

Black tap

## A Midsummer Nightmare

The sun had set; and the sky was the darkening orange color of almost-dusk. It was beautiful- and it's beauty collided with the filth and ugliness of the neighborhood. It seemed to me then, that maybe God had done this just to mock me - God had played a dirty joke on everyone in the ghetto. Still, I marveled at the beauty of the ever-darkening sky. A couple more drags on the joint and even the dirt around me would'nt look so bad.

This would be a beautiful evening. It was warm ( maybe just a little too humid); it was early; and I was already high. Tojo and Moss, two of my best friends, had ducked into the vestibule at '41 (6241- an adress) while Sweet Man and I stood outside on the porch, watching to see who came, and waiting for Moss to roll a couple more. From some apartment overhead, we could hear a phono playing at top volume. "Damn, that sounds good!", I said. "Look here," I said to Sweet Man, "Let's find us a party and some bitches, man. 'Cause I could stand a good piece of time".

Damn you Gerry; fuck a party! Is pussy all you ever think about?" Sweet man was joking, 'cause if there was ever a person who thought about nothing but "pussy", it had to be Sweet. "Goddamn right it's all I ever think about." I answered. "Me too, man," said Sweet, and we both laughed. "But wait till I get some up" smoke and something to drink, I'd like to get high". "Shit man, you probably can't stand up straight as it is".

Sweet Man was a "pretty boy" type, he liked nice things, and spent most of his time and money (he always seemed to have some) on expensive looking clothes. He was always the pace setter. He had nice features, strong and Black, and the most together "Afro" I'd ever seen. To the ladies, he was a "lover". I had always done sell enough with the ladies myself, but with Sweet things always seemed so much easier. I can remember being at parties and watching Sweet laying his rap on some young bitch. He would catch me digging him and break into a grin. Almost invariably, the broad would think he was smiling a compliment at her. We both would laugh inside, knowing that he was really handing the girl a bunch of corny bullshit, specifically designed to persuade her to give up some trim.

At just that moment the door creaked open and Tojo beckoned us inside, "C'mon in little brothers". The hallway smelled of human urine, burning marijuana and a hodge-podge of other mixed and indiscernible odors. A small dim light bulb hung down from the once white now grey ceiling. The paint on the walls (the original color was indeterminable under the dirt) was peeling and the plaster was cracked. Moss had already lit the other joint and was now inhaling the intoxicating fumes into his lungs. We passed joints and smoked till all of us could barely see, and still we had some reefer left. Moss let what was left of the grass remain in the folded envelope and handed it to Sweet Man. Sweet decided that he couldn't handle any more, so he tucked the envelope in the heel of his shoe. "Damn man", said Tojo, "I sho' need a drink". He pulled a fifth of Richard's from his back pocket, and we all killed it without hesitation.

"I'm fucked up", I said, "let's find a party so I can jan". "Hell yeah, I'm up for party too", said Moss.

Sweet Man had already opened the door and was stepping out onto the porch where we had stood a while earlier. "Hey yall", Sweet yelled, "check that on the corner". We all looked, to find out what had elicited such a reaction in Sweet. I suppose I half expected to see some fine hen a short dress, who Sweet would approach and try to seduce. I was more than a little taken aback when I saw a small framed boy, (at least he looked like a boy from where we stood) waiting for the light to

change. He had longer than usual hair that hung like a mop down his small face, and very fair skin, almost the color of a newly born piglet. "A paddy boy!" I said aloud.

"Let's kick his ass and take his money", somebody said, I didn't notice who. "Aw man, the motherfucker's prob'ly busted. "Look he's wearing rags".

"That don't mean shit, all gray dudes dress sloppy, even rich ones".

"He prob'ly got geogobs o' dough, man". "We could get some more wine befo' the party".

The young man was wearing an un-ironed, dingy plad cotton shirt. He had on a pair of black Levi's with white socks and dirty blue canvass shoes. He also wore Black horn-rimmed glasses and locked, in shrt, typically white.

"Goddamn", said Sweet, "you cats always want to fuck with somebody. I say leave the sorry looking dude alone. Hell, I'm already high, man; why bother the dude?" "Let's just slide to the set and grab some ladies and mellow down. I wish I hadn't showed the cat to you jive ass mops".

But by this time the rest of the dudes were determined to kick a hole in the ass of the white cat's pants, and to take whatever money he had. All this while, the white fellow stood rather stupidly on the corner, looking sort of scared, sort of lost, and very noticeably alone, waiting for that light. We walked to the corner and accosted the poor dude before the light changed. "Hey man," Moss said very threateningly, "where you live at?" The cat answered, somewhat too politely and in a very nervous voice, "Oh, I-I'm from the Northside. I'm just passing through".

"Yeah?" said Moss "Well what the fuck you doing around here?" "I'm just passin' through, man", the cat said again. The grilling continued, with the young white man growing visibly more afraid every second. "Let me hold a couple o' bills, man" said Tojo. "Look fellows, I really don't have any money". "You know we oughta kick yo' monkey ass!" Tojo said, very threateningly now.

Meanwhile, Sweet was just laying back, digging the proceedings but taking no active part. True to the indication of his earlier's statement, Sweet Man wanted no part in 'fuckin' with' the cat. Maybe that's why I dug Sweet. He was cool; really a regular dude, never went out of his way to cause trouble unnecessarily. Yet, he took care of himself.

"Look you guys, I'm not looking for any trouble". The dude was scared and almost shaking. "What you say motherfucker?" Tojo said, starting to move forward. It was clear that Tojo was about to handle the cat, but before anyone was really close enough to swing on him the white boy bolted across the street and left on running.

We weren't about to chase him. Everyone was too high, and feeling too mellow to bother. The whole thing seemed terribly funny to me, at the time. "Did you see the punk ass motherfucker's face when he thought he was going to get hit? I thought he was gonna shit in his pants!" Everybody laughed. Everybody except Sweet Man. He just said "Let's go find Boo and see what's hap ening at that party". "yeah" "That's a hip idea, let's go". The idea did sound beautiful at the moment. We started to walk toward Boo's place. I'd get to the set, and grab some sweet young hen. Maybe it would be Stella, a girl I used to go with a year or two ago. We'd jam a while (jamming was my thing; I could rap, then we could lay back a while, so I could rap, then after the function, who knows.

It was too late when I looked around and saw the squad car cruising behind us. The white cat we had approached was in the back seat pointing. I could almost hear him saying "There they are; they're the ones". The blue squadcar pulled up alongside us. A huge, leathery-faced,

swearing gun-totin' white cop just c. out. "All right" he growled "all of you over there. Hands up, face the wall. Spread them legs apart. C'mon you bastards know the procedure; you've all been through this before". I glanced at the squad car, noticing beneath the blue star a caption reading, "I SERVE AND PROTECT". I turned around; we looked at each other and immediately we all knew what was on each other's minds: "They can't search Sweet Man. He's got the shit. They could give him twenty years in the place. He ain't had nothing to do with that puny motherfucker anyway".

We were standing in front of corner building. The officer lined us up facing the wall. I was on one end; Sweet was at the other, with Tojo and Moss in between.

Officer Redneck started to search to first. I wondered silently how Sweet would get out of this mess. I wondered what would happen as Big Red worked his way down the line to Sweet. "Damn" I thought "C'mon Sweet Baby think of something fast. You've always managed to elude trouble before. C'mon Sweet Man."

"All right" said Redneck "take your shoes off". "All man, for what huh? Tell me for what. What the hell can I carry in my damn shoes huh?" A gun. I was stalling for time. "C'mon Sweet!" I bent over to unlace one shoe and out of the corner of my eye I saw Sweet Man take off. I was afraid to turn my head or look directly at him; that might attract Redneck's attention which was still focused on me. I looked up just as Sweet reached the corner of the building. If he could just make it around the corner they could send out the whole damn police force; nobody on it could begin to catch Sweet Man. "Come on, Sweet. C'mon". All of a sudden. POW! POW! Sweet kept running! POW! POW! Sweet stopped and stood perfectly erect. POW! Sweet Man toppled forward to the ground. Redneck hadn't moved. I shot a fast dash at the squad car and immediately understood what had happened. Big Red's partner was standing in the street with his black barreled revolver drawn and smoking. Again that paddy motherfucker was pointing his accursed knotty appendage. "Sweet Man!" I yelled. But Sweet was already dead. The three of us just stood there. Nobody said anything, nobody could. We watched as the Police ambulance pulled up and they tossed Sweet's corpse inside. (We watched as the ambulance pulled off into the night.) Then we watched as the two officers got back into their squad car and pulled away taking that white boy with them. Finally we just stood there alone thinking about the pretty way Sweet had taken Jones to the hoop yesterday. We thought about how he was the first one to fuck Carolyn-that high yellow bitch on 12th street. We thought about how that nigger could lie and make anyone believe him; how he could joke and make anybody laugh. We talked for a while about how we had to start dealing with "the motherfucking man", but secretly we were all glad it was Sweet laying out there instead of ourselves.

Another squad car came gliding down the block and we watched it, feeling helpless, wishing it away and wishing Sweet Man back. Finally, someone said: "Let's slide to the jam".

We started walking-thinking about Sweet and hoping his main girl wouldn't be at the jam. We wondered if we could really get high enough to forget that Sweet Man wasn't there; never again would be. Tojo said out loud:

"Damn, I don't even have a suit to wear to the motherfucker's funeral".

## BLACK FACULTY - MYTH OR REALITY?

Certain people on this campus (particularly in the area of Dean Dunn's office) seem to think Black Faculty is a myth, because of the "inherent impossibility of obtaining Black Faculty, especially at a small institution like Lake Forest College." However, these same people, contradictingly (but, that's politics...), seem to accept Black Faculty as a reality in the sense that it is necessary to assume this posture to appease certain factions of the student population and to preserve the cooperative "complexion" that this institution has assumed and so, when the administration allude to sincere activist behavior, but in fact continually base their actions on politics designed to appease, we get such as an "approved" Black Committee to meet and talk with the "proper" people - merely a Black Review Committee (with veto power but nothing to veto). More important, this review committee doesn't use it's veto power because of lack of need to do so. The important thing here is not the existence of the veto or the use thereof, but the fact that its existence and potential allows it to be used as a dupe, an appeasement, something to take our minds off the most important issue - the NON-EXISTENCE OF BLACK FACULTY MEMBERS on this campus.

How does the dupe work? It's a simple, though apparently well thought out, process of political maneuvering which in effect says, "given the limitations we are faced with, look how hard we are trying anyway..." The truth of the matter is that while there are definite limitations to cope with, their magnitude and complexity have been somewhat stretched out of shape. The obvious difficulty (the great need for Black Faculty coupled with little availability) has been used as a convenient handle to justify the failure to obtain Black Faculty. A further corollary to this "justification" is that "those potential candidates uncovered thus far lack adequate qualifications". I guess that the fact that the review board has actually reviewed some candidates, gives some credence to the efforts of the faculty and the administration. But, this is unrealistic, the review board was never meant to be an end in itself, but merely a means to an end, that end being obtaining a significant number of Black Faculty on this campus as soon as possible. But the matter is not how I think, but rather how the institutions with whom we must deal think. It appears that this institution, as regards the matter at hand especially, is attempting to solve a very complex problem of the present with means and modes of the past. For instance, a few of the so-called authority figures maintain that only the best qualified - Black or white - for a very specific opening will be hired. I do not deny the necessity of qualifications, because my aim is still to get a good education, but, most important, if a sincere search for Black faculty is being made, adequate adjustments must be made in structure (re: qualifications and hiring) to allow our intentions the possibility of becoming real and concrete action. For anyone to say that they will seek Black and white faculty on the same terms and apply the same standards and approaches to both

(with the expressed aim of hiring Black Faculty in particular) involves a necessary contradiction. Why? Consider that there are very few qualified (at least an M.A. in his field) potential Black Faculty (and in great demand), and a very large field of potential white faculty; it is much more likely that one would find a white candidate to fit an opening for its precise requirements, than it is even likely to find a Black person. This is a real fact, considering numbers and demand, that will not change for decades to come. So, a plausible solution would have to entail structural changes which would allow hiring of a Black person who does not fit the white-oriented requirements to the smallest detail, but still capable of doing the job. This is not asking too much and further, this would not lower the general standards of an educational institution. Approaches of this type, given the prevailing circumstances, are the only kinds which would facilitate actualization of intention. Continuation of present practices are doomed to failure and in no way alleviate building tensions. Adjustments must be made on the administrative and departmental level to re-review qualifications for Black faculty. Necessities will never be satisfied by mouthing of politics or the existence of structural barriers ---and if all adjustments geared toward the satisfaction of needs fail, then the final recourse of a people is not passivity, but destruction of the structure. And believe it or not, the wall of North Hall is not sacred, but rather shaky. Never forget the walls of your brains - they must be receptive or else.

LOOK OUT WHITIE, BLACK POWER'S GON  
GET YOUR MOMMA!!

The Spring term began on March 31 and once again black men donated their bodies, brains, and effort to the Forester Athletic Department, a world of pain, sweat, endurance, blood, and perserverance. While baseball, golf, and lacrosse were lacking black faces, the track squad included nine.

Coach Al Hanke was elated to see the return of four veterans, three of whom were letterman. As the second highest point acheiver in 1968 Bill Alderson has again demonstrated his skill, speed, and versatility. The "Bearded Wonder" has competed in the 100, 220, the 440 and mile relays and the triple and long jumps. At present Bill is leading the Redmen in points with 57.

Two sophomores, Ron Hunter and Ron Cook have both performed relatively well this season. Hunter, A Denver native, earned 26½ points last year and has aided the Foresters this season in performing primarily at the long jump. His namesake, Mr. Cook, has done well in the season's early days but slowed down due to a bad leg. In the opener, a tri-meet with Trinity and Carroll, Ron placed first in the triple jump. As a one and two miler Greg Hamilton has turned in a good performance in '69, despite missing virtually all of last year with an injury.

The remaining brothers were freshmen. Bob Baker, who has run the quarter in 50.0 in high school, could never recover from an early muscle pull. With an earlier start next season Bob should definitely return to his old form. Another man with a future is Lou Cooper. Despite his shin splints and trick knee, Lou has earned points in high jumping, the int rmediate and the 120 hurdles. Making their world debuts to the track scene were Ron Roux and Frank Benson. Both have potential and should do better after learning more techniques.

The season's finale will be an invitational at Elmhurst College where that school has a few brothers of its own who will attempt to dominate the field. Good Luck, Men.

The news type articles which appear herein and seem unrelated to Black people, are not here to persuade your opinions, but merely as information. It is an attempt to inform, and, because of personal opinions, are slanted towards personal impressions of the writer.....

The first annual Democratic fund raising dinner in Lake County gave some view of the difficulties involved in suburban politics. The \$50 a plate dinner in honor of county party chairman, Herbert ( Hub ) Sturm and his wife was held at the Highland Park Country Club with a very good turnout. The guest list included such notables as Herbert ( Hub ) Sturm, Daniel Walker author of the controversial Walker Report on the disorders surrounding the 1968 Democratic National Convention, Ed Hanrahan, state Attorney, Sam Shapiro, past governor of Illinois, Dick Nixon, Steve Blumberg, Judge John Hughes, Adlai Stevenson, Jr., State Treasurer, Fred Harris, senator from Oklahoma and chairman of National Democratic Committee, and some local mayors, alderman, and committeemen. The general tone of the meeting was set by the few short snatches of these short speeches seemed to be imbued with praising the Democratic Party, calling for increased involvement in the Party, building up Lake County democrats as influence in state and thus the nation, increased involvement in primaries which is quite important as a pivot and the stepping stone to larger elections, and what might be called the "usual" that party leaders attempt to impress the constituency with. This almost dragging tone was quite unimpressive to me, but seemed to be just what the greater part of the listeners expected, and listened to.

This atmosphere seemed to be crowned by a "skit" by Mrs. Sturm and a friend, both of whom engaged in "singing" and serenading which satirized and poked fun at politics and politicians, but which all in all praised and honored the Democratic Party and its members. The audience seemed quite pleased with this "show" and demonstrated their approval with a standing ovation for the duo. While fun is not to be condemned even at an affair of this nature, I suspect that the prevailing atmosphere was determined to be detrimental to the serious and quite valuable words of the last speaker, Senator Harris. Not expecting much from the remaining speakers by the time the closing remarks by Senator Harris. He brushed through the preliminary thank yous and appraisals and delivered a short but to the point, message on this county's national picture. He started out by stating that "America" and her greatest responsibility is to obtain equity for all in opportunity as well as in results. I wonder how many caught the all important, but mosttimes overlooked, lost phrase as regards results. Seeing the Democratic Party as the directive force for change, he went on to emphasize the need for equity in income, availability of jobs and food and taxes equally burdened by all according to ability----- the poor as well as the rich and super-rich, as well as other areas. He called for a deep moral commitment, as well as actions on race and equality. Very importantly, he cited the seeming contradictions of the Nixon administration; the administration professed to be working on elimination of hunger and poverty and racism, yet Clifford Alexander is forced to resign from the Equal Rights Commission, there are great cutbacks to Head Start, Job Corps, and many other such

funds, and the government signs contracts with groups which do not adhere to present civil rights laws. Further, intents are professed to end the Viet Nam war, while troop buildings continue and withdrawals never occur and demarcations are continuous, though it never leaves the Washington offices. And arms control is forever sought after, while ABM's loom as a "necessity". And while the Arab-Israel conflict brightens, talks of the "Big 4" are held with only one of the two opposing factions. These and many other contradictions of the Nixon administration can not satisfy both sides if only one of them is right. He said that while the Nixon administration has adopted many of the policies of the Democratic platform but they were adopted in principle only and the direction the Nixon administration is leading must be viewed cautiously. Though he received a standing ovation at his closing, it may have been only to be expected. For, how many of the people in the Highland Park area can be seriously affected by references to the needs of minorities, equality of opportunity and the need for taxes. Maybe my appraisal of the attitudes of those present were too assuming, but I tend to think that the actual day to day complacency enjoyed by the audience overshadows the issue in favor of my biases. But, those few with insight and vigor like that of Senator Morris can only hope that their messages will be heeded before this country and the Democratic process is demolished. And woe be to the they who really enjoy \$50 plate dinners at the expense of others. May our hearts and minds, as well as our actions be as full and rewarding as our stomachs and capacity for laughter.

"We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth  
will be levelled by our attempts to gain it."

—Eldridge Cleaver

"The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none  
but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know  
until he has tried."

—Ralph Emerson

THE RAID

A hundred brother's dead,  
Two hundred sister's missing.  
Eighty-eight lambs led to the lions by  
Seven foolish wolves.

When it was over,  
Not one knew the act of necromancy that swallowed his mind;  
Not even the seven Hard Nosed In-Competents,  
Or so they said.

But ah, there was one, the leader.  
"I," yes "I," said he;  
"I gave the command. The blind warriors have nought to do,  
But follow."

A hundred brother's dead,  
Two hundred sister's missing.  
Ninety-four lambs led to the lions by  
one foolish wolf.

--The Liberator--

STAY

Anonymous

Stay! Tarry longer where you be,  
Vision these things through the eyes of one  
who can see  
Follow not the dictates of your  
own heart,  
If they from the course of others  
depart!  
To those who would their own way  
go,  
Coarse but grief sorrow and woe,  
Who wi hear, o, who wi list?  
Miss not the thought, and all its right  
You be but by fellow grievors befriended  
Of the Good and Pure scorned, unended!  
And Love? Love left to God unfended!  
Come fast the night and yet the day,  
When all my sorrows be made away.  
Too late, too late, all too late,  
There is but hope, only in fate.  
To this cadence must be all march,  
And frontis only can the Man

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