

Rally of Righteousness To Motor City Revolution

by Angelo Lewis

... And there came Thursday with its quiet rain. For once awake early alive into the world, Gazing intently through the open window, Mind message in black thought, Concepts moving in mental universe, Gazelle grazing on an open field, Nibbling on the flowers of a timeless wisdom. The wisdom of teachers long since gone.

& what wisdom to move minds? This being the last attempt at education. Please pry your ears loose & listen. For our projections are real & true. Conceived in all seriousness, Practical, pristine & pure. In this burning country of America. Where justice is a deviant thing, & the wrath of the wretched is taking form.

We had dealt in open channels. Parliamentary type procedure. Visiting regents & shaking hands. Explanation. Tireless explanation. Wanting commitment to a concept. Realization of a goal. Black studies in a white world. Whiteness of chalk with blackness of blackboard. To make this a relevant university. Linked up to the Third World. Everyday people everywhere. Community of armed love. Reaching the roots of everything.

& the speakers came to speak. Lights & newsmen in the flow. Open minds sprinkled through closed channels. Counter-revolutionaries in the mainstream. Berets with Greek letters. Arrows of optic hate & wrongeous indignation.

Media cannot message unmovable minds. Televisions can program but not inspire. Still the masses remain stagnant. They being the middle class. They being the apple pie majority. To speak is to stir emotion.

White readicals as products of disillusionment. Fighting the forces of mental oppression. James O'dell as much better than most. Having lived the changes. Having fought the war. Revolution as no-nonsense solution. Grasping the pulpit to speak the word.

Speaking specifically to white students. Time to get out of your western bag. Black studies as benefitting white students, & why the blacks can't wait. Obligation of whites to support the black students. Blacks being at the vanguard of the thing. Making the changes shape the school.

Samuel Schley with an approach to reason, & yes we're dead serious about this thing. Education as relevant to the black experience. Give the people up... unto themselves. Give unto them... what is rightfully theirs, & so as for there to be no mistake. Let them mold their concepts into a university. Give them a chance to fulfill their needs.

Le them move. AT THE VANGUARD OF THE THING.

Angelo as outlining an underlying philosophy. We must attack the structure of the thing. That structure being decadent & corrupt. The problem being America. "America is dying & we're here to help it die." & die it must. To create our own structure. Of integrity & perspective. Black studies as an attempt at structure, & are there any questions?

White students responding. Some even rejoicing. Laughter & aura of revolution. Theater in the streets. Applause & faces smiling. Greeks with cold stares through the thunder. Righteous thunder rolling on.

Schley unto the podium, "Happy Day" upon the airwaves. Clapping hands & preaching politics. Happy Day! Happy Day! Revolution into the streets. Day of righteous anticipation. Celebration of armed love.

James O'dell speaking of white participation. Mobilize & move toward victory. For the betterment & enrichment of all, James being a man of merit. Deserving the respect of all.



Sam Schley

Knowing What Cannot Be Known

by Bill Clement

In our society, man's only protection at times seems to be his ignorance. By knowing, he is confronted with realities often confusing, often unbearable, and therefore, appearing hostile to his very existence. Knowing does not necessitate understanding, and understanding does not necessitate knowing. Man is constantly being bombarded with ideas, with new and alien philosophies which he does not understand, and many times in attempting to understand, he loses that which he was trying to comprehend. During the campaign of Senator McCarthy last year, a fatalistic reality appeared -- a reality which was hostile to the very essence of the campaign. For without realizing it, without even awareness of its approach, the campaign lost its distinctive feature of being a voice for delicate issues and ideas, and became, instead, the arguing ground for personalities. Senator McCarthy became the key discussion, his whims and behaviors, his lack of enthusiasm, and other traits, as his political philosophy which shook the establishment slowly became imbedded in silence and loneliness. Vietnam became not the issue of the man -- but the man.

This radical change from perspectives to personalities which destroyed in all reality the McCarthy campaign has repercussions, regrettably, within the debate over the proposals of the Afro-Am society. Man is a finite creature, as is his personality, but the ideas of man, the philosophy which he endorses is infinite. Personalities are not at issue here, just as they were not relevant to the campaign of last year. However, just because an issue is irrelevant, does not mean that it cannot be relevant, that it cannot hold destructive properties, since its irrelevancy is not always combatable by the intelligence, and in most cases it is not. Personalities are merely the product of a changing behavior, of a behavior in a constant state of tension over the limitations of the self and of his environment; whereas, the beauty of an idea is its consistency. The members of this academic community -- if we are accurate in labelling it such -- cannot allow themselves to be concerned with individual's personalities in the presentation of the proposals, we cannot allow ourselves to be influenced negatively by the tones used by various members of our Black community whether they are considered hostile, unflexible, demanding, or whatever. The issues are what must be, and must continue to be the primary concern of all students in the atmosphere which can only be relevant, which can only be justified if it encourages the students to think -- and not to memorize, not to be a passive tool of information transplanting. The role of a student must be an active role, or else the function of the University has failed, and there is many a justifiable reason in believing so. I was a member of the McCarthy "children's crusade" both here in Connecticut, and in New Jersey, and finally in Chicago, and I saw too alarmingly the damage that befalls any movement when the issues, which are the primary concern, become secondary to an individual's personalities.

At one time I considered myself not only sympathetic with the cause of the Black community, but quite erroneously, one-in-the-same with them. I learned ever too quickly that I was wrong. I am white -- I am ashamed at times to be white -- but nevertheless, I am white. And whiteness is not only a texture, but it is also an education, a philosophy, a total commitment to a certain ideology and a certain way-of-life. My world is not their world, my home is not their home, and my train of thought, of expression is not similar to theirs. The most that I can ever hope to obtain, that any white student can ever hope to obtain is a feeling, ever so slight, of the basic foundation upon which the Black existence was structured. Considering again my earlier analogy of the McCarthy campaign, those of us who became the victims of abuse, the abuse of a cold, hostile, unmovable machinery can partially sympathize with the Black movement. We struggled, but were suppressed. We sought to change a society which would ultimately only change us, that would imprison us in anger and helplessness. However, this experience, this defeat which we were unaccustomed to perceive, and ultimately to receive was limited in feeling to the temperaments of our individual constitutions. We would ultimately recover, to regain a confidence in the future which we really cannot change. However, for the Blacks, every day is one of Chicago, every day is one of a hostile, unknowable machinery grinding away at their very existence which they are struggling to maintain. Who are we to say from our limited awareness of the hostility upon which our society has constantly regenerated itself that these proposals are not necessary, that they are not functionally a part of this University. Who are we to incorporate our individual selfishness upon an institution dedicated to the instruction of knowledge, of thought, and more importantly of reality. This selfishness exists because the University has failed. When individuals begin to question the relevancy of a program as dynamic as the one under consideration, a program so new and different, then the University has failed. It has failed in that the students are not students, they are not a microcosm of the total beauty of awareness upon which an academic of higher learning is structured. They are merely existing machines coldly adapting to programmed education -- unable to comprehend, to discover, to learn. These programs are needed desperately, simply because their relevancy is questioned. They are needed so that a more total awareness can be learned, so that individuals can become students once again. These programs are needed, they are needed both for the Blacks,



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and for the Whites. These programs are limited in that the total Black awareness can never be understood, the emotional climate which the Blacks have endured will always be their living testimony to our society unknown by us -- an existence where Chicago has existed for three hundred years.

Are the proposals that difficult to understand from the eyes of a student. It seems to be. The art of reasoning has been sacrificed for malicious memorization forced upon students by teachers who are in cases incompetent. Consider the arguments constantly being voiced against the proposed Black dormitory. If we can live in an otherwise all-white dormitory quite compatibly for four years, why can't the Blacks. If we, the white element of this stagnant academic community, can isolate ourselves in a dormitory with a few Blacks for relief, why can't the Blacks have their own dormitory with a few whites for relief. How many of the white students who have been raising such violent objections to the proposed dormi-

tory structure, have ever considered themselves to be the only white student in an all-black dormitory. How would they like to be the one that stands out within a crowd. Why should we be allowed our own segregationist policy, though not necessarily ever having to fight for it, and not the Blacks, although what they desire is not segregation, but autonomy, which I'm sure the Whites can never comprehend, since their autonomy has never been threatened. In other words, if I must quote from the Bible, why can we only perceive the splinter in our Brother's eye, and not the beam in our own. Review the proposals, review them objectively, review them as a student for once in your life without having a professor explain everything that has to be explained. Learn to think,

not memorize. Review them from an attitude from wanting to learn, from wanting to try to feel what one cannot feel, from knowing, what cannot really be known. Go that one step further -- think.

