

Dress to Impress, impresses students



IMPRESS ME: Students pose for a picture during a break from the fun at Wilmington Hall's Dress to Impress party. They are, from left to right: Aprill Pettingrew, Norma Enoch, Tonshea Gibson, Donnie Eddins, Troy McLaughlin, Mammie Nziuki, and Clyde Barrow.

Lance photo by Jerome A. Baker

By Jerome A. Baker

As I approached the entrance of the Belk Center, I noticed students taking their time to get to the Saturday night dance, Dress to Impress. But once inside the building, I could not help but see a variety of beautiful women and handsome men dressed up and having the time of their lives. Students seemed to be blowing off all types of stress and anxiety, because the music was not the only thing loud: chants from various songs such as Tennessee and Give it Away could be heard from as far away as Mecklenberg Dorm.

"It was exciting to see everyone dressed up and dancing around like there was no tomorrow!" said Freshman Joanna Duckworth.

I had the feeling that the majority of the students did enjoy the dance, yet one student did complain about the selection of songs played: I had an exciting time at the Wilmington "Dress to Impress" dance, even though the VJ did not play a lot of rap and R&B songs," states Freshman April Pettigrew.

All in all, I really enjoyed my evening at the dance. I also would like to commend those responsible for making it a great success.

Paradox

by Elizabeth Chesky

A crowd of elves beneath
my feet,

A ball of fire above,

This time was sent from
heaven and

This time is what I love.

The birds' sweet tunes
enrich the sky,

And peace is all I see.

My dog and I—we sniff
the air

And wish to run with glee.

Under all this freeness
we're still bound

To one small patch of
green,

But everywhere I've said
is peace.

And so much to be seen.

To be heard, smelt,
Tasted and felt.

I promised my fellow wheelies another inspirational poem in this issue of the Lance, and I hope that I have satisfied y'all. I hope it is clear now what I meant when I advised open minds and alternative means as essential tools for coping with physical disabilities in my previous article; (if not, let me explain). By this poem, I set out to convey the idea that although I am physically limited (bound to one small area of the grass), at least, I can see, hear, figuratively taste and feel the beauty of nature. Indeed, I see that my confinement to the chair has made me all the more free, and freer than I might be otherwise, because it has disciplined me to use my imagination and my ability to dream and aspire; my physical limitations make it much easier to rely on this mental aspect of myself. And I know that some of y'all are blind, but you are probably more sensitive to beautiful sounds than the rest of us who miss out on them. You see, each kind of disability is an improved ability somewhere else, and that is the message so exciting to me which I want to make sure y'all know and appreciate too!

Sex...

IS NOT A GAME



DON'T

turn it into

a game

of chance