Editorial Board

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Statement of Purpose

The Forum exists to facilitate dialogue and expression on matters of importance to Guilford College and its mission. Toward this end, active community participa-

tion in these pages is vital. Editorial Policy

Every effort will be made to print appropriate submissions of editorials, cartoons, and letters to the editor. They must be signed, with the phone number of the author or artist included and turned in to the box outside the publications suite by 3:00 on Monday before that Friday's publication date. Editorials must be no longer than 400 words and letters to the editor must be no more than 250 words. The Guilfordian reserves the right to edit submissions for grammatical correctness and brevity.

Serendipity: a stressful time

By Gigi Burkhalter
LAYOUT EDITOR

Serendipity is really more of a stressful time than anything else. You're expected to wake up, drink gallons of alcohol, run around naked, dance yourself silly, and pretty much just make a huge ass out of yourself from the minute you wake up until you pass out. And that's not even all of it...you're supposed to be having the best time of your life doing it.

I don't know about the rest of you, but I find that responsibility to be quite a pressure. Perhaps if they scheduled the event before spring break or after finals—but not now. Maybe it's just my bad luck but I have had more work this past week than any other week in the entire year. And I'm not too thrilled.

Here I had to sit in front of my computer screen all day on Friday. People outside are cooking up a bar-b-que, yelling, blasting music, soaking up the sun, and going on naked bike rides. And all I can do is stare out my window with longing eyes and tears.

Friday night I decide to go out after I've finished the 11th page of my 20-page paper due Monday. I figure I should at least make an attempt to party, and maybe I'll even relax a little and feel a little bit less stressed out. But as the night begins to take off, I feel more and more disgruntled. I just wasn't in any mood to socialize. The only thing going through my mind was, "I hate people."

But of course, I felt obliged

To prove to all of you how

damaged I was, I will tell

you one thing: I called

my parents for support.

to go out and have the time of my life, so off I went. I ended up thinking about my paper and all the other work I had to do the entire time. I

couldn't shake my cynical mood. People remark, "Maaaaan, I am sooo wasted! I'm having the best Serendipity. Aren't you?"

How do I respond to that question? With a simple, "No"? With a "Yeeeeahhhhhh duuuude"? Or a crazy grin followed by a cackle?

In a state of anger, I hopped onto a bike hoping to get away from all those people. But due to tears, blurry vision, and sobs caused by Guilford, I failed to notice a log and...BLAM! Gigi goes down. Now, not only am I emotionally damaged by all the stress, I have been physically wounded.

To prove to all of you how damaged I was, I will tell you one

make an attempt to party, and maybe I'll even relax a little and feel a little bit less stressed out.

Now tell me, how am I supposed to have the time of my life

Now tell me, how am I supposed to have the time of my life with such pressure? I could probably handle this work if it wasn't for Serendipity but no, instead of doing my work (like writing this article), I sit and wish I were playing. But as soon as I give up and

go play, all I think about is my work.

So in the end, nothing is fully appreciated because what I feel like doing (locking myself in a

room) just isn't acceptable. Instead, I am forced to do my work quickly, go out and party, and attempt to have the time of my life.

It's just like New Year's Eve. I never feel like partying on that night, but of course, I have to. I mean, by God! it's New Years Eve. So I go to some lame little party and I count down the seconds until the years over, and woohoo! Oh, aren't we all just so excited... But really, if I were to just go to bed, the New Year would be there when I wake up.

So if anyone wants to find me during the next New Year's, look in my bed. And as for Serendipity...well, I'm just going to sit in front of my computer screen and type this article.

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Staff meetings are Mondays at 7:30 pm in the Passion Pit. All are welcome.

How to reach us:

By mail: c/o Student Activities,
5800 W. Friendly Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27410
By phone: (336)316-2306
By fax: (336)316-2949

By e-mail: Guilfordian@rascal.guilford.edu On the internet: www.guilford.edu/Guilfordian

Violence is

By Paul Binford and Sarah Fleming STAFF WRITERS

Does anybody really know what is going on in Kosovo right now? Bad things. Chances are they are going to turn into worse things in the near future. Worse things like genocide and ethnic cleansing.

So we decide to intervene, with some international support. We go in and bomb the bad guys, trying to protect the innocent, who are being forced from their homes and sometimes murdered. And Guilford students want to protest.

What is wrong with you people? Do you actually think that genocide is good? That wiping out another people because of their background, like Hitler tried to do, is OK? Would you have protested World War II?

I guess the Quaker mentality and the real world don't always mix. Here is a situation where hugs and positive thoughts are not going to get you real far. I

necessary
guarantee you if you try to hug

guarantee you if you try to hug one of these guys and tell him should really love everyone, you'll get "cleansed."

The situation in Iraq is not as clear-cut morally. If you really need to protest bombing Saddam, you can. But he's a bad guy too, remember? He hates us, but loves chemical and biological warfare. He likes to kill his own people, and sometimes invades his neighbors.

That's bad because it endangers our oil.

I know it sounds terrible, but it's true. We need oil. Period. Maybe we should just nuke the whole country and drill through the glass to get our oil. But I guess that wouldn't be very nice.

The other problem with Saddam is that he would really like to get back at us, maybe with his little chemical toys he should not be building. Maybe by releasing anthrax in New York. If we have to drop a few bombs to prevent that, I'm OK with that.

So remember Guilford, protesting violence is fine, but sometimes violence is necessary.