

I Write As I See

ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET

THE NEW NEGRO

IT HAS frequently been noticed that the Negro in America is developing a new racial type. That is to say, the American Negro of the future will be neither a "white" American,

nor a Negro,—he will be a distinct type, unlike anything to be found anywhere else in the world.

I could say much about this, but I want to emphasize only one aspect of this "new"



Fauset

Negro. This is his intellect.

The new Negro in America has a mind that is as different from that of the old Negro as day is from night. White people are completely baffled when trying to deal with this mind; but so are old Negroes.

The new Negro is characterized by an independence, a daring, a will to live or die which is a far cry from Uncle Tom taking his weekly whipping at the hands of Simon Legree.

The new Negro dares anyone, and especially a white person to claim superiority over him.

The new Negro believes he can out-distance anyone whether it be in the boxing arena, on the gridiron, in the school-room or even in business.

The new Negro is beginning to love the color of his skin and to glory in the wave of his hair. He is proud of his white teeth which flash as he smiles and glad that his ebullient nature safeguards him from hardening of the arteries.

The new Negro is glad he is a Negro, and therefore not under obligation to own the beastly Hitler or the theatrical Mussolini. He is much prouder to be a son of Douglass than a brother of Chamberlain.

The new Negro is catching on to many of the old time Uncle Tom, Rastus types. He laughs at the "would-be" greats, and disdains the chicken-hearted. The new Negro has the spirit of youth and repudiates the scary-rabbit attitude of old-time leaders.

The new Negro still loves joy and a good time, but he is not afraid to fight or even to die. The new Negro wants no hand-outs but he demands what belongs to him.

The new Negro is becoming wiser every day. White people no longer are white gods, and Negro mis-leaders are just as invidious to his soul as any Southern Negro-hater.

The new Negro makes mistakes, naturally. He is impetuous, headstrong, sometimes opportunistic, over-ambitious. But he has red blood pulsing through his veins and his heart is in the right place.

May I suggest, if you are not sure of the kind of new Negroes to which I refer, that you visit John Perdue and his young group known as the West Philadelphia Youth Civic League, 617 N. 43rd street, any Monday night?

I promise you you will come away saying, "Not only is there hope in the new Negro. With such young Negroes as these, the future of our race is assured."

—A Colored Judge—