

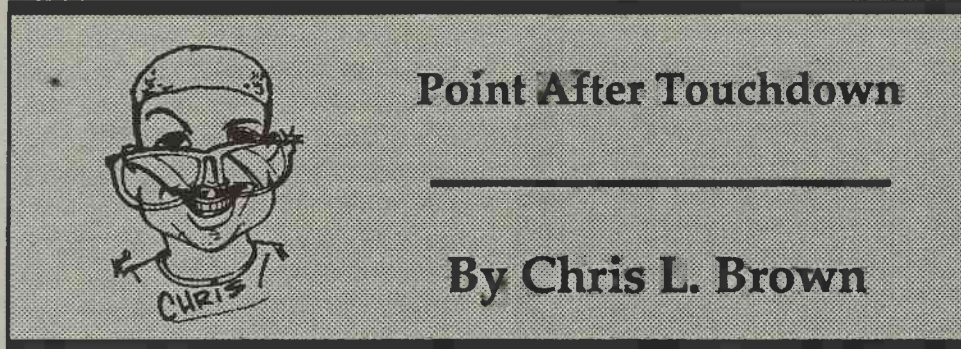
# A Kiss Or A Diss? An In-Depth Study...

Beep! Bee-deep! Radar! Radar! O.K...Target Computer engaged...retro jets initiated...moving silently towards destination. Watch out for the drug dealers...steer clear of the drunk brother doing a bad Rick James impression (or is that really Rick James?)...ahh! She's leaning against the bar— alone. Well, here goes.

*You are about to enter.....the Lowlight Zone. Homeboys and Homegirls alike— nabh, I take that back—just Homeboys, with plastic grins and paper-stuffed wallets. And, eventually, empty passenger seats on the lonely road home. These scenes could prove to be offensive to the untamed eye, so reader discretion is advised. Also, these scenes may accurately describe an event in your life, so please remember: any coincidences are not coincidences, but real accounts because I was sitting in the corner checkin' all of this stuff out.*

*The scene: A club in a large city. Older crowd. Old tactics.*

"I thought they didn't allow beautiful women in this bar. Now, why you lookin' at me like that?! I'm just a humble fellow, tryin' to find some, well, female companionship if you will— what? You're not interested? How can you say that within these few minutes? My bellbottoms? Nah, these are just very liberally sewn. My afro? Ay, baby, don't you know a hi-top fade when you see one?! My cheap cologne? You must be crazy! I dished out five dollars for two 16



## Point After Touchdown

By Chris L. Brown

ounce bottles of "Aire De Cleveland," an' for what? You to insult me. Ahhright, Ahhright, I hear that, I hear that. What about one dance? Nah, I ain't tryin to rap or nothin' like that, I just, you know, kind of dig your style, is all I'm saying. You gon' call the Police? Oooh! Is it seven-thirty already? Well, I gotta make like a tree and get outta here. But to your accord, it was a perplexin' pleasure to make your acquaintance, and I hope to see you in the very near future."

*Loss of Cool Points: Total. Projection for Subject: Future manager of Burger Pit, Future Manager of Pic, Pay, and Peel (the non-Brand name tag off), Future Mayor of Washington, DC. Next Victim...*

*The scene: an all too familiar college campus. Younger crowd. Old tactics.*

I don't care what any of 'em say, I don't need this Math 33 class, even if my major is Physics. Close this freakin' notebook. I know all that stuff anyway. Yeah, that's right. I know this stu— hoooooold up! Who is that, that, that def

specimen of the female gender?! How could it be that I've gone an entire half semester without engaging my sights on that vision of meticulous beauty?! What's the teacher talking about...the exam? Ahh, freak that, I've got to make sure my usual good looks are as disarming as they have always been. Yeah, y'all. The Handsome Devil in effect!

"That teacher, I just can't get over her, giving us homework in the middle of the week! The nerve! How ya doin' my name is — what?! You know me? Uhhh, Yeah, I knew I had met you before somehow, I just attributed that to my latent desires. Huh? You heard the teacher call me in the attendance roll? Well, uh, yeah, in fact, I heard your name too, and that's when I noticed you (swallow). You want me to tell you your name? Um, actually, could you spare me the pleasure, and alliterate it yourself? It's such a gracious motion to see your lips achieve. Ann. (ahem) Yeah, just like she says in class. So what's your major, Ann? Astronomy? Heh-heh, that's

real funny that we have that in common, because I always read the horoscope section in the paper, you know, that stuff is real. In fact, this morning, it said that a mysterious beauty would enter my life today. Why are you laughing? Astronomy and Astrology are two different things? Well, you know what I'm sayin', anyway. Ahhright, all jokes aside, why don't you give me your phone number, and maybe we can get together and...talk. You've got a boyfriend? Oh, well I'm just interested in being your friend, being around when you need me, and all that. You want me to meet your boyfriend? Here he comes? (Whew) Big guy....oh, I think I see my sister over there, so let me go. I'll get in touch with you."

*Loss of Cool Points: Subject was doing well until the 'Astrology' mixup. Total. Projection for Subject: He'll marry a model. Future Car Dealership Owner. Next Victim...*

*The scene: the same college campus. This time, subject is an athlete.*

Hmmm. She looks good.  
"Excuse me. Come here. How you doin'. Yeah, that's me on the cover. Thank you, I'm just glad we won. You wanna come to my place? Chill.

*Loss of Cool Points: You tell me. Projection for Subject: Stardom. Next Victim.....*

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## Panthers

(continued from p. 4)

solid base of leadership. During the mid-70s, the party had no choice but to disband.

Almost all of the Panthers became disillusioned with their treatment in the U.S. With the FBI constantly plotting and planning against them, there was no way for them to win. The FBI, like many other people, disagreed with the Panthers without ever really listening to their ideas. When the Panthers said "Black Power," that was all that the FBI needed to hear. If America had only taken the time to listen to Black Panther ideas, they would have found that these were very intellectual men and women. Americans could not accept that some black people refused to be beaten and brutalized by the very police officers hired to protect them. Americans couldn't believe that black people had the nerve to carry guns to defend themselves against attacks. Americans

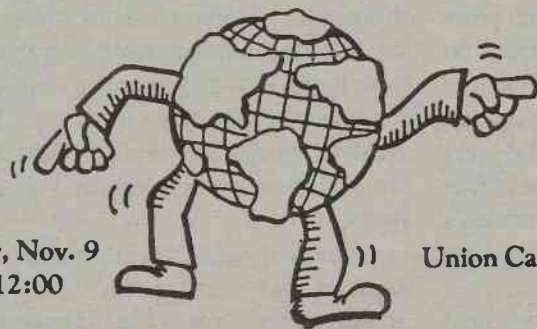
broke out in a cold sweat when they thought about black men in leather jackets walking the streets. Black people demanding power was too much for America to handle.

The Black Panthers were, in effect, a band of visionaries operating on a

"soul force," that white America couldn't understand. The Black Panthers had revolutionary ideas that certain people tried to suppress; it is possible to suppress revolutionaries, but difficult to suppress revolutionary concepts. Some Black Panthers gave their lives for their cause.

The Black Panthers must be given credit for attempting to help black people. African-Americans must closely examine the Black Panther ideology and "seize the time" to empower themselves in the fight for total economic, social and political equality.

## Move Your Mocho



Friday, Nov. 9  
8:30-12:00

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CUAB Special Projects Committee

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the Black Cultural Center, CUAB Performing Arts  
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