

Editorials

Are you an investor in apartheid?

I could walk in any of your rooms or houses and find products from companies that have not divested from South Africa. Most, if not all, of us are guilty of purchasing products from these companies, businesses that continue to make money off the people of South Africa who have no choices in what is said or done.

How long will we support the despicable oppression of our people? How long will companies such as Pepsi, Revlon, Colgate and Chrysler make money off the blood, sweat and tears of our people?

Some of you say that you don't know which companies invest in apartheid. After you read this editorial you have no excuse.

Kentucky Fried Chicken: the colonel needs to do something besides chicken right.

Time Magazine: it's time to make a change.

It's time to wage war against social ills

Well, the war in Saudi Arabia is in the process of ending. The Kuwaitis are "free" and the good ol' USA maintained the privilege of using the oil in Saudi Arabia. What now, America?

Is it time to help your own homeless people or is there another country calling on you? I would venture to suggest helping the oppressed minorities (no, blacks are not the only ones being oppressed) in South Africa, but as I recall you have nothing to gain by helping them. The sanctions were a good idea and yes, Mandela is free, but there is more to do. So, how about it?

I am not advocating starting another violent war, but I do feel that South Africa is a much more worthy cause. There is one war I am in favor of. It is a simple spoken and written war. A war for social reasons. A serious war that should be waged by America against the unseen enemies of her people, homelessness, poverty, pollution and gang warfare.

America, you and your people are slowly dying out. Your moral standards are decreasing, and money is becoming your only motive. Granted there are a number of humanitarians in the world. However, when you look at the big picture, they seem to occupy a small corner.

Letters to the editor

Big woman blossoms; college enlightens

To the editor:

I recently ended a relationship with a very lost soul. The brother told me he and I were perfect for each other, compatible in every way. But he admitted he had a "small" problem. He preferred smaller women.

I am six feet tall and 200 pounds. I've had strangers approach me on the street and tell me what a pretty FACE I have. Now I sassily reply, "And the rest of me is pretty too!" A year ago, I broke up with a brother who said he wasn't "physically" attracted to me. Is that all we base our relationships on?

Yes, I am a full-figured woman (I am not fat or obese). There are derogatory terms that negate my personality. But, I am also funny, intelligent and compassionate. I am all these wonderful things and more (no pun intended). Yet people continue to see only the "outer" me. Yes, I know the outer me doesn't adhere to society's concepts of beauty (a size three anorexic) and neither does the average black women.

Why should I model myself after an airbrushed likeness of a woman? But what is really hurtful to me is being discriminated against by brothers and my people. How can we as a people who have been denied freedom partially because of our blackness, our physical appearance, judge others based on their physical appearance? So, where does this leave me and thousands

of other full-figured sisters in America? Are we supposed to sulk or drown ourselves in Hostess Ding-Dongs? Are we supposed to limit ourselves academically, culturally or spiritually because we don't fit the European beauty standards which we're all victims of? Should I hate my full hips, my big rear and my big thighs, hoping desperately they'll be in style next year (can you imagine all the heavy-bottomed European models?) In the famous words of Homey the Clown, "I don't think so! Homey don't play that!" I and thousands of other full-figured sisters have been "livin' in the closet" far too long. We've passed up vacations, recreational events (and even careers!) not because we don't want to participate, but because we were afraid of what others would say if they saw a woman of our stature roller-skating or wearing bathing suits.

No more! So, to all the world thinking "oh, she'd be so pretty if she lost about 100 pounds," step off! Because I have a new attitude and you can bet I am livin' it up large!

Shana E. Chambers

Happy Break

To the editor:

As my freshman year draws to a close, I have reflected upon what this year has taught me. What I have learned outside of the classroom is far more valuable than what any text could teach me. Being at a historically black college has opened my eyes to the problems and the solutions of the African-American race. It has also made me realize that if one attends a predominately white institution, then one misses out on some vital life skills.

The most important aspect of being an African-American is to realize that there is more to being an African-American than wearing a t-shirt that says, "Black to the Future" or attending a historically black college or university. Nor is it enough to stand on a soapbox and preach about how the white man has kept us down. We keep ourselves down by not taking responsibility for our actions and making whites our scapegoats. Being an African-American is an attitude, a culture that takes time to absorb and comprehend.

I grew up around white people, so many of my ideas were based on the norm. My parents had always exposed me to various aspects of African-American culture, yet that in no way prepared me for the total immersion of the historically black

college. I realized when I looked around me and saw the different shades, facial and bodily features of us, that we are truly a unique race. Having classes taught and attended by West Africans helped me gain insight on the kinds of problems that they face in their countries. I found that many of our problems and successes were very similar, which helped me gain an understanding that despite the distance, we're all connected by our race.

General Electric: they don't bring good things to light; they hide behind their kitchen appliances until the smoke clears.

Reader's Digest: Try swallowing the garbage fed to these people.

Kodak: I see your true colors shining through.

Ford, Black & Decker, Beier-Albany & Co., Johnson & Johnson, Nestle, Time Warner, Decor Western Inc., Bristol Myers, Xerox, Dyer USA Inc., BHP Holdings, and Atlas Corp. Do any of these sound familiar?

My fellow Bennett sisters, the list goes on and on. Are we going to refrain from eating, using and reading these products or are we going to take the attitude that I'm only one person; what I do won't really make a difference? If you refuse to buy from these companies and inform someone else about this list . . . Just think about it.

(Erica Salter)

Children and adults are killing each other on the streets, and the people are filling the land, air, and water with pollutants, therefore, suffocating themselves. Furthermore, a number of the citizens are being forced to live on the streets. Contrary to the beliefs of some, a number of the homeless are very intelligent people who did not choose to be homeless. As a matter of fact, some of them happen to be Vietnam veterans. Forgive me for my digression, but I must ask you America, to please take better care of our Desert Storm veterans since they did fight for your greed.

America, you have been asked before to look at yourself in the mirror; this time I am pleading with you. You are what many people refer to as the greatest country in the world. You are strong, powerful, and brave. Yet, you are slowly committing suicide. On the outside you appear to be happy; however, on the inside, you are in a constant state of conflict.

Please, America, put aside your greed and selfishness and help the needy people in your own country before they rise up and destroy you.

(Kimberly Buck)

has already taken place on many historically black college campuses and continues to grow.

Many of us African-Americans have started to read more about our history by taking Afro-American literature and history classes. Unfortunately, these courses are limited. This is a tragic flaw of the historically black college and university. Before we entered college, we learned about the George Washingtons and the Susan B. Anthonys of the white culture. It is now time that we learn about the Benjamin Bannekers and the Barbara Jordans of our race.

As I look around and see the natural haircuts and the African clothing and jewelry, I hope that we haven't fallen prey to trendsetters who want to make money off of our heritage. In order for us to really learn and teach others, our efforts must be sincere and we must put back into our community through volunteer work and creating jobs once we have established our careers.

So as I begin my sophomore year with a new perspective on life, I have realized my capabilities as an African-American college student and plan to use my knowledge to help others. All African-Americans must do the same. Maybe then will the t-shirts mean something.

Cynde Williams

Are Asian shopkeepers curators of black culture?

opinion
by Rehan Overton

In case you haven't noticed it, our heritage is on sale in downtown Greensboro.

I took a stroll down Elm Street recently and counted three clothing stores and two wig shops that one might see M. C. Hammer or LaToya Jackson in if they should ever go shopping in Greensboro. As I looked through the windows of these Asian-owned establishments, I saw t-shirts, jackets, necklaces and even whole outfits that bear symbols of the new Afrocentricity. Face it: our cultural affirmation has now become another group's finan-

cial acquisition.

It seems as if everyone, besides us, knows that African-Americans are the largest and, yes, the poorest consumers in the country. The owners of these downtown stores are smart, to say the least. They know the biggest profits to be made are in low income, African-American communities. Can you blame them? Where else can an Asian or Indian immigrant who can barely speak English (or is that just a ploy to throw us off?) open a store in a black neighborhood, sell us "Made in Taiwan" clothing with pictures of Malcolm X and the coined phrase of this

new social movement: "It's a Black Thing—you wouldn't understand!" I believe they do.

As I gazed at this post-1970s "blaxploitation," I wondered: Why do these shopkeepers sell the stereotypical merchandise found in their stores? Do they think African-Americans are the only people who wear flamboyant costumes made out of genuine - imitation - natural fibers? It appears to me that poor young blacks are put in an exclusive retail category and these Asian shopkeepers have a corner on the market.

If there's one thing my

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