Jumping Joe Reed

High, wide and hazardous

Stunt man, Joe Reed, the San Antonian who jumped a motorcycle over three helicopters with blades turning on the "That's Incredible" television show, checks the bike he will soon use in a special promo performance for the San Antonio media. The choppers Reed jumped on "That's Incredible" were sitting on the ground. In his upcoming stunt, Reed will attempt to jump a copter hovering over a body of water, and with the rotors spinning at full velocity.
Playroom Players have a Ball at the Comedy Club

By Rick Snead

Comedy fans, get ready for something new and completely different in SA comedy. You've seen the Spur, you've seen the City Council, now get ready for the Playroom Players bringing their own brand of manic antics to the Comedy Club on Tuesday nights.

Compared to the usual laid-back stand-up comedy routine, the Players are freewheeling, frenzied fun. Their brand of comedy is a real departure—costumed characters, skits, bits, and songs along the lines of Saturday Night Live or the old Caryl Burnett Show.

The material ranges from artists—a la Off-the-wall nuttiness. Kenny Rodgers version: Compared to the usual at the Kerrville slave town.

Like SNL, the Players have a Ball at the Comedy Club, Tuesday nights.

For something new and have a bit on the current Players bringing their own City Council, now get rash of gore and horror comedy routine, the (who worked frenzied fun. Their brand characters, skits, bits and another musical interlude departure—costumed.

The material ranges from artists—a la Off-the-wall nuttiness. Kenny Rodgers version: Compared to the usual at the Kerrville slave town. 

Like SNL, the Players have a Ball at the Comedy Club, Tuesday nights.

For something new and have a bit on the current Players bringing their own City Council, now get rash of gore and horror comedy routine, the (who worked frenzied fun. Their brand characters, skits, bits and another musical interlude departure—costumed.

The material ranges from artists—a la Off-the-wall nuttiness. Kenny Rodgers version: Compared to the usual at the Kerrville slave town. 

Like SNL, the Players have a Ball at the Comedy Club, Tuesday nights.

For something new and have a bit on the current Players bringing their own City Council, now get rash of gore and horror comedy routine, the (who worked frenzied fun. Their brand characters, skits, bits and another musical interlude departure—costumed.

The material ranges from artists—a la Off-the-wall nuttiness. Kenny Rodgers version: Compared to the usual at the Kerrville slave town. 

Like SNL, the Players have a Ball at the Comedy Club, Tuesday nights.

For something new and have a bit on the current Players bringing their own City Council, now get rash of gore and horror comedy routine, the (who worked frenzied fun. Their brand characters, skits, bits and another musical interlude departure—costumed.

The material ranges from artists—a la Off-the-wall nuttiness. Kenny Rodgers version: Compared to the usual at the Kerrville slave town. 

Like SNL, the Players have a Ball at the Comedy Club, Tuesday nights.
What a way to go weaving down the highway

Attorney Wayne A. Christian II has gained wide acclaim within the local legal community for his landmark "fellatio" defense in a DWI case which was tried in the Comal County Courthouse in New Braunfels.

The arresting Department of Public Safety trooper had charged Christian's male client with driving while intoxicated after following the defendant's erratically weaving vehicle for several miles.

Testimony in the jury trial revealed that the trooper didn't see the defendant's attractive girlfriend until he pulled the driver over, for the young woman had been in a horizontal position in the front seat where, according to lawyer Christian, she was exercising her female ingenuity in a manner of exotic lovemaking which made straight driving impossible for her male friend.

With eight women on the jury—four of them matronly—the San Antonio attorney later admitted that he wouldn't have given two bits for his chances of winning an acquittal on grounds that his client was not drunk, but in the throes of orgasmic ecstasy as the car weaved out of control.

When ordered to recite the alphabet, the defendant sang about half of his ABCs to the arresting officer, and Christian admitted that a video tape of his client indicated that the man was unsteady on his feet to the point of being almost rubber-legged.

The defendant's attractive girlfriend was a cooperative witness in court, where Christian argued fervently that such a comely lass exercising her particular specialized art of pleasure induction would be enough to render most any red-blooded American male incapable of driving or even walking in a straight line.

The jury's stunning "not guilty" verdict was a ringing first in the annals of South Texas jurisprudence, prompting one courthouse wag to suggest: "This is more than a landmark decision. It's a headmark case if there ever was one."
Warner Brothers to sign Shake Russell

When Shake Russell nicknamed himself after the world's most famous poet back during his high school days, little was he to know that the poetic messages of his own songs would lead him to the big star status he now enjoys. Russell's voice may soon be heard by a national record-buying audience as he moves from the Austin Records label to the Warner Brothers Records label, a big jump for this self-annointed "Shakespeare" from Missouri.

Shake is short for Shakespeare, but Russell was being facetious when answering a high school female admirer who asked his name. "Shakespeare," he quipped, and the first half of his name legally changed to Shake. His road manager said only Russell's mother and a few school friends know his original handle. No stranger to San Antonio music fans, the Houston-based musician has built a strongfollowing across Texas from Galveston to Dallas-Fort Worth and up to the world's most famous poet the Warner Records label, to name a few. His voice is deep and raspy in a pleasant sort of way, and his Shake Russell show is the maximum output of Russell and a group of talented musicians which include hot lead guitarist Rusty Burns, who for 10 years was with the nationally-recognized group Point Blank.

Now produced by Josh Leo, Jimmy Buffett's lead guitarist, and with Waylon Jennings preparing to record a song from his new album Time Spent on Austin Records. Shake Russell has caught the fancy of Warner Brothers Records president Jim Ed Norman, and things are expected to really start popping this month as Shake travels to Nashville for a joint song-writing project which Norman has arranged for Russell and several other noted writers.

Interviewed here after a show last month at Iriess, Russell indicated that he will soon sign with Warner Brothers, a move which will give his that national market which every struggling musician is shooting for. "Sure I'm excited about the achievement award for Beatles," Russell said. "But Shake Russell Band is one of the most popular groups ever to work out of Houston. Fans at the Houston Festival crowned him Tex-Rex, King of the Bayou Bash, and his tune You've Got A Lover was the highlight of the Houston City Limits TV show. And he was called upon to write the title song for the PBS documentary about the San Marcos River called River of Innocence.

Like most or today's versatile entertainers, Russell doesn't like to be categorized as a rock or country, or blues musician, for he says he was influenced by everyone from Hank Williams to the Beatles," Russell said.

Russell has long been a folk-blues country picker with some southern boogie mixed in, but the tempo has increased with his new album which has a harder edge on some numbers, the obvious influence of Rusty Burns, the lead guitarist who for 12 years supplied guitar work for the high energy rock group Point Blank. While Burns was with the power-driven band, Point Blank released six albums on Arista and MCA, and burned up the road on a relentless touring schedule that spanned the continent. Russell is quick to brag... (continued on page 13)
The City Council has temporarily reduced the smoker to second-rate citizen status. It happened when the council passed the new city law which bans smoking in some public places, and decreed that restaurants be divided into smoking and non-smoking sections.

Smokers were stunned to find the new ordinance was accompanied by a detectable hostility on the part of non-smokers. Those who smoke were taken aback by the ordinance, but they will no doubt be able to live with it. It's the non-smokers they may have trouble co-existing with.

Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, those long-suffering non-smokers find themselves with the hammer. And some of them seem to take the new law as a mandate to stamp out smokers right along with the offensive smoke they produce.

Airline passengers who smoke have long been relegated to the rear of airplanes, but smokers aren't even allowed to smoke in the back of city buses. They aren't allowed to smoke at all.

Restaurants have long provided matches for their smoking customers, a practice which may now be short-lived. And some hostesses who once lit your cigarette as you walked into the eatery now wrinkle up their noses and say, “Oh, you need to sit in the smoking section.”

She then leads the smoker around the sanctimonious congregation of non-smokers to the section where other smokers sit like a colony of ostracized lepers.

Waitresses, for the most part, are sympathetic to the downtrodden smoker. But the situation puts an extra strain on the waitress as well as the customer. The waitress must never cough, no matter if she has a cold or any other common respiratory ailment. One cough from a waitress causes heads to pop up in the non-smoking section, while the self-conscious smoker is made even more aware of his discomfort.

Some eating places are already catering to the non-smoker, while treating the smoker as someone to be tolerated back there in the nasty old smoker section. And this policy is apt to blow up in their faces before—

ahem—the smoke clears.

Just because the City Council vetoed smoking in some public areas, one should not assume that the feeling is shared by an overwhelming majority of the population. And certain restaurants are patronized by more smokers than non-smokers, especially the late-night eateries which catch a night club crowd after 2 a.m. I almost dropped my teeth upon entering one of the 24-hour restaurants where a hostess informed me that the smoking section was full. It was either eat in the non-smoking section or leave, as numerous other smokers were doing.

The non-smoking section was virtually empty, and I was later informed that the waitresses assigned to that section were hanging out in the kitchen and smoking cigarettes. This should tell management something. The restaurant is divided in half, but the smoking section is definitely in need of being enlarged.

One of the more popular waitresses was assigned to the non-smoking section, and some of her regular customers were walking away even when seats were available in the smoking area.

The non-smoking ordinance was City Councilwoman Yolanda Vera's contribution to the municipal well being. There are several misconceptions as result of the law—one being the belief that non-smokers are the only ones seeking refuge.

Smokers, I find, would be thrilled with the segregation policy if they received equal treatment.

The non-smoker falls in one of two categories. There is the passive non-smoker who doesn't let a little smoke mixed with everything else in the air bother him. And there is the vocal and militant crusader who takes personal umbrage to every puff of cigarette smoke that invades the air he somehow thinks he owns.

While the smell of tobacco on one's breath is offensive to some non-smokers, the smell of a non-smoker's breath where proper oral hygiene isn't practiced can be a stomach-turning experience. And far too many non-smokers.

(continued on page 13)
Joe Reed says he will jump a motorcycle over a river or lake, and with the helicopter hovering over a body of water, either a river or lake, and with the chopper blades whirling at full velocity.

"I plan to do this stunt for the media," says Reed. San Antonio's unsung hero, who appeared on the national TV show That's Incredible with a motorcycle jump over three parked helicopters with blades turning fast enough to slice both man and bike in half.

Reed is pumping money for a self-produced and directed motion picture which he says will be the motorcycle world's answer to Sylvester Stallone's great success, Rocky.

Thwarted by City Council in his first attempt to wow a local audience, Reed figures his hovering chopper will be the genuine world-class danger lover.

In 1982, some may recall Reed's proposal to jump the San Antonio River near the Chamber of Commerce building was eventually nixed by a 4-3 vote. With his own production crew ready to film the jump, Reed already had tentative assurance that the stunt, if completed, would be aired by ABC on the That's Incredible TV program.

"It wasn't a long jump," Reed says, "but it was tricky, because the river wall on the landing side was 10 feet higher than the side where I was to start the jump.

Reed said he even promised City Council that the film would not be aired anywhere if he splattered himself against the river wall or failed in any manner to complete the stunt.

Undaunted by the council's wet blanket, Reed and his film crew went out near Highway 1604 on the city's East Side and completed the even more spectacular leap over three helicopters, a heart-fluttering caper which cost Joe Reed his marriage, and produced film footage which ABC snapped up for the national TV show.

Unlike most distance jumpers, Reed doesn't use a catch ramp, and a nasty spill which sent him flying head-over-heels at 85 m.p.h. during rehearsals for the TV stunt proved to be more trauma than Reed's wife Rosie could tolerate.

"In more than 150 stunts, that was the only fall I have taken," Reed recalls. "The bike looped as cleared the helicopters. I looped it by hitting the gas too hard. The motorcycle was straight up and down, and the rear of the bike hit me in the back, knocking me out. I fell off the bike at about 85 m.p.h., then bounced end-over-end on the hard ground for about 40 yards as my wife looked on.

After that one, Rosie declined the prospects of performing a second stunt over three helicopters in the future, so, as Reed put it, "We just decided then and there to become unmarried."

Now, with no need to carry a black mourning veil in her satchel, Rosie is Joe's biggest fan, and Reed says the two of them remain the best of friends. Reed said the media exhibition site is now being sought, and he noted that his leap over the hovering chopper will be a warmup for his attempt at an indoor world record at the Astrodome in January during an international stunt show which will feature more than 50 of the greatest stunt men in the world.

The indoor record will be a jump over two parked choppers, with rotors turning, the difficulty here being the short distance allowed for the jump. Reed said he will start outside the Astrodome, hit the takeoff ramp as he enters the building, and avoid hitting a wall as he completes the leap.

Reed, a motocross racer who moved to San Antonio 10 years ago, was inspired to become a daredevil when he saw the movie Evel Knievel. His love of motorcycles dates back to 1971 when he acquired a J.C. Penny mini-bike. His next bike was a Yamaha JTL Endura, and it was on this machine that he began his jumping career.

"I was building my own ramps by hand and jumping everything and anything," Reed recalled. "I started jumping other motorcycles, then I jumped groups of my friends who would lay in front of the ramp. I've jumped cars, trucks, and over fences. I started doing wheelies when I saw a poster of Knievel doing a wheelie while standing on the seat."

A wheelie, he explained, is riding a motorcycle with the front wheel held off the ground.

Reed can hold the wheel up for more than 100 yards while sitting, and he can make it some 80 yards while standing on the seat, he said.

Joe Reed
He says he loves the stunt work and plans to continue his daredevil antics for at least 15 or 20 more years. But the cycle stunts are only ground work for Reed's master plan, a career in almost all facets of motion picture work.

Reed has already written the script for the move he is now trying to get financed with a projected budget of $1.4 million. The film, about a motocross rider, has been compared to a Rocky on wheels. Reed said. He plans to play the lead role, direct, and co-produce with the group or individual who supplies the financing.

Former TV personality Ron Zimmerman, now an independent film producer, had the ABC contracts which resulted in Reed's appearance on That's Incredible. And it was Reed who introduced Zimmerman to Larry Holt, the helicopter cowboy from Uvalde who furnishs the choppers Reed uses in his stunts.

Motorcycle stunt man Joe Reed hits the ground (upper left) going 65 m.p.h., rolls over (upper right), and is attended by EMS crewmen following a nasty spill as he rehearsed the jump which took him over three helicopters with the blades turning. The stunt was later shown on the That's Incredible TV show.

Reed said his planned film, to be rated PG, is an action-packed dramatic light story with romance included which mirrors a part of his own life. The lead character is a motorcycle racer who is struck down and critically injured in an unusual accident. The story continues as he struggles painfully back to appear in a big championship motorcycle race.

Reed has his own production company and is sponsored by Big-Tex Yamaha, which furnishes all of the bikes he now uses.

With every stunt he performs, Reed says he places his life in the hands of two men—chopper pilot Holt and Mike Meeks, a stock car and motorcycle racer who builds all of Reed's ramps and "bullet-proof" the motorcycles he uses. By 'bullet-proofing,' Meeks sees to it that my bike will not fail me," Reed said. "A $3 part like a sparkplug or a weak chain could fail and I would die. With Meeks servicing my bikes, I know that they won't fail. And I have the same trust in Holt. He can fly a helicopter better than any pilot alive, and when I jump that chopper with the blades turning at something like 900 rpm's, I will be secure in the knowledge that Larry Holt will hold the machine exactly in place for the amount of time necessary for me to successfully complete the jump."

Reed said his jump over the three choppers covered 146 feet, which doesn't compare with the distance jumps of over 200 feet claimed by local daredevil Igo Mendoza. And while Reed wants to take nothing from Mendoza, he notes that the danger factor in his stunts put him in a class by himself.

Unlike the distance jumpers, Reed uses no catch ramp, opting instead to make his landings on the ground, which is hard but compatible to his motocross riding days. He said the ground landings are safer, too, for most distance jumpers who get killed are those who smash into the catch ramp when they misjudge the distance or somehow lose power.

Numerous motorcycle ometer to gauge the daredevils use a speed-distance they must cover. Reed said: "I don't use one," he noted. "I go by feel. I just know when the motorcycle has reached the required speed."

Reed has raced motorcycles in Texas, Louisiana, and Florida. He is an accomplished mechanic who can tear a bike down and customize it to his particular needs. He is now learning everything he can learn about the motorcycle industry from crew work to directing and script-writing. For here he believes will be his long-term career.

"I have lots of other stories in my mind," he said. "I won't be limited to just one motorcycle movie. But the motorcycle movie will be a winner. And it's all ready for production."

Joe Reed is an outgoing young fellow who loves to talk about motorcycles and stunts and film work. And he invites anyone with questions to write him at P.O. Box 690511, San Antonio, Tex. 78269.

"And anyone with an extra $1.4 million who might want to invest in a great motorcycle movie is invited to write also," Reed smiled.
Nudie club bossman says they want him off Austin Highway

The neon sign proclaiming Dirty Sally's to be open for business blinks amid the giant airbrushed cartoon caricatures of big-breasted females with tangled hair and inviting cat eyes. Nude dancing is under way within the garishly-decorated strip joint, while Dirty Sally's owner Mike McCreight bends intently over the blue flame of a welding torch at his adjacent wrecking yard and welding shop.

The booming voice of Johnny Cash can be heard over the welding yard's amplified sound system, while McCreight and an assortment of others hammer and bang the other end of a disassembled slot machine, spitting sparks and flickering torch shadows which jump and pulsate through the high ceiling of the yard.

Pushing back his welding mask, McCreight displayed a twisted half-smile when he said, "They took their best shot--and reaching its lack of... one like the last going up..."

The half-smile was reflective of a good-news-bad-news story, and the good news part brought a full grin to McCreight's face as he told how an appeals court had overturned the 7-year prison sentence he had been assessed for possession of 4.36 g of a milligram of methamphetamine, which McCreight said would amount to a street worth of $1.52 cents.

McCreight noted that the Fourth Court of Appeals took the rather unusual step of rendering a judgment of not-guilty in his case after a decision from the usual process of declaring error and leaving prosecutors with the option of retrial.

Police found the speck of speed in McCreight's office desk drawer, and the high court ruled that presence of others in the office made ownership of the drug questionable. The appeals court also took note of the minuscule amount of drug found in reaching its lack of evidence finding and not guilty verdict.

The bad news, McCreight said, includes the five other felony cases the district attorney's office has managed to scare up against him, as well as the $25,000 in legal fees he has had to pay just to beat the 7-year rap.

The feisty nudie club operator is optimistic, however, for he sees the masses of daily newspaper publicity as an almost sure guarantee that he would be granted a change of venue if and when the DA decides to prosecute him on another charge.

Like I said, they took their best shot on the $1.92 worth of speed and then had the conviction blow up in their faces," McCreight said. "With a venue change, putting the trial in another area, I would never be convicted on any of their phony charges. But even if they try me here and got another conviction, like the last one, it will be the same story in an appeals court. And with another one like the last going up on appeal, it should be pretty obvious to the higher court that I am the victim of a personal harassment campaign."

Two pending theft charges result from his buying some office equipment which McCreight insists he did not know was stolen. He said some kids had stolen the property from their parents, and then confessed shortly after McCreight had bought the items. Two drug possession charges pending against him, McCreight notes, stem from 10 grams of speed that investigators found in one of his dancer's wallets, and 10 grams of marijuana found in another dancer's locker.

Never one to make enemies and influence people within the police department, McCreight returned one of his typical answers when investigators who found the marijuana and speed asked the club owner if he didn't ever conduct locker checks on his dancers.

"I never had no warrant," McCreight said with a deadpan expression on his face. The fifth felony charge, McCreight notes, is possession of an illegal gaming device. While searching his office, club, and welding shop, investigators found a disassembled slot machine in a box near the welding shop. McCreight said the slot is of almost antique vintage, and that he traded for it in its disassembled shape from San Antonio Barter Systems.

With a grimace, McCreight noted that the Las Vegas blackjack tables which patrons are now allowed to play on for fun in local skull orchards are assembled and in full working order, yet he gets a felony rap for having a torn-down antique slot machine that (continued on page 15)
The age void

The new law which changed the drinking age minimum from 18 to 21 knocked a hole in some night club business, and none felt the hurt any harder than Scott Teller and Brian Buriap with their struggling new wave club Prazer.

Located on 6th just off San Pedro, the Prazer guys are now re-building their clientele with some live rock on Thursday nights, and with beer and mixed drink specials on every night.

Bill Gillis back

Bill Gillis, longtime musician and club owner who once played with Willie Nelson and other notables, is back in the night club business and pulling good Sunday crowds.

He's now the manager of the Blanco Road Tavern, and before that Tom and Terry's. The owner of an electronics repair business, Gillis will now get the night club business or the music business out of his system, so he's back again after selling his old Harem-Skarem Club to Mike and George Star in December of 1983.

A good keyboard player who leads and participates in the jam sessions, Gillis goes back to the days in the early 1960s when he played with Dave Isobel's Mission City Playboys, a popular country band which also included a couple of young sprouts by the name of Willie Nelson and Johnny Bush.

"If I had a kid who wanted to be a musician, I'd drown him," Gillis said he weeded out a few rowdies who were frequenting the club when he bought it, and noted that his business is now bigger than it ever was at the old Harem-Skarem.

The customers compete in both dart and pool league action, and attend the jam sessions in ever-increasing numbers, according to Gillis, who invites serious pickers to stop by and have a go at it. He said the free BBQ and jam sessions start immediately after the Sunday TV football action.

Class Act's singer

Roxanne Fischer, the wittily little blonde who dances topless at the Class Act, still maintains a talent which is not visible to her audience. She can sing—and probably better even than she suspects—although her career as a songstress was invited to singing backup on one of C.W. McCall's CB records.

She has made a personal record with two songs—Mama's He's Crazy and The Rose—both of which indicate, in our opinion, a fine and marketable voice. Although quality of the tape we heard leaves much to be desired, Roxanne's voice has range and some variance which includes a faint whiskey rasp as well as the bell-clear purity of an Emmy Lou Harris.

With the right producer, equipment and sound personnel, this gift could sound good enough to scare some people.

Juan's red tape

Juan Gringo has had his bar and kitchen staffs cocked and ready for the better part of two months. And despite the mental and financial stress encountered, the onetime "Gitsy" has maintained his new jovial "Juan" image with remarkable restraint.

At this writing, not a single inspector, sub-inspector or license clerk had been eaten alive or even badly frightened.

McDougal's managers

The game of musical managers continues at McDougal's where Tim Collie is back for a second go at running the adult club owned by Odessa oil man Everett McDougal.

The casualty rate for McDougal's managers has been awesome, but Collie is the one bossman who left the job under his own steam to work briefly for the Penland Co. liquor distributors.
Kid Death

Don’t look now, but Bobby (Kid Death) Thomas, serving a 15-year hitch in state prison for armed robbery, says he’s ready to walk back on the streets and the family friend was to put up an appeal bond just as soon as he’s discharged. It takes 16 months and 14 days to serve 12 months and 14 days. Thomas is looking to file the appeal.

For robbing a school teacher in the summer of 1985. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

Smith gets hot.

Darden Smith, who will play three dates in this area during October, has a hot new album titled Native Soil which scored a favorable review in Billboard Magazine, and landed Smith a West Coast distributor.

Smith, along with Omar and the Howlers and Extreme Heat, will travel to the West Coast soon to promote the album which was recently picked up by Bayside Distributors of California.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

There’s an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.

The radical change

Talk of the town is nationwide among the old school gang who came by her curvaceous femininity by way of the surgeon’s scalpel and heavy doses of female hormones, a medical transformation process which has come a long way since Christine Jorgensen became a woman in the first known sex change operation more than 20 years ago.

The local dancer, who has worked at the major topless clubs here, is an accomplished performer and a real kicker with a pulsing Marilyn Monroe mouth and hour glass figure to go with it.

The ample breasts and full-blow

nips are the result of repeated silicone injections, according to a dancer who is supposed to be in the know. And there has been no friction between the vets and Bandidos, as some had expected.
The Finest of Everything for the Finest Customers in Town

GO BANANAS!

OPEN
11:00 am-2:00 am Daily
11 a.m.-6 p.m. Plus
During the Day
LADIES PLAY FREE!

A FULL SERVICE SALON FOR MEN & WOMEN

- Cut & Style
- Perm
- Coloring
- Waxing
- Frosting
- Beard Trims
- Facial
- Waxing
- Hair Tails
- Sculptured Nails

WOMEN’S HAIRCUT $15 Reg, $21
Please ask for Jamie, Guilty or Rey With This Coupon

MEN’S HAIRCUT $10 Reg, $16
Please ask for Jamie, Guilty or Rey With This Coupon

PERM SPECIAL $29.95 Reg, $45
Please ask for Jamie, Guilty or Rey With This Coupon

Banana’s Billiards Lounge
San Pedro at Woodward
DIAL BANANAS

BANANAS!

1719 N. Main St. 226-2213

East-West Cafe

“East is east and west—and never the twain shall meet.” Thus spoke Rumiard Kipling, but then I’ve never seen him in the cafe. herein, some of the unlikeliest opposites meet and qmazed to find therein, some of the failures, for those not in the literary of street people and yuffies (young urban radicals an radical anamoly, a place shining like a diamond in a dung heap, reminiscent of the old Greenwood. When you first walk in the door, it’s hard to tell if you’re in someone’s living room, or an art gallery in Boulder, Berkeley or Austin. Whatever—it’s a mega casual, comfortable atmosphere to eat, drink, or socialize. It’s the ultimate coffee atmosphere—you could pick up a girl, plot a revolution, or just have dinner—pick one from column A, two from column B. Besides, it’s the only art gallery in town that sells food.

While we’re on the subject, the food is excellent: eclectic cuisine, which is to say damn good, interesting Chow—very strange for the uneducated SA palate. It comes from the four corners of this round world, landing in such fascinating, it unlikely comos as Tex­Jap, Wkip-Arabs and Yuch­ Cajun. Basically, for lack of a better turned phrase, the artist as day laborer, Buddhist Monk and my friend Dr. Gourmando (a pair of enchiladas smothered in a delicious cream and spinach sauce. Try it once and you’ll be hooked for life. Enchiladas Verdes is an excellent variation on a tried and true theme—cheese, chicken and green sauce (veriy verse) of tomatillos, mild chiles and spices. Served with sour cream, for $4.75. Both are served up with rice, beans, corn tortillas, a small but tasty guacamole salad.

Is there anything else different? Try the oven­ baked Lasagna Bennett. The only thing it lacks is meat and believe me, you won’t miss it. A really fine concoction of organic pasta, ricotta cheese and a saucy tomato sauce with bell peppers, onions and mushrooms. This dish gets 5 forks out of a possible 6 from the imperious hedonist. Served up garbancito, two-people strong with garlic bread, this dish is restaurant robbery at $4.95. You couldn't do better with a gun.

In fact, the only complaint I’ve ever consistently in my visits to the East-West is along the lines of “With there’s just too much food!” Last heard, there was an unofficial campaign to mail leftovers and uneaten portions to any country willing to pay the postage and handling. Third World nations, take note.

What’s left? Cold food. For the day­hustler, fish and tuna salad are uniformly excellent for $3.54. The tabouli (cracked wheat and other grains, with diced tomato, parsley and a dash of mint) has gotten rave reviews from Dr. G. and his not­easily­pleased friends from the Algerian Revolution.

The only serious flaw I’ve found in the menu is the prices. In the newly opened, but busting out­of­control, every­thing­is­$5.95 to $6.95. The sauce has no quarters with—a creamy, buttery mix with flash grated parmesan cheese. Unfortunately the noodles were overdone, rubbery and lifeless—a waste of a good Alfredo sauce.

This place is a real hit—newly opened, but bustling with promise for the future. It’s got a little bit of something for everyone. Check it—and you want a steak, or a greasy cheeseburger, you are sheer out of luck. Otherwise, a real winner As Dr. Gourmando’s (a true carnivore’s carnivore) put it: Mon Dieu, you are at this place every day, you could become a vegetarian and never realize it.”

This, from a man who usually requires a pound of rare steak and a gallon of red wine to get through a week.

Besides all that, it’s a great place to simply sit and listen and enjoy a glass of something and talk about it (what else is there to talk about, after all). There’s no liquor, a limited wine card, coffee and herb tea. If you’re a local, the new­wolf­beer­snob however, it’s a little like going to heaven without dying. They have a vast (or at least half­vast) selection of beers, including (but not limited to): Beck’s Dark and Light; St. Paul’s Gries; Anchor (continued on page 13)
Shake Russell cont... on his band, and he says some individual work by the band members will be spotlighted on a future album. He has good reason to be proud of his backup musicians, for like guitarist Burns, each is a tried and true pro with specialized talents and impressive credentials.

Keyboard man Rudy Osbourn has a background in song-writing, publishing, radio commercial work, demo productions, video appearances on Austin City Limits, and he has provided keyboard work on Shake's three albums, and albums for Greezy Wheels, B.W. Stevenson, Balcones Fault, Eric Taylor, and The Banded Geckos.

Since bass player Jack Saunders hit Texas in 1972 from parts up north, he has worked with groups which include Taxi Dancer, the Danny Evrett Band, B.W. Stevenson, The Revolvers, and the Connie Mims Project.

Saunders joined Shake during an abortive album project at Gilley's Club in 1983, and it was the advent of Saunders which provided about the only connections that he was to Steam; Carta Blanca, guitarist, Josh Leo, who was already well known as a successful producer.

Married for five years to Sarah Irwin, who is heavily into the Houston modern dance scene, Shake says his entertainer wife understands the business and is unaffected by the hangups suffered by many musician wives.

"She has her career and I have mine," Russell said. "And we give each other enough room to breathe."

Russell said he wants to move to Austin, but won't do so until it suits his wife's career needs.

Shake Russell has always expressed a distrust of the major labels, preferring to work with the independents where he can maintain control over his music. And he has been heard to say that he prefers companies where the musician can walk in and talk with the president.

Such has been the case with Warner Brothers president Jim Ed Norman. A man who obviously impressed Russell to no end and served to allay his mistrust of all major record companies.

"When we talk with Shake, he was all geared unreleased album for Sherwood Cryer, owner of Gilley's Club and manager of Mickey Gilley. But Russell isn't the only musician to come away from the big Pasadena hype mill with the short end of a stick. And now he doesn't have time to reflect back on the few chug holes which staggered but never tripped him.

Newest member of the Shake Russell Band is Peter (Buzzy) Gruen, the drummer who guitarist Rusty Burns calls "the master of groove." Both Burns and Gruen were founding members of Point Blank, and the thundering energy of Gruen's drums also adds something to the new Shake Russell overall sound.

When Russell speaks of his good fortune in making the right connections in Austin, he gives much of the credit to his late friend and musical sideman John Vandiver, who steered him to Texas from Missouri and introduced him to the so-called redneck rock outlaws who had the eyes of the country on Austin during those days.

John knew 'em all and he quickly got me in with guys like Jerry Jeff, Rusty Wier, Steve Fromholz, Ray Wylie Hubbard and B.W. Stevenson," Shake said.

It was through these connections that he was to hook up with Buffet's guitarist, Josh Leo, who was already well known as a successful producer.

Married for five years to Sarah Irwin, who is heavily into the Houston modern dance scene, Shake says his entertainer wife understands the business and is unaffected by the hangups suffered by many musician wives.

"She has her career and I have mine," Russell said. "And we give each other enough room to breathe."

Russell said he wants to move to Austin, but won't do so until it suits his wife's career needs.

Since his beginning years, Shake Russell has always expressed a distrust of the major labels, preferring to work with the independents where he can maintain control over his music. And he has been heard to say that he prefers companies where the musician can walk in and talk with the president.

Such has been the case with Warner Brothers president Jim Ed Norman, a man who obviously impressed Russell to no end and served to allay his mistrust of all major record companies.

"When we talk with Shake, he was all geared...

Ingestor cont... Stream, Carta Blanca, Corona Kirin and Guiness, as well as Bud, Michelob and Miller Lite on tap.

It was the advent of Saunders which provided about the only connections that he was to Steam; Carta Blanca, guitarist, Josh Leo, who was already well known as a successful producer.

Married for five years to Sarah Irwin, who is heavily into the Houston modern dance scene, Shake says his entertaine...
Scatter Shots cont....

impossibility of securing against gate-bashing and fence-jumping, along with public nudity and damage to surrounding property, plus other evils to numerous to list.

A 3-day country music show produces virtually nothing but wasted talent, frustrated musicians, and not enough people to pay rental on the property used.

So any way you go at it, the marathon concert is a sure loser.

A 3-day continuous country music show produces virtually frustrated musicians, and not on the property used. which reduces the discockev , marathon concert is a sure loser.

So any way you go at it, the marathon concert is a sure loser.

KBUC is San Antonio's first station with computerized programming of an innovation which reduces the disc jockey to robot status.

If the computer which told the new station owners how to set up the concert is this same computer which picks records to be played on the air, then we'd have to say that country KBUC is in a world of trouble.

Catahoula country

A belated thanks now to Betty Eave, the Catahoula queen of Louisiana and author of the book Catahoula Collections, a detailed description and history of the Catahoula Louisiana Leopard Dog. The thanks is for the hospitality. Betty cautioned us which made it possible for Sam Kindrick to attend the San Antonio country music show in Denham Springs, La.

With the magazine in production, there just wasn't time to drive all the way to Denham Springs, and the nearest airport to Denham Springs was some 20 miles distance in Baton Rouge. A telephone call to the office of the National Association of Louisiana Catahoulas put us in touch with Ms. Eave, who heads the association and works diligently to introduce the incredible Catahoula to the world which exists outside Louisiana.

When we asked about possible transportation from Baton Rouge to Denham Springs, Betty didn't stutter when she said, "That will be no problem at all. I'll send someone to pick you up at the airport in Baton Rouge, and I'll have someone drive you back when you are ready to catch a plane back to Texas."

True to her word, Betty had a conservative middle-aged fellow on hand to drive Kindrick to Denham Springs. And when time was of the essence in order to catch a return flight after the dog hospita, Betty dispatched us with a youthful hotrod Ever Krelie in a fire-engine red El Camino with a souped-up engine and a giant auxiliary gas tank resting in its bed.

We believe the young fellow's name was Kevin, but everything about that brief ride back through the bayou country sort of blended in with the red blur which was Kevin's El Camino, a low-flying jet that kept us up to 20 miles ahead of us, which made it possible for Betty and Kevin to catch up with the dog hospita, Betty, and Kindrick as they walked the outskirts of Baton Rouge, and still got us to the airport with minutes to spare.

Had we known then that the Delta flight was to be hung up for an hour on the ground, we would have just had Kevin run us up on our San Antonio in his flaming red road-ender, for he might have beaten the jetliner without a headstart.

Objective of the trip was accomplished--the purchase of a Catahoula puppy. The Catahoula, incidentally, is a breed of often glassy blue-eyed dogs which evolved through the deliberate crossing of several breeds. Originally bred to hunt hogs and wild cows, the Catahoula was called a Catahoula Cur until the Louisiana legislature passed a proclamation making it the official state dog of Louisiana. The state dog could not be called a cur, so they made it Catahoula Louisiana Leopard Dog, a breed which the Cajuns say can do everything any other dog can do--and do it better.

Decent what?

The small publishing business is a rough science, especially with a free-distribution magazine which depends solely upon advertiser support for its very existence. And the quick-shot scam publications which continue to appear and disappear with burned advertisers in their wake do nothing to enhance the credibility of established journals which must survive by giving both reader and advertiser a fair shake for their money and support.

It happened again last month, with an amiable little turd which--if all things--was called Decent Exposure. And if anyone knows where Decent Exposure editor-publisher John J. LaPietra is now under-exposing his ramp and his rag, there are several night club operators who would dearly like to have this information. During the 11 long and hard years that Action has published monthly without a miss, we have seen dozens of these cheap quick-buck affairs, the ones who chance their advertising money with these flip-flop and frizze rag's get burned.

A story on Omar, and the Howlers reproduces Omar's promo photographs and fact sheet--word for word, and there is a long-winded quote by an old country music pioneer Roy Acuff which was obviously lifted from a canned makeout or some other publication.

We can laugh off these little scam publications because there are honest right good people getting stung. But we did get a hank after learning from Class Act manager Scotty Greene that also among the casualties are the small strugglers who make an honest effort to inform and entertain while catching flak intended for quick buck artists. One recent innocent victim was the Full Tilt Boogie, which we understand is now sitting on till.

Those who bought space in LaPietra's Decent Exposure didn't get what the name implies, but it was the advertiser who paid up front for future space who yowled the loudest upon learning that the rag's telephone number was no longer in service.

The August issue which was reputed to be the second publishing effort, suggests that the merchant who wastes his money advertising in such a slip-shot and sung-together bag of nothing must have failed to read that first issue of Decent Exposure--if there were sheets, flush and fold. And, a salesman for a little weekly news magazine Current is going around telling the fitty bar operators that high class (continued on page 15)
Mike McCreight cont... probably wouldn't work even if it were put together. "It's enough to make me want to throw up," McCreight said. "But I know the real reason behind it all. Do you want to hear the real reason behind this constant harassment? I'll tell you the real reason. Look around me here and you'll see it. Everything is gone on either side of me on this side of Austin Highway. It's been bulldozed by commercial developers who are planning some big commercial projects in this area. I've been here for 15 years at Dirty Sally's, and now I remain for 15 years at Dirty Sally's. And they will stop at nothing to get rid of me."

McCreight admits that he has little chance of victory. "I can beat every bogus charge they throw against me," he said, "and I still lose in the end. The $25,000 it cost me to fight the 7-year thing has all but left me bushed. They know this and they will keep coming, I suppose. Thinking I'll eventually have to sell out everything just to pay off my lawyers."

For the right price, McCreight says he would sell, but he feels that a pattern is developing which would give him grounds for a civil lawsuit and recovery of money lost through both legal fees and loss of business.

To bolster his claim of being pressured to leave the Austin Highway scene, McCreight points to the city's recent attempt to legislate him closed under a zoning ordinance which restricts operation of a nude bar within a certain distance of an area zoned residential.

Sunset Memorial Park, a cemetery directly across Eisenhauer from Dirty Sally's, is zoned residential. But the city gave up when it was determined that none of the Sunset Memorial Park "residents" were in any shape to file a former complaint.

McCreight has little good to say about the attorneys who represented him during the early going of his drug possession case. "Brock Huffman and Charles Campion - although he does acknowledge that Campion is a good attorney when his interest in a case is properly piqued."

Jimmy Parks Jr. was the lawyer who eventually beat the rap on appeal, and McCreight says Parks will defend him in any subsequent court appearances. "If they keep the pressure on," McCreight says, "my only hope will be to take the offensive in a civil lawsuit for damages. And I expect that this is what it's all leading to."

Scatter Shots cont...

people don't read Action Magazine.

The late Luke Postolas, founder of the Old San Francisco Steak House, would delight in telling of his eavesdropping on the self-annointed upper-crust who would sit down grading the steakhouse, "Postolas laughed, "every single one of them would grab a copy of Action and snake it into a purse or some other place of concealment."

In our book, Luke Postolas stood tall among the true high class of people. He was no snob, and he certainly was no phony, something that cannot be said about the pseudo-sophisticates who live their shallow lives equating class with inherited wealth or a zip code ending in "09."

Since copies of Action go out of the night clubs faster than we can supply them, the current od cast should either change his pitch or speak mighty softly.

St. James’s Gate

St. James’s Gate, the San Antonio Irish band which recently won first place in its category at the All-Irish Music Competition in County Kerry, Ireland will perform Oct. 11 at the Kerrville Goodtime Music Festival.

The international competition in Ireland, called a Fleadh Cheoil, featured top traditional Irish bands from Ireland, Britain, and the U.S. Each group had to qualify in regional competition before making the Ireland showdown.

St. James’s Gate was formed five years ago in San Antonio, and the group has been regularly featured in such local events as the Texas Folklife Festival and Night in Old San Antonio.

The category won by the San Antonio band required a seven-minute medley of traditional Irish music, demonstrating a mastery of form and original orchestration.

Whiskey River Texas

San Antonio’s Newest & Most Exciting Gentleman’s Club

MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL

Beer & Drinks $1.50 During
Happy Hour 4 pm-8 pm
Open 11 am-2 am Monday through Saturday
(Closed Sunday)

8779 Wurzbach 696-3237
Need a Sign in a Hurry, And at a Reasonable Price?

GROUP V PRODUCTIONS

• Printing • Logos • Illustrations • SIGNS

8729 Wurzbach  BARBARA SNIFFEN Illustrator  692-7888 or 691-8885