Arkadiusz (pseudonyms: Alexander, Solomon) (1865–1935), socialist activist from Wilno; in 1889, arrested for his work with the Second Proletariat Party and sentenced to six months in Pawiak prison; 1891–97, cofounder of and leading figure in the Bund (the General Jewish Workers Union) in Russia; collaborated in smuggling illegal literature into Russia; in 1900, fled abroad; 1905, in Russia again, illegally; 1907, a delegate of the Bund at the London conference of the RSDRP; in 1912, went to France and became an electrical engineer, working in the French rail industry.

Krichevsky, Boris N. (pseudonym: B. Veillard) (1866–1919), Russian revolutionary; one of the leaders of the League of Russian

Social Democrats Abroad; Paris correspondent of *Vorwärts*; 1899, editor of *Rabocheye Dyelo*; a proponent of revisionist views; after 1903, withdrew from the Social Democratic movement.

Krille, Otto (1878–1954), German poet, prose writer, and playwright; Social Democrat; editor at the Hamburg newspaper *Volksblatt für Harburg, Wilhelmsburg, and Umgegend*; 1908, editor at the *Schwäbische Tagwacht* in Stuttgart; worked with the Stuttgart Free Youth Organization.

Kruszyńska, R., pseudonym of Rosa Luxemburg.

Kuba, see Hanecki, Jakub.

Kühl, O. (birth and death dates unavailable), political journalist; Social Democrat; editor of *Die Neue Welt*.

Kühlmann, Richard von (1873–1948), German diplomat; in the diplomatic service until 1917; 1917–18, secretary of state of the Foreign Office; in 1918, signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

Lafargue, Paul (1842–1911), French physician; socialist; member of the First International; together with Jules Guesde, leader of the French Workers' Party; leading propagandist of Marxism in the French and international workers' movements; son-in-law of Karl Marx, married to Marx's daughter Laura.

Lagardelle, Hubert (1875–1958), French socialist; founder of the journal *Le Mouvement Socialiste* in 1899; theoretician of revolutionary syndicalism.

Landsberg, Otto (1869–1975), lawyer; Social Democrat; 1903–09, city councilor in Magdeburg; member of the Reichstag in 1912–18; in November 1918, became a member of the Council of People's Representatives.

Lang, Otto (1863–1936), Swiss high court judge; socialist; central president of the Swiss Grütli Verein, a radical political union of workers; strong supporter of World War I.

Lange, Friedrich Albert (1828–75), German philosopher, social theorist, and political journalist; liberal democrat; author of *History of Materialism*.

Langen, Albert (1869–1909), book publisher; in 1896, founded the satirical weekly *Simplicissimus* and the bimonthly *März*.

Langenstein (birth and death dates unavailable), a Social Democrat in Plauen.

Lassalle, Ferdinand (1825–64), writer and political organizer; major figure of German socialism; participant in the 1848–49 revolution; 1849–62, maintained connections with Karl Marx, who broke with him for being “a worker’s dictator”; 1863, cofounder and president of the ADAV.

Lavrov, Pyotr L. (1823–1900), Russian sociologist and political journalist; theoretician of the Narodnik movement and reformist socialism; belonged to the organizations Zemlya i Volya (Land and Freedom) and Narodnaya Volya (People’s Will; also called People’s Freedom); member of the First International.

Ledebour, Georg Theodor (1850–1947), journalist; Social Democrat; 1890–95, contributor to *Vorwärts* and, 1895–98, a member of its editorial staff; 1897–1900, editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden; 1900–14, contributor to *Vorwärts* and other Social Democratic publications; member of the Reichstag in 1900–18; supported World War I; 1916, a member of the Executive Committee of the Social Democratic Working Group; 1917, a cofounder of the USPD, to whose Central Committee he belonged until March 1919.

Leibniz, Gottfried (1646–1716), pathbreaking mathematician and philosopher; developed infinitesimal calculus and theory of binary numbers; leading advocate of rationalism; developed theory of monads; also made crucial discoveries in physics and biology.

Lenbach, Franz von (1836–1904), painter.

Lene, see Jogiches, Leo.

Lenin, Vladimir Ilyich (real last name, Ulyanov) (1870–1924), Russian revolutionary; from 1903 on, leader of the Bolsheviks; worked closely with Luxemburg, especially immediately after the 1905 Revolution, though differing with her on many issues; after Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, leader of the revolutionary government of Soviet Russia.

Lensch, Paul Albert (1873–1926), Social Democrat; 1900–02, editor of the *Freie Presse für Elsass-Lothringen* in Strasbourg; 1902–07, contributor to *Leipziger Volkszeitung* and, until 1913, its chief editor; member of the Reichstag in 1912–18; a proponent of the views of the German Left until 1914; during World War I, evolved into supporter of militarism; in the November revolution of 1918, delegate from the Council of People's Representatives to the army high command.

Lerda, Giovanni (1853–1927), Italian socialist; author of *The Influence of Christianity on Economics* (1898).

Lesage, Alain-René (1668–1747), French novelist and playwright; satirized the moral failings of the ruling classes of his time.

Leuss, Hans (1861–1920), German writer; editor of *Welt am Montag*.

Levasseur, Pierre-Emile (1828–1911), French economist and geographer; member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

Levi, Paul (1883–1930), lawyer; Social Democrat; participant in the national conference of leading left-wing Social Democrats in March 1915 in Berlin; an adherent of the International Group (Spartacus Group); Luxemburg's lawyer and colleague during World War I; became a leader of the KPD in 1918, until expelled from it in 1921; publisher of Luxemburg's *The Russian Revolution*; returned to SPD in 1920s.

Liebkecht, Karl Paul August Friedrich (1871–1919), attorney; Social Democrat; son of Wilhelm Liebkecht; 1902–13, city councilor in Berlin; 1906, cofounder of the proletarian youth movement in Germany; 1907, cofounder of the Socialist Youth International and, until 1910, its president and member of the International Youth Secretariat; 1908–16, member of the Prussian House of Deputies and, in 1912–18, member of the Reichstag; a leading representative of the German Left; cofounder of the International Group (Spartacus Group) and, in 1918, of the Spartacus League, a member of its central leadership body and co-responsible, with Luxemburg, for the editing of its publication, *Die Rote Fahne*; cofounder of the KPD; assassinated on January 15, 1919.

Liebkecht, Natalie (1835–1909), first wife of Wilhelm Liebkecht.

Liebkecht, Robert (1903–94), painter and graphic artist; son of Karl Liebkecht.

Liebkecht, Sophie (nicknames, Sonya, Sonyichka; maiden name, Ryss) (1884–1964), art historian; second wife of Karl Liebkecht.

Liebkecht, Vera (1906–34), physician; daughter of Karl Liebkecht.

Liebkecht, Wilhelm (nickname, Helmi) (1901–75), son of Karl Liebkecht.

Liebkecht, Wilhelm Philipp Martin Christian Ludwig (1826–1900), German Social Democrat; 1848, participant in the republican uprising in Baden, after that an émigré, at first in Switzerland and then in England; member of the Communist League; in 1862, returned to Germany; in 1863, became a member of the ADAV and, in 1864, a contributor to *Social-Demokrat*; correspondent for and authorized representative of the International Workingmen's Association (First International) in Germany; 1869, cofounder of the SDAP and editor of *Der Volksstaat*; 1874–1900 (with an interruption in 1887–88), member of the Reichstag; beginning in 1876, editor and, in 1891 and after, chief editor of

the *Vorwärts*; cofounder of, and leading participant in, the Second International.

Liliencron, Detlef von (1844–1909), resigned from service as a Prussian military officer in 1870; became a teacher and civilian official and in 1885 a freelance writer.

Limbertz, Heinrich (1874–1932), mine worker; Social Democrat and trade union leader; 1902–03, workers' secretary for the SPD in Iserlohn and 1904–07 in Essen; 1907–10, and again, beginning in 1913, editor of the *Arbeiterzeitung* in Essen; 1911–13, head of the SPD Bureau for Rhineland-Westphalia; member of editorial staff of *Volksmacht*.

Lindemann, Carl Hugo (1867–1950), writer; economist; Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag in 1903–06; beginning in 1906, member of the Württemberg state assembly; contributor to the revisionist publication *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; strongly supported World War I; 1918–19, member of the government of Württemberg state.

Lipinski, Richard Robert (1867–1936), Social Democrat; 1894–1901, editor of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; member of the Reichstag in 1903–06; beginning in 1908, SPD chairman for the Leipzig region; member of the SPD national committee; beginning in 1917, a member of the USPD and its chairman for the Leipzig region; in December 1918 and January 1919, president of the Free State of Saxony.

Löbe, Paul Gustav Emil (1875–1967), typesetter; Social Democrat; 1899–1900, editor and, from 1900 to 1920, chief editor of the *Volksmacht* in Breslau; held opportunist views; 1904–19, city councilor in Breslau; 1915–20, member of the Silesian provincial assembly; strongly supported World War I; beginning in 1917, a member of the Control Commission of the SPD.

Longuet, Charles (1839–1903), journalist and activist in French socialist movement; active in 1871 Paris Commune; member of Proudhonist General Council of the First International, 1866–67

and 1871–72; moved to England after 1871; married Marx's oldest daughter, Jenny Longuet, in 1872; editor and publisher of *Journal Officiel*.

Lubbock, Sir John, Baron Avebury (1834–1913), English naturalist, banker, and politician; member of the Entomological Society and the Anthropological Institute; member of Parliament for Maidstone in 1870 and 1874; member of the Unionist Party; Marx commented on his work in his *Ethnological Notebooks*.

Lübeck, Gustav (b. 1873), typesetter with whom Luxemburg, in Basel, Switzerland, in 1898, entered into a marriage of convenience so that she could gain Prussian/German citizenship; the Lübeck family was living in Switzerland, but the head of the family, Karl Lübeck, the father of Gustav, was a Prussian citizen; the marriage was officially dissolved in 1903; in 1905, Gustav was expelled from Switzerland as an "anarchist."

Lübeck, Olympia (1851–1930), Polish-born friend of Luxemburg and mother of Gustav Lübeck; in Poland, had connections with the First Proletariat party; in the 1890s, lived in Switzerland with her elderly husband, Karl Lübeck.

Lübeck, Rosalia, name used by Luxemburg on the basis of her marriage of convenience to Gustav Lübeck.

Lunacharsky, Anatoly (1875–1933), Russian Marxist and cultural critic; born in Ukraine, became Marxist in 1890; member of RSDRP; joined Bolsheviks during the 1903 split with Mensheviks; influenced by ideas of Fichte and Nietzsche; broke from Bolsheviks in 1908 in support of Alexander Bogdanov's position; started school in Capri, Italy (along with Maxim Gorky) for Russian socialist workers; started Circle for Proletarian Culture in Paris in 1913; opposed World War I; rejoined Bolsheviks in July 1917; after Bolshevik Revolution, became Commissar of Enlightenment (equivalent of Minister of Culture), 1917–29; purged by Stalin.

Luther, Martin (1483–1546), founder of Protestantism; religious reformer; translated Bible into German.

Luxemburg, Anna (1855–1932), Rosa Luxemburg's sister.

Luxemburg, Annie (birth and death dates unavailable), daughter of Rosa Luxemburg's brother Mikolaj.

Luxemburg, Elias (d. 1900), father of Rosa Luxemburg.

Luxemburg, Józef (nickname, Józio) (1868–1936), neurologist and doctor of internal medicine; younger brother of Rosa Luxemburg.

Luxemburg, Lina (d. 1897), mother of Rosa Luxemburg.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Baron of Rothley (1800–59), English liberal politician and historian.

Machiavelli, Niccolò (1469–1527), Italian statesman, diplomat, author, and philosopher; one of the principle founders of modern political science.

Mara (1886–1964), daughter of Otto Walther and Hope Adams-Lehman, who were both physicians.

Marat, Jean-Paul (1744–93), French doctor, physicist, and political journalist; published the newspaper *Ami du Peuple*; a leader of the Jacobin Club and of “the Mountain” in parliament.

Marchlewska, Bronislawa (1866–1952), bacteriologist; Social Democrat; member of the Second Proletariat party and the Warsaw organization of the Union of Polish Workers; emigrated to Switzerland in 1893; studied at the Polytechnic in Zurich and was active in the group around Luxemburg; wife of Julian Marchlewski.

Marchlewski, Julian Balthazar (nicknames, Julek, Juleczek) (pseudonyms: J. Karski, Johannes Kämpfer) (1866–1925), Social

Democrat; 1889, cofounder of the Union of Polish Workers (ZRP); emigrated to Switzerland in 1893; helped produce the Social Democratic newspaper *Sprawa Robotnicza* together with Luxemburg, Leo Jogiches, and Adolf Warski; 1893, cofounder of the SDKP (which in 1900 became the SDKPiL); in 1896, moved to Germany; in 1898, became a contributor to *Sächsischer Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden and to *Neue Zeit*; undertook the editorship of *Przegląd Robotniczy* in 1900; in 1902, together with Alexander Helphand, founded a publishing house in Munich for progressive international literature; also in 1902, member of the staff of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, where until 1913 he was at times the editor; belonged to the German Left; in 1913–14, together with Luxemburg and Franz Mehring, edited *Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz*; 1915, editor of *Wirtschaftliche Rundschau*; cofounder of the Spartacus Group; 1916–18, interned in Havelberg; succeeded in reaching Moscow by way of Petrograd; returned to Berlin in January 1919; husband of Bronisława Marchlewska.

Marchlewski, Oskar Otto Wilhelm (nickname, Ocik) (1874–1913), active member of the SDKP; helped with the illegal dissemination of party literature, but later withdrew from the workers' movement; brother of Julian Marchlewski.

Marek, Jan (1884–1961), prominent figure in the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland, active mainly in the mineworkers' union.

Martov, L. (real name, Yuli [Julius] Osipovich Tsederbaum) (other pseudonym: Ignatus) (1873–1923), Russian Social Democrat; in 1895, took part, together with Lenin, in organizing the St. Petersburg League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class; in 1896, arrested and sentenced to three years of internal exile; after that, a member of the editorial board of *Iskra*; after 1903, a leading Menshevik; 1908–11, editor of *Golos Sotsial-Demokrata* (Voice of the Social Democrat); took part in the Zimmerwald Conference in 1915 and the Kienthal Conference in 1916; leader of the left-Mensheviks; after the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 in Russia, became a sharp critic of the regime.

Marx, Karl (1818–83), philosopher, revolutionary, and critic of capitalism; founder of historical materialism; most renowned as the author of the *Communist Manifesto*, the *Economic-Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*, the *Grundrisse*, and *Capital*.

Matschke, Anna, Berlin Social Democrat whose name Luxemburg used while in Warsaw in 1905–06.

Max von Baden, Prince (1867–1929), in 1918, briefly chancellor of the German Reich and president of Prussia.

Medi, see Urban, Marta.

Mehring, Eva (d. 1928), wife of Franz Mehring.

Mehring, Franz (1846–1919), German historian, literary scholar, and political journalist; Social Democrat; 1891–1913, contributor to *Neue Zeit*; from 1892 until 1895 was head of the association Freie Volksbühne; 1902–07, chief editor of *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; 1906–11, instructor in history at the SPD party school in Berlin; a leading representative of the German Left; in 1913–14, together with Luxemburg and Julian Marchlewski, edited *Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz*, and in April 1915, together with Luxemburg, the first issue of the journal *Die Internationale*; belonged to the International Group (Spartacus Group); 1917, member of the Prussian House of Deputies; cofounder of the Spartacus League and the KPD.

Meister (“the Master”), see Faisst, Hugo.

Mendels, Mauritz (pseudonym: Ictus) (1868–1944), Dutch poet, lawyer and writer on Jewish affairs; joined SDAP in 1899; wrote for the party’s newspaper *De Nieuwe Tijd*; 1906, elected to Utrecht City Council; member of the Dutch Left, he wrote for *The Tribune* and became active in the SDP; 1913, elected to Parliament; rejoined the SDAP after 1920.

Mendelson, Stanislaw (pseudonyms: Gawrosz, Nadolski, and others) (1857–1913), political journalist prominent in the Polish and international workers’ movements; 1875–78, one of the

initiators of illegal socialist groups in Warsaw; from 1878, in Switzerland and France, one of the leading figures among socialist émigrés; cofounder of the First Proletariat party and the Second Proletariat, as well as the publications *Równosc*, *Przedswit*, and *Walka Klas*; initiator of the PPS Party Congress in Paris in 1892; 1889, a cofounder of the Second International; was on friendly terms with Friedrich Engels and with the French Blanquists; in 1895, broke from the workers' movement.

Meyer, Conrad Ferdinand (1825–98), Swiss poet and novelist.

Meyer, Ernst (1887–1930), German journalist and Social Democrat; 1913–15, editor of *Vorwärts*; adherent of the International Group (Spartacus Group); participant in the Zimmerwald Conference of 1915 and the Kienthal Conference of 1916; edited the publication *Spartakusbriefe* in 1916; in 1918, became head of the press department of the Soviet Russian embassy in Germany; representative of the Spartacus Group in the Revolutionary Executive Committee, together with the Revolutionary Shop Stewards (*Obleute*) in Berlin; in 1918, became a member of the KPD and of its central leadership.

Mezentsov, N. V. (1827–78), tsarist general; head of the security police in tsarist Russia; assassinated in 1878 by the Narodnik S. M. Kravchinsky.

Michaelis, Georg (1857–1936), German judge; from July to October 1917 was chancellor of the German Reich and prime minister of Prussia; 1918–19, was *Oberpräsident* (highest civilian official) of the province of Pomerania.

Mickiewicz, Adam Bernard (1795–1853), one of Poland's most eminent poets and dramatists; widely regarded as the chief national poet of Poland; his work was much adored by Luxemburg, despite his advocacy of Polish independence.

Mietze, see Wengels, Margarete.

Mignet, François-Auguste Marie (1796–1884), French liberal historian; became a member of the Académie Française in 1836.

Mil, Josef-Szloma (pseudonym: John Mill) (1870–1952), in the 1880s, a prominent figure in the Jewish workers' movement in Wilno; had contacts with the Narodniks; 1892–94, lived in Zurich; returned to Wilno in 1894; 1897, one of the founders of the Bund (the General Jewish Workers' Union of Lithuania, Poland, and Russia); after fleeing abroad in 1898, he was a cofounder of the Committee of the Bund Abroad; from 1915 on, he lived in the United States, where he was politically active.

Mill, John, see Mil, Josef-Szloma.

Millerand, Alexandre-Étienne (1859–1943), leading representative of the French Independent Socialists; 1899–1902, minister of trade in the bourgeois cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau; in 1904, expelled from the French Socialist Party for participating in bourgeois government.

Mink-Mękarska Bogdanowiczowa, Paula (1840–1901), prominent figure in the French workers' movement; worked with the First International and took part in the Paris Commune.

Mirbach-Harff, Count Wilhelm (1871–1918), German diplomat; 1915–17, ambassador in Athens; in 1917 and early 1918, in Bucharest; on April 26, 1918, appointed German ambassador to Russia; assassinated in Moscow by left SRs on July 6, 1918.

Mitek, see Hartmann, Mieczyslaw.

Molière (real name, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin) (1622–73), French playwright, actor, and leader of a troupe of actors; famous for his comedies.

Molinari, Gustave de (1819–1912), Belgian economist; advocate of free trade.

Moor, Carl (1853–1932), Swiss Social Democrat and communist; 1889, edited *Berner Tagwacht*; delegate to the meeting of the ISB in Brussels in late July 1914, on the eve of the outbreak of World War I, during which he supported Luxemburg's antiwar views; after the February 1917 Russian Revolution, helped make the arrangements for Lenin and other Russian revolutionaries to travel through Germany in a "sealed" railroad car; helped raise money for the Bolsheviks after their seizure of power in October 1917; sometime after 1918 become an agent for the German government.

Morawski, Alfons (pseudonym: Koczan) (1868–1941), one of the initiators and leading figures of the Lithuanian Social Democratic movement in Wilno in the first half of the 1890s; emigrated to Zurich at the end of the 1890s; later withdrew from the workers' movement.

Morawski, Franciszek (1847–1906), carpenter; active in both the Polish and the German workers' movements; in 1891, became secretary of the Alliance of Polish Socialists in Berlin; 1893–1901, cofounder of the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland, becoming a member of its executive body in 1905; a representative of the left-wing tendency in the PPS; editor of *Gazeta Robotnicza*.

Morgenstern, Gustav (1867–1947), writer; Social Democrat; 1898–99, editor of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* and, in 1900–02, of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden, returning to the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* in 1902; 1917–18, editor of the SPD journal *Freie Presse* in Leipzig.

Mörike, Eduard (1804–75), clergyman; poet; 1851–66, instructor in literature at Stuttgart.

Morizet, André (1876–1942), French socialist; assistant librarian at the Ministry of Justice, he was dismissed from that position in 1907 because of his socialist views; became editor of *l'Humanité*; as an ardent anti-militarist, he co-authored with Karl Liebknecht a statement of protest entitled "Against the International Arms Industry"; in 1919, was elected mayor of Boulogne-Billancourt (Seine), an industrial suburb of Paris.

Moszoro, Rudolf (1879–1911), member of the PPSD, to whose left wing he belonged; he was active mainly in Kraków; in his political views, he was close to the SDKPiL; beginning in March 1905, he signed his name as the legally responsible editor and publisher for the SDKPiL publications *Czerwony Sztandar* and *Z pola walki*.

Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus (1756–91), composer.

Müller, Margarete (birth and death dates unavailable), sister of Hans Diefenbach.

Münzenberg, Wilhelm (nickname, Willi) (1889–1940), worker; Social Democrat; moved from Germany to Switzerland in 1910; joined the Zurich group of the Swiss socialist youth organization; in 1912, became a member of the central leadership body of the youth organization and editor of its monthly publication, *Die Freie Jugend*; 1914–18, national secretary of the Swiss socialist youth organization; participant in the International Socialist Youth Conference in Bern in 1915 and the International Socialist Conference in Kienthal in 1916; expelled from Switzerland in 1918; joined the Spartacus Group; in 1919, became a member of the KPD.

Mussolini, Benito (1883–1945), Italian Fascist politician; initially a socialist and, briefly, a schoolteacher; 1911, chief editor of *Avanti!* in Milan; in November 1914, expelled from the Italian Socialist Party for his fervent support for Italian entry into World War I on the side of the Entente.

Nachimson, M. I. (pseudonyms: Spectator, Sp., Politicus) (1880–1938), Russian economist and political journalist; in 1889, became a member of the Bund (General Union of Jewish Workers of Lithuania, Poland, and Russia); supported World War I.

Nettelbeck, Joachim (1738–1824), seaman; in 1782, began work as a brewer and distiller; Prussian patriot; in 1806, opposed the surrender of the city of Kolberg to French forces and as “city adjutant” under the command of Neidhardt von Gneisenau led the defense of the city until the end of the war in 1807.

Nexö, see Andersen Nexö, Martin.

Niemojewski, Andrej (1864–1921), Polish poet and nationalist; supported democratic positions in the 1905 Revolution but evolved into a vicious anti-Semite shortly afterwards; part of tendency known as Polish “progressive” anti-Semitism which argued for discrimination against Jews as consistent with aims of the workers’ movement.

Nieuwenhuis, Ferdinand Domela (1846–1919), Dutch socialist and anarchist; cofounder of the Social Democratic Workers’ Party of the Netherlands; 1881–91, a deputy in Parliament; in 1881, corresponded with Marx; in the 1890s, a proponent of anarchist views; 1914–18, leader of the pacifist movement in the Netherlands.

Nitzsche, August Emil (1869–1931), metalworker; Social Democrat; in 1897, became editor of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden (which in 1908 became the *Dresdner Volkszeitung*); 1913–14, member of the state assembly of Saxony; 1919, finance minister of Saxony.

Noskov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich (pseudonyms: Boris, Gleb, Boris Nikolaevich Yefimov, and others) (1878–1913), arrested and sent into internal exile for taking part in the revolutionary activity of the St. Petersburg League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class; emigrated from Russia in 1902; at the 1903 congress of the RSDRP, sided with the Bolsheviks and was elected to the Central Committee; was active in underground work in Kiev, Yaroslavl, and elsewhere; after 1907, withdrew from political activity.

Obuch, Gerhard (1884–1960), lawyer; in 1906, became a Social Democrat; after 1914, opposed voting for war credits; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Olszewski, Wladyslaw (pseudonym: Wladek) (1863–1922), metalworker; member of the Second Proletariat party and cofounder of the SDKP; arrested in 1894; emigrated after his release and, until 1899, lived in Switzerland, Germany, and France; worked in the

leadership of the Union of Social Democrats from the Kingdom of Poland Abroad; after 1904, no longer politically active.

Oppler, Heinrich (birth and death dates unavailable), physician; professor in Berlin.

Owen, Robert (1771–1858), English utopian socialist who was highly regarded by Marx; pioneered concept of using “labor tokens” instead of money which Marx discusses in numerous places in his work.

Paasche, Hans (1881–1920), naval officer who resigned and became a fighter against imperialist war; 1918, member of the Executive Council of Workers’ and Peasants’ Councils; murdered by Noske’s troops on May 20, 1920.

Paasche, Hermann (1851–1925), professor of political economy; member of the Reichstag in 1881–84 and 1893–1918; member of the Prussian House of Deputies in 1893–1908; leader of the National Liberal Party; after 1918, joined the German People’s Party.

Palm, Adolf (birth and death dates unavailable), constable for criminal cases (*Kriminalschutzmann*) in Berlin.

Pannekoek, Anton (1873–1960), Dutch astronomer; became a Social Democrat in the 1890s; one of the first to attack Bernstein for revisionism, in 1898; 1907, one of the founders of the newspaper *De Tribune*, organ of the left wing of the Dutch Social Democratic Workers’ Party; leading figure in Second International; a sharp critic of imperialism and Kautsky’s centrism; during World War I, which he strongly opposed, took part in editing *Vorbote*, publication of the Zimmerwald Left; important left-wing critic of Bolsheviks, emphasized “council communism” based on direct proletarian rule through workers’ councils.

Parvus, see Helphand, Alexander L.

Pascin (real name, Julius Pincas) (1885–1930), Bulgarian-American painter, graphic artist, and illustrator.

Perfall, Anton Freiherr von (1853–1912), German storyteller and writer; many of his stories depict rural conditions in Bavaria.

Perlmutter, Salome (birth and death dates unavailable); Russian Social Democrat who took internationalist positions.

Pëus, Heinrich (1862–1937), Social Democrat; beginning in 1891, an editor at the *Volksblatt für Anhalt* in Dessau; member of the Reichstag in 1896–98, 1900–06, and 1912–18; editor of the Wendish or Sorbian-language publication *Internaciona Socialisto* in Ido; 1902–08, member of the Anhalt state assembly.

Pfannkuch, Wilhelm (1841–1923), carpenter; Social Democrat; in 1863 became a member of the ADAV; member of the Reichstag in 1884–87, 1898–1906, and 1912–18; 1893, cofounder of the German Woodworkers' Union; in 1894, became a member of the SPD Executive and, in 1917, became secretary of the Executive; from 1900 on, a city councilor in Berlin; supported World War I.

Pfemfert, Franz (pseudonym: H. Gaday, Dr. S. Pulvermacher, August Stech) (1879–1934), author, literary critic, political journalist, publisher; in 1911, became editor of *Die Aktion*.

Philippi (birth and death dates unavailable), woman singer.

Philips, Franz (1868–1942), editor of the journal *Neuland* in Berlin in 1897–98.

Pieck, Friedrich Wilhelm Reinhold (1876–1960), carpenter; Social Democrat; 1899, municipal district chairman of the SPD in Bremen; 1906–10, secretary of the SPD in Bremen and chairman of its cultural-educational committee; in April 1910, became second secretary of the SPD's central educational committee and secretary of its party school in Berlin; cofounder of the International Group (Spartacus Group); called up for military service in 1915; in 1917 went underground; in February 1918, collaborated on the editing of *Der Kampf*; at the end of October 1918, member of the Revolutionary Executive Committee in Berlin, and in November 1918 member of

the central leadership body of the Spartacus League; cofounder of the KPD.

Pius X (Giuseppe Sarto) (1835–1914), became Pope in 1903.

Platen-Hallermünde, August, Graf von (Count of) (1796–1835), German poet; 1810–14, in service to the king of Bavaria; in 1826, went to Italy to live as an exile because of the oppressively provincial attitudes in the petty states of Germany.

Platten, Friedrich (Fritz) (1883–1942), member of the Social Democratic Party of Switzerland, becoming secretary of its Executive in 1912; joined the Zimmerwald Left; in 1917, helped organize Lenin's trip through Germany in a "sealed" railroad car.

Platter, Julius (1844–1923), Swiss conservative economist who wrote a review of Volume III of Marx's *Capital* in *Schweizerische Blätter für Wirtschafts und Sozialpolitik*; professor of Staatswissenschaft in Zurich.

Plekhanov, Georgy V. (pseudonyms: N. Beltov, G. V., A. Volgin) (1856–1918), one of the first Marxists in Russia; author of numerous theoretical works; in 1880, left Russia to live in exile in Switzerland; 1883, founder of the Emancipation of Labor group; 1900, cofounder and co-editor of the newspaper *Iskra* and the journal *Zarya*; generally hostile to Leo Jogiches and Luxemburg from their earliest encounters; after 1903, a Menshevik; sharply opposed Luxemburg at the 1907 London Congress of RSDRP; supported World War I; after the February Revolution of 1917, returned to Russia; supported the Provisional Government; strongly opposed the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

Pokorny, Franz (1874–1923), German mine worker and Social Democrat; 1897–1906, secretary of the Mine Workers' Union and editor of the *Bergarbeiterzeitung*; in 1918, became an editor on the SPD Bureau for Rhineland-Westphalia.

Pope, see Pius X.

Posnanski, J. (birth and death dates unavailable), economist; author of an 1880 book on the productive forces of the Kingdom of Poland.

Potresov, Aleksandr Nikolaevich (pseudonym: Starover) (1869–1934), in the 1890s, joined the ranks of Russian Marxists; belonged to the St. Petersburg League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class; emigrated in 1900 and took part in the founding of *Iskra* and *Zarya*; after the 1903 congress of the RSDRP, a leading Menshevik; emigrated from Russia after the October 1917 revolution.

Puyt, E. de (birth and death dates unavailable), secretary of Camille Huysmans.

Raduin, Ida (birth and death dates unavailable), Luxemburg's domestic helper.

Radwański, Tadeusz (1884–1960), political journalist; in 1900, became a member of the SDKPiL; 1904–05, editorial secretary of *Głos*.

Rappoport, Charles Léon (pseudonyms: Arnold, Chanon, Felix) (1865–1941), French political journalist and socialist; in 1901, became head of the Russian library in Paris; member of the Socialist Party of France and the SFIO; 1918, cofounder of the École socialiste marxiste (Marxist Socialist School).

Ratyński, Kazimierz (pseudonyms [or nicknames]: Kaz, Kazius, Kaziuta) (1874–1904), in 1893, helped organize the first party congress of the SDKP, in Switzerland; arrested in 1894 and banished to Siberia, where he died.

Reich Chancellor, see Max von Baden, Prince.

Reiff, Adolf (1831–1902), Polish printer in Paris, whose print shop, among other things, produced *Sprawa Robotnicza*.

Renaudel, Pierre (1871–1935), one of the leaders of the SFIO; editor of *Le Peuple* and member of the editorial board of *La vie socialiste*; after the death of Jaurès, took over as chief editor of *l'Humanité* until 1918; 1914–18, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies.

Rexhäuser, Ludwig (1863–1914), German Social Democrat and trade union functionary; 1896–1910, editor of *Korrespondenz für Deutschlands Buchdrucker und Schriftgiesser*; a proponent of reformist views who denied the need for revolutionary class struggle; expelled from the SPD.

Ripper, Alexander (birth and death dates unavailable), printer in the print shop of Wladyslaw Teodorczuk in Kraków.

Robespierre, Maximilien François Marie Isidore de (1758–1794), French statesman; one of the most prominent figures in the French Revolution; elected to the States-General in 1789; as leader of the Jacobins and at the head of the Committee for Public Safety, presided over reign of terror.

Rodbertus-Jagetzow, Johann Karl (1805–75), German economist and politician; opposed the political struggle of the workers' movement, advocating instead the idea of "state socialism."

Roland Holst-van der Schalk, Henriette (1869–1952), Dutch writer and socialist; active in the proletarian women's movement; radical leftist; broke from Second International and Dutch Social-Democratic Party in 1909 because of its reformism; became leading advocate of revolutionary ideas during World War I; took part in the editing of the theoretical organ of the Zimmerwald Left, *Vorbote*; in 1918, became a member of the Communist Party of Holland.

Rolland, Romain (1866–1944), French writer; 1903–12, professor of the history of music at the Sorbonne in Paris; lived in Switzerland during World War I.

Roscher, Wilhelm Georg Friedrich (1817–94), German economist; founder of the historical school of economics in Germany;

argued against utopian socialism and classical political economy; denied the existence of universal economic laws.

Rosenbaum, Marta (1869 or 1870–1940), Social Democrat; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Rosenbaum (first name not available; birth and death dates unavailable), musician; husband of Marta Rosenbaum.

Rosenfeld, Kurt (1877–1943), lawyer; Social Democrat; 1906–10, instructor in civil law at the SPD party school in Berlin; in 1910, became a city council member in Berlin; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Rózga, Maciej, pseudonym of Rosa Luxemburg.

Ruben, Regina (1858–?), teacher and writer active in the proletarian women's movement.

Rück, Fritz (pseudonym: Juvenis) (1895–1959), typesetter; Social Democrat; during World War I, belonged to the International Group (Spartacus Group); in 1917, became a member of the USPD; chairman of the Workers' Council in Stuttgart; founding member of the KPD.

Rühle, Karl Heinrich Otto (1874–1943), teacher; editor of Social Democratic papers; in 1907–13, toured as a lecturer for the SPD; member of the Reichstag, 1912–18; in 1915–16, together with Karl Liebknecht, voted against war credits; took part in the national conference of left Social Democrats in 1915 and the national conference of the International Group in 1916 in Berlin; 1918, chairman of the Revolutionary Workers' and Soldiers' Council of Greater Dresden. Became left-wing critic of Bolsheviks and Third International after 1919.

Ryazanov, D. B. (real name, D. B. Goldendach) (pseudonyms: Bukvoyed, Pariser) (1870–1938), active in the Russian workers' movement since 1889; in 1900, left Russia and lived as an émigré; contributed to *Neue Zeit*; worked with the Menshevik

newspapers *Golos* and *Nashe Slovo*; in 1917, joined the Bolshevik party; became leading archivist of Russian Marxism; discovered Marx's *1844 Manuscripts* and other writings by Marx; killed by Stalin.

Ryazanov, N., see Ryazanov, D. B.

Saint-Simon, Claude-Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de (1760–1825), French utopian socialist and philosopher; heralded science and industry as promoting inevitable social progress.

Salmanoff (birth and death dates unavailable), a physician in Stuttgart.

Sappho (ca. 600 B.C.), Greek lyric poetess whose poems focused on passion and love; considered by the Greeks one of the nine lyric poets.

Sarraute, Maurice (b. 1869), French socialist and political journalist; contributor to *Revue socialiste*, later a supporter of Jules Guesde, and then a ministerialist; member of the French Socialist Party.

Sarudnaja, see Zarudnaya-Cavos, Yekaterina.

Sarudny, see Zarudny, S. I.

Scheib, Johannes (birth and death dates unavailable), Social Democrat in Leipzig.

Scheidemann, Philip (1865–1939), typesetter; Social Democrat; 1900–02, editor at the *Fränkische Tagespost* in Nuremberg, at the *Offenbacher Abendblatt* in 1902–05, and chief editor of the *Casseler Volksblatt* in 1905–11; member of the Reichstag in 1903–18; beginning in 1911, a member of the SPD Executive and, beginning in 1913, of its central cultural-educational committee; a leading representative of reformism and, during World War I, an arch-militarist; 1917–18, cochairman of the SPD, with Friedrich Ebert; at the beginning of October 1918, entered the government of Prince Max

von Baden; in November 1918, became a member of the Council of People's Delegates; contributed substantially to the suppression of the revolution of 1918–19 in Germany.

Schewitsch, Serge (d. 1911), Russian émigré of noble birth; admirer of Lassalle; in New York City, worked for the *New York World* and the *Sun*; edited the Sunday supplement of the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*; in 1890, returned to Europe.

Schiller, Friedrich von (1759–1805), poet and aesthetician; a representative of German classical literature; had major impact on German romanticism.

Schippel, Max (pseudonym: Isegrim) (1859–1928), German economist; Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag in 1890–1905; a leading representative of revisionism; began contributing to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*, in 1897; 1911–19, leader of the socio-political department of the General Commission of the German trade unions; fervent supporter of World War I.

Schlaf, Johannes (1862–1941), dramatist and translator; one of the leaders of the naturalist school.

Schmidt, Albert (1858–1904), German Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag in 1890–98 and 1903–04; editor of *Volksstimme* in Magdeburg.

Schmoller, Gustav (1838–1917), economist, historian, and “social” politician; representative of the “socialism of the Academy” (*Kathedersozialismus*); 1890–1917, chairman of the Association for Social Improvement.

Schmuilow, see Shmuilov, V. I.

Schoenlank, Bruno (1859–1901), journalist; Social Democrat; 1893–1901, member of the Reichstag; 1894–1901, chief editor of *Leipziger Volkszeitung*.

Scholtyssek, Franciszek (birth and death dates unavailable), treasurer for the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland; chairman of the Union of Mine Workers in Rybnik.

Schröder, Wilhelm (1861–1913), writer; Social Democrat; until 1905, editor of *Vorwärts*, and after that published his own information bulletin, or newsletter; regular contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; editor of the SPD's publication *Sozialdemokratische Partei-Correspondenz*; 1905–07, collaborator on the socialist weekly *Neue Gesellschaft*.

Schubert, Franz (1797–1828), Austrian composer.

Schüller, Richard (1871–1959), part of the Austrian school of neo-classical economics.

Schulz, August Heinrich (pseudonym: Ernst Almsloh) (1872–1932), public school teacher; Social Democrat; leader of Social Democratic policy on schools, education, and culture; 1897–1906, editor on the staffs of Social Democratic newspapers in Erfurt, Magdeburg, and Bremen; 1906–19, managing director of the SPD's Central Cultural Committee; 1906–14, instructor in newspaper work at the SPD party school in Berlin; 1912–18, member of the Reichstag; for a time, defended the views of the German Left, but supported World War I.

Schulz, Wilhelm August Paul (1870–?), bricklayer; Social Democrat; trade union secretary; 1903–19, member of the “agitation commission” of the SPD in the province of Poznań; 1914–19, chief accountant for public welfare and social services in Bromberg.

Schulze-Delitsch, Franz Hermann (1808–83), economist and politician; cofounder of the German Party of Progress (*Fortschrittspartei*); member of the Association for Social Betterment; founder of the German Cooperative System.

Schulze-Gävernitz, Gerhart von (1864–1943), bourgeois “national” economist; 1912–20, member of the Reichstag; member of the People's Progressive Party.

Seeley, Sir John Robert (1834–95), British historian; in 1869, became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University.

Segantini, Giovanni (1858–99), Italian painter.

Seidel, Alfred Emil (1882–1965), teacher; son of Robert Seidel.

Seidel, Kurt (1879–1952), engineer; son of Robert Seidel.

Seidel, Mathilde Elise (1853–1924), wife of Robert Seidel.

Seidel, Robert (1850–1933), teacher and journalist; Social Democrat; moved from Saxony to Switzerland; in 1876, became a member of the *Grütli Verein*, a radical political union of workers; 1890–98, editor of the *Arbeiterstimme* in Zurich; 1898, cofounder and editor of the *Volksrecht* in Zurich; beginning in 1898, high school teacher in Zurich; 1898–1916, elected representative in the greater city council of Zurich; beginning in 1899, editor of the *Grütli-Kalender*; beginning in 1905, adjunct lecturer on pedagogy at the Polytechnic in Zurich and from 1908 on at the University of Zurich; 1911–17, elected representative to the Swiss National Council in Bern.

Servy, Victor (birth and death dates unavailable), Belgian socialist; secretary of the ISB, 1900–04.

Shakespeare, William (1564–1616), English playwright and poet.

Shaw, George Bernard (1856–1950), Irish-English playwright; also an essayist and author of sociological works; beginning in 1884, a leading member of the Fabian Society.

Shmuilov, V. I. (1864–?), Russian Social Democrat; emigrated to Germany in 1887; 1892–93, contributor to the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden; had ties with the Russian Marxists in the Emancipation of Labor group; husband of Ria Shmuilova-Claassen.

Shmuilova, see Shmuilova-Claassen, Ria.

Shmuilova-Claassen, Ria (1870–?), literary critic; contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; wife of V. I. Shmuilov.

Siber, N. I., see Ziber, N. I.

Sigg, Johann (1874–1939), Swiss journalist; Social Democrat; in 1902–04, was part of the administration of the *Volksrecht* in Zurich, and of its editorial board in 1907–15; joined the Anti-Militarist League in 1906; in 1901–06 and 1909–16, a member of the Greater City Council of Zurich; in 1905–06 and 1908–14, was part of the Cantonal Council of Zurich; in 1911–16, was on the National Council.

Singer, Paul (1844–1911), Social Democrat; became a member of the SDAP in 1869; 1883–1911, city councilor in Berlin; in 1886, became a member of the SPD Executive and, in 1890, one of the cochairmen of the SPD; opposed to aspects of revisionism but far more opposed to the semi-anarchist views of “the Young Ones” (*die Junge*) who were expelled from the SPD in 1895; became a member of the ISB in 1900.

Sismondi, Jean Charles Léonard de (1773–1842), major economic theorist, born in Switzerland; represents one of the founding figures of underconsumptionist theory in economics; his *Nouveaux principes d'économie politique* (1819) took issue with Smith and Ricardo for presuming that business cycles lead to economic equilibrium and full employment.

Sneevliet, Henk (1883–1942), Dutch revolutionary socialist and communist; railway worker; joined SDAP in 1900; became leader of railway union; member of left-wing current of SDAP; a fervent internationalist, he lived in Indonesia from 1913 to 1918, where he became active in the anti-colonial movement against Dutch rule and cofounded the Indies Social Democratic Association, which comprised both Dutch and native Indonesian members; left SDAP for SDP in 1916; supported the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917; returned to the Netherlands in 1918 and organized the 1920 transport strike; in 1920, represented the Communist Party of Indonesia at Second Congress of Third International in Moscow; in 1921,

helped found Communist Party of China; in 1927, broke from the Third International and joined the anti-Stalinist International Communist League; killed by Nazis while organizing resistance to the German occupation of the Netherlands.

Solomon (d. 926 B.C.), King of Israel.

Stadthagen, Arthur (1857–1917), lawyer; Social Democrat; 1889–1917, city councilor in Berlin; 1890–1917, member of the Reichstag; 1893–1916, contributor to and editor of the *Vorwärts*; before World War I, defended the views of the German Left; after 1914, adhered to the centrist forces; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Stasia, nickname of Stanisława Bietkiewicz, a Polish acquaintance of Luxemburg and Jogiches, and of Jan Bielecki.

Stein, Charlotte von (1742–1827), friend of Goethe's.

Stein, Lorenz von (1815–1890), economist, instructor in jurisprudence and political science, sociologist, and political journalist; 1855–85, professor in Vienna; wrote one of earliest works on socialism and communist movements in Europe, in early 1840s; his work was studied and critiqued by Marx.

Stepniak, see Kravchinsky, S. M.

Stoecker, Walter (1891–1939), Social Democrat; in 1908, became a leading figure in the socialist workers' youth movement in Cologne; 1911–12, on the editorial staff of the *Schleswig-Holsteinische Volks-Zeitung* in Kiel; until 1913, was the local editor of the *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne; in 1914, took up residence in Zurich; in 1917, became a member of the USPD and was aligned with the left-wing forces in that party.

Strauss, David Friedrich (1808–74), evangelical theologian and philosopher; a Young Hegelian; criticized the dogmas of Christianity and countered the traditional interpretation of Christian scripture in his influential *Life of Jesus*; after 1866, an adherent of neo-liberalism.

Ströbel, Heinrich (1869–1944), German writer; Social Democrat; 1893–1900, editor of the *Schleswig-Holsteinische Volks-Zeitung* and, in 1900–16, of *Vorwärts*; defended the views of the German Left for a while, but during World War I, adhered to centrist views; in 1917, became a member of the USPD; from November 1918 to January 1919, chairman of the cabinet of the Prussian Provisional Government.

Stubbe, Heinrich (1864–1941), carpenter; Social Democrat; in 1907, became chairman of the Hamburg organization of the SPD; 1911–13, member of the SPD's Control Commission; 1915–18, member of the Reichstag.

Südekum, Albert Oskar Wilhelm (1871–1944), German Social Democrat; editor of *Vorwärts* in 1895–96, of *Leipziger Volkszeitung* in 1896–98, of *Fränkische Tagespost* in Nuremberg in 1898–1900, and chief editor of *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden in 1900–03; member of the Reichstag in 1900–18; in 1900, became the editor of *Kommunale Praxis*; was a leading representative of revisionism and supported World War I; in 1918, as a member of the German-Ukrainian Company, had a decisive role in the plundering of Ukraine.

Stüssheim, Max (1876–1933), Social Democrat; member of the Bavarian state assembly.

Svyatlovsky, V. V. (1851–1901), Russian army doctor; after 1884, a factory inspector in Kharkov and Warsaw; wrote works on factory labor.

Sybel, Heinrich von (1817–95), historian and politician; in 1859, founded the *Historische Zeitschrift*; in 1875, became director of the Prussian state archives.

Tasso, Torquato (1544–95), Italian poet of the late Renaissance.

Teniers, David d. J. (the younger) (1610–90), Flemish painter; director of the Bildgalerie in Brussels.

Teodorczuk, Władysław (birth and death dates unavailable), proprietor of a print shop in Kraków; printed publications of both the SDKPiL and the PPS.

Thalheimer, August (1884–1948), German Social Democrat; 1909–12, head of the *Freie Volkszeitung* in Göppingen and, in 1914–16, of the *Volksfreund* in Braunschweig; belonged to the International Group (Spartacus Group); 1918, cofounder of the Spartacus League and the KPD; became a leading figure in the KPD and later of the anti-Stalinist Communist Party Opposition (KPO); brother of Berta Thalheimer.

Thalheimer, Berta (1883–1959), German Social Democrat; belonged to the International Group (Spartacus Group); took part in the socialist antiwar conferences in Zimmerwald in 1915 and Kienthal in 1916; in 1918, became a member of the KPD and the KPO; sister of August Thalheimer.

Thoma, Hans (1839–1924), realistic painter and graphic artist.

Thomas, Albert Aristide (1878–1932), French politician; syndicalist; member of the SFIO; strongly supported World War I.

Thöny, Eduard (1866–1950), Austrian artist, noted for his drawings as well as his paintings; a contributor to *Simplicissimus* beginning in 1896.

Thornton, William Thomas (1813–80), English economist; 1858–80, secretary for public works in the India office; author of *Over-population and its Remedy* (1846), in which he put forward a plan for colonizing Irish wastelands by Irish peasants; also author of *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors* (1848) and *On Labour* (1869).

Tjutrumowa, see Tyutryumova-Abramovich, R. A.

Tocqueville, Alexis Charles de (1805–59), French historian and politician; author of highly influential *Democracy in America*; conservative politician; 1841, became a member of the Académie Française; 1849–51, Foreign Minister.

Tolstoy, Leo (full Russian name, Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy) (1828–1910), Russian writer of the realist school; pacifist and social reformer; influential among generations of Russian writers and activists; author of *War and Peace*.

Troelstra, Pieter Jelles (1860–1930), Dutch socialist; 1894, one of the founders and leaders of the Dutch Social Democratic Workers' Party; member of the ISB; supported World War I.

Troelstra, Sjoukje (1860–1939), Dutch socialist; author of children's books; wife of Pieter Jelles Troelstra.

Trotha, Lothar von (1848–1920), in 1900, as leader of a brigade, took part in the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion in China; in 1904–05, led the genocidal campaign against the Hereros and Nama in Southwest Africa; extreme German nationalist, after World War I was a leader of the racist Thule Society.

Trusiewicz, Stanislaw (pseudonym: Kazimierz Zalewski) (1870–1918), prominent figure in the Second Proletariat party; many times arrested and sent into internal exile; in 1891–97, lived abroad as an émigré; 1897, co-organizer of the Union of Workers of Lithuania; 1900, cofounder of the SDKPiL and in 1900–01 part of its leadership; editor of the *Przegląd Robotniczy*; after 1908, leader of a separate grouping that published the journal *Solidarność Robotnicza*; after the February Revolution in Russia in 1917, joined the Bolsheviks.

Tugan-Baranovsky, M. I. (1865–1919), Russian economist, a representative of “legal Marxism”; criticized extensively in Luxemburg's *Accumulation of Capital*; became a leading opponent of Bolsheviks in Ukraine after the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 in Russia.

Turner, Joseph Mallord William (1775–1851), English painter; in 1808, was a professor at the Royal Academy.

Tyutryumova-Abramovich, R. A. (1865–1920), Russian revolutionary; arrested amid student protests in St. Petersburg in 1886 and emigrated in 1887; in 1892, joined the Social Democrats; in

1897, returned to Russia; sentenced to five years of internal exile in Eastern Siberia; in 1905, joined the Bolsheviks.

Unfried, Emil (1892–1949), mechanic; in 1912, joined SPD; a soldier in World War I, where he encountered and became a member of the Spartacus League; 1918, member of the Executive Committee of the Workers' Council in Stuttgart; delegate to the national congress of workers' councils in Berlin; joined KPD in January 1919.

Urbach, Ignacy (pseudonym: Jacques Rivière) (birth and death dates unavailable), Polish émigré in Paris; had ties with the PPS; in 1895, came closer to the SDKP; worked for the French socialist press under his pseudonym.

Urban, Marta (nickname, Medi) (1894–1963), later wife of Hans Kautsky, Jr.

Vaillant, Marie-Eduard (1840–1915), French engineer and physician; Blanquist; member of the General Council of the First International, and of the Paris Commune; leader of the Blanquist Revolutionary Central Committee; later, one of the leaders of the Socialist Party of France; between 1893 and 1914, many times elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

Vandervelde, Émile (1866–1938), Belgian socialist and lawyer; member of the Workers' Party of Belgium in 1886; initially strongly influenced by Jules Guesde; 1894, member of Belgian parliament; supported World War I; 1918–21 president of the International Socialist Bureau (ISB); 1925–27, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Vogtherr, Ewald (1859–1923), merchant; Social Democrat; 1890–97, city councilor in Berlin; member of the Reichstag in 1881–87 and 1912–18; 1916, belonged to the Social Democratic Working Group; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Volgin, see Plekhanov, Georgy V.

Vollmar, Georg Heinrich von (1850–1922), officer and journalist; Social Democrat; member of the Reichstag in 1881–1887 and 1890–1918; member of the Bavarian state assembly; in the course of the 1890s became one of the most influential revisionists; arch-militarist, supported World War I.

Wagner, Richard (pseud.: Homo) (1868–1927), postal worker; Social Democrat; 1903–1905, editor of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* in 1903–1905, of the *Norddeutscher Volksblatt* in Bant in 1905–1908, and of the *Volksfreund* in Braunschweig, beginning in 1908; during World War I, a social chauvinist.

Walecki, see Horwitz, Maksymilian Henryk.

Wallenstein, Albrecht Wenzel Eusebius von (1583–1634), a German general who, during the Thirty Years' War, while in the service of the Austrian emperor, fought against foreign invaders of German lands; considered an early advocate of German unification.

Wallfisch, Hermann (b. 1862), Social Democrat; from 1891, managing director of the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden (which in 1908 became the *Dresdner Volkszeitung*).

Warska, Jadwiga (nickname, Jadzia; real last name, Warszawski) (1868–1928), Luxemburg's school friend; member of the Second Proletariat party and the SDKPiL; wife of Adolf Warski.

Warski, Adolf Jerzy (real last name, Warszawski) (pseudonyms: Michalkowski, Jan z Czerniakowskiej) (1868–1937), member of the First Proletariat party; cofounder of the Union of Polish Workers and the SDKPiL; in 1892–96, lived as an émigré in France and then, in 1896–1904, in Germany; in 1890–96, worked on *Sprawa Robotnicza*, in 1902–13, on *Czerwony Sztandar*, and in 1901–04 as well as 1908–10, on *Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny*; 1906–12, representative of the SDKPiL in the Central Committee of the RSDRP; took part in the Zimmerwald Conference in 1915 and the Kienthal Conference in 1916; 1918, cofounder of the Communist Workers' Party of Poland; husband of Jadwiga Warska.

Warszawski, Maurycy (nickname, Morek) (pseudonym: Żarski) (1873–?), member of the Union of Polish Workers and the SDKPiL; at the International Socialist Congress in Paris in 1900, along with three other SDKPiL delegates, signed a PPS resolution directed against Luxemburg; brother of Adolf Warski.

Warszawski, Mieczysław (pseudonyms: Bronski, Mały, W. Mieczysłowski, M. I. Braun, Posner, Jerzy) (1882–1941), economist; in 1902, became a member of the SDKPiL; 1907–17, lived in Switzerland as an émigré; editor of *Czerwony Sztandar* and *Trybuna Ludowa*; took part in the Kienthal Conference in 1916; after 1917, worked in government positions in Soviet Russia.

Wasner, Otto (1857–1919), glove maker; Social Democrat; 1891–93, editor of the specialized journal of the Glove Makers' Union and the union's chief treasurer; 1893–1902, chairman of the Glove Makers' Union; 1900–03, chairman of the SPD Regional Executive in Württemberg; 1906–12, member of the Württemberg state assembly.

Webb, Beatrice (1858–1943), wife of Sidney Webb and collaborator with him on many projects.

Webb, Sidney James (1859–1947), English reformist economic theorist and politician; leading Fabian; husband of Beatrice Webb.

Weinberg, Siegfried (1880–1932), lawyer; Social Democrat; after 1917, in the USPD.

Wels, Otto (1873–1939), paperhanger; Social Democrat; 1906, employee of the Paperhangers' Union; 1907–08, secretary of the SPD in the province of Brandenburg; beginning in 1908, chairman of the press commission of *Vorwärts*; member of the Reichstag in 1912–18; during World War I, a social chauvinist; in November 1918, a member of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council of Berlin; bears major responsibility for the suppression of the German revolution of 1918–19.

Wengels (no first name or birth and death dates available), son of Margarete Wengels.

Wengels, Margarete (1856–1931), German Social Democrat; prominent figure in the proletarian women's movement; created the system of female shop stewards; contributor to *Gleichheit*; participant in the International Socialist Women's Conference in Bern in 1915; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Wesołowski, Euzebiusz Bronisław (pseudonyms: Smutny, Wesoły) (1870–1919), electrical engineer; member of the Union of Polish Workers; 1893, founding member of the SDKP; in 1894, arrested, held in Siberian exile until 1903; after that, a leading figure in the SDKPiL, including as secretary of its Warsaw Committee in 1905–08; in 1908, arrested again and imprisoned; in March 1917, after the downfall of the tsarist regime, he was active in party work with the Bolsheviks and in Soviet government work after the Bolsheviks took power; in December 1918, headed a Soviet Red Cross delegation to Poland to discuss a prisoner-of-war exchange; assassinated in Poland on January 2, 1919, together with the other members of the delegation.

Westarp, Kuno Friedrich, Graf von (Count of) (1864–1945), 1903, director of the police in Schöneberg; beginning in 1908, president of the Higher Administrative Court in Berlin; member of the Reichstag in 1908–18; beginning in 1912, chairman of the parliamentary group of the Conservative Party.

Westmeyer, Johann Friedrich (1873–1917), Social Democrat; 1898–1902, editor of the *Fränkische Tagespost* in Nuremberg, of the *Volkswillens* in Hanover in 1902–04, of the *Schwäbische Tagwacht* in Stuttgart in 1905–11; 1908–17, chairman of the Social Democratic Association of Stuttgart; beginning in 1911, member of the press commission of the *Schwäbische Tagwacht*; in 1912, became secretary of the First Electoral District of Württemberg; 1912–17, member of the Württemberg state assembly; defended the views of the German Left; in November 1914, began to edit the newsletter *Mitteilungsblatt*, which in January 1915 began to be published under the title *Der Sozialdemokrat*.

Wetzker, Heinrich (1861–1917), lathe operator; Social Democrat; worked as an editor at the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden, the *Volksblatt* in Bochum, and until 1905 at the *Vorwärts*; a contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*.

Wilhelm II (1859–1941), German emperor (Kaiser) and king of Prussia from 1888 to 1918.

Windheim, Ludwig von (1857–1935), 1895–1903, chief of police in Stettin and Berlin; beginning in 1903, administrative director of Frankfurt on the Oder.

Winkler, Alexander (d. 1917), Social Democrat; 1903, a member of the municipal council (*Gemeinderat*) in Arnstadt.

Winter, August (1866–1907), German Social Democrat; at the end of 1898, founded the Upper Silesian Workers' Secretariat as authorized representative of the General Commission of the Trade Unions of Germany and the Executive of the SPD to conduct agitation and organization in Upper Silesia, especially among the Polish mine workers of the region; until 1903, a regular contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte*; in 1903, became editor of the *Volksbote* in Stettin.

Winter, Mrs. (birth and death dates unavailable), wife of August Winter.

Wislicka, Florentyna (nickname, Flora) (d. 1930), sister of Mieczyslaw Hartmann.

Witold, see Feinstein, Wladislaw.

Witting, Richard (1856–1923), German judge; 1891–1902, lord mayor of Poznań; member of the Prussian House of Lords (*Herrenhaus*, upper chamber); director of the National Bank of Germany.

Wittrisch, Richard (1869–?), bookbinder; Social Democrat; 1895–97, editor at the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* in Dresden, in 1898

at the *Offenbacher Abendblatt*, and in 1899–1905, at the *Märkische Volksstimme* in Forst (Lusatia); 1902–05, town councilor in Forst (Lusatia); 1905–08, again an editor at the *Offenbacher Abendblatt*; in 1908, became editor of the *Volksstimme* in Frankfurt on the Main.

Wojnarowska, Cesaryna Wanda (1858–1911), beginning in 1877, active in revolutionary circles in St. Petersburg, and then in Warsaw and Kraków in 1879; emigrated in 1883 and lived mainly in France; in 1893 became a member of the SDKP and later of the SDKPiL; 1900–04, representative of the SDKPiL on the International Socialist Bureau; later, a prominent figure in the French socialist movement.

Wolf, Hugo (1860–1903), Austrian composer; created the comic opera *Corregidor* out of songs.

Wolf, Julius (1862–1937), bourgeois economist; professor at the University of Zurich; beginning in 1898, professor at Breslau.

Wolff, Theodor (1868–1943), bourgeois journalist and creative writer; in 1909, became chief editor of *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Wolfstein, Rosi (1888–1987), activist in the German women's and socialist movement; friend of Luxemburg; member of the Duisberg Spartacus group during World War I; in 1916, participated in the youth congress in Jena as a representative of the Spartacus League; 1918, delegate of the Düsseldorf Workers' and Soldiers' Council; in 1918–19, helped form the German Communist Party; member of Communist Party Opposition (KPO) in late 1920s and 1930s; emigrated to the United States during World War II.

Wolgin, A. (or Volgin, A.), see Plekhanov.

Wolny, Tomasz (birth and death dates unavailable), worker; official of the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland, also active in the German Social Democratic movement; an upholder of internationalist views.

Wullschleger, Eugen (1862–1931), Swiss Social Democrat; 1886, cofounder of the *Arbeiterbund*; 1886–1902, member of a cantonal parliament; 1887–93, editor at the *Arbeiterfreund* and, in 1893–97, at the *Basler Vorwärts*; 1896–98, central secretary of the Grütli Verein, a radical political union of workers; member of the Swiss National Council in 1896–1902 and 1912–17; beginning in 1912, member of the Swiss legislature.

Wurm, Emmanuel (1857–1920), chemist; Social Democrat; 1890–1906 and 1912–18, member of the Reichstag; 1900–19, city councilor in Berlin; 1902–17, editor of *Neue Zeit*; 1907–14, instructor at the SPD party school in Berlin; developed into a centrist; in 1916, was part of the Social Democratic Working Group; in 1917, became a member of the USPD; from November 1918 to February 1919, was secretary of state in the National Office of Food Supply.

Wurm, Mathilde (1874–1934), Social Democrat; in 1917, became a member of the USPD; 1917–19, civic deputy of the city of Berlin, becoming a city councilor of Berlin in 1919; mainly active in the social sphere (in welfare and social services).

Yefron, Y. A. (1875–1917), Russian physician; from 1880, lived in Zurich, then in Paris; supported the Russian Marxists of the Emancipation of Labor group, and later was a member of the Paris group in support of *Iskra*; assisted with the smuggling of illegal literature into Russia.

Zarudnaya-Cavos, Yekaterina (in German, Jekaterina Sarudnaja-Cavos) (1862–1917), Russian painter.

Zarudny, S. I. (1821–87), legal expert and government official; had a major part in the 1864 reform of the judiciary in Russia.

Zasulich, Vera (1849–1919); Russian revolutionary; initially a support of revolutionary terror, she seriously wounded Colonel Theodore Trepov, governor of St. Petersburg, in an assassination attempt, in 1878; she was acquitted in a famous trial and went into exile in Switzerland; a convert to Marxism, she worked closely with

Georgy Plekhanov and the Emancipation of Labor group; wrote famous letter to Marx in 1881 asking if Russia was destined to endure a stage of capitalism before being able to reach socialism; became leading figure of Menshevism after split in the RSDRP in 1903; moved to the right, supported World War I, and opposed the Bolshevik seizure of power in 1917; died after returning to Russia from exile.

Zetkin, Clara Josephine (1857–1933), teacher; Social Democrat; 1892–1917, chief editor of the Social Democratic women's publication *Gleichheit*; 1895–1917, member of the Control Commission of the SPD; 1906–17, member of the SPD's Education Committee; in 1907, became secretary of the International Women's Secretariat; in 1910, was an initiator of the practice of holding an annual International Women's Day as a day of struggle for equal rights, peace, and socialism; a leading representative of the German Left, she was a contributor to *Die Internationale* and a cofounder of the International Group (Spartacus Group); June 1917–April 1919, chief editor of the newly founded women's supplement to the newspaper *Leipziger Volkszeitung*; from 1919 until her death, a leading member of the KPD.

Zetkin, Konstantin (nickname Kostya, also spelled Costia) (1885–1980), physician; son of Clara Zetkin, Luxemburg's lover for several years after her breakup with Leo Jogiches in 1907.

Zetkin, Maxim (1883–1965), physician; son of Clara Zetkin.

Zetkin, Osip (1854–89), Russian revolutionary; Clara Zetkin's first husband.

Zévaès, Alexandre (real name, Gustave Antoine Alexandre Bourson) (1873–1953), French lawyer and historian; socialist; until 1902, a member of the French Workers' Party; 1898–1910, elected representative to the Chamber of Deputies; in 1905, broke with the workers' movement and together with Briand, Millerand, and Viviani formed a so-called Republican Socialist Party; was a chauvinist during World War I.

Ziber, N. I. (1844–88), Russian economist and political journalist; professor of political economy and statistics at the University of Kiev; contributor to radical liberal newspapers; made the acquaintance of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in London in 1881; in Russia, popularized and promoted Marx's work on the critique of political economy.

Zietz, Luise (1865–1922), German Social Democrat; active in the proletarian women's movement; 1908–12, held a seat on the SPD Executive and, until 1916, secretary in the Vorstand; beginning in 1908, was active in the central leadership of the German working-class youth organization; advocated centrist views during World War I; 1917, was a cofounder of the USPD and a member of its Central Committee.

Zlottko, Gertrud (birth and death dates unavailable), Luxemburg's domestic helper.

Zubeil, Fritz (1848–1926), carpenter, then dispatching clerk for a newspaper; Social Democrat; 1893–1917, member of the Reichstag; in 1916, joined the Social Democratic Working Group; in 1917, became a member of the USPD.

Zundel, Georg Friedrich (1875–1948), painter; reprimanded by the Stuttgart Art Academy for advocating Social Democracy; second husband of Clara Zetkin.

Selected List of Publications (Newspapers & Magazines)

Arbeiter-Zeitung (Workers' Paper), a daily that began publication in Vienna in 1889; in 1895, became the central organ of the Social Democratic Party of Austria.

Arbeiter-Zeitung. Sozialdemokratisches Organ für das Rheinisch-Westfälische Industrie-Gebiet (Workers' Paper: Social Democratic Organ for the Rhineland-Westphalia Industrial Region), daily paper published in Dortmund from 1902 to 1917.

Arbeiterstimme (Socialist Voice), Swiss socialist paper edited by Robert Seidel.

Aus der Weltpolitik (From World Politics), a weekly newsletter edited by Alexander Helphand (Parvus); appeared in Munich from 1898 to 1905.

Avanti! (Forward!), daily newspaper, central organ of the Italian Socialist Party; began publication in 1896 in Rome, later published in Milan and Turin.

Bergische Arbeiterstimme. Organ für das arbeitende Volk des Kreises Solingen (Mineworkers' Voice: a publication for the working people of Solingen and surrounding areas), Social Democratic newspaper, published in Solingen; from 1890 to 1900, it came out three times a week, and after 1900, daily.

Berliner Tageblatt und Handelszeitung (Berlin Daily and Newspaper of Commerce), bourgeois newspaper, began publication in 1871.

Berner Tagwacht. Offizielles Publikationsorgan der sozialdemokratischen Partei der Schweiz (Bern Sentinel: Official Publication of the Social Democratic Party of Switzerland), successor to the daily paper *Schweizer Sozialdemokrat* (Swiss Social Democrat); began publication in Bern in 1893.

Board of Trade Journal, official organ of the British government department supervising commerce and industry; began publication, as a weekly, in London in 1886.

Bremer Bürger-Zeitung (Bremen Citizens' Paper), Social Democratic newspaper published from 1890 to 1919.

Correspondenzblatt der Generalkommission der Gewerkschaften Deutschlands (Bulletin of Correspondence of the General Commission of the German Trade Unions), a weekly published in Hamburg from 1891 to 1902 and then, beginning in 1903, in Berlin.

Czerwony Sztandar (Red Banner), central organ of the SDKPiL, published illegally from 1902 to 1913 as well as in 1917–18, at first in Berlin and Kraków and then, beginning in 1906, in Warsaw; circulated mainly in the Russian-occupied Kingdom of Poland.

D'r alt Offeburger (The Good Old Offenburg News), local paper edited by Adolf Geck; began publication in 1899.

Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift (German Medical Weekly), began publication as a weekly in Leipzig in 1875.

Dresdner Volkszeitung (Dresden People's Paper), Social Democratic daily paper founded in 1889 as the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* (Workers' Paper of Saxony).

The Economist, bourgeois weekly; began publication in London in 1843.

Die Freiheit. Berliner Organ der Unabhängigen Sozialdemokratischen Partei Deutschlands (Freedom: Berlin Organ of the Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany, or USPD), daily newspaper; began publication in November 15, 1918.

Freisinnige Zeitung (Free-Thinking Paper), organ of the Free-Thinking People's Party; published in Berlin from 1885 to 1918.

Gazeta Ludowa (People's Paper), weekly Polish language newspaper, published in Poznań in 1902–04; an official organ of the local SPD organization.

Gazeta Robotnicza (Workers' Gazette), a Polish weekly; organ of the PPS in the Prussian-occupied part of Poland; published from 1891 to 1901 in Berlin, and then in Katowice until 1919.

Die Gleichheit (Equality), German Social Democratic women's journal; bimonthly; began publication in Stuttgart in 1891.

Głos (Voice), Polish weekly for scientific, literary, social, and political affairs; published in Warsaw, 1886–1905; at first it was a bourgeois-progressive publication, but in 1905 came under the influence of the SDKPiL.

Het Volk (The People), a Social Democratic paper in Stockholm.

Die Internationale. Zeitschrift für Praxis und Theorie des Marxismus (The International: A Journal for the Practice and Theory of Marxism), founded by Luxemburg and Franz Mehring; only one issue appeared under the editorship of Luxemburg and Mehring, in Berlin, in April 1915, with the subtitle *Eine Monatsschrift* (A Monthly) *für Praxis und Theorie des Marxismus*; the subtitle listed above was used for the theoretical journal of the KPD.

Internationale Korrespondenz (International Correspondence), edited by Albert Baumeister; began publication twice weekly in Berlin in September 1914.

Iskra (The Spark), first nationwide Russian Marxist newspaper,

founded by Lenin; began publication in 1900 in Leipzig, then was published in Munich; in 1903, published in London, and from 1903 to 1905, in Geneva; after Lenin's resignation from the editorial board in November 1903 (from issue no. 52 on), it became the organ of the Mensheviks.

Jugend (Youth), humorous-satirical weekly for art, literature, and politics; began publication in Munich in 1896.

Katolik (The Catholic), Polish-language clerical newspaper representing the interests of small businessmen; beginning in 1868, it was published three times a week in Silesia, first in Królewska Huta (German name, Königshütte) and later in Bytom (German name, Beuthen).

Korrespondenzblatt, see *Correspondenzblatt*...

Kraj (Homeland), Polish weekly for political, social, economic, and literary affairs; advocated a policy of rapprochement with the Russian liberals and supported Pan-Slavism; published in St. Petersburg from 1882 to 1909.

Kreuz-Zeitung (Sign-of-the-Cross Newspaper), daily paper of the Prussian Junkers, the conservative landed gentry; founded in Berlin in 1848 as the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*; beginning in 1911, appeared under the title *Neue Preussische (Kreuz-) Zeitung*.

Kunst, see *Moderne Kunst*.

Leipziger Volkszeitung. Organ für die Interesse des gesamten werktätigen Volkes (Leipzig People's Paper, published in the interests of all the working people), Social Democratic daily; began publication in 1894; in 1917, became the organ of the USPD.

Młot (Hammer), SDKPiL legal publication.

Moderne Kunst (Modern Art), a bourgeois newspaper intended to amuse and entertain; published fortnightly in Berlin.

Montagsblatt, see *Neue Montagsblatt*.

Mysł Niepodległa (Independent Thought), anti-Semitic journal published by Niemojewski.

Naprzód (Forward), central organ of the PPSD; began publication in Kraków in 1892.

Das Neue Montagsblatt. Berliner Sozialistische Montagsschau (New Monday Paper: A Berlin Socialist Review), produced by Eduard Bernstein; appeared from May 2 to November 21, 1904, in Berlin.

Die Neue Welt (New World), illustrated entertainment section published as a supplement for Social Democratic newspapers; appeared from 1876 to 1919, mainly in Hamburg.

Die Neue Zeit. Revue des geistigen und öffentlichen Lebens (New Times: A Review of Intellectual and Public Life), German Social Democratic weekly; began publication in Stuttgart in 1893.

Neuland (New Land), bourgeois periodical published in Berlin in 1897–98.

Nieuwe Tijd (New Times), publication of SDAP.

Osvobozhdenie (Liberation), illegal bimonthly of the Russian liberal bourgeoisie; published in Stuttgart and/or Paris from 1902 through 1905.

La Petite République, French publication; began publication in Paris in 1875; later became the organ of the French reformist socialists.

Polska Robotnicza (Workers' Poland), see *Sprawa Robotnicza*.

Prawda (Truth), Polish political, social, and literary weekly; organ of the positivists; published in Warsaw from 1881 to 1915.

Proletary (The Proletarian), illegal weekly; central organ of the RSDRP, edited by Lenin, published in Geneva from May to November 1905.

Przedświt (The Dawn), organ of the PPS; published from 1881 to 1905 in varying locations (Geneva, Leipzig, London, Paris, Warsaw, Kraków).

Przegląd Robotniczy (Workers' Review), newspaper of the SDKPiL; published in 1900 and 1901 in Zurich, then in 1904 and 1905 in Kraków.

Przegląd Socjaldemokratyczny (Social Democratic Review), theoretical organ of the SDKPiL; published in Kraków from 1902 to 1904 and from 1908 to 1910.

Przegląd Socjalistyczny (Socialist Review), Polish-language economic and political quarterly, published in Paris in 1892 and 1893.

Robotnik (Worker), illegal organ of the PPS; published in the Kingdom of Poland from 1894 to 1906; after the split in the PPS, two newspapers of the same name appeared: one, the organ of the PPS-Lewica (left wing of the PPS), published illegally in Warsaw from 1906 to 1918; the other, the organ of the PPS-Revolutionary Faction, published illegally from 1906 to 1914 in Warsaw, Kiev, and Kraków, then beginning in 1915, published legally in Dąbrowa Gornicza; in 1917, again published illegally in Warsaw.

Die Rote Fahne. Zentralorgan der Kommunistischen Partei Deutschlands (Spartakusbund) (The Red Banner: Central Organ of the Communist Party of Germany—Spartacus League), daily paper founded by Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht; issues no. 1 and 2 were published on November 9 and 10, 1918, with the subtitle *Ehemaliger Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* (the former Berlin Local News Bulletin); with issue no. 3 on November 18, 1918, the subtitle became "Central Organ of the Spartacus League"; beginning in January 1919, the subtitle was the one first listed above.

Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung (Workers' Paper of Saxony), Social Democratic daily published in Dresden from 1889 to 1908; in 1908, its name was changed to *Dresdner Volkszeitung* (Dresden People's Paper).

Schwäbische Tagwacht. Organ der Sozialdemokraten Württemburgs (Swabian Sentinel: Organ of the Social Democrats of Württemberg), a daily paper that had first been founded in 1880 as the *Schwäbischer Wochenblatt* (Swabian Weekly).

Il Secolo (The Century), Italian daily newspaper; began publication in Milan in 1866.

Simplicissimus, illustrated satirical political weekly, published in Munich since 1896.

Słowo Polskie (Polish Word), daily newspaper, organ of the Polish Democratic Party (Partia Demokratyczna, PD); from 1902 on, was the organ of the National Democratic Party in Galicia; began publication in Lvov (German name, Lemberg) in 1895.

Social-Demokraten (Social Democrat), publication of Danish Social Democratic Party.

Le Socialiste (The Socialist), publication of Jules Guesde's French Workers' Party.

Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz, edited by Luxemburg, Marchlewski, and Mehring; published in Berlin in 1913–14 three times weekly; in January 1915, reappeared as a weekly under the title "Marchlewski's Economic Review" (*Wirtschaftliche Rundschau Marchlewskis*), but ceased publication on May 31, 1915.

Soziale Praxis, a social and political weekly; founded in 1892 as *Sozialpolitisches Zentralblatt* (Socio-Political Central Paper); merged in 1894 with the journal *Blätter für Soziale Praxis* (Pages for Social Praxis) and was published in Berlin from 1895 on as *Soziale Praxis*.

Sozialistische Monatshefte. Internationale Revue des Sozialismus (Socialist Monthly: International Review of Socialism), organ of the revisionists; began publication in Berlin in 1897.

Spartacus, illegal publication of the Spartakusgruppe (Spartacus Group); laid out informally, it appeared from September 1916 to October 1918; its forerunners consisted of informational materials circulated informally beginning in autumn 1914 and the *Politische Briefe* (Political Letters), signed "Spartacus," which began publication in January 1916 (also known as the *Spartacus Letters*).

Sprawa Robotnicza (Workers' Cause), a monthly; the organ of the SDKP; it appeared irregularly from 1893 to 1896, printed in Paris.

Tovarishch (Comrade), Russian bourgeois daily newspaper, organ of the left wing of the Constitutional Democrats (Kadets); the Mensheviks also contributed to this paper; published in St. Petersburg from 1906 to 1908.

Trybuna Ludowa (People's Tribune), legal daily newspaper of the SDKPiL; published in Warsaw in December 1905.

Vestnik Finansov, Promyshlennosti i Torgovli (News Bulletin on Finance, Industry, and Trade), weekly publication of the Ministry of Finance of tsarist Russia, it appeared in St. Petersburg from 1885 to 1917.

Volksblatt (People's Newssheet), Social Democratic newspaper; began publication in Halle in 1890.

Volksfreund (Friend of the People), Social Democratic daily paper in Braunschweig (Brunswick); began publication in 1871.

Volksrecht (People's Justice), daily newspaper of the Social Democratic Party of Switzerland and of the Zurich canton; began publication in Zurich in 1898.

Volksstimme. Sozialdemokratisches Organ für Südwestdeutschland (Voice of the People: Social Democratic Organ for Southwest Germany), daily paper that began publication in 1895 in Frankfurt on the Main.

Volkswacht für Schlesien, Posen und die Nachbargebiete (People's Sentinel for Silesia, Poznań, and Neighboring Regions), Social Democratic daily paper that began publication in Breslau in 1890.

Volks-Zeitung (People's Newspaper), a democratic paper; began publication in Berlin in 1853.

Vorwärts (Forward), newspaper of the SDKPiL for German workers in Poland; published in Łódź from 1906 to 1913.

Vorwärts. Berliner Volksblatt. Zentralorgan der Sozialdemokratischen Partei Deutschlands (Forward, a Berlin People's Paper: Central Organ of the SPD), a daily newspaper which was at the same time the organ of the Berlin organization of the SPD; began publication in Berlin in 1894.

Vossin (nickname), *see Vossische Zeitung*.

Vossische Zeitung. Königlich privilegierte Berlinische Zeitung von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen (Voss Newspaper: Royally Favored Berlin Newspaper of State and Learned Affairs), daily newspaper of the liberal bourgeoisie; one of the successor publications of the weekly *Diarium*, founded in Berlin in 1704.

Wolny Głos (Free Voice), legal organ of the SDKPiL, published weekly in Warsaw from April to October 1911.

Z pola walki (From the Field of Battle), theoretical journal of the SDKPiL, published in Kraków.

Abbreviations

- ADAV, Allgemeiner Deutscher Arbeiterverein—General Union of German Workers.
- BArch, Bundesarchiv Berlin (Federal Archive).
- BaF, *Briefe an Freunde*, edited by Benedikt Kautsky (Hamburg, 1950).
- Bund, General Jewish Workers' Union of Lithuania, Poland, and Russia.
- BzG, *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Arbeiterbewegung* (Essays in the History of the Workers' Movement).
- CPSU, Communist Party of the Soviet Union (in Russian, *Kommunisticheskaya Partiya Sovetskogo Soyuza*) the official name of the organization from roughly 1952 to 1991.
- ECCI, Executive Committee of the Communist [Third] International.
- GLA, Generallandesarchiv (General Regional Archive) of a *Land*, or federated state of Germany.
- IAA, Internationale Arbeiter-Assoziation—the International Workingmen's Association, or First International.
- IISG, Internationaal Instituut voor Sociale Geschiedenes—the International Institute for Social History, located in Amsterdam.
- IISH, International Institute for Social History, Amsterdam (see above).
- ISB, International Socialist Bureau.
- KPD, Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands—Communist Party of Germany.

PPS, Polska Partia Socjalistyczna—Polish Socialist Party.

PPSD, Polska Partia Socjalno-Demokratyczna Galicji i Śląska—Polish Social Democratic Party of Galicia and Silesia (that is, of the Austrian-occupied part of Poland).

RGASPI, Russkii Gosudarstvennyi Arkhiv Sotsialno-Politicheskoi Istorii (Russian State Archive for Social and Political History), in Moscow.

RSDRP, Rossiyskaya Sotsial-Demokraticheskaya Rabochaya Partiya—Russian Social Democratic Labor Party. With the addition of the word “Bolsheviks” (Bolsheviki) in parentheses, this was the official name of the Bolshevik organization from roughly 1912 to 1918, when the name was changed to Russian Communist Party (Bolshevik).

SDAP, Sociaal-Democratische Arbeiderspartij (Social Democratic Workers’ Party) in Holland, which later became the Communist Party of Holland.

SDAP, Sozialdemokratische Arbeiterpartei—Social Democratic Workers’ Party.

SDKP, Socjaldemokracja Królestwa Polskiego—Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland.

SDKPiL, Socjaldemokracja Królestwa Polskiego i Litwy—Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania.

SED, Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands (Socialist Unity Party of Germany), formerly the ruling party of the German Democratic Republic (East Germany).

SFIO, Section Française de l’Internationale Ouvrière—French Section of the Workers’ (Second) International.

SPD, Sozialdemokratische Partei Deutschlands—Social Democratic Party of Germany.

USPD, Unabhängige Sozialdemokratische Partei Deutschlands—Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany.

ZA, Zentralarchiv—Central Archive.

Zb, Zentralbibliothek—Central Library.

ZK, Zentralkomitee—Central Committee.

ZRP, Związek Robotników Polskich—Union of Polish Workers.

ZZSP, Związek Zagraniczny Socjalistów Polskich—Union of Polish Socialists Abroad.

Archive Locations of the Letters

Boris Krichevsky July 17, 1891 RGASPI, Moscow
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Leo Jogiches [May 17, 1898] RGASPI, Moscow
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Leo Jogiches May 25, 1898 RGASPI, Moscow
Leo Jogiches May 28, 1898 RGASPI, Moscow
Mathilde and Robert Seidel May 30, 1898 Zb Zürich, Nachlass R.
Seidel
Leo Jogiches June 9, 1898 RGASPI, Moscow
Robert Seidel June 23, 1898 Zb Zürich, Nachlass R. Seidel
Leo Jogiches [June 24, 1898] RGASPI, Moscow
Leo Jogiches June 27, 1898 RGASPI, Moscow
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- Georgi Plekhanov October 17, 1898, Plekhanov House, Moscow
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- Leo Jogiches May 1, 1899 RGASPI, Moscow
- Leo Jogiches [before December 18, 1899] RGASPI, Moscow
- Luise and Karl Kautsky December 30, 1899 IISG, Amsterdam
- Leo Jogiches January [4,] 1900 RGASPI, Moscow
- Leo Jogiches [circa January 13, 1900] RGASPI, Moscow
- Leo Jogiches April 24, 1900 RGASPI, Moscow
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- Leo Jogiches [circa July 3, 1900] RGASPI, Moscow
- Cezaryna Wojnarowska March 1901, RGASPI, Moscow
- Clara Zetkin March 5, 1901 RGASPI, Moscow
- Jules Guesde April 17, 1901 IISG, Amsterdam
- Cezaryna Wojnarowska May 17, 1901 RGASPI, Moscow
- Karl Kautsky October 3, 1901 IISG, Amsterdam
- Robert Seidel [after January 3, 1903] Zb Zürich, Nachlass R.
Seidel
- Clara Zetkin [after January 23, 1903] RGASPI, Moscow
- Feliks Dzierżyński March, 1903 RGASPI, Moscow
- Luise and Karl Kautsky [June 6, 1903] IISG, Amsterdam
- Leo Jogiches June 9 [1903] RGASPI, Moscow
- Leo Jogiches June 13, 1903 RGASPI, Moscow
- Julius Bruhns October 15, 1903 BArch, Berlin
- Adolf Warski and Jakub Hanecki August 6, 1903 Polish United
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- Aleksandr Potresov July 3, 1904 RGASPI, Moscow
- Luise Kautsky [end of July 1904] IISG, Amsterdam

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 Henriette Roland Holst October 27, 1904 IISG, Amsterdam
 Henriette Roland Holst December 17, 1904 IISG, Amsterdam
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 Henriette Roland Holst October 2, 1905 IISG, Amsterdam
 Leo Jogiches [September] 29, [1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October] 6, [1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October 10, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October 13, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October 14, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October 20, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October 24/25, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [October 26/27, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
 Leo Jogiches [November 1, 1905] RGASPI, Moscow
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 Luise and Karl Kautsky [December 30, 1905] IISG, Amsterdam
 Luise and Karl Kautsky January 2, 1906 IISG, Amsterdam
 Luise and Karl Kautsky January 11 [1906] IISG, Amsterdam
 Luise and Karl Kautsky February 5 [1906] IISG, Amsterdam
 Luise and Karl Kautsky [March 13, 1906] IISG, Amsterdam
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 Franz Mehring August 12, 1906 RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin [after December 16, 1906] RGASPI, Moscow
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 Clara Zetkin June 4, 1907 RGASPI, Moscow
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 Kostya Zetkin [September] 24, [1907] RGASPI, Moscow
 Karl Kautsky [beginning of December 1907] IISG, Amsterdam
 Kostya Zetkin April 14, 1908 RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin April 15, 1908 RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin [April] 16, [1908] RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin May 8, [1908] RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin [May 9, 1908] RGASPI, Moscow
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 Kostya Zetkin July 14, 1908 RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin [August 21, 1908] RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin [August] 22, [1908] RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin [August 25, 1908] RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin [August 30, 1908] RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin September 2, 1908 RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin September 8, 1908 RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin September 27, 1908 RGASPI, Moscow
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 Seidel
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 Kostya Zetkin [January 20, 1912] RGASPI, Moscow
 Kostya Zetkin [after January 26, 1912] RGASPI, Moscow
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 Marta Rosenbaum January 5, 1915 BaF
 Alexander Winkler February 11, 1915 BAarch, Berlin
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 Franz Mehring August 31, 1915 RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin March 9, 1916 RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin May 12, 1916 RGASPI, Moscow
 Mathilde Wurm December 28, 1916 BaF

Luise Kautsky January 26, 1917 IISG, Amsterdam
 Marta Rosenbaum [between February 4 and 9, 1917] BaF
 Mathilde Jacob [February 7, 1917] BArch, Berlin (Kopie)
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 Hans Diefenbach March 5, 1917 BaF
 Hans Diefenbach March 27 [1917] BaF
 Hans Diefenbach March 30, 1917 BaF
 Hans Diefenbach April 5, 1917 BaF
 Clara Zetkin April 13, 1917 RGASPI, Moscow
 Luise Kautsky April 15, 1917 IISG, Amsterdam
 Hans Diefenbach April 16, 1917 BaF
 Sophie Liebknecht April 19, 1917 RGASPI, Moscow
 Hans Diefenbach April 28 [1917] BaF
 Marta Rosenbaum [April 29, 1917] BaF
 Mathilde Jacob May 3, 1917 BArch, Berlin
 Hans Diefenbach May 12, 1917 BaF
 Sophie Liebknecht May 23, 1917 RGASPI, Moscow
 Hans Diefenbach June 20, 1917 BaF
 Hans Diefenbach June 23, 1917 BaF
 Hans Diefenbach June 29, 1917 BaF
 Hans Diefenbach July 6, 1917 BaF
 Sophie Liebknecht August 2, 1917 RGASPI, Moscow
 Mathilde Jacob August 6, 1917 BArch, Berlin
 Hans Diefenbach August 13, 1917 BaF
 Hans Diefenbach August 27, 1917 BaF
 Franz Mehring September 8, 1917 *Die Internationale*
 Marta Rosenbaum [after November 12, 1917] BaF
 Luise Kautsky November 15, 1917 IISG, Amsterdam
 Mathilde Wurm November 15, 1917 BaF
 Clara Zetkin November 24, 1917 RGASPI, Moscow
 Sophie Liebknecht November 24, 1917 RGASPI, Moscow
 Luise Kautsky November 24, 1917 IISG, Amsterdam
 Sophie Liebknecht [before December 24, 1917] RGASPI, Moscow
 Franz Mehring December 30, [1917] *Die Internationale*
 Franz Mehring March 8, 1918 *Die Internationale*
 Rosi Wolfstein March 8, 1918 BArch, Berlin
 Clara Zetkin March 11, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Mathilde Jacob May 28, 1918 BArch, Berlin
 Luise Kautsky May 28, 1918 IISG, Amsterdam

Clara Zetkin June 29, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Rosi Wolfstein July 16, 1918 BArch, Berlin
 Clara Zetkin July 23, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Julian Marchlewski [July or August 1918] RGASPI, Moscow
 Karl Liebknecht August 8, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Stepan Bratman-Brodowski September 3, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Sophie Liebknecht September 12, 1918 GLA Karlsruhe
 Adolf Geck September 14, 1918 GLA Karlsruhe
 Julian Marchlewski September 30, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Sophie Liebknecht October 18, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Paul Löbe [November 8, 1918] BArch, Berlin
 Marie and Adolf Geck November 18, 1918 GLA Karlsruhe
 Wolfgang Fernbach November 18, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin November 18, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin November 24, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin November 29, 1918 RGASPI, Moscow
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 Clara Zetkin December 26 [1918] RGASPI, Moscow
 Clara Zetkin [December 1918] RGASPI, Moscow
 Marta Rosenbaum January 4, 1919 BaF
 Clara Zetkin January 11 [1919] RGASPI, Moscow

Index

- Abramovich, 75
 Adler, Fritz, 439
 Adler, Georg, *Herzlichst Ihre Rosa*, viii, xl, xliii–xliv, 185*n*331
 Adler, Victor, 203, 206
 History of Social and Political Movements, 82
 Advielle, Victor, 265, 269
 History of Gracchus Babeuf and Babouvism, 255
 Africa, 375–76
 Alekseyev, S. A., 206
 Alexinsky, G. A., 287*n*493
 Allemane, Jean, 30
 American Federation of Labor (AFL), 14*n*31
 “Anacreon’s Grave” (Goethe), 416, 431
The Ancien Regime and the Revolution (Tocqueville), 284
 Anderson Nexö, Martin, *Sunday*, 461
 anti-Semitism, 295
 Antoni, Józef Malecki, 176–77, 199
 Antrick, Otto, 107, 344
 armed uprising, 221, 223, 242*n*427, 440*n*706, 492*n*802
 Arons, 107
Arts and Crafts (Seidel), 151
 Askew, 126
 Auer, Ignatz, 40, 50, 56, 58, 61, 95, 100, 116, 159
 Luxemburg’s chat with, 50–55
 Augspurg, Anita, 45
Avanti, 336
 Axelrod, Mrs., 3
 Axelrod, Pavel, 76, 169*n*303, 232, 242
 Axelrods, 2
 Babeuf, Gracchus, 255, 257, 265*n*459
 Bach, Johann Sebastian, 320, 382
 Bachman, 49
 Baden, Max von, 476*n*779
 Badia, Gilbert, xix, xxxvii
 Balabanoff, Angelica, 335
 Ballestrem, Franz von, 121
 Bauer, Otto, 324
 Baumeister, Albert, 345*n*613
 Bebel, August, 6–7, 30, 40, 47, 49–50, 93, 100, 107, 110, 119, 141–43, 158, 173, 180–81, 185, 188, 190–91, 194–95, 197, 202, 213, 217–18, 222, 233, 237, 248, 257, 265, 294*n*515, 301, 303, 309, 316, 358, 365, 379, 437
 attack on Mehring, 321–22
 “Correction and Addition,” 322*n*566
 as idealist, 118
 letter to, 89–93
 Luxemburg critiques, 322
 Luxemburg pushes, 111
 report on Bernstein, 116
 wants Luxemburg for *Vorwärts*, 189, 209
 Becker, Bernhard, 255
 Beer, Max, 104
Beethoven (Rolland), 462
 Beethoven, 49, 75, 99, 382, 418, 462
 Bein, Lopek, 9, 122, 134
 Berfus, 7, 53
 Berlin, 41–44, 64, 73, 78, 86, 88, 104, 120, 124, 127, 141, 163–64, 188
 Liebknecht trapped in, 348

- Luxemburg's articles lying around, 107
 Luxemburg's breakup with Jogiches in, 250–51
 Luxemburg in prison in, 242*n*426, 243, 329*n*577, 343*n*602, 349*n*617, 355*n*611, 359, 364*n*644, 372*n*655, 382*n*667, 385*n*668, 420*n*688, 423, 430, 433
 Luxemburg on, 59, 65, 74, 86*n*139
 Luxemburg's room in, 39, 44, 46–47, 75
 only socialist paper in, 482
 paper scarce in, 483
 train trouble, 451
 witch's cauldron, 484
 vs Zurich, 40
Berliner Tageblatt, 207, 350, 446
Berlin Medical Weekly, 79
 Bernard, Georg, 305, 331
 Bernhardt, Sarah, 18
 Bernstein, Eduard, 69, 82–83, 87*n*144, 88–90, 93, 95*n*158, 96–98, 112, 116–18, 142–43, 164, 167*n*298, 187, 202, 237, 242, 305
 edits Lassalle, 353
The Prerequisites of Socialism and the Tasks of the Social Democratic Movement, 89*n*148, 96*n*161, 97
 Luxemburg's work on, 96–99, 103–5
 "Bernstein and Materialism" (Plekhanov), 86
Bernstein and the Social Democratic Program (Kautsky), 132*n*218
 Berten, Peter, charges against, 357*n*630
 Bertenson, 95
 Bertrand, Louis, 341
 Bible, 412
 bicycle, 178–79
 birds, 176, 317, 319, 323, 368, 369, 376, 383, 390, 394–96, 410–15, 417–18, 426–28, 430, 432, 436, 438–39, 450, 457
 Blanc, Louis, 284
 Blanquism, 97, 112
 Block, Hans, 231
 Blumenburg, Werner, letter preservation, xxxv
 Blumenfeld, J. S., 31
 Bluntschle, *History of Constitutional Law*, 81
Board of Trade Journal, 98
 Bock, Wilhelm, 308, 488
 Bogdanov, A., 287*n*493
 Böhm-Bawerk, 98
 Bolsheviks, 212*n*376, 232*n*410, 242, 419*n*685, 440*n*706, 454*n*719, 466, 468*n*753, 470, 474, 484, 486
 Borchardt, Julian, 492
 Börne, 64–65, 84
 Borys, 123
 Bosch, Gretl, 315
 botany, 366, 386, 430, 471
 bourgeois
 classes, 72*n*123, 108, 114*n*199
 economics, 182
 parliamentarism, 242*n*431
 parties, 118, 185*n*332, 186, 236, 322*n*554
 press, 104, 107, 111, 143, 154, 213, 222, 249–50, 294*n*515, 295, 453
 women's movement, 483
 bourgeoisie, 85*n*135, 135*n*282, 242*n*427, 295, 441
 slaughtering the, 474
 Bourget, Charles-Joseph-Paul, *Jacque*, 284
 Bracke, Alexandre-Marie, 313
 Bratman-Brodowski, Stepan, 476
 letter to, 468–70
 Braun, Adolf, xxx
 Brest-Litovsk Treaty, 474–75, 484
 Breughel, 472
Briefe aus Paris (Börne), 84
 Bronner, Stephen Eric, xiv
 Broodcoorens, Pierre, 391
The Brothers Karamazov (Dostoyevsky), 413
 Bruhns, Julius, 60–61, 63, 71, 82–83, 143
 letter to, 162–64
 Bruhns, Selma, 163–64
 Brzezina, Karol, 11–12, 32
 Bücher, Karl, *Origin of Economics*, 278
 Bucher, Lothar, 125, 306
 Büchner, Georg, 284
 buffaloes, 456–58
Bulletin Mensuel de la Fédération des Socialistes, 140
 bumblebee, 3, 253, 384–85, 407, 415–16
 see also fly; wasp
 Bund, Jewish Labor, 169–71, 242
 Cabet, Etienne, 186*n*334, 255, 257

- Calwer, Richard, 100, 218, 305
 Camélinat, 25
Capital (Marx), 82, 133, 174, 247
 capital, globalization of, vii
 capitalism, 484
 alternatives to, vii
 capitalist development, 99–100
 Carnaud, 25
 Cassirer, Paul, 370n653, 462
 cat, 43, 167, 270, 274, 378, 389, 409, 414, 420
 see also Mimi (cat)
 Cellini, Benvenuto, 198, 203
 censorship, 154, 243n430, 348, 444, 448, 451, 453
 Cervantes, 350
 Chauvin, 16
 Chicago, 14
 Chlosta, 62
 Cimarosa, 399
Citizen of Kolberg (Nettelbeck), 300n528
 citizenship
 Jogiches', 49, 76n127, 79, 81, 101, 113–14
 Luxemburg's, 49n79, 51, 58–59, 86, 137n225, 159
 class struggle, 25n49, 69n114, 100, 142n238, 235n414, 332
 class war, 295, 334n582
 Clemenceau, Georges, 199
 Clive, Robert, 352
 clouds, 3, 177, 264, 271, 323, 366, 376, 387, 393, 420, 425, 428–29, 431–32
 Cohn, Oscar, 467n746
 Commune of 1793, 255
 Commune of Paris, 16, 25
Communist Manifesto (Marx), 101
 Copenhagen Congress, 419
 Coster, Charles de, 391
 creative activity, 138
Critique of Pure Reason (Kant), 81–82
 Culp, Julia, 362
 Cunow, Heinrich, 101, 129, 194–96, 213, 218, 436, 438n708
Czego chczemy, 201, 204, 207
Czerwony Sztandar, 155, 200, 202, 212, 214, 216, 222–23
 Dahlmann, Friedrich Christoph, *History of the English Revolution*, 306
 Dalski, 189
 Dan, Fyodor, 165, 242
 Danton, Georges Jacques, 84, 258n447
 Daszynski, Zofia, 45, 104, 109, 116n197, 155, 437
 Däumig, Ernst, 482
 David, Eduard, 237
 Dean of the Faculty of Political Sciences, letter to, 33–34
 “Debates Over Tactics” (Plekhanov), 88n147
 Debinski, Bolek, 9
 Defnet, 13
 Dehmel, Richard, 339, 449
 Delbrück, Irmgard, xxx
 Dementyev, Ye. M., 7n18
 demonstrations, 14n30, 142, 180, 274n476, 289, 292n507, 311, 337, 348, 355, 359n634, 381n666, 453n718, 477, 488
 Desnitsky, V. A., 283n493
 Deutsch, 220–21
 Dickens, 205
 Dicter see Zundel, Friedrich
 Diefenbach, Hans, 251, 259, 268–69, 274, 290, 306, 309–10, 315, 364–65, 370–71, 391, 395
 letter to, 336–40, 377–89, 395–99, 402–405, 408–11, 414–29, 435–39
 death of, 441n707, 443–45, 451, 472
 letter preservation, xxiv–xxv, xxx
 library, 464
 Dietz, 165
 Dietzgen, Eugen, xxxi
 dissertation
 Jogiches', 113–14, 120, 128
 Luxemburg's, 21n42, 33–34n67, 45, 49n78, 62, 66–67, 72–73, 75n125, 79–80, 83, 87n141, 88n144, 116n197
 Dissmann, Robert, 330–31, 344
 Dittmann, Wilhelm, 363, 477
 letter to, 303–305, 308–9
Don Giovanni (Mozart), 272, 297
 Dönniges, Helene, 45
Don Quixote (Cervantes), 350
 Dossmann, xxx
 Dostoyevsky, Fyodor
 The Brothers Karamazov, 413
 Notes from the House of the Dead, 284
 Dreesbach, August, 141

- Dreyfus Affair, 85n137
 Dubreuilh, Louis, "Truth on the March," 144n243
 Duncker, Hermann, 45, 66, 319
 Duncker, Käte, 483–84, 489
 Dürer, 465
 Dzierżyński, Feliks, 328, 467–69, 473–74
 letter to, 153–57

 Eberlein, Hugo, 336, 345–46
 Ebert, Friedrich, 302
 Eckstein, Gustav, 290, 409–10
 economics, 106, 112, 179, 182, 245, 257, 278–79, 287n494, 296–97, 301, 309, 319, 338, 409
 Luxemburg to teach, 246
The Economic Policy of the Historical School (Schüller), 132n221
Economist, 98
 Eichhorn, Emil, 90n151, 482, 492n802
Eighteenth Brumaire (Marx), 206
Eighteenth-Century Social Philosophy and the Revolution (Espinass), 258
 Eisenstein, Sergei, *Potemkin*, 208n370
 Eisner, Kurt, 172, 193n347, 194–95, 203, 217–18, 477
 elections
 National Assembly, 491
 Reichstag, 43n73, 47n77, 54–55n97, 57, 59–61, 63, 67, 78, 154–55, 157n275, 160n280, 236n417, 301n533, 302n536, 305, 316–17
 Handbuch for, 47–48, 55–56
 Russian, 202, 216n388, 224–25, 454n719
 SDAP, 185n332, 186n333
 election tactics/voter rights, 185–87
 Elzevir, 18
Emanuel Quint (Hauptmann), 379
 Emmel, Joseph, 301
 Engels, Friedrich, 25, 149, 316, 394
 English revolution, 436
 Erfurt Program of the SPD, 206
 Espinass, Alfred-Victor, *Eighteenth-Century Social Philosophy and the Revolution*, 258
 Ettinger, Elzbieta, xxiii, 115n195
 Eulenburg, 74
 European revolution, 484–85

Factory Hygiene (Svyatlovsky), 95

 Faisst, Hugo, 365–66, 402, 416
Fatal Fork (Platen), 456
Faust (Goethe), 354, 404n676, 405
 Feldman, Konstantin, 208
 Fendrich, Anton, 141
 Fernbach, Wolfgang, letter to, 479
 Feuerbach, Anselm, 307
 Fichte, Johann Gottlieb, 168
Figaro, 269, 272, 306, 368
Finance Capitalism (Hilferding), 296n520
Financial News, 98
 Finland, 232–36
 Fischer, Richard, 334n581
 Fischer, Robert, 149n258
 Flechtheim, Ossip K., xxiii
 fly, 449, *see also* bumblebee; wasp
Fool in Christ (Hauptmann), 438, 443
Foreign Legionnaire Kirsch (Paasche), 446
 Forrer, 101, 137, 150–51
 Fourier, Charles, 255
 France, Anatole, 306
 Frank, Ludwig, 472
 Frederick II, King of Prussia, 352
 Free-Thinking People's Party, 107, 186
 "Free Thought," 295
Freiheit, 482, 488
 Freiligrath, Ferdinand, 292
 French Revolution, 255, 257, 284, 366, 436, 441
 National Convention, 257n446, 258
 French Workers' Party, 25n50, 30n63, 139
 Frölich, Paul, xxvi–xxvii
 Fuchs, Eduard, 486n793

 Ganelin, 75, 87
 garden, 46, 75–76, 82, 115, 273, 323, 350, 382–84, 386, 390–91, 395–96, 407–8, 411, 414, 416–17, 425, 427–28, 430, 438, 445, 460, 463
 Gaspey, 76
Gazeta Ludowa, 155, 159, 162n287
Gazeta Robotnicza, 7n18, 47, 51n83, 53n92, 54n95, 57n99, 70, 86, 124–25, 129, 132, 134n224, 135
 subsidy withdrawn, 154n270
 Geck, Adolf, xxxi, 300–1
 letter to, 472, 478
 Geck, Brandel, 338
 death of, 478

- Geck, Marie, 472
letter to, 478
- Gelfand, 9
- General Strike and Social Democracy*
(Holst), 183n328, 187n335,
190n341
review of, 192n344
- geology, 452
- George, Stefan, 450, 456
- Gerisch, 74, 159–60, 210
- Gerlach, Paul, 290, 421, 444
- Germanization, 52–53
- German Trade Unions* (newsletter), 221,
225
- Germany
barbarization, 443
exports/imports, 279
Imperial Palace, massive
demonstration, 488
Jews in, 453
movement vs opportunism, 183
vs Russian revolution, 236
Social Democracy, 100n168, 125,
154n268, 155–56, 171, 184–86,
225, 293n509, 311, 441, 458
Luxemburg critiques, 362
socialist crisis, 333–34
see also KPD; SPD
- Gerson, Julius, 325
- Gesammelte Briefe* (Luxemburg), xxxviii,
xl
- Gesammelte Werke* (Luxemburg), viii
- Gewehr, Elfriede, 294
- Gewehr, Wilhelm, 302
- Gil Blas* (Lesage), 464
- Glasberg, 75
- Gleichheit*, 88, 278, 294n512, 300, 306,
312, 317n559, 318n560, 338, 391
Zetkin removed as editor, 447n711
- Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 84, 112,
150n270, 198, 230n406, 259n452,
350, 366–67, 372, 397–98, 400–1,
410, 423n694, 449
“Anacreon’s Grave,” 416, 431
Faust, 354, 404n676, 405
The Men of Entitlement, 431
“New Amadis,” 456
Reynard the Fox, 411
Travels in Italy, 460
West-East Divan, 259n452, 367n650
- Gogowski, 159, 162, 163n289
- Göhre, Paul, 126
- Goncharov, Ivan, *Oblomov*, 445
- Gordon, Anna, 16, 44, 48–49, 137
- Gorky, Maxim, 152, 287n493, 318
letter to, 288
“Three Men and a Girl,” 462
- Gorter, Herman, 178, 182, 185,
186n333
- Gounod, Charles François, 431
- Gradnauer, Georg, 40, 90–91, 110, 172,
195, 203
- Grant see Dzierżyński, Feliks
- Greulich, 151
- Grillparzer, Franz, 379, 387
- Grimm, Robert, 470
- Grimmelshausen, Hans, *Simplicius*
Simplicissimus, 443
- Grosowski, 87
- Guesde, Jules, 16, 25, 30, 85n137,
139–40, 171, 311
letter to, 144
PPS criticized, 144n245
- Guizot, François, 436
- Gurcman, Benedykt, 204
- Gurevich, 87
- Gurvich see Dan, Fyodor
- Gutt, Stanislaw, 26, 55, 61–62
- Haase, Hugo, 308, 363, 482, 488
- Haenisch, Konrad, 289
letter to, 288–89, 292–94
- Halley’s comet, 375n660
- Hamburg, 120
- Hanecki, Jakub, letter to, 161
- Hartman, Mitek, 11
- Haupt, Georges, letter preservation,
xxxvii
- Hauptmann, Gerhart, 281, 380, 438
Emanuel Quint, 379
Fool in Christ, 438, 443
- Haymarket, 14n31
- Hebbel, Christian Friedrich, 378–79,
388
- Heine, Wolfgang, 84, 143, 191, 347
- Heinemann, Hugo, 271
“On the Reform of the Criminal
Procedural Code,” 271n469
- Heinrich, Wladyslaw, 11–12, 17, 19, 21
- Heller, Hugo, 206
- Helphand, Alexander see Parvus
- Herkner, 45, 48

- Herzlichst Ihre Rosa* (Laschitzka & Adler), viii, xl, xliii–xliv, 185n331
- Hildebrand, Adolf E. R. Ritter von, *The Problem of Form in the Fine Arts*, 271
- Hilferding, Rudolf, 246, 296–97, 395, 482
- History of Constitutional Law* (Bluntschle), 81
- History of Economics* (Ingram), 278
- History of the English Revolution* (Dahlmann), 306
- History of Gracchus Babeuf and Babouvism* (Advielle), 255
- History of Materialism* (Lange), 456
- History of My Contemporary* (Korolenko), Luxemburg translates, 369n653, 395n671, 436, 461–62
- History of Social and Political Movements* (Adler), 82
- History of Trade Unions* (Webb), 278
- History of the Working Class in France* (Levasseur), 258
- Hitler, Adolf, xxi, 376n661
- Hoch, Gustav, 308, 331
- Hoernle, Edwin, 480–81
letter preservation, xxv
- Hofer, Adolf, 307
- Hofmann, Franz, 160
- Hofmannsthal, Hugo von, 48, 450
- Hölderlin, Johann, *Hyperion*, 443
- Holst, Henriette Roland, 395
letter to, 178–87, 190–92, 310–11
General Strike and Social Democracy, 183n328, 187n335, 190n341, 192n344
letter preservation, xxxiv
and SDAP, 311n548
- Holst, Richard Nicolaas Roland, 181–82
“Proletariat and Art,” 183n329
- Holz, Arno, 450n714
Phantasmus, 449
- Horwitz-Walecki, Maksymilian, 470
- Huch, Ricarda, 380, 385, 394, 403
- Hülsen, Count, 368
- human being, 363, 446
- human civilization, 413
- Humblot, 45, 49, 62, 66–67, 71, 79, 83
- Huptich *see* Dzierżyński, Feliks
- Hutten* (Meyer), 444
- Hutten, Ulrich von, 372n656, 381
- Huygens, 179
- Huysmans, Camille, 231, 299, 326, 341, 418–19
letter to, 342–43
and Luxemburg become friends, 418–20
- Hyperion* (Hölderlin), 443
- idealism, 118
- Ihrer, Emma, 79, 82
- imperialism, 333, 376n661
- infinity, 369
- Ingram, John Kells, *History of Economics*, 278
- Die Internationale*, 357n630
- International Institute of Social History (IISH), xxxv
- International Socialist Conference, 437
- Internazionale Korrespondenz*, 345
- Isaev, 99
- ISB (International Socialist Bureau), xxxvii, 171n305, 181n322, 299n524, 313, 326, 327n575, 328, 340–42, 342n600, 419, 420n688
- Iskra*, 156, 164–65, 203, 215, 224
unyielding attitude, 170–71
- Ito, Narihiko, letter preservation, xxxvii
- Izvestia*, 474
- Jacob, Mathilde, 348–50, 353, 367–68, 373, 389–91, 395, 414, 432, 462, 464–65, 471
letter to, 371–73, 406–8, 433–34, 461
letter preservation, xxi–xxii, xxiv–xxvi
- Jacque* (Bourget), 284
- Janiszewski, 17, 134
- Jansson, Wilhelm, 334n581
- Jaurès, Jean Léon, 85, 88, 139–40, 180, 242, 294n515, 437
- Jean-Christophe in Paris* (Rolland), 438
- Jens, Walter, xvi–xvii
- Jerusalem Delivered* (Tasso), 472
- Joffe, Adolf, 467n747, 473
- Jogiches, Józef, 116
- Jogiches, Leo, 6, 287n493, 330, 367–68, 407–8, 469, 473, 475, 493
letter to, 3–5, 7–58, 60–64, 66–83, 87–88, 93–139, 158–60, 188–90, 192–218, 296–99
citizenship, 49, 76n127, 79, 81, 101, 113–14

- dissertation, 113–14, 120, 128
 drama with Luxemburg, 10–12, 34–39,
 41–43, 126–27, 130–31, 136, 196
 controls Luxemburg, 261–63
 Luxemburg to terrorize, 32–33
 they breakup, 241
 threatens Luxemburg, 241, 250, 254
 letter preservation, xxiv–xxv
 Luxemburg's only thought, 113
 Luxemburg's reading requirement for,
 83, 127
 Luxemburg sees with eyes of, 80
 memories of love with, 115
 mother's death, 73
 prison, 467
 publisher, 206n368
Jugend, 197
Jürg Jenatsch (Meyer), 372
- Kant, 369
 Critique of Pure Reason, 81–82
- Kasprzak, Martin, 8, 70, 134, 190, 202,
 204
 Luxemburg thinks often of, 204
- Katowice, 21
- Kautsky, Bendel, xxxii, 279n484, 280,
 338, 395
- Kautsky, Felix, 279n482, 338, 340
- Kautsky, Fritz, 337
- Kautsky, Gretl, 337
- Kautsky, Hans, 222, 231, 234, 262,
 268–69, 336–38, 340, 365, 368, 375,
 395, 403, 441, 461
 letter to, 275, 283–84
- Kautsky, Karl, 86–87, 88n147, 89, 93,
 96–97, 107, 110–11, 113–14, 116,
 125–26, 128–29, 132, 134, 139–41,
 144, 162, 164, 168, 174, 178–82,
 187, 193–94, 199–200, 202–3,
 205–6, 213, 245–46, 248, 251,
 266, 274, 280, 288, 302–3, 306–7,
 315–16, 338, 363
 letter to, 121–22, 149–50, 157–58,
 172–74, 219–34, 249–50
 vs Mehring, 321n565
 Luxemburg breaks with, 292n507
 Luxemburg critiques, 322, 324,
 362n639, 363, 392, 439–41
 fatalistic optimism of, 392
 theoretical recipes, 441
 Luxemburg's friendship with, 132
- Luxemburg sends books of, 255
 radicalism of, 109
 rebuked, 293
 refuses mass strike, 290n503, 292n507
 Luxemburg's issue with, 291n504
 refuses Luxemburg's article, 288n496,
 289, 293
 removed from *Neue Zeit*, 443n708
 spiritual bumpkinization of, 297
 strategy of attrition, 291n504, 292
 takes Luxemburg's time, 211
 travel with, 250, 252–54
 understands downfall of newspapers,
 217
 wants Luxemburg to write, 209
 works
 Bernstein and the Social Democratic
 Program, 132
 “The Bloody Massacre in Kishinev
 and the Jewish Question,”
 158n276
 “Class Contradictions in the Age
 of the French Revolution,”
 258n448
 “Theories of Crisis,” 316n557
 “What Now?,” 290n503
- Kautsky, Luise, 128–29, 182, 199, 203,
 213, 229–31, 244–45, 248, 251, 258,
 284, 288, 337–38, 371, 403, 407, 449
 letter to, 121–22, 157–58, 166–68,
 172–77, 219–34, 273–83, 289–91,
 364–70, 392–95, 441–42, 451–52,
 461–62
 letter preservation, xxviii–xxxii
 transformation of, 448
 translates Marx and Engels, 394
- Kautsky, Medi, 338
- Kautsky, Minna, 174–75, 222, 226, 231,
 234, 279, 395
- Kautsky, Robert, 337, 368
- Keller, Gottfried, 385
- Kelles-Krauz, 29–30, 46
- Kerensky, Alexander, 440n706
- Kerner, Justinus, 399
- Kessel, Gustav von, 364n644, 368, 377
- Kipling, Rudyard, 428
- Kleist, Heinrich von, 379
 Penthesilea, 363n642
- Knauf, 159
- Knobloch, Heinz, letter preservation, *My*
 Dearest Mathilde, xxi

- Knudsen, 180
 Koczan, 62
 Kolb, Alois, 206
 Korolenko, Vladimir, *History of My Contemporary*, Luxemburg translates, 369n654, 395n671, 436, 461–62
 Kosciuszko, Tadeusz, 29n58
 KPD (Communist Party of Germany), 491n798, 492n800
 rights to Luxemburg's letters, xxxi–xxxii
 Krakow, 155
 Kravchinsky, 101
Kreuz-Zeitung, 108, 111
 Krichevsky, Boris, 9, 12–14, 16, 19, 89, 206
 letter to, 1–3, 5–7, 22–23, 85–87
 “The May Day Holiday and Socialism,” 12n26
Vorwärts’ Paris correspondent, 140n232
 Krichevsky, Fenya, 6–7, 23, 87
 Krichevsky, Nadina, letter to, 1–3
 Krichevsky, Rayechka, 6
 Krichevsky, Rayinka, 7
 Kühlmann, Richard von, 463
Die Kunst, 200, 204, 206
- Lafargue, 16, 25, 133
 Lagardelle, 88
 Landsberg, Otto, 360n636
 Lang, Otto, 335
 Lange, *History of Materialism*, 456
 Langkau, Götz, letter preservation, xxxviii
 Laschitzka, Annelies, *Herzlichst Ihre Rosa*, viii, xl, xliii–xliv, 185n331
 Lassalle, Ferdinand, 247, 353
 Lavrov, 12, 20, 25, 88
Das Leben Jesu (Strauss), 102
 lectures, 19–20, 60–61, 68–69, 71, 73, 82, 116, 129, 133, 160, 171n305, 188, 205, 211, 238, 247, 290, 301, 302n534, 307, 311, 314, 396, 432n697, 477n781
 invitation to deliver, 287
 Luxemburg's excellence at, 60, 200
 prison sentence for, 172n306, 242n426
 vs public meetings, 121
 summon “all of Europe,” 260
 see also public meetings
 Ledebour, Georg, 92–94, 103–4, 143, 317, 482, 493
- Left PPS, 470n760
 Lehmann, 381
 Leibniz, 179
Leipziger Volkszeitung, 67, 69n116, 70, 72, 78, 81, 83, 93, 95n158, 96n160, 97, 102–4, 109, 111, 119, 120n204, 133–34, 198, 221, 226–27, 235, 300–2, 309, 315, 319, 325, 463n736, 481, 483
 censors Luxemburg, 316n558
 labor rights violated at, 146n240
 Luxemburg's end at, 142–43
 Luxemburg writes regularly for, 301
 management trouble, 180
 Mehring remains at, 195
 Mehring resigns, 175n312
 organ of USPD, 481n786
 on Shakespeare, 398
 Zetkin's women's supplement, 447n711
 Lenbach, Franz von, 200, 206
 Lenin, 169n303, 224, 232n410, 283, 287n493, 298–99, 328n576, 440n706, 447, 454n719
 letter to, 486
Materialism and Empiriocriticism, 283n487
One Step Forward, Two Steps Back, 164n290
 splits Social Democracy, 327
 Lensch, Paul Albert, 303, 309, 316
 “Three Months of the World War,” 345
 Lerda, 159
 Lesage, Alain-René, *Gil Blas*, 464
The Lessing Legend (Mehring), 354, 456
Letters from Prison (Luxemburg), xxii–xxiv
Letters to Friends (Luxemburg), xxiv, xxxii–xxxiii
 Leuss, Hanz, 143
 Levasseur, E., *History of the Working Class in France*, 258
 Levi, Paul, 479
 letter to, 330–31, 343–45
 letter preservation, xxiv
 Zetkin denounces, xxv
 library, 24–25, 28, 47, 66, 76, 81, 83, 99, 101–2, 106, 182, 221, 255, 269, 274–75, 279
 Diefenbach's, 464
 Luxemburg's personal, 112–13, 278

- Liebknecht, Karl, 166n294, 331,
335n585, 340n596, 343n605, 344,
346–47, 357, 360–61, 382, 399–401,
408, 411, 414, 432, 456, 478, 484,
488n797, 491n798
letter to, 468
assassinated, 493n802
forbidden from politics, 347–48
prison, 359, 454
released, 477
threatened by killers, 487
walks with, 386–87
Liebknecht, Natalie, 167n296
Liebknecht, Sophie, 364, 386, 391, 408,
434, 436
letter to, 399–402, 411–14, 429–32,
448–51, 453–58, 471–72, 476–77
“what’s the meaning of it all?”, 413
letter preservation, xxii–xxiv, xxix
Liebknecht, Wilhelm, 6, 30, 51–52, 54,
110, 167n296, 193n347
life, 176–77, 182, 286, 291, 353, 384, 389,
400, 405, 410, 424–25, 431, 449,
455, 458
basic rule for, 378
rising cost of, 313n555
tumult of, 490
Liliencron, Detlev von, 318
Limbertz, Heinrich, 302
Limits of Humanity (Schubert), 420
Lindemann, Carl Hugo, 301
Lipinski, Richard, 309
Liuksemburg, Józef *see* Luxemburg,
Józef
Löbe, Paul, letter to, 477
London, 239–40, 242, 245
The Lost Paradise (Perfall), 472
love, 449
Lubbock, John, *Origins of Civilization*,
176–77
Lübeck, Gustav, 49n79, 137n226, 152,
159n278, 436n699
Lübeck, Mrs., 207
Lübeck, Olympia, 292
Lunacharsky, Anatoly, letter to, 287
Lurye, 3
Luther, Martin, 372n656
Luxemburg, Anna, 82, 87n142, 197, 199,
207, 226
Luxemburg, Annie, 197, 206, 226, 248,
298, 300
Luxemburg, Józef, xxxi, 62, 74, 79, 207,
241
Luxemburg, Rosa
articles/works, 108, 112, 165, 214–16
The Accumulation of Capital, ix,
319n564, 323, 324n568,
325n571, 329, 407n679, 409
“Adam Mickiewicz,” 102n174
“Against Guerilla War,” 335n583
“Against the Scoundrels,” 300n529
Anti-Critique, ix, 408–9
“Back to Adam Smith,” 132n217
“A Balance Sheet of Obstruction,”
138n227
“Breaking Discipline as a Method,”
301n532
brilliance of, 107
“Conducting Propaganda among the
Polish Population,” 72n124
“The Costs of a Victory,” 102n173,
104
The Crisis of Social Democracy,
439n704
“Discussions on Tactics,” 91n154
“Economic and Socio-Political
Review,” 91n153, 95n157, 100,
103n175, 104
“The Elections in Upper Silesia,”
67n113, 78n130
“The Fate of Social Patriotism in
Germany,” 155n271
Gesammelte Briefe, xxxviii, xl
Gesammelte Werke, viii
“The Holiday of May 1, 1892, in
Lodz,” 12n25
“How the Special Polish
Organization Understands
‘Unification,’” 155n271
“Independent Poland and the
Workers’ Cause,” 29n59
*The Industrial Development of
Poland*, 33–34n65, 49n76,
62n, 66–67, 87n139, 88n142,
109n186
In Revolutionary Times: What Next?,
225n401
Introduction to Political Economy, ix,
265n458, 338n591
“Karl Marx,” 214n379
Kautsky refuses, 288n496, 289,
290n503, 291n504, 293

- "Keep the Power Dry, and the Sword Well-Sharpended!," 216n387
Letters from Prison, xxii–xxiv
Letters to Friends, xxiv, xxxii–xxxiii
 "Long Live the Revolution!," 190n340
 "A Major Action of Statewide Significance," 192n343
The Mass Strike, the Party, and the Trade Unions, 192n343, 293n511
 "The Mass Strike [Comes] Before the Reichstag," 316n558
 "May Day and the Fate of Social Patriotism," 27n54
 "The New Manifesto about a Constitution by Nicholas the Last," 216n386
 "The New Reign," 26n53
 "On the Congress of the Polish Socialists in Germany," 29n56
 "On the Eastern Policies of Vorwärts," 52n87
On the Russian Revolution, 469n756, 475n771, 485n789
On the War, the National Question, and the Revolution, 485n789
 "Organizational Questions of Russian Social Democracy," 165n290
 "Our Struggle for Power," 307n540
 "A Party Dispute," 90n151
 "Peace Utopias," 300n530
 "People's Militia and Militarism," 105n177, 106n179, 111
A Program for Federation, or the PPS in a Vicious Cycle, 202n358, 271n467
 "The Question of Nationalities, and Autonomy," 202n358, 273n473
 "Reform or Revolution," 96n160
Reform or Revolution, 97n162, 105n177, 118n200
The Russian Revolution, 466n743
 "The Russian Tragedy," 469n757
 slaving away for, 103–6
 "Socialism in Poland," 207n369
 "The Socialist Crisis in France," 139n230, 141n233
 "Social Reform or Revolution," 69n114
 "Stagnation and Progress in Marxism," 214n362
 "Step by Step," 72, 114, 207
 "The Struggle for the Shortening of the Workday," 13n26
 "Theory and Practice," 292n490
 "Through English Eyeglasses," 97n161, 98
 "Time for the Sewing of Seeds," 293
 "Two Dates," 30n59
 "Under the Whip of Public Opinion," 29n55
 "The Unification of Socialist Parties in France," 120n201
 on war, 339
 "What Does the Spartacus League Want?," 486n774
 "What Next?," 288n479, 289n480, 293
 "What Now?," 317n542, 318n545
 assassinated, 493n783
 attacks on, 100, 149n243
 baby with Jogiches, 114
 biographies of, xv n4
 breaks with Kautsky, 292n490
 charges against, 357n612, 364n625
 citizenship, 49n77, 51, 58–59, 86, 137n223, 159
 daily routine, 81–82
 dissertation, 21n40, 33–34n65, 45, 49n76, 62, 66–67, 72–73, 75n123, 79–80, 83, 87n139, 88n142
 review of, 116n194
 drama with Jogiches, 10–12, 34–39, 41–43, 126–27, 130–31, 136, 196
 he controls her, 261–63
 Luxemburg to terrorize, 32–33
 they breakup, 241
 threatened by Jogiches, 241, 250, 254
 editor, 88–94
 family, 120, 129, 207, 412
 father's death, 437
 gravestone, 373
 happy, 366
 and ladybug, 393
 letters
 fanatical about, xvii
 many lost, xx–xxi, xxxix
 naturalness of, xix
 preservation, xxi–xxxviii, xl

- purposes of, xvii–xviii
 - lonely, 64, 73, 79, 84, 136, 248
 - and Mehring, 335
 - money, 15, 18, 21, 33, 58, 62, 71, 74–75, 81, 95, 103–4, 120, 122, 129, 133
 - mother's death, 74, 208
 - in Paris, 8, 15, 18
 - plagiarized, 273
 - police surveil, 94, 232
 - radicalism of, 109
 - refuses concession, 362
 - room, 55
 - in Berlin, 39, 44, 46–47, 75, 80, 82
 - in Paris, 24–25, 27–28
 - trouble, 43
 - rules to live by, 418, 421
 - sees with eyes of Jogiches, 80
 - threatened by killers, 487
 - write a great work, 93
 - on Bernstein, 96–99
 - on unions, 98–99
 - writes for *Vorwärts*, 189, 193–97, 218
 - on writing, 65
 - writing difficulties, 198, 205
 - see also* lectures; painting; prison
- Lyadov, M. N., 287n476
- Macaulay, Thomas, 352
- Machiavelli, Niccolò, 399
- The Magic Flute* (Mozart), 298
- Marat, Jean-Paul, 257
- Marchewczynski, 326, 328
- Marchlewski, Bronisława, 467n732, 473, 476
- Marchlewski, Julek, 9, 12, 17, 32, 40, 49, 53–54, 61, 63, 100, 134, 189, 201, 207, 213, 217, 222, 294, 299, 315–16, 325, 394, 487
 - letter to, 466–67, 473–76
 - letter preservation, xxv
- "What the May Day Holiday Has Already Given Us," 9
- Marchlewski, Ocik, 54
- Marek, 125, 129
- Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart), 269, 272
- Martov, 169n303, 242
- Marx, Karl, 69, 149, 176n314, 200, 242n427, 316
 - Capital*, 82, 133, 174, 247, 329
 - Communist Manifesto*, 101
 - Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, 98
 - Eighteenth Brumaire*, 206
 - Kautsky translates, 394
 - Luxemburg to edit, 133
 - Mehring bio, 354n627, 458, 463, 465
 - Wage Labor and Capital*, 101
- Marxism, 173
- masses, 463, 482
 - awareness of, 347
 - class consciousness, 186–87, 228
 - courage via, 307–8
 - downtrodden, 7, 356
 - on heroes, 350
 - idealists among, 118
 - leadership needed, 322, 342
 - need influence, 370
 - party press educates, 163
 - patience needed for, 357
 - politically suppressed, 332
 - psyche of, 374
 - stay with, 311
 - strike discussion, 289
 - strike without results, 220
 - trust in, 348
- Materialism and Empiriocriticism* (Lenin), 283n487
- May Day, 13, 16n34, 282, 359n634
 - basis for, 14n31
 - meetings *see* public meetings
- Mehring, Eva, 351, 353
- Mehring, Franz, 91, 93, 109, 119, 134, 142, 143n241, 180, 221–22, 231, 280, 316–17, 323, 346, 358–59, 361, 379, 407–8, 434, 464
 - letter to, 235–36, 321–25, 351–54, 439–40, 458–59
 - Bebel's attack on, 321–22
 - charges against, 357n630
 - vs Kautsky, 321n565
 - The Lessing Legend*, 354, 456
 - and Luxemburg, 335
 - Luxemburg critiques, 111
 - Luxemburg's chat with, 93–94
 - Marx biography, 354n627, 458, 463, 465
 - outsold from *Neue Zeit*, 321n565
 - plagiarizes Luxemburg, 273
 - remains at Leipziger, 195
 - resigns newspapers, 175
 - reviews Luxemburg's work, 324n568

- "Scenes from a Comedy," 335
 work capacity, 351
 Mendelson, 19, 51
The Men of Entitlement (Goethe), 431
 Meyer, Conrad Ferdinand, 184, 204n363,
 372, 479, 493
 Hutten, 444
 Jürg Jenatsch, 372
 Mezentsov, 101
 Michaelis, Georg, 446
 Mickiewicz, Adam, 37n68, 38n69, 102,
 104, 475n774
 Mietze *see* Wengels, Marie
 Mignet, Francois-Auguste Marie, 254,
 436
 Mill, J. S., 134
 Millerand, Alexandre, 177, 437
 Mimi (cat), 167, 270, 274, 291, 296–99,
 301, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314–15,
 317–21, 324, 340, 348, 366, 369,
 372–73, 378, 389, 391, 400, 408–9,
 414, 434
see also cat
 Minky, Paula, 16
 Mirbach-Harff, Wilhelm Graf von,
 466n743
Mlot (Hammer), 294–95
 Molière, 101–2
 Molinari, Gustave de, 353
 money, 15, 18, 21, 33, 58, 62, 71, 74–75,
 81, 95, 103–4, 120, 122, 129, 133,
 139, 152, 197, 204, 209, 231, 233,
 246, 260, 330, 340
Montagsblatt, 167
 Moor, Carl, letter to, 332–36
 Morawski, Franciszek, 53, 57, 67, 69–70,
 86n140, 95, 125, 135, 201n357
 Morgenstern, Gustav, 399, 436
 Mörike, Eduard, 363, 376, 397, 424–25,
 444, 449, 460
 Morizet, André, 185
 Moszoro, Rudolf, 189
 The Mountain (revolutionary party),
 258
 Mozart, 272, 297–98, 410, 420
 Mozdzinski, 16
 Müller, Hans, xxx
 Müller, Margarete, xxx–xxxi, 451n716,
 460n728
 Münzenberg, 489
 Mussolini, Benito, 335, 336n587
My Dearest Mathilde (Knobloch), xxi
 Nachimson, M. I., 324–25
 Naivus, Hans, 369
Naprzód, 189, 212–13
 National Democrats (ND), 212–13
 nature, 74, 166–67, 393, 435
see also birds; botany; bumblebee; clouds;
 fly; garden; geology; prison, sound
 effects from; wasp
 Nettelbeck, Joachim, 300, 312
Neue Welt, 40
Neue Zeit, 6, 25, 69, 72n120, 76, 86n136,
 87–88, 98, 101, 104, 108, 112,
 114n192, 132–33, 139–40, 143n241,
 144–47, 162, 164–65, 165n291, 179,
 187, 215, 223, 231, 235, 271, 274,
 278, 290n503, 291, 297n503, 316,
 321, 352
 editor, 129n212, 443n708
 Kautsky refuses Luxemburg for,
 288n496
 Lenin wants book notice in, 283n487
 Mehring resigns, 175n312
 needs protection, 322–23
Neuland, 143
 newspapers, 16, 18, 80, 85, 94, 119, 128,
 151, 154, 203, 213, 223, 282, 299,
 417, 440, 470
 bourgeois, 249n439
 necessary for society, 212
New York Herald, 394n670
 Nexö *see* Anderson Nexö, Martin
 Nicholas II, Tsar, 381n666
 Niemojewski, Andrej, 295
Nieuwe Tijd (New Times), 183, 186n333
A Night's Lodging (Gorky), 152
 Nishikawa, Masao, xxxviii
 Nietzsche, Emil, 90n151
 Noskov, 169n303
Notes from the House of the Dead
 (Dostoyevsky), 284
Oblomov (Goncharov), 445
 Obuch, Gerhard, 331
 Old Man *see* Mehring, Franz
 Olszewski, Wladek, 26, 49, 55, 62
One Step Forward, Two Steps Back
 (Lenin), 164n289
On Labor (Thornton), 182
 Oppler, Heinrich, 434

- opportunism, 183, 242, 319, 335
Origin of Economics (Bücher), 278
Origins of Civilization (Lubbock), 176–77
Osvobozhdenie, 212–13
 “An Overall View of the Homeland,” 8n22
- Paasche, Hans, *Foreign Legionnaire Kirsch*, 446
 Paasche, Hermann, 446
 painting, 263–64, 267, 269, 292, 309, 366, 368
 Pannekoek, Anton, 246, 324
 Paris
 artisans before workers, 257–58
 Bon Marché, 16
 Commune, 16, 25
 Luxemburg in, 8, 15–16, 18
 Luxemburg’s room in, 24–25, 27–28
 vs Zurich, 20
 Parvus, 40, 53–54, 63, 75, 79–82, 88, 96, 101, 108–9, 117, 206, 215, 217, 223, 234, 237
 against boycott, 205
 editor, 91–93
 Luxemburg critiques, 111
 “My Fight for Freedom of Speech in *Vorwärts*,” 108n184
 in prison, 236
 unfinished person, 297
 Weltpolitik, 101
 wallowing in, 109, 111
 Perfall, Anton Freiherr von, *The Lost Paradise*, 472
 Perlmutter, Salome, 157
 Petit, Irène, letter preservation, xxxvii
La Petite République, 76, 85
Le Petit Sous, 139–40
 Pëus, Heinrich, 228, 230
 Pfannkuch, Wilhelm, 163, 203
 Pfemfert, Franz, 407
Phantasmus (Holz), 449
 Philips, 143
 Pieck, Wilhelm, xxv
 Pilsudski, Józef, 470n760
 Platen, *Fatal Fork*, 456
 Platter, Julius, 75
 Plekhanov, Georgy, 2, 86–87, 169n303, 172, 242, 249–50
 letter to, 88–89
 “The Justification of Narodism in the Works of Vorontsov,” 98
 and Lenin, 299
 Poet, the *see* Zundel, Friedrich
 Pokorny, Franz, 302
 Pokrovsky, M. N., 287n493
 Poland, 128, 218, 273–74, 484
 bourgeois, 295
 German, 7
 grain export data, 20
 independence, 29, 51, 161n283, 212
 party relations, 327
 Productive Forces of the Kingdom of Poland, 21n40
 Russian, 156n274, 325
 Social Democracy, 22n46, 53, 169, 231, 327–28
 Union of Polish Socialists Abroad, 19, 29, 51n84
 Union of Polish Workers, 9n24, 24n48
see also PPS
 Polish movement, 50, 52–53, 57, 118
Political Economy (Roscher), 278
 politics, 207–8
Potemkin (Eisenstein), 208n370
 Potresov, Aleksandr N., letter to, 164–65, 169–71
 Poznanskii, *Productive Forces of the Kingdom of Poland*, 21
 PPS (Polish Socialist Party), 7n18, 8n21, 19n41, 29–30, 32, 51–53, 54n95, 68n115, 70n120, 86n140, 123–26, 131n210, 132–33, 135, 144, 161n283, 162–63, 169–70, 201–2, 210, 212, 326, 470
 -Left, 470
 Party Congress, 131–33, 135, 170
 and SDKPiL, 326
 and SPD, 133n223, 154–56
 PPSP (Polish Social Democratic Party), 151n272, 185n339
Prawda, 153–54, 213
The Prerequisites of Socialism and the Tasks of the Social Democratic Movement (Bernstein), 89n152, 96n161, 97
 press
 bourgeois, 104, 107, 111, 143, 154, 213, 222, 249–46, 294n515, 295, 453
 degradation of, 337
 party, 162–63, 249, 316
 nausea from, 332

- prison, 172*n*289, 175, 185, 229–31, 233,
 238, 242–43, 325*n*554, 329, 343–44,
 345*n*594, 349*n*599, 355*n*611,
 358, 364, 368, 370–71, 372*n*637,
 377*n*644, 378, 382*n*649, 385,
 390, 393, 405, 407*n*661, 412–13,
 420*n*671, 421–28, 434, 438–40,
 444–45, 447–48, 450–52, 454–56,
 459, 464, 476–77
 better than milieu of opposition, 363
 experiences compared, 426–31, 433,
 435
 pain of, 378
 readings in, 179
 released from, 178, 232, 238, 364*n*626,
 476*n*760, 477*n*762
 sound effects from, 421–25
 stages of, 364*n*626
 trip outside, 471
The Problem of Form in the Fine Arts
 (Hildebrand), 271
The Prodigal Father (Shaw), 404
Productive Forces of the Kingdom of Poland
 (Poznanski), 21*n*42
 Progressive Democrats (PD), 212–13
Proletariat, 156, 170
Proletary, 203, 214–15
 Prussians, arrogant, 59
Przedświt, 135, 155–56, 212–13
Przegląd Robotniczy, 201, 212, 214
Przegląd Socjalistyczny (Social
 Democratic Review), 21, 153,
 154, 158*n*260, 202*n*342, 265*n*440,
 273*n*456, 275*n*460
 public meetings, 111, 119*n*203, 120–22,
 159–60, 188, 222, 289, 291, 319,
 347, 396, 487
 vs lectures, 121
 Luxemburg criminal for, 329*n*577
 Luxemburg loved at, 125
 on mass strike, 290
 SPD campaign, 157
 stupid, 123–24
see also lectures
 public talks *see* lectures
 Quack, Sibylle, letter preservation,
 xxi–xxii
 Radek, Karl, 474
 Raduin, Ida, 214, 298, 300
 Rappoport, Charles Léon, 299
 Ratynski, Kazius, 21
 reading, 83, 127, 198, 254–55, 257, 284,
 304, 317, 349, 353, 358, 375, 379,
 441, 452
 Reichstag, 360, 363, 386
 elections, 43*n*73, 47*n*77, 54–55*n*97,
 57, 59–61, 63, 67, 78, 154–55,
 157*n*275, 160*n*280, 236*n*417,
 301*n*533, 302*n*536, 305, 316–17
 Handbuch for, 47–48, 55–56
 Reichstag group, 100, 107, 110, 231,
 316, 319, 319*n*546, 331*n*563, 332,
 347–48, 354
 bad condition of, 110
 favors war, 344*n*588
 pettiness of, 322
 and SPD, 319*n*546
 struggle against, 316
 Reiff, Adolf, 9, 15, 17–19, 21, 23–24, 27,
 30–32
 Rembrandt, 272
 Revolution
 English, 436
 European, 484–85
 French, 255, 257–58, 284, 366, 436,
 441
 Russian, 186–87, 198, 209, 210*n*357,
 221, 224–25, 227–29, 232,
 234*n*396, 236, 242, 249, 291, 447,
 453, 485
 Rexhäuser, Ludwig Riazanov, 228
Reynard the Fox (Goethe), 411
 Robespierre, Maximilien, 84, 258*n*430
 Rodbertus, 106, 112
 Rojahn, Jürgen, letter preservation,
 xxxviii
 Rolland, Romain, 437
 Beethoven, 462
 Jean-Christophe in Paris, 438
 Romania, 457
 Romanowski, 2
 Roscher, W. G. F., *Political Economy*, 278
 Rosenbaum, Marta, 371, 402, 407, 433,
 448–49, 461, 471
 letter to, 345–46, 370–71, 405–6,
 440–41, 490
 Rosenfeld, Kurt, 270, 289, 298, 305,
 308*n*525, 309, 338, 346, 406, 482,
 490
 letter preservation, xxiv

- Rote Fahne*, xxv, 479–83, 487, 489–90, 492
- RSDRP (Russian Social Democratic Workers Party), 169n286, 327–28
party congress, 227n385, 238, 245n415
and SDKPiL, 161n266
unification congress, 225n383
- Ruben, Regina, 483
- Rück, Fritz, 482
- Rühle, Otto, 491n779
- Rundschau* see Luxemburg, Rosa, articles, “Economic and Socio-Political Review”
- Russia, 166, 212, 216, 225, 371, 441, 444, 452, 454, 484
bled to death, 447, 452
congress of revolutionaries, 169
import data, 21
judicial system, 270–71
Luxemburg’s return from, 236–37
news from, 381, 390, 392, 401, 406, 447, 453, 466
Social Democracy, 170–71, 218, 223–24, 228, 232, 249, 327–28
vs liberalism, 249
tsarist regime’s oppression, 166n278
working class in, 257
- Russian Center for the Preservation and Study of Documents of Modern History, xlv
- Russian revolution, 186–87, 198, 209, 221, 224–25, 227–29, 232, 234n396, 242, 249, 293, 453, 485
donations for, 210n357
Germany vs, 236
vs SPD Party Congress, 447
- Ryazanov, 199, 248
- Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung*, 72, 86, 88n151, 89n149, 95n157, 105n177, 108–9, 111, 143n241, 215n385
editor issues, 92–94
Luxemburg editor of, 88n147, 90
Parvus editor of, 91
Vorwärts sinking to, 217
- Sappho, 399
- Sarchi, 2
- Sarraute, 88
- Scheidemann, Philip, 334n564, 347, 366, 369, 440, 446, 482, 488
- Schiller, Friedrich, 168, 175, 397n655, 412
- Schippel, Max, 100, 105n177, 110, 111n191, 113, 158, 305
Luxemburg’s dispute with, 105n177, 108
- Schirman, 95
- Schlaf, Johann, *Spring*, 449
- Schlisch, Selma, 434n698
- Schmidt, Albert, 100
- Schmoller, Gustav, 279
- Schoenlank, 61, 63, 69, 71, 75, 79, 81–82, 91, 94, 100–101, 104, 106–12, 121, 125, 128, 138, 142
- Scholtyssek, 163
- Schöneberg, 111
- school
party, 256, 265, 267, 270n465, 287, 290, 292, 296–97, 303, 383, 448
shutdown for war, 338–39
vs union, 305
- Schubert, *Limits of Humanity*, 420
- Schüller, Richard, Luxemburg book reviews, 132
- Schulz, Heinrich, 256, 303, 313, 419
- Schulz-Delitsch, Franz Hermann, 353
- Schulze-Gävernitz, 66
- SDAP (Social Democratic Workers’ Party), 185n315, 186n316, 310–11
- SDKP (Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland), 5n10, 16n35, 21n44, 24n48, 29n58, 31n65
- SDKPiL (Social Democracy of Poland and Lithuania), 144n245, 153n265, 156n273, 158n276, 161n282, 169, 171n305, 201n356, 214n381, 215n383, 229n405, 231n408, 234n412, 238n419, 265n457, 273n473, 275n477, 294n515, 299n524, 309n544, 325–24, 340n597, 468n754, 470n760, 476n777
and PPS, 326
and RSDP (Russian Social Democratic Workers’ Party), 161n282
- Il Secolo*, 281–82
- Seeley, Sir John Robert, 352
- Segantini, Giovanni, 247
- Seidel, Alfred, 65, 101, 292n489
- Seidel, Kurt, 292n489

- Seidel, Mathilde, 65, 101, 152
 letter to, 58–60, 84–85, 238, 291–92
- Seidel, Robert, 22, 101, 111
 letter to, 58–60, 64–65, 84–85, 150–52,
 238, 291–92
Arts and Crafts, 151
*Tariffs on Food Products and Social
 Reform*, 146n261
- self review, 138
- Selitrenny, 3
- Semitism, anti, 295
- Servy, Victor, 181
- Sesylulinsky, N. S., letter to, 272
- SFIO (French Section of the Workers'
 [Second] International), 299n508
- Shakespeare, 379, 397–98, 404, 436
- Shaw, Bernard, *The Prodigal Father*, 404
- Shmuilov, 40, 45, 48
- Sigg, Johann, 199
- Simplicius Simplicissimus*
 (Grimmelshausen), 443
- Singer, Paul, 110, 116, 173, 202, 219,
 222, 308n526, 447
- Sismondi, Jean Charles Léonard de,
 182
- Sneevliet, Henk, 310
- Social Democracy, 155–56, 170, 183,
 228–29, 282, 441, 452
 Dutch, 340
 German, 100n168, 121, 154n268,
 155–56, 171, 184–86, 225,
 293n509, 311, 441, 458
 Luxemburg critiques, 362
 good old, 332, 346
 Italy, 282
 Lenin splits, 327
 Lithuanian, 171n305, 231
 Polish, 22n46, 53, 169, 231, 327–28
 Russian, 170–71, 218, 223–24, 228,
 232, 249, 325–28
 vs liberalism, 249
- Social Democratic Library, 206n368
- Social-Demokraten*
 letter to, 325–26, 340–42
 reliable information, 326–28
- socialism, 318, 331, 341
 buried, 333
 crisis of, 333
 disaster for, 473–75
 history of, 303
 Jewishness of, 295
 sacrifice for, 329–30
 strength of, 453
- Le Socialiste*, 143–44
- Solomon, King, 412
- sounds, effect of, 421–24
- Sozialdemokratische Korrespondenz*, 335
- Soziale Praxis*, 221
- Sozialistische Monatshefte*, 87, 109n186,
 162, 207
- Spartacus League, 419n685, 470n759,
 475n773, 479n783, 486n793
- SPD (Social Democratic Party of
 Germany), 30, 54, 57, 60n104,
 61n106, 69n116, 70n118, 89n148
 90n150, 100, 101n171, 108,
 117n198, 119n203, 123, 125,
 129, 133n223, 141–42, 143n241,
 154n268, 155–58, 160n281,
 162n286, 165n291, 172n308, 188,
 192n343, 193n347, 206, 235n414,
 239n419, 291, 301–2, 308n542,
 312n552, 309n544, 316n558,
 318n564, 319n563, 322, 331–32,
 334n582, 337, 339n593, 340n597,
 347, 354, 356, 360n636, 361n638,
 432n697, 443n708, 447n711,
 474n769, 476n779, 477n781
- censorship, 348
- crisis, 347
- election campaign, 157–58
- Erfurt Program of, 206
- Luxemburg critical of, 316n558, 317
- Luxemburg happy with, 356
- miserable state of, 375
- Neue Zeit produced for, 165n291
- positive push for, 117
- and PPS, 133n220, 154–56
- and Reichstag, 319n563
- removes editor Zetkin, 447n710
- and war, 332–34, 432n697
- SPD Executive, 6n13, 7, 47n77, 50n80,
 51, 53n92, 59–60, 71, 86n140,
 90n150, 119, 142n252, 154n268,
 155, 159, 163, 172, 209n371, 210,
 211n375, 214, 235n414, 236, 288,
 294n512, 302–3, 308n543, 321n565,
 322, 325, 332, 330n, 356, 361,
 443n708, 447
 and *Neue Zeit*, 443n708
- SPD Party Congress, 52n86, 53n92,
 67n114, 88n145, 89n148, 94n155,

- 100, 111n192, 116–19, 142n238,
149n258, 150, 155, 161, 172n292,
175n312, 188, 190n342, 191, 196,
205n364, 233n411, 242n426, 265,
266n461, 268, 293n512, 307–8, 313
vs Russian revolution, 447
speeches *see* lectures
Sprawa Robotnicza, 5, 8n22, 9n23,
10–13n, 14n30, 16n35, 17n37,
18–19, 24n, 26–27, 29, 30n61, 31
Spring (Schlaf), 449
spring, 130, 256, 298, 366, 368, 373, 382,
384–86, 385, 390, 400–2, 406, 412,
442, 445, 449–50, 452
vs Bach and Beethoven, 382
Stadthagen, Arthur, 172, 232–33, 363
Stalin, xxvii, xxxiv–xxxvi
Stepniak *see* Kravchinsky
Stoecker, Walter, letter to, 329–30
strategy of attrition, 291n504, 292
strikes, 203, 220, 223, 232, 476n766
à la economics, 178
Chicago, 14n31
garment workers, 5
giant Russian, 381n666
London, 14
mass, 191, 192n344, 205, 235n414,
242, 290, 293, 446
forbid discussion of, 288–89,
290n503, 291n504
Kautsky refuses, 290n503, 291n504,
292n507
mine workers, 210
postal, 221
railroad, 212, 219
Ströbel, Heinrich, 194, 218, 487
Südekum, Albert, 334n581
suffrage, 290n502, 301n533
universal, 14, 224, 274n476, 302
Sunday (Anderson Nexö), 461
Svyatlovsky, *Factory Hygiene*, 95
Sybel, Heinrich von, 284

Tariffs on Food Products and Social Reform
(Seidel), 150n261
Tasso, Torquato, *Jerusalem Delivered*, 472
taxes, 66
teaching, 246, 267n463, 287n494, 303–5
example of, 304
party vs union schools, 305
Teniers, 472

Thalheimer, August, 303, 344, 480–82
Thalheimer, Berta, 448
Thoma, Hans, 379
Thöny, 40
Thornton, William Thomas, *On Labor*,
182
Tocqueville, Alexis de, *The Ancien Regime*
and the Revolution, 284
Tolstoy, Leo, 299, 410
translation, 278
Travels in Italy (Goethe), 460
Trotha, Lothar von, 376
Trusiewicz, 134
Trybuna Ludowa, 222
Tugan-Baranovsky, M. I., 316
Tych, Feliks, letter preservation,
xxxvi–xxxvii

unemployment, 227–28
Unfried, Emil, 485
Union of Polish Socialists Abroad, 19,
29, 51n84
Union of Polish Workers, 24n48
unions, 210, 212, 228, 288
vs Bernstein on, 98n163
co-opted, 348
Party School openings for, 303
possibility of in German Poland, 7
question of, 98–99
schools of, 304
Union of Social Democratic Workers
from the Kingdom of Poland
Abroad, 55n97, 62
universal suffrage, 14, 224, 274n476,
302
universe, 369
Upper Silesia, 52, 54–60, 67–68, 71, 82,
119n203, 121–22, 124, 129n211,
135, 162–63
Luxemburg gains from, 71
Luxemburg longs for, 74
Social Democracy in, 68
workers in, 163
Urbach, 88
USPD, 446, 447n710, 460n736, 482,
487–88, 492
Leipziger Volkszeitung, organ of,
481n786

Vaillant, Marie-Eduard, 311
Vandervelde, Émile, letter to, 294–95

- Vechnyaya Izvestia*, 474
 Vertikow, Otto, 422n692
Volks-Blatt, 94
Volksfreund, 344n610
Volksrecht, 335
Volksstimme, 345
Volksmacht, 47, 61, 142, 155n271, 335n583
 Vollmar, Georg von, 141, 237
Vorwärts, 6–7, 56, 76, 83, 88, 89n148, 90, 94, 108, 110–11, 132–33, 151, 154n268, 167, 192, 210–11, 214, 215n385, 216–17, 221–23, 227, 231, 235, 236n417, 289, 341, 391, 446
 downfall of, 217, 334
 dry facts of, 179
 Krichevsky – Paris correspondent, 140n232
 Luxemburg a regular for, 189, 193–97, 209, 211, 218
 protests against, 211n375
 merely an observer, 186
 “My Fight for Freedom of Speech in *Vorwärts*” (Parvus), 109n184
 occupied by demonstrators, 488
 pettiness of, 322
 Press Commission, 172, 193–95
 reform of, 193–96, 209
 Upper Silesia reporting, 162
Vossin!, 211
Vossische Zeitung, 383
 voter rights/election tactics, 185–87

Wage Labor and Capital (Marx), 101
 Wagner, Richard, 344n610
 Walecki *see* Horwitz-Walecki
 Walkey, 369
 Wallfisch, Hermann, 91, 97, 104, 192
 war, 332–34, 339, 341, 343, 365, 406, 419, 420n688, 421, 442, 445, 457, 463n734, 464, 467n745, 470, 476n779
 demonstrations against, 381n666
 Luxemburg against, 329n577, 331
 Seven Years’, 352
 and SPD, 332–34, 432n697
 SPD favors, 344n606, 360n636
 Thirty Years’, 443
 unavoidable upheaval of, 447
 vision of entirety of, 458
 world, 325n571, 334n581, 335n586, 339n592, 344n610, 345, 365, 420n688, 464, 468n754, 469n757, 470n760, 477n781, 478n782
 Warska, Jadzia, 13, 15, 18, 26, 30, 45, 299
 Warski, Adolf, 7–8, 11–13, 15, 17, 19–20, 23–31, 40–41, 120, 125, 134, 155–56, 201, 299, 310, 315, 327n575, 476
 letter to, 161, 484–85
 letter preservation, xxv–xxvi
 Warszawski, Morek, 8, 31, 158
 Wasner, Otto, 291
 wasp, 388–89, 438, *see also* bumblebee; fly
 Webb, Sidney, 99
 History of Trade Unions, 278
 Weill, Claudie, letter preservation, xxxvii
 Weinberg, Siegfried, 361, 371
Weltpolitik (Parvus), 101, 109, 111
 Wengels, Margarete, 265, 444, 448
 Wesolowski, Bronislaw, 476
 Westarp, Count of, 363
West-East Divan (Goethe), 259n452, 367n650
 Westmeyer, Friedrich, 448
 Wetzker, Heinrich, 90n151, 195
 Wilhelm II, Kaiser, 476n779
 Willemer, Marianne von, 259n452
 Windheim, 94
 Winkler, Alexander, letter to, 346–47
 Winkler, Helene, letter to, 347–48
 Winter, August, 49, 52–57, 60, 63, 67, 69–70, 78, 119, 121–26, 159, 162–64
 stupid meeting, 123–24
 Winter, Mrs., 125, 163
 Wislicka, Flora, 9
 Witold, 201
 Wittrisch, Richard, 344
 Wojnarowska, Cezaryna Wanda, 24–25, 27, 87, 144, 156
 letter to, 143–44
 Wolf, Hugo, 365, 402, 409–10, 431
 Wolf, Julius, 33n67, 48, 61, 67
 Wolf, Theodor, 446
 Wolfstein, Rosi, letter to, 459–60, 465
 Wolny, 60, 70
 women’s movement, 153, 274n476, 480–81, 483
 workday, eight-hour, 13–14
 working class, existence of, 257
 Wullschleger, Eugen, 177

- Wurm, Emanuel, xxxiii, 226, 232, 235,
269, 291, 298, 317, 363, 442
removed from *Neue Zeit*, 443*n*708
- Wurm, Mathilde, xxxi, 298, 411, 434,
454, 483
complications with, xxxii–xxxiii
letter to, 362–64, 373–77, 442–44
Luxemburg critiques, 362
- Yefron, 87
- Zarudnaya-Cavos, Yekaterina, 271*n*468
- Zastrabska, Miss, 129
- Zasulich, Vera, 2, 165
- Zebrak, 25
- Zetkin, Clara, 40, 88, 100, 109–10, 119,
130, 173, 206, 274, 278, 291, 293,
299–300, 317–20, 323–24, 335, 338,
343, 354, 399, 403, 444
letter to, 141–43, 152–53, 236–37,
242–43, 266, 301–3, 312–13,
354–61, 389–91, 444–48, 460,
463–66, 480–85, 487–93
charges against, 168, 357*n*630
editor, 447*n*711
health, 349
letter preservation, xxiv–xxvi
Social Democratic Women of
Germany, 266*n*460
works
“Franz Mehring: On His 70th
Birthday,” 358*n*632
- “One Bit of Socialization,” 485*n*790
- “On the People’s Right to Vote in
Prussia,” 463*n*736
- “The Position of Women
Historically,” 274*n*475,
278*n*481
- “The Revolution—Thanks to the
Women,” Kostya, 290, 338,
358, 361, 365, 391, 403, 460,
464*n*737, 465*n*740
letter to, 238–41, 243–48, 250–51,
270–71, 285–86, 296–301,
306–21, 323–24, 348–50
note of finality in, 286*n*491
books Luxemburg sends, 255
false letters, 285
lectures to prepare, 256
- Zetkin, Maxim, 248, 338, 444–45, 460,
464*n*737, 465*n*740
- Zevaes, 16
- Ziber, 98–99
- Zietz, Luise, 356, 482–83, 488
- Zimmermann, Rüdiger, letter
preservation, xxi–xxii
- Zinoviev, Grigory, xxv
- Zlottko, Gertrud, 241, 245, 250, 256,
259, 271, 278, 340, 379, 386
- Z pola walki*, xxxvi, 139*n*228, 161*n*284,
190*n*340, 200–201, 204
- Zubeil, Fritz, 347
- Zundel, Friedrich, 262, 265, 355, 358,
360–61, 391, 405*n*677, 464