

## SAY WHAT?

# Bubblegum rock star infestations and militant Mary Kay — Rainbow goes on a date

**M**y friend Rainbow had a date last week. Which really surprised me, considering that Rainbow thinks all men belong to a sub-species of the dung beetle.

"Hey, Rainbow," I asked her one time, "What do you think about men?"

She gurgled a response and hocked onto the pavement.

"Even me!"

She gurgled a response and hocked onto the pavement.

Rainbow is one of those funny characters who, like a lot of Americans these days, is deficient in one major area of her personality; namely, her personality. So when Rainbow has a date, either the guy's deaf and blind, real dumb or real desperate.

"Male scum," she told me, using her cute nickname for me, "I have a date Friday night."

"Who with?"

"With a disgusting, perverted, puke-o-rama, filth-of-the-planet man-type thing."

"You make him sound so attractive," I said. "Why are you going out with him?"

"He asked me."

Blind, deaf, dumb and desperate.

"Rainbow," I asked, trying to be as delicate as possible, "when was the last time a guy asked you out? Come on, be honest, was it in the '80s?"

"When was the last time you asked a girl out?" she retorted.

"Leave my personal life out of this,"

**JOHN BLAND**

### less filling

I said, "we're talking about you."

"1980," she said, rather proudly. "For the seventh-grade dance at Willowdale Junior High."

"1980? Sheesh, you mean you didn't even go to your prom?"

"HA!" She got this look in her eyes, like she'd just swallowed a bottle of Texas Pete. "Proms are for scum-sucking pigs like you who think just because you ask a girl out and dress up and take her out to an expensive dinner and then dance with her among a bunch of immature, mindless children, you think that means she owes you something, like cheap sex in an cheap hotel room that you aren't even old enough to be in!"

"Absolutely," I smiled, then removed her fist from my eye socket. "So what did you do while all your immature, mindless classmates were having fun?"

"Sat around and read *The Bell Jar*. And I loved every minute of it!"

Something about this troubled me. Since the last time a guy asked Rainbow out was sometime during the Paleozoic era, I figured she had to be in shock. She couldn't make any rational decisions. She had started to think like a regular girl! This was dangerous. Rainbow's the kind of woman who gets militant about everything,

even tight shoes. If she started thinking like a regular girl, who knows what she'd get militant about! Maybe...no, it's too horrible, but maybe...Mary Kay?

Yep.

A few days later I saw her again. She was wearing make-up! Not just some base and a dash of lipstick, we're talking the whole deal. She looked like something out of a Poison video: blue eyeshadow, caked-on beige base, Revlon No. 4 red blush streaked like Indian war paint and Cover Girl maroon red lipstick lathered on so thick it looked like she'd kissed a can of Dutch Boy.

"R-Rainbow?" I stammered.

"Don't call me Rainbow!" she shouted. "Call me by my Christian name — Laverne."

"Rainbow, quick!" I hollered. "Think Buffy St. Marie! Think Gloria Steinem! Think Joan Baez! For God's sake, think Phil Donahue!"

"Yeah, he's kinda cute, isn't he?"

"Rainbow, you can't do this! Come on, let's go to a rally! Let's go protest tuna! Or CIA recruitment! Or Playboy! Or the High Kickin' Heels!"

"Naah," she said. "I wonder who's mixing with the KA's tonight?"

"Rainbow, please." I had to be very careful with this one. "tell me the guy you're going out with is in a band or likes earrings and black outfits."

"Nope," she said, grinning like a half-melted Barbie doll, "he's a College Republican."

*It was worse than I thought!*

At that point I knew what I had to do. I had to perform an exorcism.

"Rainbow, listen carefully to me," I said slowly. "Repeat after me: All men are scum."

"All...men...are...sc...sc...sc...um."

"Women will eventually rule the earth."

"Women will...cook and clean and do the Mommy Track!"

"Rainbow, stop! Pull yourself together! If you don't, I'm gonna have to slap you in a sensitive liberal manner!"

Then she started gyrating and singing "Electric Youth." She was poss-

with "Out of the Blue" and I had to counter with "Gitarzan." We were going at it, chord for chord, until the demon switched to "Lost in Your Eyes" and I had to resort to my last, most dangerous weapon: "Misty."

What happened next is a blur, but I remember when I got to the second verse Rainbow's face looked like it had been hit with an industrial-strength iron. By the third verse the demon was begging for mercy (and so were the neighbors), but I had to make the exorcism complete: I sung the last verse like Perry Como.

That was all it took. There was a huge explosion, and when I opened my eyes there was Rainbow, back in black, Revlon-less, standing angrily before me.

"Have you ever heard of penis envy?" she suddenly asked.

"Uh, yeah, I'm one of the few males who suffers from it."

"Well, Freud was way off base with that," she said. "I mean, it's ridiculous to think just because we don't have them that we're jealous of all men. And then he said you scumbags have a castration fear."

"Yeah, especially around women like you. You're not carrying around that stiletto anymore, are you?"

"Got it right here in my bag, behind my mace and my blackjack."

I'm making sure Rainbow never has a date again. I mean to tell you, I don't ever want to have to go through another exorcism of a Debbie Gibson demon. Unless I get paid.

### She was possessed by an evil Debbie Gibson demon!

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This was a tough one. This only way to exorcise an evil Debbie Gibson demon was to start singing any song by Ray Stevens in a very loud voice. It's something I don't normally do (except on weekends) but this was an emergency.

She was to the third chorus when I swung in with "Everything Is Beautiful," which has been known to kill large numbers of bouncy teenagers when sung right. The demon replied

## A Freshman Odyssey: O.C.s, Old Well and stud ducks

**I** still remember lying in bed at 2:30 a.m. the night before I left for school, wondering what UNC was going to be like with that whimsical poem going around in my mind:

'Twas the night before college and straight through my door,  
I heard my father giggling, "Ha, ha!  
One more day, then no more."

My bags were neatly packed to suit my image at school,  
Shoes by Nike, backpack by Jansport, I had to look cool.

I thought in my bed as I looked at the time,

"Go to sleep, idiot and end this stupid rhyme."

So I did, and before I knew it I was a freshman. Of course I was clueless. Allow me to elaborate.

The first meeting with my orientation counselor was confusing. I asked her how I could get involved in some of activities and she said, "To do anything around here you have to go to the Union. The Union has everything." With visions of teamsters and Jimmy Hoffa, I listened to

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### young ones

the rest of the meeting. My O.C. spewed off more initials than I could keep in my head. I do remember R.A. had something to do with housing, T.A. had something to do with academics, and S.O.B. had something to do with her last boyfriend.

Then she said, "Okay you guys, now I'm going to take you on a tour. We will end the tour by going to South Campus, and I don't know if it's open now, but I'm going to try to get you guys in the Dean Dome." Being a moral dude I wanted no part of this, so I took a tour on my own.

I wanted to see the Old Well, so I asked another freshman where it was. Big mistake! Not only did she not know where it was, she didn't even know what it was. I told her it was very famous and you might find a picture of it in the local newspapers. She replied, "Oh yea, that's the place where that poor Baby Jessica was

trapped, right?" I thought for a minute, decided it wasn't worth it, and said, "Right".

I set off on my own and bought a Daily Tar Heel from an upperclassman who, fortunately, had them on sale. I asked him where I could find local nightlife, and he directed me to a place called the Undergrad which supposedly had many rowdy social gatherings. I took his advice but got lost and ended up talking to my roommate for the rest of the night about how much we missed things at home. I told him I missed my high school and the way my dad called me "stud duck", and he could sympathize. I was really homesick that first night.

The next few days I was prodded to several orientation meetings and activities. We were herded like cattle to events such as Freshman Convocation. I still remember Brien Lewis calling Carolina a "lullaby." To me it seemed more like the theme from *Rawhide*. Can you hear it? "Head 'em up, move 'em out..."

The first week melted into the first month as I went through drop-add, the swimming test, football games,

buying textbooks and all the other exciting hells at U.N.C. I started tough classes, where the startling realization hit me that I had done about as much work in high school as the Prince of Monaco does at Club Med. I barely made it through midterms, and now that fall break is

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upon me, I have had some time to reflect.

Actually, it is only now that I realize how wonderful being a freshman is. Some people may remember that first year at college as a blur of mistakes and embarrassment, but for me it's been a chance to strike out on my own and experience new things.

Daniel Manatt of Duke's student newspaper, the Chronicle, admires freshmen because they keep their

doors open. He writes, "Your open doors are a powerful symbol of minds that the newness of the college experience has forced open. To survive as a freshman is to be able to walk into a stranger's room and to talk to a stranger who enters yours." Being a freshman makes it easier to meet people.

Manatt also likes the fact that freshmen have not limited themselves. They haven't limited their minds to one field, they haven't limited their social status, and they haven't limited their friends. Being a freshman means discovering something new and exciting everyday.

I often wonder when the newness of college will wear off; when the stimulation of unique experiences and interesting people will become commonplace. I hope never.

### Hey, You! Put That Pen Down!

Joe Bob's review of Halloween 5 can be found this week on page 9 next to the Movie Listings.