

# RUN. JUMP. CLIMB. HURDLE. BUILD CONFIDENCE? PARKOUR PARKOUR PARKOUR

CENTERSPREAD

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## THE GUILFORDIAN

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### Love letter from Iwo Jima

A GUILFORDIAN STAFF  
WRITER'S FIRST-HAND  
EXPERIENCE WITH RACISM  
ON CAMPUS



By Tristan Dewar

Two weekends ago, I was headed home in the wee hours of the morning after hanging out with friends on campus. Walking to my car in the Bryan lot, I heard a raucous group of people. As I warily approached them, one of the members of the group, a white male, rowdily hailed me. Sort of.

"Hey, watch out!" he said to his female companion. "It's Chinese dude! How's it going, Chinese dude?"

Taken aback by this rude address, I responded coolly in kind. "What's up? Keep walking."

The student seemed confused by my response. "Why would he say that ... why would he say something like that?"

I found my car and left.

Hardly a harrowing experience.

However, although at first glance the incident seems like it went rather swimmingly, I was sorely disappointed in my new friend.

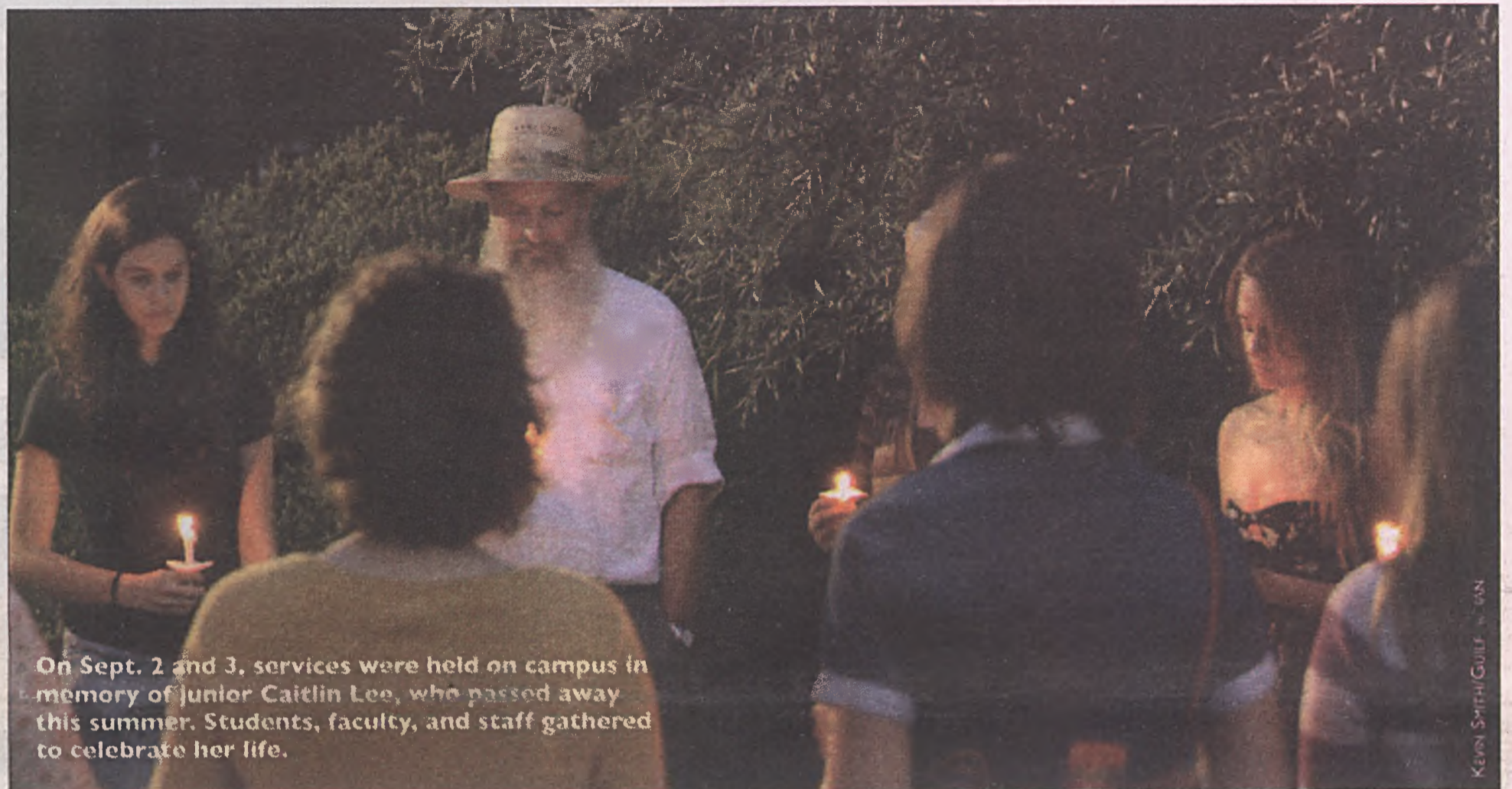
Sure, he was sensitive enough to recognize my love of fried rice and Jay Chou, and therefore accordingly address me as "Chinese dude!" but I didn't feel like he got me.

But since a dark parking lot is no place to have a nice pot-luck and roundtable discussion about racial insensitivity, let me break down exactly why I responded so negatively to his obviously well-intentioned overture of friendship.

I am ethnically Vietnamese, not Chinese. There was no way this guy could've known his error or differentiated the nuances of these ethnicities, but that's not really the problem. Apparently to him, all Asians and Asian Americans are suitably "Chinese" enough to all fit under that ill-suited label.

Don't get me wrong; the Chinese people dominate at gymnastics and kung fu. They make a fine shoe, and who doesn't

SEE "TRISTAN" ON PAGE 10



On Sept. 2 and 3, services were held on campus in memory of junior Caitlin Lee, who passed away this summer. Students, faculty, and staff gathered to celebrate her life.

KEVIN SMITH/GUILFORDIAN

### Guilford remembers Caitlin Lee

By Amanda Pressley  
FORUM EDITOR

As we grow up we make all sorts of friends.

The boy you used to play patty cake with in preschool. The little girl who shared her Lunchables with you in third grade. Your middle school posse that gathered to dish about first kisses. And the faces you searched for in the crowd

as you accepted your high school diploma.

But then there are the friendships made in college.

Those friendships go beyond pre-k games or crackers and cheese, beyond kisses (though that topic is discussed at length) and graduation. Friends made in college become family and as a family you map out your futures.

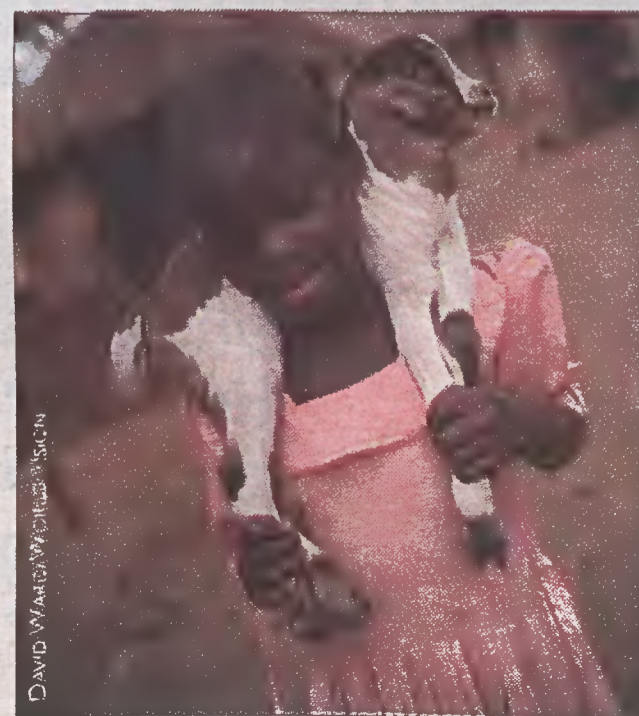
Over the summer, a tragedy stole a

member of my Guilford family.

Caitlin Christine Lee, 20, died in a car accident on July 27, following a fun-filled weekend at King's Island amusement park with friends Jackson Harris and Caitlin Currey, and her boyfriend, Ryan Williams.

My plans for the future instantly changed.

SEE "CAITLIN LEE" ON PAGE 8



A girl carries a goat given to her family through World Vision International.

DAVID WALTERS/PHOTOS.COM

### Step Into Africa exhibit gives a face to AIDS epidemic

By Matt Boulette  
STAFF WRITER

The Westover Church on Muir's Chapel road recently hosted a World Vision presentation of their Step Into Africa program. Running from Sept. 4 through Sept. 8, the program aimed to raise awareness about the constant specter of AIDS and its daily visitations on the lives of African families.

With a firm message of hope through faith, the exhibit invited visitors to experience the struggles

and perils of life in nations such as Uganda, Kenya and Lesotho, the epicenters of the AIDS epidemic.

Upon entering the behemoth of a church, I quickly found my way to the exhibit, where volunteers assisted me in procuring a headset for the audio experience. I was greeted by the wise, slightly echoing voice of Halima, my guide, who invited me to "step out of my world" and into "the pulse of Africa."

Directed by mystical

drumming and chanting, I stepped through a curtain and into the life of Mathabo, a six-year-old girl living in Lesotho, an enclave nation within South Africa where one in four adults are living with HIV or AIDS.

Mathabo suffers the dire fate of many Africans. In addition to widespread poverty, 12 million children have lost one or both parents to AIDS, and in Lesotho alone, 56,000 children have been rendered orphans by

SEE "STEP INTO AFRICA" ON PAGE 9