

relating:

The apple
of our eye...



Andy Warhol at the Factory, 1966

Factory Photo/ Bill Name

The T-Wing Girls

OLIVIA BRADEN
staff writer

"Isatta!"

A loud female voice echoes through the hall just minutes before quite hours.

"What?" the bearer of that name responds.

"Girl, where you at?"

"I'm in Olivia's room!"

The shouted conversation will continue for a good minute or so before the instigator, Chrystal Jackson, bursts into my room, fist held high, proclaiming "Now you know that's love. When you can just call your girl and know that she's somewhere on the T-Wing."

That's love all right. That's Binford's second floor T-wing.

"The T-Wing's the place where they put all the girls nobody else can handle," says Heather Loring, junior resident of the infamous wing.

This may be true. Where else on campus could you find a hall couch that went overlooked by authorities for nearly three months?

For little reasons like this, Sophomore Christe Herbes is quick to say "the T-Wing's obviously the coolest wing in Binford."

Though Binford is often thought of as a freshman dorm, the T-Wing, and especially the second floor, has traditionally been occupied by upper-classmen. For the most part this is because there is no RA on this wing.

Discipline may be a little looser, but friendships are also a little closer on the T-Wing, and that is a lot of the charm of living here.

Sophomore Hope Smith says of her hall-mates, "I feel like I've made some real close connections since we're sort of isolated." Nell Andrews, one of the only three freshmen T-Wingers, also says it's nice because "we're sort of in our own little space over here."

This subtle isolation from the rest of the dorm provides a strong sense of camaraderie among T-Wing girls. It's good to know that when your man ain't behavin' or a professor's just got it in for you, that there's always a friend next door.

Above all on the T-Wing we're always having fun. Whether we're studying in the hall the night before finals, or getting the "low down" on someone's new man, or just plain "talkin' junk," as veteran T-Winger Christe Herbes aptly put it, "it's the best party at Guilford!"

Distance

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Her dress is wrinkling in my hand. The bridge of my nose rests against her sternum. Her breast is pushing against my eye. Locked together behind her back, my fingers, trapped between her body and the bed, ache. I need to move. Instead, she moves. Onto her side she rolls, the floral pattern of her dress sliding higher on her thigh.

"Hey you," her lips say, "I wish you weren't so damn cute."

"Well, I'm sorry, it's not intentional, I promise."

Her stomach and mine alternate occupying the same space. I'm trying to stare into both of her eyes simultaneously. But I can't focus. One eye at a time is all I can see. In her eyes I can see my reflection. I give up. Down to her nose I now look. Eskimo kisses are all I get from her. I don't want to think how close I was to those lips. That distance was so close to happy. Shifting my weight, I fall too close and breathe her breath. She misinterprets.

"No, please," a small voice sprays the warm words into my face. "It will make

things worse than they are already, and I don't want to hurt you anymore than I already have."

"You think you don't want to see me hurt. I don't want to be hurt any more than I have been. I'll worry about me; you don't." Her contact lenses reflect more pity now than love; slowly her chest rises beneath me and my head tilts down in a sensualist's grin. Sunday afternoon twists us together, not moving, barely breathing, and I think this is the closest to content I've ever moved. But I have to move away. I *have* to leave. If I stay longer, I'll regret my actions, and so will she.

"I am trying to hold on to you and the little piece of happy that you have allowed me. I have to go."

"I understand." The red of her lips make the words without sound and I can't tear my eyes away. I stand. "Hey, you, hmm, you're going to have to let go of me so I can leave."

"Oh, is that me?" Acting meek and coy, she says it in a beautiful and odd way. I don't want to leave.

"Please, let go." I am struggling to stay, why won't I let myself?

Out of her mouth, the words I never thought I would hear: "I'm sorry."

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