

## Step

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(1) their performance was just that, a performance, not just a step routine (they performed with a lot of heart) and (2) the Nikes were phat!

**Delta Sigma Theta Sorority.** The Deltas may have "walked the dog" on their competition, but with that same gesture (literally walking a humping, pumping, leashed frat brother on all fours across the stage), they did little to uplift the image of the "Omega Man" and much to perpetuate the

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stereotype of the "Q-Dawg." They did however save some face with their tribute to the brothers of purple and gold. Overall, the performance

by the women of DST was unique, creative, and well-executed. Congrats! All I want to know is who was the Spike Lee wanna-be behind the video camera?

**Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority.** The Rhos came out hard and strong. Their routine, as well as their appearance, was both classy and sophisticated. They made a plea for much needed unity among the Greek organizations that was well-executed, but guess what? It was also well-used. Although unity is something we can never have to much of, tributes to other sororities and fraternities is. It's been done (to death). Finally, I've got to give much respect to the sistah in the background singing for the Rhos; girlfriend could really blow. Her voice was the feature that gave life back to SGRho's tribute.

**Zeta Phi Beta Sorority.** The Zetas had a phat "old to the new" thing going on. They came out old school to a remix of Grover Washington's "Mister Magic" and left you with "brand new flava in your ears." Although the Zetas came on stronger than they have in the past, there was a point when their performance lost its initial spunk. Still, the ladies of blue and white did well considering most of them were fresh off a line that was twelve deep and twice as strong. Maybe the performers were a little too new. They may not have stolen the show, but now everyone wants to be like ZPhiB. So, tell us, where can we get those hockey jerseys?

**Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity.** Who knew these brothers had a line? One of the most well kept secrets was made manifest with vibrance, excitement, and the kind of appeal that had the ladies on the edges of their seats. The brand new brothers bought the house down with a performance that won them the show (despite the fact that they lacked a theme and the outfits were a little drab). There's only one thing: I kept having flashbacks of *School Daze*. Maybe it was all that rolling around on the floor.

**Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity.** Smooth, suave, and debonair as usual. Anthony McCall dazzled the audience with his ability to wield a cane. He even introduced something new to the traditional step routine; improvisation. I'm sure if it had been a category with the judges, the one lone Kappa would have raked in the points. Speaking of being alone, where were the rest of the Phi Nu Pi brothers? Their absence led me to believe that Anthony's reference to "the only real frat" could have had more than one meaning. Did he mean that K A Psi was the only real frat or did he mean that among the brothers of K A Psi, the only real frat was the one who represented on stage?

**Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.** I have to admit, I expected a little more from last year's champions and I don't think I was the only person who did. Despite their lack of theme, the Sigmas stepped up a sweat and managed to get a few female hollers from more than just the Zetas. Unadorned by fancy costumes and gimmicks, the brothers of Phi Beta Sigma proceeded to ask of those women a very important question: "Have you had your wood today?" I believe some people left the step show "wood deficient," but if the applause from the ladies was to be taken as an indicator, there were many who left with a huge haul of lumber.

Well, that about wraps up another step show. If the Greeks haven't ran me off the yard, I'll catch you at the Spring show. Again, congrats to the Alphas and Deltas, this year's winners. Peace.

## Why Blame Me?

by Amey Pickett

Suppose you're driving down a five-lane road, at approximately forty-five miles per hour, when in an instant a twelve-year old boy darts out in front of your car and you hit him. Visualize feeling terrified that the boy, whom you have just hit, is seriously injured or even dead. Envision being scared that you will be blamed for the accident even though it was not your fault. Imagine being too frightened to get into your car (the new one you haven't even owned for a month) and drive again. Picture when you finally do drive again, being constantly on-the-edge, watching intently every move others make. Imagine the parents of the child you hit being bitter toward you even though you had no control over their child's actions.

My mind has been through all of these "imagination" and many more since my accident on Saturday, October 29, 1994. The one realization that hurt the worst was the latter. I was devastated by the bitterness that the child's parents showed toward me. Give me a break! It was the negligence of the parents which led to their child running into the road, NOT the negligence of me or my driving.

What is happening to parents these days? Why can't they teach their children traffic safety? ("Look both ways!") Is this symptomatic of the problems in our schools and neighborhoods? For example, in our society, there exist problems in parent-child relationships which cause children to disobey adults. What is happening to adults these days? Why can't they take responsibility for their actions along with their children's actions? Why try to blame someone else for their own mistakes? Too many people are out only to better themselves. What happened to friendly people who helped others in times of need? I can't figure it out! You tell me.

The ladies of Delta Iota Chapter of Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority, Inc. celebrated their birthday on November 12, 1994. The sorority has been a dominating force on Fayetteville State's campus for a couple of years now. The ladies have attained high scholastic achievement and strongly believe in servicing the community. The sorority was originally founded on November 22, 1922 at Butler University in Indianapolis, Indiana by seven school teachers.



## Editorial

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applauded. Wayne X. Hodges (founder/leader of Men Achieving Success through Knowledge: MASK) was personally "called to the carpet" by Chancellor Hackley and chastised (he said Wayne was a hater) for doing nothing more than getting students together to critically examine some very important and relevant issues at FSU (by the way Zack, we're still waiting... for anything). Maybe I've got it wrong, but isn't that what's supposed to happen at FSU or any other institution of higher learning—minds engaged, pushing the envelope, searching for and commanding a newer tomorrow?

The mime, through actions, makes you believe something that isn't really there at all. Sit, for just a while, and you are easily taken in. Inaction on the part of students to organize, coordinate, and move on issues already addressed to the administration or indifferent, unresponsive, tolerant attitudes to those voiced concerns by administration amounts to a silence-- the silencer that kills the mime; a silent acceptance of an identified and unacceptable status quo, and a silent cursor signaling the cultural demise of our university.