

Democrats Return

It is November and the bicentennial year is drawing to a close. Our President-elect is Jimmy Carter and we stand on the threshold of a new era or at the least a new century. Carter has promised to curb unemployment, balance the nation's budget, revise income tax prices and trim down the federal government itself. How he will do all this remains to be seen.

With the Democrats returning to office after eight years, many blacks breathe a sigh of relief and feel that things will be better with the ousting of the last of the Nixon regime. Many say that maybe now the White House will be more sympathetic to the needs of blacks and appropriations for this program and that program will come through again.

At a banquet recently, I had the opportunity to hear the esteemed Rev. Jesse Jackson speak on the needs and plights of blacks. He made reference to the fact that blacks tend to believe things will go better with Democrats in office, than with Republicans in office. He went on to add that it is time to remove ourselves from the so called dependency syndrome (the idea that blacks wait for things to come to them) and rise up and prove beyond a doubt who we are and what we are capable of; we don't necessarily want anything, just the opportunity to achieve. And to a large extent he had a point.

In the sixties and early seventies, black was an issue and many programs were implemented to help blacks become first class citizens in a country where they had been second class for so long. However, now black power is no longer the vogue and black people seem to have settled back into what might be termed complacency or despondency or a mixture of both.

Looking back it seems as though blacks were so happy about getting some of the "great American pie" that they failed to save any for the future or by and by. The gap in leadership that resulted from the death of Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. still has not been filled. Many feel that we are a people without unity and direction. Perhaps in many ways this is true; look at the failure here in North Carolina to support Howard Lee in his bid for lieutenant governor.

Although the "black movement" has slowed down, today there are more black lawyers, doctors, senators, congressmen, educators and businessmen than ever before. Yet it has to be interjected, that they are what they are and have achieved not purely because of handouts from the government but because they themselves wanted to be and seized the opportunity to become. Blacks have the past to remind them of how to prepare for the future. It might be said we as a people went through a "gold rush period" but there is still much to be done in the area of civil rights and token positions and short term government aid are not going to satisfy black people.

We still have a long way to go. With the advent of a new administration maybe we can pick up and continue along the way in spite of being temporarily derailed.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

1976's election could be a great focal point towards the redirection of our country's goals, principles and ideals. As Bennett sisters, we have witnessed the need for party unity (so as to bring about a common good), the upholding of moral and political principles and the transcendence of trivialities.

As America strives to redirect herself to the problems, issues, and needs of the country and the human being, we, as students, females and Blacks must take every opportunity to broaden our insights, perceptions, and awareness. These are the necessary skills within a formal education to insure that our goals and aspirations for America will be made an integral part of whatever course is pursued in attaining solutions to the problems, answers to the queries and achievements to the aspirations.

Let us not thwart what we can do by being obsessed with only acknowledging what America has not done for us. Instead, remember what the late John F. Kennedy said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country."

—Faye Cardelia Howard

P. O. Box 787
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DEAR EDITOR:

I am a black inmate here at this institution, who is in dire need of a lot of postage stamps, that may help me get out of this place.

I've been informed that the newspaper at this school, will print ads and letters free of charge for prisoners. If that is true, I would appreciate it very much if you will print this letter in one of the upcoming issues of the school's newspaper so I may obtain the help and aid that I need, from anyone there at the campus of your school, who might be willing to help me in the above request for stamps.

Closing, and thanking you far in advance for your time, concern, and all consideration in the above request, that you will and can offer to me in printing this letter.

Sincerely,

John L. Wright 124730

FOR Mr. Robert Durdin
"My Pal"
With Love and Kisses
—Bobbi

Sue McRoo.

a small child in a big world
trying to deal with what life has to give.

She is a child with no race, color or creed
—she is you and me—and our inner-most feelings.

She is not black—with large stereotyped lips or white with thin transparent cherry lips—for she has no mouth.

She is not black with an Afro—or white with stringy hair—yet she is not bald.

She is not black with poor cut-off jeans and tattered shirt and shoes.

She is not white with a cream-colored chiffon dress and laced socks and Maryjanes.

She is herself—clothed.

You see—she has no home—yet she is sheltered and rested.

All these things lead to stereotype—

She has no color—because you can never stereotype a neutral— they get along with anything.



Anything but a Glory

Poor Acting, Music Highlight A&T's "Tambourines"

by Barbara Hamm

My play production instructor made the assignment, "Go over to A&T to see Tambourines to Glory and then write a critique. I groaned inwardly because I had seen Tambourines four times and I really didn't want to see it again. Well . . . as any conscientious student would do, I obeyed my instructor's command and went to see the play. To this day I wish I had been naughty and stayed cooped up in my room listening to Earth, Wind, and Fire! For Langston Hughes's Tambourines to Glory, as produced by the Richard B. Harrison Players, was one of the worst plays that I have ever seen. The only way for you, the reader, to understand just how awful the play was is for me to describe the entire evening to you.

Let me begin by first explaining that Tambourines to Glory is a Black musical about the trials and tribulations two poor Black women (Laura and Essie Belle), face after they decide to start a phony church to raise money for themselves. It is also about how the devil, who takes human form as a guy named Buddy Lomax, can interfere in people's lives and cause trouble. The setting and time of the play is Harlem in the 1950's. Although the play was written with a great deal of humor, there are some serious undertones about the social problems of the time.

Now that you have a general understanding of what the play is about, let me go on to describe my evening.

I arrived at the Paul Robeson Theatre about 7:45 p.m. so that I could purchase my ticket (\$1.50), and get a good seat. Curtain, by the way, was at 8:15. I walked up to the lady selling tickets and asked for one student ticket. Believe it or not it took me exactly ten minutes to get my ticket! The lady had no idea of the price range of tickets, how the seating chart was arranged, or where the tickets were for the particular sections of the auditorium. And to top it all off, she had no change!

Anyway . . . I finally got my ticket, was handed a program by the usher and sent off by myself to hunt for my seat. Now you might say, "Any college student should be able to find his own seat in a theatre," and you might be right—but have you ever tried to find a seat in a theatre when none of the rows are marked? The audience played a game of musical chairs until everyone finally

found his correct seat.

Finally 8:15 arrived and everyone sat erect, anticipating a good play. Well, folks, it just didn't happen. Instead of a good play with good acting and good music, we got a good play with mediocre acting and horrible music.

In spite of the fact that almost all of the technical aspects of the play, (that no one is to know about except Miss Troutman's Play Production class), were done

sloppily and incorrectly, one still expected good acting. But this was not the case. I got the impression, (as did others, I found out later), that the actors were not really "into" what they were doing. They did not project their lines clearly; half of the play was mumbled. I don't know, maybe the actors were angry because across A&T's campus Miss A&T was being crowned and they wanted to be there.

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ROBYN'S NEST



by Robyn-Denise Berryhill

I can bet that after reading the first three words of this sentence you will continue to read out of sheer curiosity. Why? Because by now you are absorbed in the most original way there is of communicating: the story.

If you ever want to express yourself the story is the most effective way of doing so. Just look around you. Each one of us has a story to tell. Each one of us is unique in originality. And so that is precisely what my column in this issue is about: stories and their originality.

Books are little more than lengthy stories. And the goal of the author is to capture the attention of the reader from the first word to the last period. I for one have always felt that the best way to tell a story is straight—out and with no unnecessary frills. This in itself presents a problem for the author who must carefully choose the vehicle of his craft—words. Blend these two ingredients along with character description and plot, and the task of the writer becomes a tedious one indeed. But two recently published novels remedy this problem: "Roots" by Alex Haley and "Meridian" by Alice Walker. Both stories are superbly written with style, simplicity and originality.

"Meridian" is Alice Walker's second major novel in the past five years. And although still very young, Ms. Walker is no new addition to the literary field. She is the author of a collection of short stories and poems too numerous to mention.

"Meridian" is the story of a poor, southern black girl. It is the saga of her struggle, her love and her strength, set in the South during the Civil Rights era. It pos-

Great New Books Capture Attention

sesses the rarity of once having been picked up, it is impossible for the reader to put down. Each character and each event are so vividly defined that the entire novel flows from the pages like a long, continuous picture.

For those who are old enough to remember the Civil Rights movement in the 1960's, "Meridian" will bring back memories. And for those who do not, "Meridian" will make you laugh, cry and touch your heart with a gentle reminder that black women everywhere are still in the struggle together.

The search for Alex Haley's "Roots" has been, according to the author, a life-long one. It began on the porch of his grandmother's house in Tennessee where, as a young boy, Haley heard his grandmother tell the tale of an African ancestor named Kinte. This story would perplex Haley from that time until years later, a search spanning three continents would trace his family tree in Africa back to a relative named Kunta Kinte.

Oddly enough from the title and the advanced publicity, one would think that "Roots" is a story of the search for Haley's family tree. But instead it tells the story of Kinte's life in Africa, his entrapment into slavery and his life in America. The book doesn't stop with Kinte but continues on with his descendants.

Beginning in January, ABC will present "Roots" in a twelve-hour series on television. If by that time you haven't read the book, you owe it to yourself to tune in and watch.

Alex Haley collaborated with the late Malcolm X on his autobiography. "Roots" however is his story and one well worth listening to.

BENNETT BANNER

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