



Point After Touchdown

By Chris L. Brown

Double TANdards

A couple of weeks ago, I humbly left this pocket of the world that some call Blue Heaven for a cross-continental journey, my end destination being sunny, funny, gunny (if you drive on the freeway) Los Angeles, California. You know, they put North Carolina to *shame* culturally, but that's another column. I'm here to ask you one question: What happened? To the people here, that is. Upon arriving back on campus, I was shocked and amazed to see people, to be more specific, our peers of lighter hues and larger wallets (OK,

closer to shriveling up and dying from skin cancer — you get the picture. Allow me: "OhmyGOSH, Mel, you, like, look like a golden brown muffin hot out of the oven!"

"Like, thanks, but like, Molly, you are the Coppertone cover girl for July!! Where'd you vacate to?"

"Cancun. Like, my parents decided not to splurge on me this year. And you?"

"Bahamas. It was, like, the beach to *die* for! Hunks galore!"

... And after I recovered from my sudden rush of nausea, I realized that something strange was

you wear a jersey or hold a musical microphone — OK, that's not fair, either). Yet, it seems that the National White Pastime is getting as *dark as possible*! That's no lie.

If they looked at it on a closer scale, the ease at which people tan should tell them something. What's different about the climate of African nations? Closer to the equator, maybe? More sun, maybe? Darker generational pigments, maybe? Suggesting that our differences are truly based on those differences *skin deep*, maybe? And that as easy as a switch of climate zones, they could be using a substance called Afro-Sheen, maybe? I'm sorry, I lost it — asking people think on a level that deep — where do I think I am, a university or something?

Solution time! It was hard coming up with this one, 'cause I didn't think brothas and sistas would be too hype about putting on beachwear and invading Connor Beach during Springfest. Most definitely out of the question is doing "opposite tans": whenever someone near you compares how dark their tans are, grabbing the

closest AfAm and comparing who's lighter (Yow! A touchy subject in the black community . . . let me drop this hot coal!). But, there is one thing. . . drum machine pump, please. . . entering contests. *Tan* contests. That's right, because if the idea is to get dark, who do you think has the best and most pure dark hues in the world? Cathy Ireland is tan, but she wouldn't stand an Ice Cube's chance if we kicked Whoopi Goldberg in that mugg! I'm serious. Have you ever seen n announcement for a tan contest that said

"For Whites Only" (you better not have)? I, personally, am going on my Brotha Tan tour this summer, hitting Myrtle Beach, Daytona Beach, Virginia Beach, the Outer Banks. Whew! I should be a rich brotha after that. And that's my plan.

Author's Note: A Hearty CONGRATS and Heartfelt Dap Slap to Erika Campbell and Gai Wright for breaking the old record of *BlackInk* Issues in one year, 18, with this issue! Mmm, mmm, mmm! Y'all gon' make me git up an' DANCE!

& Entertainment

that's not fair) who looked as if the sun itself bounced down in the middle of the basketball court and baked any Non-Black for miles and miles! Tans! Every freaking where I look, tans! I have never understood this phenomenon, and let me explain why.

I have often eavesdropped on tanversations: that is, comparison of skin hues, who's darker, who's

going on. Let me get this straight. I always thought Public Enemy's Chuck D captured it best when he said, "If you're light, you're alright, brotha you stay back." I mean, look at, generally speaking, who is more easily accepted in the white community: Asians, Spanish, French, basically anyone whose skin tone difference is not clearly of African origin (unless

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