

HMMMM . . . Yes, he looks good, but can he act?



Wonderboy!

I wonder what ya'll were up to last year during spring break?

I know some of ya'll were gettin' scarred up. Some of ya'll were gettin' down with O.P.P. before the nature was even naughty.

Me— I was chillin'. Considering that I didn't have any money, going to the beach was out for me— not to mention the fact that I can't swim anyway!

I couldn't even get up with no girlies. It was not like I didn't ask them. I just kept getting dissed. For some reason, they just won't down for them two-for-a-dollar hot dogs from Fast Fare. I guess this was all for the better. Even if they did want

to go, I didn't have no car to pick them up in anyway.

So basically I was chillin'. Just maxin' and relaxin' in the big city of Raleigh. I decided, and realized, "Just because this is spring break, it doesn't mean I have to stop my academic pursuit."

So, I went to go see *New Jack City*. You know— the movie featuring that **DARK-SKINNED** brother named Wesley Snipes whom all ya'll women had nothing to do with until he got large...but we'll discuss that later.

Anyway, I was sitting in the theater— coolin'— just sitting there, waiting for the movie to start. Let me emphasize the fact that I was just sitting there. Sitting there with the white-mouth 'cause I had no popcorn to curb my appetite. You know, that junk cost three bones (and that was for a small)! I couldn't even get water. Would you believe they were going to charge me for the cup? The man at the snack bar knew I hadn't bought anything so I had to literally steal some napkins in case my mouth began to drool from smelling everyone else's popcorn.

Well, the lights in the theater began to dim and you can guess what happened. Yep, you guessed it. The niggas started acting black....yelling, screaming, throw-

ing popcorn. I can't talk though. If I had some popcorn, I would have thrown some too (Yes, your very own Wonderboy is a true nigga too.)

The movie began. All was quiet. I saw drug dealers, fancy cars, and everything else associated with the inner city. Then Wesley Snipes made his first appearance as the infamous Nino Brown. He had on some gear that made him look like a hoodlum and the girls in the audience let it be known, crying out, "Wooo child, that man is too through— and blaaaaack!"

I thought to myself, Mr. Snipes is living a little on the dark side, but let's see what happens.

The movie progressed and as it did, I saw Nino go from a small time pistol-carrying drug pusher, to a big time, *nine-millimeter-give me my money or I'm gon' kill you*, king-pin. I mean the brother was livin' large. He had fat rings, fat gold chains, fat cars, and a PHAT honey named Shaniqua (Fellas, this girl had it going on!!!!!!).

As Nino Brown climbed to the top, a gradual shift in the audience could be felt. This shift was especially present in the attitudes of the young ladies in the audience. No longer was Nino this ugly, black spook. Oh no! As I recall, it was more like, "Girlfriend, Nino Brown

looks what— GOOD!" These girls were trifling hard. They even got wrapped up in the story like they do with them soap operas. In fact, I heard this one girl say, "I don't know why Nino is with that ugly Shaniqua. The skinny b—h is ugly and she ain't nothin' but a ho!"

I turned around, looked at this girl, and thought to myself, "Number one, she must be blind if she thinks that fine Shaniqua is ugly. Number two, she weighs every bit of three hundred pounds, so she can't begin to suggest who Nino Brown needs to be with. If she wants to get so caught up in Nino's life, she would want to smoke up some of his crack so she can get skinny!"

I focused back on the movie. By the time I got back into it, I saw this light-skinned brother with a mustache on the screen. The man didn't speak one line when I heard that fat girl yelling, "Oh Lord! That's Christopher Williams. He looks goood and can act too!"

I said to myself, "How can you say that? The man ain't even said nothing."

I spoke too soon.

He said his opening line (referring to the cop, Ice-T), "Hey, I know him. He's five-o."

The fat girl went wild. "Girl I told you he can act," she said to her *homely*- girl.

For those of you who saw the movie, I'm sure you would agree that Christopher Williams had better not lose his singing voice. He is a terrible actor. The man couldn't even fake pain when Nino stuck that sword through his hand. I guess that is why none of his videos have story lines.

My point here directly relates to the one I made in my first column.

Just because something looks good, doesn't mean that it is. Christopher Williams may be a dynamite singer (with the assistance of today's computer technology). By women's standards, he may be a nice looking man. However, this does not make him a legitimate actor. Ya'll women treated Wesley Snipes like a baseball and just threw him because of his on-stage looks instead of appreciating the fact that he is an actor— and a good one at that.

To the ladies, I would like to leave this final bit of advice. The next time you decide to kick a brother to the curb.... make sure YOU ain't that fat girl in the movie theater. Peace ya'll.

Wonderboy

Wonderboy's alter-ego is mild-mannered John McCann, a sophomore from Raleigh

Clip and Save

HAIR TIPS

1. WASH HAIR WEEKLY.
2. CONDITION WITH MAYONNAISE MONTHLY.
3. COVER WITH TOWEL IN THE SHOWER.
4. TRIM ENDS MONTHLY.
5. BRUSH EACH NIGHT.
6. SEE SHURLI OFTEN.

SHURLI McADOO

HAIRSTYLIST
110 STARLITE DRIVE
CARRBORO, NC
942-1247



Task force members march to the Sonja H. Stone BCC (see story page 5.)