

THE BENNETT BANNER

Published Monthly By The Students of Bennett College
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Ten Cents a Copy

\$1.00 Per Subscription

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THE NEW YEAR AND YOU

The year 1958 is a month old and there are eleven months left in this year. Let us decide, at the present, that this is the YEAR. In 1958, things will be bigger and better.

Why should things be bigger and better in '58, you ask? The answer is not so puzzling. Each year that passes into the realms of time and history should be bigger and better. Have you ever seen Time move backward? No, Time moves forward and so do we.

Old 1957 was a big year, it was better than 1956, on a total scale. There were moments, we remember that made us stop and ponder in awe. Spectacular events occurred, The Chemise Look was introduced, also The New Edsel, Little Rock, Communistic Eruptions in the South American Countries, Children Killing Their Parents, The Vanguard Failed, Sputnik Succeeded. Some of these events were gruesome and the others were pleasant.

But that was 1957. In '58, things are beginning to take on a new look. The Daily Worker has ceased publication, due to the lack of communistic interest in this country, and it seems as if our ICBM program will succeed with the new budget that the government has set up. Let's keep our eyes on 1958; things are to get bigger as the year progresses.

Now, how can 1958 affect us? We, as the 'fairer sex', certainly don't want to get bigger, but better, yes. A few days ago, Bishop R. E. Jones earnestly asked us to find ourselves, to really put forth an effort to learn ourselves.

It is "High Noon" in most of our young lives; we are at that stage of branching out from the adolescent into maturing young women. This new year means that some of us will face the hard cruel world, in the latter part of the year, for the first time, some of us will vote for the first time in '58 and others of us will prepare to follow in these steps.

How can we prepare to meet these things in '58, if we do not know ourselves? We must help 1958 be a bigger and better year and we can do this only by finding ourselves, by being bigger in spirit and by being better in our individual patterns of life. If we do not know ourselves, then all is lost.

Joseph Conrad has said—

"A lost man is a man lost in the insignificance of events." In searching for ourselves in the real, in this the beginning of the New Year, let us get off on the right foot. Bennett Sisters, are we to be lost in the insignificance of events in 1958?

This new year can be a bigger and a better one, with our help, if we really know our limitations, talents, obligations and above all have, a thorough knowledge of ourselves.

"Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him"

(Channing) Bennett Sisters. It is imperative that we know ourselves in order to have a bigger and better 1958 and tomorrow.

The Editor.

NEXT MONTH Presenting "MISS DEMO"



BANNER HIGHLIGHTS "The Self"

(Note: The following article will be helpful to our thinking of the Home Making Institute's theme of creativity.)

In our times, the monologue has in many instances superseded the discussion. Man's capacity for quiet meditation is a legitimate one and is the prerequisite of every discussion. He who has no individual point of view, possesses no personal opinion, will hardly prove a fruitful partner in discussion... the dialogue springs from the basic fact that man is a gregarious creature, a social being, competent and authorized to communicate with others. It is only possible and meaningful through the very belief that truth really exists in an objective sense and that its discovery is a task entrusted to us all.

Of course, discussion has its peculiar difficulties. It is so difficult because it demands a certain self-sacrificing modesty. We cannot repose in the security of a truth already being fully discovered. In discussion, one must, therefore, have courage to reveal imperfections, to be daring, to experiment.

Only he who acknowledges these imperfections, the fragmentariness of his own efforts in thinking can ever take part in a discussion. Might it not perhaps be that behind the modern incapacity for discussion lies the weakness of not being able to admit one's own imperfections; the inward inhibition of not wanting to admit one's own limitations? At least it is most certainly a sign of uncertainty when one rejects a priori the opinion of the other person.

This brings us to another difficulty of discussion: it presupposes tolerance and toleration of one's opponent, and fundamentally only he can be tolerant who is sure of himself... Furthermore: discussion is always risky. One runs the risk of being contradicted, of having to correct one's self, of having to make unexpected compromises. In discussion it is possible to find no solution, or only a partial one. One may perhaps have to admit that one's own point of departure has been a false one, and perhaps one has to reconsider one's own principles.

All this is inwardly unpleasant for modern man, for after so many catastrophes he is looking for total security at any price—even at the price of a distorted truth or a half-truth. Discussion can never give him this absolute security.

Be that it may: discussion will continue to be the need of our time. It will have to be practiced and to be re-learned to counteract the atomization of our minds. Only he who reveals himself to others can ever hope to find himself. Only he who has learned to listen, and to listen attentively, can ever hope to reply adequately.

All this necessitates tranquility, confidence, and also courage. Not until one enters into discussion has one ever really set foot on the human stage. Only then does one confess one's faith in society and, through the ordinary give and take with society, also one's faith in the value and predominance of the mind.

Reprinted from UNIVERSITAS

Literally Yours: "Bennett Poets"

This month the Banner presents in this column several poetic works of our Talented Sisters. The theme of these poems is centered around contemporary life, however these poems were born or written without the poets actually having a specific theme from which to work.

Within these poems you will find philosophical thoughts, diverse moods and interesting poetic symbols. The verse styles range from an almost blank verse to regular poetic verse. To what school of poets do our verse minded-sisters belong? Well, it's up to you to decide. Who knows, there may be a female T. S. Eliot or an Emily Dickinson in our midst.

An Abstract View of Life

The clock radio sounds,
Time to get up.
Food.
Off to work, off to school, off to life's routines.
Today, more than yesterday, Skyscrapers tower high,
Causing birds to meet with fowl in the sky.
Down beneath the grounds to and fro
Run the Subways, there they go.
In between, up on the streets
Across from the Chase Manhattan we meet
Do we speak or greet?
No.
Too busy, too concerned with the subway of life.
In the distance there are sounds,
School is out
The first shift at U. S. Steel is over,
Food.
Far out in the distance, I hear
Cries.
Shaft No. 11 has just caved in.
"Parlez-vous francais, Monsieur?"
"If it's the U en, ya want, ketch a hack."
Down on the coast of Florida
A rotten orange hits the ground.
Too bad.
The Queen Mary, at pier 12,
docked
The crowds flocked.
Sounds and Cries.
Time Passes.
Supper time
Food.
The telephone rings,
Jim died, heart attack,
With sadness your heart sings.
Life must go on, there is mirth
A new niece, a birth.
Bed time
No, the fights are on TV.
Time to retire for the day,
O. K.
And so an abstract of twenty four is complete,
But wait there's a tomorrow, and the next day, and the Next,
Still yet to be processed.

The First Impression

I walked along the crowded lane
Thinking of the years gone by,
When I first met you on the lawn
I was young and oh, so shy.
No one could tell me anything
I knew you would never be
The one I visualized in my dreams
As being the perfect HE.
You see you seemed so nonchalant
And thought yourself so great,
You acted as if you owned the world
And I was a victim of fate.
Yet after conversing with you awhile
I found myself quite wrong,
You were a gentleman so good and kind
With a mind so capable and strong.

—By E. J. Blackstock

Possessed
Possessed? I possess nothing.
Potential, of that there was something.
Processed? That we did.
Thank God, there's a rich life ahead.

Rudene Abney, '59

For Music Lovers

A new tang was added to the flavor of choral music as the National Chorus of America presented a program entitled, "Three Excursions of the Spirit" at Aycock Auditorium on January 14. The production, staged in interesting fashion, made great use of lights, and was divided into three distinct parts, suggesting the progression of history from the tenth century to the twentieth century.

The first group was ecclesiastical in nature, and consisted of: Rex Coeli—"King of Heaven," thy humble servants entreat thee to free them from their sundry ills—an organum of the 10th century; "Christe qui Lux es ta dix"—by William Byrd of 16th century church music—a plea for freedom from darkness: "Koe Nidre"—a prayer for the eve of Atonement Day—from Hebrew liturgy; "Veneration of the Cross"—by Rachmaninoff; and "Praise the Lord, All Ye Nations"—by J. S. Bach.

Narration, used between selections of the first group and between the other sections of the program, helped to set the mood for music heard. The second group was concerned with "less ecclesiastics" as the narrator said, but on the contrary, with love. Three compositions from this section were given a general heading of: "A Tournament of Madrigals". They were: "Non piu guerra pietate"—by Monteverdi—"Now is the Month of Maying"—by Thomas Morley; and "L'Amfiparnaso"—a scene from a comedy of the 16th century—by Orazio Vecchi. Johannes Brahms and 19th century romantic music were represented by selections of the "Lieslieder Waltzes." These were programmed as "Love Sentiments in Three-Fourth Time".

Perhaps, the most interesting, and unusual portion of the program came in the third group with the performance of "Geographical Fugue"—a selection for speech chorus, yet written according to strict rules of fugue form—a musical form. Ernest Toch is the creator. Originally, this speech fugue was done in German and its performers encountered the harsh "H" for which German is so well known.

"Songs of America"—folk songs of the Appalachians by John Jacob Niles, were sung as well as "Songs of Nature" by Antonia Dvorak. Here, in this group was shown the progression into the twentieth century, especially "Lament for April 15th"—a satirical chorus based on income tax forms and the confusion they create.

The powerful and dynamic "personalities" of both the twentieth century and Norman Dello Joio were combined in the last stages of the performance where a "Song of the Open Road" was heard. The text was taken from Walt Whitman. In this composition the composer has brought together piano, voice, trumpet, and conductor all at once.

Mr. Hugh Ross is the director of the group, the official accompanist is Lowell Farr. The trumpeter was Joseph Andrucci.