Tattoo Legend Lyle Tuttle
Action Publisher Sam Kindrick
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Tex Pop 5 featuring Bubble Puppy and more

By Lauren Copeland

Tex Pop - the South Texas Museum of Popular Culture - celebrates its 5th anniversary on Sunday, May 21 with “Night at the Pusi-Kat,” the most famous of S.A.’s 60s psychedelic nightspots.

Joining in the celebration is the Pusi-Kat house band Bubble Puppy, with roots as deep as Texas psychedelia and whose 45 “Hot Smoke and Sassafras” went Top 40 in 1969. Also confirmed are Pusi-Kat favorite's Cain's Children, and The Remains of The Zilches and more to come! The show will also include tributes to beloved radio deejays Bruce Hathaway and Bobby Reyes, and the late Rob Meurer.

The Pusi-Kat opened April 14, 1967, just before the Summer of Love, but in time to attract the thousand of Alamo City teens flocking to malls, dance studios, community halls, churches - anywhere a band could plug in and play. Opened and directed by Federico de Silva with a state-of-the-art light system geared to the 18+ crowd, the Pusi-Kat featured the region’s toughest garage and psychedelic bands, and booking such touring acts as the Yardbirds, Deep Purple, Spencer Davis Group, the Electric Prunes, and B.B. King. The Pusi-Kat was THE place to hang out, even for Jimi Hendrix, who made his way there to jam after his 1968 show at the Municipal Auditorium. It kept the beat as Hemisfair opened in 1968 and in 1969 was taken over by Joe Miller, then renamed the JAM Factory and retooled with an eye to the 70s.

Bubble Puppy, whose classic 1969 45 "Hot Smoke and Sassafras put Texas psych in the Top 40, headlined, and this show is fraught with sentiment, as the band originally practiced at the Pusi-Kat and have plans for a special guest at the Tex Pop anniversary. Likewise, the passing of Bruce Hathaway and Bobby Reyes plus drummer and songwriter Rob Meurer left a Texas-size hole in our collective heart and will be remembered in style.

A recent generous donation to Tex Pop - now officially known as The South Texas Museum of Popular Culture - has allowed the beloved venue to spruce up for the anniversary, buy new display cases and permanent and semi-permanent exhibits like the late Steve “El Parche” Jordan. This points out founder and curator Margaret Moser, “allows us to expand the depth and breadth of Tex Pop through upgraded exhibits and new acquisitions, and concentrate on our mission of documenting and preserving San Antonio and South Texas music.”

“Tex Pop believes in celebrating San Antonio’s pop culture, and milestones like the 50 years since the Pusi-Kat opening or Doug Sahm’s birthday are things that connect us spiritually as well as musically and socially. We’ve discovered that both San Antonio and New Orleans celebrate their 300th birthdays in 2018. The new donation will allow us to pursue a jazz exhibit focusing on the San Antonio-New Orleans connection for next year.”

Tex Pop’s upcoming 2017 summer calendar includes poet/artist Salvador Macias with music by Santiago Jimenez on Sun. May 7; the Pusi-Kat show for Tex Pop’s anniversary Sun., May 21; the Steady Boys Song Swap with Freddie Krc, Al Stahaely, and Rex Foster on Sun. June 25; and a Summer of Love celebration in July. Anniversary exhibits include “the Best of Tex Pop” and “San Antonio 1967.”

The South Texas Museum of Popular Culture is located at 1017 East Mulberry Avenue, off Broadway. “Night at the Pusi-Kat” features Bubble Puppy, Cain’s Children, (The Remains of) The Zilches, with more names to come. Showtime is 2-6pm with a $10 donation at the door - Tex Pop’s members are free! For more information, call 210-858-8935 or check facebook.com/texpopsa for update.

Augie Meyer sits for Tex Pop TV interview.

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Action Magazine, May 2017 • 5 •
Jessica Farrar is a moon-faced state representative from Houston who would deny Texas men and boys their inalienable right to jack off in the privacy of their own homes or out behind their own barns if they own barns.

Or so says her Texas anti-masturbation bill that is only a couple of legal hops and skips from becoming law.

Titled the Man’s Right to Know Act, Farrar’s bill is meant to be a satirical swipe at the anti-abortion laws we have on Texas books.

It’s really a swipe at men in general, and it is a waste of time and money. And it ain’t funny.

Country boys like me fully understand the delicate topic of masturbation. We grew up with the stigma attached to getting caught in the act, and we don’t appreciate some Houston law-maker making fun of us.

My satirical rights

I guess it’s okay for me to get satirical, too, if some state representative can actually introduce and get passed a Texas law which would make beating your meat an offense that would warrant a $100 fine.

Here is the gist of it all.

Under section 173.010 of House Bill 4260, the Man’s Right to Know Act, Texas men would only be allowed to masturbate under supervision inside approved health care and medical facilities.

The legislation goes on to say: “Any unregulated masturbatory emissions outside of a woman’s vagina, or created outside of a health or medical facility, will be charged a $100 civil penalty for each emission, and will be considered an act against an unborn child, and failing to preserve the sanctity of life.”

Farrar’s proposed legislation would also promote “fully abstinent sexual relations” and create a “Hospital Masturbatory Assistance Registry” to “provide fully-abstinent encouragement counselling, supervising physicians for masturbatory emissions, and storage for the semen.”

Masturbation has always been a sexual exercise generally attributed to young men and boys, although we know that many males practice it throughout their lives.

In the Kimble County hills where I was born and raised, the colorful barnyard descriptions have always been made in jest when we are talking about someone else—jacking off, beating the meat, whacking off, loping the mule, choking the chicken, and on and on.

Watch those hands

Great fun we had with the topic as kids. The older boy always nailed members of his younger audience by stating: “Jacking off will cause hair to grow in the palm of your hand.”

Then everyone roared with laughter when the younger victim immediately looked at the palm of his hand.

We were also told as kids that the practice would stunt one’s growth.

One addle-brained adult who lived in a ranch house on the North Llano River when I was growing up had the conspicuous habit of jerking off on the front porch in plain sight of the highway. Asked why he always performed this disgusting ritual with his back turned to the road, he replied “because I didn’t want anyone to know who I was.”

The Roget’s International Thesaurus offers one description of masturbation as “abusing one’s self.”

That definition might be debatable, but the penchant for remaining anonymous while masturbating is probably universal.

I can recall a progressive free-thinker telling Bulverde arrowhead hunter and antique collector Edgar Boeck that he fully understood the perfectly natural act of male masturbation, that he took some measure of pleasure while relieving his sexual needs in such manner, and that he was in no way ashamed to admit that he was a regular practitioner of the age-old act of ejaculating into the wind or on the ground.

“If you ain’t ashamed of it,” Boeck asked the kid, “then why do you hide when you do it?”

A delicate subject

Like I said, it’s a delicate subject, and State Representative Jessica Farrar should know that the vast majority of masturbating males in Texas have nothing to do with the pro life and planned parenthood war that rages on unabated.

The Texas Democrat knows her bill has no hope of becoming law, and she has introduced it to satirize how women have been affected by targeted health care legislation in her state, particularly relating to abortion.

She even got Hillary Clinton to sound off on the topic while the recently defeated Democratic presidential candidate was speaking in Houston.

After praising Farrar, Clinton said of the anti-masturbation bill: “The bill may be satirical, but the message sure resonates.”

Farrar’s bill would allow Texas men “only occasional masturbatory emissions inside the approved facilities, and that the resulting semen be stored for the purpose of conception for a current or future wife.”

No chance to pass

So the Texas Democrat knows her bill has no hope of becoming law. She has allegedly introduced it to satirize how women have been affected by targeted health care legislation in Texas, particularly relating to abortion.

Farrar claims her bill mirrors real Texas laws and health care restrictions faced by Texas women every legislative session.

Emphasizing the need for full male abstinence, the bill also insists that a doctor providing a vasectomy or prescribing Viagra must first read a Man’s Right to Know booklet.

The bill may be satire. It is also a bunch of hogwash.

In trying to be cute, Farrar intimates that there is something wrong with free-will masturbation, that everyone knows about or even gives a shit about the seemingly endless war of words on planned parenthood and right to life, and she is abusing her legislative power in introducing a bill that is a tongue-in-cheek waste of time and money.

And, of course, there might be a few old country boys who take the bill literally, lapsing into paroxysms of fear that they might get busted for beating off behind their own barns.

Jessica needs to say what she means and mean what she says.
Tattoo icon Tuttle worked on Joplin, Cher, and Allmans

By Sam Kindrick

The year was 1976. I had recently been fired from a daily column writing job at the Express/News, and Rattlesnake Hill tattooer Charlie Potter had just had his name legally changed to Honest Charlie Potter.

These were the halcyon times when the late Ron Houston and I were holding forth with a morning drive show on outlaw KEXL FM, and in the distant city of sunny San Francisco, legend-to-be tattoo artist Lyle Tuttle was inscribing a tiny heart on Janis Joplin's titty.

Life was a heady joy back in the day, and we were all going to live forever. Action Magazine was but a year old in 1976 and Rolling Stone wasn't much bigger at the time.

Potter's tax and marijuana possession troubles that eventually landed him in a La Tuna federal prison cell had not yet blossomed back in 1976, and I was yet to experience my first of four drug busts and incarcerations for meth possession.

They fired me at the Express/News, ostensibly, for associating with undesirable characters, naming specifically the late Larry Trader and Willie Nelson at the time. But I feel sure that Honest Charlie Potter's name would have made the list had the newspaper executive editor known about him at the time.

I was hanging out in Potter's Rattlesnake Hill tattoo parlor next to Fort Sam Houston when Charlie made the grand announcement.

"My wife Rita and I are heading to Houston for the first world tattoo convention," Potter said. "We want you to go with us and write a story for Action Magazine. I will introduce you to Lyle Tuttle, the most famous tattooer in the history of the world, and you will meet some of the craziest motherfuckers who ever walked on this planet!"

The rest is history. I did meet and interview Lyle Tuttle, and the two of us had our first meeting in 41 years this past winter at the Tattoo Exposition held at Freeman Coliseum in San Antonio.

With Potter's help, I feel sure, Lyle Tuttle presented me with laminated autographed copies of that old Action Magazine article with accompanying photos.

I asked him:

You remembered? Yeah, I remember. How have you been?

That old tattoo convention in Houston's downtown Holiday Inn was a historic event for some of us, although we didn't fully understand it at the time.

In 1976, tattoos were not cool in polite society. Sailors and bikers wore them, and majority of tattooed women were titty bar dancers with property tattoos, some with missing front teeth.

By tattooing stars like Cher and Janis Joplin, Lyle Tuttle was a pioneer in popularizing tattoos with the female sex. But tattoos with women were just starting to catch on in 1976, and body piercing, a practice still eschewed today by many tattooers, was really in an infantile stage at that time.

Mainstream media outlets fall all over themselves writing about tattooers today, but the only two publications to touch that first world tattoo convention in Houston were Larry Flynt's Hustler Magazine and Action Magazine.

The daily newspapers wouldn't have touched it with a 10-foot pole.

I have a vivid recollection of my first exposure to the sometimes grizzly practice of body piercing.

It came in a hallway at that Houston hotel when a big, burly Hustler photographer came charging out of a suite of rooms served for the body piercers. He was sweating like a sumo wrestler on steroids, and his eyeballs were trying to roll back into his head.

"You got to see it to believe it," he shouted down the hallway. "There's a dude in there with seven gold studs in his dick!"

"My wife Rita and I are heading to Houston for the first world tattoo convention," Potter said. "We want you to go with us and write a story for Action Magazine. I will introduce you to Lyle Tuttle, the most famous tattooer in the history of the world, and you will meet some of the craziest motherfuckers who ever walked on this planet!"

Quote of the convention came from a Hustler Magazine reporter as Diller graphically described the drilling of holes in his tittywhacker: "Did it hurt?"

This broke everyone

Continued on pg. 8
Tuttle continued from pg 7

up, including the masochistic Miamiian.
Diller, however, couldn't wait to lead the photographers into a private room where he could shock trousers and display his gold-plated phallic.

The six-column headline on that 1976 article read:

Weird, Weird, Weird, Weird

Tuttle still takes credit for the female craze for body art.

"I started it all," Tuttle recalls. "Really it got big after I did Joplin."

He recalls the meeting with J.J. as if it were yesterday.

"Here comes two big dogs into the tattoo shop, and then this crazy gal with her hair and bracelets. She asked for two tattoos, a bracelet design on her wrist and a tiny heart on her breast. You learn early on in tattooing that if someone comes in and they pick out a large design and a small design, you put the big one on first. I got the bracelet on. She went downstairs and had a few drinks, and then I put the little one on."

Lyle says he has duplicated those tattoos hundreds of times for women who wanted them to remember the most powerful female rock singer who ever lived.

I recall questioning Tuttle about the famous people he has tattooed. He put a flower on Cher's behind, a dolphin on Peter Fonda's shoulder, and mushrooms on members of the Allman Brothers Band.

It was women who fired Tuttle's publicity rocket.

Only a few years after tattooing had been outlawed in New York city, the women's liberation movement hit America. Tuttle's media commentary on the issue put him into the international spotlight.

Before that, he said, the industry had been associated with drunken sailors and ex-prisoners. "All of a sudden it became a kinder, softer, gentler form of art," he said. "With women's liberation, they were getting them on their breasts, inside their bikini line. I have seen a lot of pubic hair in my time."

Tuttle has been tattooing since 1948. He is 85 today, and it appears he will be as strong as a bull. He has tattooed on all seven continents, including Antarctica.

He has a tiny penguin on his right forearm to mark that occasion.

He has never knowingly tattooed a minor.

"I'm not out to break any records," Tuttle said, "but why not do it. It's there. Edmund Hillary, they asked him why he climbed Mount Everest, and he said "because it was there.""

Indicating that he may be soon returning to San Antonio, possibly to help his friend Potter with a yet-to-be disclosed project, Tuttle asked to try on my cowboy hat.

"What do you think?" he grinned. "Might get one of these and set up shop with Charlie."

Lyle Tuttle is old school and honest. That's why he urges the undecided to forgo tattoos altogether.

"I was 10 years and two months old when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour," Tuttle said. "Guys returning from the service would have tattoos from here and there. These guys went off and earned their tattoos. Now it's a trend and a fad for way too many of them, and we all know that fades end."

Tuttle is old school, and the breed is vanishing.

Around the world today, Tuttle said, "there is a growing industry of people making money off people's ink regrets."

To this day, the much lionized tattoo icon says he has never and will never put a tattoo on anyone's face, neck, or hands. Any person who Tuttle has tattooed may put on a long sleeve shirt and interview without obvious stigma for any job on the American market.

"I have a responsibility to the young people especially," Tuttle told me this past winter. "I will never put a tattoo on any of them that might hurt their quality of life."

That's what they call old school.

Lyle Tuttle is old school, and the breed is vanishing.
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Texas Pride Tattoos
Texas Pride Barbecue general manager Tara Talarco Varon and Honest Charlie Potter are teaming up to offer a first in the San Antonio tattoo industry.

The year was 1975. A longtime friend of world famous tattoo legend Lyle Tuttle, who with Kindrick adorns the cover of this issue of Action, Potter’s last tattoo holdings were on Fredericksburg Road at a location he laughingly called “Monkey Island.”

Failing health contributed to his closing that shop, but Charlie has made a comeback. He looks better and feels better.

“He’s like an old chicken snake,” Kindrick said. “You can’t kill him.”

Potter will likely throw a grand opening when he gets situated at Texas Pride, and chances are good that he will have Tuttle on hand as a guest of honor.

“I feel fairly certain we can get Lyle here for a big opening of the Texas Pride shop,” Potter said. “And I have a couple of Chinese artists in mind for the opening who do work that will blow everyone’s mind. I am excited about the possibilities.”

Cheryl Ladd
The April release of the movie Unforgettable has put Boerne’s number-one non-sports celebrity back in the spotlight.

We are talking about Cheryl Ladd, of course, one-time co-star of the long-running ABC series Charlie’s Angels.

The number-one sports celebrity in Boerne is PGA golfer Jimmy Walker, who with Kindrick adorns the PGA tour, including the PGA championship last year.

But Walker is no film star, a distinction held by the 65-year-old Cheryl Ladd, who may be found on Facebook under the name Cherie Russell.

Married since 1981 to music producer Brian Russell, Cheryl and her husband are popular figures in the little town north of San Antonio where they mix and mingle with the natives.

The more senior members of Cheryl Ladd’s faded female fans will recall the blonde beauty who took Farah Fawcett’s place in the ABC TV series Charlie’s Angels.

Married since 1981 to music producer Brian Russell, Cheryl and her husband are popular figures in the little town north of San Antonio where they mix and mingle with the natives.

The more senior members of Cheryl Ladd’s faded female fans will recall the blonde beauty who took Farah Fawcett’s place in the ABC TV series Charlie’s Angels.

Ms. Ladd/Russell stayed with the Charlie’s Angels series until it was discontinued by the network.

Katherine Heigl plays opposite Ladd/Russell in the new thriller Unforgettable.

Famous for her film appearances in bikinis, Ladd/Russell has retained much of her shape, and her wrinkle-free face is naturally a gossip topic in the aisles of Boerne’s H.E.B. How many lifts, tucks and tweaks do “you reckon she may have had?” And no real matter, they all agree, she is still obviously a natural beauty.

Her first husband was fellow actor David Ladd, the son of movie legend Alan Ladd.

Cheryl retained the name throughout her acting career.

She has one daughter, Jordan, who lives in Austin.

Mike Marks
Mike Marks, MoMar founder and head honcho in charge of sales, repairs, and just about everything else, said MoMar services and products continue to climb on the popularity charts.

Said Marks: “MoMar Music’s recent move, coupled with its already recent expansion at the new location, now brings our showrooms and warehouse to 14, totaling over 3000 square feet to service customers needs and allow the space to display and store the many additional lines of products we have brought into the store.

More room, more staff, more stuff, more fun, and more free promo items. All of this with continued development of an ever increasing amount of products made to our specifications and have the MoMar Music brand name on the item, our own line of products and their tremendous savings have become a big hit.”

In addition to giving away money, playing music gigs when he can, and continuing to teach, Marks has assumed the role of parttime Action Magazine distributor.

He furnishes many of his customers with copies of the entertainment magazine.

Stompede line up
James McGroarty, grand poobah of Bandera’s world famous 11th Street Cowboy Bar, has booked a country music lineup for the upcoming “Stompede Weekend” that features hot new artists and legends ranging from Boomer to Johnny Rodriguez.

This is also Memorial Day Weekend–May 26 through May 28–and the entire lineup may be viewed in the 11th Street Cowboy Bar back cover on this issue of Action Magazine.

For those who might want a smaller, pocket-sized lineup listing for the wallet or purse, here they are:

Friday, May 26: 4 p.m. Curtis Grimes. 7 p.m. Janie Fricke. 9 p.m. Johnny Rodriguez. 10:30 p.m. Jeff Woolsey.

Saturday, May 27: 2 p.m. Bret Mullins. 6 p.m. Randy and Russell Toman. 8:30 p.m. Johnny Rodriguez. 10:30 p.m. Scott Williams.

Continued on pg. 14
Drummer Urbano recalls West Side’s greatest

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor’s note:
The following letter is from Urban Urbano, an old friend and an accomplished drummer who works with the musicians who call their bands The Westside Horns.

Here is the letter:

Sam,

It’s the middle of the 80s. Joe Estes and I walk into a place at the corner of Ingram and Callaghan roads called The Hollywood. A band is playing. It’s dark and we are seated near the back. We can’t see the band members faces. It’s the way the lights are hitting the band, from on top and behind, and the band looks like a bunch of hitmen packin’. That was the visual. The sound was something like I never heard before.

The players included Randy Garibay, Charlie McBurney, Rocky Morales, Sauce (Gonzalez), Joe Black, Danny Esquivel, Jack Barber, and others I had never seen or heard before. Man, this sound from this band was like something from another world. I had to leave to be somewhere else, but this band kept playing in my head.

Then, about three weeks later, I got a call from Doug Brock to cover him at a gig at the original Fatso’s on Bandera Road. Shit, this was the same scary band I saw three weeks earlier. I was wondering what I had walked into.

I met everyone and set up my drums and did the gig. At the end of the gig I realized that I had been playing for 10 years and all I knew was how to hold the drum sticks. I didn’t know ANYTHING.

Jack (bassist Jack Barber) would say during the songs, don’t do that, do this, do that, don’t do that... Wow, I didn’t know at the time but he was showing me the big picture, the big understanding of how things needed to be. Thanks for so much patience, Jack, you are an awesome man.

They were all there. Rocky, Louie Bustos, Randy and Ernie Garibay, other Charlie McBurney additions that also included Sauce and Spot Barnett. This was what I walked into. What? a sound! No one sounds like this. The Westside Horns and the westside sound.

Now I want to focus on the guitar sound from the westside. Randy Garibay and Doug Sahm set the bar when it came to guitar sounds. Randy’s many guitar rhythms and his understanding of how everything fit was just incredible. Doug, too. For so long all of the blues and conjunto guitar players were establishing what the westside guitar sound would eventually be. And before it all there was Chuck Berry, I hear it in all the guitar chunking and riffs today.

They all seem to have a touch of Chuck Berry. He brought the electric guitar to a place it had never been before, and because of Chuck our westside guitar players keep evolving to this day.

My opinion is that San Antonio’s westside bass players are the very best. None better than Jack Barber, Joe Jana, Nando Aguilar, Joe Black, and Mike Zeal.

The Westside Horns are a legendary part of San Antonio, preserving the past and making a huge future for all horn players. It is so cool to see all of this morph into what we have today. All is Puro Pinche Blues from the westside.

Sauce created the westside sound in the B-3 and piano work. This is so important, too. And today Henry Rivas and Al Gomez take the band on a roller coaster ride of cool stuff while Paul Kandera and Larry Traub hold down the guitar end of it all.

Respectfully,
Urban Urbano

Alan Brown

Reads Action

Here’s what Brown has to say about Action editor Sam Kindrick

Alan Brown is a San Antonio criminal defense attorney who is nearing legendary status in the State of Texas. Recognized by Texas Monthly as a “Super Lawyer” over the past 5 years, Brown is known for such legal feats as acquittal he won in the Johnny Rodriguez murder case. The jury took 30 minutes to come in with the not guilty verdict. This case is but one of hundreds. And there have been hundreds of other cases just like it.

I have recognized Sam Kindrick’s brilliance, insight, and unfettered stance to tell the truth in any situation since he worked for the San Antonio Express-News. Sam is a wordsmith who turns the written page into art. He is a great iconoclast. Sam is a person that I consider a sounding board for almost every situation that life throws at me. I greatly respect and honor his friendship and support.

Alan Brown

* 12 * Action Magazine, May 2017
By Jim Chesnut

The unintended consequence of Austin's quest to become a creative city is the decline of its primary music core due to the lack of affordable housing, according to Andrew Flanagan with Austin American Statesman. Musicians are moving out of the city and venues are closing because of rising real estate prices.

I have lived in San Antonio since leaving Nashville and moving here in 1982. I now play frequently at several venues and hope to find even more. Two of my colleagues, Rod Campbell (owner of Olmos Pharmacy Diner) and Jim Hartwell (live music performer), and I have formed Texas Live Music Association (TLMA), a nonprofit organization whose mission is to maximize the value of live music in public performance.

TLMA believes San Antonio could benefit economically from becoming a music city without having to go through Austin's growing pains. We have a diverse economy that is driven by a lower cost of living, according to numbeo.com. For example, rents in San Antonio are almost a third lower than those in Austin.

Perhaps our talent pool is not as large as Austin's was at its peak, but we have many live music performers who are always looking for places to work but don't have enough choices. One of the reasons venues are reluctant to feature live music is the cost of music licensing that is required by law. Performing Rights Organizations (PROs) such as BMI, ASCAP and SESAC collect license fees from venues and distribute them to the copyright owners, after deducting administrative costs.

Songwriters (and their publishers) are entitled to be paid for the performance of their intellectual property as stipulated in a federal consent decree dating back to 1941. But, for many small- and medium-sized venues, the rates are unaffordable.

When approached by aggressive PRO 'salesmen,' some live music venues choose to ignore their demands and risk a lawsuit, while many others—if not most—stop providing live music altogether. I must add that many local live music performers license their music with one of the PROs. I am a BMI writer, for example.

In order to encourage the growth of live music venues in San Antonio, TLMA proposes a couple of solutions. First, we are asking the PROs to review their rate structures to see if there could be ways found to accommodate those venues. I have just returned from Nashville where I met with the folks at BMI, and I was encouraged by our meeting. It is too early to tell whether or not new rates can be developed, but they are aware of and sensitive to the problem.

While unsuccessful in meeting in-person with ASCAP and SESAC representatives, I was invited to leave material and my contact information, which I did and will follow-up in the coming days. I believe all three PROs will agree that having more licensed venues will benefit both the PROs and their clients, the copyright owners.

Second, we think a favorable city (or state) tax policy could be approved that would reimburse venues for all or part of the music licensing fees they pay. There would be several benefits to having more live music venues.

Additional venues would create more performances, resulting in increased employment for live music performers.

These performers would bring more people to the venues.

Jim Chesnut helping to form new group called Texas Live Music Association.

Audiences spend money with venues, all of which increases the velocity of money which energizes an economy. And a healthy economy improves personal sense of well-being, and improves the city's reputation (brand). So, why not just do unlicensed material written by performing singer-songwriters? For some audiences made up of loyal followers, this would work. However, most people respond more favorably to music they grew up with, licensed songs that have become cultural standards.

According to neuroscientist Daniel J. Levitan, our brains build musical vocabularies from music we hear early in our lives, even while in utero. As a result we each have musical preferences that are intuitive.

Certainly some new material is acceptable, but most individuals relate better to the music imbedded in the mind. Some research shows that cover bands make more money than unknown bands doing nothing but their own music.

So, being licensed by the PROs gives venues more marketing power to attract and retain more customers. It is simply a good-for-business decision, and TLMA supports it.

Why be a music city? There are a number of advantages to being a music city, a place with a strong and varied music economy.

They include Improved employment for the underemployed; enhanced branding of the city which adds to its appeal to tourists and convention planners considering the city for events that bring in huge sums of money; a resulting increase in the velocity of money in the local economy; and a stronger social fabric that affects citizens' coping skills necessary for urban living.

In order for a city to be a music city, it must have a vibrant music scene with live music performers, venues, and fans. A vibrant music scene can be sustained when performers promote each other's continued on pg. 14.
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and that the group played


speeches were in order,


several songs.


about the live music


quate places to play and


scene, and cities make it


gigs, venues provide ade­


tive level, without con-


wanted it this way:


While I have never con-


considered myself a pussy,


my on-going lower back


trauma has me seriously consid-


ering a reversal of my orig-


inal opinion.


Then came the irate re-


ponse from a female


reader who took umbrage
to use of the word pussy.


"Why must you refer to


female sex when put-


ning down an unmanly


male?" the protestor im-


plores, "I get tired of see-


ing this stupid use of the


word."


Here is our response:


According to Wikipedia, the free online encyclopedi-


dia, the word pussy can be a noun, an adjective, or a verb.


It has several mean-


ings, including use as


d vulgarity.


as cat, as vagina.


Our reference to pussy


was an indication of weak-


ness or cowardice, and the context in which Action used it made it very clear that we were not referring
to a female sex organ or a baby cat.


TLMA

continued from pg 13


gigs, venues provide ade-

quate places to play and


pay reasonable sums to

performers, fans become


live music ambassadors

by telling their friends

about the live music


Music works because it

makes people happy. We are hardwired to


Music makes moving on

so much easier, and, ar-


guably, what greater pub-

lic good can a city provide

than a context for a more

peaceful existence?


Scatter Shots

continued from pg 11

Randy said acceptance

speeches were in order,


and that the group played


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