

**Rita**

---

**From:** "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>  
**To:** "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>  
**Sent:** Thursday, May 01, 2008 6:47 AM  
**Subject:** Picking Up The Tempo, number 14, May 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><b>Picking up The Tempo a country western journal</b></p>	<p><b>a DEXTEROUS NEW VOICE in Country from the ~ Music HALF ~ SAVAGE Southwest</b></p>
--	---

Copyright © 2008: Wowapi Productions/708 Chandler Drive, Garland, Texas

---

---

*PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal*  
 May 01, 2008, number 14

© 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.

+++++

*Contents:*

Roxy Writes – A Taste of Indian ... by Roxy Gordon [edited by Judy Gordon],  
 Carol Gerhauser Writes – Washateria Days ... ,  
 Observations Of Wild Life, with Jennifer Kidney – Channelling Emily ... ,  
 Art Coelho Writes – Spring's Curse ... ,  
 Karen X Writes – Body Text: My Rotator Cuff Injury ... ,  
 Rick Sikes Writes – Lovely Memories ... ,  
 Peter O'Brien Writes – Rock City Barns ... ,  
 Roy Hamric Writes – The Stick ... ,  
 Wes McGhee Writes – Ragged Annie ... ,  
 Judy Gordon Paints – Freighter 1969 ... ,  
*Entertainment Checkout Roger's SUNDAY, 3-6 P.M. LISTEN  
 TO JAZZ RADIO By ROGER BOYKIN, RADIO STATION KKDA 730 AM ... ,  
 AND LAST FRIDAYS, 7 P.M. HOSTED by KAREN x—Open Mic&ReaderSeries...,  
 CD Reviews by Judy Gordon\* and Carol Gerhauser+ ... ,  
 Classifieds/Links*

---

*Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon*

The entire contents of *Picking Up The Tempo* – 2008 are copyright © 2008 by WOWAPI, Judy Gordon, and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part without written permission from the Publisher.

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.**

---

**ROXY WRITES MAY 1, 2008**

**"A Taste of Indian Culture"**

by Roxy Gordon – © 2008, "A Taste of Indian Culture"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

**"A TASTE OF INDIAN CULTURE"**

Five or six years ago, I went up to the Fort Belknap Reservation in Montana to do some work in the school system. We were sitting, one morning, in the bilingual education area drinking coffee. Eagle feathers and a beaded-handled stone ax hung on the walls. Aides were making breastplates of an upcoming elementary school

powwow. The aides giggled while my friend Minerva Allen told me about the whoopee cushion. These were middle-aged Indian women.

Minerva explained they used to have a whoopee cushion there in the bilingual room. They'd leave it in a chair they expected some unsuspecting teacher might use. These are usually young, white teachers drawn to the reservation by high starting salaries. They rarely stay long. Minerva generally likes them, though letting a young teacher out of her car one late night at their house in slushy snow, she asided to me, "These teachers, they're such sissies." Minerva is in charge of the bilingual program; they teach English-speaking Indian kids to speak Indian. She also works for the government as an educational development specialist and flies around in airplanes to places like Alaska or Albuquerque.

Minerva told me the whoopee served well. It did what it was supposed to and one day, it did more than it was supposed to. It did the psychologist up good. The psychologist worked for the state. She came around to check Indian kids and came into the bilingual room at lunch. Frank Cuts The Rope, an old artist, saw her coming and moved the whoopee cushion chair away from her. But the psychologist, in high heels and hose, came for it anyway, pushing other chairs out of the way to get right to that special chair. The aides all made for the door, their faces serious like they had serious business somewhere else. But poor Frank Cuts The Rope was trapped and couldn't get out. And the high-heeled psychologist sat down.

I can imagine her back in Helena or wherever, telling her psychologist buddies about these Indian ladies who were teaching Indian kids how to live in the real world, about how they were sitting around drinking coffee, doing beadwork and playing with a whoopee cushion.

But the whoopee cushion died, Minerva said. It wouldn't hold air anymore, so the young teachers got off the hook. They got off that hook anyway; they didn't have to sit on a whoopee cushion anymore. And then, Minerva said, the young teachers wanted to eat dog.

Those young white teachers wanted a taste of real Indian culture. Rabies was running wild on the reservation and all the dogs were vaccinated and you don't eat pup from a vaccinated mother. But the teachers had a feed and wanted dog. So Minerva sent somebody out to kill a rabbit. She cut its head off and skinned it. Minerva said its little tailbone looked just like puppy. They boiled it up and left it floating whole in the pot. The teachers all came and stared stricken but took, every last one of them, at least one little bite.

I asked Minerva, "Did you ever tell them?" She said, not quite smiling, "Nobody ever told them."

I imagine those teachers back home in Minneapolis or wherever, telling their relatives and college friends about their year helping Indian kids, telling how they got into the real America, how they knew people with names that sounded like zoological descriptions, about how they forgot their white skins and swallowed a bite of dog.

And I do seriously wonder if they tell their relatives and college friends about the whoopee cushion. I'd really like to know how the folks back home get their story of

Indian culture.

===

**end**

=====  
 (Published Coleman Chronicle & DV, September 1, 1992)

=====  
 (Coming next issue Roxy Gordon's "**Townes.**")

=====  
**CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES**

**"Washateria Days"**

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

**"Washateria Days"**

Washateria days. Her panties next to his underwear. All the trappings of a hippie marriage. But she wanted stability, success, so discarded the precious and sweet leanings for dissolution, or rather dissipate isolation, without movement under the soil, then rode slipshod into a dark mayhem that no longer included youth, the yearning for love tossed out with the lost time, forgotten for the good and bad, a frenzied mixture which did exist, only now in memory, financed and then sold for a loss.

In those candy-apple red days the misspent moments didn't amount to much, the disregard on both counts flavored by obsession which can hardly be thoughtfully entertained this season, calling fitfully at random his name for lack of one of her own. These remnants turn into blossom bursts of hope, not for the past per se but for a reproduction thereof. Hopefully not to end up like Deanie and Bud.

===

**end**

=====  
 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.

=====  
**OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY**

**"Channelling Emily" Collection Entitled CHANNELLING EMILY DICKINSON**

© 2007 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma

---

**CHANNELLING EMILY**

Why can the moon  
 not always be full?  
 Why must darkness fall  
 like the curtain closing  
 on the stage?  
 Why must winter arrive,  
 its frigid breath  
 whitening the grass?

The moon goes dark  
 like clockwork  
 and winter numbers  
 its diminishing days.  
 I am always looking forward  
 and backward to the spring  
 and summer warmth  
 and fullness.  
 I do not like the dark  
 and coolness  
 of unfriendly seasons  
 although reason  
 informs me  
 of their necessity.  
 I cannot fathom  
 the underground mysteries  
 of seeds and plants  
 in dormancy,  
 and I was not made  
 to hibernate,  
 so instead I wait  
 secure in my knowledge  
 of equalizing cycles.  
 The moon will shine again  
 like a new dime  
 and days will lengthen  
 their nurturing light  
 enabling the iris  
 of my mind's eye  
 finally to bloom.

====

**end**

=====

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 villagebookspress@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

=====

**ART COELHO WRITES**

=====

Art Coelho,  
P.O. Box 249,  
Big Timber, Montana 59011

=====

**"Spring's Curse"**

How do you begin to love an old friend  
when night hunger joins a swollen wind;  
the high plains wrangles  
wrath's sticking barbwire  
searing you-ain't-comin'-back again.

Your dark I still dance,  
but the sound of your denim pant legs  
ever so slight hitting the floor—  
it eats at youth's  
never refined hues and  
almost forgotten Southside walls,  
and Heaven stepping in to blow  
snot all over a poet's blues.

Oh I can roll in so easy on a smile  
and see your search of artist brushes.  
I stand tall as a grain elevator  
when the light hits just right  
on falling snow smothering  
these chokecherry blossoms  
on this road break in routine  
to see Doc Robyn my cancer surgeon.

It's too early to cry.  
It must be spring's curse  
this torturous sun revealing  
more than I can swallow  
as your memory gains momentum  
and my footfalls so much freer  
now that loss can bargain  
with what's buried deep, vacant,  
naked as burning images when  
a fire is finally kindled in my eyes—  
and the pain rushes for the nearest coulee  
to duck and cower before your gift arrives.

– Art Coelho

=====

end

---

*(Coming next issue Art Coelho's "A Truth Anyway.")*

=====

**Seven Buffaloes Press**

Art Coelho, Ed. &amp; Pub.

Box 249

Big Timber, Montana 59011

(Rural & Working Class Lit.)Individual authors &  
anthology formats.

Free catalogue.

**Art's Fine Art**

3 color prints available:

Horsepower, Gossip &The Portuguese Windmills;

Visual image will be sent:

[artcoelho@cablemt.net](mailto:artcoelho@cablemt.net)

Coelho's canvases featured:

[www.palcus.org](http://www.palcus.org)*For Sale: Art's paintings***KAREN X WRITES****PUTT no. 14, 2008 © May*****Body Text: My Rotator Cuff Injury***

My thoughts and beliefs about love are not working for me.

My rotator cuff injury especially the rhomboid muscles feel like an emotional stab in the back.

And depression (unprocessed emotions).

How do you "fight" mental depression—  
with your *joy army* of the third eye?

Nothing is working for me.

Ricardo's not coming back.

*Noone* is coming back.

I've exceeded my relationship quota. What's the quotient?

That love has been divided by the number involved.

I have damaged myself—and I have damaged.

I feel the damage—mine and others.

Why did I diminish myself, cut myself off from loving myself.

Tears and muscle tears, emotional scars and physical scars.

Scars on my veins, scars on my womb.

Scars from falling dead drunk—dead to celebration.

And it can't be changed-I can't take back trying to kill myself,  
or that I was poisonous.

A sweet poison—love me and get sick from me!

I can't blame Ricardo for trying to damage me back.

I can't stop damaging myself.

I want a cigarette instead of love.

And then I'm ashamed that I smoke and smell like cigarettes instead of love.

Shame shame *go away!*Can one, having once located the physical residence of damage in the body,  
eject it by breathing into the intensity and exhaling into the atmosphere?

Where does this toxic energy then go? Won't it damage the plants?

In this case, the left space of my heart and shoulder—  
the connection of outreach from the heart—  
My efforts to connect are frozen at the shoulder.

I'm so smart so clever and can make my suffering an entertainment  
and divert you from helping me by making you want to compliment  
my style of expression, be intimidated by my ability  
and pride in what I don't love about myself, that which you do love,  
that you become confused by what, if anything, I need,  
you laugh with me and go buy me cigarettes!

Or it used to be dope and alcohol—  
I used to walk into convenience stores and address the Eritrean clerks, total strangers!  
and elegantly explain that I was a heroin addict  
and that I needed a hundred bucks to buy dope  
or I'd be sick  
and *they'd give it to me!*  
Would they have helped me more by calling the police  
and having my charm arrested on the spot?  
This misuse of my influence and ability—evidence of  
my positive charisma, even in the lowest activity, makes me smile,  
self satisfied.  
Imagine my self-satisfaction.  
Don't imagine it.  
It's an entertainment to divert attention from the daily attempt  
I used to make in trying to kill myself before I die naturally.  
The truth is I'm *afraid* of death!  
And it's closer and closer in natural order than ever!

I have misused and misspent *most* of my talent, my love, my body and my soul.

Spring, 2006  
Dallas, Texas

====  
**end**

=====  
**KAREN X**  
Registered Yoga Teacher  
and Writer at Large  
[KXatlarge@aol.com](mailto:KXatlarge@aol.com)  
<http://hometown.aol.com/kxatlarge/>  
WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published  
**TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,**  
by Karen X.  
See other connections: [[www.priyayoga.net](http://www.priyayoga.net) and  
**Karen X presents: [www.wordspace.texas.org](http://www.wordspace.texas.org)],**  
=====

**RICK SIKES WRITES****"LOVELY MEMORIES"**

By: Rick Sikes © May 01, 2008

SEEMS LIKE FATE  
 HAS CAST ITS SHADOW DOWN ALL OVER ME  
 LIKE A BLADE OF GRASS  
 WITHERING IN WINTER'S FREEZE.  
 BUT I KEEP WISHING  
 FOR A LITTLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT,  
 TO WARM ME FROM YOUR LOVELY MEMORIES.

I'M LIKE A TREE  
 THAT'S SHED ITS LEAVES  
 IN AUTUMN  
 A FADED FLOWER  
 ONCE SO BEAUTIFUL TO SEE.  
 I AM LOOKING  
 FOR A LITTLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT  
 TO HIDE ME FROM THESE LOVELY MEMORIES.

IF I COULD HATE YOU  
 IT WOULD MAKE MY LIFE SO EASY  
 BUT I STILL LOVE YOU IT'S SO PLAIN TO SEE  
 SO I'LL KEEP SEARCHING  
 FOR A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE.  
 TRY TO FORGET YOUR LOVELY MEMORIES.

I BARELY RECOGNIZE  
 THAT FACE I SEE  
 IN THE MIRROR.  
 THAT'S NOT THE MAN  
 HE'S NOT THE MAN  
 I USED TO BE.  
 A MASK OF TORMENT  
 MY HEAD BOWED DOWN  
 I'M ALMOST ON MY KNEES  
 I JUST CAN'T STAND ALL THESE LOVELY MEMORIES

=====  
 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](http://www.myspace.com/ricksikes) and [www.ricksikes.com](http://www.ricksikes.com) (Main Web-page)

*Rhythm Rebel*, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook,  
published by Wowapi Press, 1996, 2001, inquiry.

**RICK SIKES & THE RHYTHM REBELS** *Recordings From The 60'S*

RIJAN Music – \$10.00 plus handling and postage.

[www.myspace.com/ricksikes](http://www.myspace.com/ricksikes) and [www.ricksikes.com](http://www.ricksikes.com) (Main Web-page)

---

## PETER O'BRIEN WRITES

"Rock City Barns: A Passing Era"

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

This was inspired by "Rock City Barns: A Passing Era", a photographic essay by David B. Jenkins published in 1996. Most of the dialogue I've used is taken from direct quotes in an interview in the book with Clark Byers, 'The Man With the Paintbrush.' Sadly he died a few years ago just after, I think, I wrote this in February 2005.

### "ROCK CITY BARNS"

They're fading now, just like me,  
but look hard enough and you will see  
on the roofs of barns, **SEE ROCK CITY**,  
and this shall be my legacy.

I go by the name Clark Byers,  
I've lived eighty years for starters.  
In '36 my boss, Fred Maxwell,  
he took me to meet Garnet Carter  
who hired me to tell the farmers  
I would paint their roofs for free  
if he could put up this message.  
Just three words, **SEE ROCK CITY**.

I started out with one helper,  
then I got it up to two.  
We never did miss a lick,  
everybody had somethin' to do.  
These boys, I had 'em trained,  
we was hungry and in a hurry.  
Painted barns in nineteen states  
travelin' around the country.

I did it all freehand, y'know,  
that's the reason I did 'em so fast.  
It was all done with a four inch brush,  
I never measured nothin' off.  
We'd stretch lines across the roof

with nails and pieces of string,  
black out the whole of the roof,  
come back and put white letters in.

In '47 I built the house  
where I raised my family  
and painted up there on the roof,  
you guessed it, **SEE ROCK CITY**.  
On the Tennessee/Kentucky line  
one time, out of paint and money,  
I wrote Mr. Carter a postcard,  
"Going home to see my honey."

I had to quit in '68.  
Paintin' a billboard in Tennessee  
a power line had tore loose,  
seven thousand volts went through me.  
It was one of God's miracles  
I didn't die on the spot right there.  
I was in hospital a while,  
couldn't do anything for a year.

There's one more thing I should tell you.  
If you want to see Rock City  
it's up there on Lookout Mountain  
in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

=====

**end**

=====

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**

### **The Stick**

My Japanese-lettered walking stick's  
Been to the top of Mount Fuji  
But who cares?

Fog rolls into the Chisos Mountains basin tonight  
Car headlights white and glowing slice the air  
The Solitario Mountains lie silent to the west  
Like on the Moon  
Surrounding nothing much much at all

Here's two canyon place names from my tattered map:  
Lower Shut-up and Left-hand Shut-up

Come morning clouds boil to life  
 from a Big Bend Sky Scroll  
 August rains  
 Blue sky  
 I draw stars above more names on the map:  
 Sierra Del Caballo Muerto,  
 Terlingua Abaja, Lost Mine Peak,  
 Christmas Wells, Cow Heaven Mountain

Poetry is everywhere

The dogs are smiling at noon in Boquillas  
 Across the Rio Grande  
 It's all  
 more than enough.

And

===

**end**

---

(Coming next issue *Roy Hamric's "Still Life."*)

---

=====  
 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.

---

## **WES MCGHEE WRITES**

*Blue Blue Night*

**"Ragged Annie"**

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

**"Ragged Annie"**

Hey Ragged Annie – you're looking' kinda scary tonight.  
 Hey Ragged Annie – you're gonna give some poor boy a  
 fright.

You oughta be fitted with a danger sign,  
 You give me chills and the boogie woogie flu.  
 It's a whole lotta nothin'  
 But it oughta mean something to you.

Hey Ragged Annie – you're looking' kinda sleazy it's true.  
 That's the touch I like – I think we oughta make a rendezvous.  
 With your hair all wild and your war paint on  
 And the way you do the things that you do,  
 It's a whole lotta nothing'  
 It oughta mean something' to you.

Ragged Annie, Ragged Annie, it's a little uncanny  
 Feel like big bad wolf with Red Ridin' Hood's Granny  
 I can feel things slippin' and I'm losin' my grip  
 This ain't no fairy story it's a real live trip!

Ragged Annie, Ragged Annie – you got a bad reputation,  
 all right  
 Hey Ragged Annie, that's the kinda reputation I like  
 Getting' right down to the real nitty gritty  
 I get the chills and the boogie woogie flu  
 It's a whole lotta nothing'  
 But it oughta mean something' to you.

====  
 end

=====

**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]

=====

## **JUDY GORDON PAINTS**

### **#1800**

*Freighter 1969*, Media: Acrylic on Canvas, Date: 1969, Dimensions: 16" x 20,"  
 Current whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Garland, Texas.

#### *Judy's comments:*

L.A. Huffman, Frontier Photographer, took the photograph of this German,  
 Montana Freighter, Martin Wehinger, I used as my subject. Freighters were  
 very necessary in Montana, around Miles City, and this particular freighter  
 told Huffman, an intriguing story about how he, Wehinger, killed a bear with  
 his very own axe, instead of a gun.

On a visit from England, Peter O'Brien photographed original; provided a slide.

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.

====  
 end

---

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "*Washakie*.")

---

## **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. **MAY 30, 2008**, features **RENEE ROSSI**.

*Open Mic: 3 poems or 5 min.— whichever comes first.*

#300

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

=====  
 end  
 =====

**FOLLOWING CD REVIEWS:**

**WILL T. MASSEY: ALONE**

*by Judy Gordon\**

1. "I'll Never Love You Wrong," *Easy going gently*, 2. "Yesterdays Without You," *Takes you to missing moments again*, 3. "I Knew You," *A time that's been before*, 4. "Timeless Days," *More missing moments to not forget*, 5. "Lives On," *Vows that may be remembered*, 6. "Always A First Love," *A strong place to come back to*, 7. "Younger Than We Knew," *Surprises to be expected*, 8. "If You're Out There," *Always seeking and Will T. will find you, but its not an easy one*, 9. "Closer To The Road," *Will T. will take you on this journey*, 10. "Forever In Love With You," *This is something he knows, and he strums you there, strongly.*

**VOCALS AND GUITAR: WILL T. MASSEY.**

**ALL SONGS WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY WILL T. MASSEY.**

Contact: WWW.WILLTMASSEY.COM

**SMOKIN' JOE KUBEK & B'NOIS KING: BLOOD BROTHERS**

*by Carol Gerhauser+*

I knew jazz-guitarist B'nois (in a brown derby and suit) playing perfect Pendergrast at the Cotton Candy on MLK Blvd. with George Pharms (1 + 1). Kubek I remember before that sitting in at the Thieves Three with licks straight from Abbott Labs. A beautiful creative collaboration has been wrought over time with these two together.

One of two songs about aging I like, "Midlife Crisis/Midnight Flight", is in 3D: Big D, danceable, and drinking not my deal. The other one (of three full of funk) is "My Dog's Still Walking" (Robin Trower with major chords) and says something like Gypsy Rose Lee's "same figure, just a little lower". Two, "Freezer Burn", has Paul Jenkins burning up the bass, and three is a cutesy "Flame Thrower", drummer Dave Konstantin good on this one. Joe plays slide on "Don't lose my Number" with a nifty "when and if" line (and otherwise drowns out the piano of John Street) and on "Out on a Limb". *Entre* the two are standards "Cold Folks Boogie" with lines like "city-wise", and "That Ring don't Mean a Thing", a pride goeth, Whitney story-line buhlues.

"Stop Drinking" (What?) holds a mean truism—"Everybody's laughing at you" (who had no idea but sure do now), and is followed by another fave, "Must be Karma"—hope to hear that melodic falsetto again—whose lyric rivals "Bumpy Ride" with a hopeful "love's gonna smooth it out". Though I balked at earlier imitation (or it at me), the sad, Robert Cray-like melody in "The Pleasure was all Mine" clashes with the story, and in Monroe, La.'s mournful and meaningful "Coleman Avenue". Another blues departure, "Troubled Dreams", country-rockish at times, has "Mr. Fantasy" plunkin'

'em on lead.

Live, the voice and loud guitar are strangely mesmerizing. We are so glad they made it—living examples of healthy friends.

====  
end

=====  
**CLASSIFIEDS/LINKS:**

**#100**

**Lucky Dog Books**

**PAPERBACKS PLUS BOOKSTORE**

**6115 La Vista**

**Dallas, Texas 75214 USA**

**info@luckydogbooks.com**

**www.luckydogbooks.com**

**Voice: (214)-827-4860**

**Marquetta Herring, Contact: marq@lonestarwebstation.com**

**#200**

**BILL'S RECORDS**

**1317 S. Lamar**

**Dallas, Texas 75215**

**Phone: 214-421-1500**

**billsrecords@earthlink.net**

**MUSIC COLLECTABLES**

**CD'S ( RECORDS ( TAPES**

**T-SHIRTS ( POSTERS ( MAGAZINES**

\*\*\*\*\*

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 #300.
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.

9. **THE ART OF JUDY GORDON**, by Judy Gordon, all prints are on 8½" x 11" archival matte paper, \$30.00, plus postage and handling.

10. **LIVING LIFE AS A LIVING TARGET**, by Judy Gordon, poems and drawings, a chapbook published by **Marquette Herring**, Editor-Publisher, **PAPERBACKS PLUS PRESS, 1987**; limited quantity available.

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**.

12. **SPECIAL AVAILABLE** – Wowapi Press brings **CHARLEY MOON'S – GREAT AUNT LESSIE BELLE'S FUNERAL, 2005, 2007**, chapbook, **\$10.00, plus postage and handling**.

13. **ANOTHER SPECIAL AVAILABLE** – Wowapi Press brings us **KAREN X's– TENDER BLUE FLICKERS, 1993**, chapbook, **\$10.00, plus postage and handling**.

14. **JULY 4TH, 2007—SPECIAL AVAILABLE—**Wowapi Press, 5A, brings us **MINERVA ALLEN'S INDIAN COOKBOOK, from Ft. Belknap Reservation, Dodson, Montana. 1988**, chapbook, **\$10.00, plus postage and handling**.

15. **LIKE SPIRITS of the PAST TRYING to BREAK OUT and WALK to the WEST** by MINERVA ALLEN, 1974, Wowapi Press, 6A, chapbook, includes **Judy Gordon's Illustrations, \$30.00, plus postage and handling**.

\*\*\*\*\* **HOW TO ORDER**\*\*\*\*\*

Make check or money order payable to **Judy Gordon** and mail to:

Judy Gordon  
708 Chandler Drive  
Garland, Texas 75040-7775

\*\*\*\*\*Order Form\*\*\*\*\*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip or Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Country \_\_\_\_\_

DayPhoneNo. \_\_\_\_\_

**United States orders**

Add \$3.85 for up to 3 cds. For 4 cds, please add \$5.40.

For prints, add \$3.85.

For chapbooks, add \$4.00.

Priority mail delivered in 4-6 business days.

**International Orders**

Add \$7.50 for bank processing fee. Add \$9.00 per address for up to 3 cds, Global Priority postage. Flat rate envelope 4-6 business days. For larger orders, please inquire.

Quantity \_\_\_\_\_

Title \_\_\_\_\_

Unit Cost \_\_\_\_\_

Total Cost \_\_\_\_\_  
Postage \_\_\_\_\_  
Total Due \_\_\_\_\_

+++++

*~END~*