

# AIDS has become everybody's nemesis

For a long time, it was easy to be smug about AIDS. Only "they" got it. "They" were the deviants—homosexuals and intravenous drug users sharing dirty needles.

But then the bad news started to appear. About a year ago, doctors reported that heterosexuals who unknowingly exchanged body fluids with AIDS carriers were becoming afflicted. The killer was stealing closer.

Then, in a landmark cover story last summer, Newsweek gave the case history of Maria—a good citizen, excellent mother and drug-free heterosexual who died of AIDS.

How did Maria contract the lethal virus? Several years before she fell ill, Maria had been married to an intravenous drug user. The AIDS virus had lain dormant in her system until it was inexplicably activated. The disease rose and subsided several times until at last, inevitably, she died.

"They" are still dying, but now so are we—plenty of us. 15,000 people have already died of AIDS. Doctors estimate that AIDS cases will double this year.

That might actually be an optimistic prediction.

It doesn't require extrasensory perception to understand that AIDS could easily become a plague which will play no favorites. A multitude of human beings—women, men and children, like those who have already gone—will be the victim.

The specter of this contagion cannot be ignored. We must demand that the federal government spend billions if necessary to create an AIDS-ending drug. We must educate ourselves about every facet of this disease, and we must make certain that every American over 10 years old has a rudimentary knowledge of the dangers of AIDS.

We must also extend decency and mercy to those people who now lie dying, and we must regret with all our hearts our indifference to those who have perished.

It might be smart for us to remember that the handsome stranger across the crowded room, the guy with the deep voice, beautiful smile and form-fitting apparel could just be the angel of death.

## The Healthy Relationship

### "We" not "he"

an essay  
by Courtney Goodhope

Obsessive love and real love are very different, but sometimes young women get the two confused. In order to warn young women about the danger of obsessive love, I am going to differentiate between the two. The reason why this is addressed mainly to young women is that they're usually less confident than older, more mature women.

The definition of love is a strong, passionate affection for a person one desires sexually. Real love has a lot more components than just attraction. The most important part of loving somebody is loving yourself. If a young woman wants to be desirable, she must not compromise herself. Love involves a tremendous amount of compromise, but values should always remain non-negotiable.

For example, a young woman who has always been opposed to premarital sex suddenly decides to have sex with her boyfriend, because he says he can't wait. She is throwing away a principle that was important to her. When people give up values, they lose respect for themselves and if you don't respect yourself, who will?

Maintaining self in a relationship is vital. Love involves bringing two different people together and allowing them to explore each other. Giving up one's identity is dangerous to a healthy relationship because there is a missing link. A good love affair is one in which both people express themselves.

Another very important part of love is trust. Paranoia doesn't dominate a healthy relationship. A person should be able to trust her lover whether he is 10 feet or 10,000 feet away. In reality, when you trust a person, you are secure about your own self-worth. You know that even if he isn't faithful to you, he won't be able to replace you because there is nobody in this world quite like you.

A popular but sad conception of love is that it's a marketable commodity. People who try to attain love through buying and selling are fighting a losing battle. When you try and buy somebody,

the only thing you gain is an empty wallet. Love isn't giving expensive gifts or lavish compliments, but it's the unexpected hug or surprise love letter.

An obsession dominates the mind. A person who is obsessed rarely uses her head, only her heart. People who are obsessed have a neurosis, and sometimes they must be excused because they act irrationally. They may be physically sick, suffering from stomachaches, chest pains and headaches caused from chronic anxiety attacks.

A main ingredient of obsession is a loss of identity. A victim of this neurosis usually doesn't speak, using the singular pronoun "I"; everything that comes out of her mouth is "he" or "we."

Obsession is similar to being a contestant in a beauty pageant. An obsessed girl tries to win over her lover, like a contestant tries to win over the judges. She can never let her hair down because she's afraid of looking imperfect to him. She is always smiling around him, and she is unable to effectively express anything negative to her lover.

Many late nights, I have stayed up with my girlfriends, listening to them lament over their lovers. If I mention leaving the "dirty dog" alone, an immediate, almost violent response is, "But I love him."

A classic symptom of obsession is contradiction. Contradiction is constantly present because the victim's head and heart are giving her conflicting messages. Her mind tells her that she is being a complete jackass, and simultaneously her heart tells her to just hold on a little longer and he'll come around.

Obsession will not allow you to have any friends. It isn't that you're around him because even the most arrogant guys grow weary of neurotic cheerleaders, but the phone has to be constantly monitored. Heaven forbid he call, and you not be there.

I hope I have helped to clarify the difference between obsessive love and real love. I failed to mention my purpose for warning my readers of the ugly side of love; it is to draw sympathy for fellow sufferers.

## It's time to destroy negative notions about sororities

a column  
by Tricia Hairston

I would like to commend Shelly Middleton for her comments about the sororities on campus. I would like to elaborate on more comments and actions I have heard and noticed coming from my Bennett sisters and the administration. Contrary to popular belief, we are not trying to "run things," nor are we trying to out-step one another, nor are we competing to see which sorority is best.

For the longest time I have heard these negative stereotypes: 1. The Deltas are mean; all they know how to do is step and party; 2. The AKAs are pretty and stuck-up; 3. The Zetas are the bottom of the barrel; only "nobody's" pledge Zeta. For years, these stereotypes have been accepted by some, and it only takes common sense and observance to discover that they are lies.

Examples if I may. Amanda AKA presents herself in a manner that is far from conceited. She is friendly, intelligent and has a well-rounded attitude in general. Who is she? Marquerette Byrd, fall '84. Denise Delta Sigma Theta is a confident, very nice

young lady who does not linger on her past accomplishments; instead, she keeps achieving without a lot of fanfare. Who is she? Linda Wade, spring '85. Zelma Zeta Phi Beta is a sister who does not believe in the word "can't." She is determined to succeed and will battle any odds. Who is she? Wanda Dilworth, spring '86.

It really upsets me when a teacher insists on degrading us during class. It is always something we are not doing. Never have I heard a compliment about the good things we have done and keep doing—the food drives, sickle-cell testing, muscular dystrophy work, teen uplift program and the continuous struggle against oppression here in America and abroad.

When we have our lines, that is when the real fun starts. "The pyramids really look bad, what has happened to them?" Well, we decided that they look too good so we took them to plastic surgeons for facial changes. "Some Ivies were asleep in class; they must be keeping them up at all hours!" What about Normal Norma sitting in the back of the classroom snoring? What's wrong with her? Do you blame MC2 for

having a 2 to 6 or her for partying too much? "I haven't seen the Zetas' pledges." Why are you looking for them?

Believe it or not, we are even being disrespected by non-Greeks giving the call. Out of all the vocal noises one can make out comes, "Ikee, skee wee" or "Ooo-op!" Upon explaining why we would appreciate it if you would not do it, it's "I was doing an African call" or "I was trying to impersonate the Pied Piper." Ladies, give us a break. Do not become our instant, till-the-end-of-time friends simply because you want to pledge. You will not score brownie points. Do not be afraid of asking us questions. We may or may not answer. It depends on the nature of the questions.

Each sorority has existed for over 50 years, and we are still going strong. We have some distinguished sorors and some disgraceful ones, but that is all in being human. We are about promoting finer womanhood, but pledging does not a woman make. I love you all whether you are Frances the Freshman or Sandra Sigma Gamma Rho.

So, if you're critical, remember, "Judge not and ye shall not be judged."

## Train plan praised; phone cheats, discourtesy panned

To the editor:

It is holiday time again and time for many Belles to travel back and forth from home to school.

Many Belles travel by way of train and find it very hard to find a ride back to campus when coming back from break.

As many of the Belles know, the train does not come in until 12:30 a.m. for the people coming from the North and around 2:30 a.m. for the people coming from the South.

Well, now there is a solution for all the train-riding Belles, including me.

Dr. Harris has talked to Mr. Browning about this situation and has informed me that if we can get a list of how many students are actually coming in and at what time, she can get a driver to come pick up the Belles at the train station.

This list must be handed in a week in advance so Dr. Harris knows how many trips to authorize the driver to make.

A list should be going up in each dorm starting next week. So, if you're one of those train-riding Belles, please have your name on the list so you can be assured a ride back to campus.

Thank you, Dr. Harris, for your immediate reply to our problem.  
Shonna Luten

To the editor:

One of the bad habits to get caught up in is using phony calling card numbers. These numbers are easy to get. They can be found in just about everybody's room. These numbers are passed from

neighbor to neighbor in the college dorms. These numbers are popular because they allow you to make free long distance calls. Several people in the dorm are using illegal calling card numbers, thinking that they won't get caught.

That thought is wrong. According to Dean of Students, Dr. Dorothy Harris, investigators are investigating Bennett College and the women of this school that use illegal card numbers. Dr. Harris says that anyone caught using these numbers will be prosecuted. I hear a lot of freshmen claiming that they won't get caught because their friend won't tell their names. But, believe me, when that friend is forced to pay a \$100 phone bill she will give our name in a second.

Using phony calling cards numbers is illegal. Stop using the numbers now. The longer you use them, the bigger the fine you will have to pay. Use your coins if you must make calls. If you don't have the money then make a collect call. Don't use somebody else's number. It's illegal.

Carla Bannister

To the editor:

The cafeteria is a place for Belles to go and relax and eat and talk to their friends.

Lunch and dinner are the prime meals for a poor college student who cannot afford to eat out, and many of us fall into this category.

This is why there are paid cafeteria workers here to cook and serve us food, so that we poor college students will not starve.

Well, I don't think that it is

very fun and pleasing to go to the cafeteria and eat when some of the cafeteria staff are going to be rude to you when you go to get your food.

When I go to the "cafe" and get my food, I am very courteous to the workers behind the counter. I always say please and thank-you, but I hate it when I say this and I am looked at like I'm crazy or being sarcastic. My roommate, and many of my other friends have suffered this abuse also.

My mother taught me always to say thank-you and please, not to grunt/point or groan at what I want.

I think if I'm going to show such courtesy, then the workers can, too. Now I know there may be a little bit of ignorance walking around Bennett, and some of the students may not have the same values others do. But, I think the ones such as my friends and myself should be shown a little courtesy or smile when we acknowledge thanks or a please.

A smile a day keeps the harsh frowns away.

Thank-you and please—have a nice day!

Shonna Luten

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**For Thanksgiving:  
Give food baskets  
to people in need.**