

Rita

From: "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>
To: "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>
Sent: Tuesday, July 01, 2008 10:18 AM
Subject: Picking Up The Tempo, number 16, July 01, 2008

july 1, 2008 – no. 16

~~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
July 01, 2008, number 16

© 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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Contents:

Roxy Writes – Do You Know Willie ... by Roxy Gordon [edited by Judy Gordon],
Carol Gerhauser Writes – William Arnett and The Ultimate Heartbreak ... ,
Art Coelho Writes – Full and Dry (for Badger) ... ,
Rick Sikes Writes – Changing Times ... ,
Peter O'Brien Writes – It Stinks ... ,
Roy Hamric Writes – A Short Story ... ,
Wes McGhee Writes – Is Anybody There ... ,
Judy Gordon Paints – Washakie ... ,
Entertainment Checkout Roger's SUNDAY, 3-6 P.M. LISTEN TO JAZZ RADIO By ROGER BOYKIN, RADIO STATION KKDA 730 AM ... , BOB and SALLY ACKERMANS HAVE TWO GIGS—CHECK'EM CD Reviews by Judy Gordon and Carol Gerhauser+ ... , Classifieds/Links*

Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon

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ROXY WRITES JULY 1, 2008

"Do You Know Willie Wilson?"

My grandmother, Sarah Bomar, 1976

by Roxy Gordon – © 2008, "Do You Know Willie Wilson?"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

"DO YOU KNOW WILLIE WILSON?"

My grandmother, Sarah Bomar, 1976

Kathleen Hudson had me to the college in Kerrville to do an Indian literary festival in May. She told me Willie Nelson was doing another 4th of July Picnic - this one in Luckenbach. She wanted me to come.

Kathleen and I went to one in Austin, 1990. That was my fifth. I didn't make Dripping Springs, the first, which from all accounts was, not really Willie's folks, but some part of the Country Music Association with private investors.

I first met Mr. Nelson in about 1974. He did a private party in Albuquerque. He had shoulder length hair and no beard. Second time, he did a concert at the convention hall in Albuquerque. After the show, he was going to some singles bar to play. Judy didn't like the bar and advised him in no uncertain terms go there. Saint Willie did his usual grinning act with eyes not quite there. His drummer, Paul English, *The Devil In The Sleeping Bag*, settled her. Then there was the series of picnics. I was doing a magazine in New Mexico. I had a friend working at KOKE radio in Austin and she said she'd get backstage passes if I'd say I was going to do an edition on the second picnic, the one at the speedway at Bryan/College Station. We said okay and went. It was quite an event. I decided to do a one shot tabloid, decided to call it **PICKING UP THE TEMPO** after the old Willie Nelson song. [Editor note: said let's add **ING to title.**] Sent it around to Austin and Nashville. Soon had people calling. Nobody had ever seen a country music publication like it. We published photos of topless young women in the audience. I ran into Faron Young and he told me in no uncertain terms he didn't approve. He was involved somehow in publishing **MUSIC CITY NEWS** in Nashville.

Folks who called wanted to advertise. We kept doing issues. At the end, after four years, we'd only lost seventy dollars. But it got us into many a show for nothing and backstage passes, including Willie Nelson 4th of July deals. I'd always played music and through the publication, met half the countryish musicians in North America. I stay in Dallas because I met David Allan Coe and he wanted me to help him run his office there.

Best backstage at a picnic was Bryan, probably 25 acres. Waylon rode with Sammi Smith in a Cadillac driving in circles. George Jones was afraid of the hippies and had his limo drop him directly at stage stairs. Tom T. Hall wouldn't even come. Doug Sahm changed clothes down to his boxer shorts with red hearts printed. Sue Tewawina took photos of him but later discovered she had no film in the camera. A young woman roamed around wearing nothing but glued-on sequins. I decided Leon Russell was a true mutant. I got into a fight with one of the radio station guys and he forced himself into their trailer. Later at Denny's, I ran into Red Steagall and asked him why his band was called the Coleman County Cowboys. He said he'd never been to Coleman County; said his aunt's name was Coleman. Michael Martin Murphey sat with us. He was wearing a leather shorts outfit that Swiss yodelers affect.

Liberty Hill was bad. Mud six inches deep, backstage partitioned in plywood sections. I spent most time on David Allan Coe's bus. The car broke down on the way back to Valera, Texas.

Judy, a woman named Marsha (works for Warner Brothers now) and I drove David's new Cadillac to the Gonzales event. We parked just back of stage. Show went on all night. It was hot. We slept in the car, motor running, air-conditioner running. The place was full of bikers. The Outlaws were with David. The Angels

were with Willie and Waylon. David packed a pistol.

Cotton Bowl in Dallas, people with fire hoses sprayed the audience.

Austin, I discovered backstage pass wasn't worth plastic printed. Took the thing off and had more nearly complete access. But then decided to go to the pickup for a drink. Passed a metal cage with a pretty young woman apprehended for goodness knows what. She cried and screamed at me to help her. Got back and security guy got me. I lied, told him I played guitar with Kimmie Rhodes. I'd known her for years and guessed she'd back my lie. Guard looked me over, head to foot, and said go on in. Billy Joe Shaver wondered around with his new wife who is no longer his wife. Some guy on stage wore a tee-shirt with my name on the back. Fireworks exploded. Kathleen and I escaped to the motel. She wanted to sleep, told me to shower picnic dirt. She did and commenced to crash. I decided to tell her the story of my life. She was sound asleep before I finished.

Luckenbach, Texas, day before yesterday. Judy and I slept in the back of the pickup front of Kathleen's house. When the morning comes and you got to get up, we take off for the event, following Kathleen who took two New Yorkers and one of her students. She had good enough sense to get there early. Had to park two miles away, get bussed in on school busses. Backstage passes were not to be found. Some guy at the gate knew who I was and said go on in. Went to the office and various folks there couldn't find passes. Finally, Judy and I went hunting and did. We sat by the old dance hall and watched the hoard pile in. Music started and we went backstage. David Allan Coe had taken chairs to the shade. I sat there seven hours, talked with David, met his newer wife, Jody, and oldest new kid, Tyler. People kept coming and saying hello. Naturally I didn't know almost any. David signed tee-shirts and guitars. He went to the bus to dress and I decided best idea I'd had in the world was to get out. That mass of humans was going to make a leaving traffic impossible. We split and spent early evening in Kathleen's side yard in silence.

Mr. Nelson is over 60 and may never have another picnic. I am 50 years old and told Judy somewhere around Menard I'd never do it again. But, then on the other hand, my mama says never say never because it just might change to will.

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 (Published Coleman Chronicle & DV, July 11, 1995
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(Coming next issue Roxy Gordon's "Stars—1974--EXCERPT.")
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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

"William Arnett" and "The Ultimate Heartbreak"

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

WILLIAM ARNETT

Since I was his wife, he was my husband, two (my favourite mystic for real). Whenever we didn't speak it was through listening understood. If he said so, it was true, even if I had, too. I wanted to be there all along. Youth is such a tricky time, and old age a ruination of it all. Man, he taught me the only lesson I needed to learn in this life—love those who love, be love, love thyself, love love love. Once it began it remained, as it was ALIVE. Now it still IS. We serve on, never a worry, a fear, a contradiction. All was plain to see. I was for him, prince of all times, as he was for me, baby queen.

THE ULTIMATE HEARTBREAK

Grief at natural or accidental death, homicide, suffering animal or human pales compared to legitimized murder. My Horrible state of Texas, conservatively flawed, has proven to ALL mankind their failure to grasp the loftiest of intangibles, forgiveness. Progress is nonexistent, isn't it? The hand played out as always folds in the light of the Eye of the beauty of life. Is it that sapience or intuition or God's love cannot be operant? Please, say it isn't so, Joe.

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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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ART COELHO WRITES

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Art Coelho
P.O. Box 249
Big Timber, Montana 59011
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Full and Dry
(for Badger)

He strummed his guitar
 to a tune
 as sweet as risk.
 And not till his strings
 became dangerous
 (sounds within Poe's eyes)
 did truth become interested;
 and take out dividends
 for a very dark soul.

There's something about
 a high-wire act
 that brings nobility
 its sore bare feet:
 oh a dusty road
 of brilliance
 with its ax to grind
 so turtle-crawling slow.

He played his Martin D-28,
 making a stand
 for love to flow;
 and his gifts of hands
 left him full and dry
 at the same time
 like the crash and roll
 of the Biblical flood
 near the palms of old.

Full because his songs
 were about singers
 living on a line of undertow;
 and *dry* when the dancers
 left no wine in the bottles
 after the harvest was over
 and the seventeen feet of snow
 cried the only mantel
 of cold cold cold.

– Art Coelho

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 (Coming next issue Art Coelho's "*Murderous Occupation.*")
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www.palcus.org

For Sale: Art's paintings

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RICK SIKES WRITES

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CHANGING TIMES

By: Rick Sikes © July 01, 2008

Folks been saying ever since I've been around

Look up, so I lifted my eyes from the ground

The most I've been up, is the bottom side of down

I guess from the top, they can't see the bottom

They can't sing the blues, if they ain't got 'em

Poor folks money won't buy very much

Freedom has no meaning, when there is no such

Hard times don't have a gentle touch

Minds wander in dreams, bodies are bound

Hearts can't lay down the beat, without sound

Common folks have no rights to things or craves

Because a few are masters, many are slaves

Games called inflation, starvation, recession

Work, sweat, be cursed and damned your impression

It's hell to pay if you buck oppression

Times ain't gonna' be like they've been before
 Courage has been knocking at poor folks door
 Hungry children crying, brings resolution
 The wind carries the scent of revolution
 Time will come when men will be men
 Times will change, we will be free again.....

– RICK SIKES

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Rhythm Rebel, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook,

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

===== **PETER O'BRIEN WRITES**

"It Stinks"

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

"IT STINKS"

Today I heard from my friend Jim,
 he's plumb run out of luck.
 His wife has left, his dog just died,
 they've repossessed his truck.
 One way or another
 everything that can has gone wrong.
 It's as well he likes the music,
 his life's become a country song.

Jim's left California,

gone well out of reach
 to Prescott, Arizona,
 it doesn't even have a beach.
 If you see him there in a bar
 buy him a couple of drinks.
 He already knows what you know.
 Wherever or when shit happens...
 it stinks.

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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.
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ROY HAMRIC WRITES

A Short Story

Saigon and the Baccara
 The Macaba
 The Cantinet

Ming, the first
 Lilly, the second
 The whitewashed Everest Hotel
 Night taxis to Cholon

Bome Bom, diddy moi, hai ba trung!

Then Le Hangs black eyes
 Black hair
 Black fan, dusty blades turning slowly
 Humming, turning
 Board bed, creaking, creaking

"Don't be sorry.
 When we're old
 This will keep us warm."

In tears

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 (Coming next issue Roy Hamric's "*Humbly, To My Chinese Friends.*")
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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.

WES MCGHEE WRITES

Blue Blue Night

"Is Anybody There"

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

"Is Anybody There"

Hey, is there anybody there?
 Hey, is there anybody there?
 Hey, is there a waiter anywhere?
 I need hot sauce, chips and the whole enchilada
 With a nice bowl of chilli on the side.

So hey, is there anyone around?
 Hey, is there a waiter in this town?
 Hey, come on and take my order down.
 I need hot sauce, chips and the whole enchilada
 With a nice bowl of chilli on the side.
 T-Bone steak, fries, biscuits and gravy
 And a hot cup of coffee for the ride.

Hey, I'm so hungry, I'm startin' to shake
 How long is this gonna take?

So hey, is there anybody there?
 Hey, I've been looking' everywhere.
 Yeah, I need a waiter I declare.
 I need hot sauce, chips and the whole enchilada
 With a nice bowl of chilli on the side.
 T-Bone steak, fries, biscuits and gravy
 And a hot cup of coffee on the ride.

Hey now, what's all this?
 I just can't take anymore.
 Feels like I'm goin' back – to 1874

Hey now, what's all this?
 I just can't take anymore.
 This newspaper says – it's 1874

Is there anybody there?
 Hey, who's that sittin' over there?
 Hey, I think I'm getting' pretty scared.
 He's got a stovepipe hat and a mean looking' razor

And a hot little number by his side.
 He ain't no waiter, he's a mean alligator
 He's a snake with the devil in his eye.

Man, I'm so nervous I start to shake
 How long is this gonna take?
 Is there anybody there?
 Is it gonna take all night?
 No, it ain't a pretty sight.
 Hey, I think I lost my appetite.

So hold them chips and the whole enchilada
 And the nice bowl of chilli on the side.
 Hold them fries 'cos the guy's got his razor
 And he's got a little something on his mind.
 T-Bone steak's gotta wait 'cos I'm busy
 'Cos it looks like he's headed this a-way
 Sure could use that hot cup of coffee
 When he strolls on over and he says ...

"We don't like your kind
 Out here hangin' around
 You're clean outa time
 Think you'd better be leavin' this town!"

Is there anybody there?
 Is there anybody there?

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 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/wesmcee]

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JUDY GORDON PAINTS
#1900

Washakie, Media: Acrylic on Canvas, Date: 1982, Dimensions: 10" x 12," current
 whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Valera, Texas.

Judy's comments:

Have original painting of this Shoshoni chief at my son, Quanah's place in Coleman
 County, west Texas. Despite an earlier reputation as a fighter in the Indian wars
 against the white incursion, in the 1850's, he actually ordered his tribe to help the
 whites passing through his territory in Wyoming. He became one of the Indian chiefs
 as a partisan for peace. Photo I used to paint this Shoshoni leader came from *Time*
Life Books, this one being volume: *The Indians*. On a visit from England, Peter
 O'Brien photographed original, provided a slide.

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 end

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "Particular Time of Day, Pawnee.")

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

#300

BOB and SALLY ACKERMANS—July 17, 2008, 8:00 pm, SIS BANQUET 1, July 25, 2008, 9:00 pm, TEXAS HOUSE, Dallas, Texas.

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FOLLOWING CD REVIEWS:

TOM RUSSELL: HOTWALKER

by *Judy Gordon**

1. "Pilgrim Land," *Such an echo, then her voice takes you*, 2. "Old America," *A songwriter's WRITERS' TRUE HISTORY, does make you lonesome*, 3. "Hotwalker," *Quite a circus with Bukowski, don't get confused with Little Jack Horton*, 4. "Border Lights," *Just what you expected—YA-HA, then TOM gives us a full story, makes you wanna hang there, too*, 5. "Beat Folk," *Ain't Nobody's business, then we get REAL*, 6. "Van Ronk," *Get a N.Y. Greenwich Village, Story, HE'S GOT A STREET NOW*, 7. "Bakersfield," *Hit with Buck Owens, makes you wanna dance*, 8. "Grapevine," *Valley of the San Joaquin*, 9. "Woodrow," *Here's Jack Horton again, not without Woody Guthrie AND THE MISS'US*, 10. "Benediction: Edward Abbey," *Defender of THE WEST, and this is Kirk's favorite movie—lonely are the brave*, 11. "Honky Jazz," *Tom tells ALL, HORNS*, 12. "Swap Meet Jesus," *Ain't what you expect, Little Horton, again*, 13. "Bukowski #1," *Just to be remembered*, 14. "Harry Partch, Jack Kerouac, Lenny Bruce," *Same here, too, do we really know Harry Partch[?], what about Jack and Lenny AND STEVE ALLEN did pick the piano—between words remembered*, 15. "Bukowski #2 On The Hustle," *War history*, 16. "Bukowski #3," *1941 remembered—WORDS*, 17. "Requiem," *AMERICANS REMEMBERED*, 18. "Coda: Little Jack Horton," *That is really his voice, tells a lot*, 19. "America The Beautiful," *What did you expect, TOM RUSSELL, would do, WITHOUT THIS SONG.*

Tom Russell Web: www.tomrussell.com

Email: [jy@tomrussell.com](mailto: jy@tomrussell.com)

Order one, AND THIS cd can be found at **BILL'S RECORDS.**

DAVID DENNY AND FRIENDS 1974-2003: BLUE SOUTHERN LINE

by *Carol Gerhauser+*

This album is an amalgamation of SF songster/guitarist David Denny's tunes,

which can be grouped by year or venue. The two from 1991 resonate buddy Stevie Guitar? Miller; “Circle of Fire” a mysterious hit single like “Abracadabra” and “One More Chance” with a twangin’ guitar and more Texan than the Space Cowboy ever was. The drummer on these, Prairie Prince (HA), is on 1997’s “Walk On the Wild Side” (not my Mancini-one), a total C&W departure with steel guitar and a mystery unison singer.

The record begins with a 1995 slow blues with a very white George Bensony singing over the guitar riff. The dumbass blues buffs here and there can almost be heard cheering each solo. Cuts 2 and 9 come from his “Cavern” (Rick’s) days, 1974, and the band is called, get this, Joker. Showing soulful promise on the B3 at the beginning, #2’s story goes—she left cuz he plays guitar on the road (and what else?). After that the band gets a bit excited. #9 “Ginger Man” is a lounge-y, catchy tune whose harmony “smacks” of Marty Robbins’ El Paso. Denny, quite good at guitar, has no problem with professional acumen and/or sensibility even though the lyrics could be lent some gravity.

The two aces in the hole are the acoustic numbers (1999), “Time to Let Go” (God Willing, if I’m not mistaken) and “Down to the Bottom Line” which reminds me of *The Wide Sargasso Sea* (not *Salton* or ...*of Love*), a strange film. The violin of Carlos Reyes rocks, kicks them up to a higher level. Finally, behind every great man there is an even greater woman IN HIS SHADOW. My old school chum, Kathy Peck of punk rock group Contractions fame is on bass and hidden on vocals on the 4th non-blues hit, “Learn to Dance”—my *raison d’etre*. With a sort-of Neville Bros. clang, it says “Free Yo’ Soul”. Amen.

Contact info: hear@hearnet.com

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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.
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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.

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