

Complaints can't earn you a degree

Is a women's college better for us than a two-gender school? Remember for a moment, August of your freshman year, the first month of your stay at Bennett. For most of us, that was the first home-away-from-home experience. How did we conduct ourselves? Some of us partied hardy, a few of us studied hard and a lot of us, out of culture shock, didn't know how to act. Friendships were on a rollercoaster ride.

Some of us loved Bennett and being away from the pressures of home. Out of home sickness, a lot of us ran up high phone-bills and gave our parents and friends (not to mention boyfriends) much more mail to read.

Things settled down as time went on and we began to notice the chipping paint, the unattractive bathrooms, the utility problems and either too much or too little heat. Then the question arose: "Why did I come here?"

For starters, what were the reasons for you to come here in the first place? The all-woman atmosphere? The smallness of the campus and student population? The emphasis on the education of black women? Because your mother or some other relative went here?

It is hard for a lot of us to look beyond the college's physical and recreational problems. But one has to do this in order to benefit most from Bennett. From the standpoint of Bennett itself, the college is successful in developing our talents in a much less competitive atmosphere than that at a co-ed school.

This is important to us who have come from larger and more integrated cities and high schools. Those of us from smaller, more isolated regions have the opportunity to expand and discover our talents at Bennett. The surrounding colleges offer even more expansion of ourselves with the consortium. Thanks to this, we can take some classes at other colleges if needed or if we just want to.

So which is more important? Complaining about the college's physical problems? The food? The administration? Or is taking advantage of the benefits and opportunities of Bennett more important to you?

After all, complaints and gossip don't earn a college degree.

(Tish Richmond)

Obsession with a man makes for misery

Have you ever seen a woman so obsessed with a man that she talks constantly about him? Have you had a friend that centers her whole life around making her man happy? Are you the type of person to let your boyfriend control you by using you day after day while you sit suffering?

Obsessive behaviour is a disease. According to the book *Women Who Love Too Much* by therapist Robin Norwood, "Obsession has its roots in low self-esteem, but most often a destructive relationship also resembles a situation or relationship a woman has experienced in childhood." A woman who loves obsessively puts her happiness on the back burner just as she was taught at a young age.

This is a disease just like alcoholism. It happens when the woman tries to make up for what went wrong in her childhood. Some obsessive women actually believe that making a man happy will make their lives more complete. Norwood said, "A woman thinks that if she can fix all the wrong things in a man's life then she can be happy." So the woman tries hard, using all her energy to satisfy a man. Norwood says, that because an obsessive woman does not want to take on

the responsibility for the pain and suffering in her life, she thinks that having a man who needs her more than she needs him makes her forget her problems.

Remember you are not responsible for anyone's happiness but your own. If you are living to make your man happy or even if you're trying to change him into someone else, you are doing it in vain. Because if men won't change for themselves, what makes you think they will change just for you?

Please take a look at yourselves and if you are clinging to a man and waiting for him to change, think about how much energy you are wasting. Please use your energy wisely and make your own happiness for yourself. Allow yourself the best and don't try to change anyone but yourself. If you feel tied down to a relationship that has caused you more heartache than happiness, drop that relationship and seek a more positive relationship.

Expand your horizons and grow with a person. Always remember that if you're not happy in a relationship, please get out. Only in a positive relationship should you constantly work.

(Carla Bannister)

Shades of Hitchcock

The bird blitz

a column
by Crystal Sadler

The birds, I remember the day they came back. It was November 24, 1986, around 6:50 a.m. The dorm was hot and muggy, but outside the ground was damp and the air chilly. I heard them chirping in an unmusical chorus; then I heard the beating of wings, and from my bed I looked out the window and watched the birds, thousands swarming through the sky.

Last year we had a terrible bird problem. In the two years I had been here, I had never seen anything like it. It reminded me of Alfred Hitchcock's movie "The Birds," in which flocks of birds descended on a peaceful seaside town. The birds were just multitudinous at first, but somewhere along the line due to human error, they began attacking the inhabitants of the town. An avid fan of Hitchcock, I had seen this movie a number of times, and when I first saw these scores of birds I was more than a little wary.

As the winter months continued, the birds began to be more than just an intimidating force on the campus. They began to be a nuisance. These animals left droppings everywhere. It was necessary to cross the campus at night with an umbrella to avoid being defecated on by birds. I remember one path was so slick with droppings that one could easily skate

across it.

Then there was the incessant chattering of the birds. Those of us living in Cone or Player really didn't have the problem in the trees surrounding us, but the young women who lived in Barge, Pfeiffer and Merner had to endure this chirping and chattering every dawn and every twilight of the day. It became sickening. The birds were using Bennett College trees as their private bird motel. Unlike the Bates motel of "Psycho" fame, these motels were filled to the maximum and still claimed there were vacancies.

Not only were birds a problem for the humans, but also for our squirrels. With the proliferation of the birds, I noticed a marked decrease in our squirrel population. How could a squirrel inhabit his home when birds had seized it from him instead of sharing it with him?

I hope those birds were just passing, and Bennett never has to worry about the bird problem again, and if we do I hope it is a problem that is "nipped in the bud" before it becomes uncontrollable.

But this morning, I did see two large flocks of birds, chattering as they skimmed through the sky, their beating wings echoing in my mind like a drum of doom. I only hope they were flying south, farther south than North Carolina, and not planning another rest stop at the Bennett Bird Motel.

Choir at Kennedy Center

a column
by Shelly Ann Middleton

I'm the type of person who likes to experience life through adventure. So when the opportunity to join the Bennett College Choir presented itself, I jumped at the chance and succeeded in becoming a member. I did not realize, however, what was ahead of me.

The choir consists of very talented young women and is directed by Dr. Charlotte Alston who is the Maria Von Trapp of the group. I joined the choir in the early part of February, and I rehearsed religiously for the upcoming tour. In my mind, touring would be like touring with the Performing Arts Company here at Bennett. The only difference was that traveling with the choir during my spring break would prove to be a little more tiring than the weekend travels with PAC. This year we covered the East coast and we made a stop in Niagara Falls, Canada, which was very exciting.

My sudden hunger for adventure did not prepare me for Dr. Alston's announcement of our special appearance at the Kennedy Center in Washington. The Diva Foundation's presentation of "The Night Of The Divas" was to include such greats as Nancy Wilson, Clamma Dale, Shirley Caesar

and many others. The choir was to play a small role during the program and add to the splendor in the grand finale. I was so nervous I thought I would regurgitate bricks. Then one of my favorite phrases of wisdom came to mind, "Be careful of what you pray for, you might get it."

It seems that we all got it this time. I forgot my own state of pandemonium for a moment and became mindful of Dr. Alston. I'll never forget the look on her face as she entered the majestic Kennedy Center. I watched her face, and I saw a devoted woman who spent years trying to make something of the lives of those she taught as well as her own life. She had a proud and incredible expression. I wanted to say, "Dr. Alston, this is for you," or something that mushy. But she had already told me that I talked too much so I remained quiet and observed what was going on.

We rehearsed with the orchestra, which thrilled me from head to toe because I felt like Linda Ronstadt singing with the Glenn Miller Band. For a while I believe we all felt like little people allowed to share in a big people's world.

Some of the important folks were very kind to us. Nancy Wilson, one of the great jazz divas,

was truly kind to us. I will tell you straight from the source we were very uncouth about getting her autograph. But she was willing even after she repeatedly told us she had to go. Shirley Caesar was just as open-hearted. She prayed and conversed with us on such a down-to-earth level that I could hardly believe it was she. The word "exciting" could not begin to describe what we all felt that night during the grand finale.

We sang "The Greatest Love" with all the diva greats who participated in the program, and the audience rose to its feet from the magic that was created on the stage. It was spectacular.

We lived like wealth for one night at the Hyatt Regency in downtown Washington. The tour continued, and as a result of our one-night fame in D.C., egos were boosted even higher than they were before. When we pulled into Greensboro late Sunday night, we felt exhaustion, relief and maybe a little sorrow because the magic had ended and the realities of college had to once again take priority. Whatever the overall spirit was, it could not change the experiences gained or the adventure we shared.

I think I'll start praying a little more carefully now before I end up with the world in my pocket.

Letter to the editor: NAACP chapter wants members

To the editor:

Why join the NAACP? Many students asked me that question during the time I was collecting names for membership. First, I must say that the NAACP is one of the oldest organizations created by both blacks and whites, who wanted to assure that blacks got what they deserved as citizens of the United States.

Second, we must realize the plight of Bennett College, a historically black and female institution for higher learning. This college was founded to educate the minds of young black women so that they could take their rightful places in society. The plight of the NAACP and Bennett College both have the same goals. In order to be successful, you must support organizations that share common goals. We as black

women and college students must actively participate in all endeavors that exist to bring our people into the mainstream of American life.

The only way we can do this is to emphasize the need for education, political awareness and the realization that becoming economically independent are the keys that unlock many barriers that we as a people must face. We, as future mothers and professionals, must have a hand in helping form the mind of youth today. We must do this by portraying positive role models. We must go out and volunteer in our communities.

We must not become complacent. We must never forget our past because, without a past, there is no future. And most of all we must learn from our mis-

takes and never forget them but put them to use as "philosophical know-how." We must today be progressive and ready for action. We can no longer hide our heads in the sand.

There is going to have to be a change in our thought. We are going to have to decide what we want, how to want it and what means we are to use it to get to our destiny! We as a people cannot get to this goal without a national organization such as the NAACP. Many things have changed since the conception of the NAACP, but, in essence, the principles of the NAACP are still the same. We as Bennett College students must realize this plight and join the NAACP.

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