Country legend Floyd Tillman still going strong at 85

page 6

Clyneese Folsom plays Mississippi blues fest
article pg.13
LIVE IN JUNE

Wednesday Night Blues Jam – Every Wednesday 8:30 p.m.
Hosted by
The Smith Brothers with Special Guest Robbie G.
“You don’t have to know somebody to join in the jam at Wings, you just gotta love the blues!”

- Friday, June 2 - Soul Factor
- Saturday, June 3 - Rhythm Kings
- Friday, June 6
- Gregg Gibbs & The Blues Operators
  (From Corpus Christi)
- Saturday, June 10
- Robbie G & Texas Road Kill
- Sunday, June 11 - Kletus (6pm-10 pm)
- Friday, June 16 - Sonny Boy Lee
- Saturday, June 17 - Rhythm Kings
- Friday, June 23 - Bluesland
- Saturday, June 24 - Robbie G & Texas Road Kill
- Friday, June 30 - Soul Factor
- Saturday, July 1 - Rhythm Kings

Events:

Saturday, June 3
SABCCA Championship Chili Cook-off / Bean Cook-Off
Fund Raiser for National Kidney Foundation Transplant Games
Judging at 3 pm (This event was postponed from May 20)
Bar-B-Que Plates / Raffle Tickets
Proceeds to fund travel expenses for Mark Gibson, a participant in the Transplant Games

Sunday - June 6 6pm-10pm
“Hungry Sunday Blues.”
Come out and support San Antonio’s struggling blues musicians!
This month, “Kletus” will entertain you!
$2.00 at the door, all money goes to the band - hey, they’re playin’ for free!!
OPEN DAILY AT 7 A.M. MON-SAT. (SUNDAYS AT NOON)

* DAILY DRINK SPECIALS *
Wings e-mail Address:mizbluz@sablues.com Visit our Website at: www.sablues.com

Liquor Bonds and Conduct Bonds
For Nightclubs Now Available.

BROADWAY AMUSEMENTS
LIQUOR & CONDUCT BONDS AVAILABLE

BROADWAY AMUSEMENTS
VALLEY POOL TABLES ELECTRONIC DARTS CD JUKEBOXES ON COMMISSION
PARTY RENTALS & DJ AVAILABLE

BROADWAY AMUSEMENTS
Broadway Joe Gonzales
(210) 344-9672, also 1-800-754-6782

*2* Action Magazine, June 2000
CHEAP SHOT CHARLIE

Ask Alice. He will tell you. School's out for summer! No more books. No more teacher's dirty looks. I'll see you in September. Etc. etc.

Did you ever have that dream that you were back in high school or college and you missed a critical final exam?

Or that you were in class, butt nekid? Scary.

I thought I caught my first Junebug, but it turned out to be a teenage cockroach!

It looks like we all better paint our houses with reflective silver paint cuz Time/Warner cable (a.k.a. Paragon) is a little quick on the draw. I got my bill on Saturday last month and my cable was cut off early Tuesday morning (and, of course, during my favorite movie).

Their new digital cable gives you a bunch of extra HBO and "blow-time" channels. You need to pony up a $50 deposit per box. It's not easy when it works, but just like S.W. Bell's promises about those caller ID would display the caller's name and address from anywhere in the world, it falls way short. Corporate B.W. at its best.

Those porn producers are pretty clever when they dream up titles for their "stroke flixs." Here are a few of my favorites.

Driving Ms. Daisy Crazy
Sorest Rump Shaving Ryan's Privates
The Blow Bitch

Project Honey, I blew Everyone Sheepless in Montana

The Fox TV network next year will debut Touched By An Anus, and, of course, the Anus and Andy Show.

Thank God the Govt. of the U.S. has made our 5-10 bills safe from counterfeiters. You gotta be pretty retarded to go to all that trouble and risk for "chump change."

We left behind about 10 top-of-the-line currency print factories when we bailed out Iran, and any rich "towel-head" can shovel a shit load of money into the greedy hands of bottom feeders like "Bubba Klintron" and get anything they need. The First Fornicator sold China the ultimate Cray computers...

One of the best investments now is high denomination U.S. currency. A $1,000 bill will fetch around $1,400 to $1,600, and a $10-grand bill is worth about $19,000.

Meanwhile, back to the new and improved "safety" cash. There is untold grief about the similar-looking bills. If you snooze you steal from yourself. But my original point was the new bills are designed for tracking your cash. Big Brother is everywhere. The truth used to be out there.

Kinky Friedman, of the Texas Jewboys Band and a hilarious mystery novelist out of Kerrville (home of the Kervert), remarked recently that he was going to have to decide whether to live in New York or Texas.

Kinky said it got down to what he really wanted out of life--horse manure or pigeon shit. It looks like we are gonna be toast by August. So stay cool, amigos, and the rest of you keep your tail bones curved under.

And remember: Beauty is in the eye of the beer holder.

Cheap Shot
AMERICAN INDIAN STORES

We proudly handle only Authentic American Indian Silver Jewelry.
We proudly benefit Indian families by buying directly from the Navajo, Zuni and Hopi Indian Tribes.

Largest Selection at
Best Prices in
South Texas

Stacy’s Sports Bar
San Antonio’s Newest & Finest Sportsbar
3805 Blanco Rd. 738-1200

$3.25 Miller
LITE/MGD
Coors Lite - 32 oz.
Draft

Wednesday is
Ladies Night
FREE POOL for Ladies
and Drink Specials

WAITSTAFF POSITIONS AVAILABLE
Call STACY
between Noon and 3:00 p.m.

BIKINI NIGHT
Every Thursday our waitresses will strut
their stuff in the sexiest bikinis made.

Come Visit Joey & Stacy - Open Noon - 2 a.m.
7 days a week
Sundays - Free Pool All Day & Night!

Fiasco

ENJOY THE FIASCO HOSPITALITY & JUSTIFIABLY SO

June Live Music

FRIDAYS
2nd - Hot Response
9th - Fat Katz
16th - The Zone
23rd - Derringer
30th - Wolfpak

SATURDAYS
3rd - Chute #9
10th - The Damn Band
17th - Larry Invite & Madonna
24th - Jennifer and Bill

HAPPY HOUR - MONDAY - FRIDAY 4 - 7 pm
$1.50 Well • $1.50 Longnecks
Friday - free buffet

JUNE WELL SPECIALS - Vodka & Scotch $1.75

DARTS • POOL • SHUFFLEBOARD
2250 Thousand Oaks 490-2651
(At Henderson Pass behind Dairy Queen)

HOURS-MON-SAT 11:30 am 'TIL 2 am - SUN Noon 'TIL 2am
Have you seen the cocaine-users-wanted advertisement that has been running intermittently in the daily fish wrapper?

It sports a blurred and fuzzy photo of a supposed cokehead with headline and sub-headline which read as follows:

ARE YOU USING COCAINE?
VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY STUDIES.

Then the ad text goes on to say:

The University of Texas Health Science Center is currently seeking aged adults aged 18 to 45 who use cocaine on a less than daily basis to participate in a research study conducted by Dr. Bankole Johnson, Department of Psychiatry. Research will be conducted in a carefully monitored and highly medically supervised environment.

For more information call: 210-258-5034. Please leave your name and phone number. All calls will be returned. Participants will be paid for their time. University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio, McDermott Building, 8403 Floyd Curl Drive.

Call up and cop a plea

How about them apples, old druggies and newcomers to the wonderful world of make-believe. The establishment has been jailing our asses for years for possession of a dirty baggie or even one seed from the dreaded cannabis plant, and now a shrink by the name of Bankole Johnson is inviting us to call up the UT Health Science Center and cop to regular cocaine use. In the name of medical science, I must assume, the University of Texas would chop us up a few free lines, and then pay us to snort them.

I've been squeaky clean and as sober as a nun in a dry county for more than 10 years now, but such absurdity as the UT coke ad is enough to make the hair crawl around on the back of my neck and other places I won't bother to mention. It conjures up nightmarish memories of nails groaning and door frames splintering before the battering ram-force of wild-eyed soldiers of the Alamo Area Drug Task Force and other similar agencies.

Excuse me, Dr. Bankole Johnson of the health science center, but I have long been under the impression that mere possession of cocaine is a felony in the eyes of both the state and the nation. From personal experience, doc, I have been more than adequately convinced that people who carry cocaine, methamphetamine, marijuana, angel dust, peyote buttons, LSD, ecstasy, and other controlled substances around on their persons are subject to be arrested, jailed, tried, convicted, and hauled off to some state or federal pen.

Unless the laws have changed drastically since I was out there doing my Hunter S. Thompson impersonation, the mere possession of any amount of cocaine is a felony crime which can land you in prison for terms ranging all the way up to 99 years, if the possession is an aggravated case; and the mere knowledge of someone else committing a drug felony can be construed as a felony in itself, i.e., misprision (of a felony) defined by the Random House Dictionary of the English Language as "failure by a person not actively involved in the commission of treason, felony, or other crime, to report it to the proper authorities."

Visions of busted doors

So how do we do this, Dr. Bankole Johnson? If we call up and identify ourselves as felony cocaine users, then supply you with our names and telephone numbers, how long must we wait before our doors fly off the hinges and dope dogs come bounding into our trucks and automobiles?

I can just imagine some of the outlaw cokeheads and meth freaks I once associated with calling up doc Johnson to acknowledge their personal demons while leaving both their names and telephone numbers.

The DEA has probably got more taps on that college dope line than you would find at any crack house in town.

And how about this, Dr. Bankole coke shrink? If any idiot should answer your newspaper advertisement, freely admit to frequent cocaine use, and then supply you with name, telephone number, and any other types of incriminating information, then are you not required as a matter of law to call the authorities?

Sumner Bowen was head of the Alamo Area Drug Task Force the last time I got busted. That was in 1989, and Bowen made a personal appearance with the narco swat team which hit my office like Attila and his Huns.

I was offered the standard chance for " lenience" if I would agree to roll over on the suppliers of the high-grade speed I was caught with.

"Give me the lab, and I will do all I can for you," Bowen said.

I politely told him that I was prepared to do the time if convicted of the crime. I hated snitches then, and even clean and sober and far removed from that life I once knew, I still believe that every man should have the balls to fade his own heat. So, in the eyes of the law, most all of us were also guilty of misprision.

I don't know what Dr. Bankole Johnson thinks he's doing with the coke users at the health science center. If he isn't encouraging them to quit the dope, then he is doing the wrong thing.

It was a minor miracle that I didn't wind up in the state cotton patch, but I had enough of the Bexar County Jail to convince me that there were better things to do than trying what was left of my brains with coke and speed.

A willing jailhouse angel

A cell mate and jailhouse angel we called The Wizard once told me: "Hey, pops, they can't give us anything but time. Just get down on your knees and ask the Lord to help you do the time."

I asked the Wizard if he had ever considered asking the Lord to remove his compulsion to pull house burglaries.

"Hell, no," he said. "That's what I do for a living."

And it was then that I experienced my first real moment of clarity. The Wizard was willing to pull the time. I wasn't.

I've got some news for Dr. Bankole Johnson. The way to quit cocaine is to quit cocaine. The same goes for speed, alcohol, or any of the rest of it.

I have had the privilege of speaking on recovery at several of the state prison units, including the lockups at Kyle and Hondo. When I talk of gratitude for my alcohol and drug-free life today, I keep it plenty simple and easy for the inmates to understand.

In more than 10 years, I tell them, I have not had my hands cuffed behind my back a single time.

In more than 10 years, I have not been told when to eat, when to sleep, and when to get out of bed.

And in more than 10 years, I have not had to sit on a single stainless steel commode.

They understand this.

I doubt that Dr. Bankole Johnson would.

Action Magazine, April 2000
Hall of Fame legend will pick til he dies

It was 1985. The national television audience numbered an estimated 70-million.

Willie Nelson was there to make a special presentation on the Country Music Awards show in Nashville.

Floyd Tillman, a fellow Texan and one of Willie's greatest songwriting inspirations, was being inducted into the National Country Music Hall of Fame.

Willie's voice cracked with emotion as he read the engraved words on the plaque:

"Floyd Tillman; Dec. 8, 1914—: Honky-tonk songwriter, vocalist, stylist, instrumentalist. Born in Oklahoma and reared in Texas, he paid his musical dues in the Texas honky-tongs, bars and roadhouses of the 1930s. He is renowned as a writer of hundreds of songs including It Makes No Difference Now, I Love You So Much It Hurts, and the classic Slippin' Around. He achieved equal success as a performer and by the 1940s had developed a highly distinctive vocal style that has been widely imitated, the finest tribute to an entertainer."

That was 15 years ago when Tillman was 70 years of age. He's 85 now, and he was going like a house afire last month on the stage at Bandera's storied old Cabaret.

An unmistakable voice, strong and quirky, the same one that produced the nostalgic war song Each Night At Nine which was played repeatedly during World War II by both Tokyo Rose and Axis Sally, the sexy-voiced clear-channel radio propagandists who unsuccessfully urged homesick American soldiers to lay down their arms and capitulate before the Japanese and German armies.

"I really did appreciate all the exposure they gave my song," Tillman said with a twinkle in his eye. "But I know it never inspired any of our fighting men to quit."

Nelson truly loves Tillman, and with Johnny Bush and Johnny Gimble, he paid Floyd a surprise visit on the songwriting legend's 85th birthday.

"I was playing a theater in Llano," Floyd said, "and when I came that bunch to play with me and sing some of those old Floyd Tillman songs. It was a great thrill for me. I never expected it. I didn't know anyone even knew I was having a birthday."

Recognized the world over as the father of honky-tonk music, and the musical pioneer who introduced the electric guitar to the country music industry, Tillman has penned more than 500 songs which have been recorded by everyone from Bing Crosby to Ray Charles.

Willie Nelson will freely acknowledge that his curious style of song phrasing, which in reality is a form of jazz, was greatly influenced by Tillman's laid-back way with lyrics.

The late and legendary Hank Williams once worked with Tillman for nothing but the experience when Floyd and the entire band was working Houston for less than $25 a night. Floyd laughed:

"That was when Hank was just getting started back in the 1940s. He didn't have a band of his own then, and he was singing just one song that he had written and recorded. It was Move Over, Little Dog, The Big Dog's Moving In."

The Cabaret crowd froze when Tillman cut loose with the unforgettable lines from Slippin' Around, an American classic which crossed from the country field and into the pop music charts, as did many other Tillman hits.

If the young ones didn't know the name or origin of the song, they had all heard it at some time in their lives, and Tillman's soft lyrics flowed over older patrons at the club like a warm and nostalgic cloud of ground fog.

"I can use a little help getting on and off the stage these days," Tillman said. "I have a little trouble with my legs. I can walk, but I walk like I'm drunk, and I don't even drink anymore. But God has really blessed me. I'm doing pretty well for being 85 years old."

Helping steady Floyd as he walked to the Cabaret business office for an interview with Action Magazine was something like a spiritual experience of sorts.

The candor of the grand old man of country music is both refreshing and uplifting, and Tillman's unassuming and gracious demeanor might well be a worthy goal for some of the younger musical hotdogs who couldn't carry Floyd's guitar case.

Floyd Tillman wears his humility like a fine but conservatively-stitched pair of hand-crafted cowboy boots. You are aware of his gentle spirit without really knowing what it is about him that hooks you.

In addition to the Country Music Hall of Fame, Tillman is a member of the National Songwriters Hall of Fame, and more than 200 songs of his songs have been recorded by Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Andy Williams, Margaret Whiting, Vic Damone, Ray Price, Glen Campbell, Ray Charles and numerous others.
In addition to Slippin' Around, Tillman hits include I Gotta Have My Baby Back, It Makes No Difference Now, and the all-time blockbuster in record sales, the tune I Love You So Much...It Hurts.

In mid-interview, Tillman will interrupt his own rhetoric with brief snippets of song—"I love you so much...it hurts." If Willie, Waylon Jennings, and David Alan Coe were considered outlaw musical innovators of the 1970s and 1980s, Floyd Tillman stoked his own brand of controversy back there in the late 1940s when he wrote Slippin' Around, the first of the cheating songs. And there were more than 500 of them.

Tillman will interrupt his out and play. And there the late 1940s when he than 500 of them.

The last label he was on was Crazy Cajun Records. Tillman's songs, some of them 45 years of age, have been put on CDs and he says they are selling better than he ever expected.

Of the new breed of country music emanating from Nashville, Tillman said: "Well, I guess it sounds more like rock-and-roll than country. I appreciate rock-and-roll, but I don't love it."

Floyd said all members of his old band are deceased, and while Kitty Wells calls him the true king of the honky-tonk song, Tillman demures by saying, "I'm still alive at 85, and I guess I'm just lucky in a lot of ways. Being in the right place at the right time. And having friends. Friends are worth more than anything. Will Tillman ever record again?

At age 85, the inimitable Tillman still working the honky-tonks.

JUNE BANDS
FRIDAYS
2nd - Drugstore Cowboys
9th - Honky-Tonk Crowd
16th - Wolfpak
23rd - Shawn Allen
30th - Shawn Allen

SATURDAYS
3rd - Texas Roadkill
10th - Tequila Sunrise
17th - Tequila Sunrise
24 - Derringer

Never A Cover
Thursday is Ladies Night!!!
75¢ Bar Drinks
7 pm - 11 pm
Arena deal doesn’t look nearly so hot now

By Jacques E. Strap
Action sports analyst

Well, now, basketball fans, the big new arena deal doesn’t look nearly so appealing as it did this time last year.

By June 1 of 1999, the Spurs were on the cusp of winning their first NBA title. Little black Spurs flags fluttered from half the vehicles in the city, and the T-shirt and sports paraphernalia vendors were setting up from the north side to deep south.

Sports fans were getting accustomed to saying “the world champion Spurs,” and residents who wouldn’t have known Mario Elie from the Spurs Coyote were suddenly tuning the games in on idiot boxes. The fever was hot and sports north side to deep south.

The Spurs were on the cusp of winning their first NBA title. Duncan didn’t play in the Phoenix series, but that Pop kept him bench so he would have an excuse for getting blown out in the first round. Even with Duncan, all of the other injuries and poor coaching decisions with visions of a dynasty and many more NBA championships would be soon to come.

After the Spurs captured the title, and while arena backers were loading their campaign guns, David Robinson was dead on the money, when he predicted a victory vote for the new arena based mainly on the fact that the team had won the title.

“If they don’t approve the arena,” Robinson said, “I guess that would mean the people don’t want us to stay in San Antonio. We got the title. What more could they want?”

I said two years ago that the Spurs would live or die with Tim Duncan, the most valuable player of last year’s playoffs. Duncan’s now fear, will leaving San Antonio for Orlando, but we can credit (or fault) the big fellow from the Virgin Islands for one thing. He made the soon-to-be-built arena possible.

First, it was Duncan who carried the Spurs to world fame and acclaim; secondly, it was Duncan who probably had the most influence over the winning vote by insisting that he could not decide if he would stay in San Antonio or leave for another team until a proper playing facility was ensured.

Now Duncan is a free agent, and by July 1, we will know if he decided to stay or leave. The once-hot Spurs fever which lay electrically over the land is but a turgid memory now that San Antonio was blown out in the first-found of the play-offs by the crippled and unlikely Phoenix Suns.

Claiming a sore foot, Duncan didn’t play in the Atlanta Phoenix series and Jim Dent, the pie-faced sports hacker at the Excuse and Nuisance, accused big Tim of lacking the guts to play with some minor pain.

On the other side of it, coach Gregg Popozit kept Duncan benched as he worked to establish the image of an all-caring team leader who would never jeopardize a player’s health for a mere NBA title.

Tim Duncan lacks no guts, and Pop is a piss-poor excuse for the humble humanitarian type who would jeopardize his own career for the good of another. Popovich fired Bob Hill, his former best friend, so he could take over the coaching position. And then firing came of the eve of an injured David Robinson’s return to the team.

I’m guessing that Duncan was rearing to play in the Phoenix series, but that Pop kept him bench so he would have an excuse for getting blown out in the first round. Even with Duncan, all of the other injuries and poor coaching decisions with visions of a dynasty and many more NBA championships would be soon to come.

The hotel and car rental people who were taxed for all funds to build the arena continue to seethe withbridled rage, and Tim Duncan remains zip-lined and without another word about the extra-cost, no new playing facility we are about to build for him.

I predicted it here last month. Duncan will leave the Spurs, and behind him will follow an exodus comparable to the Chicago stampede when Jordan finally retired.

And the Spurs? The team will be left with an aging David Robinson who couldn’t lead the team to a title when he was young and healthy. And then there will be Popovich, the small-school military gear who will hang on for a year or maybe two before Holt flushes him down the sewer pipe of basketball oblivion.

And, of course, there will be the arena that nobody will want.
Councilman Houston
Ron Houston, the radio legend from San Antonio who once co-hosted a morning assault on old KEXL Radio with Action editor-publisher Sam Kindrick, has been elected to the Blanco City Council. The “great mouthpiece,” who has served radio audiences over the years from KTEA, KEXL, KBUC, KFAN, and numerous others, and whose voice may be heard over most major TV commercials in San Antonio, won his council seat in a landslide, receiving 146 of a possible 185 votes.

As civic-minded as they come, Houston also doubles as an ambulance driver and a sort of one-man humane society in Blanco when not doing his TV commercials in San Antonio.

“Water. We’ve got to find water, and that will be my first big objective as a councilman.”

Houston said Blanco may be dangerously close to being out of drinking water even before the summer heat descends. He noted the town does not sit over an aquifer as such, only a series of scattered underground pot-holes.

“The Blanco River has dried up before,” Houston said, “and efforts to drill for water haven’t been entirely successful in the past. We’ve got to explore every possibility.”

The Doomed Dome
If it wasn’t so damned pathetic and embarrassingly “Hicksville” dumb, the pitiable condition of the great white elephant known as the Alamodome would be something to laugh about. Action Magazine labeled the ill-conceived “domed stadium” a mistake and a Henry Cisneros-engineered failure from the outset, and now we are beginning to see just exactly why Action has always referred to it as the “doomed dome.”

Voters swallowed the promises of former Mayor Cisneros who all but guaranteed that San Antonio would land a National Football League franchise if the dome were approved. This, of course didn’t happen, and the NFL commissioners have since indicated that San Antonio is light years away from even the possibility of an expansion franchise. And now, with hot watermelon talk about the Arizona Cardinals relocating to San Antonio, we learn that the damned dome roof would have to be raised.

Summer Special
A COMPLETE EVALUATION OF YOUR EATERY
Is Your Food & Beverage Operation Sick? Or Maybe Just Not Up To Par? Has It Had Its “Annual Physical”? Well It’s Time To Call THE RESTAURANT DOCTOR

Call For More Details
JOHN W. GOODE, III
PARADISE RESTAURANT CONSULTANTS, LTD.
999 E. BASSE • SUITE 185
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78209
(210) 826-7437

TOTAL RESTAURANT & BAR CONSULTATION

*10 Action Magazine, June 2000
The bush league San Antonio Matadors, which went down the toilet along with the ill-fated bush league which brought the team here, had a better chance of making it in San Antonio than we have of getting the Cardinals.

As if we didn’t already have enough of those hated telemarketers who pester people at both their homes and places of business, we now learn that some 30,000 more telemarketing jobs will be open in the near future.

When these cold-calling slime bags get a recorded message, they promptly hang up and go on down their list of numbers. For a couple of weeks last month, the Action recorder was getting as many as 10 telemarketers hangups a day. If you can personally answer some of these calls, there are steps to be taken which might help get rid of these privacy invaders. But there is nothing one can do about them calling and then hanging up on a recorded message.

A Truly Bad Day

Some days are bad. But there are some worse than bad. Consider this:

The average cost of rehabilitating a seal after the Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska was $80,000. At a special ceremony, two of the most expensively saved animals were released back into the wild amid cheers and applause from the onlookers.

A minute later, in full view of the crowd, they were both eaten by a killer whale.

A Truly Bad Day

Some days are bad. But there are some worse than bad. Consider this:

The average cost of rehabilitating a seal after the Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska was $80,000. At a special ceremony, two of the most expensively saved animals were released back into the wild amid cheers and applause from the onlookers.

A minute later, in full view of the crowd, they were both eaten by a killer whale.

The Night Club Scene

Wanda Seele, owner of Wings on West Avenue, is starting a program designed to get some struggling blues musicians some much-deserved attention, and also provide some hot Sunday entertainment.

Calling her promotion “Hungry Sunday Blues,” Wanda said the idea is to provide a showcase for some truly “hungry” blues players who might be scraping and scrambling for just about any type of gig.

Wanda said, “I am bombarded with calls from musicians every week wanting gigs here at Wings. A good number of them are just getting started (“hungry”) and are caught in that old ‘catch 22’—not enough experience for anyone to pay them much, or new in town and not known, and no way to get noticed unless someone gives them a chance.”

Each month (the first one is June 11 from 6 til 9 p.m.) some promising unknown will be given a shot at the Wings stage.

Wings doesn’t ordinarily charge a cover, but for this special event there will be a $2 gate fee, all of which will go to the band. The better the turnout, the more the band will make.

Blues musicians interested should call Wanda Seele at 366-9464.

Contemporary blues is the name of the game on this night. We’ll have quite a good band to open it:

Wanda’s program has a lot of appeal to blues lovers, and a couple of other things to accent it. It is called Hungry Sunday Blues, and has been happening every month since June 11 (the day before Memorial Day).

Blues musicians interested should call Wanda Seele at 366-9464.

The Pour House

Brenda Boswell, owner of The Pour House, is still hunting a new location for the re-opening of her old Country On The Rocks operation.

Ms. Boswell dickered for a couple of months with former operators of the Halftime Sports Bar in Universal City, but finally bowed out because the club’s agents wanted more than she was willing to pay.

Now Brenda is offering a $500 finder fee to anyone who can steer her onto an acceptable location.

It must be on the northeast side of the city with good access and good parking, and zoned for liquor sales.

The finder fee will be in cash and immediately when the contract is

continued on pg. 14

Tuesday Karaoke with Bobby Lee
LIVE MUSIC FOR JUNE

2nd The B Team 3rd & 17th Cave & Chuber
9th & 30th Melister & Melister
10th Leana McGuire
16th Benko, Santos & Rose
23rd Jeff Crisler 24th Radio Flyer

Open for lunch & dinner daily
Breakfast on Sunday, Closed Monday
Call 830-980-7121 for directions

GREAT TEXAS COOKIN'

CASBEERS

1719 Blanco Rd. San Antonio, TX 78212
210-732-3511

Famous Enchiladas, Steaks, Nachos & More

LIVE MUSIC

Fri. June 2 Nathan Hamilton
Sat. June 3 Bluesland
Fri. June 9 Lesti
Sat. June 10 Iron Horse
Fri. June 16 Raul Garza
Sat. June 17 Rudi Harst & The Circle Band
Fri. June 23 True Stories
Sat. June 24 Brenda Freed
Fri. June 30 Steve Swellender and Red Massenter

The Tee Spot

Bar & Grill

Live Music Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays

Bands Coming in June

* Toot Lee Bluz  * Wolfpak
* FM 1863  * Acoustic Dreams
...And more – Call for more info'

Patio Dining - Happy Hour all nite long
Bottle Beer $1.75; Draft $1.00

5550 Mountain Vista (Inside Rolling Oaks Golf Center)
Phone 655-4745
Clyneese Folsom returns from big blues festival to release major record

Clyneese Folsom, San Antonio’s singing legal secretary who once fronted a variety band known as Chasers, believes her musical fortunes have taken an abrupt swing for the better.

She’s just back from an appearance at the prestigious Spirit of the Blues Festival in Rosedale, Mississippi, and her first CD will be released for international distribution sometime in mid-July.

Like the late Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers, Ray Wylie Hubbard and other Texas musicians, Clyneese took the trail to Europe for some real recognition and her first shot at the international music market.

"I feel like Cinderella gone to the ball," said Clyneese, a legal secretary for 29 years who now works for the law firm of Jenkens and Gilchrist. "My employers have been wonderful in their support for me, and I’m really on a pink cloud. I had started feeling like ... well, maybe nothing else was ever going to happen for me. I know this is a fickle business. But I’ve learned to live each moment for that hard-hitter. We re-arranged one that was recorded by both Johnny Ace and I continued on pg. 14"

Because of that record, Clyneese was invited to a tango festival in Helsinki, and a subsequent jazz festival at the Arctic Circle, and her delivery of some strong Texas blues with a back-up of surprisingly-adept Finnish “blues” musicians, resulted in her landing the record deal with Naxos International.

The new record, which includes a mix of old-style Etta James blues and torch ballads, an almost ancient Willie Nelson number, and one Robert Johnson classic, was recorded both here and in Finland with Finnish musicians and such local notables as horn men Al Garcia and Louie Bustos, Jimmy Fuller, and others.

The Finnish band is called Blues Journey and includes such premiere European musicians as Colo Torikka on bass, Nipa Niilola on guitar, Masu Luoma on keyboards, and drummer Tony Nieminen. This whole bunch flew from Finland to Mississippi where they joined Clyneese and horn players Garcia and Bustos for the big April U.S. debut at the Mississippi blues festival which is held in the memory of blues legend Robert Johnson.

The festival was a real trip," Clyneese said. "These Finns can really beat down with the blues, and the horns added by Louie and Al was something new to that crowd. They are more accustomed to harmonica and guitar work with the blues."

To add spice and variety to the occasion, Matti Nevalainen, a European known as the Flying Finn, conducted master guitar classes at the event, and presented the Rosedale Blues Society with one of his legendary Flying Finn guitars.

And how did Clyneese Folsom get invited to the Mississippi blues festival?

"That’s a story in itself," Clyneese laughed. "We were returning (she and promoter Una McGinnis) from our first trip to Europe last February when we stopped in Memphis to eat in this little barbecue restaurant. There was a piano player in the restaurant, and the people were singing along with him on some old songs everyone knew. I was singing, too, when he suddenly handed me the microphone. ‘Hey, you can sing,’ he said. ‘Keep on singing.’ Well, you know me. Give me a Mike and I’ll do 30 minutes. That’s what happened, and one of the officials from the blues festival happened to be in the audience. He said, ‘We have got to have you at the festival.’ And that’s how it happened."

Colo Torikka, the bassist, is the man responsible for coordinating the recording sessions between here and Helsinki. He is a member of Finland’s exclusive Bass Union, and he has worked for years with the famed Finnish Takala Project, a fusion jazz band which appeared at JazzAlive in San Antonio three years ago.

A native of East Texas, Clyneese Folsom cut her teeth on the music of Patsy Cline and the gospel of J.D. Sumner. She first came to San Antonio while singing with a dixieland jazz outfit which was booked at the Texas Folklife Festival. But blues has always been her greatest love.

Of the new CD she said: "It’s a blues album, but it includes some other stuff as well. Etta James, my greatest inspiration, melded hard-hitting blues with some beautiful torch numbers. Koko Taylor is a mama. This record isn’t one original by a guy from Austin. We re-arranged this one that was recorded by both Johnny Ace and I continued on pg. 14"
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR EDITOR:

I would like to comment on the story about Sean Castillo which appeared in the May, 2000 issue of the Texas Entertainment Magazine. I am one of those who drove for hours to Fiesta Texas to see Sean. Our trip took about eight hours as we drove from Jena, Louisiana to around the park I was life. I could not wait until Sean knew how to make Lucky Tomblin and his Lucky 13 Band. But the crowds never came on a consistent basis, and it is our firm belief that the Big Daddy's location—where had been restaurant and saloon operations in the past—is a jinxed piece of commercial property which should be blown up, flattened out, or just dismantled and hauled away to some public dump.

Everyone who has tried to make a go of the place has failed dismally. And it remains just another of the multiplying eyesore dumps which continue to proliferate in the Bulverde area.

Ron Devlin, grand poobah of Billie's Irish Pub in Converse, should be re-opening the historic old Wagon Wheel Dance Hall near Canyon Dam any day now. Watch next month's issue of Action Magazine for a detailed article...

Sincerely,
Billie King
Jena, La.

Scatter Shots cont...

signed," Brenda said.

Welcome to new Action Magazine advertisers—Steve Silas and wife partner Barbara Wolfe, who have taken over the legendary old Casbeer's enchilada and music palace on Blanco Road, and also Sandra Lopez, manager of the Tee Spot in the Rolling Oaks Golf Center where live music is now being offered on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Steve and Barbara are booking a full line of top entertainment each weekend.

Jake Noll finally gave up the ghost and shut down his Big Daddy's Saloon on Highway 46 in the Bulverde area. A number of us were pulling for Noll to make it, Augie Meyers, an old friend, played Jake's bar on several occasions, as did Lucky Tomblin and his Lucky 13 Band. But the crowds never came on a consistent basis, and it is our firm belief that the Big Daddy's location—which had been restaurant and saloon operations in the past—is a jinxed piece of commercial property which should be blown up, flattened out, or just dismantled and hauled away to some public dump.

Everyone who has tried to make a go of the place has failed dismally. And it remains just another of the multiplying eyesore dumps which continue to proliferate in the Bulverde area.

Ron Devlin, grand poobah of Billie's Irish Pub in Converse, should be re-opening the historic old Wagon Wheel Dance Hall near Canyon Dam any day now. Watch next month's issue of Action Magazine for a detailed article...

Sincerely,
Billie King
Jena, La.

Scatter Shots cont...

signed," Brenda said.

Welcome to new Action Magazine advertisers—Steve Silas and wife partner Barbara Wolfe, who have taken over the legendary old Casbeer's enchilada and music palace on Blanco Road, and also Sandra Lopez, manager of the Tee Spot in the Rolling Oaks Golf Center where live music is now being offered on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Steve and Barbara are booking a full line of top entertainment each weekend.

Jake Noll finally gave up the ghost and shut down his Big Daddy's Saloon on Highway 46 in the Bulverde area. A number of us were pulling for Noll to make it, Augie Meyers, an old friend, played Jake's bar on several occasions, as
Stacy's Sports Bar
3805 Blanco Rd.
738-1200

.getActivePage()

* Mondays - $1 draft, $4 pitchers
* Tuesdays - Tequila $2
* Wednesdays - Jacks are wild $2
* Thursdays - U call it Scotch $2
* Fridays - $1 Shot Specials
* Saturdays - $7 Buckets of domestic beer, $8 imported
* Sundays - Happy hour all day and night

Open 11 a.m. - 2 a.m. MON.-SAT. • Noon - 2 a.m. SUN.

1031 Patricia • 340-1262

Ultra Happy Hour
11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
$1.50 - Domestic Beer $1.50 - Well Drinks

HAPPY HOUR 1 p.m. - 7 p.m.
• DART AND POOL TEAMS FORMING NOW
• Friday Night Pool Tournaments at 8:00 PM
• Sunday Night Karaoke at 9:30 PM

* Mondays – $1 draft, $4 pitchers
* Tuesdays – Tequila $2
* Wednesdays – Jacks are wild $2
* Thursdays – U call it Scotch $2
* Fridays – $1 Shot Specials
* Saturdays – $7 Buckets of domestic beer, $8 imported
* Sundays – Happy hour all day and night

Open 11 a.m. - 2 a.m. MON.-SAT. • Noon - 2 a.m. SUN.

WHAT YOU WON'T FIND IN ACTION MAGAZINE

• Crossword Puzzles
• Half-Accurate Band Schedules
• Horoscope Readings
• Movie Reviews
• Music Awards
• Restaurant Reviews
• Love & Sex Classifieds
• Hand-Out Fluff from Record Companies
• Other Boring & Meaningless Tripe

WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN ACTION MAGAZINE

• Solid Features on Working Musicians
• Profiles on Some of The Funkiest & Alluring Characters in The World
• Crisp & Amusing Columns That Recognizes No Worldly Gods

ACTION MAGAZINE HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE NIGHTCLUB BIBLE OF SAN ANTONIO SINCE 1975

To Advertize Call 824-3211

Action Magazine, June 2000 •15•
TIN ROOF ON BROADWAY
8203 BROADWAY
HALF MILE FROM LOOP 410
PHONE: (210) 930-3232
NO COVER - SUNDAYS THRU THURSDAYS
LIVE MUSIC, POOL, DARTS, &
GOLDEN TEE 2000 (FORE).
TOURNAMENTS EVERY FRIDAY AT 5:30 P.M.
CALL FOR TEE TIMES - CASH & PRIZES
DAILY DRINK SPECIALS
MONDAYS - OPEN JAM/HOSTED BY FREE RADICALS
TUESDAYS - LIVE MUSIC, 7 PM TIL 11 PM
WEDNESDAYS - KARAOKE, 9:30 PM
THURSDAYS - LIVE MUSIC 9:30 TIL 1:30 AM
FRIDAYS - LIVE MUSIC 9:30 TIL 1:30 AM
SATURDAYS - LIVE MUSIC 9:30 TIL 1:30 AM
SUNDAYS - DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT
HAPPY HOUR EVERYDAY FROM 5 TIL 8 PM

the trap • 533-3060
4711 PECAN VALLEY • I.D. REQUIRED
SMILE SUPPLIED BY US
LIVE IN JUNE
| 1st - Mice on the Moon | 16th - Between the Lines |
| 2nd - Mad House | 17th - Hot Response |
| 3rd - Hollywood Blues | 22nd - Toman Bro’s. |
| 8th - Toman Bro’s. | 23rd - The Zone |
| 9th - Spent | 24th - Papa Wood |
| 10th - Inside Out | 29th - Hot Response |
| 15th - Rumblefish | |

Frankly Speaking --
Just my Luck - I called for Spurs playoff tickets on May 23rd and there weren’t any left!
I called Amtrak to see how long it takes to get to Chicago - they were’nt sure, they never made it!
I wanted my picture taken on a Riverwalk boat, but they wanted 1.5 million dollars!
So, I turned to religion and found out I didn’t have enough money to join a really good church!
What a month - If I had a job, I’d quit.

BILLY D’S CLUB
"A Class Act Club"
JUNE ENTERTAINMENT
Wednesdays Karaoke with Dunn Right
FRIDAYS
2nd - Jokester
9th - Robert Demel
16th - Spent
23rd - Painted Pony
30th - Robert Demel
SATURDAYS
3rd - Rumblefish
10th - Spent
17th - Jokester
24th - The Zone

HAPPY HOUR - Monday thru Friday 11 til 7
FREE BUFFET 5 p.m. til ? Every Friday
GAME ROOM • DARTS • POOL • VIDEO GOLF
WE PARTY AT BILLY D’S --
That’s What It Is About!
1805 PAT BOOKER RD. • UNIVERSAL CITY TEXAS
566-0559
OPEN 11am Daily • Noon Sundays - All Major Cards Accepted

Touch Tunes Juke Box
distributed by
Big Dog Amusements

2617 WAGON WHEEL
• BEHIND SUN HARVEST OFF NACOGDOCHES & 410
PHONE: 823-CLUB ( 2532 )
OPEN 10:00AM TO 2 AM - MON. THRU SAT.
12 AM TO 2 AM SUNDAY
HAPPY HOUR: 10:00AM TO 7PM DAILY
A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ESTABLISHMENT

•16• Action Magazine, June 2000