

Lake Forest College

Black Rap

Winter 86'-87'

What Is To Be Done?

by Lannetta Anderson

It is common knowledge that cocaine abuse is an epidemic in the American society at large, from the rich to the poor, from the parents to even their own children. Everyone is so quick to "space out" in order to cope with pressure, or just for fun. For the life of me, I do not understand this desire to be "dazed" that so many members of our society have.

This has knawed at me for quite a while now. I see so many becoming "strung out" and it is very disheartening when you try and try to counsel them but, nothing helps. People console me by saying that it is just "the in thing for now" and that "it will pass". I do not agree. Drug addiction is not something that can be picked up and dropped like a new religion. It can cause irreparable damage emotionally and physically for the individual, not to mention the rifts between family and friends.

Another reason I do not think the alarming statistics of cocaine abuse will decrease is due to the fact that cocaine distribution is a very lucrative

business for too many people. Its distribution is easy. For example, A ten-year-old from the ghetto is lured into the business by doing "drop-offs" which require only twenty minutes, yet they make three hundred dollars. What moral argument can you use in counseling that child against getting involved, when he is probably wearing the "Nikes" his brother wore last year? What about people who are out of work? They see cocaine distribution as a more than viable income, making one hundred thousand dollar-plus salaries. Smuggling it into the country is no problem; give the guy at the gate twenty-thousand, so what?, you still can make a million off of it. The market for cocaine is so wide that the dealers themselves fear not having enough of it to go around.

At the end, you have the greed of the pushers and at the other end, the addicts. Where will it all end? What can a mere Individual like myself, do to help stop this destruction? What is to be done?

Giving Back The Roles and Responsibilities of the Struggle.

by Jeannette Richards

This was the name of a seminar in which I was privileged enough to visit while I attended the National Black Conference held in Philadelphia. This seminar, which had as its panel several distinguished guests like Maurice Henderson, Donald Temple, and Adbul Muhammad, moved me beyond belief.

Dr. Muhammad, mid-atlantic representative from the nation of Islam, separated the position of Blacks into three components, putting forth these questions: What do you give back?, to whom do you give?, and how do you start giving?

What do you give? It is up to the black professional to give that which has been given him, that being education and opportunity. To whom do you give? There are no people who can

benefit more from your knowledge and experience than your own. Help your people. Lastly, on the how do you give?, and how soon?, there are no set timetables. Give when you feel you have something to offer. For example, if you are a doctor, give when your skills are perfected enough to help those who need you.

This answers the three questions and focuses on opening the doors for others. There is the definite encouragement to "give back". I, as a student and soon to be professional, found the seminar very rewarding. I, as an African American was encouraged to look at those who have gone before and have contributed to the cause. So inspired was I, that I consider it to be morally wrong for those who have gone before to have forgotten from whence they came.

Black Students Regroup

by Sonya Rose

Last year black Lake Forest College students forced campus officials to face issues of low black enrollment figures, and the inferior standards of on campus living for blacks. This year, however, students appear to have made no blatant demands whatsoever. According to some black students, this "quiet time" is being used for a regrouping and rethinking of tactics. They would like to get under the surface and find ways to ensure that procedures will be taken to obtain and maintain black enrollment long after they have completed their four years of study.

The students look upon their radical behavior of the 85'-86' school year as a great achievement because new black

administrative officials, faculty, and a "fair number of students" have been brought to the campus. They have seen the success of their marches, sit-ins, and negotiations and are, therefore, pleased but, not yet satisfied.

This stormy behavior of the past year had an amazing resemblance to the black movement of the sixties. In both cases, blacks took whatever steps necessary to aid in the improvement of life for the race, politically, socially, and economically. Both movements also "appeared" to have subsided from their stormy battles for freedom. In reality, however, the Civil Rights Movement, and last years Black United and Concerned Students negotiations merely went "underground" to fight the same battle using other, more thought out methods. Battles are fought and won just as much from the government offices, where decisions are made, as they are from the soldiers on the front lines. This is to say that the black Lake Forest College Students have not given up the fight but, have merely taken on a new battle position.

Black United and Concerned Students: The Purpose Unit with a Purpose

by Venita Marie Martin

Black students on white campuses have traditionally been faced with many difficulties. To combat the problems we face, we have come together not only to support one another but, to grow together. Through our union, we have historically been a strong force in the college community. Not only do we contribute to the diversity alluded to in the LFC admission statement, but, we intend to maintain that diversity through B.U.C.S.

In our program of "diversity maintenance," we sponsor and co-sponsor several activities geared toward multicultural enlightenment and enrichment, as well as participate in off-campus events—theatre, bowling, fraternity parties at other institutions, and national Black student organizations. Our biggest off-campus event this year is a national Black student conference at the University of Pennsylvania, in which several of our members will be attending in hopes of gaining valuable knowledge and making numerous contacts. Our out-look this year is toward a national, united coalition of college and university students

who share a common goal of advancing the status of Blacks and realizing that our entire existence has been a continuous struggle, whose victory is long over-due. As to our campus activities, Black Cultural Week has, by far, been our greatest achievement. At this time we bring on campus Key Black speakers African and Afro-African cultural groups, and prospective Black students. In addition to these priceless "assets," we give the general student population a glimpse of our own styles and talents. (Remember last year's fashion/talent show—SUPER!!).

Like other "purpose units," we too have criteria for membership. Each of us is sincere in our membership and our desire to promote diversity in its entirety. Individually and collectively, we realize that while Lake Forest College has come a long way, it still faces an even longer journey into a most challenging and telling future. We hope that our participation in Black United and Concerned Students, other campus organizations and committees, as well as the campus community as a whole has not been in vain.

From The Editors Desk.....

by Sonya Rose

This paper is a collection of prose and poetry, all following the theme of "conviction". Each phrase, each line, each word that you read is a statement on our realities. Everything has been felt from the heart and proven from the mind, our minds, therefore, it is true. We as black people are special because we see things that no other race, or culture, has ever seen. We look through windows stained with blood, spit, tears, and shit, yet we are still able to see. Thus, we stand behind our words, our convictions. Each of us Lake Forest college students has something to say and we would like you to listen. We need you to understand that what we are learning here is crucial, vital as far as academia is concerned. We also need you to understand that we fight daily wars, for respect, for freedom. This is to say that a task as simple as studying becomes almost impossible when your mind is bombarded with deadly images of people, your people, being mocked and abandoned from every corner of the globe.

Our minds are like time bombs, with

each tick of the clock, another brother is shot down in South Africa. The seconds count down the lives of our race thus, we grow strong, we have to. We make these convictions because of our complete disillusionment with the immoralities of this civilization. Our convictions are true because we have lived through the evidence for as long as their has been a black species of man. When we look into the future we see a dim light for the masses of our people. It is not enough that we see food on our own tables but, there are thousands of our Ethiopian sisters and brothers who must be fed. It is not enough that we Lake Forest College students get good paying jobs but, that the millions of blacks that are poverty stricken, living in slums, oppressed and henceforth depressed, are given the opportunity for employment also. We suffer for a race. Therefore we have no choice but to be strong in our convictions. There is no other alternative for us but, to argue, to fight, and to stay strong, if we want to continue to live at all.

The New World

by Sonya Rose

Organizing and editing these works has been one of the most inspiring tasks of my life. There is passion and pain and, therefore, power in the words of my peers. They speak of love, and faith, and Blackness, and I want to applaud them. Their courage will transcend the boundaries that have been set for our people. It has to. There are not many things that I see in this life that are beautiful, until I look into the eyes of one who is like me and see the joy battling the infinite sadness, and the ambition holding back the tears. It is the times like these when I know that the sun will rise and shine on the darker race and we will reign once again.

Sometimes the pain is so bad that it boils inside of me, threatening to burn through my body like a hot and toxic acid. Other times, special times, like when I see a Black man run for president or a newborn chocolate drop in the recovery room, I know that the

only things standing between myself and the moon are the stars. I just want respect, I deserve respect. Greed and power are not ample motivations for anyone to call me a "nigga" or frown upon me. Do not deny me anything because I am a princess and my people are the chosen people, read these words written by MY peers and you will see.

You will see the faith and the strength that has brought us from the boat, through the cotton fields, to the front of the bus, and to a near-seat in the Whitehouse. There will be friction on this campus and in the world, until people see the "right" order of things. Sometimes we can be as silent as timid mice, and other times we can be armed with machine guns and ready for battle but, we are always alert. We only want what is ours; be it half the nations resources or all of them. We have paid our dues in hell for a crime that we never committed but we are still strong. We speak with great intensity and spirit as we continue in the struggle for a true Black equality. So, listen up!, if you plan to be a part of the "New World".

Assimilation/Lie

by Sonya Rose

You call yourself
assimilationist,
But you are a
Coward, a lie,
You walk with your head held
So high,
While your brothers' flesh decays from addiction
To weed, cocaine,
You claim to be so righteous
friend to all people,
But, you will not acknowledge your own
Color, blackness,
You toss your meaningless propoganda around
So proud, so white,
While your forefathers cry out from their very tombs
In shame, in despair,
You claim that you do not see color
in people, the world,
While the man kills off your people systematically
With poverty, lies,
You wave your expensive goodies around proudly in proof
That you are like them, you want to be,
While little black boys, YOUR BROTHERS AND MINE
are raped, chastised,
You say you do not have any brothers
Rich child, only child
But you have a family of millions
Beautiful, dark,
You say you have got to live your own life
Love, grow,
But, Blacks cannot afford to life those worn cliches
Grow up, get real,
You call yourself
Assimilationist,
But you are
Nothing, go away.

The Lake Forest College
Black Newspaper

Black Rap is a campus newspaper. It is periodically published to enlighten the Lake Forest community on issues involving race. There are far too many stereotypes still existing in this supposed social and economic "utopia". Unlike average campus newspapers that give cold retellings of seemingly non-relevant issues, Black Rap attempts to illuminate the various speculations of different writers in a collage-like format.

- Editor-in-Chief Sonya Rose
Writers..... Lanetta Anderson
Tracey Gillespie
Fay Hurt
Laura Lane
Cherry Lanagan
Venita Martin
Jeannette Richards
Sam Stokes
Maurice Webb
Mignon Williams

Purpose

by Sam Stokes

Who am I?, what am I?, and what do I want from life?. These are only a few of the questions that black students encounter at predominantly white institutions. Many of them are not able to deal with these dilemmas. A great number of black students that attend chiefly white institutions are from diverse environments and have little or no trouble adjusting to different lifestyles and meeting different people. However, what about those blacks who are not from integrated backgrounds?. What are they to do?. Do they assimilate with the mainstream and lose their identities? or do they separate themselves from the mainstream and exist in their own worlds?. There is no quick and easy answer to these problems.

In many instances, there are no support systems to assist black students in answering these problems. If a student makes a decision that does not coincide with the views of his friends, he may be ostracized by those friends and, at the same time, rejected by the mainstream. As a result of trying to assimilate, the black student may be left "high and dry" with no one to turn to for comfort and support. A support network serves as a haven for confused and distressed students to go for comfort and support. This system opens channels of communication with black organizations, allowing students to meet people with whom they have things in common, and to regain a sense of worth, value and direction. B.U.C.S. (the Black United and Concerned Students Organization) serves this purpose.

Let it be understood that we (B.U.C.S.) are not asking black students to separate themselves from the mainstream and become "pro-black", we are merely letting them know that there is a network available that offers support, be it social, personal, or academic.

Crisis of Self-Identity

by Venita Marie Martin

Life at Lake Forest College tends to confuse Black students about who they are, where they come from, and their roles in society. I have no misconceptions about my role here, or the society at large. I have never had any. What pains me the most is that my younger brothers and sisters are blind to the realities of life. I have spent

many days trying to grasp an understanding of this blindness. I have found no logical, or concrete, answers to explain this phenomenon.

This issue has risen again within the past few days. While attending the National Black Unity conference in Philadelphia, I had the opportunity to listen to and converse with some of the most inspirational and dynamic black speakers around. They represented numerous academic fields, organizations and professions. The speaker who challenged me to re-evaluate the problems that African American students face was Dr. James

Turner, of Cornell University. His speech was explicit and to the point. "The major problem facing African Americans, particularly black students on predominately white campuses, is a crisis of self identify."

"It is a disgrace to the memory of our

without freedom?

"Integration is another ring on the ladder of discrimination." as the doc-sacrifice freedoms for safety and comfort. How is it possible to be safe without freedom?

Integration is another ring on the ladder of discrimination. As the doctrine of integration presently exists, white America has decided who will be allowed to integrate into the system and at what time. We, as indicative of our presence here, have reached a point on that ladder of integration but, what about those being held back? They need our help. If we forego our responsibility, we forego our existence as an empowered people in the twenty-first century.

Dearly Beloved We Are Gathered Here Today in..

by Tracey Gillespie

Detroit, Michigan, home of the MoTownn

Sound/gun/Ford/Chrysler/ rats in the kitchen and roaches in the bathroom/no heat in winter and nothing cool when the summer comes/piston/s pounding out a DRUM beat.....Do you take?..."to love and cherish"... Woodward avenue/junkies, whores and little kids on their way up to take their places/ a dime bag to get the day over with....and do you take?..."to have and to hold"....The day shift, afternoons, midnights, at least eight hours with the devil in hell/Chevy/Fisherbody (makes dead bodies), budd, and axle, dodge main, jefferson, iron foundries and specialty forge foundaries/ Monsters that are alive and spit out bloody hands/feet pieces of skin and bone/ and with regularity!/ A DEAD BODY!!!!....Friday night...get that check/carry it on home to the crib (with wife and kids), then get out on the streets and get fucked up/ (refer, coke, ups and downs, johnnie walker red, and black) /try to freeze you head/can't think about the stuff starting all over again on Monday/ "and now a message from our sponser", watch T.V./ listen to the radio/ read papers/ they all say "buy this", "buy that" and "you too can be a success"/ down brother, sister, a success in this motorized, computerized, iron and steel jungle is just staying alive.....

Stagnant Struggle

by Lanetta Anderson

Let us be frank readers, African Americans will never reach their full potential in America. the last century has witnessed a massive struggle on our part, yet in 1986 most Blacks are still uneducated and poverty stricken. Why?. Of course, part of the answer lies in the black community; we are limited to a level of "Negro achievement" in which society will allow us to only go so far.

Kwame Toure, formerly Stokely Carmichael, elucidates the plight of African Americans in America. He feels that it is impractical for Blacks to even expect and equal chance in a society which has in the past, and still today, makes it explicitly clear that they are not wanted. Any improvements made were only concessions to a revolutionary struggle on the part of Blacks, a struggle which has become stagnant. The solution is obvious, Blacks must gain political and economic power. Kwame Toure stressed organized action as the key to liberation. Too many times confusion of the issues, and ones role in the revolution are traitorous to the struggle. It is our duty to ensure that places remain for our children, through the struggle whose end will come only when Blacks attain true freedom.

The Downfall of the Nation

by Maurice Anthony Webb

I believe that the nation is regressing rather than progressing. My reasoning for this is; if you look at the world today, in comparison to the past, then you will see that there are MORE problems today. For example, the treatment of nuclear war. A nuclear war could destroy the world in a matter of minutes and there are no known problems in history that come close to that. This problem of nuclear war has to do with the technology development. The major problem, however, starts from one basic level, and I am referring to that of respect for women.

The condition of the world is caused by the lack of respect for women. I am

not only referring to the Black women but, all women of the world. If this problem is not resolved then I believe that this nation will go to "hell".

Taking the belief that God was self-created out of the darkest of space, and that he had so much respect for it he returned to it to create the stars, the sun, and the moon, trees, animals, plants, and WOMEN, that disrespecting women is like disrespecting the nature of God himself. We know that God gives love to all, whether they deserve it or not, just as a mother loves her children.

As a nation, we must understand that the woman must play an important part in the development of the nation.

She must not only be looked at as an object of pleasure. She should not be looked at as someone only necessary to have babies, with no intelligence. As a society we must make her feel that she is wanted. If we continue to disrespect them they will continue to feel inferior. She will then pass these feelings on to the children. The children are the future of the world. In order to solve this problem, we must go back to the basics of love. Love consists of tenderness, sensitivity, affection, communication, and conscious effort.

Remember, "if you mistreat your women, you mistreat yourself. You push your women down, you push yourself down. You pick your woman up, you and I go up".

New World

by Mignon Williams

A world so beautiful and new
A world made just for me and you
The streets are clean and free
The houses, very stable and neat
The neighborhoods safe and crimeless
Every moment full of bliss
The people very warm and kind
Disregarding differences; colorblind
A world where everything and everyone
Is lending a helping hand
To the sick, lame, the poor
Across the land
Love for all, not just a few
Starting life on a path a new
This world is very real to me
Or must I wake up, I'm
Dreaming?

Shadow

by Cherry Lanagan (to Cameron)

I dedicate my heart and soul to you
I dedicate my mind and body too.
And I decided long ago
To follow you wherever you may go.

I do everything that you do
I follow every step you take
I am right behind you
to follow every move you make.

I not only follow you
but I follow everybody too
Because I decided long ago
To be a shadow.

Ghetto

by Fay Hurt

The Ghetto,
Yes, it is Black,
Have you been inside?
It would probably frighten you,
Do you know why?
YOU are not strong, YOU cannot survive,
The ghetto,
We know how to survive in the ghetto,
We are the stronger in the mind,

The Ghetto,
It is a unique place,
It is alive,
It is reality,
Face it, the ghetto will always be here,
It moves around everybody,
We see it, we smell it, we touch it,
The ghetto,
It is the place,
It will be here for eternity.

Friends

by Fay Hurt

Friends, do you know who they really are?
Think about it, what have your friends done for you lately?
Are your friends aware of your feelings?
Do they treat you as an equal?
Are they there in times of need?

Friends,
Your friends have been there for you,
They have helped you when you were ill,
They have also comforted you when you were depressed,
Your friends were around when you were in trouble,
Yes, those are your friends,

Do not be fooled!
Which have been your friends?

No Escape

by Mignon Williams

The gray world
Trapped like an animal
Freedom lost forever
Love does not conquer all
Lost forever
No sense of purpose
Self-destructing
Maybe one century
The light will shine
Dull seems exciting
Maybe one year
All is new
Hope and determination
Forever existing
No! Never!
Lost in self and destruction
Forces surrounding
Taking control for a
Long while.

To My Mother

by Sonya Rose

You are the loveliest
of all things breathing,
Eyes sparkling like light fire, teeth like pearls
but most importantly, a heart of infinite emotion, love,
A true daughter of Africa
You sweat from daily toil
And fight back from constant abuse
But you love your children more than you love yourself,
God himself smiles down on you
And without you there is no me,
Your love is all that I have
It is my backbone, my cane,
It lifts me over the pain and
Allows me the strength to fight the evils that I see,
I think that I could fight off the devil himself
and swim through his fierce flames of hell,
As long as I have you
And you have me,
How I wish I could give you the stars
Keep smiling, please.

A Days Anger

by Laura Lane

A am offended
That I cannot exist without a man
Truly pissed off
Why do I need a creature
Who craves flesh for the warmth
not for the heart?
Who I need to share a child with
Who I need to fill my human urges
I DO NOT WANT HIM
AND DO NOT GIVE ME HER EITHER
a being joined with me
In spirit, and mind, and heart,
Can reach me through this outer shell
Of skin, hair, nails, and eyeballs
That are "oh so necessary"
And we can co-exist
We can decide if the flesh
Will be a dimension
Of our warmth
But, until I reach my idealistic burn-out
Man— —who does not do— —for me
Can keep on running the show
Because when I have reached my I B O,
He will be sorry.