

Can You Believe Those People?!?

When I woke up that day, I had no idea what I was in for.

A nice, crisp, fall Carolina morn it was, with the rising sun peeking through my blinds delicately and my alarm clock gently beckoning me: "BUZZZZZZZZZZ! GET THE FREAK UP, YOU LAZY BUM!!" Ahem. Anyway, I got up, grabbed my shower accessories, and headed out into the suite.

Once I was in the suite, I was bombarded with the sound of pumping bass and a chattering rhythm of a voice. Of course, my suitemate was attempting to keep up with the rapper in his usual, non-Kool Moe Dee manner. I pushed open the bathroom door to see him dancing (or having an upright, violent convulsion) in front of the music. Don't those people do anything but dance? Guess not. When made aware of my presence, he spoke.

"Yo, man, whassup? I'm chillin' today, my brotha. Got no class."

I could have told him that.

"What?"

"I said, 'Good Morning.'"

"Oh."

All that slang! Don't those people know how to use the English language properly? Guess not.

I went to gym class, and we were playing basketball today. Of course, when it came time to pick the teams, those people dominated everything. I mean, just because they were born with a superior athletic ability, they think they could beat everyone. I was picked last as usual.

I got the ball, on a fast break, and



Point After Touchdown

By Chris L. Brown

cruised down the sideline. I had one of them to beat. I decided to show him up. I expertly picked up my dribble, and with superhuman dexterity flipped the ball behind my back, palmed it, and skyed. But, with those spring legs they were equipped with when God made the molds, this guy jumped up and rammed his large palm against the top of the ball. The impact forced me backwards, and the only slam I saw was the slam of my butt against the wooden floor. No, that's not true; when I came to, I saw him do a 360 slam dunk on the other end. Is that all these people can do—show off on the basketball court?!

After washing off my ego and putting my real clothing on again, I had to go to the library to study. Ah, it sure was a pretty day—the trees, the sky, even the clou- oh no. There they were, congregating in front of the undergraduate library as usual. Such a big crowd of them! Man, it's embarrassing to try to walk through there, with all of them laughing so loudly. And I know it's at me. Gulping my fears, I lower my head and try to move through as nonchalantly as possible. As I trudged, I felt a strange flapping on my back, so I reached back

to make sure everything was intact. My pinky got stuck in my bag zipper, and ZZZZZZZZZPPP! My books splattered everywhere. Right in the middle of them. They all started to, like, hide their heads and turn away, futilely attempting to hide their laughter. Geez, can't these people do anything but laugh at others?!? Guess not.

After finally studying, I decided to replenish my damaged demeanor with a healthy Lenoir meal (is that a contradiction in terms?). Chicken, I decided. I had a killer craving for some succulent, spicy, wings. I got in the mile-long line and waited for eternity. As the grill neared the reach of my eye, I spied the last piece of succulent, spicy, wing. It had my name written all over it. The line diminished until the guy in front of me was the only thing separating me from a blissful indulgence in some succulent, spicy wing.

"I'll have the chicken wing, please."

WHAT?!? I should have known. He was one of them. I don't ask much, really I don't. But, all they do is eat chicken. Can't they, for once, eat some broccoli or something? Guess not.

I decide to try to escape all this

madness by catching the afternoon matinee at the theater. "Jason vs. Freddy Krueger" had gotten good reviews—in the National Enquirer. I didn't care, though, I needed some mindless violence to help wind me down.

I plopped in the aisle seat with my popcorn and 2-gallon Coke, ready for action. The theater was sparsely populated. It appeared peace had found me at last.

Then we got to the first suspenseful scene.

"No, girl, NO! What you doin' that fo!! Don't open the door! No! NOOOO!"

"Oh, SNAP! Look, man, he got his mudflippin' head cut off!"

I tried not to jump to conclusions, but it continued happening.

"YEAH! Jason's my boy! Look a'dat machete, man!! He kicks Freddie's Butt!"

"Go, Fred! Kill that ugly mugg! Kill 'im!"

Ridiculous. Just plain crazy. Of course, it was them again. I can't shake them. Can't those people watch a movie without screaming and shouting like animals?!? Guess not.

So, that just goes to show you. All White people are just rapping, dancing, basketball playing, scornfully laughing, chicken eating, movie ruining dodos. That's all I have to say.

WAIT! You gotta hear this. My friend just proofread this article and told me that these are stereotypes for African-Americans, not Caucasians. Can you believe that? He must think I'm an imbecile! I mean, everyone knows what a diverse, dynamic, passionate people we are, right?!? Right?!? Guess not.

Music Review: Al B. Sure's *Private Times...And the Whole 9*

By Tim Little
Staff

Ratings: B+

Al B. waited a long time to be sure (no pun intended) that nothing was wrong with this one, since his debut album, *In Effect Mode*, was so successful. And he did a pretty good job.

Private Times... is a perfect description of the musical themes in this 15-track compilation of ballads and mellow tunes. Many of these songs will go on heavy rotation for the "Quiet Storm" on all soul stations across the country.

"So Special" is one of the best slow songs on the album. It combines deep bass tones with Sure's various harmonizing vocals to make the perfect

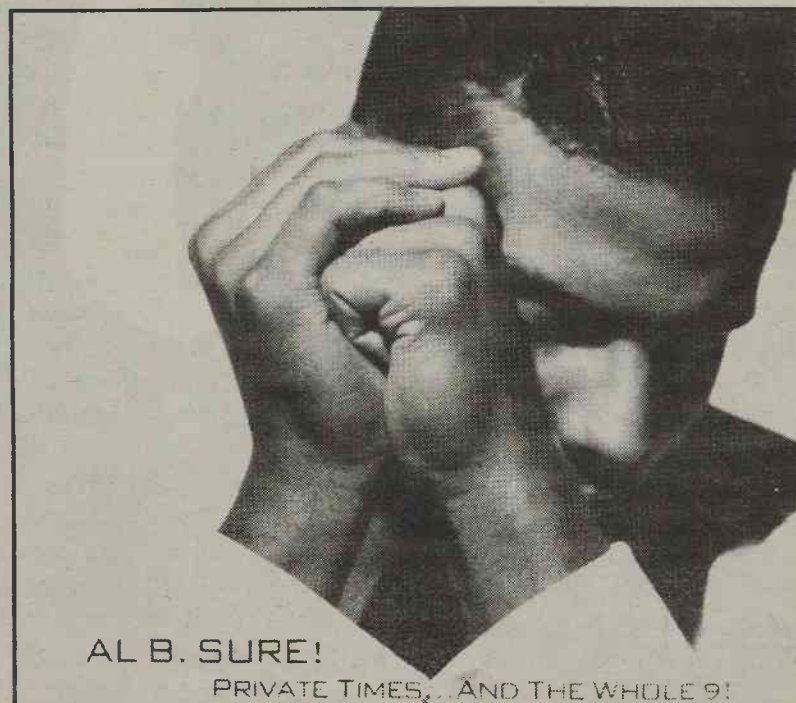
mood on one of those mo' better nights, if you know what I mean. One of the best aspects of the album is that it seems as though Al's vocal quality has improved. (He had been under the gun of many critics who believed that he really wasn't that talented a singer.) Many difficult ranges are reached effectively by Sure! and it seems as if the time off paid off.

Some other highlights on the album include "Just For The Moment," "Missunderstanding," "Touch You" and "No Matter What You Do," a duet with Diana Ross. (Why her, I don't know.) Another nice bonus is "Ooh This Jazz Is So" a revamped jazz version of "Ooh This Love Is So" on the first

album.

Another interesting song on the album is "Hotel California" a remake of The Eagles classic hit. Although the song is an inspirational-type tune, it's a difficult song to put into a soul mode. But Al B. gets points for trying, and it comes off as a decent version.

The only thing that doesn't make this an "A" album is that each song doesn't have its own full identity. Several can be cropped together and although they sound good, they sound very similar. An artist trying to perfect his or her work should want each song to stand on its own. For example, almost every Prince song has its own identity or its own uniqueness.



AL B. SURE!

PRIVATE TIMES... AND THE WHOLE 9!

But that doesn't take away too much from Sure!, *Private Times...* should be on the list of the top love albums of 1990.