



God and the Revolution

An Invitation to Consciousness

by the Unknown Scholar aka Eldridge Cleaver, the Conscious One aka Bobby Seale, and the Righteous One aka Huey Newton

The writers of 360 will be putting on two events this month. The first is a tribute to those few individuals that put their life on the line and in many cases, gave their life to destroy our society's tendencies of narcissistic, imperialistic, chauvinistic, racist, exploitative, backstabbing, materialistic, lustful, superficial, judgmental, eurocentric behavior. These people include any one from Jesus Christ to Kwame Ture (formerly Stokely Carmichael). At this event there will be students representing organizations including the Young Black Males Support Network and the N.A.A.C.P. as well as a number of others. In essence the participants in this event will be talking about one who they feel has contributed to social change and improvement. For example, the Conscious One will be speaking about Kwame Ture, Penstroke I.B.P. about Malcolm X, and the Righteous One about John Brown. Also on hand will be Dr. Abron from the English Dept. who will be discussing Ella Baker, who played a key role in the founding of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) an organization to which the likes of Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, and James Forman belonged. Dr. Haight from the history dept. will be speaking briefly about Steve Biko, the South-African activist whose ideas of consciousness are still revolutionary today and have yet to be completely embraced. We encourage you to join us in paying tribute to the revolution in general and these and other revolutionaries in particular. We also encourage you to speak at this event. If you think someone may get overlooked feel free to pay them tribute yourself. We will open the floor at the beginning of the event for this purpose. We will be getting *see God & Rev on back*

NOW WHAT? "The Purpose of Black Fraternities and Sororities"

by Musa Tawwab-Abdullah aka Penstroke I.B.P.

The years have been good to me. I have witnessed the rise and fall of organizations, I have witnessed the start and finish of a revolutionary front on the campus, and I have seen the resurgence of spiritual faith on the campus of WMU. I would say that I am somewhat of an authority on campus life. With that said, I will address the issue of **NOW WHAT?** when in reference to the fraternities and sororities.

I, myself, am an eight year veteran of a fraternity and I am disenchanted with the representation of the Black fraternities and sororities on the campus and in the community. We even have two more fraternities back at WMU but I still feel the necessity to ask, what the hell are you going to do with the limited power you possess? Don't get me wrong; I appreciate the aspect of you being pledged and learning the inner workings of your respective organizations but then what? I have yet to feel the influence of these Black organizations on the campus or community. Are we outdated? Because of this new diverse frame of thinking, are we obsolete? Is our purpose no longer a purpose? We, as members of these organizations, must seek the answer to these questions. I have yet to hear about diligent efforts of these organizations on the campus or within the community. Save the bull--- about the campus never noticing the good. If you wanted the campus and community to be aware of the good you do then you would do enough to be recognized. The fact is, fraternities and sororities are so busy trying to be elite, self-centered, phat steppers, female and male whores, gossips and runners of the yard. Wake up people, **NOBODY RUNS THE YARD!!!** We are just running our mouths and making ourselves believe that we are actually doing something. I was the MC at the Whitney Young Scholars Presentation. We acknowledged 3 students for their outstanding work in the community. One of these people was John Tolbert. This one man had a list of accomplishments in the community that was impeccable and wonderful to hear. If this one man could accomplish these things and get recognized by an organization other than NPHC, IFC, or NPC, how in the hell can't the 8 organizations on this campus gain the same type of recognition? If you "elite" organizations would get up off your horses, quit talkin' s--- and make a difference then maybe people would stop callin' you to do step shows and call you to make a change in the community. Locally, the fraternities and sororities suck. I hear so much about your social functions but not a peep about your community services. If you put half as much energy into the publicity of your community help as you do your parties, the president of the university would have no choice but to come out to them. If you want social change take y'all petty ass's over to the SOCIAL Work department and talk to Don Cooney, Linwood Cousins, Danielle Wozniak, and Susan Weinger. These people would scare your lazy asses away with REAL social welfare issues that are pertinent in the community and in the country. We are in a state of emergency and in order to pull ourselves out of these murky depths we must prove our self-worth. As of late we haven't been doing that and we've been lookin' real cruddy!

In conclusion, the **AURORA** that lights the sky surrounding the **CRESCENT** moon shines brightly upon the mystic **SPHINX**. The **PYRAMIDS**, with their **IVY** covered bases are filled with the secret **SCROLLS** that are read by **ARCHONIANS** by the light of the **LAMPS**.

Remember that when you put more into your social events than your community services.

The NAACP is sponsoring a shopping trip to Michigan City with road accommodations supplied. The cost is \$10, and will be taking place on Saturday March 20 from 10am to 6pm. For more info e-mail us kwu360@hotmail.com

History cont. Every decision, no matter how insignificant or trivial, was made after taking into account larger society's response or reaction. And while physical aspects of this holocaust are gone; Black Codes, etc., the psychological effects are still prevalent. It has been 100 years since the end of the African holocaust and we still have not come to the realization or the consciousness that we are equal to other great civilizations. This mental form of slavery has dwarfed our motivation, perception, and aspiration. It has also simplified the existence of spirituality and nullified the purpose of the soul. As Carter G. Woodson states in his book The Mis-Education of the Negro, "If you control a mans mind, you don't have to worry about his actions."

Let's fast forward to February 1999 when we will celebrate black history in much the same way we worship on Sunday morning; February will be the only time many of us embrace our culture just as going to church is the only time many of us remember we are Christian. February has become the time when we want to be called by our African names, we find it aesthetically pleasing to bring out our Kente cloths, dig out our African artifacts, all while proving to our co-workers that we are Pro-Black but non-threatening at the same time. Our actions show that we as African-Americans are still behaving subordinately to larger white society just like our ancestors.

Know thy self, accept thy self, love thy self. These are the key elements in building a truer foundation of African-American history and culture. It is time that we use this month to redefine our culture without the help or approval of larger, white society. Although we as different races and cultures can peacefully co-exist, our existance should not be dictated by those outside our culture. It is ours and we are free to express it in the way we see fit. We should not have to worry, let alone think about someone elses reaction to our action. We as African-Americans can celebrate our culture everyday, free of restraints instead of under someone elses conditions or time limitations. When we do this we will be free in body and mind, infinitely.

Jefferson cont. Sally Hemmings sacrificed her Black body for the sake of freedom for her children. It was one of millions of sacrifices that Black women made to maintain our people and our families. Sally Hemmings knew that the only way she would be able to break the chains of bondage for her family would be to accept the bargain Jefferson presented to her, and have faith that he would uphold his end of it. In that manner, the sexual relationship between Jefferson and Hemmings may not have been one where Jefferson had to force himself on her. However, my belief is that Sally Hemmings would not have entered this relationship voluntarily without that bargain.

The Righteous One's aka Huey Newton's Poetry Selections out of respect for Black History (Month)

Another February has come around which means that people everywhere will be aesthetically taking part in the rituals that accompany "Black History Month". McDonalds will be airing commercials "honoring" Black History, as will Budweiser and probably General Motors. Ironically these same businesses have in one way or another contributed to stagnation and complacency that plagues Americans today. And when February passes, these commercials won't air again until next February. So one must ask, whose interests are these companies protecting by airing these commercials? If they were protecting yours they would do more than air a commercial, they would be pumping money into the Black community or investing in Black business in some way or another. Black History Month has become a commercialized, aesthetically pleasing, artificial celebration of a tradition so rich in achievement, culture, and pride that to even think that a commercial or some sort of two hour celebration is enough to honor it is an insult to every Black person or person of African descent (all of us)! So I have selected a couple poems that will bring this time of year back to its essence, or at least one aspect of it. At the same time, we at 360 feel as though we have been too compromising in our ideas, theories, and so forth. Thus these poems serve as our wake-up call and a reminder why we began writing 360 in the first place.

To the White Friends by Claude McKay

Think you I am not fiend and savage too?
Think you I could not arm me with a gun
And shoot down ten of you for every one
Of my black brothers murdered, burnt by you?
Be not deceived, for every deed you do
I could match- out match: am I not Afric's son,
Black of that black land where black deeds are done?
But the Almighty from the darkness drew
My soul and said: Even thou shalt be a light
Awhile to burn on the benighted earth,
Thy dusky face I set among the white
For thee to prove thyself of higher worth;
Before the world is swallowed up in night,
To show thy little lamp: go forth, go forth!

BLACK ART by AMIRI BARAKA

Poems are bullshit unless they are
teeth or trees or lemons piled
on a step. Or black ladies dying
of men leaving nickel heart
beating them down. Fuck poems
and they are useful, wd they shoot
come at you, love what you are
breathe like wrestlers. or shudder

strangely after pissing. We want live
words of the hip world live fresh &
coursing blood. Hearts Brains
Souls splintering fire. We want poems
like the fists beating niggers out of jocks
or dagger poems in the slimy bellies
of the owner-jew. Black poems to
smear on girdlemamma mulatto bitches
whose brains are red jelly stuck
between 'lizabeh taylor's toes. Stinking
Whores! We want "poems that kill".
Assassin poems, Poems that shoot
guns . Poems that wrestle cops into alleys
and take their weapons leaving them dead
with tongues pulled out and sent to Ireland.
Knockoff poems for dope selling wops or slick
half white politicians Airplane poems, rrrrrrrr
rrrrrrr... tuhtuhtuhtuhtuhtuh tuhtuhtuh
.....rrrrr.....Setting fire and death to
whities ass. Look at the Liberal
Spokesman for the jews clutch his throat
& puke himself into eternity...rrrrr
There's a negroleader pinned to
a bar stool in Sardi's eyeball melting
in hot flame Another negro leader

kneeling between the sheriiff's thighs
negotiating coolly for his people
Aggh... stumbles across the room..
Put it on him, poem. Strip him naked
to the world !
Another bad poem cracking
steel knuckles in a jewlady's mouth
Poem scream poison gas
on the beasts in green berets
clean out the world for virtue and love,
Let there be no love poems written
until love can exist freely and
cleanly. Let Black People understand
that they are the lovers and the sons
of lovers and warriors and sons
of warriors Are poems & poets &
all the loveliness here in the world

We want a black poem. And a
Black World.
Let the world be a Black Poem
And Let All Black People Speak This
Poem
Silently
or LOUD