



4-1999

## The Roddey McMillan Record - April 1999

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# The Roddey-McMillan Record

Sixth Issue, Spring 1999

Winthrop's multicultural newspaper

April 1999

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Riley

## THE NEW SGA PRESIDENT

BY KATE COOPER  
COPY EDITOR

To all that consider themselves informed know that Mamie Catherine Bush has been elected our new SGA president for the 1999-2000 school year. To many, this is no surprise for from the first day that Mamie Bush stepped foot onto Winthrop's campus, she was always in a leadership position.

Mamie's days as a leader first started in Charleston, South Carolina at St. Andrew's Parrish High School where she was a Drum Major and on Student Council. From there, Mamie incorporated her skills as a leader by becoming involved in many prestigious committees upon her arrival on Winthrop University's campus. She has been noted for her involvement in several organizations. These include sitting on the Cultural Events committee, Association for Woman in Communications, Resident Assistant, Leap Mentor, African-American Student Union, and Student Government Association.

All of these involvements lead Mamie's path to becoming Vice-President of SGA in 1998-1999 School year which entailed her being President of the Senate which anyone that has ever been involved in SGA knows that that is very big shoes to fill.

Now Mamie is trying on bigger shoes by becoming the New SGA President for the 1999-2000 but not to fear, if any person was more suited for the job, Mamie Bush is your Woman!

Mamie's famous quote is "Success is not measured by where you are but how you gotten there." If that quote does not measure up to anybody else, it in definitely measures Mamie character. For she has shown through her many contributions to the Winthrop Campus that dedication, persistence, motivation, skill, unselfishness, and caring is what it takes to achieve greatness. For it is through her work on campus, that Winthrop is a better place to learn and grow.

So to President Mamie Catherine Bush we applaud your efforts in improving Winthrop University and leaving Winthrop a better place from which you found it. Congratulations!



SGA President  
Mamie Bush

## African-American Restitution

BY TERRI BURNS  
SPECIAL TO THE RODDEY-  
MCMILLAN RECORD

1999. Less than a few months from the new millennium, that is already predicted to be a disaster. People have been taught many lessons that seem to follow the destiny of this paradoxical world. The lessons that were learned, however, also contradict themselves. From a young age one is taught that if someone does something to you, you do two things-hit them back or forget about them. These are derived from the bible parables about "an eye for an eye" and "turn the other cheek". When it comes to something as simple as an action of hitting, you may just turn the other cheek. But in instances of greater magnitude, individuals seek payback, compensation, or restoration for any injure, loss, or harm done to them. This act is better known as restitution. Its meaning is universal- what you reap, so shall you sow.

Throughout history, senseless acts were often committed by individuals that were powerful on those considered to be inferior. The cause of this was usually

because the "inferior" individual seemed to possess a different skin color, hair texture or ritual of some sort that was not similar to that of the powerful class at that time. As a result, situations such as slavery, extradition of people from their native lands, and concentration camps abound in history. Now, years down the road, the ancestors and survivors are seeking reparations for the harsh and cruel treatment that they had to endure during these incidents. In this case it is African Americans.

In most cases of restitution, reparations were actually made. The Jewish Holocaust survivors are a prime example of national restitution. The West German government uses monetary values to serve as the reparations for the survivors of the Holocaust.

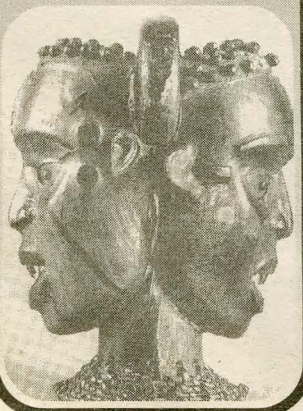
Restitution for slavery was also made. This reparation was called the Field Order No. 15. But it is better known as the "forty acres and a mule" promise." According to Field Order No. 15, General William T. Sherman made the proposition to help freed African Americans to form an independent community of their own. These African Americans were also

followers of Sherman and the Union Army.

The order stated that each family would receive forty acres and a mule to start this community. There were thousands of followers of this. And in the earliest stage of this order, it actual worked successfully. But apparently, more and more people found out about the situation as a result of a general who guaranteed the freed slaves that they had land waiting for them. The program was originally supposed to grant "temporary provision for freedmen and their families during the rest of the war." It wasn't free land for all. Because of the turmoil and confusion the field order created, it was repealed the same year in which it was ordered.

Today, hundreds of years after the deletion of this order, many still want what is rightfully theirs. Whatever the value or form may be in today's world, most African American are still looking for their "forty acres and a mule". Will it ever be given?

Thank you  
for  
another  
great year  
Winthrop!!



## New Beginnings: Omega Psi Phi Returns to Winthrop University

BY ASSISTANT EDITOR  
GERARD MOSS

You heard the chatter, the whispers, the inquiry about a missing piece of the Black Greek experience at Winthrop University. This piece: Omega Psi Phi Fraternity has been suspended and subsequently inactive.

But, now there are rumors of the return of the Omega men. But how accurate are these claims?

Before I look to find out if the rumors have any truth to them, I will inform you of a brief history of the Fraternity, provided by Keith Ashwood, a Winthrop University faculty member and member of Omega Psi Phi.

Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Incorporated was founded on the campus of Howard University on Friday, November 17, 1911. The fraternity was founded by three students, Frank Coleman, Oscar J. Cooper, Edgar Love, and their advisor Ernest E. Just.

As American history continues, the organization remains loyal to its ideals of developing its members and uplifting the community.

Keith Ashwood provides evidence of this fraternity's noble aims by explaining the fraternities numerous national philanthropy projects.

These projects include programs like an assault on literacy, an achievement week program which recognizes Fraternity men who have been successful and community members who have achieved and made contributions to the community, a scholarship program-which gives financial

assistance to individuals seeking higher education, a talent hunt- where the fraternity members identify high school talent and assist by giving funds to individuals possessing those talents, and a senior citizen project where the brothers assist elderly members of the community.

Now that we have a brief history and we know a little about the fraternity, it's time to answer the rumors: Is the Fraternity Back? Keith Ashwood answers this question in three words, "We are here." Mr. Ashwood goes on to

state that the brothers of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity are not only here, but they are inter-

ested in positioning themselves in a place where the fraternity may be an asset to Winthrop's community. Ashwood believes that they will accomplish this objective by fulfilling their philanthropy projects as well as providing forums that address the needs of college students. In addition, Ashwood feels that there is no unity within the NPHC organizations; however, he hopes that Omega Psi Phi can help unify the NPHC by working with each organization and making a collective effort in serving the community.

The brothers of Omega Psi Phi have been long suffering and have made it back to the campus of Winthrop University. And, I believe the campus will be enriched from their presence. Thus, this should end all the rumors or at least the rumors of whether the Omegas will return this semester. Now, there is only one question that you should ask yourself, are you ready for the Omega's return?



The Psi Kappa Chapter of  
Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Inc

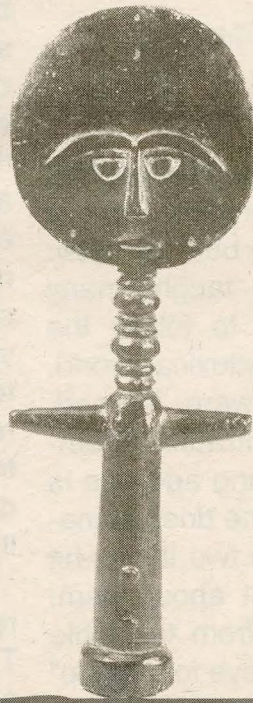
## The Roddey-McMillan Record

### A New Beginning

The paper started as a vision among students in the late '80s as a monthly newsletter that celebrated the achievements of African-American faculty and students. It was originally produced and funded by student efforts and now is a full-fledged newspaper with admission to the Student Publications Board.

The Roddey-McMillan is now looking for any persons interested in positions for next year. Such positions include Copy Editors, Graphics Editor, Business Manager, Ad Representatives, Photographers, Cartoonists, Layout Designer, Circulation Manager and Writers.

If you are interested in becoming a part of Winthrop's multicultural newspaper or have any questions please contact Roshanda Yearwood via e-mail @ zzyearwoodr.



*If you have questions about romance, school, or just want to chat with the Mac, send your submissions to the Roddey-McMillan office in the basement of Bancroft. Please include your P.O. Box number. All answers are confidential.*

Roddey-McMillan Record  
Deborah Jones, Editor-in-Chief  
Gerard Moss, Assistant Editor  
Louis Jones Layout/Design Editor  
Kate Cooper, Copy Editor

The purpose of this paper is to inform Winthrop students, faculty, and staff and the Rock Hill community of minority concerns and affairs and contribute to the cultural diversity of the University. The content may include but will not be limited to articles on academic achievement and personal growth and development of minority students and minority faculty. Articles may be contributed by Winthrop students, faculty, and alumni, members of the Rock Hill community, and by others. All content will be subject to acceptance and editing by the student editors. If you would like to submit any articles, photos, art, poem, etc., please call the editor at 3764 or drop an e-mail at zjonesde.

# WINTHROP TRACK

teams runs  
away with  
a banner  
season

BY STAFF WRITER  
LOUIS JONES

Winthrop's track and field teams, after a grueling weekend, have found themselves at the end of what turned out to be a spectacular season. Returning from the Big South Conference Meet at Coastal Carolina University in Myrtle Beach, SC, the women's and men's teams find themselves ranked fourth and fifth in the conference, respectively.

Strong performances from Seniors Tim Tousey, Beth Greene, Kareshia Prioleau,

Stephanie Murdock, and Rob Garratt set the stage for the Eagles to run over and past competitors. with many members of the teams ranking in the top ten of their events and earning major points. Even the Big South Conference had to admit that their performance is pretty good for a team without a home track. Among the honors taken by Winthrop, Big South All-Academic Team was awarded to Beth Greene, Big South Athlete of the Year given to Angie Lanier, and a well deserved Big South Coach of the Year given to head coach Ben Paxton.

## All-Conference Teams

### WOMEN

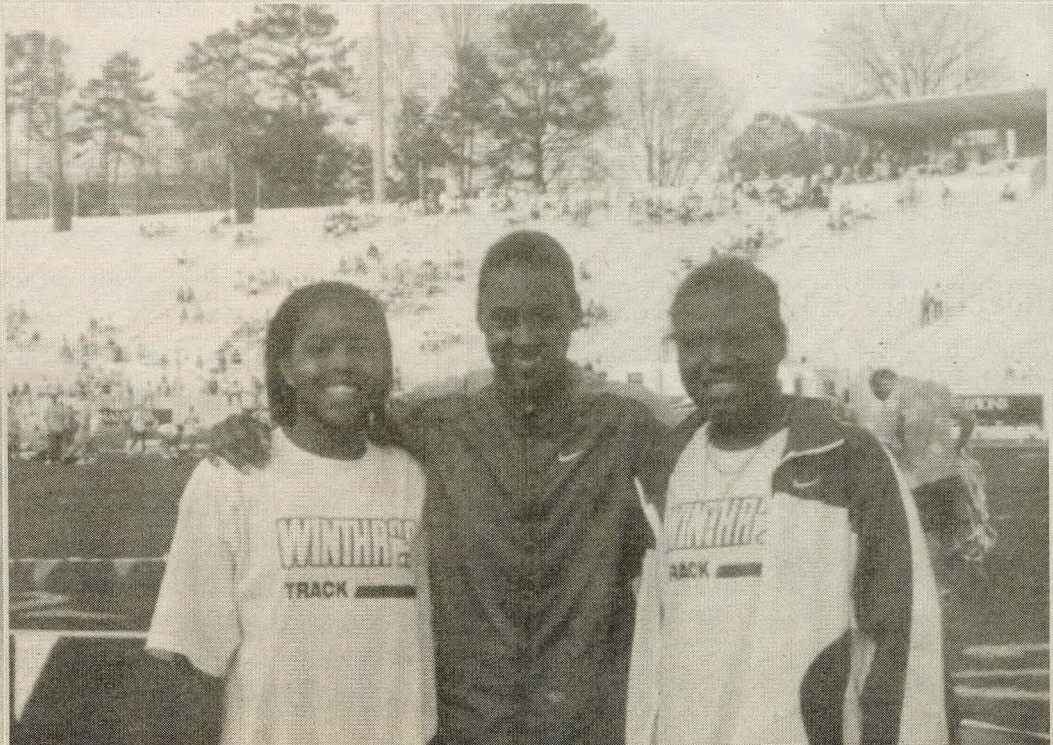
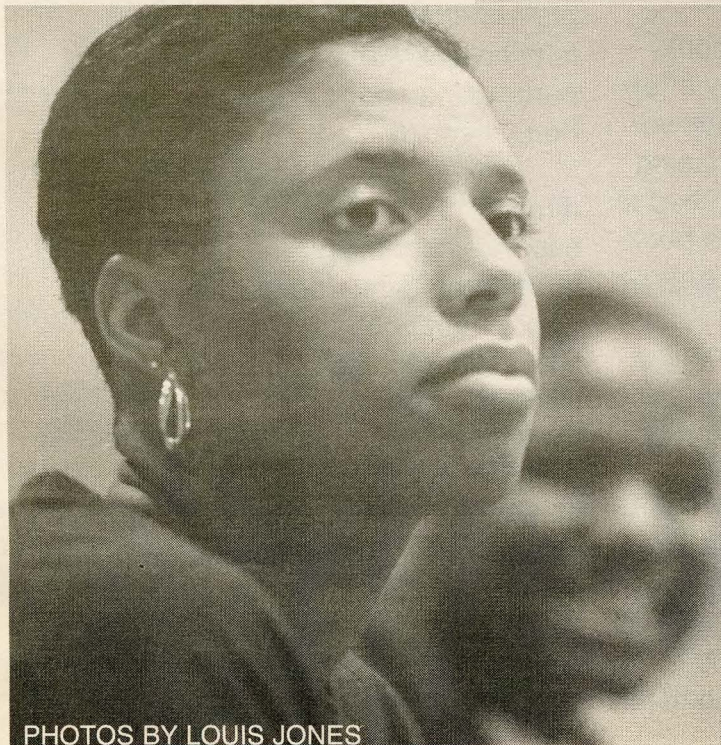
- Angie Lanier** 100m, 4x100m
- Beth Greene** 800m,4x400m
- Libby Glazier** 4x100m,4x400m
- Tonya Harling** 200m, 4x100m
- Stephanie Murdock** 4x400m
- Kareshia Prioleau**  
400m,4x100m,4x400m

### MEN

- Adam Growley** 5000m
- Ken Cummings** 4x100m
- Jermaine Hodges**  
400m,4x100m,4x400m
- Marc Pyrc** 4x400m
- Jevon Taylor** 400m,4x100m,4x400m
- Quinlee Tomlin** 4x100m
- Bernard Wheeler** 4x400m



from bottom right clockwise: World champion Marion Jones w/Nikhita Bouler and LaToya Roundtree, Kareshia Prioleau and LaToya Roundtree, Tim Tousey, Ken Cummings.



## CALENDER OF EVENTS

**DANCE CHOREOGRAPHY RECITALS**  
April 21-24 JOHNSON THEATRE  
8PM \$2.50 WUID CULTURAL  
EVENT

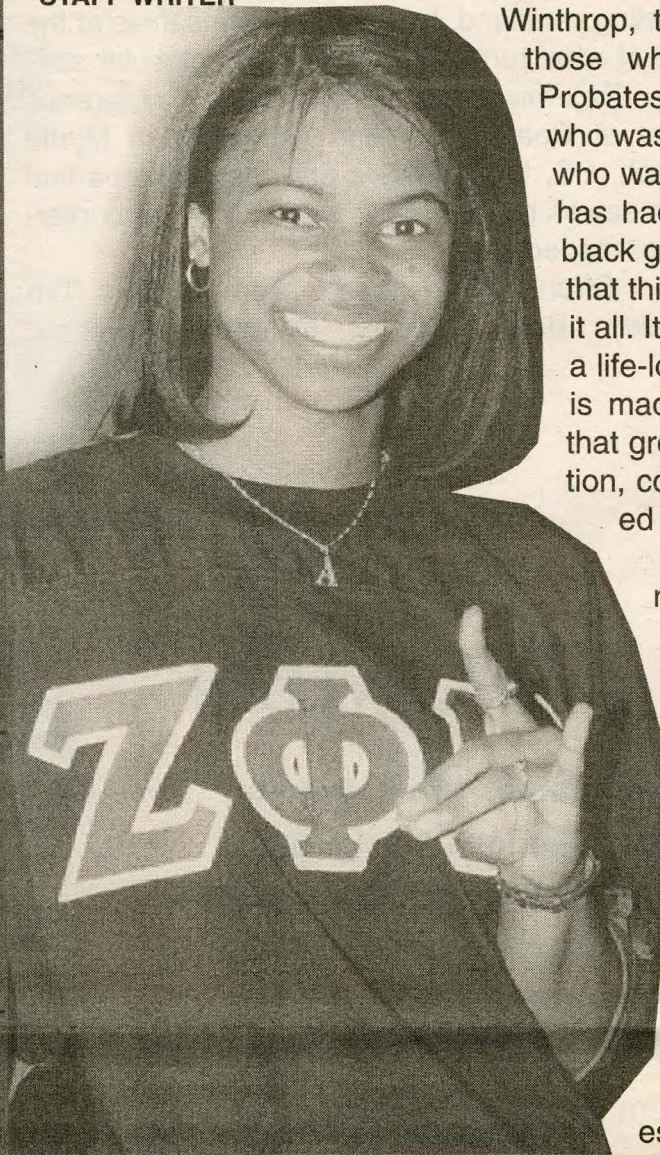
**DSU PROGRAM BOARD'S AWARDS/  
INSTALLATION CEREMONY**  
April 23 DINKINS STUDENT UNION  
2PM FREE

**AOE PRESENTS "WHAT GOD  
JOINS"**  
APRIL 25 TILLMAN AUDITORIUM  
4PM

**GOOD LUCK ON EXAMS!!!**

## CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW MEMBERS OF...

BY LOUIS JONES  
STAFF WRITER



As we come to the close of another semester at Winthrop, time should be taken to recognize those who have crossed the burning sands. Probates are what everyone waits for, to see who was on line, or in some cases to find out who wasn't. Although, in the past Winthrop has had its fare share of trouble between black greeks at probates, I am happy to say that this past semester has made up up for it all. It is important to remember, that once a life-long promise to serve the community is made, nothing should come between that group and their goal. It takes cooperation, communication and many minds united to reach this goal.

This semester in particular represents this first time in a few years that all black greek associations have been on Winthrop's campus. Knowing that the that the spirit of sisterhood, brotherhood, and service will only grow stronger with the additions, the staff of the Roddey-McMillan Record would hereby like to congratulate all new members of Zeta Phi Beta Sorority, Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, and Omega Psi Phi Fraternity. Many continued successes to all of you.

## RSA FUN OLYMPICS

BY WAFEEQ ZARIF  
STAFF WRITER

What is fun, has no legs, no arms, but comes with a prize? The first annual Winthrop University Fun Olympics. The Fun Olympics took place Friday, April 16 on the lawn of Dinkins. It featured Winthrop University trivia questions and traditional family reunion games as a contest between all the residence halls. Margaret Nance representatives were also on hand to showcase their gourmet baking talents. What could be more exciting on a hot Friday afternoon than sitting on the grass answering Winthrop trivia questions, chasing someone down to pop a balloon tied to their ankle, and racing to fill up a bucket of water? All this done while enjoying the huge variety of exquisite French and American pastries meticulously prepared by the Margaret Nance gourmet cooking staff. Don't think too hard.

The Fun Olympics was an RSA event coordinated by all the residence halls. The goal of Fun Olympics is to provide students with serious recreational activity, intended to stimulate and titulate their minds as well as their

bodies, on a day when the pressures of classes would be at their lowest levels. Most students are desperately relying on their residence halls to provide them with the best way to have fun and learn at the same time. All of this is combined into a cohesive environment where students can do the one thing that they really really want to do with their weekend, relax. This could come in the form of running a three legged race while socializing with the huge crowds of diverse people from the other residence halls. Isn't college life loads of fun. Forget parties or a sports event, we have the Fun Olympics.

Naturally, north area assistant director "JT" was in the very front supervising things. We can thank "JT" for being the only person on campus with a handbook of the Winthrop University archives. The Fun Olympics would not have been possible with out good ole "JT" So at this time, we would like to thank RSA and JT for their contribution to the college student's stressful plight. We can further thank them by being in attendance next time the Fun Olympics is held. Remember. only through numbers will any event succeed..

## ALPHA'S PROVIDE AN ELEGANT EVENING

BY ALRINTHEA CARTER  
STAFF WRITER

Winthrop students experienced an evening of elegance at the first annual Alpha Cabaret, sponsored by the Xi Phi chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Inc.

The event was the crowning jewel of the Xi Phi chapter's Founder's Week, which featured other events such as the 1999 Miss Black and Gold Pageant and a forum on civil rights featuring activist Ahmad Daniels.

Member of Alpha Phi Alpha decked out in black and gold tuxedos and danced the night away with their very special guests. The decorations were stunning, including the massive black and gold balloon arch and a charming little fountain. Gracing the company with her royal presence was Venetia Jackson, the former reigning Miss Black and Gold, as well as contestants in this year's pageant. Female guests looked especially beautiful that night, taking full advantage of their last chance to dress up in formal wear. The DJ was super, making a smooth transition from sophisticated jazz to recent dance hits as the evening progressed. The food was delectable, featuring chicken strips, meatballs, cheese, fruit and cold cuts.

Alpha Phi Alpha provided a beautiful evening, Hopefully there will be many more to come.



Congratulations to the winner of the 1999  
Miss Black & Gold Pageant:

**Nadia Duncan**

### A Night to Remember

BY GERARD MOSS  
STAFF WRITER

Champagne glasses, smiles, food, and memories place these items all together and you have one thing for certain-- a good time.

On Thursday, April 1, 1999, the association of Ebonites held their annual Ebony Affair. On this occasion, the attendants put on shirts, ties, coats, dresses, and looked beautiful; despite all the exquisite attire the participants were still able to relax and enjoy the affair.

Interestingly, this event does not only act a means of fellowship and celebration, but the affair also served as means of rejuvenation, because the Ebony affair gives the organization a chance to recognize loyal and outstanding members.

In addition the Ebony affair serves as means of instituting new officers who will lead the organization in the coming year..

### Congratulations to the New AOE executive Board Members

Amy Waddell- President  
Bryanne Jones- Vice-President  
Joy Christopher Historian  
Miriam Dixon- Choir director  
Renarter Harvin- Programs Committee  
Chair  
LaKeytria Grant- Public Relations Chair  
Roneshia Mayzyck- Choir Chair  
Elisha Gains- Parliamentarian  
Irvin Jenkins- Treasurer  
  
Dr.Jeffries- advisor

deep brown hue  
swirls  
twirls  
around your face  
twirling  
swirling  
holding my eyes  
locked  
on the depth  
of you  
soft touches of  
black  
trim your eyes  
smooth you head  
karma  
yours so sweet  
holding rooms together  
with your presence  
so many times  
i was lost  
in the many folds  
that embodied  
you  
the way your blue shirt  
hung just perfectly  
displaying your manly frame  
the way your pants  
deep dark gray  
flowed like a breeze  
in your barefoot step  
our park and our pebbles  
rolling  
palming  
smooth edges  
watching fall melt leaves  
picking too green blades of grass  
i read my heart to you  
from a white lined  
holding your softly worked hands  
turning the large silver band  
i gave you for your 21st  
you are forever enclosed on my  
page  
there your brown hue  
swirls  
twirls  
in the velvety corners  
of my mind  
twirling  
swirling  
silently patting around the  
void  
you so willingly created  
but refused to fill

-- Raychelle Heath

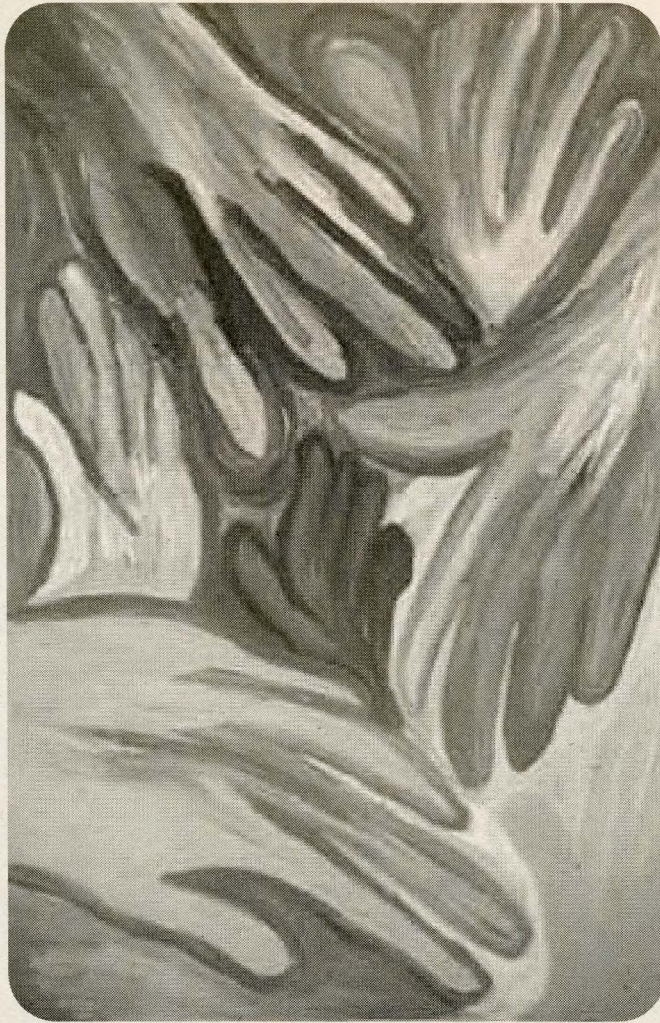


image by Jeanmarie Conlon

## Frayed

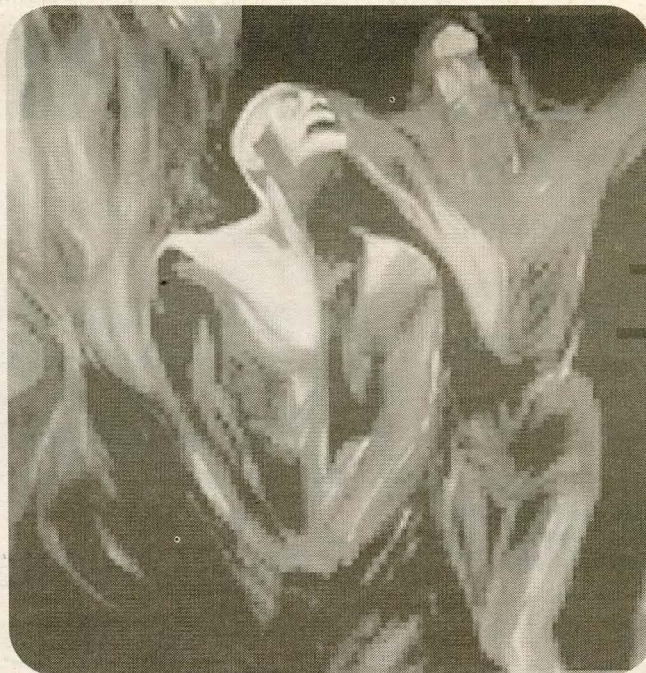
"Its all coming apart."  
She pulls the seams from the green cotton fabric.  
The seam ripper tight in her  
Right hand.  
The thread makes a tiny pop as she forces its grip  
loose.

"The whole thing. It's coming undone."  
Stitch by stitch  
The hem's removed.  
Leaving only tiny holes.  
Dissolving the fabric's fusion.

"I think it's been this way for years. Frayed."  
She slouches on her stool.  
Chads of green and black thread  
Grass around her feet on the floor.  
Two pieces of cloth  
Now sit where they  
Once were stitched together.

The union's removed,  
Leaving only tiny holes.

--Ronnie Gunter



[www.blackartguide.com](http://www.blackartguide.com)



## Sleep Now, Sweet Spirit (for Tonya Evans)

Sleep now sweet spirit, You carried the world on your shoulders.  
You came and went with a smile, Giving much and taking little.  
Your small hands, you big heart, your quiet ways.  
The peaceful presence you exhibited from day to day.  
If only we'd known your thoughts, your fears, things that only the Savior could hear.  
You're resting now, your work is over.  
Sleep now sweet spirit, you carried the world on your shoulders.

--Drico Rutledge

# Me & Jesus the Pimp

## In A '79 Granada

lyrics by Boots Riley

# Last Night

Well he was smilin like a vulture as he rolled up the horticulture, ignited it and said, "I hope the vapors don't insult ya."

What I replied denied, but he mixin' weed and hop -his head was noddin' up and down like he agreed a lot.

Bored, said "We need a plot", I comply "Let's leave the spot" hopped in the Granada, he's impressed by the beat I got.

His name is "hay-soos", but his pimp name is "geezus",

slapped a ho to pieces with his plastic prosthesis. "Nigga don't you know that I'm your daddy?" said he

-this is true, plus he schooled me to my macking degree:

"Never plea, try not to flee, make niggas pee when you stick around."

This man my momma had found taught me to put it down.

I press the gas to the ground to show that I'm a hound,

make sho' that get rubber sound is heard throughout the town.

Thirty years ago, Jesus could pull a ho quick -but now he fifty and his belly hangs lower than his d\*ck.

Philosophy that he spit stuck in my memory chips and now he puttin in a disk of Gladys Knight and the Pips

then that sh\*t starts to skip, he said "Somebody mus'a scratch it"

put the forty to his lips and poured the contents down the hatchet.

Well since my adolescence, cuz of his pimp lessons smack my woman in the dental just for asking silly questions;

relationship reduction to either rock the box or suction

ain't got no close patnahs, socially I can't function.

From the pen he would scribe, on how to survive:

"Don't be Microsoft, be Macintosh with a Hard Drive."

Used to tell me all the time to "keep a b\*tch broke," -did I mention that my momma was his number one ho?

Clunked the forty on the flo' and placed his palm on the dash

and wheezed out "C'mon man. make this muthaf\*cka mash!"

ain't gone mash too fast,

cuz my tags ain't right,

me and Jesus the

Pimp in a '79

Granada

last

night

City lights from far away can make you drop your jaw

sparklin like sequins on a transvestite at Mardi Gras there's beauty in the cracks of the cement

when I was five, hopped over them wherever we went to prevent

whatever it was that could break my mommas back little did I know that it would roll up in a Cadillac

and matta-fact, she couldn't see him like a cataract and on the track, she went from beautiful to bat-

tleaxe

and back at home, she would cry into her pillow vomit in the camode, I was six years old,

I would crawl onto her lap and we would hug and hold.

She asked me what I thought of Jesus when he broke off some bread

I said "He missin an arm, and he smell like a pee-pee head."

She said "don't cuss," and my teeth to go brush and get ready for bed, and the toilet to flush.

With tears in momma's eyes, i was her everything... before she went out on the stroll

she'd tuck me in the bed and sing...

You're much too beautiful for words

You're much too beautiful for words

You're much too beautiful for words

You're much too beautiful for words

I see the red lights as the ambulance flies,

reminds me of midnight in a dopefiend's eyes,

and 9-year-old self as paramedics leave,

left to ball my eyes out on a neighbor's sleeve.

To make illustrations that are clear and clean,

I'll take you two hours back before the scene:

Early in the morning when the sun starts to creep, when the birds start to chirp and crackheads go to sleep,

mom's was coming in I heard her keys go clink wearin nothing but pumps, bikini and a fake mink.

Even though she served for fifty dollars a pop hardly had enough for rent after Jesus re-copped.

That day the landlady got her rent before he got his knot,

slammed momma's head against the front bolt lock. Then the pimp with one arm done harm

-reached back and plowed into her head like a farm never saw the act, locked in the back, I was cussin',

heard the blap blap of twenty headcrack percussion and body blows.

Her body froze from bolo's to the spine

I was hysterically cryin', all she could do was whine

She didn't

even

have the strength to say

"I love you,boo but I said it to her and I knew that she knew..."

She was dead by the time the ambulance got on the case

but I never will forget the plastic hand stuck in her face,

-Stop at the intersection to ask Jesus 'bout directions

"...go to Frisco..."(I got very friendly vocal inflections)

Mob a left at MacArthur to continue in flight me and Jesus the Pimp in a '79 Granada last night.

The rain dropped giant pearls, God was pissin on the world

or that old man who was snorin' rolled over and earded.

My temperature gauge read 'cold and blistry', spinnin wheels made each piece of asphalt history;

this was Jesus' debut out the penitentiary, fifteen years but it seem like a century.

See, he went in the pen for some other murder drama

12 years old I wrote him I wanna be a pimp comma You accidentally killed my moms, no playa hation

points

You know how b\*tches act, sh\*t exclamation point...

First it was a setup move, then it was the truth his letters were the only thing I had as a youth...

but his lopsided game, see was really counterfeit so my little son Dominic thinks that I'm a d\*ck

cuz I was runnin' 'round like a little baby Jesus to me women had to be saints, ho's or skeezas

-and I don't think that it's gon end till we make revolution,

but who gon make the sh\*t if we worship prostitution?

Ain't no women finna die for the same old conclusion

put they life on the line so some other pimp can use'em.

Pulled into a vacant lot, the road to recovery pulled out my pistol as we brushed against th

shrubbery

Jesus said,"Why the hell you pointin' a gat?"

So I pulled a piece of game I could use out the hat

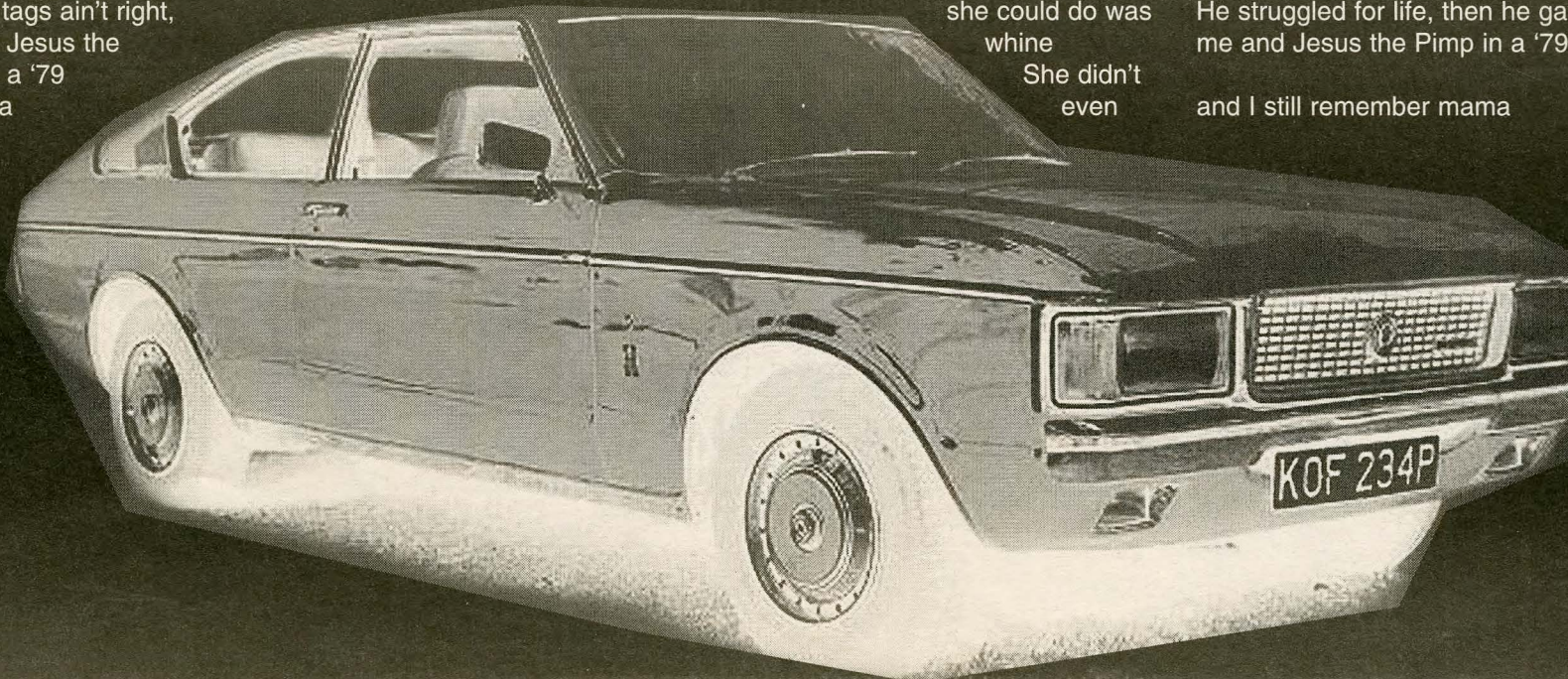
I said "This trip is over, we ain't finna ride on, this for my mental and my mama that I cried on.

Microsoft muthaf\*ckas might let bygones be bygones

but since I'm Macintosh I'ma double-click your icon."

He struggled for life, then he gave up the fight me and Jesus the Pimp in a '79 Granada last night.

and I still remember mama





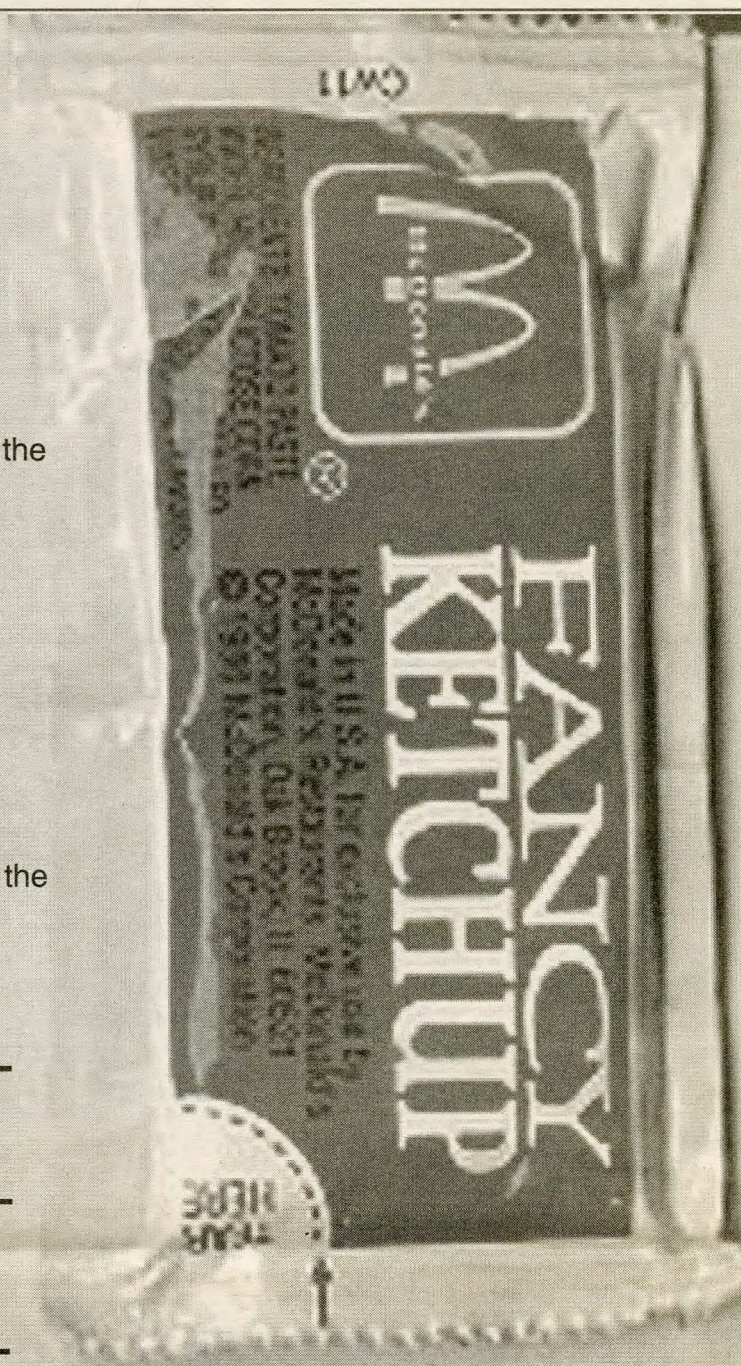
## The Stuffed Files

Louis Jones

A reflection on the past school year:

- Aren't you glad to be one of Dem Boy or Dem Gal?
- Who all plans to run around campus naked after graduation?
- To McDonald's: a \$1.19 fish sandwich is not a great deal.
- Why did the barbecue sauce in Thomson taste like ketchup and black pepper?
- Why was I thinking that there should have been a parking area on the ground floor of the new Life Science Building?
- But, then again, why are people with no cars worried about parking?
- Why have people been thinking that Calabash Bros. should:
  - a) be made into a Chinese restaurant
  - b) a 24hr- restaurant
  - c) torn down to make a big parking lot
  - d) a 24hr Chinese restaurant with a big parking lot ?

And on a special note, for those of you who want to know who caused the fire alarm to go off in Thomson the other week, it was ...**DEM BOY!!!**



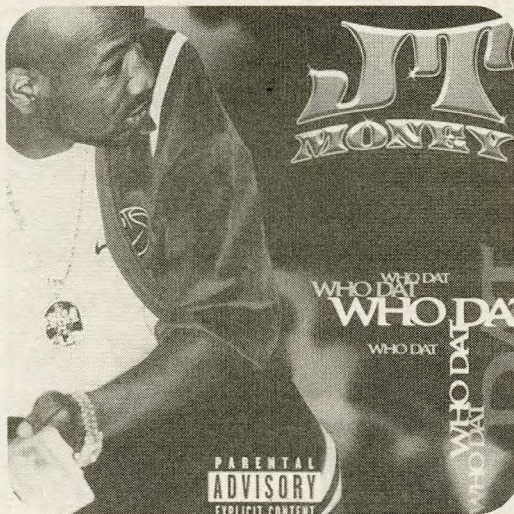
### video reviews

#### JT...Who Dat?

BY ALRINTEA CARTER  
STAFF WRITER

Directions for a low budget video. Make up simple-headed lyrics. Set to music. You know people will dance to anything that sounds good. Hire your grandmother as cinematographer. What else does she have to do? Enlist no less than 50 of your closest first cousins, half cousins, and play cousins to be extras in your video. Don't worry about set costs. Your momma's backyard and that juke joint back in the woods that no one else knows about will do perfectly. Equipment will consist of the CD player in your girlfriend's car. First scene,

backyard. play song at top volume. Instruct cousins to jump up and down vigorously to the beat while attempting to floss at the same time. Stop. Move to second location: After Dark II. Repeat jumping routine. Continue until song is over. Entitle song with somethin clever..."Who Dat?" perhaps. Yeah, that exudes intelligence.

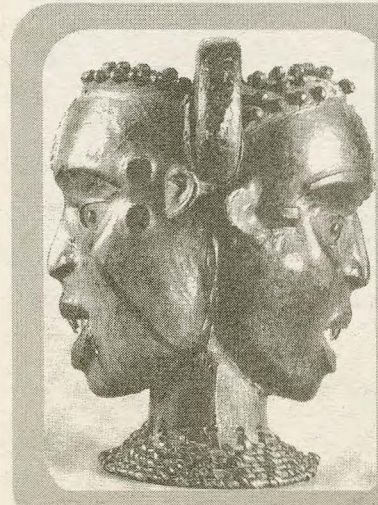


BY LOUIS JONES  
STAFF WRITER

Who dat? I'll tell you who dat is. Dat is JT Money trying to get up in the pockets of young America by making another of those "bouncing" songs. Please, oh please tell me why people can spend all this money making a quality song, then they decide to make a low-budget video that nobody would really want to see. JT Money, the

name alone sounds like something that you specifically avoid when it comes on.

Don't get me wrong, I actually like the song. It's not everyday when you find someone who actually took more than five seconds to think up a chorus (Master P). But, boy I tell you, the video sucks. Why do we want to see thirty some old guys bouncing around for four minutes? Louis' rule #2: Don't include your entire neighborhood and their miscellaneous friends in your music video. If I wanted to see a bunch of dudes bouncing, I'd stand outside the bathroom at a Hornets game watching the guys who really have to go. Peace.



# See you next year!!