
**Trabajadores Intelectuales:
Contra el nazi-fascismo!..**

12/600-1a4) *Dajal*
M U L

STALINGRADO
corazón del mundo

STALINGRADO
capital del mundo

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Posición del escritor frente al nazi-fascismo

Hay una situación concreta y categórica, exacta, de hecho, rotunda: el escritor es un explotado social. Los que pretenden desconocerlo, no es por ceguera o por torpeza congénita, o de carácter patológico, —porque tan gran enfermedad intelectual conduciría a las clínicas o a los servicios de Beneficencia y nó a las altas tribunas del lenguaje,— es porque los que pretenden desconocerlo, están al servicio de los explotadores. Para tales sombras de sub-hombres, se escribió el axioma tremendo: "existe un ser más miserable que el verdugo, EL SIRVIENTE DEL VERDUGO".

Adentro del régimen de explotación del hombre por el hombre y, planteada la acerba verdad social de la lucha de clases, la ubicación clasista del escritor es ineludible: deberá militar en la trinchera de los pobres del mundo, de los humillados y los ofendidos de la tierra, sus compañeros de infortunio, exaltando y aclamando a sus líderes, porque forma parte SOCIAL de un conglomerado SOCIAL, el de los TRABAJADORES INTELECTUALES.

Ahora, como el nazi-fascismo es la expresión sangrienta, criminal, guerrera y delincuente de la explota-

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H. R. Hays en "MULTITUD"

THE SICKLE AND THE SWORD (1)

The sword sung on the barren heath,
The sickle on the fruitful field.
The sword he sung a song of death
But could not make the sickle yield.

FOR PABLO DE ROKHA

BLAKE.

The sickle and the sword
Clatter in a fiery embrace,
Sparks fly from the blades
Scorching the forest, the earth
Beaten and welded.
The sickle hooks a harvest from the sunrise;
The sword divides the brain,
Discarding pity.
The portents that attend this combat
Shake the statues, tinge the rhetoric of the chamber,
Sing lullabies of bread.

Stripped clean at last,
This flashing mirror holds antiquity,
Orations, landscapes with columns, cinemas,
Parades, the large inclusive gesture
And the anthem—
Man of the West, behold your face.

Was Abel's blood red pearls
And Cain a jeweler
Those glowing drops new blooms
Within that garden—
An appetite that came with killing—
A fatal newfound love—
Or a disease that rotted the Roman,
Scarred the Greek, withered the Spaniard?

Bandage you hearts with words,
Press your eyes to the nipples of your women,
Cut off your ears—
Oh bitter saga, Oh fresco
Spotted with filth!
Oh crawling brother to the toad,
Unclean nit on the tendrils of the earth,
Is death your only architect,
Blood your cement, a torn breast
The cornerstone of your monuments?

The crab
Walks backward, not from choice,
And the illiterate lion
Kills for food.
The dumb moon
Circles the earth
A prisoner of magnetic algebras.
The dung beetle
Rolls his loathsome pill
With procreant intent
But your free science, your perfumed dream
Mumbles its navel,
Murders love,
Constructs its silken heaven out of sand.

The child on hands and knees
Has mercy in its eyes
Its breath, sweet myrrh,
The jewels of its hair
Shine with lost paradise,
In its ripening lips
Chorale and counterpoint that angels use.
Its mildly moving limbs,

Measure of choros,
It sucks a spritual milk,
Green summers, amber dawns.
It has no advocate, no geography.
What will you give it? Your familiar clouds
Are ful of fury, your map distorted
Do you offer stan-shaped sweatmeats
Or a staircase leading backward?

The seed moves toward the light;
The egg cracks with desire
And motion turns to heat.
Movement is choice, the act
Begets its golden progeny.
These sparks dry up
The soothing liquid that you bathe in.
The hero is no more, the girl he rescues,
Celluloid deceit. Rain is wet.
Sun burns the skin.
And hunger clangs its anvils in the mind.

Peter denied the Lord three times.
Is your name Peter?
Or John Doe? Or have you a number?
The cell, the red ooze of life
Rebels, pulsing against the kingdom of numbers.
The single cell, protagonist,
Mute no longer
Claims the diadem, speaks the tirade,
Endured the sorrow and the victory
And coiled within its chromosomes
Are future holidays in marble,
Verse and prose, athletic and large-limbed.

The music of the red star
Invades the soul of the shopkeeper and the banker.
The patient death of young men
Replaces language, philosophy
And interest at six per cent.
Their blood large with history,
This with earth, gay with schoolhouses.

Close the eyes snapped
In death's photography, lay straight
The limbs not meant to be broken;
Cover the face
Young with pain.
Bury in the grave the scandalous patient
Whose malady corrupts our age,
The stone of hunger, the incestuous
Lover of his purse,
The revolver in the heart of the naysayer
Let this be final—
Blueprint of a world
That needs no martyrs and no heroes.

But if death be immortal,
Let it punctuate good prose,
Good hymns — no criminal, no outcast;
Let it come as a man to his dinner,
A wife to her husband.
So let the fruitful field prevail,
The sickle triumph!

H.

R.

H a y s.

(1) La traducción al español irá en el N.º 41.