

## Violence doesn't warrant knee-jerk reaction



Andrew Stewart  
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On March 26 at 6:13 a.m., Western Division officers of the Greensboro Police Department answered a call about a stabbing victim bleeding at a Circle K store on New Garden Road.

The 20-year-old man was slashed at after a bonfire on Guilford's campus at approximately 4:30 a.m. by a man whose name was not released to the media.

Given the wait of almost two hours before the call to authorities, the wound was not severe. However, the knife-wielder was charged with assault with a deadly weapon. According to Director of Public Safety Ron Stowe, the assailant has an extensive criminal history and is a registered sex offender.

Neither man is a Guilford student. The troubling news puts the college in an awkward position.

Should security be increased or a fence erected

when Guilford has to raise tuition for normal expenses? We see how pointless a fence has been on the Mexico/U.S. border.

In addition to the March 26 stabbing, another Guilford student was mugged and stabbed on April 8. Two random stabbings in two weeks must mean something. Was it a copycat crime? I hope this is not the beginning of a crime wave.

A mysterious man apparently lives in Milner Hall and does not attend the

school. Someone lets him in the building, bypassing the card-swiping machine. It is a creepy story. He squats in Milner with occasional sightings by students. Regardless of his intentions, a non-student infiltrating the dorms sets an unusual precedent. Be mindful of who you hold the door open for.

should be more common in a city like Greensboro. Virginia Commonwealth University is located in Richmond, Va. Horror stories come from VCU often, most notably violence against women. An attempted rape was thwarted on March 28 near VCU's campus.

A little paranoia is not a bad thing, however, as being on the lookout boosts campus safety. Massive paranoia and undertaking excessive building projects Guilford cannot afford

fun, but for some people a night is not complete without a fight.

Other than canceling bonfires and locking down the campus, the only way to keep unsavory characters away is to have bouncers, which seems excessive.

Guilford students should use their sense of community for an informal community watch. If we watch out for each other, the violence can stay outside of the campus.

The attack could have been even worse if a gun was used. Since the attacker used a knife, there was no collateral damage. If a gun was fired, then stray bullets could have sprayed anywhere.

The attacker stabbed Yefimov up close, making the crime more personal. Guilford was most likely an unplanned choice of venue. It could have happened anywhere to anyone. Catching this guy saved lives because they always attack again.

All these silver linings show that Guilford students can still trust each other to not commit violence. Outside agitators should not upset a sense of fun at a bonfire. Be wary of shady characters and let the Public Safety officers keep up the good work.

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The Public Safety officers are doing a tremendous job, as violence seems like it

should be avoided.

Carrying Mace won't hurt you if aimed correctly. And do not underestimate the power of a scream. Even the most deranged person will stop to think once their plans are no longer a secret.

It is unknown what Audrey Yefimov, the first victim, and his assailant were doing on the campus. They separately heard of a party on campus. They probably were looking for

## The race for the perfect place



Julia Solheim  
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Why is it that the housing process is producing so many mini-meltdowns? As a newcomer to Guilford, I didn't really have a choice about where to live my first semester, so I never worried about it. But now I see my suitemates and friends all freaking out and I find myself wondering: what's the big deal?

Well, according to some, it is a very big deal.

So here's the dorm breakdown:

First-years live in Milner or Binford. A majority of sophomores live in Bryan. For those who don't want to live in co-ed dorms, men and women can choose English or Mary Hobbs and Shore, respectively. Then there are the South Apartments, the North Apartments, and Hodgins's Retreat. These last three are usually top choice for upperclassmen. One appeal of these is the fact that you

get your own room, and privacy is an important factor for a lot of people.

A lot of people have been trying to obtain apartments, but to no avail. As it turns out, seniority is priority, as upperclassmen tend to get better lottery numbers. That makes sense, though.

For those of us who still have two or three more years here, I'm sure we will

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manage to get our choice of housing for one of them. It seems reasonable to be mad if it was your last year of school and you ended up in Bryan because sophomores and juniors took all the good places.

And on that note, it would be extremely annoying to become stuck in an undesirable housing situation because of a clerical error, which happens more frequently than comfort-levels allow.

Another requirement for acquiring an apartment is to have a full group of people to live with. This is frustrating when three people want to live together in an apartment and are denied the chance because they can't find a fourth person in time. It is sensible that a single person or even two people shouldn't be able to reserve an apartment for four when there is limited room and high demand, but there should be some exceptions.

What about transfer students? If someone transfers in before their junior or senior year they will most likely be put in Bryan or a single-sex dorm — they have almost no option of having their own room.

It is, admittedly, a frustrating process, but come on, people, it's not the end of the world. When school starts up again, there are bound to be drop-outs and people going off to foreign countries, and spaces will open up. So by all means, freak out if you get stuck in a crappy living situation. But there is a time and a place, and both have yet to come — plus, I'm sick of hearing you complain.

## BURSTING THE BUBBLE

### A journey to Elsewhere



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At 10 o'clock on a balmy Thursday evening, I stepped off of Elm Street in downtown Greensboro and into the brightly lit foyer of Elsewhere, the living museum. My eyes instantly widened to the size of dinner plates and my head swiveled like a bauble as I tried to make sense of the new world I had entered into.

Amy Johnson, the communications intern, greeted me at the door and explained the history of Elsewhere.

For 55 years, Sylvia Gray collected odds and ends that she sold in a thrift store in the same three-story building that the museum now occupies.

"Apparently (Gray) was quite a character," Johnson said. "People would come into the store and she would tell them that things weren't for sale, or that they could buy a trinket for a thousand dollars."

In 2003, six years after Gray's death, her grandson George Sheer visited the abandoned thrift store with a few of his friends. Faced with the enormous question of what to do with so much stuff, the group of friends decided to re-imagine its potential.

Two years of organizing and re-organizing later, Elsewhere became what it is today: a living museum where artists come for residencies, working only with the materials that are already there.

Sylvia was particularly fond of fabric and textiles, which is evident in a large collection of knotted and bundled fabrics hanging from the ceiling. The effect of this display is disorienting, like walking on your hands across a patch of multicolored shag carpet, or floating upside-down through waving sea anemones.

"This place is a found-object paradise," I overheard a man with a mirror strapped around his neck mutter to himself.

The truth is, I had to crane my neck to see anything but the man's shoes (black, business casual) because I was hiding out in a tiny alcove beneath a table, which was draped in fabric and complete with a makeshift bed.

From here, I crawled back into the grown-up sized world, but I was beginning to get my bearings in this strange place, and it was clear that grown-up sized or not, this was like no place I had ever been before.

Suddenly, what previously seemed like an indecipherable jumble of junk appeared to me as a jungle of infinite possibility. A jungle or a city, the metaphors kept mixing in my mind, and that was just fine because the excitement of this place lies in the fact that it can be anything you want it to be.

Elsewhere is a playground for anyone. Sure, most of the artists are 20-somethings from Portland or Minneapolis, with torn jeans and thrift store tops, but there is Mr. Business Casual carrying on an impassioned conversation with Johnson, the intern.

For me, it was an experience of synesthesia: colors moved and swelled, indecipherable from textures, and the smells from dinner lingering in the air combined with the musty aroma of old knick-knacks. Toys from the 90s next to toys from the 50s spoke to a shared cultural history, and I imagined some future civilization discovering the ruins of Elsewhere and trying to piece together a picture of our world from the artifacts left behind.

Stepping back onto the street, normal objects took on a strange slant. Orange construction cones could be giant birthday hats or altars to small deities. This is what I always want art to do: make everything in the world new again. This is what Elsewhere has done.