

## OUR VIEW

# What Hath Imus Wrought?

"Read a book! Read a book!  
Read a muh'f\*ckin book!  
Read a book! Read a book!  
Read a muh'f\*ckin book!  
Not a sports page (what),  
Not a magazine (who),  
But a book, nigga, a f\*ckin book,  
nigga, (YEAHHH!)"

— Lyrics from "Read a Book"  
an animated music video by D'Mite

It's been over five months since Don Imus uttered the "nappy-headed hos" comments, which cost him his once-enviable broadcasting career. On his way out the door, the disgraced shock jock tried to defend himself by suggesting that he had merely been mimicking a vile vernacular very popular with Black entertainers.

In the wake of his ouster, there was a call made by responsible members of the African-American community for Black performers to clean up their acts by eliminating any self-hating slurs from their lexicon.

Regrettably, however, the trend has been the opposite, starting with D.L. Hughley. One of the celebrated Kings of Comedy, he went out of his way on The Tonight Show to embrace Imus by affirming, "There were some nappy-headed women on that team. Shut up, I'm gonna say it. I don't give a damn if you all like it or not. You know it's true. They were some of the ugliest women I've seen in my whole life."

When there was no call for D.L.'s head after his shocking remarks, other Blacks only seem to be following his lead. For example, here's how another King of Comedy, Bernie Mac's character addressed his mother in a line likely ad-libbed for the summer blockbuster, "Transformers": "If I had a rock, I'd bust your head, bitch." Yikes.

Equally misogynistic was a straight-to-DVD disaster entitled "Confessions of a Call Girl," a practically porno flick which was really little more than a transparent excuse to get Tamala Jones nearly naked in a series of compromising positions.

But my problem with the picture had less to do with all the gratuitous nudity than with the fact that the film's dialogue is laced with the n-word and the f-word, and that sisters are routinely referred to as "bitches" and "hos."

And in the film's pivotal scene, a character portrayed by Clifton Powell boasts euphorically "I'm a mother-f\*cking man!" as he is being felled by a treacherous Black woman he has no clue is about to stab him in the chest as she satisfies him. Then, there was the relentlessly-crass "Who's Your Caddy," a degrading minstrel coon show trumpeted as the debut release of the very first Black-owned, movie studio, Our Stories Films, a company created by former Black Entertainment Television Chairman Bob Johnson, BET founder.

In this demeaning bottom-feeder, an African-American female defiantly refers to herself as a "queen beach," while the picture's protagonist, played by gangsta rapper Big Boi, states that he'd prefer dating a stripper to a classy Black lawyer he meets.

Speaking of BET, the Network recently debuted a deplorable animated music video called "Read a Book."

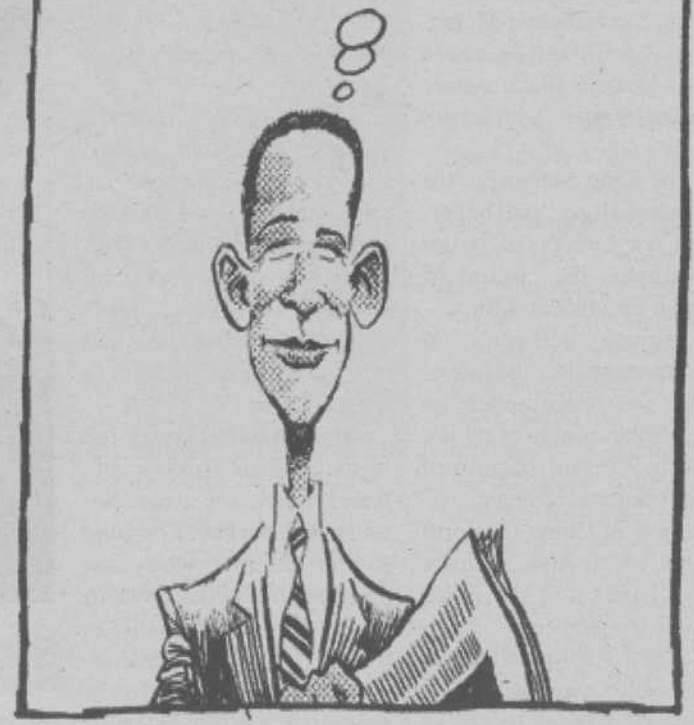
Besides incessant profanity and ethnic slurs, the cartoon most prominently features a sister sporting skintight, pink pants emblazoned with the word "BOOK" on her protuberant butt shaking her oversized booty right in your face. Though purportedly a parody, there's nothing remotely redeeming about the video or likely to inspire the impressionable young Black boys tuning in to turn off the TV and aspire to anything higher than seeing African-American women as wanton, waiting and willing objects of their injection. What hath Imus wrought? Judging from what we've witnessed, since his dismissal, it sure looks like a lot of Black entertainers have decided to declare war on the dignity of the Black female.

Lloyd Kam Williams is a syndicated film critic, attorney, and a member of the bar in NJ, NY, CT, PA, MA and U.S. Supreme Court bars.

IF SHE PICKED  
ME AS HER  
RUNNING MATE,  
WE'D BE  
UNBEATABLE.



...UNFORTUNATELY,  
OPRAH'S NOT  
INTERESTED.



## Pastors and 'laying on of hands'

By Barbara Reynolds  
Special to Sentinel-Voice

If Jesus Christ would show up in some of our churches, would He shed tears and walk out the door?

Once upon a time, church sanctuaries were treated as hallowed ground and the ordained clergy representing God and the people of God were viewed as the best examples of godly living.

Today, a demonic spirit of sexual perversion, prosperity, blindness and power-tripping is creating a sense of shame and cynicism among rank and file Christians that is actually driving some from the pews.

For example, weeks after Atlanta police and witnesses report how Bishop Thomas Weeks savagely choked, kicked in the stomach and stomped his televangelist wife, Juanita Bynum in a hotel parking lot, the bishop is still in his pulpit at Global Destiny church.

As sad as this situation is, it provides a golden opportunity for preachers to deal with domestic violence in their own congregations. In America, every three minutes a woman is beaten, every five minutes a woman is raped and every ten minutes a child is molested.

These facts should provide much-needed real-life substance for preachers to rock the house with sermons against female-abuse, wife-



BARBARA REYNOLDS

beating and rape. But if pastors are beating their wives and having sex and babies out of wedlock in their own churches, how can an atmosphere of respect for the Biblical mandates against adultery and violence against women be preached?

Instead of offending pastors and preachers, they hide behind sermons casting influential women as Jezebels and texts calling on women to be submissive — even if their spouses are skirt-chasing lunatics and fools.

The bishop acting like the wife-bashing Ike Turner or Mike Tyson is being widely discussed in beauty shops. In fact, the new name for domestic violence is "doing the Bishop Weeks," as if it is a boxing match like Muhammad Ali's "Thriller in Manila."

Weeks, of course, is not the only spiritual leader scandalizing his office through violence. Click on the Internet's YouTube and witness the brawl outside the St. James AME church in St.

Paul, Minn.

In this episode, church leaders angered over "the lack of people skills and mismanagement of church funds" locked the Rev. Hubert Armstrong from church properties. A confrontation ensued where a middle-aged female trustee smacked Armstrong and the portly pastor punched her with a solid right jab.

Other instances on YouTube show children fighting in the sanctuaries as dispassionate adults look on and a priest angrily throwing holy water on a woman. These sordid scenes give the impression that bar room or playground behavior is acceptable for churches.

It's not only the violence on the part of certain spiritual leaders but also sexually explicit gutter-type language that is creeping into sermons at the excuse of "keeping it

real," and examples of immoral conduct by pastors that are also causing grave concern.

Recently, in a large Pentecostal church in Washington, D.C., a visiting preacher shocked many when he unashamedly used the offensive, vulgar "p" word during his sermon when describing a relationship with his wife.

In Baltimore, a huge billboard touting empowerment shows off a young AME preacher and his wife, but the talk on the East Coast and on Internet sites is about his impregnating yet another woman at his church.

Not only do these instances of preachers acting badly offend principles of holiness and respect for Bible-based living, they create bad examples for other preachers who can point to those offenders as their role-

(See Reynolds, Page 9)

NEVADA'S ONLY AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER  
**LAS VEGAS Sentinel Voice**  
GRIOT COMMUNICATIONS GROUP, INC.  
PO BOX 154117 LAS VEGAS NV 89115

Nevada's only African-American community newspaper.  
Published every Thursday by Griot Communications Group, Inc.  
900 East Charleston Boulevard • Las Vegas, Nevada 89104  
Telephone (702) 380-8100  
Email: lvsentinelvoice@yahoo.com

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Member: National Newspaper Publishers Association  
and West Coast Black Publishers Association