

Rita

From: "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>
To: "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>
Sent: Friday, August 01, 2008 6:57 AM
Subject: Picking Up The Tempo, number 17, August 01, 2008

august 1, 2008 – no. 17
~~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
August 01, 2008, number 17

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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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*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 AUGUST 1, 2008

PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal

Number One by Roxy L. Gordon – © 1974, **STARS: willie nelson's 2nd annual 4th of july picnic * the space between things * our grandfathers * the alamo * the field hippies * you ain't no kid at 33**

*****35¢***

[EXCERPT–Edited by Judy Gordon]

"STARS – 1974" – EXCERPT

Mostly it's the spaces between things I feel comfortable. These are not usually crowded places. When I was a kid in cowboy country and farming country in Coleman County, Texas, I wasn't a cowboy or farmer. In a highschool where football and

basketball were like religions (and in the town, too), I refused to play either. I guess I could have been a beatnik, but the only beatniks I ever saw there in West Central Texas were the boat-neck-shirted-ones—*MAD* magazine, and they weren't exactly models. So I wore cowboy boots.

Somebody told me Billy Joe Shaver was once a beatnik poet in Houston. I read somewhere he's ridden rodeo. Tom T. Hall mentions bull-riding and bronc-busting on the back of Billy Joe's album. My partner now is a steer-wrestler and sometime bullrider. I've hung around a lot of rodeos lately. I can probably talk a better rodeo than some of my old highschool friends who rode then.

Once when "One Dying and a Burying" was popular, I sat a little red transistor radio down on a lonesome hilltop in Coleman County and walked off with "One Dying and a Burying" playing. I've always been a fan of silence. Willie Nelson's 2nd Annual 4th of July Picnic wasn't silent.

Those of us in our group, all blessed with press-blue armbands and backstage passes, called the fans out front Field Hippies. We didn't much like to go out there. We hung around the pickup and cars we'd brought in backstage and drank beer and ate sandwiches—and made plans to rent a Winnebago next year. We wondered why we hadn't thought of it this year. Only when someone like Waylon Jennings or Doug Sahm played, would we go around front to watch. Every once in a while, we'd walk over behind the stage to look at the Stars. "Star F////," Nelson called that. He said he didn't much like taking pictures of them (which he was supposed to be doing for a radio station, KOKE-FM in Austin to justify his blue armband) because it might make them think they were more star-like than he was.

The Field Hippies weren't overdressed—cut-off Levis and little else except halter-tops for the women. They danced and smoked so much dope, the smell of it (and all those human bodies) was more than I could take. And I didn't much like being jostled around the way I was out there. To justify the worst fears of the Bryan, Texas, newspaper—the affair was held at the Texas World Speedway south of Bryan and College Station—maybe ten or fifteen young women ran around topless and some totally naked. The Field Hippies got sunburned.

My friend, Gary, who lives in Bryan talked to an old lady at a gas station and she told him a preacher had come over from Dripping Springs (where Willie Nelson held his 1st Annual 4th of July Picnic) and told her church to expect 29 births and an epidemic of VD from the Picnic.

Nelson said Kris Kristofferson called Willie Nelson a guru at a concert in Austin. That could be true. And if it is, then Willie may be leading a crowd into one of my silent places; sunburned and less than half-dressed; dope-smoking; fornicating; messed-up; smelling bad; fleshed and blooded; blessed with living spirit—spilling over into my quiet place like the Field Hippies pouring in through the front gates that first morning.

When Waylon Jennings played the first time, I was backstage with Judy and Sue and we went on around in front to listen.

I was pretty drunk at the time and I truly do like Waylon Jennings. He was up there flashing his white teeth in the center of black beard and shoulder-length hair, a little too

mean, maybe, for the mass of Field Hippies, but leading them anyway; singing songs by Willie Nelson and Billy Joe Shaver—the best songs being written in America today.

The Field Hippies were singing along and jumping around in their own (pathetic usually) imitation of Western dancing. Behind us were two middle-aged guys (still in flat-tops which probably aren't that rare in East Texas)—in bermuda shirts with white, hairy legs which hadn't seen the sun much; middle-aged bellies; sport-shirt tails out.

They were alternately watching Waylon, and the pulsating crowd. I was watching them (and the crowd) and thinking how they—the bermuda shorted ones—had forgotten so much about who their fathers and grandfathers were.

We went to San Antone (that's San Antonio, but the style is to never say San Antonio) Tuesday night before the Picnic started on Thursday to pick up Dave who was flying in from Georgia. Nelson and I got messed-up drinking tequila there at Nelson and Carolyn's house in the hills west of Austin on Barton Creek before we left and then got more messed-up on the way. Nelson was driving too fast—ninety in his big old Pontiac. Carolyn was trying to slow him down. I was in the back with Judy and Sue, a Hopi-Navajo Indian we'd brought from Albuquerque. We got lost driving around downtown San Antone and I started thinking about the Alamo. I hadn't seen the Alamo since I could remember. When I was a kid, my friend Robert and I were the county (and maybe state) chief Alamo fans. We knew about the Alamo. During recess in elementary school, we'd draw big pictures of the fall of the Alamo on the blackboard. We played Alamo at home. I read about the Alamo. Once Robert and I had an argument about which day it fell. March 6, I said, knowing damn well that was true. March 7, he said—my birthday (which he probably had it mixed-up with). We checked it and I was right. "Well," he said, "it wasn't on your birthday, then."—which may sound only silly to you, but he meant it as one final put-down. And in a way, it was. The Alamo finally came up on the left, looking too small like it always has to me. So here's where our grandfather's grandfathers fought and died. For what? Land? Money? No—that's just Yankee revisionist theory. For patriotism? Maybe, but the wrong way of saying it. A principle maybe, but still not quite the right word. More like a time had come. For dying, this particular time. You can't stop an idea whose time has come, the man said.

A few days later, on the way back to Albuquerque, somewhere between Snyder Post, Sue was driving and Judy was asleep in the back of the pickup. I was up front with Sue and telling her about the Comanche. That's Comanche country there, un-watered hot country where the white man had a hell of a hard time chasing the Comanche. And those old Comanches were some kind of Indians, mean and good at it; resolute; but unable, of course, to stop the white man whose time had come; whose time came one-hundred years ago. And I was telling her about the Texas Rangers—*Tejanos Diablos*, the Comanche called them. *Devil Texans*. I told her about my great-grandfather and how he hated scouting for the army when he was a Ranger because the army always made so much noise approaching the Comanche—afraid to fight was his theory. I told her about the old photos of Rangers with hair and beard to here; knives all tucked into their cartridge belts; pistols hanging from them; rifles grasped. The expressions on their faces—in their eyes—expressions that tell you they'll do what has to be done—and do it well—as well as the Comanche. Sue got excited about the Rangers. She asked me questions, knowing about Rangers before only from bad television shows and ill-conceived folk stories.

Sue discovered a few days before we went to Texas that she'd been given a Hopi name as a baby—Stargirl. The first time Sue walked through my front door, Judy and I both knew she was into Stars.

Billy Joe Shaver was the Star of the 1st Annual Willie Nelson 4th of July Picnic—Lee Clayton, too, maybe—but especially Billy Joe Shaver who was discovered to be the best song-writer in America. And still is. The Star this year was David Allan Coe; one time death-row inmate now the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy. He hung around backstage in gold and silver spurs, studded pants and wide-studded belt with his name set in metal on the back. Hopalong Cassidy hat with rhinestone band. As many times are not, he was alone. When Waylon Jennings came out of his Winnebago (or wherever), he was surrounded by friends and cameras and hangers-on. And Jesus, Leon Russell couldn't even move for the cameras. But here's David Allan Coe squatted down by a car, totally alone, with jailhouse tatoos (one behind his ear, Nelson said). I went into a grocery store in Bryan and bought a *Rolling Stone* which featured a picture and full page article about David Allan Coe—an unlikely candidate for the next big-time country star. An ex-biker who went to Nashville, it said, with hair to his waist.

The first night back in Albuquerque, I went out and bought David's new album. The first side was okay—with a funky and perverse carbon copy of Mickey Newberry's own recording of "33rd of August." But the second side was something else. Like a suite, the second side was a tribute to old men of an earlier America—not an America of legend, but an America of men only now grown old—only now dying. Something you'd think a man with an earring might not do. A tribute to our grandfathers—and in fact, on the next to the last song, he told his own grandfather he still sang the old songs. Then proceeded to do it—to sing "The Old Grey Goose Is Dead."

My grandfather was a player of the harmonica at country dances in Coleman County. They—my grandmother and he—lived in the country outside the little town where my parents lived. I spent about as much time or more out there as with my folks. When I was old enough, I worked his cows and sheep and mended his fences—I know I said I never was a cowboy or farmer, but I mean that's not how I thought of myself then. He used to play at gatherings at the community center, along with a couple of his neighbors—fiddles and guitars—once in a while, a stand-up bass from Coleman. The community center was the old Valera schoolhouse which had been unused (as a schoolhouse) since 1936 when they built the new consolidated Centennial School—Centennial, because that was the Centennial year of Texas Independence—1936. There'd be a big supper in the dining room—covered dishes being brought by all—or sometimes a chili supper which had been cooked there. Then they'd drift into the auditorium where the guitars and fiddles would be tuning-up already. Mostly the music was old cowboy songs and waltzes—those strange waltzes of the 20s and 30s which all sound the same to me and have names like the "Kansas Waltz" or the "Missouri Waltz." But sometimes, one of the younger pickers (by young, I mean in the vicinity of 50) would play and sing, usually, Hank Williams or Johnny Cash. Once a piano player from Coleman played "Blue Suede Shoes." My grandfather knew about ten songs and rarely tried anything new. He knew "Put Your Little Foot," "Yankee Doodle," "Red River Valley," "Turkey in the Straw," "Redwing" . . . Once at my house he was sitting by the record player—not paying much attention, I thought, to Bob Dylan

singing "John Wesley Harding," but he picked up his harmonica and played along. "You can always tell," he explained to me, "if a melody fits you or not."

His father was the Texas Ranger I mentioned; it was the Rangers who brought Wes Hardin back to Texas from Florida.

My grandfather and all his brothers and sisters are dead now. My grandmother told me not long ago that when he and his brothers reached their middle-teens, their father—the old Ranger—took all his pistols and threw them into a stock tank. The boys were too hot tempered to have pistols in the house he said.

When my grandfather ate, he usually managed to get food all over his chin and no little on his shirt-front. My grandmother saw through it; she knew he wasn't a messy eater. She would tell a story about an old cowboy she knew as a kid out in far West Texas—near Big Spring—where she grew up. She said that old cowboy always got egg all over his face. "Just to attract attention," she said.

David Carradine ate supper in the Bryan Sambo's the last night of Willie's Picnic. I'd had a hard time believing it when I saw his name on the list in the press packet—as a performer. He showed up backstage with his old lady and little naked kid. He was dressed in some kind of Oriental-looking white and was barefoot. He went on stage and I guess played; I spent most of that night backstage drunk. Only now after thinking about it, do I realize how weird it was that David Carradine should choose to come and play at Willie Nelson's Texas musical show. I guess somebody must have asked him why; somebody from *Rolling Stone* or someplace.

Everybody in Sambo's stretched their necks to watch him. Some came in from other parts of the restaurant to stand and watch; half asked for autographs. Finally he moved around so all they could see was his back. Nelson couldn't figure what he was doing. Sambo's didn't serve only carrot juice, so what would Kung Fu eat anyway?

We saw Red Steagall in another restaurant another night. We were getting ready to pay out and I noticed Judy talking to some guy with a red beard and realized it was Red Steagall who wrote all those songs about Coleman County. "Texas Silver Zephyr" and "Life in Coleman County." For a long time I'd been wondering who he was and why he wrote songs about my home. He said he had an aunt named Coleman and liked the name.

That's okay. Red Steagall's a writer of good songs and he picked a good subject for his songs. There's a mountain in Coleman County down near the Brown County line called Santa Anna mountain—not after the Mexican General who won at the Alamo and lost at San Jacinto, but misspelled after a Kiowa Indian; or maybe a Comanche, according to which story you believe. It's a fairly big mountain on flat land and you can see it from all that part of the country. It was a center for Comanche religion. A meteorite fell there sometime around the 18th to the 19th century and a religious society put it in a sand cave on the mountain. For more than a decade, they watched after it. They kept a fire burning on the mountain, day and night. When the sand cave caved in, finally, they dug it out and started for the Red River with it. But the army intercepted them and took the meteorite—which is now supposed to be in the University of Texas museum in Austin.

Coleman and Brown Counties have lately been invaded by an army of followers of an East Texas preacher named David Terrell (who looks in photos something like Henry Fonda). According to the local story, he told his followers—who are mostly black (he's white) with a smattering of poor white, and from all over the South—that the world was about to come down to it, and only Coleman and Brown Counties would be saved. In Bangs, a little town just down the road from Santa Anna Mountain, there are now more of the new religious folks than old citizens. This is from the AP story on the occupation: ". . . a mod, goateed young black, moved his family 125 miles from Fort Worth to Brownwood, explaining 'Brother Terrell had a vision . . . that Brown County was one of the holy spots.'"

Leon Russell showed up backstage the 5th and was mobbed. He was really mobbed, even backstage, by watchers and cameras—so many, he had to press to move. That must be a weird way to live. He never really played much; he appeared on stage a lot, to shouts and applause. He looked strange; older up close, than I would have thought—and not just the grey hair and beard either, but his face and eyes. Strange and special. And Doug Kershaw, too. Doug Kershaw seems to me not even a member of the regular human race, but some kind of Southern mutant.

We watched the soap operas at Gary's house everyday before going out to the Picnic. Somebody's sister was in love with her sister's boyfriend who in turn couldn't make up his mind; and one sister, from it all, had a mental block which kept her from playing concert piano; and the other wasn't sure she wanted to marry the guy anyway. Soap operas are probably dangerous because people watch them and think life should be that way. One way you can identify a soap opera is that all the people in them are level, all normal and identifiable as such—even if they are something basically weird like an author (which the unsure sister was). No Stars in the soap operas.

Waylon Jennings stalked around backstage patting girls on the butt (and later drove around backstage roads in some big car with Sammi Smith); he moved around, talking, shaking hands, smiling (demonically a little—maybe only because of his beard and the way his hair hung); moving. David Allan Coe stood and stared. Doug Sahm went places, pacing with long-legged resolution (red spotted boxer shorts showing above his Levis where his shirt was open); little blond kids followed him. Billy Joe Shaver leaned against a car and moved.

Billy Joe Shaver says in "Willy the Wandering Gypsy and Me" that Willy says moving is the closest thing to being free. I expect Billy Joe might know about that. Sly Stone has a song about how his mind moves so fast no one—including himself—can keep up. When you first listen to Billy Joe's record—the album Kris Kristofferson produced; his only album as of right now—a couple of the songs sound a little obscure. When I first listened to "Black Rose" I don't think I would have known it was about a black girl—except for the famous story of how he explained it at Dripping Springs last year. And on Waylon Jennings' "Honky Tonk Heroes" album. I've had a lot of trouble figuring out Billy Joe's "Ain't No God in Mexico." There's a kind of musical, poetic obscurity which is

all bad and due mostly to Bob Dylan's influence on lesser songwriters. Such obscurity is mostly a cover-up for nothing to say. When you listen to Billy Joe's brand of obscurity for a while, though, you begin to realize his songs have a strong internal cohesion (not unlike Bob Dylan's, except to be in some ways even more solid); and it makes sense. It makes sense like a mind moving on maybe a little too fast to stay with sometimes—but moving in the right direction.

Dave Hickey had a piece about the Honky Tonk Heroes (which was not long ago a tag line for the people I'm talking about here) in an old issue of *Country Music* magazine. He had a series of pictures of Waylon Jennings taken actually only months apart in some cases, but each one showing a definite change in beard and hair-style. And listen to all of Waylon's albums (or for that matter, Willie Nelson's) and you can hear some of the strangest moving around. From stone country to folk-rock to even pop like "MacArthur's Park" and now to the new songs.

Dave Hickey also reviewed Billy Joe Shaver's album for *Country Music* and said that no matter what Billy Joe would have us believe, he was no Old Five and Dimer—that the album proved otherwise. I'm not so sure. When Billy Joe played "Old Five and Dimers" at the Picnic, he asked everyone to be quiet (which nobody was and there was even a howling windstorm at the time) because, he said, that song meant something to him.

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end excerpt
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(Continue next issue Roxy Gordon's "*Songwriter.*")

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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES
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"Winston"

by Carol Gerhauser, © 2008, Dallas, Texas

WINSTON

Regretting WP and the enormous passion with disdain, the effort for nought, knowledge confused with desire, on the cutting edge of ludicrousness, a light year from reality as some would have it for her. The shame and degradation mounts from time to time, and life yellows as the groan of middle age closes in.

Mercilessly ambushed, the triumph is a clamor of reconciliation and justification.

Passionately attended is one last exposure to the humiliation of misplaced affection. With no other motive but the need for an antidote for protection against such a predicament in the future, she gravitates toward the conflict one more time, a thirst for a clash, repudiation, revenge. Justice exists in the heart of the holder, one can take only what is permitted to be taken. So she holds onto herself tightly and lets only the moment go, for tomorrow waits with fortunes and loves to amass aplenty. Forgiveness is most divine when granted personally, with a loving touch. Forgetting the mental cruelty selfishly inflicted, she yearns to be divided by the struggle of the classes, the weak vs. the strong, noble vs. crass.

She waited long enough for the nightmare to come true. So wait no more. Saved again, by fate. But will it last? Please let it end, the affliction, call it that, which nurtures the spiraling growth of bewitched manhood. Not a competition but a plague of bewilderment meant to be deprogrammed, especially in a calamitous moment such as this. Beginning bereavement for a lost soul finding its way without but due to her lust for self-denial. Losing for others to gain seems a ridiculous syndrome, keeps one down while the other is up. Here's hoping the change of hands continues for him, sparingly loved for a triumph over his misbehaving. Others will present themselves, and she'll be unafraid. The mockery is unfounded and unknowing.

Nonplussed progression, thanks again for the escape from the play of emotions and neglect. Try to be evasive with oneself as well. Permanent pardon, replete with its complexities, will astound a puny, petty self. Agnostically speaking, a coup de grace for mortal mentality driven by the lust to learn ones strength. It exists and is to thrive.

Prince of faith, barage me with your everlasting positivity. Meet me this place,
 press your heart to mine, lift judgements and free the blocked passage, a breath of
 air as sweet as life and unaccosted by the sweetness of death. Symbiosis, a volatile
 situation, migrates outward before returning too late. A special need for a special
 friend. Pleasing to the touch, the spasms of love rotate with the outstretched hand.
 A touch of encouragement lingers in the vapors, let's leave it there for the moment.
 It may never exist in an operative sense, but the memory will live and fade with
 ones longevity. The marvelous transit. Make your mark and remember it was
 more than lust. Ashes to ashes, we lose a lot when we mistrust. The biggest
 mistakes are the most divine to forgive. Promise of a good life provides
 simplicity of perfect self-hood, the magnetic spiritual labyrinth from you to me.
 I'm talking to both of you now, you have so much in common. Be there now
 and I'll be there then. Such as it is, darling, there is nevertheless no motion,
 no movement, no strife.

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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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"The Murderous Occupation"

My abandonment dusts the blues,
 the raiment of distance gathers,

my name scrimmages thunder's echoes.

Today my spirit is a dark wind,
 footprints in sand grow hair
 as wide as Poe's eyebrows.

Infinite pebbles
 and branches sawed-off
 intimately know why
 I choke on longing
 and listen to old homesteads
 in the wilderness fall apart.

My lips crave rain forests,
 and somehow the moon helps me
 adjust the sleeves of my rugged heart.

A far off Polynesian ocean kisses my brow,
 the sparkle of dawn sings everything
 that has gone wild, unsaddled, and raw—
 but never to seed.

I see the liquid crash of solitude
 instilling aloofness with grinning sounds.
 I ride the murderous occupation,
 hoping all the while the poet's
 dream beyond the hatred of a wound
 won't backwash the truth
 as I know it with
 rabid hounds and snake eyes.

– Art Coelho

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 (Coming next issue Art Coelho's "*Scarecrow Hair.*")
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RICK SIKES WRITES

"OL' WILLIE FOR PRESIDENT"

By: Rick Sikes © August 01, 2008

FOLKS WON'T BE OUTTA' SNUFF

IF WE ELECT THE RIGHT GUY

TO RUNNIN' STUFF

N' TIMES WON'T BE SO DAMNED TOUGH

IF WE VOTE OL' WILLIE

FOR THE PRESSY-DENT

WE WON'T GET SKINT'

I AIN'T NO SAP

I'M SURE TIRED OF THIS CRAP

THAT'S MY SENTRY-MENT

I'D SORE DRUTHER SEE

WILLIE'S MOVIES

THAN RONNIE REAGAN'S

'N HE GRINS AS GOOD

AS JIMMY CARTER

'TWEEN THE THREE

I BELIEVE HE'S A

HELLUVA LOT SMARTER

PAUL FOR VICE PRESIDENT

WOULD BE NICE

'N OL' PAUL DOES KNOW

ABOUT VICE

WE'D BE SOMEBODY

JUST BEING OURSELVES

FREEDOM WITH A CAPITAL "F"

OL' WILLIE BEING PRESIDENT

WE'D HAVE A LITTLE MONEY TO SPEND

PAY BACK THE LOAN

HAVE A BUCK OF OUR OWN

NOW OWE NOBODY NARY CENT

IF WE ELECT OL' WILLIE FOR PRESIDENT

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RHYTHM REBEL

Rick Sikes

900 N. Neches

Coleman, Texas 76834

Phone: 325/625-5014

Rick Sikes' CD's For Sale

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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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PETER O'BRIEN WRITES

"Dreams Keep You Alive"

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

I wrote this in April 2005. And, yes, it was after a particularly vivid dream.

"DREAMS KEEP YOU ALIVE"

I saw you in my dreams last night
You really were a welcome sight
It was great to see you again
Looking good, free of pain

Clearly you were nobody's fool
Gained respect from all at school
When cancer struck no-one could tell
You toughed it out, fought like hell
But six months later you passed away
Can't remember a blacker day
The hardest thing I ever said
Was tell the boys that you were dead
Hey, Keith, thanks for dropping by
In my dreams you're still alive

It was great to see you again
Looking good, free of pain

You surely were one helluva sight
Cowboy hat pulled down tight
Reflector shades, the real deal
Still in need of a good square meal
Roy said you'd make a grand old man
I guess it wasn't in your maker's plan
Your stomach hurt, you couldn't walk
Your mind still sharp whenever we'd talk
Hey, Roxy, thanks for dropping by
In my dreams you're still alive

It was great to see you again
Looking good, free of pain

You should have relaxed, let things pass
Single malt in your whisky glass
Charlie Rich on the stereo
Take it easy, take it slow
But you couldn't, it wasn't your style
You'd always go that extra mile
Your heart gave out, a final bow
At a younger age than I am now
Hey, Dad, thanks for dropping by
In my dreams you're still alive

It was great to see you again
Looking good, free of pain
Thanks again for dropping by
In my dreams you're still alive

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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

Humbly, To My Chinese Friends

At this moment
 I have no similar other

The woman I'm with
 Is so sour she makes
 The Sun go down early

She can't even say
 Hello with opening
 Her mouth

I want to ride the goose's neck
 To the Moon

But tonight the Moon casts no light
 The wine is gone
 These are sad times

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end

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

"Al Andalus And You"

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

"Al Andalus And You"

The sweet sweet smell of jasmine

In the gardens of the Spanish kings
 The sound of dancin' waters – gypsy tears.
 And a timeless old rondeña
 Cuts a heart into the night,
 The angels call from castle walls
 Like us – they're rollin' back the years

Chorus

*Got my Cordoba hat, my Morales guitar
 I've got you.
 Granada to Jerez, stoppin' in Ronda.
 Oh my – what a view!
 I'll take Rioja, you take Garnacha,
 I'm steppin' out in my brand new zapatos
 in Al Andalus – Andalusia and you.*

High up on Alhambra Hill
 Where the citrus fills the air,
 Lookin' down on the sparking' waters of the Genil.
 Federico says two rivers,
 One of blood and one of tears.
 As we were drivin' by "The Moor's Last Sigh"
 You said, "I know just how he feels."

Chorus

When I hear those voices, comin' through
 From the first siguiriya, to the last buleria
 I'm holding on to you.

We'll drive on down to Rincon
 Stop and say hello to some old friends,
 The sound of water whispers along the shore
 Put Chano on the stereo,
 Drive into the heart of the night.
 The Moor's last sigh – the gypsies' cry
 I've gotta hear it just once more.

Chorus

===
 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

#2000

Particular Time of Day, Pawnee, Media: Acrylic on Canvas, Date: 1982,
 Dimensions: 10" x 13," Current whereabouts of original: Private Collection,

Valera, Texas.

Judy's comments:

Have this original painting at my son, Quanah's place in Coleman County, west Texas. I used as subject photograph provided by Courtesy Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives. The book is a set of *Time Live Books*, provided by Roxy Gordon's parents, Bob and Louise Gordon. Chose this Pawnee because of his fur hat, which reminded me of a fur cap that Roxy Gordon, First Coyote Boy, had made for me to wear on cold days. When one shines a red light on painting, painting becomes very realistic. Learned this trick about using red lighting on my paintings, when I lived at Lodge Pole, Montana, Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, 1968, through 1969. Peter O'Brien photographed original during one of his visits from England, then provided a slide of it.

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end

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "Wolf Voice.")

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

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

#200

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

#300

BOB and SALLY ACKERMANS—August 14, 8:00 pm, SIS BANQUET II, August 16, 2008, 8:00 pm, SIS FACULTY DINNER, Dallas, Texas.

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end
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FOLLOWING CD REVIEWS:

MARK AMBROSE: *SHADOW ON THE MOON*

by Judy Gordon*

1. "Train Whistle Blues," ***Full band behind him***, 2. "Brothers and Sisters," ***Haunting Townes Van Zandt, his MENTOR***, 3. "George and Martha," ***Sweet melody, lullaby with Toni Price***, 4. "With Every Note a Teardrop Falls," ***This one does take us back in the days of Austin, with Scrappy Jud Newcomb***,
5. "Shadow on the Moon," ***Jennifer Bryan's violin is not simple with Mr. Ambrose***,
6. "Suitcase Full of Tears," ***Mark takes us traveling with Scrappy Jud Newcomb***,
7. "After the Midnight Chill," ***He is gentle with saddling his poney***,
8. "French Kissin'," ***Full BAND AGAIN—listen to that harmonica***,
9. "For Suppertime," ***Here we go SWINGTIME, Pete Gordon and his piano***,
10. "Ft. Worth City Blues." ***Combination of Hank Williams and Townes AND MARK AMBROSE slips right in there.***

All songs written by Mark Ambrose

P.O. Box 40566, Austin, Texas 78704, REDBIRD RECORDS,
 e: _redbirdrecords@hotmail.com
 THIS cd can be found at **BILL'S RECORDS**.

TOBER OMI: DIRIGIBLES
 by Carol Gerhauser+

Somewhere between basic and bombastic, this allusionary, referential lyrical thrust is poetry SLAM with a head BANG musical THEATER framework. Though all the songs seem to military muster, the (Nazi?) orgy of imagery like “rope”, “tether” and “gallows” in “Loudest Sound You’ve Ever Heard” makes the last line “glad to be here” true. As in 1974, sitting, smoking and listening to Don Van Vliet, there is a higher law that whispers selfsame line. The second part of the song really rocks like the middle of “Cola Wars” does, the best anthem on the album. Here’s hoping that “infamous bitch” and “cuckold” refer to politics (If you’re not appalled). The great big words from Greece and Iceland, uncertain of authority and spirits that lead warriors to immortality, are used. The drink (forget the slogans, please) is pure (Cocaine?) alchemy whose rising stocks pledge our avarice, too good to miss.

“Keokuk”, the first song is okay (still waters run stagnant AND deep) with me, “Rat Catcher” IS about a girl who “chews her friends down to the quick”, and “The House that We Built”, musi-COOL and verbally fast—a re-recycling rhyme aside, has “big scary antlers” and sounds a bit like “Meridian’s Bride” before it (I do like the “craft, the only one you need” and fire-setting images). “Bird of Warning” also has a fastbreaking of rocks on a farm second part but with visuals that could perhaps or not better cohere. A fan of Lili Marlene, I dig next to last “Luxembourg (spelled right). Like early Public Enemy on stage, any revolution can know wha’. Irony, my sense of humor, trumps all the others, though, with the almost breadbasket musicality of “Sing Me Off to Sleep” at the disc’s end. I had almost forgot piano girl Beth Featherstone on accordion throughout, along with writer Chris Gardner on lead, Paul Nichols on bass, Zack Heath on drums, and all three on vocals and/as well, the rest. Ol’ Blue Eyes is allowed to snap his fingers and only to let the Carnival Owner begin.

Contact info: bfstone13@yahoo.com

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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.

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11. **PICKING UP THE TEMPO**, a country western journal, current or back-issues,

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