

# one to watch

## DAVE CHAPPELLE

There I was in the dimly lit Boston Comedy Club in New York City, waiting for Dave Chappelle to show up. "He's late!" I muttered to myself. "Hmph!" Two summers ago when I saw his stand-up act, he was a nobody from Washington, DC, who had been doing comedy since he was 14. But now he's the man. A role in Mel Brooks's summer spoof *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*, a big exclusive contract with Walt Disney Television, and people knocking down walls to get at him—fame, I concluded, must be going to this 29-year-old's head. However, when he walked in 40 minutes later, I was captivated by his big brown eyes and bald head. "Huh, huh," I whispered, sounding like that stupid Beavis and Butt-Head cartoon. I am so into the bald-headed thing. Dave apologized for being late. Oh, no big deal, I told him, and we sat in the back of the club alone (huh, huh), talking about his rise into the spotlight. "I always said it was going to happen and dreamed that it would, but now that it's started I'm like, damn, it's a little scary," he told me. But even with all this hype, Dave insists, "I'm not the greatest young comic. I could be funnier." And what does that mean? "I want people to be having heart attacks and stuff during my routines." Dave, honey, you made my heart go pitta-pat. Huh, huh. Diane

