

The costs of vandalism

DICK DYER
guest writer

Much has been reported about increased vandalism on campus. What has not been a part of such reports is the costs of such damage. What is destroyed must be replaced with newer, or better, or stronger. The staff people involved in the repairs are salaried employees. The person who looks at the part numbers and gets on the phone to order a replacement is salaried. Those who sweep up the glass or pick up the trash are salaried employees. The person who replaces the light is salaried. Some examples:

1. This semester, lights and fixtures in Bryan Hall have been destroyed (often the day after they are replaced). The cost to date is nearly \$2000.00

2. The two large planters that sat at the beginning of the Duke/Archdale garden area were driven over and destroyed. The mate-

rials cost nearly \$400.00

3. Recently, newly raked and seeded grass was rutted and turned to mud by someone driving recklessly across the grass and through the campus.

4. During Serendipity someone vandalized two Maintenance golf carts and the wire fence surrounding that complex. One of the carts was totaled. Estimated cost of all repair and replacement in this incident \$1800 to \$2000.

5. In recent weeks vending machines in the Apartments, English, and the Founders Gameroom have been kicked in and items taken from them. The vending machine company has absorbed the cost thus far but may pull the machines if this continues.

Each student at Guilford College pays for that damage. As the college has decided not to raise tuition and as funds are tight, monies spent on replacing lights in Bryan Hall are not spent on other goods or programs.

Choices have to be made. Whether to maintain lights in Bryan Hall is a choice. Therefore something else "that can wait" often does. Only when a student realizes that he/she bears a portion of the cost will the behavior be reported or confronted. That many of the lights in Bryan were destroyed on several occasions without anyone "seeing anything" is unlikely.

But the cost is deeper. What does it feel like to work very hard on a paper only to have the work destroyed by a computer virus? What must it feel like to replace a destroyed light for the third time or reseed an area that you worked with the day before? With each act of vandalism something else does not get bought or done.

And the person returns to the Maintenance Department, puts away the tools for the fourth time and says: "These students sure are destructive!" And with that statement each student pays a bit in the horrific inclusiveness of the anger and frustration.

Politics of Affirmative Action

ADAM LUCAS
editorials editor

Sometimes, you have to wonder who decides what is a "liberal viewpoint" and what is a "stupid conservative idea."

No issue illustrates that point more vividly than affirmative action, which was recently brought to the forefront of public debate by the Hopwood decision in the Fifth Circuit.

Hopwood was the leader of a group of four University of Texas at Austin students who brought a lawsuit against the university on the grounds that they were denied admission to the law school because preference was given to minorities in admissions.

The Fifth Circuit decreed that race could no longer be used as a factor in admissions to any public institution of higher learning, so shocking UT that they were forced to suspend their admissions process for one week.

The most surprising element of this situation came from the school president, Robert Berdahl. In response to the decision, Berdahl opined that the courts ruling meant "the virtual resegregation of higher education."

Surely he didn't mean that. Because if he did, I would take that to mean that he doesn't think minorities are intelligent enough to gain entrance to college on their own merits.

As a proud liberal, he can't believe that, can he? I mean, here I sit, a silly old conservative, and even I don't believe that.

I tend to believe that, given a level playing field, minorities will fare very well for themselves. That's why there's no need for affirmative action.

As a nation, America prides itself on equality, and that is a principle that affirmative action does not permit. Yes, some minorities were terribly discriminated against in the past. However, does that make it right to discriminate against a different group today?

If it was wrong then, it's wrong now, and that's why affirmative action needs to end.

Some people are treating the Hopwood case as if it is a revolutionary idea that college admissions should be based on merit.

"What, you mean I shouldn't get in just because of the school's need to fill a quota? What ever should I do?"

Well, go somewhere because that's where you want to go, or because that's the kind of school that meets your academic needs.

Call me a stodgy old conservative (and I know you will), but I believe that minorities are perfectly capable of succeeding without any government or college giving them something to lean on. I believe in equal opportunity for everyone.

It's just too bad some of our so-called liberal friends have forgotten some of the ideals America was founded on.

Spinning the dreidel

LAUREN GILL
staff writer

It is Passover, and I'm not a real Jew. I'm one of those mixed-up-in-the-middle-kind-of-in-between Jews, one who doesn't know her Hebrew and only dreams about Nazis. I've always had an escape from being a Jew. When the boys in eighth grade became skinheads and I didn't understand what I should be proud of, I turned to my Christian alibi—my dad.

I write this essay as a Jew. Adrienne Rich, explaining her struggle with being a half-Jew in her essay "Split at the Root," says, "And sometimes I feel inadequate to make any statement as a Jew; I feel the history of denial within me like an injury, a scar...My ignorance can be dangerous to me and to others." I look at Adrienne Rich's struggle and see my own struggle in which I am constantly trying to figure out where I fit as a Jew in a "split root" family. If I side with my father's family, attend church, go the Christian way, I disappoint my mother's family. Adrienne Rich continues to say, "I would have liked, in this essay, to bring together the meanings of anti-Semitism and racism as I have experienced them and as I believe they intersect in the world beyond my life. But I'm not able to do this yet." The fact that Adrienne Rich can state this after having written an essay on her experiences "in the world beyond" her life, says that she is ready to do this, can do this, has done it.

I read "Night" by Elie Wiesel in 8th grade for an English assignment. Throughout the year I had the same dream on and off. In the dream, it's cold and I'm a Jew. I'm in Germany. The year is 1945. The Americans haven't come yet. I'm with some boy. Though his face changes with each reoccurrence of the dream, he is still there.

He is never a Jew. I dream that once I get warm a Nazi walks by, above me, beside me, near me. I'm in a hole in the ground wrapped in a blanket next to this boy's body. I watch as three men circle around, hold the muzzle up to his face, laugh, and shoot. The boy dies. I'm not afraid of this dream. Instead of producing terror it acts as an insight, a dream turned into a lullaby, my way of gradually seeing something I wasn't ready to see all at once. I fell asleep to it.

I forgot about Elie Wiesel until the 9th grade when I went to a meeting in remem-

ber to cry like a Jew. Is it natural for a half-Jew to cry at someone else's Holocaust?

In the 9th grade I wasn't ready to answer that question. For the next few years I attended Holocaust meetings and listened to speakers. Those speakers kept sparking the same question in me.

"Is it natural for a half-Jew to cry at someone else's Holocaust?" Yet it remained an unresolved issue until this year with my first chance to attend a lecture by Elie Wiesel, in which he spoke about exile from home. He said, "Whoever claimed that to be Jewish was easy?" He went on to say that the "Jewish soul is determined to remain Jewish." Being a Jew is something that always stays with a Jew. Being a Jew evokes thousands of years of exile, punishment, enslavement, and discrimination. But Elie wanted us to understand the other side of being Jewish. He wanted us to see that life is exile, beginning with exile from the womb, and following one to one's last home, the grave. Elie said that as we "move through life, we take our home with us." We take our exiles, our punishments, our discrimination, our family. Home is a safe place; family is safe people.

Though it didn't happen overnight, Elie Wiesel helped me see what being Jewish means. It doesn't mean surviving a Holocaust. For every Jew it means something different. For me it means my mother, her mother, dinner at Aunt Nancy's, Chanukah, a few songs, a few prayers, and being proud to say, "I'm a Jew."

I connect with my Jewishness through the Holocaust, through my dreams, through my family, through myself. I don't feel guilty anymore. This is not "someone else's Holocaust." The pictures, the people, are all there to help remember, to teach, to prevent. One is supposed to feel. I am supposed to feel.

Shalom.

Being a Jew evokes thousands of years of exile, punishment, enslavement, and discrimination.

brance of the Holocaust. Sonia Weitz was there, and the dreams came back. Her story, her mother, her father, her family made them come back. Sonia was a survivor, 100% Jewish. She was there, she saw, she suffered. Her nightmares are real. I remember how black her hair was, how small her body, so small I thought she would break. I always thought a survivor had to be physically strong too. As she talked, I put her into the pictures on the screen, a frightened little girl, confused, scared, alone. Ever since that meeting, when I see those pictures, I want