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LUDICROUS CRY

Hristo Botev

Cry for Paris, the capital of debauchery, of civilisation, the school of espionage and slavery; cry, philanthropists, for the palaces of the dreaded vampires, of the great tyrants – for the monuments to stupidity, to barbarity, built with the severed heads of so many of the Forefathers, of so many great thinkers and poets, with the completely gnawed bones of so many martyrs for the daily bread – cry! – no one can console the mad, no one can tame the wild.

Curse the communists, that ruined your capital and died with words which you consider roguish: freedom or death, bread or bullet! Spit on their corpses and the corpses of those victims of civilisation, who you have embraced and do embrace in the face of their wives, their sisters, their mothers and who today you call furious fornicators, because they still had the strength to pick up arms and escape from the den of debauchery! Cast mud and stones on top of Dombrowski's tomb, because he did not become the servant of some crowned head, but a supporter of a great idea, and with great resolve he stood firmly against the traitors of France and the perpetrators of so many crimes against humanity.

The whole world mourns Paris, the whole world curses the communists, and our poor journalism also kept pace with and wept for the soulless, and cursed the wise. Ludicrous cry! It is as if from Nimrod to Napoleon, from Cambyses to Wilhelm, war does not present the same spectacles, the same purpose for the same means. It is as if Napoleon, in the name of civilization and Wilhelm, in the name of God's providence, did no more evil, more barbarism in the 19th century than, for example, Alexander the Great with his campaigns so many centuries ago. But there is barbarism, there are rebukes and curses, where the slave, the man, when they do not hear his words, his mind, perceives that as an extreme and fights for life and death. insofar as they are afforded the means which are low because they are small and small only because they have been taken away by their masters. Then the man called a robber, fornicator, vile and barbarian! Such were the communists also.

Christianity has its martyrs, until it calls the slave to be "the son of God, the son of man"; there is also the revolution to "make the vagrant a citizen"; there is, and there will be, socialism, which "wants to make man more than the son of God and citizens – not an ideal man, but a real

man, and it is on him that the city depends, not him on the city. Christianity, revolution, and socialism - the monarchy, the constitution, and the republic – they are historical facts and epochs, which will only deny that mind that does not recognize progress in humanity.

The school and the school alone, says Grandma Macedonia, will save Europe from a social coup - the school, the school alone, we repeat, will prepare it for this coup; but not the school of Chrysostom and Loyola, of Wilhelm and Napoleon, but that of Fourier, of Cuvier and Newton, and the school of life.

Communists are martyrs because their struggle for freedom is not important, but the idea of that struggle. "And freedom will have its Jesuits" says Heine.

Now let our journalism hold back its tears as they will be held back in Europe - to mourn other capitals, other barbarities and sufferings, when the slave cries out to his master: who are you, who weeps? Are you a man, a woman, or a hermaphrodite - a beast or a fish? ... And there will be day – the first day.

Превод от български – Шон Фоли