

Our foreign policy--a moral hodge-podge

Is there a difference between oppression and communism? America or Russia? Right or wrong? Left to right?

Ronald Reagan wants to give the Contras financial aid to help them gain freedom in Nicaragua. He feels that these people deserve their freedom, and it would be un-American for us to ignore their plight. However, the majority of people in South Africa have no freedom or civil rights. They are really on the borderline of being slaves, but America is really ignoring the situation.

My question is why? Why can't black South Africans participate in political activities such as voting or running for office? Why do these people have to have a permit in order to stroll through a park after 6 p.m.? Why is segregation an accepted way of life in South Africa? The answers may seem bizarre, but it's because of the pigmentation some of the people possess. Being black seems to be a crime. To fight for something that belongs to you because you are human is labeled "criminal activity."

Of course, the people in Nicaragua need help. Communism is a terrible sin, and all communists are doomed to hell. The domino theory is occurring right before our very eyes and we as Americans cannot allow that to happen! Haven't we gotten over intervening yet? Vietnam is not exactly ancient history. We still have scars: they are called veterans.

We hear of the senseless killings of blacks almost everyday in South Africa. Children young as three are jailed on riot charges. What can a child do to incite a riot? Bite a policeman on the knee cap? The South African police also leave a

lot to be desired. How can a man go to work, kill a few people, then go home and kiss his family? Where are the morals in this country?

Hatred is such an ugly noun. It brings out the evil in mankind. It causes war, depression, recession and oppression. Difference of opinions and thoughts make us unique individuals.

The problems are many, the solutions few. What are we as Americans to do? Try sharing peace and demanding that civil rights become a practice throughout the world. It does not take an invasion. It takes money. Stop investing in South Africa, stop feeding the Russians our grain. These simple actions would put a crunch in the snap, crackle and pop going on. America is said to be powerful. Let us use our power to ensure peace.

Think about what's happening in our world today. Place yourself in someone else's shoes. The shoes of Nelson and Winnie Mandela. A couple whose strength and faith are envied; therefore they are being punished unnecessarily. Bishop Desmond Tutu who has to take all the hating and suffering and somehow turn it into love for his people. Last but not least, place yourself in Ronald Reagan's boots as the swashbuckling cowboy rides off into the sunset . . . and say a prayer.

According to the late Reggae star Bob Marley "Until the philosophy which holds one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned . . . the dream of lasting peace, world citizenship and the rule of international morality will remain in but a fleeting illusion to be pursued, but never attained." (Tricia Hairston)

Death of a dream

Tale of two salons

a column
by Tish Richmond

I used to be a dancer. At least that is what I tell people. But in my heart I am still a dancer. Physically, I was a dancer until the fall of 1983.

On a typical day that summer, I woke up early because the birds chirped so loudly at my window. I couldn't sleep anymore. Feeling quite limber and awake, I hopped on the exercise bike in the guest room. The bike was right next to the eastern window, and the sun touched me. In a past life, I must have been a sun worshipper. Energized, I pedaled in a frenzy. The bicycle made the sound of a small car engine revving up. After about ten minutes, I quit and hit the shower.

After breakfast and a quick hello to my Dad, I was off to work. My nine months of beauty school were paying off: I did "heads" at Glemby Beauty Salon.

"I don't want my hair too curly, now! The last person who did my perm used those itty-bitty little curlers in my hair and when it came out I thought I had been electrocuted or scared to death!" "Once my daughter gave me a home perm and did you know. . ." Day in and day out people said the same old things about their hair. As usual, my mind drifted to scenes of dances I had seen

or I choreographed in my head as my fingers worked, dutifully rolling perm rods, shampooing, and cutting. My mind was hardly ever there as I daydreamed about being in a famous dance company if I really worked hard enough.

My favorite part of the day was ahead. I rushed home, ate, got my dance gear ready, and anticipated my class at 6 p.m. I loved ballet, but most of the people in that class thought they were God's gift to "Swan Lake." When I walked in, my toes tight from the toe shoes, ready to go, everyone was warming up. Mrs. Kaufman, a stout, stern-looking German woman, paraded into class, her blonde hair tightly pulled back into a bun. Her face was red-orange, but her manner was sweet.

All of us lined up on the barre and exercised. Then we danced *pas de deux*—partner dancing, lifting—from beautiful ballets. After nearly two hours of dancing on toe, extending, leaping, and being dropped by my partner, it was time to quit.

I always felt good after a dance class. Tired but good. I loved the highly conceptual Modern dances we did on Fridays. Those nights were like fantasies, and I knew that dancing was what I wanted to do for the rest of my life.

For years I ate, drank,

slept and talked dance. It was my love and obsession. My goal was to be a great choreographer. My toes ached, my feet took a beating, and all of my money was going into classes, toe and jazz shoes and leotards.

My dream ended in the fall of 1983. I had been getting unusually tired in the classes, and I slept a lot. Then, one evening during a jazz class, I finished my turn doing a combination. I felt unusually light-headed, and suddenly there was a circle of heads above me as I lay on the floor.

The doctors took blood tests. I was really scared. I wanted to dance. Finally I got the results. *Thalassemia minor*, a Greek blood disorder, took away my world. I was not to do anything aerobic, including dancing.

All of my dreams were gone. The thought of doing hair the rest of my life increased my depression. With the support of my parents, I eventually got over it. I knew I had to accept the fact that I was not meant to be a dancer.

I still try to exercise as much as I can, but I have new goals to reach. I think perhaps this really was the way my life was supposed to work out. I will always love the dance. If I have any children, I hope one becomes the famous choreographer I wanted to be.

A fond adieu

a column
by Penny L. Hill

A particular date has been ringing in my mind for the past few months, and for the past few weeks the ringing has been much too intense. Sunday, May 11, 1986 is the day I will witness, along with my fellow Bennett sisters, one of my many dreams become a reality.

As I reflect on my four years here at Bennett, I can still remember the first day I arrived on campus, Aug. 14, 1982, just as if it were yesterday. And I ask myself, where did the time go? When I think about graduation, I am happy because I will have completed another milestone in my life and will move on to accept new challenges. However, I am also saddened by the thought of graduation because in many respects I will miss Bennett.

Bennett has afforded me a wealth of knowledge, both academic and cultural, that will remain with me forever. My experiences here in the classroom as well as outside of the classroom, have been numerous. The memories of these experiences will forever be in my mind.

The supportive help and knowledge that I have received from my instructors are key elements of my experience here. I am eternally grateful for having had the opportunity to interact with

so many people with such keen intelligence.

I will cherish the many friendships that I have acquired along the way with my peers and elders. Without the support of these friends, the road would have been a lot rougher. There were many times when their kindness, support and love sustained me.

I am so very grateful for having had the honor and opportunity to reign as Miss Bennett College. For me, this was an experience of a lifetime. This accomplishment not only helped me to grow as a person, but also increased my love for Bennett and everything that it means.

As I prepare to embark on new endeavors, I feel confident that Bennett has prepared me to seek and accept new and higher challenges.

I urge my fellow Bennett sisters to take advantage of the time that you have left here and the many opportunities that are available to you on this campus. Your experience at Bennett will reflect and depend on what you put into it. Before you know it, your time will come to also depart from this great institution and spread your wings.

Finally, I wish to say thank you and farewell to Bennett College. You have had a tremendous impact on my life. My love for you will forever remain strong within my heart.

Students stranded at station; Interdisciplinary studies grad becomes distinguished teacher

To the Editor:

The time is 12:30 p.m. and it is cold outside. You are waiting for a cab that won't come for a long time. You are frustrated from a long trip on the train and want to get back to the safety of your dorm.

Then you happen to see a hopeful ride from someone who lives on campus—no hope, the person leaves without even offering. Then you hope that the person will contact the cab company for you—no hope again.

The cabs begin to come, but it

is a 500 yard dash to the cab. Men from A&T try to knock you down for a cab and even your Bennett sisters try to tackle each other for a cab—it's a mob scene.

You are probably wondering what I am describing. It is the scene that always happens when the students come back from sprink break.

There are never enough rides for everyone. We end up standing outside for two-to-three hours in the cold and in the dark.

The train station in Greensboro is not the safest spot in the world to stand and wait for a cab.

I think it is time for Bennett to start trying to provide transportation for the Belles when we come back from vacation.

The airport and the bus station have cabs and limousine services for students to take back to campus, but for the people who have to take the train it is a struggle trying to get back to campus.

I know personally how it feels,

for I was one of those cold and tired people who had to stand for two hours waiting for a cab to come.

The only way my friends and I got back to campus was to send two of our friends two blocks up the street to make sure we got the next cab, so we could make it back to campus before the dorms closed.

Bennett always tries to tell us to stick together, not to be out late. Well, that is the only time the train comes into Greensboro and a lot of us cannot afford to take the plane.

We are not asking for much, just that the school care enough to come and get students in the late hours of the night, so that we will not have to stand outside in the cold.

I am sure that Bennett could get someone to come pick us up during the time when our breaks end. They should know the schedules of the different means of transportation and come pick the

students up.

Our safety is in your hands. Please look into this problem which affects a major part of the campus student body.

Shonna Lutten

To the Editor:

J. Blair Durant, who received the B.A. & S. in Interdisciplinary Studies in May 1976, with a concentration in anthropology, is now a member of the Education Department staff of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 77th Street, New York City.

As Instructor in Anthropology and Programming Coordinator of the Leonhardt People Center of the museum, she conducts single-visit classes, week-long seminars, and other events for children and adults. Some typical topics thus far are "Human Evolution," "Cultures of Africa" and "Japan Month."

Durant is also a candidate for the Ph.D. at The New School for (See More Letters—page 4)

The Bennett Banner

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