

OPINION

Whines & Gripes

collected by Katy Koop

I understand that the doors in the dorms need to close for fire code, but do they really need to slam so loudly and with such force?

When I applied to Meredith, I was told that there would be mixers and that boys would be on campus all the time. Yeah right, the only boys on campus are brothers and boyfriends.

Why is Meredith such an estrogen bubble?

Why isn't the Bee Hive open on weekends? My caffeine addiction doesn't end on Friday.

Being expected to eat dinner before 6:30 on the weekends is ridiculous. I don't even get hungry until then!

A Different Senior Year Reflection

Robyn Kennedy, Contributing Writer

After reading Caitlin Griffin's "Senior Year Reflections," I was reminded of a question that I was asked countless times when I was an undergrad at Purdue: "So, what do you plan on doing after college?" Unfortunately, "I don't know" is an unacceptable answer for a college student graduating in the very near future. I have been hearing more and more of that answer lately from undergraduates who chose a major because they were interested in the topic but do not have any idea what they want to do with their degree and do not have life for the next four decades mapped out.

I know what I want to do. That, however, is because I have gone to that Big 10 school and left before finishing. I worked and then returned to school; I had time to really evaluate my strengths and weaknesses and truly ask myself who I want to be when I grow up. I was on my way to finishing my undergraduate degree when

I decided that anthropology was not what I wanted to do for the rest of my life. I then watched as some of my friends and acquaintances did exactly what they were expected to do: finish their undergraduate degrees and seek high-paying jobs. Some threw off the system and traveled the world, taking the chance to experience life. I was torn between finishing school in a major that no longer made me excited to learn, left wondering who I truly was, and questioning my beliefs as well as who I wanted to help and why I wanted to help others instead of observe them.

Some of us are guilty of making elaborate plans that map out our entire lives. By doing so, I would have been metaphorically convicted and sentenced to life in prison, without the possibility of parole. I had planned on being a graduate of Berkeley with a degree in anthropology and on becoming

an accomplished professor who wrote innovative and profound peer-reviewed journal articles. Instead, I am finishing my undergraduate degree in psychology and political science. I am very proud of my accomplishments because I neither chose to settle nor think less of myself because I took more time to decide who I was and where I wanted to go.

I am now excited about going to graduate school. Telling someone that you plan on going to graduate school at Berkeley is considered overly ambitious and somewhat conceited, but I look forward getting my Ph.D. in forensic psychology and helping those who are immersed in the criminal justice system. I no longer feel that life is a destination but rather a journey that will wind and twist, feeling at times like a rollercoaster. I will enjoy the rest of my time here at Meredith, preparing for my next adventure.

The Trials and Triumphs of an International Student

Jee-In Hur,
Staff Writer

When I first walked onto Meredith's green campus, I was hopeful. Everything seemed possible in the small fairy-like buildings, and I mobilized my youthful energy into many subjects. Originally knowing so little about the campus, coming to Meredith was really an adventure where I had the full responsibility of success on my shoulders. I often doubted my abilities and choice of school, but my experience at Meredith has led me to amazing places, introduced me to different concepts, and protected the almost naive passion I have always carried with me for exploration. As an international student, my Meredith experience has had particular trials, but also many positively formative experiences.

When I came to Meredith, I found that there were certain expectations already set for international students I was expected to behave docile rather than spicy, and when I had an argument with a librarian over faxing a document to South Korea on time, I was called up and lectured on my misconduct. As a young adult undergraduate student, it was humiliating enough to be told that I did not show enough maturity, let alone for it to be suggested that I was misrepresenting my country. From that moment, I have questioned how this school--my school--defines itself. Are we standing on a women's college or just an angel farm?

Some people never attempted to be considerate about dealing with my foreignness. Many times in class I've experienced people not listening because of my accent or making fun of it. A number of personal dramas of confrontation and judgment on campus have led me to assume that many members of the student

body dislike or misunderstand the fact I am from abroad and assume me to be extremely different, often even weak, because of it. My experiences at Meredith have taught me that everyone is on their own, and sometimes only you can stand up for yourself--a discouraging lesson from a school touting community as key. Regardless, however, I have grown from this experience, finding that the only way to change others' perspectives has been to interact with those who judge me and to constantly show the contrary of what they expect.

While I have been disappointed by the very small number of international students at Meredith and my personal reception at the school, I have also had wonderful experiences here. I learned about a study abroad program from a trip that was supported by history and politics department to PLEN seminar in D.C, and did an internship at the office of a U.K. Member of Parliament. The flexibility and transparent structure of academic club gave me the opportunity to go into Model United Nations competition as a freshman. The generosity of the school study abroad program allowed me the chance to go on a college students' legal competition while in South Korea. During my years at Meredith, I have absorbed and appreciated the free American style of lecturing, with exchange of opinion in discussion. Now, the optimism and responsibility Meredith taught me defines and shapes my identity. While I may have had bad experiences at this school, I have learned from each one and added many positive experiences to my college matriculation process. Graduating this spring, I will hold on to the good and bad memories of Meredith College, receiving my diploma with the passionate belief that if I can accomplish this much at Meredith, I can do so much wherever I go in life.

Joyner Hall, Where is Thy Help?

Regan Dalsing,
Staff Writer

I can't speak for anyone but myself, but as an English major, I practically live in Joyner Hall, and I must say I feel neglected. When a building serves as a second home (literally or figuratively) one tends to really pay attention to all of the things that could make it a better place. I believe Joyner is a building that needs a lot of love but hasn't really received an ounce of it.

My aim is not to bash the other departments with a hypothetical frying pan, but I have to say that many of their headquarters have been upgraded from time to time or were upgraded when they were built. I've seen these updates often enough that, as an English major and history minor, I believe there should be an outcry from students of these and other majors who take the majority of their classes in Joyner saying, "What about us?!"

I know that, as far as the other classroom buildings on campus, Ledford has nice rooms, comfy chairs, and projectors that aren't on carts. The Science and Math Building has some of the best equipment, though I'll concede that it is a science-based location where, if the proper equipment is not available or used, it's possible that the entire college could blow up somehow. Both Harris and Martin Hall, though Martin seems to have leaks everywhere, have podiums for their teachers and comfortable seats, desks, and tables - and both buildings have vending machines!

The closest thing to something new that Joyner has received since I've been here was an elevator, which was needed because not having one violated a disability law, and a new heating or water pipe that was replaced outside of our building when it blew last semester. But the temperature is never close to consistent from one room to the next; it can be freezing on the west side of the hall and be blazing hot on the east. The lounge and women's bathroom on the first floor are a continuous sauna, although there are people who probably appreciate that. The desks are awful, and I'm sure there are other students like me who have multiple backside problems due to sitting in those things for a few classes in a row, even with the ten minute break between classes.

I would never presume to say that Joyner's the only building lacking. The library is still a mess and so is Gaddy-Hamrick. Johnson, if I'm not mistaken, is horrid in some places when summer comes around, and all of the dorms could use a little love from time to time. I'd rather not start a riot, but I feel that the failings in the buildings create a startling contrast to the utter care that's going into the grounds. I believe in a beautiful campus, but I also believe in a place where students will enjoy going to learn, rather than feeling disgusted or hesitant - or worse, neglected by their school - in any way when they have to walk into class. Tell me, where is the love?