

# Is our blood a fair trade for oil?

WAR! The war most people feared has now begun. On Jan. 16, 1991, the day after the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr., a man who fought for peace and equality, America declared war. What an appropriate time to declare death and destruction. America is unbelievable.

Not only has America sent her sons and daughters to a hot foreign land, she has ordered them to fight for the sake of her greed.

America has tried to claim that her reasons for fighting Iraq were to combat aggression and to end the mistreatment of a people. Give us a break, America! If aggression and mistreatment of a people were America's main concern, she would have invaded South Africa during the '80s in order to stop the oppression of the African people.

At this stage America's reasons for war are not the main focus. Unfortunately, the focus has shifted to the war in the Persian Gulf.

In the beginning of this war, the American people were given the impression that America was on top. America was teaching Saddam Hussein a lesson. We were told that the war would be over soon. However, this is not the whole story. True, America is on top overall, but all does not happen to be all.

America has destroyed SCUD missile sites and Iraqi planes and has taken Iraqi prisoners and lives. But America has problems. It has lost planes and lives and has realized that some of the SCUD missile sites were decoys. The realities of war have begun to set in and the confidence of the American people is slowly deteriorating.

The effects of war are being felt not only all over the Middle East, but America herself is being affected. Military bases across the United States are being placed under heavy security, America is being threatened by terrorists, young children are wondering where Mommy and Daddy are and the majority of the Americans fear for the lives of their loved ones. America, is oil really worth all of this?

Men and women, some of who have not been fully trained, have left their families, their friends and their homeland to fight for a cause that they are not even sure of.

America must take the time to look at the predicament she has placed herself in, and ask her leaders and herself is life worth more or less than material gain. (Kimberly Buck)

# Stop! without I.D., you don't eat

This may sound harsh or even hyperbolic, but the glass doors in the cafe are beginning to resemble the Berlin Wall that once separated East and West Germany.

On one side, there are students who want to satisfy their hunger or converse with friends during this time while on the other side there are guards called TWM workers who decide more often than not to send us away without our meal.

I understand that only so much food is prepared for the students, but is it really necessary to deny entrance because a student forgets her I.D. card one day? And is the food really so delicious that people pour into the cafe off the street to feast upon the leftover leftovers?

Everyday I observe students trying to get in the cafe, but after a brief "You can't get in without an I.D." statement from the TWM worker, they leave.

Students offer many legitimate excuses as to why they may not have an I.D., but most of the time, all we get are "try to be more responsible" lectures and a swift verbal kick out the door.

A few weeks ago, a student tried to enter the cafe, but was told to leave because she did not have an I.D. She stayed and the hassle began. Ms. Frankie Howell was called, then Dean Phyllis Ethridge and finally security. Why? Because a student whose bill is paid did not have her I.D. and was trying to eat a meal that she paid for.

To my surprise, security arrived within minutes. I wish they could do this when a real crime has been committed. The next thing we know security will start monitoring the doors.

Just as the wall in Berlin came tumbling down, so must this glass barrier. (Erica Salter)

# War: no longer a figment of imagination

opinion  
by Rehan Overton

The image of war is not a figment of the imagination anymore, but a horrifying reality. No more does a sliver of "hope beyond hope" overshadow our anxieties about guns, chemicals and imminent death. Now, it has become a daily ritual for many Americans to sit mesmerized in front of their TV sets for hours to devour any morsel of fresh news that has seeped out of the Middle East.

Those of us who have formed our personal opinions on the war in the Gulf assume that if our feet could fit in the shoes of our lawmakers, we would have had Saddam Hussein packing his

bags of defeat and wearing a cloak of obscurity before this thing got out of hand. According to political analysts, this is not so. The Iraqi military is definitely a force to be reckoned with. President Bush and his aides have come to the realization that Hussein is not another Kadafi or Noriega. American soldiers cannot shoot a few rounds of ammunition and make Hussein surrender. The propagandists cannot lie to the American people about the overwhelming victories our military is having compared to that of the Iraqis; we are not living in the naive '50s... or are we?

If one were to conduct an objective poll, concerning the

war, on any college campus, a cacophony of patriotic rhetoric and outcries of passionate dissent would be heard. Although most Gallup polls suggest that the majority of America is behind the president, college students and other pacifists still have a lot of questions to be answered by the White House. For instance, what are we really over there for? Oil or imperialistic humanitarianism? If the latter is the case, why are we not in South Africa liberating the true South Africans from their obvious oppressors?

Why is there a large disproportionate figure of black and other minority soldiers of low-income households to

that of white? Doesn't that say something about the crisis situation here in the states where young minorities must enlist in the armed forces in order to pay for college, only to die on foreign soil at such a tender age? Are we wrong for interfering in matters that some say are no concern of ours, in a land where the ideals of Americanism are shunned and denounced by practically everyone?

Let's face it: our government has made the decision for our soldiers to be christened the international peacemakers. Our brave young women and men are the freedom fighters, the avengers of the underdogs, the global

cops, able to leap tall armies in a single bound!

We all know war is not a euphoric experience for either side. Hopefully, when the smoke clears, all the world will look upon the treacherous situation in the Gulf as a stepping-stone towards world understanding. Let's not forget that Operation Desert Shield became Operation Desert Storm on the birthday of the peaceful Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Many of us, so wrapped up in the rumors of war, let Jan. 15 pass by without a single thought about the man who died for what Bush has been trying to accomplish since August 1990 and has failed to do yet.

# Mom, daughter end awful silence

an essay  
by DaMica L. Wilson

I don't even know why I was scared of my mother when she got like that, but, even at the age of twenty, it made me feel like I was two years old again. Maybe it was the innate silence.

But, if she came home mad, or upset, or depressed, or disgusted, or however it was that she felt (I never knew because she never told me, even if I asked). I would lower my head, my hands would start to sweat and shake, my eyes

would swell with anxiety or maybe just tears, my voice would start to quiver, and I would make myself physically ill—sick to the stomach, or something, anything to take her mind off of whatever was troubling her. And maybe I went deaf or something, because all I could hear was that little girl inside of me purging that age-old question that all children, young and old, ask themselves, "What did I do to make Mommy mad?" And I was all alone, and I was scared.

It never really occurred to

me in those days of "bowed head, and lowered eyes" that my mother was not upset with me or anything that even concerned me. Maybe in some egocentric sense I thought that her life was centered around mine, and that her state of being was dependent solely upon me. Maybe I was just so concerned about her happiness that mine no longer mattered. Or maybe I had been living my life for my mother, and for her praise, and when I wasn't getting that praise, it hurt like a sickness or maybe death.

Whatever it was, it made me forget how to think. I reverted to that two-year-old mentality. I could feel myself swallowing all of my strength, pride, and confidence and self-esteem and there was nothing I could say or do to stop it.

I had never realized that I didn't have to allow that little girl inside of me to take over my life, until the day I conquered my fear. It had never dawned on me that I could gain control. It wasn't until Christmas break of my junior year in college that I was able to regain myself.

It was the last Friday of Christmas vacation and my

mother had come home from work a little later than usual. Actually, it was much later because I had begun to worry about her. I had even called her job to see if she had left yet. When my mother finally did arrive, I ran to the door to greet her. She grunted a brief hello, and with her attitude, she dismissed me. I don't know what made me think I was in the wrong, but I immediately started to clean up the house. I even decided to wash the dishes, which was far from my favorite chore.

My mother had dropped down on the living room sofa, and looked at me with pure disgust as I entered the room to collect the dirty dishes. That look had frightened me so much that I couldn't even summon enough nerve to ask, "What's wrong, Mommy," the question that usually received a reverberating "Nothing!" I merely tucked my head like a good little girl and took my leave toward the kitchen.

The journey from the living room to the kitchen seemed to take an eternity. I could feel my stomach pulling into knots. My hands were so wet that the glasses I had been

carrying began to slip, and with every step I felt the weight of 500 pounds come crashing down on me. Maybe the crashing was only my mother mechanically switching the television from channel to channel, but I cried long silent tears.

When I finally reached the sink, I turned on the cold water and splashed my burning face. I wanted to put my whole head under the faucet and drown my sorrows. And all I could hear from the other room was my mother's sighing and grunting, and moving around on the couch, and the silence, the damned silence. Why did she have to turn the stereo off while my favorite song was playing? Why was the television stuck on that stupid channel that showed nothing but a big blue screen from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.? Why did she even refuse to acknowledge that I was speaking to her when I asked, "How was your day?" And when I walked into the living room, why did she look me in the eyes, shake her head, rise from the couch, turn her back to me and start moving toward the stairs?

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