It’s been a rough and rocky road for Johnny Rod

Article Pg. 6
BILLY D'S

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9th - Sea Monkeys
16th - Painted Pony
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30th - Wolfpak

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10th - Bobby G and The Drive
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*2 Action Magazine, July 2004

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Thursday, July 15 - Matt The Electrician • 8:30 p.m.
Friday, July 16 - Omar and The Howlers • 8:30 p.m.
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2005 PGA &
2005 Golden Tee Updates
Are IN!!!

SAN ANTONIO
Malone and Payton might try a jewelry store

By Jacques E. Strap
Action sports analyst

So much for Gary Payton and big, bad Karl Malone.

If these aging children want rings, they may purchase them at a jewelry store. Or maybe a pawn shop.

The sun is probably setting on the L.A. Lakers' dynasty, and there isn't a Spurs fan alive who doesn't relish the purple and gold decline.

But my greatest thrill comes in the knowledge that Malone and Payton failed in their effort to "buy" NBA championship rings, thanks to coach Larry Brown and his Detroit Pistons.

Payton may be the once-feared "Glove" as a defender point guard in Seattle for many seasons, but I never had any respect for the gratuitous, trash-talking fellow with the gourd-shaped head.

But Malone was a different story. Teamed with John Stockton, Karl was an awesome force to be dealt with for most of his Allstar career at Utah. He was big, bad and double-tough, preferring to run over people as opposed to running around them, and I always respected Karl Malone despite some charges that he was a "dirty" player.

The Mailman played to win, and he delivered a large majority of his career.

But I lost my respect for Karl Malone when he walked away from Utah in the twilight of his career, leaving $10-million on the table in a last-ditch effort to win a NBA championship with L.A. Or I should say buy a championship.

Playing for the league minimum, Malone and Payton figured to ride the shirttails of Shaq and Kobe right into the NBA throne room.

Payton, as we all know, was an overrated failure in L.A.'s recent playoff efforts. And Malone was hampered by injuries during most of the season. He was healthy enough to deal Tim Duncan some major defensive misery in the Spurs loss to L.A., but the once-mighty Mailman was but a gimpish shell of his former self as Detroit dominated Los Angeles in the championship series.

Departing L.A. coach Phil Jackson knows about karma. And karma might have played a big part in Karl Malone's last desperate grab for an NBA championship ring.

As a member of the Utah Jazz, Malone was a fan favorite who was afforded everything that franchise was capable of giving. He made millions in Utah, and the people of Salt Lake City were faithful backers until the very end. Malone's scoring partner, the great John Stockton, had the class and humility to hang up his sneakers and take his much-deserved retirement last season. Both Stockton and Malone got Utah near championship territory on many occasions, but the Jazz never made it over the final hump.

Malone is a millionaire, and maybe he figured his family would never need those extra millions he left in Utah. But throwing his lot with Shaq and Kobe in a cheap shot attempt to bully his way to a NBA title was not the behavior of a true champion.

A true champion would finish a great career with the franchise which provided him with everything he has today. Justice was done, and the people of Utah were faithful.

In the cases of Payton and Malone, basketball justice was served. Teams win NBA championships. They don't buy them.
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3rd - Elixir
8th - Hair Club
9th - PROJX
10th - Volume
15th - Toman Bro’s.
16th - Alter Ego

17th - Replay
22nd - Hair Club
23rd - Mimic
24th - Five To One
29th - Toman Bro’s.
30th - 8-Ball
31st - Iris

ATM, MASTER CHARGE, AMERICAN EXPRESS, VISA

Frankly Speaking

Our benefit for Janet Lienroth was a
Big Success.
A Heartfelt Thank You To:
Frank Mumme of “The Other Woman”
and to Big Fred for doing all the B-B-Qing.
Thanks also to "Pop A Top",
"Gay Town Saloon," "Just One More,"
and "Shady Lady."

Thanks also to all the musicians who
donated their time and talent.
And to all the bartenders, customers,
and friends who helped.

Thank You All!!!!
My cowboy grandpa despised the screw worm fly with a deep-seated passion which could only be rivaled by my gut-churning hatred of computers.

Kinky Friedman said computers are tools of the devil and I agree 100 percent. I have said before that I wouldn't own one of the idiot machines if I wasn't caught up in the modern-day madness of high-tech journalism and what some double-domed jackass has dubbed "desk top publishing.”

Because of two shameful and inexcusable screwups in last month's issue of Action Magazine, there are probably some people out there who think I may be following the late Ronald Reagan to some hazy la-la land horizon where I would be unreachable even for the IRS.

If Frank Mueller, owner of The Trap, and Steve Silbas and Barbara Wolfe, operators of Casbeer's, think that I have a couple of loose brain rods protruding from the top of my skull, it's because they have more than just cause. And I'm not interested in Augie Meyers' contention that alzheimer's victims can hide their own Easter eggs. I don't eat anything that comes out of a chicken's ass and I don't believe in the rabbit.

Quarter page ads for both Casbeer's and the Trap ran next to each other in the June issue of Action. While many readers might have failed to notice (I hope there was a goodly number), the two June issue ads were exact replicas of the May issue ads for these two clubs. And people who didn't fail to notice were Silbas, Wolfe, and Mueller.

When putting the June issue of Action together, I had in my hands new ads and complete band schedules for both the Trap and Casbeer's. As usual, Casbeer's had a full June schedule of high-grade out-of-town musicians set to appear, and The Trap also had a complete music schedule for June, along with an announced benefit for a beloved Trap waitress who was stricken with a heart attack. Owner Frank Mueller and his entire Trap staff were eagerly awaiting publication of the June issue with notification of the benefit.

Shortly after the June 1 publication date, I was hanging out at Casbeer's as Steve Silbas thumbed through the magazine.

"Hey," said Steve, "how come you ran the May ad again in this issue?"

I looked at the Casbeer's ad and then I looked again. The June ad which had been proofed, corrected, and then re-proofed and corrected a final time was certainly not there. We had picked up the May ad and the new June ad was no place to be found. Then my attention fell directly beneath the Casbeer's faux pas to land squarely on the Trap's repeated May ad. And that all but sent me out to play in the freeway.

Many years ago, I saw a tattooed likeness of Adolph Hitler on the shoulder of a Hell's Angel biker, complete with this inscription: "If you can't be loved, be well hated!"

I could relate. Trap owner Frank Mueller is a longtime friend who has been advertising in Action on a regular basis for more than 30 years, while Steve and Barbara at Casbeer's are both friends and steady advertisers who also handle sales of my book The Best of Sam Kindrick.

If I had an explanation or an excuse for dropping two quarter-page ads and re-running the ads from the previous month, I would offer it here. When I ponder the possibilities, I recall the image of a home improvements crook who had swindled hundreds of elderly home owners out of their social security checks. Confronted by KSAT TV reporter Marilyn Moritz, the fellow, standing in front of his Mercedes Benz, wailed, "I know you might find this hard to believe, but all of my problems are the result of the failed economy."

I would like to blame this business of lost ads on something like the economy, I can't do it. And I can't blame any of it on the production people who handle Action's makeup operation. In this wonderful world of computerized publishing, we no longer carry ad copy from a proof rack and paste it down on a layout sheet which is then carried directly into a camera department where the pages are ultimately converted into metal sheets which are then fastened to the revolving drums of an offset web press.

Now advertisements are somehow smoked by computer from the proof racks directly into the camera preparation department, and sometimes they disappear like river fog being burned away by the morning sun.

When it happens it is my fault. A haywire computer signal lost the ad, and I failed to catch it. I know I'm overworked and overlooked and unloved, and I know I could poke a broom handle up by rear end and sweep the floor as I go along on some of those sad and lonely days when I feel like I must do it all for small pay and scant recognition. But the barren truth remains like a billboard hanging over the hood of my truck.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

In the old days, I would have said: "If this ever happens again, I will bite both thumbs off in front of the Alamo." But I made cracks like that before we went to computers.
The crowds still love struggling Rodriguez

By Sam Kindrick

I try to avoid writing in the first person as much as possible, but in this issue of Action I am making exceptions all over the place.

There is a first person opinion thing about old friend Ray Wylie Hubbard in this issue, and this piece is about Johnny Rodriguez, another friend I have known since the early 1970s.

Johnny is trying to put a shattered career back together, and after reading a John Goodspeed story on Rodriguez in the June 11 Express and News Weekender section, I set forth last month for the Texas Pride Barbeque restaurant on Loop 1604 East for my first Johnny Rod show in years.

There has been personal contact between Rodriguez and I during recent years, including those rough months immediately prior to Johnny’s trial and eventual acquittal on murder charges, but I hadn’t actually heard the onetime country music icon perform in several years.

That show last month was an emotional rollercoaster ride for me—a time for joy, pain, a lot of nostalgia, and the hope that the country man from Sabinal might somehow get his life and his act back on the good road which still awaits him.

When Rodriguez took to the outdoor stage a roar went up from several hundred devoted fans, and the familiar bell-train voice was again working its magic in both English and Spanish.

Yes! This was the legendary little goat thief who left childhood poverty and a jail cell to write and record hit after hit after hit in the 1970s and 1980s (there were 15 hits); this was the baby-faced charmer who had the adoring ladies whirling and swirling below the stage lights every time he opened his mouth; this was the superstar-to-be I will never forget interviewing in a Tropicana Hotel room while Texas Ranger Joaquin Jackson and the late Happy Shahan looked proudly on.

I was first to write anything about Johnny Rodriguez, and I was amused to read the Goodspeed article which accurately reported: “Rodriguez’s career was taking off with hits such as his debut single Pass Me By (If you’re only passing through) when Express-News columnist Sam Kindrick wrote an account that was picked up coast to coast. Sort of a myth grew, and it follows Rodriguez to this day.”

Johnny’s great voice has changed little over the years, but the slight figure behind the microphone showed the wear and tear of some tough times. And if Rodriguez hadn’t been singing Riding My Thumb to Mexico I might have failed to recognize him.

I was remembering brighter days and happier times when I heard Slim Roberts’ daughter Deborah Kay whispering into my ear, “Only God knows the answer to Johnny’s struggles.”

What in hell would take? That’s the question a lot of people have asked. Rodriguez has been in more alcohol and drug rehab centers than you can count on all 10 fingers, and many of us wonder how he can still stand and sing today. But he was standing and doing a damn good job of singing at the Texas Pride Barbeque show, and while Johnny may weigh a scant few pounds more than his shadow, he still works with a high and powerful level of energy.

Let the record reflect that Johnny Rodriguez is my friend. He has always been and he will always be my friend. It takes one to know one, and I spent some time trying to help Rodriguez with his drug and alcohol demons prior to his trial for shooting a nighttime intruder at his mother’s house in Sabinal.

Of the recovery message that a number of us have tried to run by Johnny, he has oft been heard to say: “I know the words, okay, but I just can’t seem to learn the music.”

I hope Johnny can get back on top of his game. He told me that he has been writing some new music, and that Merle Haggard has expressed interest in producing an album for him. Rodriguez was working with several members of his old band, and a Haggard-produced CD might well get Rodriguez up and running again if he puts forth the effort.

Texas Pride Barbeque owner Tony Talcano is one who hopes that Rodriguez might recapture the magic of yesterday. He told me as much following Johnny’s performance.

“I was told by a number of people that I might be making a mistake booking Johnny, that he might fail to show,” Talcano said. “But I’m truly glad we got him out here. He put on a tremendous show, and I honestly believe that he is trying hard to get things back together. I feel that we should all do what we can to help and encourage him.”

There were others out there who felt the same way. Tino Esquivel from KKYX, Y-100 people, and Ron Singletary, onetime operator of the legendary Longneck Club of the 1970s where he booked everyone from Kinky Friedman and David Alan Coe to Jimmy Buffett.

“No matter what he has been through,” Singletary said of Rodriguez, “he still has that powerful something that so many of the others can only wish for. Nothing could kill that voice.”

They are all still out there. They still love Johnny Rodriguez. And Rodriguez loves his fans. He was smiling as he played, the sweat pouring from his brow and plaster-
Johnny Rodriguez was one man who always seemed glad to see me. We hugged and talked of old days and future dreams. Since that initial meeting between me and the Sabinal flash in that hotel room in the 1970s, a lot of weird and rough stuff has floated through our lives.

Today I can see that a road of opportunity still exists for Johnny Rodriguez. He could still cut records, and he could still pack dance halls. The loyal fan base is still intact. He sings with Geronimo Trevino on Geronimo's new CD, and there are other musicians of note who would likely welcome Rodriguez into their recording sessions should he make himself available. He's still got what it takes to write music, cut records, and pack country dance halls. There is just one enemy Rodriguez must overcome in order to get his listing ship righted and again sailing straight.

Every time Johnny looks into a mirror he sees that enemy looking back at him. A lot of people want to see Rodriguez emerge the winner.

Texas Pride Barbeque owner Tony Talanco with Kandy Walker and Johnny Rodriguez. Walker is Rodriguez's friend and companion.
Hubbard still cooking on all burners

By Sam Kindrick

I've been hanging out around Ray Wylie Hubbard for 30 years and never have I seen him put on a better performance than his solo show last month at Water Street Oyster Bar.

Hubbard was sharp with both wit and music, and the red dirt transplant from Oklahoma who now resides in Wimberly, amazed us all with a complete outpouring of brand new music.

With the exception of his signature monster Redneck Mother, and his sing-along favorite She Sang Amazing Grace, I don't believe that Ray Wylie sang a single tune that I had ever heard in the past.

Most of his new material is brash, bright, and earthy, a collection of chicken yard comedy and blues-based guitar work which might account for the musical progress of Hubbard's 9-year-old son Lucas.

"Lucas is now shooting pool and playing some blues guitar," Hubbard laughed. "We call him Mud Puddle, a pint-sized version of Muddy Waters."

Of his new material, Hubbard said, "Yeah, well I have really been writing up a storm. I've got a lot of new material, and it won't be long until we will be ready to put some of it on a new CD."

Occasion for the Alamo Heights show was the 16th anniversary of Water Street Oyster Bar, the Brad Lomax enterprise which is now operated by new manager Thurman Love.

Love, who cut his teeth booking live artists when he worked with Jud Pickard at the old Leon Springs Cafe, operated the Cabaret in Bandera for a few more years before moving on to join Lomax at the Water Street flagship restaurant in Corpus Christi.

With Alamo Heights High School and Texas Tech grad Luke Olson opening for Hubbard, all proceeds from the $50-per-ticket affair went to the Alamo Heights School Foundation.

Included in the festivities, of course, was an excellent seafood buffet which included amber jack, salmon, seafood gumbo, fried shrimp, and other goodies. And the "Little Fish" lady Sharon who serves as my first assistant both on and off the road, was quick to point out how great our shrimp and oyster server was. She was the foxy little blonde known as Jenny.

Hubbard gets better with age. He writes from a seemingly bottomless well of original thought, and through the years he has developed into one whale of a finger-picking guitar player as well as an ace with the harmonica.

Couple all of this with a self-deprecating comedy routine which has gotten funnier with the years, and you have a top-rung comedy-laced music production which may well be the best in the nation.

I'm not prone to polysyllabic rantings and ravings over any musician, and the fact that Hubbard and I have been friends for many years has little to do with my assessment of his talents.

It's just a simple fact. Ray Wylie Hubbard can hold a crowd as well as any single performer in this country today, and a big reason for this success is well put by the man himself.

"I take my music very seriously," Hubbard said. "But I've never taken myself seriously about anything."

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Where To Find Action

NORTHEAST
Adrenaline tattoos
Athium
Below Zero
Bravo Billiards
B.L.'s Bar & Grill
Century Music
C.J.'s Scoreboard
Cooteys
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Doffners' Next Place
Double T's
Easy Street
Ebenhauser Fea Market
Elbow Room
Fiasco
Finnegan's
Hangin' Tree
Hermes Music
Isom Lounge
Jack's
Jack-N-Around
Jeff Ryder's Drums
Jery Dean's
Knuckleheads
Kramer's
Main Street Bar & Grill
Make My Day
Marty's
Me & C.A.
Midnight rodeo

NORTHWEST
Baker Street Pub
Bombay Bicycle Club
Headz
Bonnie Jean's
Bradley's
Calico Club
Carbear
Coco Beach
Folsom's
Galaxy Billiards N.W.
Gus & Woodrow's
Hill's & Dales
I Don't Know Yet Lounge
Iguana Bay
J.C.'s
Jigglers
Knuckleheads
Lindy's
Longhorn
Luna
Mitchell's
Oakhills Tavern
O'City's
Orphan Annie's
Planet K
Pressure Cooker
Shinninahans
Spunky's
TRA's Cocktails
Town & Country BBQ
Turtle Creek Tavern
Twenty Grand
West Avenue Club and Sports Club
Whiskey's

CENTRAL & DOWNTOWN
Alamo Music
Banana's Billiards
Bombay Bicycle Club
Boardwalk
The Cove
Espuma Coffee Shop
Goodtime Charlie's
Iron Armadillo
Joey's
Luther's Cafe
The Mix
Planet K
Salute
Taco Land
White Rabbit

SOUTHSIDE
B.J.'s Southside Music
Flip Side Record Parlour
Herb's Hat Shop
Just One More
Moose Club
Mustang Sally's
Planet K
Shady Lady
Sugar Time Lounge
Texas Pride Barbeque
The Other Woman
The Steer
The Trap
Wild Turkey

BULVERDE AREA
Antler's Restaurant
Exxon - 46 & 281
Honey Creek Restaurant
Iron Skillet
J.R.'s
Shade Tree Saloon
Spechts Store
Tetco 46 & 281
Texas 46

CANYON LAKE
The Hideout

HELOTES
Cowboy Bar
Floore's Store
Scenic Loop Cafe

KIRBY
Hi-Duke's
Papa Joe's Sports Bar
The Pour House

LEON SPRINGS
The Silver Fox

LIVE OAK
South Paw Tattoos

SELMA
The Deer Crossing

UNIVERSAL CITY
Carmelot
Billy D's

*8* Action Magazine, July 2004
Scatter Shots

Low Tech Stuff
We may have mentioned this before, but can you believe the herky-jerky, fuzzed-out, low-quality security camera shots which are dutifully picked up and flashed across the television screens? This is the high-tech electronic age of computers, digital cameras, laptop internet access, and worldwide webs, but so-called security cameras placed in roadside groceries and ice houses can't produce a robber image that would be of any help in a court of law.

We watch film of convenience store robbers on television newscasts on a weekly basis, yet hardly any of these jerks are caught as result of the film work.

The holdup men come dashing in pointing guns, bobbing and jerking on the crude film images. They stuff bills into a sack, then flee into the night. And not one face on the film could be recognized by the robber's mother.

Little wonder that so many convenience stores are robbed at gunpoint. The "security" cameras are a poor joke.

Becky Bows Out

Whetstone sought to run against Charlie in Congressional District 20, but she failed to garner the 500 valid signatures required for her to get on the ballot.

In a dispute over money, Gonzalez and Whetstone were divorced in 2003 after five years of marriage, and the ex-wife apparently figured to get a few more kicks in by mounting a campaign for her ex's seat in congress.

Her failure to get on the ballot is probably better for everyone concerned.

We know a Jack Russell terrier that could do a better job in congress than Becky Whetstone.

Councilman Houston Ron (The Man With the Golden Voice) Houston--TV commercial expert, legendary KEXI DJ, one-man humane society and number-one EMS pilot in Blanco has just been re-elected to his third 2-year term on the Blanco City Council where he serves as mayor pro-tem.

"You get sworn in," Houston says, "and then you get sworn at for another term."

Kinky for Governor
Of his impending race for the governorship of Texas, Kinky Friedman was heard to say: "Willie Nelson, the hillbilly Dalai Lama, also will play a seminal role in my plans.

The Fun Place to Relax...
WELCOME TO
THE HANGIN' TREE SALOON
A Real Authentic Texas Saloon
OPEN 10 AM DAILY - NOON SUNDAY
JULY BAND SCHEDULE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Band</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>July 2</td>
<td>Geronimo</td>
<td>8-12</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 3</td>
<td>Hank Stone</td>
<td>8-12</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 4</td>
<td>Bracken County Band</td>
<td>4-8</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 6</td>
<td>Jimmy Crib Band</td>
<td>8-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 10</td>
<td>The Whoosits</td>
<td>9-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 16</td>
<td>Two Way Street</td>
<td>4-7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 23</td>
<td>Dale Watson</td>
<td>8-12</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 24</td>
<td>Two Way Street</td>
<td>9-1</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 26</td>
<td>The Steale Bros</td>
<td>8-12</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 30</td>
<td>The Steele Bros</td>
<td>8-12</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 31</td>
<td>Bracken County Band</td>
<td>9-1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Now that you've found Luckenbach, where the heck is Bracken!
Backfire

By Crackyville

In a Friedman administration, Willie confided to me, he would like to be the head of the Texas Rangers. If that's not possible, he'd like to be head of the DEA.

After flubbing their dub in every conceivable manner over the now long gone PGA Village project here, our community panjandrums truly put San Antonio in the "I swanney" and "by crackyville" class with that last pitiful trip to Chicago where they went to beg the golf association to pull out on the local deal.

Every San Antonio resident might have hidden his/her head in blushing shame after viewing our community leaders carrying a basketball autographed by members of the Spurs. The ball, of course did no good, for the PGA had already made up its mind to junk the local project.

The Night Clubs

The Trap's big benefit party last month for Janet Lienweber, long-time waitress stricken with a heart attack, was a rousing success, and we are happy to report that Janet is now up and about after bypass surgery.

Trap owner Frank Mueller was overwhelmed with help which poured in from South Side nightclub competitors as well as local Trap customers, current patrons, and friends who materialized from all over the area.

"I want to thank everyone from the bottom of my heart," Janet said. "I have medical bills which number in the thousands, and the $4,500 raised at the benefit is mightily appreciated by me and my husband James."

She included Action Magazine with a "thank you" card, and that says it all about a gracious lady with true gratitude.

... Rod Sanders, owner of Rod Dog's Saloon on Wagon Wheel, has announced the appointment of Delery Brown as bar manager. She replaces Rick Fleming, a longtime employee who is relocating to North Carolina.

Fleming was a fixture on the San Antonio bar scene. In addition to having worked at Rod Dog's on four separate occasions, Fleming also worked at Midnight Rodeo, Raffles, Crabby Jacks, Cafe Soleil, the Cypress Club, and Hollywood Cafe.

... We have located the best barbecue in South Texas. It's cooked at Tony Talanco's Texas Pride Barbecue on Southeast Loop 1604 out past Akins.

That Texas Pride is a new Action advertiser has nothing to do with this barbecue endorsement.

Texas Pride barbecue is far better than continued on pg. 14
Back By Popular Demand

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23 - Hair Club 17 - Peace Riot
30 - Wolf Pak 24 - Mother Earth
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LIVE MUSIC IN JULY
2 - Crissy Flatt 17 - Honey Creek Band
3 - Ben & Randy 23 - Sylvia
9 - Lone Star Pickerz 24 - Tilt & Bard
10 - Bob & Bear 30 - Robin & Lisa
16 - Lesti Huff 31 - Karaoke with Bill

*12* Action Magazine, July 2004
Second Bijou party stokes magical memories of 1970s

Faithful denizens of the legendary Bijou bar returned last month for the music club's second reunion in the past five years.

Never before or since has there been a live music venue quite like the Bijou, a hippie joint and musician hangout which was opened in 1973 by Mark Abernathy, a musician himself who now owns two successful restaurants in Little Rock, Ark.

More photos on page 9

The two-day reunion, which Abernathy masterminded five years ago on his 50th birthday, was again a two-day affair which started on the Friday night of June 4 at the County Line Restaurant and concluded the next night at the Po-Po Restaurant at Waring.

For newcomers to the San Antonio scene, and for those too young to recall the outlaw music uprising of the 1970s which was actually sparked by Willie Nelson's first July 4 Picnic at Dripping Springs, the Bijou served as a showcase venue for up-and-coming acts, as well as a hangout for established musicians who found time to drop by when they were in San Antonio for shows on much larger stages.

Many were the nights that Nelson dropped in to pick and sing with whoever might be occupying the Bijou stage, and acts from the progressive country and rock music era of the times all had their moments at the Bijou. They included Willie, Jerry Jeff Walker, the late B.W. Stevenson, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Gary P. Nunn, Dan Hicks, and regulars like Bill and Bonnie Hearn and Blind George McClain.

The Bijou also provided space for up-and-comers like Chris Gephart (Christopher Cross), Toby Beau, Denim, Pablo's Grove, and those who performed at last month's reunion.

Abernathy said, "In addition to the music there was the scene and friendships that blossomed around the Bijou. It was a funky little bar that billed itself as a listening room. It was a time of hippies, free expression and experimenting. One night we had to close with the place full of customers because the staff had eaten 'special brownies.'"

The Friday night performers at the County Line included Austin's Bill Oliver and Steady Freddie Krc, Tom Devine, Sylvia Kirk, and Becpo, Fletcher, Santos and Rose.

Saturday night music at Po-Po was furnished by Mark Abernathy, J.T. Thomas, Sylvia Kirk, Rex Foster, Beth Hooker, Rick Casual and the Kitchen Band (Rick Beresford, Sonny Collie, Gary Boyd), members of Joker Moon (Will Bellamy and Jimmy Fuller) and an all-star jam of local talent.

Among media personalities on hand from the Bijou times was KEXL Radio queen Barbara (Legs) Murullo, she of the deep and sexy voice who still looks as good as she did the day the outlaw rock station went off the air.

Ditto for songstress Beth Hooker, a walking knockout who appeared to have aged not one day since her singing days here in the 1970s.

Abernathy, now 55 and looking well, said popular demand may prompt him to hold the next reunion within the next three years.

"We are at the point where we are losing a few participants each year, so we shouldn't wait too long between parties," Abernathy said. "It's important to keep this music alive."

During the next reunion, Abernathy said, the general public may be invited for one of the two nights. He also noted that a CD was made of the music.

To purchase a copy of the CD, or to be placed on the mailing list for the next event, e-mail Mark Abernathy at markaber@futura.net.
**Scatter Shots cont'd**

Rudy’s, and it would cause most anyone to throw rocks at Casey’s.

---

Fiasco Cocktails on Thousand Oaks will toss an eighth anniversary and customer appreciation party on July 10. Live music will be provided by Red Sauce Rules, which is said to be one of the hottest new bands on the local scene.

Bill and Marilyn have been doing things right for all of those eight years with Fiasco, so the "appreciation" spirit might be extended to the bar owners as well as the customers.

---

Since last month’s cover article on Dale Watson, a true throwback to the days of true country music, we have received numerous requests for notification of future appearances in this area.

Watson, who is now pushing his new Ray Benson-produced album Dreamland, will appear Friday, July 23, at the Hangin' Tree in Bracken.

Hangin' Tree owner Big John Oaks said his patrons can’t get enough of Watson. The cover will be $7, and that’s a real bargain for a show that will leave nobody wanting.

A benefit is in the making for Urban Urbano, well-known San Antonio drummer who has undergone costly and painful surgeries after breaking a leg in a fall while rollerskating with his son.

The benefit show is scheduled for the last weekend of August at the Blanco Ballroom. Musicians who will play the event were being signed up at this writing.

Complete details will be included in next month’s issue of the magazine.

---

Larry Palmer, an old friend who managed the Medicine Man Charlie’s Club on San Pedro back in the early-1970s, died last month of complications resulting from radical heart surgery.

The nephew of former San Antonio Light editor Joe Schott, Palmer had a number of friends both in the nightclub industry and also in the business of alcohol and drug rehab.

For the past seven or eight years, Palmer had worked as a counselor at a Hill Country treatment facility near Hunt.

---

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Action Magazine, March 2004 •15•
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Our rewards for some 28 years of continuous publication in the rugged nightclub and live music business have been the advertising dollars to keep on keeping on.

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Our unofficial representatives are the musicians who toil on the club stages of San Antonio and South Texas. They know that the place to advertise live music is in action Magazine. Their very livelihood depends upon music fans patronizing the clubs where they appear.

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