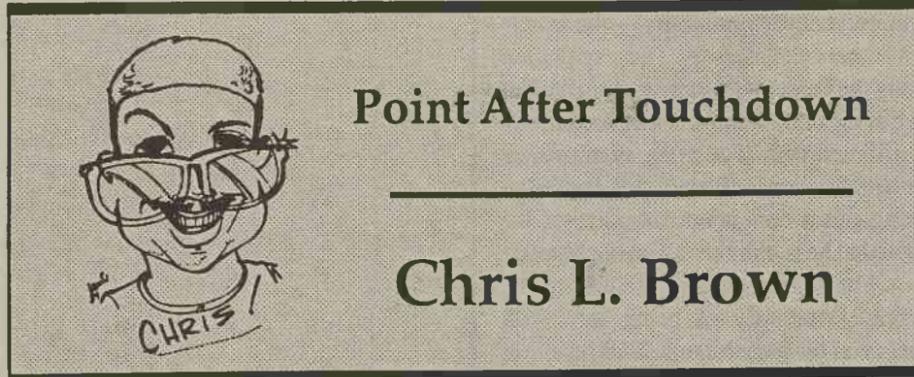


# No, My Brotha-- You've Got To Get Yo' Own!

Alright, I confess—I'm an advertising major.

This means that for a living, I'll be behind those irritating jingles resonating in your head for hours after you hear them (even though you tried to flip the channel as soon as the commercial came on). It'll be me who gets busted for subliminally implanting pro-*British Knight* messages during episodes of *A Different World* (just kidding—gulp!). And I will rewrite part of the all-time favorite, "No, My Brotha" Midnight Love commercial. My version will be Middy! Love, and.....ahright, ahright, quit groanin. Seriously joking, my version will be under the ingenious name of "Pre-Dawn Love," and it will include such righteous aphrodisiac tunes as Don King's rendition of "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," Whitney Houston's before unheard of track called "All of My Songs, They Sound the Same (to the tune of "Didn't We Almost Have It All")," and Various Artists' version of "Blame It on the Rain" ('cause Heaven knows that the original was by various artists, also). I'll have some 1980s-looking brothers and sisters sitting on opposite sides of an apartment room, twiddling their thumbs and being bored. One guy will jump up and grab his remote (which, by then, will be an ancient piece of hardware) and flip on his CD player. The Opening Anthem sung by Roseanne Barr will start blaring through the speakers then the pretty ladies will cover their ears, get angry, and break. The guys



## Point After Touchdown

Chris L. Brown

will be talkin' about "Don't leave, baby! We got this great wine....the year is 1989!" But, to no avail, the rapturous noise will prevail, the pretty ladies will diss them well, and the brothers will be mad as...they could be. Then the conversation will go like this:

Brother #1: "Yo, where did you get this whack-as-quack CD?!"

Apartment-Ownin' Brother #2: "From the Pre-Dawn Love Collection."

Brother #3: "Turn it off!"

Brother #1: "It should be called, 'The Pre-Dawn, Non-Love, Brothas-Get-Kicked Out of Their Own Crib, Fake K-Tel Lookin' Collection of Horrors!"

Brother #3: "Turn it off!"

Brother #2: "Here. Take it — please."

Brother #1: "Nooooo, my Brotha— You've got to get yo' own trash vaporizer. SSSSee yaaa!"

Brother #3: "SSSee yaaa!"

Please, no applause. Aww, you're too

nice. I can't accept it. Please ma'am, take your child back. Thank you. I love you. I can't go on. I CAN'T GO ON! I CAN'T GO ON NO MORE! Shades of Barry Sobel's rendition of Patti LaBelle's feigned exhaustion after singing half of a song at a concert. Yeah! Maybe I could market an album called "Patti-LIVE"! She would sing for 30 seconds and then spend the rest of the 49 and 1/2 minutes on the album saying, "I love ya'll! Thank you! I'm so tired—look here—my Tina Turner Collection™ wig is fallin' off! I CAN'T GO ON! I CAN'T GO ON NO MO'!!!"

Back to the subject: Advertising. I must admit, I get irritated by attempts by certain products to appeal to African-American audiences with those 'colorized' commercials. I mean, like sure, because we see a Burger King commercial, strategically placed during *In Living Color*, where the customer comes in and raps her order while the cashier rhythmically nods his head,

they think we're going to speed over to grab a bite? Right. Everybody knows that the customer must rap *and* beatbox in order to get any credibility in the African-American community, right?! Don't get me started.

How about that commercial for Food Lion where they have the two thirty-five year old-lookin' brothas rapping while holding a loaf of bread and wearing those blue apron things? Talkin' about, "Foood Liiiiiion!" I'm surprised they didn't have a black man in a trenchcoat in the background, who whips out a shotgun just as the commercial ends. That would be as realistic.

I don't think commercials have to be incredibly realistic; the idea is to inform the consumer of a need, and to demonstrate (directly or indirectly) that a certain product will fulfill that need. But I really dislike it when anybody's intelligence is taken for granted—the African-American community, young children, elderly people, et cetera. I hope to create commercials that are diverse in their selling technique, with a ton of respect to whomever the target audience is. And that's word.

Sounds like a neat career, huh? You like it? You're thinking about choosing this career, also? Nooooo, my brotha, you've got to get yo' own (competition is war, baby)!!!

## The Basie Band: Bad To The Bone

By Michelle Thomas  
Staff

With the current recession, times are getting to be hard. Money is tight. Everyone is pinching pennies and restricting themselves to tight budgets. I, too, am a penny pincher, but last night (November 30) I invested a hard earned \$10 on a cultural experience of a lifetime. The Count Basie Orchestra, performing at Winston-Salem State University, introduced me to the most original American art form—jazz Basie-style.

Led by composer/arranger/tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, the band had the crowd at the edge of their seats for the entire two hour performance. With a mixture of Basie originals and those written and arranged by others, the band maintained the style and finesse that was there when Basie led the group.

The saxophone section led the pack with their excellent harmony and intonation. Almost all the saxophonists doubled on flute and clarinet, though they used no clari-

net in this particular concert.

One tune, "Angel Eyes," featured James "Danny" Turner on alto sax. Turner's rich, mellow tone mixed with his wide range, slow vibrato and beautiful intonation on the high register created an artistic solo. He was accompanied by the wonderfully harmonic sax section (which for a short time doubled on flute), brushes on the snare and hi-hat, and trumpets and trombones using silver hats and plumbers plungers for mutes.

Another tune, "Corner Pocket," which was written for the late, great Freddie Green, who played with Basie from the mid-1950s until his death three years ago, was led by Charlton C. Johnson who has been with the band for the past three months. Johnson left a lot to be desired. He could not compare with Green. Johnson could only be heard for about four bars, though the band played relatively soft. There was a nice, soft piano introduction, followed by a call and response between the trumpets/trombone and the saxophones. In his solo, trumpeter George "Sonny" Cohn played with a full yet dry tone. There wasn't much improvisa-

tion, but he had excellent command over his instrument and an overall good sound. The next solo, by tenor saxophonist Eric Miller, was phenomenal. Although he played mostly in the lower range, he played well in all registers of the instrument and his original improv had a deep, rich sound. Overall the tune was nice, but Charlton Johnson did not live up to the legacy of Freddie Green.

A Basie original, "Weather Girl," had the crowd on their feet. The piano introduction was still light, as was most of Carl "Ace" Carter's playing, but it was up tempo with little left-hand accompaniment. Time was kept with sticks on the hi-hat while a call and response went on between the piano and the rest of the band. As the song progressed, the band really started swinging. A tenor sax solo by Edward Miller was full of original improvisation while the trumpet section played short riffs in the background. The trumpets were hilarious.

They repeatedly stood up as if to solo, looked around at each other, did something silly, laughed and sat back down. This happened about six times during Miller's solo. But it was the drum solo that stole the show. "Duffy" Jackson ripped the set up. His speed and agility was that of a true professional percussionist. His solo ended with the crowd on their feet, cheering relentlessly.

The 20 song performance was the epitome of big band jazz. As a whole, the band made wonderful use of dynamics. Never had I heard such drastic changes in volume with such ease. They would be playing double forte one minute and pianissimo the next. The overall sound was one that would have made Basie very proud. For those of you who have never heard the Count Basie Orchestra before, if ever given the opportunity, do! On a scale of 1 to 10, I give them a 10+.

**THINK Black Ink**