

Letter from the Editor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

tion and fear and disbelief were staples of the Guilford Campus for nearly an entire semester. When all was said and done, the Bryan incident – the alleged “hate crime” that landed Guilford in newspapers around the country and as far away as Europe and the Middle East – instead boiled down to three acts of violence. Violence among individuals drawing blood. Violence to the tenets of Guilford College. And violence to the pictures in our heads of who as a community we thought we were.

Violence doesn't belong anywhere. In our community it should never be tolerated and when it occurs it should be treated with the same course of medicine faculty, staff and students apply regularly to the challenges that confront us -- questioning, open minds, and trust in the power of full understanding.

I don't intend to use the Guilfordian to preach to the community. But it is important for those of us who experienced last year to remember what happened and to learn from the wounds we encountered. For those of you who are new to our community, it is important to understand the impact of the past. Upsetting tenure decisions, racism, and student violence are now part of our community. The newspaper staff will make a particular effort this year to help each of us understand the campus world we think of as home. The violence of racism and student confrontation, rules that govern the faculty and effect the students, and our community's response to them are important issues with valuable lessons. These issues and others will get the coverage they deserve in our pages.

The Guilfordian exists to serve the community, but the community has a responsibility as well. It is our goal at the newspaper to cover relevant and significant issues and events using the highest standards of journalistic ethics and integrity to serve as the foundation for strong discourse. I cannot stress how important it is for you, the readers of The Guilfordian and the members of our community, to contribute to the conversation. If you have something to say, add your voice with a letter to the editor or a full-blown contributed article. I'll listen. If the newspaper's job is to spark discussion, then my own task as editor is to invite you into that discussion. Consider this an invitation.

A new year brings a new perspective for Guilford students

For those arriving for the first time ...

HANNAH RICHARDS | STAFF WRITER

After four colorless, uneventful, and plain horrendous years of high school, Guilford is a refreshing new experience that I would never want to give up.

Guilford was my first and only choice. I applied for early admission and was ecstatic when I got in. I adored everything about Guilford from the first time I saw it: the green trees, the sense of community, the value of equality, the nature-friendly vibe, the cafeteria's vegan option, the teachers I met. It reminded me of the only place I ever felt at home, the arts camp in New Jersey I attended for two years, Appel Farm.

Growing up in Takoma Park, a small town just outside of Washington, D.C., I got the best or the worst of both worlds, depending on how you spin the

story. My town was full of old hippies, vegetarian foods, and organic produce while D.C. was getting more and more corrupt each day. Slowly, though, my home was filled with money-hungry lawyers who did not yet have the money to pay for a D.C. townhouse in Georgetown, graduate students studying to be doctors

because their parents told them they needed to make money as a career, and teachers from every unethical school in the

D.C. area, including teachers from schools that claim to be Quaker but really do not care about Quakerism or Quaker values.

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As I grew older and decided to apply to college, I knew only this: I didn't want a school like any of the D.C. private schools, even though some have redeeming qualities.

I wanted somewhere open minded and where I could be happy without worrying about my future earning potential. When

I stumbled upon Guilford, I knew it was just that.

I hate to be cliché and say Guilford College was all I wanted and expected, but it is, and better. For the first time since I left Appel Farm, last summer, I feel at home and I feel hope for the future. I feel that I can have a complete education here by not only being taught academically but also becoming more socially aware. It's delightful to realize that not everyone here is solely here because they want to make money in 10 years and that not everyone here will care how well paid you are in ten years. It's comforting that you're not alone and there are other people out there that who care about the world. Guilford, so far, has been full of hope and some of the best people I have ever met in my life. I hope every other first-year feels the same way I do.

For those returning for one of their last times ...

JAKE BLUMGART | STAFF WRITER

When I look back at my time at Guilford, I will remember my three years in the Old Apartments, largely due to the fact that my first year was spent in a hazy soporific state due to my abnormally susceptible immune system, bolstered by near-toxic doses of Colt 45.

I've learned a thing or two since those halcyon days when the New Apartments were a venerated bamboo patch, you could smoke pretty much anywhere, and the Greenleaf was but a twinkle in the eye of one of the more socially conscious potheads.

But rather than waxing poetic about the freshman days of yore, I'm going to attempt to pass on my hard-won (and dubiously named) wisdom to the next generation.

As I've clawed my way up the collegiate hierarchy, a few lessons have been branded into the forefront of my Foucault-saturated brain alongside the dates of the Thirty Years War (1618-48) and the exact price of the cheapest box of macaroni and cheese available at Harris

Teeter (59 cents before tax).

Lesson the First: Every semester is different. This may seem obvious but even now, entering my senior year, I am constantly amazed at how different each semester is from the one that preceded it. College is not a static social environment. People get kicked out, go abroad, drop out and graduate. Guilford has a constantly shifting cast of characters. The folks who are on campus are subject to any number of variables that will affect the spirit of a semester: classes, dating, living situations, etc. You never get the same thing twice.

Lesson the Second: If you party hard, be prepared to work harder. You can't escape the consequences of last night's actions. Attempting to concentrate on your studies is near impossible if yesterday's dinner is making valiant efforts to claw

its way up your esophagus and into the sweet freedom of your roommate's lap. People who don't learn this lesson don't last.

Lesson the Third: This can't be emphasized enough. Treat the cafeteria workers, housekeepers, public safety officers, librarians and other staff with the same respect you give your professors. They make your experience here possible and don't deserve to put up with your crap.

Lesson the Fourth: Live in Mary Hobbs Hall or the Old Apartments (theme houses are great too). Of all the gender-specific housing, Mary Hobbs Hall is my favorite. It's beautiful, with communal potential, a coffee shop in the basement, and wood paneling on the floors. It doesn't smell like jock-strap (English Hall) and it isn't reminiscent of one of the

more stringent Victorian sanitariums (Shore Hall). If you have the unfortunate handicap of being male, date someone who lives there and (assuming she will let you) sleep there.

The Old Apartments are superior to the New Apartments in nearly every way. They have dishwashers, porches, a patch of woods in the middle and your friends don't have to swipe in to see you. The biggest problem with the Old Apartments is that when you have sex everyone knows about it. Those walls (and floors and ceilings) are thin. You'll know the grunts, moans, squeals and roars of everyone in your building by years end. Is that too high a price to pay for clean dishes? I thought not.

But Guilford is a pretty great place no matter where you live. This time next year I'll (God and Heather Hayton willing) be graduated and I'll be more than a little misty-eyed about it. So take it easy on the Colt 45, takes classes you actually like, try not to breathe in too much if you live in English and you'll be just as teary when your time comes.