



Point After Touchdown

By Chris L. Brown

The Man Who Would(n't) Be King (God Willing)

Greetings, Hello, and a fond Yowhasup! to all of my fellow students out in this vast Blue campus. My name is M.M. Smooth K, and I am collaboratin' (youknowhatl'msayin') wit my boy Chris B. to present myself to you as a candidate for King of U.N.C.

Now I am under the realization that there currently exists no office of this nature, but I'm here to completely house those other sis-ssysoftsuckas and establish an all-encompassing office that would include the responsibilities of Student Body President, BSM President, CAA President, RHA

President, Senior Class President, and President of the Hip-Hop Jamhowyalike Committee all rolled up into one. Simply put, if you will, the King, or Queen, if any a' you freaks (Excuse him, he means Women—Chris) out there care to challenge my eternal rapness. I have a multi-tiered platform, but let us not talk of crying right now; rather, what I'mo do when—I mean, if—I get into office:

Get PAID!

Naa, y'all, I'm just trippin' here wit my boy. Actually, I would like to establish quite a few things:

• You remember that book we

got when we came here called *The Freshman Record*? Well, I propose a weekly update of such literature, using paper inserts initially, so that if any fine specimen decides to transfer here from Howard or somethin' like that I—ahem, we—can capitalize on such promising additions. Call it *Ahh Yeah!* and have 'em distributed through the campus mail or whatever that thing is called. I mean, a man in my position knows what's up and all that, it's just that every once in a while, my mind takes a chill pill.

• Adjust the class schedule to allow class only after 12:00 noon and before 12:15 pm every day. This is the maximum period for daily learning, according to a scientist I was checkin' out in the *Enquirer*, so students should only

be responsible for this time of the day. Also, eliminate exams, because they are a big headache and get in the way of weekends, youknowhatl'msayin'?

• Instead of Springfest, call it Rapfest, and invite some of my comrades in rhythm like Cool Mee Do, MC Jackhammer, and Get Down Promotions (GDP). But don't invite that bitin' mug LL Cool J. Intentionally tryin' to style off my name and what not—I'll knock da waves outta his head. Then, rope off Chapel Hill that day so no one can get in, because certain migrators from certain boondocksville neighborhoods (Excuse him—he means Carrboro and Durham—Chris) get a little crazy when they get in large groups.

What about the white people, you say? Good G! You're right. I do, uh, want to be, uh, intercultural and all that . . . how's about havin a sun tan lotion booth off to the side? Yeah, that'll work! A sun tan lotion off to the side.

• For basketball games, let certain students (to be appointed by the King) sit in the crowd with special jerseys on, and if they feel the need, go jump in the game in place of somebody who's layin'

brick all over the court. Also, let the King be in charge of personally selecting and screening the cheerleaders . . . umm, someone has to be in charge of making sure they are always as talented as this year. Responsibility, that's my game. Yeah.

• Grade students by a fashion system. The more fashionable, the better the grade. Extra credit for karats in gold and high-tops. Of course, I would have a perfect 1.0, or whatever the grade system ranks as highest, because nobody can touch my brown and purple polka-dot Kangol, bright red Airs and gold two-fisted name ring. But maybe one of you half-steppin'—I mean, quality—students can come close.

Alas, but these are only a few of my ideas. If you write me in on all categories of your ballots, a new era will begin in Chapel Hill—the era of Def Hip Hop, Parties Non-stop, and Smooth K on top. (None of the aforementioned opinions or false claims are the opinions of Chris Brown, *Black Ink* staff, or, frankly, anyone else we know. But they are about as feasible as some of the candidates here on campus, youknowhatl'msayin'?)

& Entertainment

Bilal



Black Ink Meeting
Room 226 Carolina Union 6:30
All Faculty and Students Invited

MALCOLM X

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