# Emtertaimment

## **BILLIE ROWE'S**

In death, like in life, the magic of Joe Louis, the immortal heavyweight, established a new, but sad record. The interment of immeasurable human being in the hallowed acres dedicated to the heroic dead was recorded as the largest in the history of this military Taj Mahal. Three generations of mourners filled the inner and outer reaches of the major chapel of the fort. All seemed overwhelmed by honest emotions. Tears cascaded down the smooth faces of many, too young to have been awed by the deeds of his prime, and most of those whose features have been lined by a survival scuffle with time. In life gentleness and affection were his code of friendship and in death they have become the baseplate of his immortality. Inspired by genuine love and admiration, the Rev. Dr. Jesse Louis Jackson created an atmosphere that was pregnant with sorrow during his eulogy

in Las Vegas. Through a meticulous barrage of sacral words he chisled the great glory of Joe Louis upon the memory of some 4000 who bowed before his bier. Those words are continued here from where they were left-off last week.

"Our greatest consolation is that we could have lost Joe when we truly needed him. When we were in a valley and seemingly couldn't hear nobody pray. When we were vulnerable and the stench of the depression was still in our clothes. Lynching mobs threatening our existence. We were defenseless and without legal, political, economic or miltary protection. God built a fence around us. Joe was appointed gatekeeper. He was our David's Sampson, Goliath. With toughness he destroyed his enemy, yet with kindness and tenderness he soothed the wounds, revived the soul and the psyche of a people suffering under undescribable pressure

### Trop's Salute to Jazz Headed Toward Record

By Joe Cross

If you're in a betting mood, here's a little tip for ya' - put your money on a new show called "Let Me Off Uptown" as the one they'll be calling the

Tucked away in the Cabaret Room, the recently renamed Tropicana Hotel lounge, Let. Me Off Uptown is what they call, in sportswriting terms sleeper. They didn't say



Norma Miller



Ivery Wheeler

surprise hit show of the year in this, a city that all-too-seldom something as new and refreshing as this one.



**Doris Troy** 



**Bobby Wade** 



Valarie Jackson



Ausserita Mathis

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A lot of black viewers of television are saying it is highly refreshing to have a black man doing network television who, when asked if his medium has done away with bias, comes right out and says each and every one of the television networks believe in and actively practices racism - even if one of the networks does have him doing national news telecasts.

That black man is Chicago's Max Robinson, who has been in contract negotiations with his network for a time now, with news continuing to come out that Max is being rapped for his public statements about TV's being racist. But Max didn't have to say it. Anybody watching network operations can ascertain that at once. How many Ed Bradleys and Max Robinsons are there? Take a one-hand count and you still have fingers left over. Blacks are still mostly bird dogs, going out after the news and reporting from the scenes of the disasters and incidents.

HERE in Hollywood Diana Ross put on one great concert at the Forum, packing the vast place for a program which was filmed for

CBS-TV showing on the night of March 2. Her guest was Michael Jackson. The grand lady performed, the audience screaming for ten full minutes for encores after her last number.

The only sour note was the "review" printed the next day in the million-circulation L.A. Times, under the byline of Dennis Hunt. He's the young black "critic" who got into a giant squabble in public print with William "Smokey" Robinson recently over a performance review Hunt wrote in the Times about one of Smokey's dynamic rousers of a show at the Roxy. It was a show sold out, with the applauding audience everything Smokey did. Yet the review was, according to numerous sources, a personal rap against Robinson him-

Smokey said it was a pathetic review, but that he was hurt mostly because it had come from a black reviewer.

Many letters, even during the Hunt-Robinson mixup, have condemned Hunt for hitting mostly black artists with his poison pen. Not at all was it that any of them expected a black "critic" to praise all black artists,



WE ARE PLAYING THESE June 5-11. 1981

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A WOMEN NEEDS LOVE LIKE YOU DO - RAY PARKER JR. & RADIO BEING WITH YOU - SMOKEY ROBINSON TURN UP THE MUSIC - MASS PRODUCTION STREET SONGS - RICK JAMES THE DUDE - QUIENCY JONES ROCKIN YOU ETERNALLY - LEON WARE DEE DEE - DEE DEE SHARP GAMBLE WHAT CHA GONNA DO FOR ME - CHAKA KAHN HOW AROUT US - CHAMPAIGN

HOW ABOUT US - CHAMPAIGN STEPHANIE - STEPHANIE MILLS KEEP ON IT - STARPOINT

13. TOO COLD - COLD FIRE

BODY MUSIC - STRIKERS VERY SPECIAL - DEBRA LAWS S'CUSE ME WHILE I FALL IN LOVE - DONNA WASH-HEY LOVE - YOUNG HEARTS THIS IS FOR THE LOVER IN YOU - SHALAMAR
FREAKY DANCIN - CAMEO
GRAB THEM CAKES - CAPTAIN - CHAMELON
RUNNING AWAY - MAZE
SUKYAKI - TASTE OF HONEY
MOVE EVERYTHING YOU GOT - L.S. MOVEMENT BAND

GET DOWN ATTACK - GENERAL CAINE LET ME BE THE ONE - WEBSTER LEWIS GRAND SLAM - ISLEYS

FORCE OF NATURE - SUN BETTY WRIGHT

CUTIE PIE - DAYTON FANTASY

TANLAST
IT'S WINNING TIME - KLIQUE
RADIANT - ATLANTIC STARR
LICENSE TO DREAM - KLEER
VOYEUR - DAVID SANBORN
M.V.P. - HARVEY MASON
NIGHT CUREN - CROSS JONES

 NIGHT CLUBIN - GRACE JONES STREET TOUGH - BEN E. KING MANTRA

29. PART ONE - CLAY HUNT 30. DEBARGES

SINGLES

ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE - MICHAEL JACKSON COOL ME OUT - LAMONT DOZIER
DYIN TO BE DANCIN - EMPRESS
GIVE THE BASS PLAYER SOME - JAMES BROWN FIGHT BACK - L.A.X. TAKE IT ANYWAY YOU WANT IT - FATBACK TRY IT OUT - GINO SOCCIO DON'T STOP WHAT YOUR DOING - ALICIA MEYERS ANYBODY WANNA DANCER EBONEE WEBB CINCO DE MAYO - WAR

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