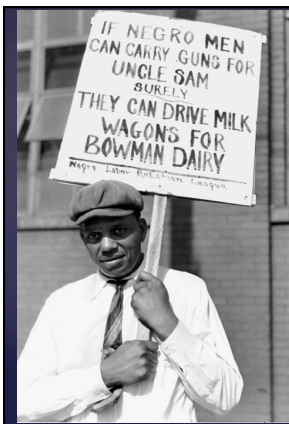




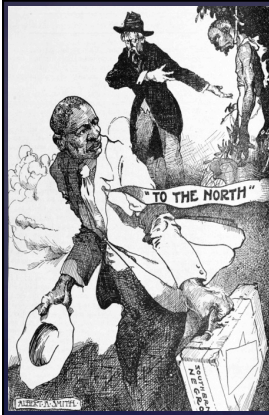
“In the last decade, something . . . has happened in the life of the American Negro . . . [T]he younger generation is vibrant with a new psychology; the new spirit is awake in the masses . . . [F]or generations in the mind of America, the Negro has been more of a formula than a human being — a something to be argued about, condemned or defended, to be “kept down,” or “in his place,” or “helped up,” to be worried with or worried over, harassed or patronized, a social bogey or a social burden . . . [T]he mind of the Negro seems suddenly . . . to be shaking off the psychology of imitation and implied inferiority. By shedding the old chrysalis . . . we are achieving something like a spiritual emancipation . . . With this renewed self-respect and self-dependence, the life of the Negro community is bound to enter a new dynamic phase . . . “

--Alain Locke, “Enter the New Negro” (1925)



THE NEW NEGRO

- Unconventional
- Assertive
- Liberated
- Educated
- Outlandish
- Self-centered
- Fun-loving
- Independent
- Risk Takers



"[The Negro] has never created for himself any civilization. He has never risen above the government of club. He has never written a language. His achievements in architecture are limited to the thatched roof hut or hole in the ground. No monuments have been built by him . . . In truth, he has never progressed, save and except when under the influence and absolute control of a superior race. "

-U.S. Senator for Mississippi, James K. Vardaman, 1910

The South --Langston Hughes

The lazy, laughing South
With blood on its mouth.
The sunny-faced South,
Beast-strong,
Idiot-brained.
The child-minded South
Scratching in the dead fire's ashes
For a Negro's bones.
Cotton and the moon,
Warmth, earth, warmth,
The sky, the sun, the stars,
The magnolia-scented South.

Beautiful, like a woman,
Seductive as a dark-eyed whore,
Passionate, cruel,
Honey-lipped, syphilitic—
That is the South.
And I, who am black, would love her
But she spits in my face.
And I, who am black,
Would give her many rare gifts
But she turns her back upon me.
So now I seek the North—
The cold-faced North,
For she, they say,
Is a kinder mistress,
And in her house my children
May escape the spell of the South.

Strange Fruit

(Louis Allen-lyrics/music)
(Billie Holiday-vocals)

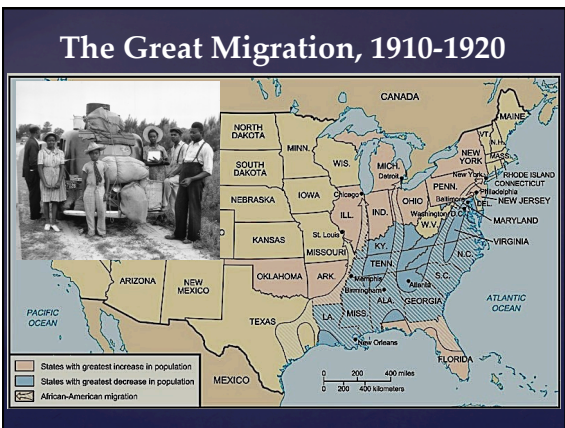


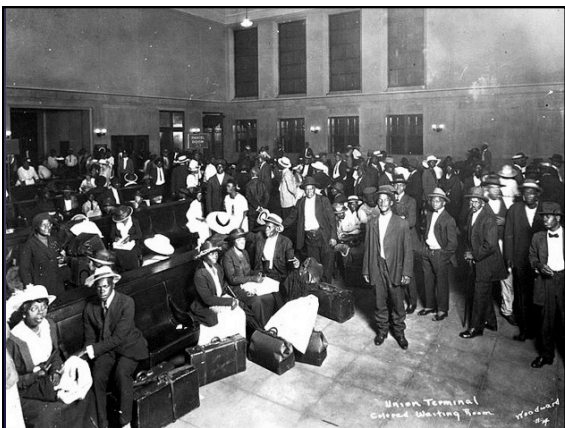
Southern trees bear strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,
Black bodies swinging in the southern
breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar
trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant south,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh,
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

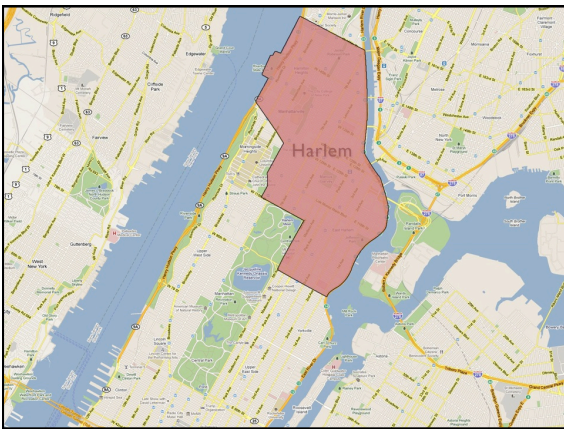
Here is fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

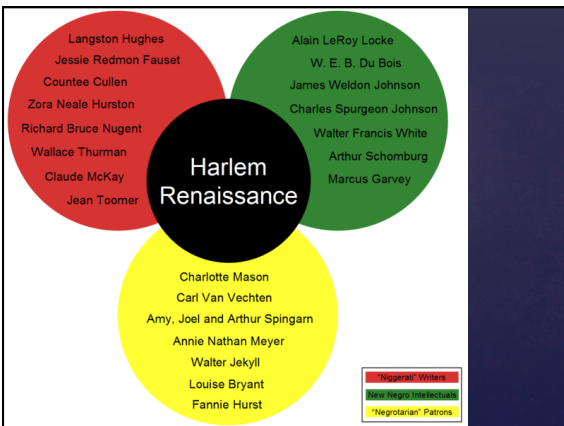














Most of my work depicts events from the many Harlems that exist throughout the United States. This is my genre. My surroundings. The people I know . . . the happiness, tragedies, and the sorrows of mankind . . . I am part of the Black community, so I am the Black community speaking."

--Jacob Lawrence
