

Jesse Jackson has done just fine

We realize that the day is rapidly approaching when Jesse Jackson will have to withdraw from the race for the Democratic nomination for President.

Many people will equate this with failure in achieving a goal when in actuality the opposite is true. When Jackson declared his intention to run as a Democratic candidate, he issued a challenge to America. He claimed that he would awaken apathetic voters and dramatically increase voter registration among blacks.

Jackson has been called many things from an opportunist to a bigot. The biggest mistake that his critics and opportunistic opponents have made is that they have grossly underestimated him.

One of Jackson's greatest abilities is his gift for captivating an audience. He has the rare talent of being able to make people listen to him and not just hear him. Perhaps even more remarkable is his knack for being able to transfer his charisma just as effectively to television.

Since he entered the race, public opinion has vacillated from amused indul-

gence to admiration to belligerence. After all, who does this black man think he is—actually running for the Presidency?

Just because he travelled to Syria and secured the release of Lt. Robert Goodman doesn't mean that white America is ready to accept a black President. It also does not mean that he is singularly more qualified than any of the other candidates.

Despite the public's mercurial moods, Jackson has succeeded in accomplishing what he said he would. Simply by declaring his intention to run, Jackson rocked Capitol Hill to its knees. He also forced certain black issues into the public eye that probably wouldn't have been dealt with in depth by the other candidates.

Considering that Jesse Jackson didn't enter the race with any intention of winning, he has done a remarkable job of changing the often staid image that the Democratic party is often associated with.

So when the day comes for Jackson to withdraw, he can do so with dignity and the assurance that he has done a good job.

(Pamela Gary)

More recreation for mental preservation

The physical education department does a good job with limited funds and staff, but we need more recreational activities on campus.

Students are crying for things to do. We often hear Belles say, "I'm bored to death" because there's not enough to exert our energy that is left over from academics.

We can always go to the Student Union and play pool or ping pong, but how many of us can play pool or have any interest in playing ping pong? Not many. It would be hard to play pool on the weekends because of the guys who think they own the table.

In need of excitement, we can run over to A&T to be hounded by the guys.

The only sports on campus are the basketball and volleyball teams, as well as intramurals, which lack variety.

A track team would attract many students as would a softball team.

In addition, why not open the bowling alley, and let students play on the weekends? More and more students would participate, and before long we could have intramural bowling activity. Or for those students who still have the little girl in them, there could be double dutch contests. For the more intellectual types, checkers or chess is the answer.

When the A&T Homecoming occurs in October, why not have a pep rally here to boost the morale of students?

We should have more dances on campus, as well as aerobic dancing classes. Maybe even female break-dancing contests!

Bennett College is in desperate need of more recreational activities. All we want is a change in our humdrum daily routines and a chance to show off our hidden talents.

(Alaina Cloud)

When she found the right rainbow, She discovered the greatest ecstasy

an essay

by Chandra Austin

When the rainbow wasn't enough, I felt low-down and gritty. I cried, stomped, and screamed with anger as I thought about being done wrong.

I was a strong and intelligent woman. I was a black woman, like my mother before me, capable of intense love and backbone. And to let some "no-count" brother come along and bust my bubble, take my womanhood?

I actually felt blind. I felt like a new-born baby entering the world for the first time. It made me wonder how I could trust men at all. After all, a man helped to bring me into this world! My grandfather, strong as an ox, and gentle as a little lamb, was a man. How could I allow myself to be taken in by this "sweet-talkin'," "slick-dress-in," abusive individual.

He was a "man." He was my man. He came into my life like a ray of sunlight; he left like a cloud of darkness. He made my body sweat and tingle with passion. He'd beat my ass every Saturday night, and tell me he loved me, all in the same motion. He was my rainbow.

I thought I had everything with my "fine" man and his "bad" car. But did I really try to find out what my rainbow was all about? I was so busy trying to fit into his life-style of dirt, and what a

woman was "supposed" to be, that I had overlooked my life completely. I was broadening his rainbow, and making him feel good about himself.

Who the hell was going to do that for me? Who was going to make me feel loved? Who was going to wipe my tears away, and give me encouragement?

When the rainbow wasn't enough, I called him names while I drank whiskey. When the rainbow wasn't enough, I chopped off my hair, along with my ability to love. When the rainbow wasn't enough, I became an animal, searching in the darkness for a piece of meat.

When the rainbow wasn't enough, I did some serious soul-searching, and I climbed out of that deep, dark grave of inferiority. I looked to the sky, and I found my rainbow.

I found self-worth and determination. I found that no matter what I wanted to achieve in life, I could find it in that rainbow. I found that as long as I had that rainbow, no man, no person, could ever take away my most valued possession, my self-respect.

When the rainbow is not enough, I cry tears of joy, and keep my head to the sky because now I know that I'll never put my rainbow in the hands of another human being, for my rainbow will always be in the hands of the Lord.

Which type are you?

a column
by Yolanda DuRant

There are plump ones and skinny ones as well as short and tall ones.

This great variety of size and shape can be seen on any day and time just by walking across campus. Women from all over the world, from Africa to the Virgin Islands, attend this college.

Many different personalities live side-by-side in the dormitories and survive—an amazing accomplishment in itself.

Although there are so many different personalities from so many different backgrounds, most of the women can be put into one of four categories.

They are the sophisticated type, the lofty intellectual type, the "I want to be seen and heard" woman, and the ordinary, blend-into-college-life student.

The sophisticated woman, walks around with a pound of make-up everyday until someone begins to wonder if she is trying to enhance her beauty or just trying to hide something. She befriends only the girls whom she thinks of as being in the same league with her.

This type of woman looks down at anyone who does not wear the same fashionable clothes 24 hours

a day as she does or who does not wear her hair in some chic style.

The sophisticated woman walks across campus as if she were a princess or a queen with her head high and her nose sniffing at the top of the trees. She is easily recognizable to the passerby because she is constantly trying to keep from getting her heels caught in the cracks in the sidewalks.

The lofty intellectual type can always be seen with a scholarly expression upon her face as if she were just back from The Library of Congress. You can overhear her talking to friends and acquaintances, using big words that no one else ever uses as if she had studied the dictionary the night before. This woman always knows what she is talking about, and if she does not, she will probably make something up or drop out of the conversation as if it were too petty for her to join in on.

The lofty type is always trying to organize some kind of program but rarely exhibits her talents by participating. When she is asked why she is not in any type of honor society or other scholarly group, her reply is usually that she is too busy organizing worthy

causes and anyway why should she join those groups to document her intelligence when everyone already knows she is intelligent?

The "I want to be seen and heard" woman is always the center of attention. She can be heard laughing loud in the cafeteria or screaming and running up and down the halls in the dorm. Her trademark is trying to out-talk, out-shout and out-laugh her friends. This woman's idea of success is being remembered as a nuisance.

The ordinary, blend-into-college-life student is the woman who goes to her classes and strives for the best grades she can attain. She is well-adjusted and floats her way through the routine of college life. Any of the other women could be like her if they tried hard enough and some of them are probably already in this category as well as in the other categories.

The sophisticated woman, the lofty intellectual woman, and the "I want to be seen and heard" woman could all be good students and doing what they came here to do. Personal preferences and outward appearances never make a good student; dedication and hard work do!

Letters to the editor:

BC Performing Arts Company collects rave reviews

To the Editor:

Recently we have had on the campus the opportunity to see two notable drama groups perform.

The first was a professional theatre group from Washington, D. C., the Pin Points, which enlightened us about black history at the same time it entertained us.

The second, equally professional, equally entertaining, and equally enlightening, was our own Performing Arts Company, a group of very talented students directed by Mrs. Evelyn Bennett, the mother of one of the members of the company.

The entire program was of such high quality that it would be difficult to single out any one part for special praise. Freda Harris' portrayal of Sojourner Truth, Vicelia Howard's of Harriet Tubman, Nedra McGee's of Rosa Parks were all moving.

Vicelia Howard's dramatic monologue on the fate of black soldiers returning home after fighting in World War II was ex-

tremely touching; and juxtaposing it with Natalie Bennett's ebullient portrayal of the young woman "going North" in the following scene only heightened its irony.

The group numbers, which featured Rhonda Jackson as well as the other members of the group, were also very professional from their portrayal of slaves to their portrayal of freedom marchers. And the narration by Deadra Richmond and Nedra McGee gave the whole presentation unity and coherence.

A special word of thanks should go to Mrs. Bennett, not only for her direction of the whole group and her selection of historical and literary materials but also for her contribution of really remarkable original material to the performance.

Unfortunately, very few students and faculty members turned out for this superb evening of theatre, which, I understand, will be on tour representing our college. I only hope that those who missed it will have another opportunity in the near future and

that they will embrace that opportunity.

Sincerely,
Virginia A. Tucker
Professor of English

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To the Editor:

"Black History A Review" was an inspirational performance given by the Bennett College Performing Arts Company. The actresses should be praised for bringing forth realism in the characters. The review was a conjunction of skits that expressed the feelings of black women from slaves to freedom marchers. The show never stopped the flow of emotion or action.

The review began with Africans who spoke bitterly of the white slave merchants with this verse "There was a me before the serpents came and took me away to the land of the free."

The ladies spoke of hatred, sorrow and hope for America. They loudly denounced the segregation and Jim Crow laws. They also

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