



THE ICEMAN COMETH

This was a high point in my life when I picked up the phone recently to be greeted with the strains of a rich baritone voice that said, "Hi. Is this Ray Willis? This is Jerry Butler. I'm returning your call."

For those of you are not rhythm and blues aficionados, Jerry Butler, known as the "Iceman" because of his cool demeanor on-stage, is a true soul singing legend.

Butler has done so many things musically over his prolific career. He was the lead singer of the famous Impressions before embarking on his own to record with the legendary Gamble and Huff songwriting team among others. He also is a recent inductee into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame. But the good news for Las Vegas is that he's coming here soon to head an all-star cast of celebrities who will be performing in the Hot Ice in the Desert concert May 22 and 23 at the Aladdin Theater of the Performing Arts.

The concerts will benefit the first annual Greg Morris National Talladega College scholarship fundraiser and feature a whole host of celebrities such as the Staple Singers, Ben E. King, Chuck Jackson, George Kirby, Joe Williams, Melba Moore, Marlana Shaw, Gary U.S. Bonds and the Johnny Pate Orchestra. It's a two-day music fest you don't want to miss.

With a string of hits starting with the undisputed classic, "For Your Precious Love" and including "Never Gonna Give You Up," "Only the Strong Survive," and "Ain't Understanding Mellow," Jerry Butler is definitely a soul music institution.

With all that in mind, you can probably imagine my surprise, when after talking to Jerry over the phone, a few hours later I mentioned the Iceman to a younger acquaintance. Still exuberant over my conversation with The Iceman, I said to this young brother "Guess who I just talked to?" "Who?" he asked. I replied, "Jerry Butler." Can you believe he then asked me, "Who's Jerry Butler?" "You know, the Iceman?" I said.

Finally, with a puzzled look on his face my friend said, "The only Iceman I know is George Gervin." After recovering from shock, I finally figured out why he didn't know who Jerry Butler is, although I'm certain he must have heard his music. My friend was simply an innocent victim of the generation gap. He just fell through the cracks. Today, even when R&B oldies are used as rap music "samples," young people often still don't know what they're listening to.

There's definitely something to be said for oldies radio shows like Gino B's Sunday evening on KCEP.

Aside from making a modest number of concert appearances annually, Jerry Butler is about business and politics. Would you be surprised to know that he holds an elected position as Cook County Commissioner of Chicago's Second Ward. And he is a businessman whose holdings include production companies, a truck leasing business, beer distributorships and (naturally) an ice machine company.

If you're a true Jerry Butler fan then you probably have a copy his masterful Grammy nominated 1969 album, "The Iceman Cometh." That's the one with Jerry standing in white suit with his lower torso embedded in ice. The rare album, undisputedly his best, is long out of pressing and hard to find. According to our sources, a recent copy sold for \$65 in New York.

When I think of the Iceman so many memories come to mind. I can recall those red light parties I used to go to in the projects of my hometown. I especially remember when the lights would flick on and off signaling time for the last dance. As I "Cooley Highed" my girlfriend across the floor held in total rapture by the melodious strains of Jerry Butler singing "I Stand Accused" I can remember blissfully musing that life truly could never get any better than at that special moment. I don't know about you, but I'll savor those memories always.

Thank you for mega-memories galore, "Mr. Cool," Mr. Dream Merchant, "The Iceman," Jerry Butler."

NATIONAL ALLIANCE AGAINST RACIST & POLITICAL REPRESSION

Cancer Death Rates Among African American Males, The Highest of any Group in the World

By James S. Tate, Jr., M.D.

It should come as only a mild surprise to anyone that the most recent tabulation of cancer death mortality rates show that the African American male has the highest death rate of any group in the World. The reasons for this are open to debate and discussion. They range from merely being a result of late diagnosis and treatment to theories of a conspiracy and genocide directed at African American males. That the later is true is certainly not debatable. That the former is true, is also not debatable, but may not be a complete explanation of this alarming statistic.

Clearly, African American males are seen very late in the course of their disease's processes. As a practicing African American Physician I can personally attest to that. The question however comes up as to why this is so. Clearly a part of this has to do with attitude in terms of males in general and African American males in particular who don't particularly like the idea of going to see a physician. But perhaps more important is the attitude that only

whimps go to see doctors and a real man doesn't get sick and so doesn't need to be seen by a physician. Clearly nothing could be further from the truth. I've recently treated a patient who boasted to me that he had never seen a physician in thirty five years. Twenty four hours after that the patient had a massive stroke and subsequently died. Perhaps, somewhere in that thirty five year period, had he seen a physician someone would have told him that his carotid artery (the artery that feeds the brain) was slowly closing down.

Now comes the second theory. Is this something that is a planned type of genocide. Again it is difficult to prove, but one must remember that this is the same country that gave you the Tuskegee 626, that group of African American males that was purposefully infected with syphilis and then not treated. It's the same country that gave you the spreading of anthrax through the New York subway system to see what effect it would have on the population.

It is the same country that gave you the agent orange fiasco and used LSD against its

own soldiers to see what effect it would have. Not to mention the fact that historically it is the country that gave you smallpox infected blankets for Native Americans. It's difficult therefore, when one confronts a mass murderer for most of the murders that are unsolved. Speaking from a legal point of view, it would be difficult to disprove that one who has committed a crime in the past is not continuing his criminal ways, especially when he has not been brought to justice.

Suffice it to say that for whatever reasons our people have the highest cancer mortality rate of any group in the world; this in a country that has, supposedly more wealth than any other nation, more technology and the best health care system. For whatever reason, the health care system in this country is a failure for African American males when it comes to dealing with cancer, both in terms of prevention and in terms of treatment. The remedy for this is for there to be massive amounts of medically directed study done by African Americans to determine 1. The

cause, and 2. The solution. It is time that we begin studying ourselves instead of having our adversaries study us. Clearly those studies that come out of Harvard and Yale are meant to document our demise, not to prevent it. If we won't begin to address this issue, between the cancer death rates and the social violence death rates, there won't be any African American males left. For a group that already qualifies to be on the endangered species list, these additional insults can hardly be tolerated. In addition, the next time you see your African American physician of whom there are thirty five in this city (you may not have realized that since they tend to be very very quiet, being so afraid that they may rattle Master's cage and so, piss them off) ask them what are they doing to clarify and resolve this issue, how are they involved in the struggle for the advancement of our people and how are they involved in clarifying this problem of increased cancer death rates in African Americans, the highest in the world.

La lucha continua!
The Struggle Continues!

N.L.V. ... THE WESTSIDE STORY

HOW ABOUT THOSE REBS!

By R.K. Brown

Now that there has been a total change of guard at U.N.L.V., we can salute the boys who made it what it was; the greatest college basketball power in the 1980's!

First and foremost, Coach Tark should be acknowledged as one of the few coaches who was liberal enough to use inner city talent. Many blacks say that Tark just used kids like race horses, not caring if they received an education or not. Well, even if this were true, he still took kids away from poverty and depression for a couple of years. They at least, were given a chance to display their true talent in prime time!

If we are going to blame anyone, blame the system. A basketball coach is paid to coach! An administration is paid to administrate! The true reality is many young athletes aren't prepared to go to college. And if we go further, we find that inner city athletes have a much greater representation in major colleges, then do non-athletic students.

When it came to general access at these universities, blacks had to go to court just to gain any access, and today attendance rates at major colleges doesn't come close to our 13% representation in the general population. If it wasn't for black colleges, we would have a SEVERE problem in higher education!

The major college system exploits the student athlete. They make millions of dollars off these kids talents, and as a bonus they don't have to give them a single penny. The resentment never fades however, just ask the UNLV regent who became frustrated by the continuous "ghetto" influx. His players love him, the parents of those kids respect him, and the coaching community admires him, ...here's to you Tark!

And this one is for the "GHETTO" boys! From Fearless Fred, to Eddie O., to Spiderman, to Hunt for 3, to L.J. Cool; you guys are O.K. in my book! When the rest of college basketball was full of Dukes, Villanovas, and Indianas, the Runnin'

Rebs were fast breakin', 3 point shooting, and playing in your face defense. They weren't tied down or held back. They could display the latest fashion, from fads, to shades, to Starter gear, to rope chains. Most of all they could be themselves. They had been given the opportunity to leave the despair of home for a few years, and live like royalty for a short while. Many of us will never get that opportunity, it is

good to see some of us get the chance. If you asked any of them would they do it again, I'm sure they would all say yes!

With a national championship, first round draft choices, tournament MVP's, college basketball's all time winning percentage, and now a Rookie of the Year, those inner city kids really showed what kids can do if given the opportunity, even if it is against all the odds! PEACE...

NO BULL! WOODY'S has the Best BAR-B-Q in Las Vegas!

Specializing in Old Fashion Bar-B-Q
(over 18 years experience)

\$3.95

LUNCHEON SPECIAL
Your choice of Beef, Chicken or Ribs, plus one side order (baked beans, cole slaw or potato salad)

WOODY'S BAR-B-Q
Offer Expires 5/15/92

2301 Bonanza Road • 647-2388
(intersection of Bonanza & Rancho Dr.)

NOW OPEN IN LAS VEGAS
DINE IN OR TAKE OUT