



---

PUBLISHED BY THE AFRO-AMERICAN CLUB OF SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

---

23 November 1971

My brothers and sisters,

SPECIAL NOTICE\*\*\*SPECIAL NOTICE\*\*\*SPECIAL NOTICE\*\*\*SPECIAL NOTICE\*\*\*SPECIAL NOTICE\*\*\*SPECIAL NO

An emergency meeting of the Afro-American Club will be held next TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30th at 1:00pm in Room 12, Archer building. Subject of meeting: "The Afro proposal for Director of Black Student Affairs." We urge all the Afro students who possibly can, to attend this very crucial meeting.

\*\*\*\*\*

In 1972.....Terrance H.E. Purnell

When Blacks are imprisoned in ghettos and jails such as Soledad in California and Attica in New York and

When Black men, women and children are brutalized daily by men who by their actions have earned the epithet "Pig" and

When there is no responsible recourse for Blacks but the hat-in-hand begging of so-called Negro leaders and

When Blacks like George Jackson must serve an indefinite sentence for a seventy dollar robbery and

When Blacks like Angela Davis can be imprisoned for being Black, advocating justice and freedom for her people and

When Blacks say "enough!" and stand ready to back their decisions with fire and funerals

What justifies a Flip Wilson?

\*\*\*\*\*



THE NEW US

I am the New  
 I wear my hair  
 I am proud of my  
 I am no longer thought of as  
 For I need no one but my  
 He is also new ---- He is also proud  
 He no longer has illusions of a white woman  
 He is proud of my  
 He is no longer suppressed by his emotions  
 He has no fear  
 He knows not of evil  
 For he is my  
 He no longer restrains his love for me  
 For he is not a new-born soul  
 But merely an old soul being born again  
 Together we will produce a new image  
 Together we will find happiness  
 Together we will dare to love  
 We are the New Black

Black Woman  
 Natural  
 Black Skin  
 Dirt  
 Black Man  
 Black Beauty  
 Black Man  
 Man and Woman  
 ----- Diane Holmes

IF WE MUST DIE

If we must die --- let it not be like hogs  
 Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,  
 While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,  
 Making their mock at our accursed lot.  
 If we must die --- oh, let us nobly die,  
 So that our precious blood may not be shed  
 In vain; then even the monsters we defy  
 Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!  
 Oh, Kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;  
 Though far outnumbered, let us show brave,  
 And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow!  
 What though before us lies the open grave?  
 Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,  
 Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

----- Claude McKay



BLACK WARRIORS SPEAK:

Submitted by Earl D. Carrick

"When Europe was inhabited by a race of cannibals, a race of savages, naked men, heathens and pagans, Africa was peopled with a race of cultured black men, who were masters in art, science and literature; men who cultured and refined; men who, it was said, were like gods...Why, then, should we lose hope? Black men, you were once great; you shall be great again. Lose not courage, lose not faith, go forward..."

Marcus Garvey

\*\*\*\*\*

T.H.E. Purnell - Editor