

Rita

From: "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>
To: "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>
Sent: Saturday, March 01, 2008 8:31 AM
Subject: Picking Up The Tempo, number 12 March 01, 2008

~~A TEXAN RANGER.~~

A gentleman, just from Richmond, gave the following account of these redoubtable warriors:

Ben M'Cullough's Texan Rangers are described as a desperate set of fellows. They number one thousand half savages, each of whom is mounted upon a mustang horse. Each is armed with a pair of Colt's navy revolvers, a rifle, a tomahawk, a Texan bowie-knife, and a lasso. They are described as being very dexterous in the use of the latter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY – July 6, 1861

<p>Picking up The Tempo a country western journal</p>	<p>a DEXTEROUS NEW VOICE in Country from the ~ Music HALF ~ SAVAGE Southwest</p>
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PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal
March 01, 2008, number 12

© 2008, Judy Gordon,
708 Chandler Drive
Garland, Texas 75040-7775
Phone: 972/485-0990 or e-mail: judygordon708@verizon.net

Introduction: The title of this journal comes from Willie Nelson's song, "Pick up the Tempo." Since I am relocated in Garland, Texas, will attempt to publish this journal on a regular basis first day of each month to seek out new writers and bring back some existing ones.

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TO JAZZ RADIO By ROGER BOYKIN, RADIO STATION KKDA 730 AM ... ,
AND LAST FRIDAYS, 7 P.M. HOSTED by KAREN x—Open Mic&ReaderSeries,
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Classifieds/Links*

Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon

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ROXY WRITES MARCH 1, 2008

"Physical Education"

by Roxy L. Gordon – © 2008, "Physical Education"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

"PHYSICAL EDUCATION"

I can't remember now when, or even why, I first decided I didn't like athletics. I just

never did. I played a little everybody-pile-on football in vacant lots and some highly unorganized baseball. I made it for the first day of Little League practice the first year I was old enough and that was the only day. When the fat well-pumper who was our coach yelled at me to hustle my butt, that's exactly what I did—down the road home. I never could understand why anyone would care to run around half naked and try to throw a ball through a hoop on the wall (though I freely admit the sweaty smell of highschool girls' basketball games was a major part of my early adolescent sexual fantasy.) And still after all these years, I have never watched a whole football game. I don't give a damn who wins and don't see why I should. The Dallas Cowboys aren't my team—they belong to some rich business man.

I doubt if anyone much cares now if I follow the Dallas Cowboys, but twenty-five years ago in Talpa, Texas, many people cared very much whether or not I cared anything about organized athletics. Kids my age didn't pay any attention; most of them played football or whatever for the hell of it and figured all that seriousness was just more of the inscrutably weird adult world. Adults seemed to consider the non-athlete a sissy or a communist. The sissy part is obvious; the communist part had to do with patriotism. If you loved your school, you played football. If you didn't love your school, you likely didn't love America. If you didn't love America, you were a communist. I may be exaggerating a bit here, but not much.

So if you aren't from West Texas, but have heard about the place, heard about all those right-wing ranchers and oilmen driving around with two rifles racked in their pickups, then you likely think you know the story I'm telling you. But you don't; that's not the story.

My unorthodox approach to athletics had already become obvious by the middle of grade school, but I expect everyone thought I'd grow out of it. By juniorhighschool, they'd begun to show concern. The PE teacher called me into an empty classroom one afternoon. John Kennedy was running for president then. The PE teacher sat me down and didn't talk about athletics. He said, "I hear you're for Kennedy." I said I was. He said, "Well I think that proves you're pretty smart." I didn't know about that, but already by then, I knew that the opinion PE teachers held of me wasn't too high on my list of concerns. This one was about to spring the trap. "If you're that smart," he said, "you have to realize how important it is to keep in condition."

Right. That's why I spent most of my non-school hours hoeing weeds and Johnson Grass, feeding cows, chasing idiot sheep and patching fence. I didn't do all that because my folks told me to; I did it so I'd pass the President's Physical Fitness Test—and, of course, to please my PE teacher.

What I did in those days, in addition to farm and ranch work, was walk. My friend Robert Hale and I were planning military careers and we figured hiking was a way to get into it. We'd pack our army-surplus backpacks with ten pounds of potatoes, a big cast-iron skillet and a can of grease. We'd walk ten or twelve miles to somebody's back pasture where we'd fry our potatoes before we'd walk home.

My fascination with the army had much to do with Fidel Castro. He'd recently won in Cuba and I loved him. I had his pictures on my bedroom wall. When the Cuban Missile Crisis came along, the basketball coach, who also taught physics, chemistry and civics, got awfully excited. He spent one civics class violently advocating the immediate,

violent invasion of Cuba. He figured if he couldn't confront Kennedy about this treasonable refusal to invade, then at least he could confront his Talpa-Centennial juniorhigh civics class. He told us that he would kick out of his class anyone not favoring invasion. I didn't think that was any way to treat my hero Fidel Castro, so I got up and walked out.

You can well imagine what became of my dreams of a military career. My friend Robert did make it through R.O.T.C. and to Vietnam where virtually all his platoon was immediately killed and he was badly wounded. The last I heard he was a cop in Colorado Springs.

Actually that basketball coach, civics/chemistry/physics teacher did teach me at least three things. One of them was how a man drinks. He said—in class—that men don't fool around with sissy stuff like mixers or ice—or even drinking in the house. A man carries his whiskey in the bottle under his front carseat and takes a hit now and then, the hotter the whiskey, the better. The second thing he taught me was my first lesson in music criticism—and I spent several years later as a music journalist. He was taking Gerald Canady and me to Odessa for the regional University Interscholastic League meet and somewhere on the other side of Sterling City, Gerald and I got tired of whatever radio station he had. So we talked him into rock-and-roll. He said he hadn't heard any of that kind of music. KOMA from Oklahoma City was the only night time rock-and-roll station we could get in West Texas. The coach listened to KOMA for a few minutes and then he laughed out loud and slapped his leg. "Why that ain't nothing but a bunch of colored people yelling," he said. Years later when I was writing a piece about the *Rolling Stones* and their incredible ability to out-Chuck-Berry *Chuck Berry*, I realized he'd put his finger, that night out near the Sterling County line, directly on the pulse of the first rock-and-roll he'd ever heard.

The highschool principal (who had earlier coached baseball, football and basketball) took my father aside one day and told him they had to do something. "If that boy doesn't play football," the principal said, "I doubt if he'll graduate from highschool."

The superintendent decided to come up with an acceptable compromise. It was obvious that less would be expected of me playing baseball than of I played football or basketball. So if I'd agree to baseball, they'd leave me alone about the other sports. He put a glove on my hand and sent me out. I spent a couple of days watching fly-balls curve gracefully to earth where they bounced. Then I went to see the superintendent. He decided to try ping-pong.

My friend Gerald Canady (who felt much the same way I did about sports) and my friend John Murray (who would play football, but nothing else) and I spent some time fooling around drinking soda pop and sneaking off for cigarettes during our ping-pong PE period. The school never came up with a ping-pong coach, but we actually even played a little ping-pong. Years later I ended up on an Indian reservation with some serious ping-pong players and I could almost hold my own. Maybe ping-pong got me out of highschool.

It was really writing that got me out of highschool—or at least out of highschool in the manner I got out of highschool.

I decided I was going to the University of Texas at Austin. My friend Robert was going there cause his mother had; I really don't remember my reasons. Most kids from home went to regional-junior colleges like San Angelo or to Texas Tech in Lubbock. At U.T., people said, you had to learn to drink hot tea and play bridge. Robert's mother tried to teach us bridge, but we were a lot more excited about the prospect of shooting machine guns in R.O.T.C. People also said U.T. was full of communists and beatniks.

That last year in highschool, I had a wonderful time. I painted pictures, wrote short stories, went to rodeos, went rattlesnake and deer hunting, chased Ballinger girls, and drove around backroads drinking beer and shooting at fence posts. I hardly paid any attention to school.

I spent a lot of time working for my grandfather. I think back now and realize what a tremendous influence he had on me. He was born on Richland Creek in San Saba County, but grew up there between Talpa and Valera. He spent his first twenty working years in West Texas oil fields, then the rest of his life, on the same ranch where he'd grown up. He hated all authority. His father had been a Texas Ranger and a deputy sheriff. But my grandfather used to say the only reason most men took to law officer work was because they were too sorry to get a real job. I thought he was an exception in that country, an anarchist in a sea of *Bible Belt* conformity. God knows he was an anarchist and maybe more of one than most his neighbors, but not much more; he was just the one I knew best. I was about ready to leave home for college when I began to realize why I was having such a good time. I was a damned hero!

A few years later when all us beatniks turning hippy were wearing long hair and local West Texans sure weren't, Dave Hickey said he figured a man could wear his hair as long as he wanted in West Texas, if he wore boots and hat with it. The locals would look at the boots and hat and that long hair and figure if any home boy was mean enough to wear that hair, he was mean enough.

I went into the grocery store in Talpa just before graduation and the grocer said he'd heard I was going to U.T. I said I was. He had a son a year older than me who'd gone to San Angelo College. His kid had played football and all the games, athletic and otherwise, down the line. "Well," the grocer said, calling his son's name, "I wouldn't have let him go down there with all those communists. But your mind is too strong," the grocer told me, "for them to brainwash."

Then I failed chemistry. I was having too much fun. I didn't have to pass chemistry to graduate, but even with loose U.T. admittance standards, I had to be in the top something-or-the-other percent of my class to get in. And with ten people in my class, failed chemistry put me in the lower something-or-the-other percent.

While I was failing chemistry, however, I was having a fine time writing those short stories and remember I said I discovered the pulse of rock-and-roll going to Odessa for the regional U.I.L. contest? Well that was because I'd just won district in writing—Ready Writing, it was called—an essay contest. The University Interscholastic League was the superstructure of all competitive athletic contests; they operated the organization of schools and controlled the events. They also operated a series of academic and literary contests. Out in Odessa, I won first in regional. That sent me down to Austin for the state contest. I won that one, too; I

won state in writing. Talpa Centennial had won Class B State in basketball a year or so before, but nobody from there had ever won state in any literary contest.

So the chemistry teacher called me in for a conference. He was, you will remember, the famous music critic and liquor connoisseur. "You failed chemistry," he said. I said I knew that. "That'll keep you out of U.T.," he said. I said I knew that, too. He looked me over and grinned; he always did have a winning grin. I heard later it won him some trouble of the underage girl persuasion, but I was gone then and all I ever really heard was gossip. "You've brought a lot of honor to this school," he said. "Noboy's ever done what you did." I told him I was well aware of that. "So I tell you what," he said, "I'm going to add twenty points to your chemistry grade." That was the third thing the basketball coach, physics/chemistry/civics teacher taught me. And in my life since, it has proved a valuable lesson.

They passed out jackets graduation night. If you lettered in any sport in those schools, you got a jacket with the letter on it. I'm sure you've seen them; they were wool and leather jackets in school colors. In those schools, no matter what sport the letter was for, the jacket was generally called a football jacket. Graduation night, they called a winner forward for each jacket and they called my name. With a look of some ironic amusement, the superintendent announced the school board had done an unpreented thing and awarded me a letter for writing.

I expect I am the only person in the State of Texas given a football jacket for writing.

I met Judy a week after graduation. I met her at the drive-in movie in Ballinger. The drive-in was the young-adult social club. We occupied the back several rows. Those of us with dates stayed in our cars and attempted to get away with what we could. Those without dates wandered among the cars smoking cigarettes, drinking alcoholic beverages and trying to find a member of the opposite sex to see what we could get away with. Judy had just finished her freshman year in highschool. She'd grown up on a ranch between Talpa and Ballinger, but she'd gone to school in Ballinger, so I'd never known her. She had one brother at T.C.U. on a football scholarship and another at Baylor of a football scholarship. The Baylor Bear brother played with the Houston Oilers for awhile later.

Judy had been a juniorhigh basketball forward and cheerleader, but the school had decided she had to give up one or the other for highschool. Being a West Texas girl of proper upbringing, she naturally gave up basketball.

By the time I was ready to leave for U.T., we were going steady. I left her my highschool ring and football/writing jacket and I went off to fall in immediately with the twenty or thirty Austin beatnicks. They were among the first people I met. I've still never met a real communist.

Judy and I got married a year later. "Ah-Hah! Everybody said. They had to get married and she'll never finish highschool. The marriage won't last and she can't even be a cheerleader anymore." Judy finished highschool in Austin, with me signing her report cards and her first kid wasn't born till six years later. He was born in the University of California Medical Center near the Haight Ashbury in San Francisco where we'd just gone from the reservation. Our second kid was born in Dallas nine years after that.

My folks still have the piece of land where my grandfather grew up and they've added a bit. We spend as much time there as we can; we are, in fact, building a house there, now. Our older kid spends his summers in West Texas, and both kids want us to move out permanently.

The older had some trouble with his PE teacher here in Dallas this past fall. He had an ingrown toenail and she wouldn't excuse him from soccer. I talked with her on the phone about it and she told me, "Mr. Gordon, you must realize how really important physical education is."

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Coming next issue Roxy Gordon's "Stars."
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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

"Summer Travel CH. III"

by Carol Gerhauser, © March 01, 2008, Dallas, Texas

"SUMMER TRAVEL CH. III"

If in my wildest dreams I gained notoriety from all of this, became a celebrity of sorts, and were interviewed, it might go something like this.

Q. What caused your drug addiction, was it the milieu in which you found yourself; year in and year out—that is Black culture? You mentioned a divorce, or was that it?

A. Who can pinpoint any one incident in youth or adulthood or blame it on lack of direction, wherewithal or love? I look at it as a period of loss, not like being lost per se, but an over-absence of external factors to which I perhaps was more inclined and accustomed, reminders of the realms to which I had once, for the majority of my life, belonged. I can assume not so safely that it was drugs that substituted for this loss.

Q. Can you honestly say you have felt alienated from your own culture throughout the years or recently, and that your rebelliousness led to a form of self-denial or maybe even self-righteousness in light of your experiences?

A. I have truly entertained that notion and can explain empathy in the objective context of hopelessness, vicarious living, and curiosity vis a vis the things I have seen and felt, as alien as they may have been to elitist mainstream culture. Of course, all of the above, like everything else, can catch up with any person who squanders his or her personal potential for the general good, which does exist, I think, although it is dealt with by those in charge on a philanthropic if not patronizing level. I do find myself though guilty of the unhealthy attitude that I was "better" or "special" therefore.

Q. How then can you justify self-negation through altruism if, as you say, it must exist? Is there a means by which anyone can excel in his or her own right without letting go of the spirit to care?

A. I imagine if I had the answer, I would not be where I am now, faced with rebuilding years of dashed dreams and heaped upon hostilities without breaking someone's heart, if not that of the "common man," my own.

Q. One more question on the division of the classes, is it true in your opinion that "ne'er the twain shall meet," and is that a just conclusion based on socio-economics...

A. And all that jazz?—Personally I can't ever say sectarianism is unhealthy due to my hard knocks, yet my hero and mentor if you wish, Walt Whitman's words echo in my ears such as ". . . you dumb, beautiful ministers . . . great or small, you furnish your parts toward the whole." To generalize or condescend is a natural, human tendency from which I'd prefer to distance myself, but at the same time, I can't help but consider myself, in light of the present circumstances, afforded the means and insight to be the best I can be using whatever given talent for my own sake, forsaking others while garnering the respect of my peers.

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 Coming next issue Carol Gerhauser's "*What's Love Got To Do With It?*")

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 Carol Gerhauser provided a collection of her poems entitled "Her Clean Up Days," in *Picking Up The Tempo*, journal – number 3, September 06, 2001. She can be contacted at e-mail Clgerhauser@aol.com.

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OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY
"Whom I Dislike" Collection Entitled CHANNELLING EMILY DICKINSON
 © 2007 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma

WHOM I DISLIKE

Mimes, clowns, and vampires
 share a repulsive
 and unnatural pallor,
 wear masks or make-up,
 and make unsavory
 lifestyle choices.
 I have no use for them.

Clowns and mimes
 find it difficult
 to communicate
 without bells and whistles
 and elaborate gestures
 while vampires are smooth talkers
 seducing you with forked tongues
 in order to stick their fangs
 into your jugular.

Vampires stay up all night
 doing unspeakable things.
 When you ask where they've been
 or what they've done,
 they'll respond
 "Nowhere" and "Nothing,"
 then sleep the day away,
 disdaining meals
 and conversation.
 They remind me
 of my former husband.

And I've known
 my share of clowns,
 those inappropriate jokers
 fond of smashing pies
 in your face
 for a birthday surprise
 or initiating embarrassing
 pratfalls.

Mostly I've been able to avoid
 those annoying mimes
 except for Marcel Marceau
 occasionally appearing
 on a television show
 or sneak attacks in New Orleans
 or San Francisco.

Give me rosy cheeked
 plain speakers,
 who open their front doors
 in welcome,
 rather than some clown
 tooting his horn
 or mime
 pretending separation
 pressing against
 an invisible wall
 or pale alluring vampire
 leading me on.

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Jennifer Kidney was nominated for Oklahoma Poet Laureate,
 along with twelve other poets, including N. Scott Momaday
 and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Dr. Kidney's recent book,
Women Who Sleep With The Dogs, published by Village
 Books, 2004, is \$10.00, plus in the United States add \$4.00;
 for each item shipped to an address outside the United States,

add \$10.00, shipping and handling. Also available limited quantity of her *Animal Magnetism*, published by Wowapi Press, 1985, \$3.50, inquiry.

Available **NEW** book of poetry order from author—*Life List*—**\$15.00 each**, or from her publisher villagebookspres@yahoo.com,

To order each book, contact:

Jennifer Kidney

1232 Windsor Way

Norman, Oklahoma 73069

Phone: 405/329-3395 or E-mail: jen1kidney@hotmail.com

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ART COELHO WRITES

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Art Coelho,

P.O. Box 249,

Big Timber, Montana 59011

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"I Did My Boogie with the Town"

I did my boogie with the town,
displaying my canvases
like they were hotcakes
fresh off the grill
and waiting for creamery butter.

I gave 'em the best wild jig I had,
juggling my would-be masterpieces
like they weren't belly flops of gadflies;
and trying to give my work a chance
in a conservative boondocks community
that had a bell cow
in every township corner
with piss-ants in the mixed fruit
upon their wide brimmed hats
at every single glance.

Start your own parade, they said
in the land of *Fat Chance* for *Visions*—
'cause once you leave your studio
you lose every sense of creation's romance.

Showing your harvest
is a lot like pulling down your pants;
it's easy to separate the wheat from the chaff
when your privates are showing while you dance.

I'm ducking my head,
pulling down my cap,
making my rain guard of gorilla hide;
I'm gonna ride the river soon
and learn how to laugh away

these jackknifing pinheads of false hope—
I think that's the ticket releasing me from all social dope.

– Art Coelho

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(Coming next issue Art Coelho's "One of My Marriages.")
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KAREN X WRITES

PUTT no. 12, 2008 © March
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"My Email Valentine"

The luminous bruises

Of buttered Light.

The Whiteness of the Dark

The Weather of determination

The determination of whether

The instigator of milk

The extermination of breath

Breathing wood

Wood would or could it?

Candle powered computers

Pewter protein

Be an e-boy and don't call or write.

Be busy thinking, doing what E-boy does.

Listen to cantanloupe music, ask girls for cigarettes, humor fags, make people wonder,
make ME wonder, be quiet, but have curly hair.

Be still, but be tall.

Be expansive, be aggressively illusive, allude!

Be altogether email art.
Be smart, end when it starts.
Be large-lipped, don't speak.
Be frond-eyed, look, but don't blink.
Be a trinket, hide yourself.
Be the treasure, distribute fake location maps.
Leave clues, change the location.
Switch the contents.
Empty the concept.
Replace the lining.
Design the lock.
Become the lock!
Find the key.
Give it away.
Or make a copy for a guest.
Hide the guest.
Leave a will and distribute bubbles.
Or an E-boy paint-by-number puzzle.
Or a game of E-boy Monopoly and the object of the game is to get as much fake E-boy
currency as possible.
Play many times.
Sell the game to a used book store.
Hide the secret treasure map inside.
Watch the store clerk's tape it on the window.
Move into the store.
Store more treasure.
Collect keys.
Collect azure.
Write readings.
Be its content and concept.
Live in replacement.
Reveal yourself in foam.
Contextualize.
Materialize in texture.
This text quotes your ear.
Index your fear.
Collate hope.
Invert what's clear.
Invent what's not.
Hallucinate the inchoate.
Calculate meditation.
Shun what you've won.
Share what you don't have.
Belong.
Don't be long.
A thong of custard awaits.
Be its ladder of thumbs.
Don't KNOW.
Remain Unknown.

"A Moveable Feast"

You are a mashed up potato of an object, undercooked
 And eaten anyway, not out of hunger or taste but from
 Automation and the microwavable possibilities of anything
 Organic.

Don't be so panicky!

It's all lace ornament on a garment never meant to be worn.

A meal thrown in the trash.

A sleep that needs pills to be induced.

A dream you can't remember.

It's your favorite drink served in a stranger's cup with
 No where to store it.

It's a dance with only leg.

It's the fun of the sweet, but not its peace.

It's an opening, cavity.

It's space which can't be misplaced.

It's the North Pole, South Pole.

It's Colombia!

It must be the mountains.

I love heavy mountain walks.

I love being scared of the ocean.

I just love everything.

And try not to waste anything.

My life's been too wasted on everything.

I was just too wasted.

I need to scrub my wastebasket.

I'm watching basketball.

What does this have to do with microwaving you?

The synergy of static.

The matrix of a vision.

The glue that hammers all energy into patterns.

The unsolicited unknowable connection.

The ingratiation of its procession.

The integration of its inauguration.

Heh! It's your coronation!

Ha! It's your chlorination.

It's infiltration.

Resistance is not an option.

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end

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KAREN X

Registered Yoga Teacher

and Writer at Large

KXatlarge@aol.com

<http://hometown.aol.com/kxatlarge/>

WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published

TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,

by Karen X.

See other connections: [www.priyayoga.net and
Karen X presents: www.wordspace.texas.org],

RICK SIKES WRITES

"THE WAR TAKES IT'S TOLL"

By: Rick Sikes © March 01, 2008

My Momma was crying
As Daddy lay dying
The Preacher was praying
I didn't care what he was saying
I knew he was trying to console
My helpless sick
And too empty soul
Who cares what's left
Or reaches a goal
After the war takes it's toll.
Damn the war and why do it
Why do we have to go through it
It creates such pain and sins
After it's over, nobody wins
Nothing can replace all
Those lives it's stole
The war takes it's toll
It's happened since time began
Seems like there is no end
No matter who is in control,
The war takes is toll.

end

RHYTHM REBEL

Rick Sikes

900 N. Neches

Coleman, Texas 76834

Phone: 325/625-5014

Rick Sikes' CD's For Sale

© *Etchings In Stone*

RIJAN Music

www.myspace.com/ricksikes and www.ricksikes.com (Main Web-page)

Rhythm Rebel, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook,

published by **Wowapi Press, 1996, 2001**, inquiry.

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www.myspace.com/ricksikes and www.ricksikes.com (Main Web-page)

PETER O'BRIEN WRITES**"Skiffle Kings"**

by Peter O'Brien © March 01, 2008, Surrey, England

"SKIFFLE KINGS"

Me and my mate Roy
were into loads of things
but when we weren't playing football
we were the Skiffle Kings.
I used to play in goal,
thought I was Ted Ditchburn,
but when we played our music
it was Lonnie Donegan.
Roy played guitar.
Me, I played the fool.
Johnny B. on tea chest bass,
another mate from school.
So was Washboard Will,
you can guess what he played.
We nicked our mothers' thimbles,
what a sound he made.
Robin was our singer
though he'd forget the words,
but he was dead good looking,
could really pull the birds.
He also had a motorbike,
the only one who did.
They loved to ride his pillion,
he was one cool kid.
Lonnie played our theatre
and we all went along.
Had just about the greatest time,
sang along to every song.
We got our songs from Lonnie
and another I should mention.
First LP I ever bought,
The Vipers' "Coffee Bar Session."
We played the local youth clubs,
our annual school dance.
Would've loved to make a record
but never got the chance.
We really weren't that good
if the truth be told,
but we'd have those memories
if we ever got old.
Roy and I met up again
after all these years.
Sat around and reminisced

over a couple of beers.
 Talked of this and that,
 football, friends and things,
 and those fantastic times
 when we were Skiffle Kings

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end

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Peter O'Brien is an author and publisher, *Omaha Rainbow*, and under his
Sun Storm Records, launched Roxy L. Gordon's music.

=====

ROY HAMRIC WRITES

Minding My Time

Awash in mind time
 Mind's always mattering:
 Thoughts, sensations,
 feelings—forming.
 Words mattering
 In Universe
 Of matter—
 That's all
 (not to Roy & Laddawan
 and the Thai band playing
 Eric Clapton).
 Not to mind called myself
 That's just the go-between
 For Old no-body and
 Old Big O that knows,
 Knows like the bone in your
 Eye every thing's
 Flowing through everything
 Right now in Chiang Mai
 As a candle lantern is
 frozen, Golden
 in the night sky
 Twinkling.

===

end

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Roy Hamric was the editor of the former weekly newspaper, *The Desert-Mountain Times*,
 in Alpine, Texas. He edited a collection of newspaper columns, *Archer Fullingim: A
 Country Editor's View of Life*, which won the Texas Institute of Letters best work of
 journalism award in 1976, and he took the photographs for *The Big Thicket*. For many
 years, he took photographs which regularly appeared in Wowapi publications.

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WES MCGHEE WRITES

Blue Blue Night

"Don't Let The Monkey Drive"

by Wes McGhee – © March 01, 2008, England, Great Britain

"Don't Let The Monkey Drive"

The circle is broken, and it's never gonna heal.
We set an engine in motion, with a monkey at the wheel.

Don't let the monkey drive – Don't let him on the highway
Don't let the monkey drive – He's so so dumb
Don't let the monkey drive – It's lookin' like a bad day
Fee Fi Fo Fum – Gonna send us all to kingdom come!

He's got an opinion, and he don't give a damn.
So another dominion, becomes another wasteland.

Don't let the monkey drive – Don't let him touch the motor
Don't let the monkey drive – He's evil and he's dumb
Don't let the monkey drive – Never mind the voters
Fee Fi Fo Fum – Gonna send us all to kingdom come!

When the fires are burning in your town tonight
And it's probably your turn to die,
The monkey just grins at the spotlight
And tells lie after lie after lie.
Monkey see – monkey do
He's the meanest monkey in the whole damn zoo!

If you've got foreign relations, you better watch what you say.
You'll get a little vacation, down in Guantanamo Bay.

Don't let the monkey drive – He's the top banana
Don't let the monkey drive – He's beating on his drum
Don't let the monkey drive – Kiss goodbye to mañana
Fee Fi Fo Fum – Gonna take us all to kingdom come!

Don't let the monkey drive – You can't trust a crazy christian
Don't let the monkey drive – He's evil and he's dumb
Don't let the monkey drive – He's on an all out mission
Fee Fi Fo Fum – Gonna send us all to kingdom come!

Don't let the monkey drive – Don't let him on the highway
Don't let the monkey drive – He's comfortably numb
Don't let the monkey drive – It's gonna be a bad day
Fee Fi Fo Fum – Gonna send us all to kingdom come!
Don't let the monkey drive – He's on an all out mission
Don't let the monkey drive – He's evil and he's dumb
Don't let the monkey drive – Just send the monkey fishin'
Fee Fi Fo Fum – Gonna blow us all to kingdom come!

===

end

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WES MCGHEE produced *Blue Blue Night*, recorded and mixed at Glebe Studio, Great Hillingbury, Bishops Stortford, Herts—CM227TY, England, Great Britain, [contact: wes.mcgee@hotmail.co.uk]—[www.myspace.com/wesmcgee]

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JUDY GORDON PAINTS

#2900

Two Moon, Cheyenne, media: acrylic on canvas, date: 1969, dimensions: 16" x 20." Current whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Garland, Texas.

Judy's comments:

Have original painting in my Wowapi Studio in Garland, Texas. Photo of Cheyenne Chief 'Two Moon' at Fort Keogh, 1879, comes from *The Frontier Years*, by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. The friendship of this genial, young Cheyenne warrior chief was very strong with photographer, L.A. Huffman. Huffman's admiration was very high profiled in his writings pertaining to this Indian war chief. This Cheyenne Indian Chief, was thoroughly NDN, revealed by his thoroughly dressed Indian attire, very strong genial image, reflected during the Indian wars. Red lighting very much necessary, due to the colors in my painting. Peter O'Brien photographed original during one of his visits from England, then provided a slide of it.

All prints 8½" x 11," archival matte paper available. You may check Roxy Gordon's Website for Judy Gordon's art, *Wowapi Studio Three*, www.roxygordon.com.

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end

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "NDN, 1999.")

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

LISTEN TO JAZZ RADIO SHOW By **ROGER BOYKIN**, Every **SUNDAY EVENING, 3-6 PM—KKDA Radio Station 730 AM, Dallas, Texas.**

#200

Last **Fridays** of every Month at **7 pm:** The Priya Yoga Studio Contemplative **Open Mic and Reader Series**, coordinated and hosted by **Karen X**, sponsored by **WordSpace**. (www.wordspacetexas.org), 6337 Prospect, Dallas, Tx. 75214. 254-495-9976 for more info. March, 28, 2008, features **KYLE VAUGHN**. Open Mic: 3 poems or 5 min.— whichever comes first.

#300

By Way of Vicki Meek—THE SOUTH DALLAS CULTURAL CENTER, MARCH 2008, contact her for ALL EVENTS: msart55@yahoo.com.

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end

TAMMY GOMEZ MOURNS:

RAUL R. SALINAS passes on, Wednesday, February 13, 2008, becomes legend!

to comfort those who mourn at the desk, reading of
raul, today:

i need a hug. i miss my austin peeps, so awful bad

right now. those vibrant fertile 1990s moments.
of our early wisdoms and onset of commitments.

i'm listening to a raul cd right now, and am thinking
of calling in sick today. i have to honor my elder,
my mentor. i am sick of sucking it in. there is so
much to celebrate and mourn and remember.

read his poems out loud to someone today, this week,
play his cds out loud. let his voice ring to
infinity.....

i am feeling so much the increase of burden and
responsibility, as i started to feel back when GLORIA
ANZALDUA died, and i wept at my computer, feeling
so much the pressure to continue in her steps but with
my feet, the bad-ass chingona with challenging
exhalations
of righteous word and interrogating thought. the art
that dashes the darkness, the performance that pokes
holes in unholy dominions.

and since i've lost la GLORIA, we've lost so many
others in
recent times (Trinidad Sanchez, Jr., Sekou Sundiata),
and
this has created a great accumulation of a sense of
carrying on, but doing it BIGGER and friggin BOLDER
and without question. i am here, in north texas,
treading some of the hardest ground there is to tread,
and i miss my compas, the equally-revved and righteous
open-minded envelope-pushers. i often step alone,
but at the same time i am accompanied by the memories
and messages, example and legacy, of so so many great
people i have had the ultimate-est privilege of
walking
and working alongside.

i bless your steps, comadres y compadres,
and i hope you bless mine.
we have so much walking to do, and may we do it
with the deepest conviction of knowledge and
aspiration
to change what must be changed
overturn what must be overturned
recognize what must be recognized
redeem what must be redeemed
reclaim what must be reclaimed
rejoice in what must be, what must be.

love & the deepest prayer for your

continued health
& happiness,

– Tammy Gomez, Fort Worth, Texas

FOLLOWING CD REVIEWS:

JAMES TALLEY: *JOURNEY*
by *Judy Gordon**

1. "W. LEE O'DANIEL AND THE LIGHT CRUST DOUGH BOYS,"
This song really reminds me of growing us up in the blues country,
then we have, 2. "BLUESMAN," *b.b. king for sure—JIM TAKES US.*
3. "MY CHEROKEE MAIDEN*," *Her eyes are like the stars in heavens,*
4. "THAT OLD MAGIC*" *Jim and his music keep it FOUND,*
5. "TRYIN' LIKE THE DEVIL," *And I'm reachin' for the stars,*
6. "SOMETIMES I THINK ABOUT SUZANNE," *Whiskey dreams and old
freight trains take us South to Abilene,*
7. "LA ROSA MONTAÑA," *A true little girl story and her journey—LISTEN*
8. "THE SONG OF CHIEF JOSEPH*," *THEN WE HAVE A STRONG
JOURNEY TO TAKE*
9. "RICHLAND, WASHINGTON,"
Getting to know small town AMERICA and the Columbia River snuck in there2,
10. "SOMEWHERE ON THE EDGE ON THE WORLD*,"
With Crazy Horse I ride,
11. "WHEN I NEED SOME LOVE," *When I get the blues, I think of you!*
12. "I SAW THE BUILDINGS*,"
13. "UP FROM GEORGIA,"
14. "WE'RE ALL ONE FAMILY."

I believe we could join in with James on songs 12---13---14 almost an *ANTHEM*
James Talley, Dave Pomeroy, Mike Noble, Gregg Thomas

[CONTACT: www.jamestalley.com]

LANCE DIAL: *POINT OF NO RETURN*
by *Carol Gerhauser+*

Like I was arguing (before)—against happy endings thus eliminating hope, challenge and particularly contrast—this newbie has lent me a favored lesson in contra-point. Lance Dial, song writer/cowpoker, shows grad student promise. The three love songs are psychedelic good; like “Dreamin’ Again” (I always wondered if Jimi could do “that” in her sleep), though does he want to “burn bridges” to go up where her love is (my preference) or burn the memory? I do love crazy love—what other Eros is there? Meanwhile, “Another Time Another Place”, besides one preposition problem, has good guitar, that slow country snare beat that should be outlawed, and a losing proposal called Anticipation. All our boy needs is a little story-telling advice from Terry Allen (“être outré”, be more out of reality). Love song number three, the hit single, has

groovy Latino classical guitar, galloping ghost rider-ish beat, real good harmony, and the lovely title/image—"Angel Wings". The idea is to exalt the mundane to an extreme visionary paradigm, as I see it.

The honky-tonk angel (à la Jerry Hall and yours truly on the flo') in "Baby's Gonna Hit Town" could be about any of us, and other than "Old Whiskey" where he fiddles about (Strait stuff), the remaining four are deep. "No Time to Fall" has a bad-ass first verse and refrain (that damn beat again), and in this tell-all age (U2 did it, too), he genuflects for us all. I like "Come to Me" as it is hip as shit. The desert (Whose country?) and the sea (whaling not wailing song) blend is WAY, and he actually RAPS while Nathan Jones (brother[?] Tyler on drums) mimics Stanley Clark. Killer wah-wah guitar is also on the title cut, "Point of No Return", which kind of sets the bar high to begin with.

Contact info: www.lancedial.com

CLASSIFIEDS/LINKS:

#100

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www.luckydogbooks.com

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Marquetta Herring, Contact: marq@lonestarwebstation.com

#200

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end

Roxy and Judy Gordon Productions – Please VISIT Roxy's Website.

1. ***TOWNES ASKED DID HANK WILLIAMS EVER WRITE ANYTHING AS GOOD AS NOTHING.*** Now available on CD #100. All songs written by Roxy First Coyote Boy Gordon, © 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon. All music production by Wes McGhee , © 2001, Bug Music \$15.00 CD.

2. ***SMALLER CIRCLES,*** lyrics © 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon & Music production by Wes McGhee © 2001 Bug Music \$10.00 CD #200. Now Available on CD! Wowapi Press Chapbook #1A \$10.00.

3. ***UNFINISHED BUSINESS,*** by Roxy Gordon, lyrics © 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon. \$6.00 CS, \$15.00 CD #500. Wowapi Press Chapbook #3A \$10.00.

4. **KERRVILLE LIVE – 1993. ROXY GORDON**, by Roxy Gordon, lyrics © 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon \$6.00 CS, \$10.00 CD #600.
5. **CRAZY HORSE NEVER DIED**. Eleven tracks lyrics © 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon & Music production by Wes McGhee © 2001 Bug Music \$15.00 CD #400 now Available on CD! Wowapi Press Chapbook #2A \$10.00.
6. **BREEDS**, by ROXY GORDON © words & artwork, 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon \$10.00 book, #3700, 66 pgs.
7. **SOME THINGS I DID**, by ROXY GORDON © 1971, Encino Press, 127 pgs. See Amazon to order.
8. **WOWAPI: ANYTHING WRITTEN IN ANY FORM**, by Judy Gordon, poems, drawings, and photographs, now available Wowapi Press Chapbook, 2007, #4A \$10.00.
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11. **PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal**, current or back-issues. Go to Roxy Gordon's Website to find ARCHIVES – www.roxygordon.com.
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