

Life it calls socialism.

This word is understood by everyone here.

The idea of socialism is called to life by the wrath of the oppressed and the enslaved and the highest gift of the human spirit — the feeling of justice and disinterestedness.

* Microbes do not understand this, and the bourgeoisie portion of humanity is also trying not to understand it.

The bourgeoisie is fighting for life.

It calls life all those conditions, in which separate individuals can push forward and seize as much good for themselves as possible.

The weak are crushed underfoot.

And the future?

This is the question for us, comrades.

The proletariat lives with its future.

The bourgeois has his eyes at the back of his head, the bourgeoisie is a dreamer and always in a melancholy mood.

They sigh for the clouds of the past, their Golden Age — somewhere thousands of year ago, —

In ancient Rome, in miraculous Carthage:

Blooming gardens, white marble palaces, transparent lakes, where the fishes are fed with the bodies of the slaves, —

Thus lived the godly merchants, the usurers and the planters with anointed bodies and scented beards.

And millions of slaves in chains on the plantations, in chains underground, in chains in the war galleys and the merchants' booths.

That was heaven.

If only the bourgeoisie would transport themselves there on a time machine ...

The methods of the struggle for life with us and with them is clear.

And so we, Soviet writers taking part as far as our strength will allow, in the building of the foundation of socialism,

We with feelings of disgusted indignation turn to you and say:

To you executioners of Alabama!

To you, ten thousand horsemen, mounted farmers, sons of frightened bourgeoisie.

To you members of the Young Men's Christian Association,

To you bankers fattening on the bloody billions of the war,

To you industrialists and speculators,

To you moralists and ideologists of the Carthaginian heaven, covered up by a counter-foil of the Bible,

To you false leaders of the workers, —

We demand from you: stop the execution of 8 black proletarians!

You are not even fighting, you come as a bandit to cut the throat of a sleeper. Really, one is ashamed to call himself a white man after this

Shame and disgrace will perhaps not stop you?

Your face is covered with the white mask of the Ku Klux Klan,

The principles of morality and humanity are applied by you in relation to the balances and goods imported from the U. S. S. R.

Fear should however stop you.

Make no mistake about it, —

HISTORY HAS A LONG MEMORY.

Bourgeois economics is shaken to its foundations.

The curve of the crisis has gone down a precipice.

The world proletariat has no desire to drag out this devil on its shoulders.

8 Negro workers —

They are your enemies,

But these enemies will to-morrow be stronger than you.

Reflect and may you be seized with fear.

HISTORY HAS A LONG MEMORY.

We demand from you:

Make any hypocritical smile you please and release our black comrades!

WORKERS CORRESPONDENCE

Editor "Negro Worker"
Hamburg, Germany.

June 15th, 1931.
Kroonstad, Free State.
South Africa.

Dear Comrade,

I am writing from Lichtenburg Diggings where I have recently come from the Cape. Here I find African men and women having to go through the Dipping the same as animals, this is supposed to be protection against the outbreak of disease. Naturally the feeling against this thing is very high, both men and women have refused to comply with the order. However some have been sent to jail for disobeying this order.

Despite this, monster mass meetings are being organized to fight and combat this humbug, at the moment Committees are being organized in preparation for the meetings. The people here have not forgotten the strike which we organized in 1928.

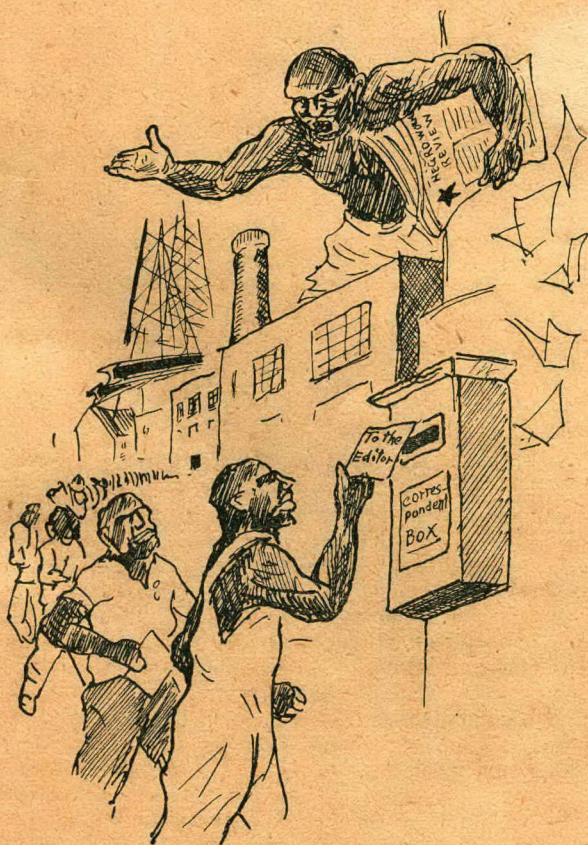
Living conditions at the Diggings are disgraceful. Housing is almost as bad as a pig pen. This state of affairs is carried on by a government of people who are supposed to have two thousand years of civilization behind them. Wages which are worked for, but which in some cases are never paid, are from 7 s. 6 d. to 12 s. per week.

At no place have I found so many herbists and clergymen as there are at the Diggings. Some ministers appear not to have any congregation at all, yet they are here in full force. Then one meets with a number of intellectuals or quasi-intellectuals hanging around the Diggings exploiting the grievances of the people, and taking them into some lawyers, in order to earn some commission which is known as interpretation fee.

The I. C. U. no longer exists here.

The spectacle of the native children is too pitiful for words. There are no schools for them and the whole life is one of misery. Of course it is impossible to describe the complete state of dire poverty in the DIGGINGS.

Fraternally yours, M. K.



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