

## Point After Touchdown

By Chris L. Brown

# Bright Lights, A Convict, Sheriff Dufus, A Phantom Truck, Big City

Where were you all?! That's all I want to know. Where were you non-jammin', non-young talent seein', non-Soul Expressin' muggs?! That's right, I'm referring to the Soul Expression concert on the night of the 15th, with the crowd so small, I had to go invite a few of the squirrels in (they went nuts over the show, by the way). Yeah, you're right, there was a major social function conflict that night in the Malikah Shabazz function, but that ended at nine! You all missed a good show, but hopefully, Soul Expression will still be rhythmically step-pin' in the near future.

But, alas, that is not what this column is all about. I wanted to warn you all of a grave danger. It

thing horrific your way comes. They are called. . . gulp. . . the BOONDOCKS!! AAAAAA!!

And this past extended weekend, I had quite a Twilight Zone-ish experience with this facet of the unknown. Venture to read the rest of this column if you dare. . . (the following is sponsored by the Time/Life Books Series: Tales from the Insane, Inexplicable, and Unfounded. Call 1-800-4-SUCKAS to order.)

Empower me to construct the scenario: I was headed to the Big Apple, the Head Honcho, the Brightly Lit Big City, the Town That Never Sleeps, the Statue's Step, the — (Okay! Quit choking me, Gai & Erika!) — New York City. The battle plan was to inter-

ence worth a column in its own right) drove up together, but I stayed by myself in a hotel just off Times Square. Everything was fun and intriguing, the interviews went well and although I didn't see any stars (besides the one in the mirror every morning — heh, heh), I was generally cool with the impression I received. I could live there.

So Tuesday afternoon, we packed up, I said goodbye in seven different languages (until I found the right one — New York English) to the Hotel Doorman and we headed back to Chapel Hill. I lightly pondered what exactly I had missed at school (I later found out that it totaled 50 exams, 700 papers and one drama performance — in fact, this is probably my last column before they expel me outta this mug) as we cruised at 74 on the New Jersey Turnpike.

The hours blended together and the interesting conversation had me preoccupied so much that I missed (by far!) the turn in Petersburg, Va., onto I-85. So we traveled so far south on I-95 that we were forced to take backroads to cut across the Rocky Mount area

to Raleigh. It was late, we were tired, the Hawk was out (not really, but I just wanted to add that), so we began. Then it happened.

Less and less lighting greeted the road, the houses became few and far between and the forestry became thick. I thought I heard somebody whispering, "JasonJasonJasonJason . . ." and I did — the clowns in the back seat.

"You all shouldn't mess with me like that," I told them.

Someone observed, "You know, it's funny how there is absolutely nobody out here."

"Yeah," I agreed as I turned, "except for that criminal lookin' guy right there." If Scooby-Doo were with us, he woulda said, "Rrikes!!" Sure enough, there was a white man walking alongside the road, with dirty skin, gray overalls with the letters "JAILBIRD" plastered across the front (psych!), and long, frazzled reddish-brown hair and a beard. He looked like a convict Bobo the clown. When the headlights shone on him, he buried his face into his chest and kept his hands in his pockets.

When we finally uncemented my foot from pushing the pedal to the floor, we thought about the situation.

"Maybe we should stop and call the police," someone said.

I reasonably answered, "Do you have a phone?"

"No."

"Do you see any within yelling distance?"

"No."

"Well, there ain't no way you're gettin' my soul food-lovin', beat-boxin', Kwanzaa-celebratin' tail out in *this* neck of the woods. Huh-uh, as they say. No way."

We kept driving and nervously joked, but no sooner had I said that than did we come across a sheriff's car parked outside a trailer-store. At everyone's insistence, I pulled in the Klan — I mean, clean — parking lot. We rolled up beside him and I lowered my window to faithfully report as a good citizen would. The weird thing was the way he looked at me. It was past 12, I *did* have my hat on backwards, there *were* three white women and an Asian Indian woman in the car with me, but what was the big deal?

"Good evening, sheriff."

"Huh?" It was then that I knew I wouldn't receive any life-altering philosophical advice from this gentleman.

"We observed a suspicious-looking gentleman (yes, I said *gentleman*) walking along the road about a mile and a half back, and I don't know if there is a prison or anything around here, but he looked like he escaped from something."

"Whut did 'e look a-like?" Obviously, one of the honorary Barney Fife deputies, this guy was.

"White, with long, wavy reddish hair."

"Whut color d'y say he wuz?"

"White."

see "Bright Lights," p. 10

## & Entertainment

lurks closer than you think, and before you know it, WHOOM! It has cold clocked you upside the fo'head. In between the buzzing mesh of steel, concrete and electricity that we call cities, some-

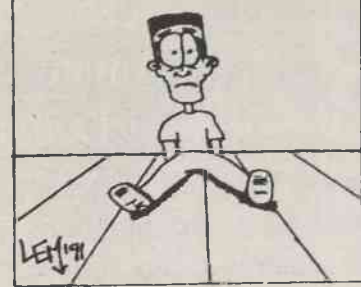
view with a few advertising agencies, see the sights and generally get a feel for the place that I'd heard and seen (on TV) so much about. Myself and four other UNC students (all women, an experi-

ence worth a column in its own right) drove up together, but I stayed by myself in a hotel just off Times Square. Everything was fun and intriguing, the interviews went well and although I didn't see any stars (besides the one in the mirror every morning — heh, heh), I was generally cool with the impression I received. I could live there.

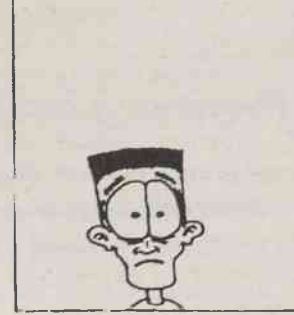
## Bilal

By Lem Butler

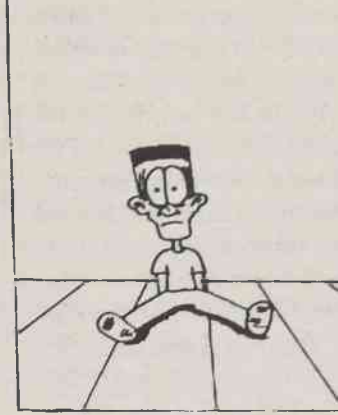
IT WAS A SAD DAY ON THE CAMPUS OF TOKEN UNIVERSITY WHEN THE STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT ELECTION RESULTS CAME IN...



... BILAL, REJECTED BY THE CAMPUS, SAT IN CONTEMPLATION OF HIS POLITICAL FUTURE AT THE UNIVERSITY...



... WHAT WILL BE HIS NEXT MOVE? TO BE CONTINUED...



Special Projects Committee of the Carolina Union Activities Board and Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc.

PRESENT A SPRING FASHION EXTRAVAGANZA!

# WANT TO BE A MODEL?

MEN AND WOMEN NEEDED!

## NO EXPERIENCE REOUERED!!

Screening Interviews February 18 and 19

MORE INFORMATION AND SIGN-UPS AVAILABLE at the UNION DESK