

Dimensions

Yello House lives... for time being

By Hobart Anthony

5408 w. Friendly is not just any run-down looking house which you pass and think, "Gee, that place really should be condemned." As a matter of fact it already has been condemned, but the residents are not so willing to allow their home to fall by the wayside.

If you haven't already figured it out, 5408 is otherwise known as the "Yello House," the home to consecutive groups of Guilford students since around 1979.

It may not keep this status for long though, as the city inspectors have prescribed significant renovations if it is to be occupied.

In April of '91, the city inspectors decided to randomly inspect the house and found the place in an advanced state of ruin. The inspector encouraged that thorough work and cleaning be done to the house to maintain its livable status.

With this in mind, the residents hauled away about five truckloads of random junk, replaced the garden-hose plumbing with PVC pipe, replaced the then dilapidated porch, and even repainted the house to its original yellow.

All seemed to be going well until spring of '92, when the inspector took a look at the wooden supports which hold the house off the ground. According to the present codes, only masonry pillars will suffice for supports.

The inspector couldn't conceive of college students rebuilding a foundation, so he condemned the house, leaving the residents ten days to vacate.

Undaunted, the residents petitioned housing officials for one more month so that they could finish the school year. When their request was granted, the residents met with local contractor Lyndon Bray who was able to give sound advice and help secure another work permit.

Presently, the residents and those who have volunteered their time are spending their weekends rebuilding the foundation, cleaning, painting, and taking care of other odds and ends which need attention.

But why have these people devoted so much of their time to a house which many people find to be an eyesore and a health hazard?

The reason is simple: they simply love the Yellow House and speak of an overwhelming sense of community present there.

In addition, T.J. Crook says, "The house should be preserved for its role as a historical part of the Guilford Community."

The brand of community at the Yello House focuses on frugality. The house has no heat, the residents fix inexpensive, vegetarian meals for one another—none of which gets thrown away—and all recyclable material is dutifully taken to the recycling center.

The residents all think of one another as family members,



Photo by Christina Copeland

Yello House, longtime home to Guilford College bohemian living, has yet again fended off the safety inspector. Here residents work to reinforce the foundation of the house, which many know as home of the Funky Formal.

and those who have lived there in the past always feel free to stop by at their old home.

This emphasis on community and global-conscious living make the Yello House "The closest thing Guilford has to a cooperative living system," Jason Reep, a former resident, says.

Not only have the Yello House residents managed to maintain an alternative lifestyle to that of Guilford and the mainstream of society, but they have also added

to the weekend social life of main campus students.

In addition to informal parties, the Yello House has also started a tradition of the "Funky Formal," a controversial annual party which has been criticized for being "exclusive" in its use of invitations.

The residents are quick to react to such charges, explaining that the party was intended to be a satire of "high society" formal parties and that the invitations are

only part of that satire.

"Everyone who is interested is invited," Chris Warren explains.

Displaying a strong community bond in the face of adversity, the residents of the Yello House show what can be done when a group of people come under a common goal.

Further, The Yello House adds a certain flavor to Guilford, an off-campus example of how people can live in the "real world."

Moroccan student lands in belly of mammoth

By Anwar Ouazzani

It's 7:00 am. After a long, sleepless night of packing, remembering the past and worrying about the future, here you are at the airport, waiting impatiently for the plane.

You don't really know what's going to happen next. It's too late to change your mind. You break into a sweat. You can't distinguish cold from hot.

This plane, your plane, is going to take you away to this huge and imposing elephant called the United States of America.

It's 5:00 pm. You feel like you're in the stomach of a mammoth but it's just J.F.K. airport. Mummy, daddy, Hicham and Michele are asleep by now. They're in their own quiet beds while you have to transport unwieldy trunks laden with all your worldly possessions to La Guardia airport.



You don't even realize what is going on. You can't think, you just react. Your plane leaves at 6:30 PM. You must take it. If not...

La Guardia, where is it? What is it? You have 30 minutes to figure it out, and you don't even understand their language.

Come on take it easy, you can do it. All these Martians scurrying

around the airport seem to know what they want and where they are going to. Why not you? Airport?... Ah, planes... VVOUH, VVOUH... Right? Left?... AH! Here, there! Sank Yul!"

You don't know how you did it! You are on the 6:30 plane. You didn't even cry. Your mind and your heart are disconnected. Neither of them knows what the other one thinks and feel, but at least you're on the right plane going in the right direction: Greensboro, North Carolina. Let's sleep...

Like almost all international students, that's something like what I've experienced in coming to the U.S.

I bet you want to know if I've "got it" now? Well here I am competing with other U.S. students in two political science classes at Guilford College, writing (trying to), tutoring French, taking Interlink courses and trying to get an internship at a T.V. Station!

During the first days, in this

country, I felt like I was the stupidest man in the world. In time I was able to understand, but still I said and did things I didn't mean.

Frankly sometimes I thought my country, Morocco, and my culture were the best (sorry!); like a fish in the air I need my water. But now I'm a bird in the sky.

It all happened because of many people and Interlink. Ya'll made me understand your culture, and helped me to get through culture shock.

The richness of a community such as Guilford's comes from its people. No matter what the differences are, everybody's creating a better world. Sometimes a smile is enough.

For instance, Interlink has introduced me to an American family who became my host family and made me feel at home.

Also many other international students, who remember how hard it was at the beginning are working hard to create an international un-

derstanding on our campus.

Jessica Rakower, for example, is a member of the S.O.S organization which helps the first year students to feel at home. She's also an officer of the International Relations Club. This club, she says, is an opportunity to share the same experience with other international students, and most importantly, to meet U.S. students. The IRC welcomes any students. "No matter where you come from, we are family" Jessica says.

She's introduced me to many other students and she has many ideas, like organizing international dinners, international movies, a Christmas interexchange party and a carnival to make us meet each other!

It is a cultural exchange such as this that helped me to adapt myself to this different world.

Now several days later in Greensboro, I realize that the plane I took helped me to make a moral trip as well as a physical one.