



He's Back

Prince seems to have been out of the limelight so long that Boy George has stolen some of his thunder as the king (queen?) of sexually ambiguous performers. But Prince is back with a

vengeance this summer, having released a new single, "When Doves Cry," and a video to match. What's more, a Prince movie is forthcoming.

The Summer Films

'Indiana Jones': A rollercoaster ride

BY ALLEN JOHNSON
Executive Editor

This review is the second in a series highlighting summer movies.

"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" provides a visual feast for moviegoers who like plenty of thrills and action and can tolerate the abject implausibility of the storyline.

It also provides a feast of other sorts that may not be so attractive, depending on what you like to eat. The menu in one scene includes squirming baby snakes that spill from their disemboweled mother, dead but raw beetles that resemble clams on the half-shell -- and are slurped with stomach-turning delight by one banquetgoer -- as well as chilled monkey brains that look like cherry Jello and are eaten right out of the tops of monkey heads.

(If you haven't finished your buttered popcorn by then, you may not want to.)

Director Steven Spielberg made this movie while riding a rollercoaster, it seems, and he takes you right along with him as his intrepid hero, played with tongue-in-cheek aplomb by Harrison Ford, escapes one life-and-death situation after another.

From the moment the credits roll, this film bursts at the seams with action and is one of the few experiences I've had getting exhausted while sitting

down.

Still, the exhilaration I felt when viewing its predecessor, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," isn't there, mainly because "Raiders" caught me by surprise while "Indiana Jones" debuted amid hype and high expectations.

I also partially agree with some critics who say Spielberg packs too much action into the sequel and may give his audience an overdose of cliffhangers.

But "Indiana Jones" is a darned good two hours of fun and there's no way in the world anyone who goes to see it could become bored.

Ingredients Spielberg adds to the second Indiana Jones adventure include an Oriental sidekick for Jones named Short Round and a female nightclub singer (Kate Capshaw) who inadvertently joins Jones on his mission to a remote Indian temple and alternately tickles Indiana's fancy and grates his nerves.

She mainly grates my nerves.

Much ado has been made also about the violence in this movie, especially a scene in which a cult priest reaches into a man's chest and rips out his heart.

And which points out Spielberg's biggest flaw as a moviemaker: He tends to believe that more is better, and, if I might borrow Jesse Jackson's oratorical technique, that excess breeds success.

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Broadway Is My Beat

Michael's shopping excursions to Sears have apparently ended

By JOEY SASSO
Syndicated Columnist

Observations in covering the Night Beat: **Michael Jackson** is spending millions of dollars to prove he's finally independent of his father. The 25-year-old superstar, who has named record executive Frank DiLeo to replace his dad as his manager, recently dropped nearly \$500,000 in just 45 minutes in an antique store. And he's spending an estimated \$3 million to build his own animated Disneyland at home.

"Until recently, Michael had been very frugal about his spending," a source close to the family explains. "Now he is flexing his muscles with his checkbook. His father Joe says he is throwing his money away on silly things. But if Michael wants it, he'll get it, despite what his father says."

"It could cause problems between them in the future if he keeps spending his money for things his father doesn't think he needs."

Friends say Michael, who has been a millionaire since he was 14, acts as though he only recently discovered money. His mother used to pick out his clothes for him at the neighborhood Sears store -- but not anymore. On one trip to London, Michael visited a tailor and ordered three custom-made suits at \$700 each, a close friend reveals.

"Michael didn't even have a driver's license when he plunked down \$163,000 for a Rolls Royce with special stereo equipment, just because Tatum O'Neal told him the car would be perfect for him," the first insider recalls....

He is the self-appointed guardian of the blues the way they used to be -- black. And at least partly because of him, the blues are making a comeback, even if they "ain't black no more."

"I'm afraid it's true," laments Peter Chatman, 69, better-known as **Memphis Slim**, blues missionary, singer and pianist. "The blues ain't black no more," he says. "The blues have been integrated. It wouldn't be such a bad thing if we got some benefit."

An act of Congress in 1977 made **Memphis Slim** an official U.S. ambassador of good will, a title he shares with only one other performer, comedian **Bob Hope**. Yet, in this country **Memphis Slim** is almost as obscure as **Hope** is famous, staying outside of the music establishment by choice.

A tinge of bitterness pervades his story of a life that took him from his father's saloon in Arkansas to

the sleazy dives of Beale Street in the Memphis of the 1930s to fame and Carnegie Hall and the first Newport Jazz Festival in 1958 and, then, in the early 60s, into self-exile in Paris.

It was in Paris, he says, that people finally appreciated the blues and **Memphis Slim** without prejudice. "Europeans have accepted blues as a true art form," he says. "The white people in America wouldn't accept it."

"Now they will -- they are beginning to accept. Once they took it away from us, they began to accept it. They don't want to push the blues because the blues wasn't theirs. The blues was black. The blues ain't black no more...."

Boxing champ **Joe Frazier** sends word from the Mexico City location of "Benny and Buford," in which he plays a cameo, that "fighting is a lot easier in real life, where you go 15 rounds and go home. In

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films, you have to do the same thing over and over again for three days."

If it hasn't proven to be a thrill to **Frazier**, the film has to some 150 vacationing Shriners who were recruited by "Benny" producers to make up the audience for the film fight between **Smokin' Joe** and **Luis Avalos**....

"The **Bill Cosby Show**" is forcing its star to cancel a lot of nitery dates he had scheduled for the summer. The new NBC sitcom isn't scheduled to start shooting in New York until late July, but **Bill**'s already deeply involved helping create stories for the show and has decided that many of his nightclub dates are going to have to go....

Whatever **Michael Jackson** wants, **Michael Jackson** gets. The musical superstar wanted **Mick Jagger** to join him on a cut for his upcoming album. And that's exactly what he got late last week, when the **Rolling Stone** traveled from Nassau to New York



Their 'Greatest Hits'

North Carolina Black Repertory Company's producer and director, **Larry Leon Hamlin**, played the part of the mayor in a scene from "Day of Absence." The play was presented as a part of "An Unforgettable Evening With the North Carolina Black Repertory Company" which showcased the **Joseph White** play "Old Judge Mose is Dead," and presented scenes from "Sty of the Blind Pig" and "The Emperor Jones" (photo by James Parker).

Ask Yolonda

Black man's eagerness to compliment white woman tees reader off

By YOLONDA GAYLES
Syndicated Columnist

Dear Yolonda: I'm a youngish, middle-aged woman whose only problem is that I'm tired of being rejected by black men. Last week, when it happened for the umpteenth time, I told off the man who was a perpetrator and now I think I've lost a lifetime friend.

I was riding on an elevator with three other black women (all in my age bracket) and a black male friend. All three of us women were nicely dressed, and, I would say, nice looking. Then, when the elevator stopped to let more passengers

on, in stepped a white woman. My male friend commented: "Hi. What a pleasure to riding with a dream girl."

You would think that, by the time a man reaches middle age, he would stop putting his own women down so much. After we got off the elevator, I said, "Why did you embarrass us like that? Why did



Yolonda

you choose only her?" this kind of thing out in the open, it's going to go on forever. Black women, regardless of their shade or color, are as beautiful as any on the face of this earth.

Do you understand why I said what I did? Please comment.

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated: Sure, I understand why you reacted as you did: You felt rejected. But, in a strange way, you did no more than buy into the

confusion. You see, when he tells this story to his friends, it's going to go something like, "This white woman stepped into the elevator, and these three black women got nervous...."

How could you have better handled this situation, and even given him something to think about later?

The next time something like this occurs, say: "I bet you didn't know how that kind of overt preference made me and my two friends feel...."

Perhaps then he'll listen and understand.

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