

When I Was Young

by Laura Seel

Serendipity is approaching. My mind is already deadened to academic work (more than usual) in anticipation of the great event. I can think about only three things at this point: mail, my car's fuel gauge reading, and whether my jeans smell like my sneakers because I consistently pile them together on my closet floor. Anything more than this would certainly overload my circuits, possibly rendering me vegetable-like forever.

However, I will run that risk today in writing this column, perhaps out of some sorely misplaced sense of duty, but more

likely because I will enjoy another hour or so of not writing my 10-page *Bleak House* paper. I can admit this. I will not cheese out and tell the professor that I already turned it in and he must have lost it. I will not cheese out—I will not cheese out—

I spent a good hour and a half last night in the second floor "Refreshment Center" of the new Bauman Telecommunications Center. I go either to that building or to the library when I want that University of Guilford feeling, that new carpet smelling/drop-lighted/correctly-labeled door/working machine aura that makes me feel like a real student, like I'm at a real school where tax dollars fund the President's wedding and the faculty Bahamas getaway and suchlike.

When I'm in the telecommunications building, I feel like a sorority girl. I feel like I'm at N.C. State. I feel like—like—

like a number! Let's see, 5—uh, 9—595—ah, my social security number! Yes, that's it. That's what I feel like. I feel like a number amongst tens of thousands of other numbers who got rejected from Wake and Duke and ended up at State. I feel like part of a grandiose trend, the great scheme of higher education. I'm late for my Genetic Engineering class—gotta catch the cross-campus bus...

But then, as I walk out of the telecommunications building—it was all a dream. All I am is a number amongst hundreds of other numbers who got rejected from Wake and Duke and ended up at Guilford.

Still, the telecommunications building is impressive from the outside as I glance over my shoulder at it. Aesthetics, yes—aesthetically pleasing is where it's at. So they misjudged the roof a little bit and it incidentally interferes with the view out of

a window—it's still an architectural achievement. And it has a long, hard-to-say name that is a pain to type out, discouraging would-be critics from writing articles about it.

Outside the building I must dodge the throngs of Presidential Hosts and prospective students gathered on the steps. The ground is littered with brochures about the new apartments. Traffic flow has become a bit of a problem now that the telecommunications building and the library are the only two stops on the campus tour.

"We're offering a special this week," I hear the tour guide say. "A deal that can't be beat, even by Davidson. If you promise, in writing, never to divulge your SAT scores to any member of the public or the media, in return we'll give you—a free ride! All expenses paid. That's right, Guilford wants your warm body."

I just have to sigh and recall the days, not so long ago in fact, when people came to Guilford because it was Guilford. We roughed it, of course, no new apartments, no 24-hour computer centers, no \$2,000 chairs, but I like to think we were happy. You know the old school of thought, that people who suffer together are bonded forever? I believe that. That was once Guilford. Did we ever suffer! We didn't even have anything nice to look at back then, unless of course you count the woods, and I can't see why you would...

It's strange how things work, though. I know it sounds like a bleak place, but the Guilford of a few years ago was actually more able to attract quality students than is the brand-spanking new University of Guilford today. Used to be, when you asked a student why they chose Guilford, they'd launch into a long-winded portrayal of Guilford as they saw it—a different picture for every student—and the unique features that brought them here. We all know what the story is with the prospective Guilfordian of today—"Oh, [my application] is just a preventative measure, in case I don't get into Wake or Duke or Davidson or—or—"

The very premises that once made Guilford a first-class place to learn will bring about the demise of the University of Guilford. Because we like to let people do what they want to do and alter their environment as it suits their individual vision, we may, by 1995, consist of an aesthetically pleasing *empty* campus with bozos at the helm.

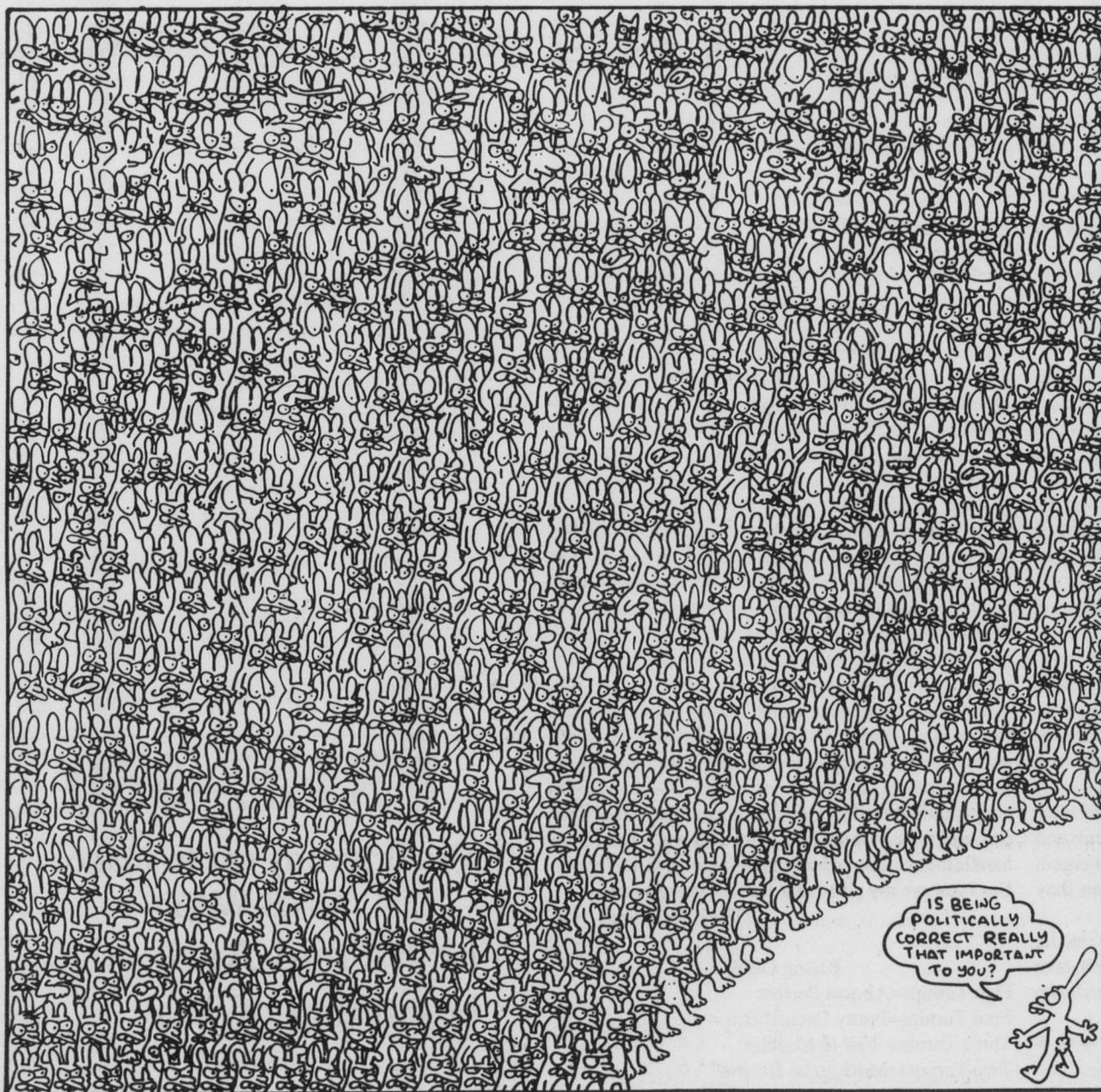
"Who's running the finances around here?" I asked a faculty member recently.

"Larry, Moe and Curly," the professor replied.

The Image Police are running the school, I think. What we need is a good witchhunt, banning these offensives from this campus forever. I know, very unQuakerly, yeah, yeah, yeah. But if we are so "tolerant" as to let them in, we will soon see such

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