

Doug Baker

“LIKE AN IRON CURTAIN FALLING on a performer on stage Brent Stein was hit with a possession of marijuana charge that then could carry a life sentence in prison for any amount; and an “inciting to riot charge” from a gathering at Lee Park. Brent did time in Huntsville as the Henry Wade railroad mainlined to Huntsville, with Brent sentenced to ten years and a day to foreclose on serving less time. *Iconoclast* worked for a pardon from the then Governor of Texas, Dolph Briscoe, that with others influenced the Governor to release Brent — at this point better known as Stony Burns; and the Governor did.”

Kim Martin Pierce

“STONEY WAS MANY THINGS TO many people, but I’ll always remember him as a mentor — yeah, a mentor. He took a raw, young writer and blitz-schooled her in magazine publishing — caption to byline, X-acto to blue line.



Mike Rhiner, Kim Martin Pierce, Rob and Lynne Edleson. Rob was the first editor. Kim took over while Stony was imprisoned for a few joints.

He hadn’t intended to do this. As it happened, the day in fall 1974 that the final appeal on his felony marijuana conviction was denied — which meant jail time — he hired me at \$100 a week to be his editor. Only, he made that hire before he found out he was Huntsville-bound. (His was the last felony marijuana conviction of its kind before the law was changed, and the sentence was meant to send a message: 10 years and a day. Over 10 years and you gotta serve the time.)

We were at the Fairmont Hotel Venetian Room watching a red hot Tina Turner show when the news came down. Without skipping a beat, he turned to me and Jan Gallimore and said, “You’re going to publish the magazine while I’m gone.” There was no way to know whether we were talking months or years.”

Melody Syer

DURING BUDDY HOLLY WEEK we held parties every night at a different club celebrating Buddy’s Birthday. Stony’s passion for blondes sometimes got the better of him sometimes in his bed some made a sexy front cover and some we put to work at Buddy but they didn’t last long and Stony would ask me politely fire them.



Melody Syer

Stoney was a celebrity. Putting on the awards show at Tango on Greenville Ave black tie event. It fabulous to part of. There was a lot of confusion the time we had hired Mark Von Zenick. Stony’s dad didn’t care for his enormous

colored Mohawk and I had got a petition together due to no air conditioning and a horrible stench of ink most of Mr Steins staff we scared of him. Some signed just an X.

I put it on his desk and there was a note to see me the next morning on my immediate arrival He ordered me and all the Buddy staff to leave.. Stony wasn’t even mad at me ... It worked out ok Mark worked freelance writer and I was the sales, calendar editor associate publisher we all worked from home.

Stoney and I stayed connected it work out fine



Original Buddy artist Steve Brooks

Steve Brooks

I FIRST MET STONEY IN THE spring of 1970. I had just designed the Lee Park Massacre poster he asked me to help contribute to *Notes*. Later on we worked together with Doug Baker at *Iconoclast*. Lots of late night paste up and add tweaking. Same situation at *BUDDY*, with the exception...*BUDDY* was such a groovy vibe and we always had a great time working and playing.

Ed Miller

“AS TIME GOES BY, *BUDDY* MAGAZINE and those wonderful local Texas Music stories we once lived and wrote and read about all those years ago seem now more important to me than ever before. It’s amazing, given the way we lived then, that anyone actually survived. But here some of us remain, still not dead yet, four and a half very strange decades later.

Many other *Buddy* writers came into the Texas Music Scene through rock and roll. My own entry point was country music. I was 18 in 1961, an innocent young disc jockey at KPCN, Dallas first fulltime country music radio station. While many others listened to the Beatles or Rolling Stones, I was spinning records by Bob Wills, Ernest Tubb, George Jones and Ray Price every day live on the radio. Each Saturday night I was down on Industrial Blvd at the Sportatorium for the Big D Jamboree, then on to Dewey Groom’s Longhorn Ballroom.

Ten years later, as my music broadcasting gave way to music journalism, I was led to *Buddy* and its’ weekly contemporary the *Iconoclast*. By then, I had made another transition similar to the one Willie also made, from straight old-time country music into Texas Progressive Country Music.



Ed Miller was the magazine’s Resident Hairbilly.. is now a promoter

We all had hair down on our shoulders and were passin’ joints instead of half pints of whiskey. The scene had its own radio stations, KAMC and KAFM. We had come home to the Armadillo. *Buddy*’s staff

masthead back then listed me as the magazine’s Resident Hairbilly.”

—ED MILLER



Rick Koster authored *Texas Music* released on St. Martins Press. He is currently a music writer for *The Day*

Rick Koster

THE FIRST RECORD REVIEW I ever got paid for was one I wrote for *Buddy*. It was of a single by Austin’s Too Smooth. I’m sure “Mamie Mama” was the A side and probably “Where Has All the Magic Gone” was the B-side. At that point, the band was comprised of Jeff Clark, Chris Skiles, Ron Ward and Don Townsley (RIP). In the printed review, I misspelled the name of every guy in the band.

Occasionally, I’ll look back over the yellowing pages *Buddy* that I brought with me when we moved from Dallas to Connecticut. I kept them not because I had stories in many of them, but more because *Buddy* has provided an astonishing real-time history of the almost freaky and distinct magic of Texas music — artists and songs that could never have happened anywhere else.

Intricately intertwined with this all of this is the fact that *Buddy* has been a sort of farm system for aspiring music journalists — many of whom have gone on to wonderful careers. I’m so proud to be part of that history. Great, great stuff.

Corey Michael Mayo

BY THE TIME I STARTED WRITING for *Buddy* in the early ‘90s, Deep Ellum was a cresting wave that had been building momentum for years with the Island Records release of the 1987 scene-defining compilation, *The Sound of Deep Ellum*, featuring the future Mrs. Paul Simon, Edie Brickell.



Corey Michael Mayo

In the ‘80s, Deep Ellum was a dangerous chunk of dirty real estate confined by three streets and crouched under highways like the homeless community it shared the space with. But by the early ‘90s, Deep Ellum was drawing large, vibrant crowds to watch original music being played by hopeful young bands, such as Tripping Daisy, Old 97s and the Toadies. The stories of skinhead altercations were now eclipsed by tales such as the “Nirvana Trees incident” and the electric feeling that Dallas now had its own version of the late ‘80s Seattle Grunge scene. The cresting wave finally broke and rolled back, but it was a magical time to be young, living in DFW, and in love with live rock and roll.

What I remember the most is the graciousness of the bands and musicians I covered. It could and should

be a much longer list, but my sincere thanks go out to the following for their time and kindness: Spyche, pop poppins, Course of Empire, Dave Abbruzzese of Pearl Jam, Paul Quigg, Todd Lewis and Lisa Umbarger of the Toadies, Jim Heath of Reverend Horton Heat, and Sam McCall of Brutal Juice.

Jackie Don Loe

AS A WRITER, I WAS ALWAYS A fan of Jack Kerouac and the Beats. His influence on my desire to tell a story and a style to write in a free and spontaneous form was a big inspiration. The hope to one day get published was just a dream. In 2004, I began writing for *SW Blues Magazine* where I wrote dozens of stories and over fifty “Guitar Workshop” columns until it folded in 2012. Soon after I was asked to write for *Buddy*. It was a dream come true to interview and write about some of my guitar heroes such as Andy Timmons, Van Wilks and Ian Moore. In July of 2007, I actually had a story written about me in *Buddy* by Tim Schuller, asking if had I reinvented the jam? As the sad poet once lamented, “It is my curse to write but a triumph to be written about.”



Jackie Don Loe is a Buddy Texas Tornado and accomplished writer

As a guitarist, I was only twelve years old in 1978 the first year of *Buddy Magazine*’s Texas Tornadoes. I had just started playing guitar, banging out “Smoke on The Water” on the top E string alone in my room with my record player and the radio. I was determined to be a guitar player and never looked back. I was lucky to land a gig with Al “TNT” Braggs in 1990 and graduated his musical boot camp.

Colleen “Bradford” Morgan

WHEN A SUBURBAN NEWSPAPER gives a high school drop out the opportunity to write about a burgeoning Deep Ellum music scene, why not take it? I started writing a weekly article featuring local music (The Loco Gringos were the first) for the *Plano Star-Courier* in June 1989, and it was perhaps a year or so later that I began a monthly column ... “Colleen’s Corner,” on this massive Mac while Ron McKeown would wheel and deal with advertisers.



Colleen Morgan as Necrophilia, former *Buzzmonger* publisher

My first major article was “Kitchen Magician” about Renaissance man Josh Alan Friedman... this was in the days of recording phone interviews on cassettes and painstakingly transcribing and assembling

an article. My other tasks included record reviews, show reviews and then I began to edit. Having had my work slashed by unkind editors at the newspaper (especially after letters insisting I was promoting Satanism to the good children of Plano by touting metal bands), I took a gentle approach.

JD Robb, funded the first few issues of my monthly open forum *’zine Buzzmonger* from March 1994-late 1997. I became Necrophilia, Diva of the Dead of ghoulish jazz quintet The Necro Tonz.

Jan Sikes

AS PROBABLY THE NEWEST member of the *Buddy Magazine* writing staff, I can honestly say that the opportunity to come on board literally fell in my lap.



Acclaimed author Jan Sikes

I love interviewing the artists and supporting Texas music and musicians. Some of the interviews I’ve done particularly stand out. When I got together with Andrew Jr. Boy Jones, armed with my recorder, at the Rustic, I had no idea the amazing stories he would share with me. I know my mouth must have fell open when he talked so casually about Freddie King taking him under his wing when Jr. was only a teenager. He went on to share story after story including a dressing-room conversation with the great B.B. King.

Texas is full of music treasures and there is nothing much more rewarding than finding and sharing them. It is my goal as a journalist and interviewer to uncover things about the music artist that can’t be found in a Google search. An example of that is the recent interview I did with Sue Foley. I wanted to know her feelings and emotions about being asked to play with the legendary Billy Gibbons, Jimmie Vaughan, Mike Flannigin and Chris Layton as part of the “Jungle Show.” It’s the emotion in the artist and their songs that I want to convey through my features. I can honestly say that every interview I’ve conducted has been different. Besides interviewing some of the most talented singer/songwriters/musicians on the face of the planet, I get to hear some extremely cool music before it is released to the public.

Tom Geddie

WHEN I BEGAN WRITING ABOUT Texas music for *Buddy Magazine* in the mid 1990s, and then for other publications, I was so ignorant that I thought I’d know most of the musicians in Texas within a year or so. That, of course, never happened. So many, and so many good ones.

All of the CD reviews, feature articles, and “Americana, Texas” columns were honest. Nearly all were positive.

From 1995 to 2015, I got to hear, meet, talk with, and share opinions about many of the pioneers of so-called “redneck rock” and many of the best of the young up-and-comers who shared stages with them to begin carving their own futures. I made some good friends and, as far as I know, only a handful of “enemies” in 20 years; I am grateful for all of them.

I feel privileged to know these creative people, whatever their — our — flaws. I know some more than

others, of course, and sometimes I think I know them but I really don’t. I do know this: The gift they give us is a bit of themselves. If it is honest music, it is often emotionally vulnerable. The soul of a song is both powerful and fragile. The creative process — tension and release, filling and emptying, being distant enough to see and close enough to feel — is at the same time joyous and dreadful.



Kate Hearne, Tom Geddie and Terri Hendrix. Tom has published numerous poetry books

I liked introducing people to new music and musicians as much as I liked writing about the longtimers. Ron McKeown reminded me by phone the other day that I’d pushed him to publish features on Maren Morris when she was 12 or 13, and on Kacey Musgraves when she was still, I think, a teenager. And Heather Morgan, who was still in college at the time but who, just a very few years ago now, co-wrote BMI’s country song of the year. Don’t ask me the name of that song, because I don’t recall. I’m happy for Heather and for her family who supported her dream.

One caution, which is true in any music, I suppose: If you want to last in music, don’t copy other musicians. Create your own sound that will set you apart ... Quality floats to the top, and I mean that in the most positive sense.

Mary Jane Farmer

ONE OF MY MAIN GOALS IN LIFE is to let as many people as I can know about the great music and musicians out there. Why? As Jo-el Sonnier said, “Music is good nourishment.”

For decades, I have been able to accomplish this through writing, event production, and photography. Magazines, newspapers, festivals, it’s not all about Facebook! After retiring from my last job, I contacted Ron about writing for *Buddy*.



Scene in Town publisher Mary Jane Farmer, who also writes for the *Paris News*

I have been honored to have written about local/area musicians such as Dustin Perkins, Billy Joe Shaver, Big Gus Samuelson, and so many others; also had chances to interview some, before many people knew their names. Nowadays, Cody Johnson always gives me a hug. And then, the big stars. Ray Price, Don Henley, Neal McCoy, Terry McBride. There’s been some hard to write, those *In Memoriams*, including that for my event production mentor Rod Kennedy of the Kerrville Festivals who died on the palindromic date of 4.12.14; the late Ray Price; and more recently for your friend and mine, Brandon Jenkins. Tough writing, with tears sometimes blurring the thoughts and the words. One of my favorite to write is my “Texas Nexus.”