

# Inside

## The President Speaks...

## Great West Texas Honky Tonk Tour

## Tex Slim's Classic Wax CD Reviews

## *Trips With Uncle Bob*



**Volume 1 • Number 6 • October 1990 • Free**

# NO REGULAR JOE: *From Lubbock To 'Liberty Lunch'*

BY SHANE WEST

In the midst of a resurgent career that spans over two decades in the music business, he is perhaps the most paradoxical performer alive; a musician whose work is routinely cited among the nation's critical press as masterful, yet in the wacky world of format radio is labeled everything from "un-deniable" to downright "un-definable".

He is, in many ways, a most curious hybrid blend of styles and tastes; something part wandering minstrel, part modern-day rocker. Musically, he is often compared with a couple of "household names" like Bob and Bruce. This however, is no Regular Joe.

\*\*\*\*\*

On a typically chilly night in early February 1990, the cozy confines of the famed blues club Antone's was stretched to capacity-limit. Inside, some five minutes away, the stage was about to be set ablaze by the hottest act in Austin, Texas.

The Joe Ely Band, collectively one of the tightest, most rhythmically charged music acts in the business, proceeded to deliver a sizzling performance of non-stop magic. Interspersing bittersweet ballads like "Where Is My Love" and "She Never Spoke Spanish To Me" with his trademark hard-driving, straight-ahead Tex-Mex rock 'n' roll, Ely captivated the crowd for a solid ninety-minute set. The following afternoon he offered his time to conduct the following interview for 'West Texas Sound'. Meet Joe Ely...

\*\*\*\*\*

*Let's start at the beginning...with your West Texas roots and your first involvement with music.*

I actually kinda grew up in

Amarillo and moved to Lubbock when I was about 10 or 11. When I was in Amarillo I sawed away on a violin in a grade school orchestra. When I moved to Lubbock I met a guy on 28th street who lived down the block. He showed me how to play a Fender guitar on a little amp with reverb. He was a guy named Bill Blassingame.

**How did you acquire that first guitar?**

That's another coincidence. The first guitar I had...guess I was in the fifth grade and there was a guy who came door-to-door. He had a amplifier in one hand and a steel guitar in the other. He was from the Dunnigan School of Music, which was down at 19th and Ave Q. I guess only in Lubbock, at that time, could someone walk door-to-door and actually sell steel guitar lessons. He sat in the living room and gave me a little sample just like a vacuum cleaner salesman. Of course, that fascinated me, so every Saturday morning I'd go down to the Dunnigan school of music and learn Hawaiian songs. I later found out that Buddy (Holly) had taken lessons from the same school...maybe even from the same door-to-door salesman. So that was really my first guitar; a little six-string lap steel.

*Musically, how did you progress from that point?*

After playing steel for a while, I decided to move up to electric guitar. I got an old acoustic, drilled some holes, and mounted the pick-up off the steel onto the acoustic. It sounded (horrible) but it was something to play on before I eventually got a little Fender Mustang. Then about a year later, when I was about thirteen, I went into debt for the first time down at Perkins' music store. He gave me credit on a

SEE "ELY" PAGE 5





## The President Speaks...

Hello Folks,

Tuesday, October 9th is a big date for the West Texas Music Association. At 7:30 pm we will hold our annual membership meeting. Several Board Member's terms are expiring and we will be electing replacements. I'm hoping the membership will turn out in force. This next year is a pivotal one for the Association and the attendance will be an excellent indicator as to the future of the W.T.M.A.

We've had a pretty good year, all things considered. We started a damn fine newsletter that gets more and more support with every issue. The two mixer "Happy Hours" we had in the spring were a lot of fun and we'd like to see more of them. The two songwriter nights we had were kinda the peak and valley type of events. The Sonny Curtis songwriter night was very well attended and we signed up about 50 new members, but the last songwriter night drew considerably less people. Must have been everyone's night to floss.

We also provided the music for Riverfest '90. Everyone there was

treated to some fine West Texas Music.

So you see we weren't idle this year and we can do bigger and better things with this Association if we have membership support. I don't mean sit by the phone and wait for a Board Member to call and ask....I mean get in touch with one of the Board and ask what you can do.

As I said before, this membership meeting is extremely important if we want to continue to operate. I love West Texas Music and Association or not, I will continue to attend and support music events. The icing on the cake is to be able to have a hand in preserving and promoting it.

Thanks,

Chester Marston III  
President, W.T.M.A.

P.S. Congratulations to Nancy and Chris Harmon for bringing a new West Texas music lover into the world.

## LETTERS

*As the official publication of the West Texas Music Association, WEST TEXAS SOUND extends to all readers an invitation to respond with letters of suggestion, complaint, or question. Remember, this is your space...*

*Write to:*

**WEST TEXAS SOUND, P.O. BOX 65081, LUBBOCK, TX 79464**

## LETTERS

To: West Texas Music Association,  
Board of Directors

WTMA might could benefit from a CD rental library. This concept is only lawful if done by a recognized non-profit (tax-exempt) organization. I would gladly volunteer both my time and use of my CD library for this project. This program could be made available from any local business (i.e. Buffalo Beano Co.-Gary King) as long as the time and space are donated. All revenue would have to be dedicated to an approved cause (IRS regulations).

Enclosed find a cumulative artist listing and number of units per artist.

The revenue potential on this 600 unit library is unknown. Because of the lack of competition in this service, this 600 unit library could become a real growth oriented idea. I would guesstimate that a 2 day (\$1 per disc) rental period could generate from \$200 to \$500 per calendar week. This concept would also operate just like a video rental (registration forms, etc.).

If the Board of Directors is interested in starting a CD rental library, they could consult Charles Chambers (copyright lawyer) and then contact me about working with Gary King at Beano's or some other business person interested in donating space for this project. There would be no music equipment needed for this library.

Cordially,  
Clif D. Burnett  
Shallowater, Tx.

Clif, you have an interesting idea. A good time to bring up new projects for the WTMA will be at the General Meeting at Tommy's Place, October 9. Invite you and everyone else to attend this meeting and help shape the future of the organization. CH

To the Editor:

To date, the only thing that has had the impact Stevie Ray Vaughan's death had on me is watching my mom suffer with cancer, which was recently proclaimed terminal. Since lately I've felt I was "born to be blue," my Stevie Ray albums and tapes were getting a good workout.

Getting a refund for my eighth row ticket to the fair concert seems out of the question because that will mean I've accepted yet another injustice. This world certainly won't be the same for me.

Thank you for the September cover. It has become a permanent part of my "significant events" book.

And, thank you, mom, for giving me a love for something so beautiful as music.

Rebecca Hopkins

Rebecca, thank you for your for your letter. We literally had to pull the paper off the press to change the cover. Stevie ment as much to me, personally, as any musician. Nobody could play the blues like Stevie Ray Vaughan (sorry B.B.K.). He'll be sorely missed. CH

# "Hub-Bub"

## MUSIC MUSINGS & ASSORTED WHAT-NOTS

BY CHRIS HARMON - MANAGING EDITOR

October is Hump-month for the West Texas Sound. Yes sir, the Sound has been in publication for six months now. We are grateful for all the support the membership, advertisers, and WTMA board has given us. I hope the celebration will go on for many months to come. Speaking of months to come, the WTMA will hold its annual meeting **October 9 at Tommy's Place**, just east of the Tahoka Hwy on 82nd street. This meeting is a time for the membership to voice their opinion on issues that should be addressed in the coming year. We will also elect new officers. Please plan on attending this once a year meeting.

I want to thank everyone who came to the **Riverfest at Buddy Holly Park, Labor Day**. The music was fantastic and I had a wonderful time eating, watching the raft race, and playing a little Frisbee Golf. Officials at the Fest estimated over 9,000 people came for the festivities.

I hope you were one of the 900+ people who attended the **Tribute to West Texas Music** concert. **Lloyd Maines** did an excellent job of gathering the talent and producing this fantastic concert. **Sonny Curtis, Johnny Gimble**, and the **Crickets** put on a show that will be hard to beat.

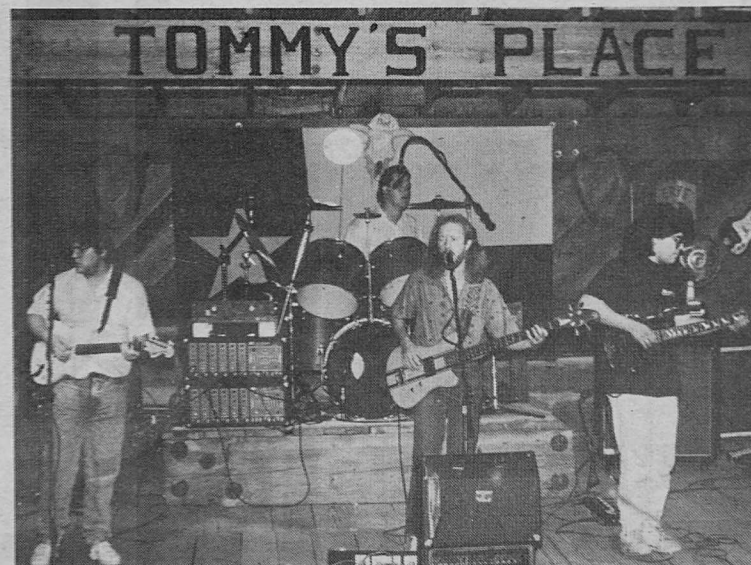
### IN THIS ISSUE

**Cary Banks** reminds us that even though we dream of being rich and famous as musicians, there are other ways to gain fulfillment with our music. **Charles Chambers** gives his insight on how music video revenues are distributed and **Cat Crisp** has a short review. **Bill Manley** is on the road again in Curly's Cadillac while **Uncle Bob** borrowed a motor home for his trip (I'm not traveling with either one of you guys). **Ron Riley** sent me his installment of the **West Texas Honky Tonk Tour** from California, I hope you play Wheel of Fortune better than you played the Hitchin Post. **Lloyd Maines** gave me an article from **Wally Moyers Sr.**, but I was unable to get it in this issue. Sorry Lloyd, I'll have it in November.

Now let me take the time to welcome the new members to the association: **James Shipley, John Paul Cravens, Donna and Rodney Palmer, Gene Sorley, Mike Pearson, Sherri Murphree** (Lubbock Convention and Visitors Bureau), **Nancy White McCutcheon, Catherine Crisp, and Sydney Cravens**. Sydney, if you would like back issues of the Sound, **Chester Marston** at **Marston Photographic Services** has bundles of each issue. Anyone wishing past issues should call or go by. Also thank you **Connie Goodwin** for renewing your membership and I appreciate your support of the Sound.

*Thank you all for helping the Sound reach its six month anniversary and I'll see all of you at Tommy's Place, Tuesday, October 9.*

Enjoy the SOUND and the Sound of Live Music...



## New C&W Band Shows Loads of Talent

*The first Wednesday night that Tommy's had live entertainment, they booked a young band called Storm out of Texas. These guys have only been together about five months, but you can't tell it. Ken Matlock, bass/vocals; Kevin Dubay, guitar/vocals; Victor Bustos, lead guitar; and Phil Brown on drums are already blending their talents to produce enjoyable upbeat country and western music.*

• Photographs and reviews by Cat Crisp •



# THE GREAT WEST TEXAS HONKY TONK TOUR

BY RON RILEY

## "The Hitchin' Post"

Once I took a four piece band to a dinky little dive down in Post where we figured we could play anything and get away with it. We were just starting this band and we needed a place to try out our material in front of people. So we took off for Post and what was in essence a paid rehearsal. This place turned out to be one big room divided down the middle by a little waist high hitching post style fence, just barely sturdy enough to lean on. The bandstand and dance floor were on one side of the barrier and all the tables and chairs on the other. This didn't seem like such a bad arrangement to me at first since we were playing for the door and there were already forty or fifty people milling around on the table end. By my count we should have already had nearly \$150.00, at \$3.00 a head and \$5.00 a couple. So we were feeling good about the evening with a fair sized crowd to play to and knowing we were going home with a few bucks in our jeans. We set up our equipment, did a sound check then cranked up on an old Marty Robbin's standard called "Devil Women". Right off, two or three couples headed for boot scootin' territory. Just as they were about to cross over from the seating area to the dancing area a burly, scraggly bearded cowboy facsimile stepped up and started taking their money. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. This sorry excuse for a camp cook was charging only the folks that wanted to dance. The rest of the people in the place were seemingly enjoying the music but they were getting it free. The rest of the band knew something was amiss but they couldn't put their collective finger on it. They just played on obliviously, thinking it was rather odd that there was never more than three or four couples on the dance floor at one time....and always the same ones. After all the place was over half full—on the table end.

At the break we all huddled to-

gether on the bandstand and I described to them what I thought was going on. They were furious and wanted to break some heads right then and there but I was able to convince these guys we were outnumbered and that it would be a great mistake to get upset and start tearing things up, especially if we had to go through the burly guy first.

Old burly-cakes had just plugged in the jukebox and was walking toward the bar when I got his attention.

"How's it going?" I asked.

"Jes' fine I guess," trying to look like he didn't care to talk to me.

I specified, "I mean the take. How much have we taken at the door?"

He studied a moment and hmmmmed, then searched the backs

I beat him to the punch with, "Have you charged these people back here yet?" I motioned with a sweep of my hand in the air just above head high of the seated folks.

"Not—as—yet." He said with hard "T's" very slowly and distinctly. He had obviously had this conversation with someone before. Matter of fact, he probably drew this detail because of his obvious size advantage over the average man when the owner or whomever had gotten tired of having his collection methods questioned.

I got brave, "Well don't you think you ought to get their money? After all, they are enjoying the music, and we're not here for our health."

Evidently my implying that maybe he was not doing his job prop-

"Sure," I said, "Why didn't you say so earlier. Anything you want to hear you just come right up and request it and if we know it, we'll play it." I nodded and winked to reassure him. With that lie I turned, took a deep breath, and just went back to the bandstand and tuned up.

When the rest of the guys heard me they all sauntered back toward their places. It became obvious at that point that J.J. and the guitarist, Vern, had been bending their elbows at the bar. Their eyes were lit up from the two tequila shots they'd admitted to having and each had a very stiff looking drink in their hand. They weren't in the best of humor. They'd already figured out what was going on and decided not to get involved. They were gonna let me handle it and they were gonna get drunk. This was no time to go over the rules of bandstand decorum. I just hoped they could stay sober till we got our money and got out of there.

I told them no matter what I say over the P.A., just do the songs I call. They were to play everything with the same beat just different tempos.

We started off with "Your Cheatin Heart" with me announcing, "Here's one by Hank." The bouncer/doorman smiled really big and two or three couples moved toward the dance floor...one more paid. We kicked it off sounding very sweet and unpretentious but when the lead break came around, the mood changed. Vern was really playing the low-down dirty blues at an intense volume level and the bass man began to rock and roll behind him. I turned and gave them both dirty looks. They immediately went back to country mode and wrenched their smiles back to straight faces like two kids acting up behind the teacher's back, sneaking grins at each other while trying not to let me see. The whiskey was kicking in.

The next song I called, "Hey Good Lookin'" was another Hank Williams song but I said over the P.A., "Here's a little tune that ought to get you up dancin'." By request, one by Willie Nelson." We kicked it off and nobody in the crowd knew the difference. You see, at the time I mostly knew Hank Williams songs, my own songs, and a few odds and ends, so I did all of Hank's that I knew and merely lied about their origin. Mr. Burly smiled at me as he talked on the phone. He sure looked happy. This little zig-zag of mine worked pretty well until I ran out of Hank tunes. Then I ventured out on a limb.

continued on pg. 10

## 'Right off, two or three couples started heading for boot scootin' territory...'

of his eye lids a couple of times revealing to me that he obviously wasn't on top of things and was probably not the best person in the world to be handling my money. Times like this always made me wish that I was married or at least had a steady girl I could carry around with me just to take the door money in places like this.

I knew I wouldn't like his forthcoming answer before he ever opened his mouth. I was trying not to show any anger, at least not yet. He began to rub his forehead with his right hand, placing his middle finger on the left temple and the thumb on the right. He squeezed a little then released then repeated the process as if to briefly relieve a nagging headache. He too knew that I wouldn't like his forthcoming answer.

erly upset him a bit. He looked hard at me and began to squint. He quizzed, "You're not gonna cause me any trouble, are you? Hell, these are good folks. They'll pay up if you just play a little more country."

Well, he was right.

Our problem was the bass player and guitarist were both rock & roll players. At best they may have heard some of the tunes I was calling. But I'm sure they'd never actually played them. We'd had one short rehearsal the night before but we'd mostly gone over a few originals of mine. So these guys were lost on most of the country stuff and this crowd just wasn't ready for my originals. Still that wasn't our biggest problem. People will dance and enjoy themselves if the band can keep a good country groove. But everything we played had a rock bass line and a rock guitar lead, neither of which was melding with the drummers country beat and my country singing.

So the crowd was tentative. Nothing felt just right to dance to. Most folks have to have it exactly right before they'll get out on the floor. So much for the theory that people in small towns are not musically sophisticated.

I hated it but he was right.

I acted as if I knew the band could play any country song and asked him exactly what he would like to hear. The drummer, J.J., and I were both country pickers. We could teach the other two. I just knew it. He said, "Play some Hank and Willie and Lefty."



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Page 3



# You, Music, & The Law

BY CHARLES S. CHAMBERS

## Videos Add New Twist To Music Business

One of the most significant factors in the music scene has been the development and marketing of music videos. These are primarily three to five minute visualizations of pop or country songs, usually featuring the visual and audio performances of the artists who recorded the songs, and accompany the release of most, if not all, recordings by major and not so major acts.

The emphasis of music videos has been on their television exhibition as a promotional tool, rather than on their status as commercial entertainment. In years past, free licenses by record companies to entities such as MTV were the norm but this practice has changed. For example, it has been reported that MTV bid in excess of \$250,000.00 for the exclusive and first rights to the Michael Jackson "Thriller" documentary video and the accompanying fourteen minute promotional video made therefrom.

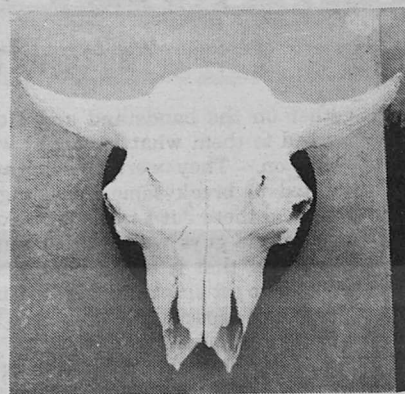
One very important point regarding ownership interest in a music video is that the record company, absent a contractual agreement otherwise, will ordinarily acquire the entire ownership interest in the physical video tapes as well as the copyright in the audio visual work itself, including the visual images and accompanying sounds.

Further, in the case of most artists the agreement between a record company and the artist constitutes an employment contract. Unless an art-

ist is in a position to negotiate otherwise, the copyright in the audio visual work, at least to the extent of an artist's contribution, would belong to the record company as a "work made for hire" under the 1976 Copyright Act. The Act also grants a work for hire status to one "specially ordered or commissioned for use ... as a part of a motion picture or other audio visual work ..." where the parties have expressly agreed in writing "that the work shall be considered a work made for hire." Thus, a music video may be characterized as a work for hire either because of an employee-employer relationship or by reason of being deemed ordered or commissioned under the record contract. As a work for hire the record company is the "author" for copyright purposes, as well as being the owner of the video.

Finally, most record companies will advance production costs of videos under the contracts much the same as an advance against royalties from record sales. But, like with advances against royalties, the record company will be entitled to recoup a certain percentage of the video production costs out of the artist's record royalties, the artist's share of the video income, the artist's net share of video receipts from commercial exploitation of the video, or a combination of all three.

Charles S. Chambers is an attorney with offices at 2012 Broadway, Lubbock, Texas



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# Ely Recounts Earliest Adventures On The Road

*continued*

Fender Super Reverb amp. That amp has been through a fire in a honky tonk that burned to the ground. It got all bubbled up, the speakers and knobs were melted but I put new speakers in it, plugged it in and it worked right off the bat. It's been in hock shops in Las Vegas, LA, Ft. Worth, Dallas, and Houston but I still somehow managed to wind up with it.

***I'd always heard that Perkins had a pretty big influence on you.***

Clyde Perkins helped me a lot. He was a real friend of the musicians around there. I had a little band in high school and we'd all call in to school sick and then we'd meet down at Perkins'. He'd let us come in and try out the equipment. Somebody'd borrow a snare drum or something and we'd meet and play all day.

***Where were you playing during that time?***

There was this one place called the Cabana Club. Back then, it was all private clubs because they couldn't serve liquor by the drink at that time; everything had to be by membership. There was an old place called The Hideaway Club on East 34th and a club down in the bottom of the KoKo Palace...a real Tahiti-type place. Then there were all the rough joints out on the Tahoka highway like the Club 84 and The Rendezvous. Boy, that was a real tough joint. This ol' one-armed guy named Richard Tibetts ran the place. One of his arms just had a stump on the end of it...I used to watch him knock guys cold with that stump and it just terrified me.

***So, at this point you're missing alot of school. Is that when you decided to "hit the road" as a working musician?***

Well, our band started getting a few gigs in the outlying areas and every once in a while in Dallas, New Orleans, Clovis. It just got harder and harder to deal with school so the summer after my junior year I just...somehow wound up down in Ft.

Worth playing the old Cellar Club. We were playing these long sets opposite what became known as ZZ Top. At that time they were known as American Blues. Dusty Hill and those guys all had their hair dyed blue. The Cellar was a pretty hard-core club; they called it The Cellar even though it was upstairs and every time the bouncers would want to throw somebody out for any number of infringements, they would drag the person behind a curtain where they'd drop 'em down a big slide that fed into a big dumpster-dumpster...

***Like the old fire chutes on school buildings...***

Yeah, that's exactly it. Then they opened up a new Cellar in Houston and so me and the American Blues went down there. We'd play from six in the evening 'til six in the morning alternating sets. We'd play an hour and they'd play an hour. We'd do six sets a night. That went on about three months until it ended kind of abruptly...

***What happened there?***

I'd met alot of friends down on the lower side of downtown Houston. Some black guys down at the shoeshine parlor, you know. I invited them to come see us at The Cellar. Well, one night when we were playin' one of my new friends came down. I noticed the door guy pointing to a sign that said "\$99 Cover Charge". I just went in to see the owner and said, 'I'm not playin' here anymore.' He pulled a .45 out of the top drawer of his desk and said, 'Nobody quits The Cellar.'

***You were about 16 years old at the time weren't you?***

Yeah. I said, 'Look, give me to the count of 10 and I'm out of here. You keep everything you owe me.' I was making about \$10 a night and he owed me for the whole week. I heard him say '3' and I hit the door and ran all the way to the bus station. I had enough money in my pocket to buy a ticket back to Ft. Worth. I met a friend of

mine there and he had two plane plane tickets to L.A....but I guess about then I came back (to Lubbock) and tried to make it in school but I knew what I wanted to do.



***Tell me when your involvement with The Flatlanders came about.***

Well, that was after I started going out to California. I met Jesse Taylor in Venice. And at that time there was a kind of a trench between Lubbock and L.A. And there was another one between Lubbock and San Francisco. Jimmie Gilmore was doing the San Francisco thing and me and Jesse and a few other guys were doing L.A....

***Did you grow up knowing these guys in Lubbock?***

No...no I didn't.

***All of you just happened to be from the same area?***

Yeah. I remember I'd just ridden a freight train in from L.A. and met Jimmie Gilmore at a little ol' folk club over near the Brownfield Highway. By that time I'd gotten rid of my electric guitar and my amp was in hock somewhere. I got an acoustic out in Venice and began just playing that type of thing. Jimmie had just gotten back from San Francisco and we started talkin' and hangin' around playing songs together. Jimmie then introduced me to Butch (Hancock) who

he said was writing some pretty amazing songs. So the three of us started hanging out and eventually all got a house together over on 14th and Avenue W, I think it was. It became a full-time 'music house'.

***I bet that was a great environment...three wandering troubadours.***

Yeah, it was great. We didn't really have any gigs because at that time we were purely acoustic.

***Were you trying to find a sound for the three of you that would combine each of your styles?***

Well, we were just playing and not really thinking....I think our rent was something like \$80 a month; eventually another guy moved in and between the four of us we could come up with \$20 apiece. We didn't need any money and we didn't really care about making any. We were just playing among ourselves. It was an era where we were all doing a lot of writing and putting things together.

***So, it was like a kindred spirit between three artistic minds?***

Yeah, yeah it was...kinda for the sake of the song.

***Who came up with the idea for the formation of The Flatlanders?***

We were playing somewhere and a guy named 'Country Lou D' and another guy named Royce Glenn wanted us to go to Nashville to lay some songs down.


***Did they offer you a contract or a one-album deal?***

Well, they offered a contract. Me and Butch smelled something funny about it and...I just avoided it...didn't feel right about it. The original Flatlanders, we split the singing up between me, Butch, and Jimmie. And Jimmie was the only one who had signed a contract so it became sorta 'Jimmie Dale and the Flatlanders'.

***I've heard the record of course, and noticed that Gilmore does virtually all the singing. You and the***

SEE "FLATLANDERS" PAGE 8

★



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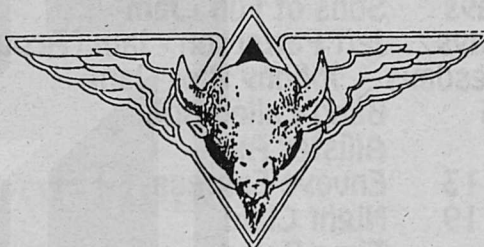
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# OCTOBER LIVE MUSIC CALENDAR

**ABUELO'S 4401 82nd**  
 Saturdays Mariachi Original de Lubbock  
 Thurs & Fri Kyle Abernathy  
 (Entertainment subject to weather)

**BELLY'S 5001 Ave. Q**  
 Tues - Fri Donny Allison  
 Tuesdays Robin Griffin Band  
 Wed - Sun. P. J. Belly and Lone Star Blues Band

**BORROWED MONEY 910 E. Slaton Hwy.**  
 14 Vern Gosdin (tentative)  
 21 Robin Lee

**CHELSEA STREET PUB South Plains Mall**  
 1-6 Reed Boyd  
 8-13 Blues Butchers  
 15-20 Skin & Bone (DVS)  
 22-27 French Kiss  
 29-11/3 The Apple

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 12 & 13 Envoye Express  
 18 & 19 Night Child  
 20 Time Being  
 23 Allister Axe  
 26 & 27 Intruder

**ON BROADWAY 2420 Broadway**  
 Saturdays Kyle Abernathy - Sing Along  
 Sundays John Sprotts - Jam  
 Tuesdays D. G. Flewellyn - Jam (Acoustic)  
 3 John Sprotts & the Blues Butchers  
 4 & 5 Square Head  
 10 John Sprotts & the Blues Butchers

11 & 12 After Hours  
 17 & 18 Killer Bees  
 19 Vertigo  
 24 McCalpine  
 Frenzie  
 25 & 26 After Hours  
 31 After Hours

**ORLANDO'S 2402 Ave. Q**  
 1 A Class Act  
 9 Susan Grisanti  
 22 A Class Act  
 29 Susan Grisanti

**SPORTS FORUM 3525 34th**  
 Thurs, Sat Todd Holly - Jam  
 and Sunday

**TACO VILLAGE 6909 Indiana**  
 6 Yellowhouse  
 13 Andy Wilkinson  
 20 Yellowhouse  
 27 Alan Munde & Country Gazette

**TEXAS CAFE 3604 50th**  
 5 & 6 Showdown  
 12 & 13 Robin Griffin & the Riff Lobsters  
 19 & 20 Robin Griffin & the Riff Lobsters  
 26 & 27 Dennis Ross & the Axebergs

**TOMMY'S PLACE 302 E. 82nd**  
 5 & 6 John Sprotts & the Texas Blues Butchers  
 11 Alvin Crow (taping- "West Texas")  
 12 Alvin Crow  
 13 Crystal Creek  
 19 & 20 Gary Nix & the Texas Rebels  
 26 & 27 Convertibles  
 31 Dennis Ross and the Axebergs

**TOWN DRAW 1801 19th**  
 Tue & Thurs P. F. John - Jam

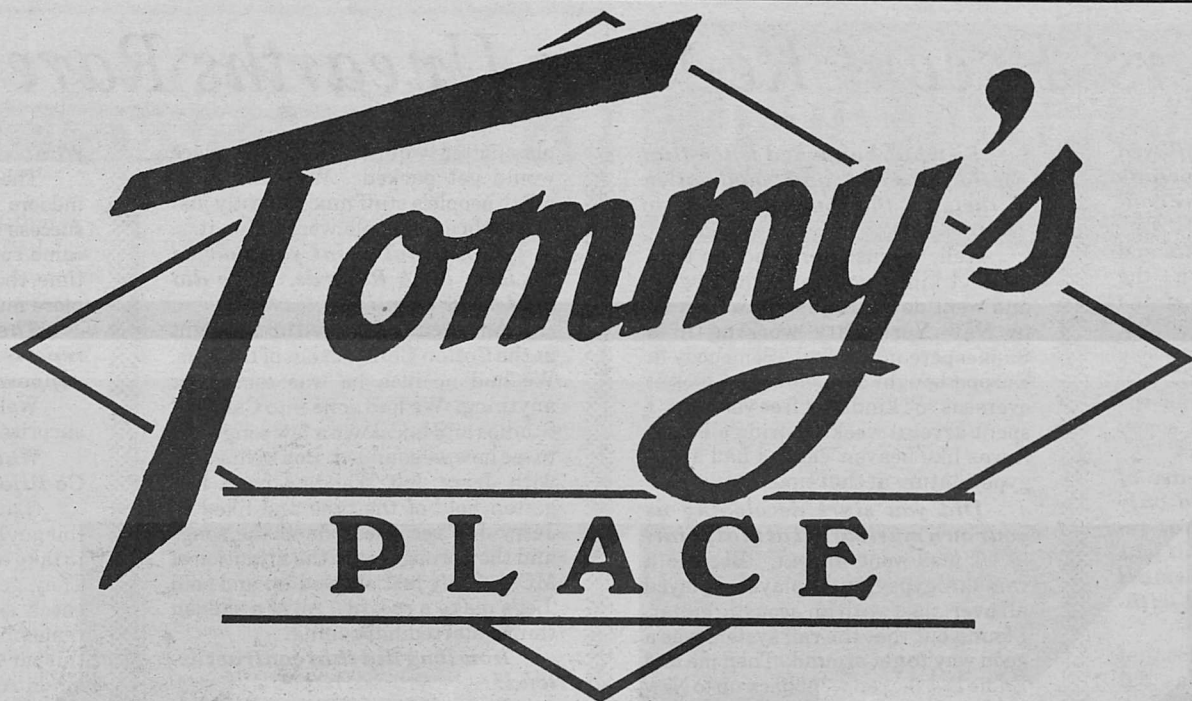
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# 'Flatlanders' Recent Re-Issue Unearths Rare Treasure

continued

other guys in effect, simply played on the record as backing musicians because of the wording of the contract, right?

Yeah, I was playing guitars and some dobro but...I really wasn't the lead player; it was because of the contract...we read it through and it was pretty much giving up your whole soul. Jimmie got snared in that deal but I guess it all worked out for the best because it taught us all something about the music business.

Until the recent re-release of that Flatlanders album, I'd only heard a cassette tape of that recording. As I understood it, it was only released in a very small number of units and then withdrawn from distribution.

I've got a single at the house that they put out on the song 'Dallas' but they sorta just half-ass released it. They had these 8-track tapes that they put it on...in fact I've got one of those...I remember I plugged it into a player and there wasn't a single thing we did on it....there was some girl singing.

On which record label was this distributed?

This was Plantation Records; Shelby Singleton's label there in Nashville. As it turned out, he was on the 'unfair producer's list' and here twenty years later he's still on the 'unfair producer's list'. By that I mean we didn't get paid for the sessions or anything.

When was this period? Early seventies?

Yeah, about '71.

So what happened when that session was over and you'd gotten a taste of the 'business' side of things?

Well, we just went back to Lubbock. I kinda got wanderlust again and went down to Austin...wound up in New York City working in a Shakespearean musical. Somebody in Europe bought the show and took it overseas so I kinda got free vacation. I spent several weeks touring all over; it was like heaven 'cause I had a real gypsy nature at that time.

Did you start developing as your own musical act at that point?

I just went all out. Became a ramblin' gypsy guitar player. I played all over...just with an acoustic guitar. I found out that the rail system was a good way to get around. Then me and Eddie Beethoven went back up to New York for about five months. Eventually got into some folk clubs up there. Then I just didn't feel right being in the big city. I didn't really have anything going so I decided to go back to Lubbock. There was always this sort of rubber band between all of us and Lubbock...

So you began forming a solid band here in the mid-Seventies...

I was sitting in the old drugstore there on Broadway and University holding this suitcase full of songs and just decided to do a full-tilt electric band which I hadn't done since high school. So me and Lloyd Maines and Jesse and some different guys started playing at the Main Street Saloon. They'd let us come in there and

play...after two or three gigs, the place would get packed. We didn't play other people's stuff much, mostly just originals and people were liking it.

About that point you hooked up with MCA Records. How did that come about?

An executive showed up one night at the Cotton Club just out of the blue. We had no idea he was coming or anything. We had gone into Caldwell Studios and laid down a few songs just to see how we sounded. Bob Livingston with Jerry Jeff Walker's band had gotten hold of the tape and liked it. Jerry Jeff recorded one of the songs and they brought it to the attention of MCA. They just showed up and said 'Let's make a record'. All of a sudden things started happening.

How long did that contract extend?

It was something like a two-album deal with an option for a third. We renewed it in 1980 I think, so it turned into a six-record deal.

Your relationship with radio has never been the ideal mix. Your unique blend of styles seems to have hurt your commercial chances over the years but you don't seem to mind it do you?

No. I don't worry about it. I just do my thing and look at airplay as the icing on the cake. I just try to make records that I'm satisfied with...

You decided in the early '80's that Austin was the place to be musically. But you returned to do a series of concerts in Lubbock, each billed as the 'Tornado Jam'.

What caused that tradition to end?

The last Tornado Jam, which was indoors (at the Coliseum) wasn't a success because it wasn't done in the same spirit as the first ones. At that time, the City of Lubbock had said 'No more music in Buddy Holly Park'.

The Tornado Jam 'problems' reportedly involved cleanup and supposedly damaged grass, right?

Well, we actually took the city by surprise because of the crowd size.

What was the infamous pink Cadillac incident all about?

(Laughs) Well, at the first Jam, this guy borrowed a vintage Rolls Royce to take his date to the concert in style. They got there early for the sound check and parked on a little hill. I remember looking over there 'cause this car was pretty impressive; I saw it kinda roll forward a little bit. Next thing I knew, it picked up steam and rolled straight down the hill toward the river and sank face-first. You could see air bubbles comin' up out of that Rolls Royce grill.

But what about the Cadillac?

(Laughs again) The second year, a guy helping me named Steve Moss said we'd better follow up on that 'tradition'. He had this old pink Cadillac and he said 'Let's just roll it into the lake.' I said, 'Steve, it's not really necessary for the show but you do what you want with it. Far be it from me to tell you not to.' It was completely stupid but...

Is there a chance that the Tornado Jam could be revived?

SEE "LIVE" PAGE 11

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## TEX SLIM'S CLASSIC WAX • COMPACT DISC REVIEWS •

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Tex Slim is a former disc jockey and retired harmonica player. He owns and operates a compact disc library (600 discs) in Shallowater, Texas. He can be reached through this address: P.O. Box 1207, Shallowater, Tx, 79363.

### GARY MOORE - "STILL GOT THE BLUES" - CHARISMA.

Gary Moore is a top-flite English rock guitarist. Most top-flite guitar players stumble trying to play blues. Moore falls flat on his face. Old blues standards like "All Your Love" (Otis Rush) and "Stop Messin' Round" (Peter Green) sound jumbled and forced. Gary Moore has the same trouble with blues as Jimi Hendrix had, clumsiness. Moore dedicated "Still Got the Blues" to Peter Green (founder of Fleetwood Mac). Moore should of hired Green to play on the disc. "Still Got the Blues" is a Moore disaster - C-.

### EDGAR WINTER'S WHITE TRASH - "ROADWORK" - COLUMBIA

Edgar Winter became the first white musician to do soul music as good as most blacks (Sly and the Family Stone, and James Brown). Teaming with Rick Derringer (guitar) and Jerry LeCroix (saxophone), White Trash could only survive rock music and drug abuse for a couple of years. This double LP set (one disc) contains a classic 17 minute version of "Tobacco Road" as well as "Still Alive and Well" with a cameo appearance by brother Johnny Winter on "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo". This is vintage rock, blues, and soul and a must for good music collectors. "Roadwork" is a superior CD which gets an A+.

### GREATFUL DEAD "GREATFUL DEAD (LIVE)" WARNER BROS.

This is a 1971 supershow by Jerry Garcia and the boys. This double LP (one CD) has survived the last 20 years in great condition. Very few bands could do Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried", Kris Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee", and Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" like the Greatful Dead. Jerry Garcia was in top form doing 70's boogie and modern rockers wish they could copy "The Dead". This live recording is clear, classy and grades out an A+.

### ERIC JOHNSON - "AH VIA MUSICOM" - CAPITOL.

"Ah Via Musicom" is head and shoulders above "Tones". Johnson moves from one style to another in the same fashion as Steve Vai. Johnson's attempt to try to do some Jimi Hendrix type material reveals his limits as an ax-man. This is a well produced and versatile recording worth its purchase price. "Ah Via Musicom" rates an A+.

### SANTANA - "SPIRITS DANCING IN THE FLESH" - COLUMBIA.

Carlos Santana's guitar is like fine wine, better with age. Santana also has added a second guitarist, Alex Ligertwood (Brian Auger's Oblivion Express). "Spirits" has that traditional Latin rock throughout the disc. The radio hit "Gypsy Woman" is not indicative of the entire disc. Carlos Santana is the only survivor of the original Santana and "Spirits" is as good as some of his earlier work with fellow guitarist Neal Schon (Journey). "Spirits" flows well and sounds good. Rates an A.

## Texas Recording Scene

BY LLOYD MAINES



On September 7, 1990, at 7:00 pm, Bob Wills was inducted into the West Texas Walk of Fame. Wills, known as the "King of Western Swing", was one of the greatest influences on Country Music. His influence has carried on for fifty years and will always be present as long as music swings.

Dr. Charles Townsend from West Texas State University said it best, "Bob Wills' music bridged the gap between Western Swing and Boogie Woogie, and Country and Rock and Roll."

To honor Bob Wills, we invited all the area fiddle players to come out and join with Johnny Gimble in a

rendition of "Faded Love". It was great! Many thanks to all the fiddlers who participated: Bob Saied, Daron Brown, Ernie Gandy, Dennis Harp, Jay Miller, Dwain Thomas, Jack Carlile, Jimmy Blakely, Kary & Kristen Durham, Jim Bob Ashmore, Herman Cozart, LaTricia Allen, Chris Savatha, Lanny Fiel, Kimberly Duke, Lance Collier, Jimmy Burson, Tommy Hancock, Cecil Caldwell, Weldon Kolb, John Chainey, Tamera Petrash, Joe Carr, Larry Buchanan, John Julian, Curley Lawler, Wayne Hill, and Weldon Turpin.

It was a great and memorable event.

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# Hitchin' Post No Place For Timid or Faint of Heart

continued

The lies got bigger. "Johnny B. Good" by Lefty Frizzell? "Old Time Rock and Roll" by Marty Robbins? Then, "Stormy Monday Blues" by Johnny Rodriguez got Mr. Burly to thinking. He was thinking that maybe we were pulling something over on him and that he should assert his authority. Right after "Stormy Monday Blues," he headed my way. "That Monday song ain't by Johnny Rodriguez! Everbody knows it's the Mamas and Papas that recorded it. Just what are you trying to pull away?" He thought he had me.

"Well, your right about that," I lied, "but I believe Johnny Rodriguez wrote it and they recorded it before he ever became a star." I was fishing and I had old bait. He did the one-eyed-squint at me and then knowingly stated, "You know, I do believe you're right." He'd taken the bait, we were home free, and T-Bone Walker (the real writer of Stormy Monday) was rolling over in his grave.

We were fooling the big boy alright, and I had established that "his plumbing doesn't go all the way to the faucet." But we still weren't getting many dancers. We took another break and Vern and J.J. headed for the bar mumbling "Nurse! Nurse!" They were looking for a sedative to numb the pain of the imminent financial disaster.

During our previous set I had noticed another burly-type fellow had slipped in the front door and slithered around to the side watching us carefully. Now that I had the time to really look him over, I noticed that he was a larger rendition of our hurly-burly

bouncer boy and they were having an intense discussion. Matter of fact, they could have been brothers.

"Brothers!" I screamed inwardly. Just what we need tonight. Two tons of fun standing between the band and payday. I said out loud, "Naaa! This is just coincidence." I decided not to make any more undue waves. One more set, pack it up, and get the hell out of here. Maybe if the last set goes well I'll even ask for our money. Maybe we won't even do a last set. I didn't know if I had the guts. I walked to the bar.

"Nurse," I said at a barely audible level. But it got the bartender's attention and she came directly to me. I indicated the need for a Tequila infusion and she began to pour. Randal, the bass player, bellied up beside me with a very distraught look. He nudged me lightly with his elbow and nodded toward the corner. I glanced over and saw out two burly friends huddled with a third, equally as large fellow. My eyes got wide and I looked to Randal for his assessment. He just asked me, "Brothers?"

"Nurse make that a double and bring one for my friend." It was the fourteenth round, the heavyweights were stepping into the ring, and I was considering throwing in the towel.

We got our drinks, salted out hands, touched our glasses for luck, and downed them completely all in one smooth motion. We both made a face then bit our limes. I don't think it's courage that comes in a bottle so much as a mask for cowardice, but that moment I had a sudden rush of courage. I turned and walked toward

the bandstand and Randal motioned to our other two. We were all braced for the last set.

Having decided that the forces were mounting on the border for a possible attack, my plan was this. Repeat everything that we'd already played that worked the first time. The two new big guys hadn't heard them yet. That way we could be twice as good as we were the first go around.

So, I let out a deep breath. We struck up with "Fraulein". J.J., our only connection with a country beat, was obviously drunk. He had his eyes closed and his head was rolling around as if unattached to his shoulders while his arms flailed around missing more beats than he was hitting. Vern had obviously been matching him drink-for-drink and they were in cahoots. Randal tried his best to keep the beat and hold the whole thing together while I sang. But a rhythm section consists of bass, drums, and guitar and if they're not working together then the whole thing is a mess.

We had a mess. Then the DooDoo hit the fan.

Our Burly-Boss turned the power off to our instruments and plugged in the jukebox. The ultimate insult, but we had it coming. The others didn't quite see it that way and they jumped up to meet their accuser. Just then the other two bouncer types stepped around the corner and stood beside Mr. Burly #1 as he approached the band. Seeing what was coming their way, the band backed off.

Burly opened with, "You guys ain't no band! You guys prob'ly never even played together before. I've heard

better music from the kazoo band at the nursing home." He had my undivided attention. I listened. "Now you guys pack your stuff up and git outta here now and don't look back. Here's forty dollars, you don't deserve, but if it'll buy your gas back to Lubbock then good riddance."

I was nodding with, "Yessir, Nosir, Yessir, Nosir." Whatever I thought he wanted me to say.

He continued, "Take your stuff out the back and stay as far as you can away from these here good folks that you've just ripped off."

I felt terrible. We had tried. We had really tried to make it happen for the good of everyone. We had gone in with the best of intentions and things had gradually deteriorated to threatened physical confrontation. We had not considered one important point. The fact that most people are not musically sophisticated doesn't mean that they can't tell good music from bad. I've heard some bands that I thought were out and out terrible but the crowd liked them anyway. I was puzzled until I realized that the reason they were crowd pleasers was they weren't trying to fool anyone. They weren't making believe that they were any better than they were. They were just having a good time with smiles on their faces and good will in their hearts and it came out in the music.

These people at the Hitchin' Post were real people. They saw through us from the beginning but they just gave us a little slack. Then they gave us a little more slack and pretty soon we had just enough rope to hang ourselves. And we did.



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## "The Wreck"

BY BILL MANLEY

This happened in the middle of the 1950's. I was in a band with Tommy Hancock and we were heading to a dance in Aspermont, Texas. Tom had this black seven passenger Cadillac, the same car Tommy drove the wrong way thru the underpass (WTS Sept. issue), I was driving this time. The band consisted of me, Tommy Hancock, Curly Lawler, Charlene Condray, J.B. Westbrook, Buddy Wilson, and (I think) Squeaky Rhodes.

About five miles outside of Aspermont we broke a fan belt on the car. I went ahead and drove on to the dance, about five miles an hour. We unhooked the trailer and while we set up, Curly took the car into town and got the belt replaced. After the dance, we loaded up and took off.

About twenty miles outside of Aspermont I started hearing a clicking noise coming from the right back wheel. I stopped to check the car and the trailer out, but couldn't find anything wrong. I want to say that I was doing everything by myself that night because Charlene and Curly were in the front seat trying to sleep and the rest of the band was in the back with a board between them playing poker. This Cadillac had two jump seats behind the front seat that faced backwards. Well I took off and went a little further but stopped again to check out the noise. I still couldn't find anything. Another five miles and all of a sudden this Cadillac screeched to a halt right in the middle of the road. The brakes had locked up and the pedal was as hard as a rock. I tried to get the others to help me figure out what was wrong but they were too busy playing poker. I don't know why Curly didn't help me because he was working as a mechanic for "Uncle Earl Westbrook" at the time and had done some work on this car before. The only tools we had were a pair of pliers, so I crawled under the car and just barely cracked the bleeder. Well all the brake fluid ran out. Now we didn't have any brakes and the clicking wasn't getting any better either. We eased on into Post where there was one service station open. After replacing the brake fluid, we took off on up the caprock. The clicking was getting worse and I wasn't driving but about thirty five miles per hour. J.B. was in the back yelling kick it in the butt Manley, I've got to get to work at 6:00 am. I said something is wrong with this car and the clicking was getting worse. Hancock said go ahead and kick it up a little and maybe we'll find out what's wrong.

I got brave and got up to forty five when, halfway between Post and

Southland, the left back wheel came off and just as quick the right back wheel came off. Both wheels passed us (we found them later about a half a mile up the road). When the wheels came off, all I could do was hang on to the steering wheel while the car veered left across the highway. When we hit the ditch, the car and trailer turned over one and a half times, coming to rest on my side with Charlene and Curly on top of me. I was curled up under the steering wheel with my knees under my chin. The right front door was jammed so Curly just raised up and busted the door open (he hurt his back doing this). Curly pulled Charlene out and asked if I was hurt. I said I didn't know because I was wrapped up around the steering wheel and couldn't move. I finally wiggled free and crawled out. As we stood there the rest of the guys started out, one at a time. The last one to come out was Buddy Wilson and he was yelling and moaning. We thought he had broken an arm or a leg. He pulled himself up to the door and said, but I had three queens and a pair of sevens. We all wanted to hurt him then. We were lucky that nobody was seriously injured. Curly and I hurt our backs a little but were OK.

The car had turned over between two power line poles on to a fresh plowed field so I guess the soft dirt helped out a lot. The band trailer busted open and there were instruments and amps laying all out in that field. This was another time that we were lucky the instruments didn't get torn up too bad.

We tried to stop about six cars but nobody would stop. This was about 3:00 in the morning. Finally one guy stopped on his way to Post and said if anybody was hurt he would take us back to Lubbock to the hospital. We thanked him and told him we were all OK. About that time another guy stopped and said he would take us to Lubbock. Hancock stayed there to watch the band equipment. This guy took me to my house and I went to bed. The rest of the guys got some help and a wrecker to go get the car. When they arrived at the accident, there was Hancock sitting on an amp eating a pie. A bread truck had stopped to see if he could help.

When they brought the car and trailer in later that morning, it was like a parade. Everyone was sitting on the hood and top of the car waving to anybody they saw. The Cadillac was totaled out so we had to get another band car and have the trailer fixed.

Sombody upstairs was watching over us.

## 'Liberty Lunch' Due Oct. 15

continued

Oh, yeah. I get offers all the time. I'll say this though...if it's done again, it will be done in the same spirit as the first couple.

\*\*\*\*\*

The following addition was conducted just after the September 29 concert at the South Plains Fair.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Moving up to today. You have new management right?**

I recently signed a deal with Vector Management in Nashville.

They handle people like Lyle Lovett and Nancy Griffith...

**Tell me about the new record.**

Well, I'm back on MCA. It's been a long circle. It's a live album called 'Live At Liberty Lunch'...a place there in Austin. We recorded six hours of music during a two day period and then took the best of that. It's a long sucker...an hour and eight minutes!

**Sounds like everything's going great. When is it due in stores?**

October 15th...it's being shipped as we speak.

## Trips With Uncle Bob

How about a little contest folks? Lubbock's Heaviest Band contest. I can see it now, a battle of the Band Bulgies. Now this could work. I just heard of a new contestant. P.J. Belly had some guys out at his place the other night, BIG guys. Have you seen Elvis the Busboy? Well put him with Glen Burch, John Ellis, and P.J.—this has got to be Lubbock's Heaviest Band yet. If you haven't been to Belly's, you've been nowhere, man.

I have a question, Who is the "Stardust Cowboy?" Does anybody know? Back in about 1967 or 68, there was a guy here in Lubbock that wore a really funny outfit, big hat, pointed boots with silver stars (painted on silver stars, I might add), those real funny looking wrist deals with fringe on them, and spurs. I just remembered the spurs. This would piss people off cause he'd walk around and tear up everything. Anyway, he'd sing for anybody. I really mean he would holler at the top of his lungs for anybody. Does anybody remember this guy? Is this the Legendary Stardust Cowboy? I was just a mere child at the time ...

Ok, on to this month's tale of mirth and merriment in the Rock and Roll arena of West Texas.

Picture this, the band had borrowed the 69' Dodge motor home from "Kaptain Kid's Kajun Kitchen" (with the two plastic crawdads stuck on the side). They were going on a little fishing trip. The boys had saved up their money from playing at the Red Barn Steak House. They loaded up the Dodge with plenty of beer and pretzels and took off late one Friday night. Just five happy guys rolling down the road listening to Frank Zappa talk about the strange stuff in the mashed potatoes and hoping they would catch at least one fish this time (just how do those guys catch fish on T.V. anyway).

Well of course the whole point of telling you this story is that something would happen to the band, right? Right. The trip started off well enough, naturally. Then boom! Blow out, 60 miles an hour, inside right rear. Ok, no big deal. Stop the R.V., check the

damage, and replace the tire with the spare—easy enough? Yea, easy if: the spare isn't flat, or a lug wrench can be found, or if the jack isn't broken.

Upon surveying the situation, the boys decided that if they drive real slow on the shoulder then they just might make it to the Truck Stop in Sweetwater, 30 miles away. So they jump back into the motor home, plug Frank back into the tape player, and fix another mushroom sandwich.

(insert opening music to "JAWS")

Like the specter of doom, laying in the road five miles away is their destiny. Patiently waiting to inflict its wrath upon our happy travelers is a week old dead dog. Closer and closer, inch by inch, ever so slowly the motor home gets closer. Top speed is only 8 miles per hour and you know at that blinding speed it's hard to miss fixed objects.

So you know what will happen. The boys run over the dead dog. What you don't know is that when the motor home runs over the dog, the poor thing sticks in between the two right rear wheels (remember one is flat). Now as the wheels turn they slap the dog against the bottom of the motor home, creating this really disgusting noise.

What the hell is that noise, they wonder? Go back and see what that is ... Oh my god, what is that smell? Abandon ship! Abandon ship! We're under attack! (Remember the mushrooms!)

Now the only logical thing to do is to stop the motor home and pull off this hideous mass of rotting flesh. But, when they get a closer look at it they decide it would be better to drive real fast and let the laws of physics take their course. But is this risking another blow out by putting too much pressure on the remaining wheel? Damn the torpedoes! I'm not touching that dead dog!

So off they went, holding their noses. 30, 40, 50 mph. Slap slap slap slapslapslap. 60, 65, 70, 72, 73 mph.

(insert opening music to "Twilight Zone")

Faster and faster...to their destiny. Hurrying through the dark Texas night like crawdads from hell.

-Continued next edition-

## WTMA Membership Application

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# RHYTHM, RHYMES, & ROYALTIES

BY CARY C. BANKS

## "Broadening Your Musical Horizons"

We all dream of being rich and famous songwriters, living in mansions with hallways lined with gold records, bank accounts replete with royalty checks, worldwide recognition, silver Porsches in the driveway and a swimming pool in the back yard. A more realistic vision of the songwriter's lot is somewhat less spectacular. In the music industry, as in most big business, 10% of the people earn 90% of the revenue. This sad fact has dashed the hopes of many creative writers, and that's a shame because, once you accept certain realities - that chances of becoming a rich and famous hit songwriter are slim to none - you open yourself to a world of new possibilities. We have all, at times, become so caught up in trying to be "commercially" successful, we overlook many smaller but important outlets for our creative endeavors. While these alternatives may not make us rich and world renowned, they will offer us an audience and a chance to stretch our creativity.

Despite fiascos like the "Taking Pride In Lubbock" project, West Texas remains a fertile field for creative people. Here's just a few examples of how we can explore new and improved ways to write and market our work right in our own back yard.

### 1.) Churches

If your creative bent slants more toward the spiritual or esoteric, churches and other related groups are a gold mine of opportunity. Church groups especially, are always looking for fresh new material for their choral groups, youth groups and special services. It has been my experience that the gifts of song you give are rewarded in ways you wouldn't even imagine.

### 2.) Civic, Charitable, and Community Organizations

These groups are always seeking ways to make themselves more visible in the community and promote their

ideas and projects, and what better way than with a catchy original tune penned specifically for them by a local writer. While these projects usually pay little, if anything, they do afford the writer a chance to be creative and acquire a lot of free publicity and possibly, a free meal at the organization's annual banquet. But seriously, these type endeavors pay huge dividends of good will and experience farther down the road.

### 3.) School/Special Education/Music Therapy

So much research and study is being done on the positive aspects of music in the educational system that some colleges are now offering degrees in Music Therapy. It's been scientifically proven that people, especially children, learn 10% faster with greater retention when they use music as a learning tool. Public schools, schools for the disabled, emotionally troubled and mentally retarded are a prime target for the creative person and believe me if you're willing to perform your original tunes for school age children, you will find yourself flooded with offers.

### 4.) Advertising

This is a topic for a great deal of controversy in the creative community, but if you have a particular talent for this type of writing, you can actually earn some money writing commercial jingles. It is a very challenging, highly competitive market, but it can also be extremely fun and exciting. We won't debate the merits of this type of creativity but I will pass on a few of my experiences. First of all, if you work through an advertising agency - get your money, in cash, up front. Secondly, remember, your objective is to sell a particular product or service, not showcase your abilities.

### 5.) Theater and performance groups

There are numerous dramatic and comedy theater groups in the area that are open to original material they can mold to their particular formats. "What mighty oaks from little acorns grow," goes the saying and witness the success of the musical "Texas" that runs each summer at Palo Duro Canyon. "Texas" began as a small local production.

### 6.) Local radio and television programs

We have two radio shows here in Lubbock that feature original music by local writers (West Texas Music Hour on KLLL-FM, Sunday evenings, and from time to time Big Ed's morning show on KFMX-AM, weekday mornings). Our good friend Larry Buchanan hosts a radio show that airs on KSEL in Portales, New Mexico and features West Texas artists. There is also a public access channel operated by LISD on Channel 12 on cable television along with another locally programmed Channel 35. Video has become an integral part of the music business and as a result, given the songwriter more avenues to promote original songs. As the cable and satellite television industry continues to grow, so will the need and opportunity for original programming and music.

### 7.) Song Contests

Song contests and festivals continue to crop up all around the country. There are a few such as the Billboard, Music City, and Oklahoma Songwriter's Association Song Fests that offer both cash and merchandise awards. There are others such as the Indie Bullet, Kentucky Fried Chicken that offer recording contracts and promotional gifts. There is the Kerrville Folk Festival's annual song contest, the American Songwriter's Magazine's Lyric Contest and many others. (Check your Song Writer's Market for a listing of these and others.) If you don't take the contests too

seriously, they can be a lot of fun, and if you enter enough times, eventually you're bound to win something.

As you can see, there is a world of opportunity for the creative writer. I can personally attest to having success in all the above areas we have mentioned. Some have been more rewarding than others but all have served to make me a better, more rounded writer and most of all, kept me writing. I believe we do ourselves and our audience a great disservice if we devote all our attention and effort to writing that "Monster Top 40 Smash Hit". With a little luck, we may someday realize that lofty and worthwhile goal but in the meantime, let's explore every way we can to get our work to the public. There are a lot of ears out there just waiting for a fresh new song.

I welcome your comments and suggestions for this column, please let me know what you think. Till next time... Write what you feel and feel what you write.

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