

Looking at the World From a Woman's Point of View

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Station WMAL broadcasts a program of music. In his introductory of a pianist who was going to play a Negro jazz number the announcer said that "the next selection will show the seams and spirit of the old and the new Negro."—the spirit of the plantation darkey and the Harlem high-brow—but no matter what he is, the Negro is still a Negro." What on earth did that man mean? "THE NEGRO IS STILL A NEGRO." Of course, he is, and so is the Anglo-Saxon, the Indian, the Chinese. The Negro would be a monstrosity if he were born a Negro and turned Chinese or Anglo-Saxon. He can't be anything else, physically, because he is born of flesh and "that which is born of flesh is flesh"—remains the same kind of flesh. But men do not win in this world on flesh. Flesh is incidental—spirit is all.

A man hasn't done anything for himself by simply coming into the world white and the only way he can prove his superiority is by becoming something mentally, morally, and spiritually.

The Anglo-Saxon is the only race on earth that keeps up complaint against men's color and penalizes them for being what God made them. The Anglo-Saxon is the only race that is trying to make white, and not right, the passport into the great world of unlimited opportunity. Men want opportunity; they don't give a straw about their color because after all color is only a matter of taste.

The inference in the statement "no matter what he is, the Negro is, still a Negro," is that it matters not how richly endowed, how well educated, cultured, and useful to human society the Negro may become, he is still inferior to the Anglo-Saxon because he didn't "choose" to be born white. He infers that the white horse is superior to a black horse, regardless of the fact that the black horse won the race. Just being white makes even a white idiot superior to a black solo.

sensible white person subscribes to it. No matter what our color is, we are all children of God. No children of the same Father are innately superior. Since we are all children of God, then all races are heirs of God and no one race is going to hog the earth and get away with it.

The radio is the most sacred discovery man has ever made because it is the most mysterious and far-reaching, and it should not be prostituted to the ungodly business of teaching race inferiority or spreading mischievous propaganda that will generate contempt or antagonism between the races.

Then, from a business viewpoint, Negroes are spending several million dollars a year for radios and other electric. The radio people who are enjoying the generous patronage of the Negro, should observe the ordinary rules of business ethics. One of these general rules is "Never insult your customers." The radio corporations and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ have big opportunities for teaching, without even preaching, goodwill by just doing the natural and fair thing once and a while. We are not asking that the Negroes who have messages of human or general interest in sermon or speech be given the opportunity to deliver them as hundreds of causes are given such chances.

Negroes are funny. On the first

Tuesday in November in New York City Paul Robeson sang for them in Carnegie Hall, and Hubert Delany ran for them in Harlem. They did not support either of them with full appreciation of the far-reaching and deep significance of these two events. White people.

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ple jammed the theatre to welcome Robeson home after his two years of triumph in the concert halls of Europe.

Robeson, proud and appreciative of the music of his own race gave the audience a rich program of "ALL NEGRO MUSIC"—Negro composers, Negro pianist and a Negro singer—something new under the sun. Robeson scored. The great audience encored him again and again. Less than three hundred Negroes, out of the population of over one hundred fifty thousand, in New York City, came to welcome the man who is making a place for the race among the stars. Thank God! Color does not count in art. That audience applauded talent and created a warm atmosphere in which our great baritone sang for his race out of the fullness of his heart.

When a member of the race is out there carrying on gloriously, let's go and cheer him.

A Foolish Complaint

To cap the climax a Negro woman of supposed culture and education said as the concert closed, "It was a fine program, but I am sorry he sang ALL NEGRO MUSIC. He should have sung some classic music for an audience like this." He did sing classic music and several numbers possessed unsurpassed soul quality. It was music written by Burleigh, Brown, Boatner and Cook. The critic is a woman who has her master's degree from a great university, but she hasn't sense enough to sense the deeper significance of that program and the presence of that audience. It meant appreciation for Negro production—the very thing that the Negro woman lacks. To her a program of all Negro music is inferior and unfit for a cultured audience. Poor thing! Negroes like that are really funny. Something has gone to their head.

Up in Harlem on this same day, Hubert Delany ran for Congress. Hubert Delany is capable. Fifteen thousand six hundred Negroes and about thirteen thousand white voted for him. The twenty-three thousand Negroes who registered could have voted for him. Had they voted for their race candidate New York Negroes would have made a most impressive showing. It helps the race to make a most impressive showing in politics. It helps any group. Whether we lose or win, it helps the race when it makes the showing, politically.

Fear United Forces

Delany would not have won had all the Negroes in the twenty-first congressional district voted for him, but if the Negroes in that district present a solid front they can get more respect and more consideration from those who win. Politicians are really afraid of a solid front. If Negroes cannot win office for Negro candidates, they can win respect for their whole group by solidarity of action. Politicians respect and fear numbers when those numbers act together. Politicians use divided forces; they fear united forces.

Then, too, Negroes in Harlem must remember that they are voting to sustain one of the greatest principles in Democratic government—Representation. Win or lose, vote for that fine

principle every time. Geographically, the twenty-first congressional district has a white head and a black body. Regardless of the shape of Harlem District—the upper part white, and the lower part black—Negroes in New York are entitled to one representative in the United States Congress. To get that representative Negroes must put down their pettiness and play the game together. There are enough fair-minded whites in Harlem, who make their living off of Negroes up there, to help them win on the fine principle of fair representation. Together the Negroes of Harlem can win; divided they will continue to lose.

Delany is still running!