
~~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

**Picking
up
The Tempo
a country
western
journal**

**a DEXTEROUS NEW
VOICE in Country
from the ~ Music
HALF ~ SAVAGE
Southwest**

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PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal

May 4, 2007, number 2

© 2007, Judy Gordon,

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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 Friday of each month to seek out new writers and bring back some existing ones.

+++++

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Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon

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ROXY WRITES

Roxy Gordon – "Another North Texas"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

(continued from PUTT, number 1, April 06, 2007 – Roxy Gordon's "Another North Texas")

I was born in rural West Texas mid-century and grew up there. I didn't

know much about Dallas. What I knew I didn't much like. Dallas was the city that killed Kennedy and a place west Texas came to die—that's because the fancy hospitals were in Dallas. I don't even remember now if I knew back then about all the Indians here. But I well remember drinking beer with two Assiniboine girls up on the Fort Belknap Reservation in Nineteen-sixty-nine and they said sure they knew Texas, they'd lived in Dallas and did I ever hear of a bar on Bryan Street called *Tom and Jerry's*?

I never had. *I heard later.*

Dallas and Ft. Worth had been collecting Indians for decades. Those two girls had come to Dallas on relocation—a now inactive program to get Indians off those reservations, get them melted into some pot or the other. One of those girls told me that Tom and Jerry's Bar on Bryan Street was just about the center of Indian Dallas. She said she oughta know—she said she used to manage it.

Judy and I lived on that reservation, Ft. Belknap in far northern Montana for a couple of years and then took off for California. After a couple of more years, we landed in Albuquerque—this right after the American Indian Movement occupation of Wounded Knee. *Things were pretty wild then.* We hung out with some *Sioux* and *Navajo* and *Hopi*, *Winnebago* and *Crow*. Lots of kids who came and went and smoked dope and drank and fooled with guns. That's all another story.

Judy and I stayed in Albuquerque almost six years, then a country singer named David Allan Coe showed up at my house in Albuquerque and wanted to know, among other things, why the government kept Indians on those reservations. He also wanted Judy and me to move to Dallas and run an office for him. We went down to Dallas one Easter to check it out. He was playing a bar called Whiskey River. The place was packed and I was standing beside his brother Jac Coe when I turned for some reason to face the door. There was a woman there, coming in, looking directly at me. She was tall and blond. She was well dressed in a *Willie-Waylon-and-the-boys-sort-of-way*. Lea¹ was not, in any traditional sense, pretty. She was exotic, and there was something about her I couldn't make. I was awed by her. I thought she beautiful. She smiled at me. I didn't know what to do. She came straight for me, but she stopped to talk to Jac. She smiled at me again then and took herself out. I asked Jac, "Who was that?" "A friend," he said—somewhat mysteriously.

I can't say that it was that sight of that woman that exactly brought me to Dallas. But that sight of that woman stayed with me and was in my mind when Judy and I decided finally to make the move.

Maybe a month later, Morris Patterson had a party for the whole bunch at his house up on the Red River and Judy and I drove up in one of the David Allan Coe's Cadillacs. As we were making our way to the front door, that tall blond woman made her way out.

We looked at each other and she smiled—a bemused smile it seemed to me—then she looked past my shoulder. I didn't see her again that night.

A couple of months later, I went over to David's house one morning to help Jac clean the place. David was coming in off the road and Jac figured it was time to get all the motorcycle parts and dirty clothes off the floor. When I got there, I found the tall blond woman in charge of picking up the dirty clothes. She smiled at me that same way and looked past my shoulder. Jac said, Lea needs to go home. Why don't you take her in the silver Cadillac?" So I did. We drove down the tollway; she kept her peculiar smile and never even glanced at me. We got to her house, a little three-room apartment in Oak Lawn and she said, "Why don't you come in for some tea or something?" We sat at her kitchen table. She fixed the tea and sat down. She said, "I guess I don't look much like an Indian." *I waited.* "I'm Choctaw," she said. *I might have known. I haven't opened a door in years that I didn't find a Choctaw Indian standing behind it.*

Lea had been in Dallas six years. She'd done some things to pay the rent and buy groceries, mostly legal, truth-to-tell, most of it not. She'd been raised by her grandmother up in Oklahoma, out in the country east of Durant, in the *Old Choctaw Nation*. She'd been raised in a very traditional way, in a house without running water or electricity. Dallas to her had been the big city to find work and fun. She'd been having fun, okay, hanging out with Willie Nelson and such and that's how she'd met David Allan Coe.

With Lea hung out together a lot; she took Judy and me on *tours of Indian Dallas in the car* and in her mind and memories of six years—stories of a lot of drinking, a lot of fights. I asked her one time how many times she'd been arrested. She used her fingers to count, trying to remember. She couldn't; there were just too many times. As blond as she was, not too many people took Lea for *Indian*. She didn't care. *That's just what she was.*

I went with her up to Durant once to visit her grandmother, the old lady that had raised her. In town now, out of the house in the country, the old lady still *wore a Choctaw turban* and spoke English not quite correctly. *"It' became 'him' and 'him' became 'it.'"*

There's a lot of Lea's story I won't tell here, some of it I've told other places other times some I don't expect I'll ever tell.

Lea never quite *melted into any pot*. She lived in *Seventies disco Oaklawn Dallas world she thought she understood, or said she thought she understood, but still all the things that made her all the things she was were rooted back in rural Indian Oklahoma*. Lea like too many Indians come to the city and too many, for that

matter, left in Indian country, just never made the jump. *She looked at the white world through Indian eyes. She never quite got it.*

Three years later, took herself out of Dallas.

Then there's LeAnne Howe,² *also Choctaw*; co-writing *two Indian plays, (Big Pow Wow and Indian Radio Days)*.

Over *Twenty-thousand Indians* live in North Texas. We are spread out all over the place, not really in any particular neighborhood or area or city. My insurance man is an Indian. There is an Indian Chamber of Commerce; there were two Indian Chamber of Commerces for a while. I never did know why. There are Indian churches and Indian softball teams, Indian basketball teams and Indians arts organizations. There are Indian clinics and Indian centers, Indian cultural groups and Indian parents' groups in schools.

Lots of *Indians pow wow*, more and more it seems to me. My friend Lea wouldn't go near a *pow wow*; she said she found such *boring*. When I first met LeAnne, she wouldn't either, but I got her going. LeAnne at first didn't like the *stereotype*, she said—*Indians dancing in feathers and leather*. She changed her mind and *soon enough got into some feather and leather, herself*.

Most Indians around here seem to me to have Oklahoma ties, but there are supposed to be members of *maybe two-hundred tribes*. Indians, just because they're Indian, don't necessarily see much reason to like Indians from some other tribes. Before the whiteman came, they generally did a good job of fighting among themselves and the whiteman made it worse. The Tonkawas probably wouldn't have joined the whites to fight against the Comanche, except that those two tribes had been fighting already for years before.

Pow wows and dance organizations do a lot to get all kinds of Indians together—even made LeAnne want to wear feathers and leather like some Sioux or Cheyenne. *It's about time Indians got together*. It's considered common knowledge now that Indians couldn't have won, that *the whiteman came too hard and fast*. I ain't so sure. The Shawnee Tecumseh came close back in Eighteen-eleven to forging an Indian confederacy from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. As usual, tribes couldn't come together—my own ancestors weren't so sure of that northern Indian come down to talk war. But if he'd found enough support and taken it as he planned (and took such as he did) to *help the British in the War of Eighteen-twelve*, there might be a kind of Indian Nation from the southeast to *maybe Michigan today*.

end

¹ "Lea" available on Roxy Gordon's CD, *Unfinished Business*, and Wowapi Press's chapbook.

² "Unfinished Business" available on Roxy Gordon's CD, *Unfinished Business*, and Wowapi Press chapbook. (coming next issue will be Roxy Gordon's "Beatlemania")

RANGER RITA WRITES

Falling Out of Love

by Ranger Rita Webb, © è 04 May, 2007, Richardson, Texas

Falling out of love, laughing as you tumble
No longer shackled by chains around your soul
Break loose at last, from love's transparent prison
Are you free for good or merely out on parole?

Fall into the daylight, featherbed of freedom
Ardor's bed of nails no longer drawing blood
Sunshine in the valley, sunlight on the mountain
Peaceful liberation from love's quicksand mud

The champagne of freedom, obliterating liquor;
Passion's bitter water, somehow you don't recall.
Two short weeks later, you can't control the craving
Once again choking on love's caustic gall.

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end

Rita Webb © 2007.

Rita Webb's new book, ***Cruisin Central*** © 2006, Tonopah Press,
Richardson, Texas.

E-mail [Rita](#)

or buy ***Cruisin Central*** at

Paperbacks Plus Bookstore

6115 La Vista

Dallas, Texas

Phone: 214-827-4860

CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

© è 04 May, 2007, Dallas, Texas

The Hero and the Underworld: *THE FALL BY ALBERT CAMUS*

Somewhere between the absurd and the purposeful dwells the relative and essentially existential world of Albert Camus' *La Chute* (*The Fall*). An early admirer of Fyodor Dostoevsky and William Faulkner, Camus was a proponent of revolt against the metaphysical and all of creation up to but not including murder or a chaos where "all is allowed." In response to Dmitri Karamazov's "Why?" the hero, author or invented character J-B Clamence, is to achieve some sort of closure only if the transcendence of mortal questioning is broken down and rebuilt. Camus approaches a higher power concept and all that entails when during World War II he writes in "To a German Friend," "I believe the world has no superior sense, but something in man has some sense...man is the only existent to have." Thankfully, at this position between destruction and the abstract, resides justice, and the very act of denial begets limit and measure. The truth that murders or leads to cynicism evidence that the real needs the moral and the moral needs the real, a middle road that is for, not against, life.

If Camus' analysis of man's quest for meaning as absurd, he still remains independently apart from mainstream existentialism. As us all, he is concerned with the problems of the individual in face of the collective responsibility. One's guilt descends from freedom, which is not the cornerstone of his "faith," but he shows himself as more of a humanist vis a vis human relations. His deep pessimism is not intellectual but heart-felt, an emotion that can lead to idealism got through charity and positivism via reform. What is absurd is his perception of a non-human universe giving the illusory security of total freedom. The free man lives by evasion being part (or not) of a hostile world, and who can and does escape through religion or causes. One can accept or reject the metaphysical interest of Camus, but in lieu of chaos he proposes an essential cosmos in light of an existential view of an irrational universe. The term lucidity crops up in the text as soon as our hero steps into the light of self-knowledge that brings him back to mortality and responsibility in light of his "deeds." The title implies a death, which must occur to allow for a meaningful life. With the death of the "old values" after WW II, the novel addresses the absurdity of man in a world he cannot understand or control.

The story begins in Amsterdam, an obvious reference (as he says) to Dante's nine circles of Hell, with Clamence, our hero, hanging out at the bar Mexico City. Amsterdam, a haven for foreigners, trafficking, and lost souls, is easily a visual limbo, a place apart from the rest of the world on the edge of Europe and a dreary, unnatural spot on Earth. Jean-Baptiste, as he comes to be called while his unit's acting Pope in the war in Africa, explains to all who

would listen his experiences in the Land of the Free. For a hundred and fifty pages, the not-so-subtle monologue has Clamence “telling his story” over five nights to a captive bourgeois gentleman he meets or sidelines at the bar. The redemption he cries for through his guilt-ridden confession he never achieves, and as with Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, the problem of freedom versus Authority forces man into an artistic life-affirming servitude, an existence where only religion can offer that something rational thought cannot. With Clamence as a martyr for modern secular man, at the heart of the novel is the question of faith which finds the overstated title, *The Fall*, a state of bitter hopeless despair, and the book ends in a transitional, fringe-dwelling limbo.

Like many of us, the younger Clamence never had to learn how to live with others or struggle and having become wildly self-righteous was never satisfied, and not until he is reminded of his fall from Grace does he get a glimpse at being alive. On a usual trip across a bridge, he chokes and becomes dizzy; hears laughter behind and then below him while no one is there. A silence descends upon him. He parades out our need to think ourselves innocent which idea crumbles at the realization he must unlearn what he had only half-learned, which is how to live. As he walks on, the flowers smell of death, and his health problems begin. Once a well-liked and manipulative lawyer with thousands of liaisons he juggled with ease, he begins to recognize his duplicity. He has been so sure of his good-deed-ism, but like two-faced Janus he recognizes that all was for show and needed an audience. Walt Whitman, the great equalizer, said that he “...too played the part that still looks back on the actor or actress.” Throughout his so-called transition to rests indifferent, ungrateful, taking continuity and lack of progress as symbols of unworthiness. Clamence, a sort of bon vivant for thirty-plus years, suffered from love of self and went so far as to claim it congenital. When he played parts, he got rewards, which led him to forget and, not being a friend of truth, to use his intelligence to dominate. As he learns the “hidden truth,” he develops a healthy rage moving from victim to judge to revenge. The bleakness of Holland near the end produces an effect like this not-quite resolved voyage of the hero into darkness and into a friendless wasteland where the doves thick in the sea air, a celestial image, have nowhere to light. His accomplices are all that are left.

Prior to his loss of innocence, Clamence had fatefully been offered full membership into the Human Race when he noticed a girl on a bridge in Paris, heard her jump into the Seine, hesitated, and moved on: adding to his culpability and demise, he avoided the newspapers for some days. Soon after, the laughter began; and he begins to feel judged—somehow bleeding from a cut or out of tune. This chance, which French Classical dramatists called “le

sort” or lot, shows others lining up against him. He sees he is resented for living fully. His time becomes too occupied, now allowing for others, and he feels that only a wise man, who he says “...is only half-alive to begin with,” could endure this. He curses the rank and file who protest their innocence, blaming circumstances and not their natures, and who want Grace; the rich who get reprieves though they do not improve; those whom all admire who make no effort and want validation as are. His crime, such as it is, was living among but not sharing the interest of his of fellow man. Incapable of self-forgiveness, he revolts against judgment. He thinks of death, his number of years left. He must confess, his salvation death itself.

(continue Carol Gerhauser's "The Hero..." to PUTT no. 3)

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Carol Gerhauser is a French teacher at one of our Dallas High Schools. She 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 clemming@dallasisd.org]

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OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY

Birdwatching and Transcendentalism

A Few Poems

© è 2002 by *Jennifer Kidney*

=====
"Thanksgiving"

I am missing Mother's turkey and dressing
so I call home to check in:

"Hi, Jen, How are you, I'm fine,
but let me tell you, at the grocery store
yesterday, it was full of terrorists,
that's all there is to it, that's where
the terrorists are, in the grocery store.
I was looking at kiwis in the produce department
and there was this older man on one side of me
and an oriental lady on the other side.
Well, they were just awaful. The man yells
at the lady 'Why don't you go back to China?'
and the lady yells back 'I'm not from China,
why don't you go back where you came from?'
Well, Jen, it was just terrible.
I just can't stand it. And then

there was this cute little boy
standing in front of the candy
and he stamps his foot and says goddamn it.
I was just shocked. I couldn't believe it.
A little six or seven year old boy. And then
I got to the checkout and I asked the man
in front of me to put down the divider
so I could unload my cart, and he turns on me,
furious, and screams 'I'm not finished'
then slams down the divider
so hard that if it had hit me
it would have killed me. I'm telling you.
Rita, the cashier, just looks at me
and shrugs her shoulders. When I get up to her
I say I just don't understand it,
all these terrorists, and right before Thanksgiving
and all, and she says it's always worst
before holidays, people are in such a hurry,
doing things at the last minute,
but that's no excuse, I say. I say to her
'You know, I've never been the sweetest girl,
but I've always had the decency to be polite.'
Anyway, I was glad to get home. It was just horrible.
So how are you, dear? I'm so glad you called.
Your sister's on her way here. We're going out for dinner.
This call is costing you too much money. Write to me.
Have a nice day. Love you. Bye-bye, dear."

So I hang up and think
what is my little apple-pie mother doing
looking at kiwi fruit the day before Thanksgiving?

=====
"Aunt Nelma"

She's the kind of old lady
of whom it is rumored:
"She was once a great beauty."
Sitting very straight in her corner,
puffing an extra-long cigarette,
she presides over the party.

"What's the word for it?
All these new things?"

Technology, someone suggests,
but Aunt Nelma is deaf.

"I just don't know where I am
anymore. I hope I die
before I have to sell my house."

She laughs at this and smooths
the short pleated skirt over her knees.

"You know what they give me for Christmas?
I take it out of the box,
this BIG green shirt. And then
there's these BIG green pants.
And they say that's a sweatsuit.
What am I gonna do with a sweatsuit?
I'm not one of those JOGGERS.
They say wear it around the house.
Well, I never."

She pauses, surveying
her audience. Does she want us to know
she would never wear trousers
or are we to see her
jaunty in her jogging suit?

"Charles likes Harvey's Bristol Cream,
you know, so I bought him a bottle
and a box of candy for HER and one
for the nurse, Olga, and I call HER
and say I've got these presents
and can Olga come pick them up.
Well, I never heard from HER again."

Charlie basks in Nelma's favor
but we're not so sure about HER.

"I didn't want to walk over there
and maybe fall with a bottle of wine.

Mabel did that, you know, last year
and she still hasn't recovered."

We imagine multiple lacerations.
We suspect Mabel's drinking problem.

"Her back, you know." Nelma winks
at her grand-nephew, then rises
with the help of her cane and leaves us
in the lurch, in the suddenly empty livingroom.

=====

"Dream House"

The house in my dreams
is a large pink Victorian
with turrets and curlicues,
gingerbread trim and fan-lights,
and many tall windows
with wavy glass
catching distorted reflections
like fun-house mirrors.

The house looks
like a wedding cake
and first appeared
after my abortion.
Mother and grandma were there
bustling about in the kitchen
discussing nutrition.
They are often inside
the house, as is my father.

Sometimes the house sits
on an island
or I discovered deep crevasses
have appeared in the lawn
overnight. Once the interior
was transformed into an arena,
the site of a huge rock concert,
and Bob Dylan stood
at the foot of the winding stair
and sang his new song.

Mother and grandma
were smoking dope
and I couldn't remember
the words when I awoke.

Other times the floors
fall away or the walls
move to reveal secret rooms.
Once I discovered a magic shop
behind the bedroom. Masks
covered the walls and wands,
cards, crystal balls, and potions
sat in glass cases. Beyond this
was the biergarten-delicatessen,
dark beer and sausages
and chocolate cake being consumed
by bland overweight strangers
laughing loudly. I felt
put upon and invaded.

Lately, I've discovered
a fully furnished attic
up a narrow stairway
behind a panel in the hall.
Many-paned windows
wrap the room which contains
a tiny antique bed
covered with a patchwork quilt
and a kind of altar
on which stands a lovely
kimono-clad porcelain doll,
the kind I longed to possess
when I was a child,
and I realize
all this
has always been mine.

=====
"Transcendentalism"

The bird lady spends nine
to noon at a desk in the library
of the museum of natural history

answering a purring
telephone's inquiries
about fledglings fallen from the nest,
rescued from the neighborhood's
prowling cats and whimpering
puzzled dogs; answering queries
regarding the snowy owl
or peregrine sighted
in an odd spot or dead
on a dirt road. She clucks
and chirps and bobs her head
as if to peck her words,
slightly ridiculous
in her environment, sad and cute
and caged. Then she flaps
her wing-like sleeves, wobbling
uneasily down the corridor
to escape the narrow confines
of the university's waxed and slippery
linoleum floors and metal doors.

She rises before dawn
and in the field she seems
to fly, armed only
with binoculars to hunt
and spy the smaller birds—
titmice, juncos, numerous
species of sparrow, the perfection
of a golden-crowned kinglet.
The real events of her life,
the gasps of discovery, the thrills
of love, occur in thickets
and swamps where rare birds
hide. She stands still—
all ears and eyes, exaggerated
and extended by the fine German glass
of the lenses—and when she sees
the ovenbird or Wilson's warbler
she transcends; this is her reward.

=====
end

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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.

To order each book, contact:

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=====
ART COELHO WRITES
=====

Box 249

Big Timber, Mt. 59011

"Survival Demands I Make My Dreams Smaller"

Survival demands I make my dreams smaller.
I understand this as perfectly
as if reason had a thousand compound low gears
and they were grinding infinitesimally slow
where every waking moment was in black face
stark as a hanged man gathering flies.

Asking questions is no longer necessary
unless I desired to hear my guffaws echoing back at me.
I guess I'm now suppose to use my soul
as some kind of old whittling stick.
And if I go to the river I'd be blind as last time,
only a narrow percentage passageway
of never again losing my self to blood visions
when all of eternity used to come in on a dime.

To hone is the only secret left to wonder at.
You can only thumb your nose so long

at the philosophers and politicians
and those wise in riveting your ass
to the rack to test their ultimatum of control.

I used to have the facility to dance away,
shoot holes in logical thinking,
be an outlaw with a fantastic grin—
now I sleep perchance to see
nothing naked in the sun,
except for this twisted rerun
that winks inside a baboon's lunge.

I sit around and count wounds.
The taxidermist of my heart is too proud.
He thinks he's tanning my skin,
but he only has the skill of the crowd.
He's never carried the solitude of weight
of a lover's sigh screaming out Kathy's clown.

I'm trafficking in whims of desperation.
All my poems laugh cross-eyed at me;
and there is never any sound
except the silence gathering its hounds.
Some of my best buddies say
this work I'm doing is too good
for just family and friends.

Maybe all my unknown creations
gathering unpublic dust
is only a trick for my posthumous leer.
I used to love to shadowbox with my self—
not out of any sense of glory
on any mundane fear—
I did it for that wide and high Montana step
that had the forces of ripe fields in it.
I always got a kick out of the spirit when
Van Gogh's sweat in wheat bellowed and cheered me on.
Now black crows flying are my breakfast cereal.
Surreal is my sugar.
My desert a broken chariot wheel.
I don't know why I get so worked up 'cause
I know if Cleopatra was alive

she'd only have one thing in mind
and that'd be to cop a feel.

Now the song has no use of feathers
(flight is a self-inflicted joke);
and beaches where music once roamed
stopped dead in its tracks where hair grows
bones where ghosts moan.
I wish this was a confession.
That illusion had one good witch.
That a gypsy girl with black wavy hair
and one good tooth was picking up every stitch.

But there's no worthy hunger.
There's nothing seeded in rage;
and the cream can of Sun Dance is bare.
I only picked up a painter's brush
to show poetry it didn't play fair.

What do you expect from an American muse
when the insurance of mercy is too high
for any knowledgeable man to care.
You might as well lay in a bushel
of raunchy just for the stink of the lair.

I used to think the road was a saint.
That gifts alone could get you there.
A queen of dirt roads making you aware!
And when a pistol shot in rutted wet arroyo bend
rang out a smile all the chances you had left
could be believed with a million golden words floating rare;
now I ain't got one pig's-foot knuckle crackling
roaring for plain old steam to float in midair.

end

Seven Buffaloes Press

Art Coelho, Ed. & Pub.

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anthology formats.

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The Portuguese Windmills;

Visual image will be sent:

artcoelho@cablemt.net

Coelho's canvases featured:

www.palcus.org

For Sale: Art's paintings

KAREN X WRITES

24 Hour Yoga People

by Karen X Minzer © è 04 May, 2007, Dallas, Texas

In Inversion,

I'm a Vitamin Sky!

...a shy phone

...a scavenging diamond

The plutonium's peach

...the animal printed wafer of elocution

...the electronic nostril of hope.

The busy signal of timelessness

...the rope of the future

...the propaganda of Now.

The tao of incompleteness

...lipstick of a civilization

...its synthesis in parenthesis.

The endless humming of a bird

Is amazement and peace

In a single treatise.

Intermittent sponges

of emotional baggage

are excrement of a constipated soul.

Breath, its laxative.

Oh, Holy holy holy holy day.

Hey

I'm holier than thou

Yes my holes can be bigger than thou's

And can turn inside out!
The holes are shrinking and sucking the skin
...this way and that way
...and soon I'll be late for work!
A Yoga Jerk—
Smirking over my enlightenment
...ignited chakras, just smokin'
Ego, in a hole—Down the hatch!
Toes on the gas pedal of earth's hindquarters...
For the Starters!
For the Skaters!
For the Hate Eliminators!
For Hope's Respirators!
For Truth's Carburetors!
For the Poets and Meditators!
For Love's Gladiators.

II

There was the flaw

near the ceiling

not at eye level—

like **Incorrect understanding,**

buried

too high to see.

end

Karen X Minzer wrote a short story © è 2001, "**Backstage With The Cops Last Nite,**" published in "Picking Up The Tempo – a country western journal" – May 01, 2001, number 2. Other Work Available by **Karen X**, WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published her chapbook, *Tender Blue Flickers*, contact **Karen X** at cell 1-254-495-9976 or 214-827-2573 or her e-mail kxatlarge@aol.com

=====
JUDY GORDON PAINTS
#100

Uncle Crazy Horse Wants You. Original, oil pastel on canvas, c.1996, Private Collection, LeAnne Howe, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Was struck one day, thinking about creating a painting that had something to do with America's *Uncle Sam Wants You*, which tries to encourage folks to sign up for the military. There are no photographs of Crazy Horse. One story about him, was that he was in a dream, living on this land. My idea was to encourage all Americans, to be proud of where they are living; this place being North America, and I created this Crazy Horse, to touch all of you.

Started with pencil, which is what I always begin with, on all of my paintings. I charcoal the back of painting, then transfer onto final. Painted this one with oil pastels. To frame this one, used four limbs, and stretched with leather, just like what John Allen, Roxy Gordon's adopted Assiniboine father, recommended. John said, "Stretch canvas just like the way we skin and hang up our deerskins."

I had this painting on my office wall for a long time, coworkers made comments like: "That ought to be a poster, or on a T-shirt." Then, as a gift gave painting to LeAnne Howe. All prints 8½" x 11" archival matte paper available.

end

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

Charley Mitcherson & Prescilliano Romero, **BISHOP ARTS DISTRICT**, 405 Bishop Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75208. Oak Cliff Artisans Studio and Sale took place on Saturday, April 21, 2007, and Sunday, April 22. The purpose of the art group is to prove resources for showing and marketing their work.

#200

The Ackermans were to play at the **2nd ANNUAL FORT WORTH PRAIRIE FEST** on Saturday, April 28, 2007. This is an outdoor festival celebrating our connection to the natural world through Music, Art, Dance, Environment Stewardship & Wildflower Tours and was presented by the Friends of Tandy Hills Nature Area. Was FREE and open to the public. Hope there was a big turnout.

#300

365 DAYS PLAYS – April 2nd and 3rd, 2007, Fort Worth, Texas, on Sunday, April 29, 2007, for Judy Gordon and Karen X an encore of the Play, **6'4"** directed and performed by **Laney Yarber**, additional vocals, music ("Black Widow") by **Ronald Shannon Jackson** and sound technician

– **Tijuan.** Enjoyable, Ms. Yarber is quite the performing artist, we look forward to **6'4"** again; she can be contacted at 1-817-238-9567, 1-800-544-1037 or [her e-mail laneyy@aol.com or laneyy@sbcglobal.net]

#400

3rd Sunday 7 PM, May 20, 2007, Karen X presents with WordSpace, **Tammy Gomez & Kymberly Keeton**, at **PaperBacks Plus Bookstore**, **6115 La Vista, Dallas, Texas. Phone: 214-827-4860.**

#500

On Saturday, May 5, 2007, Catch **TOM RUSSELL** with **JERRY JEFF WALKER** for The Threadgill Festival in Greenville, Texas, a Family Get-together, Tickets at Bill's New Location, Dallas, Texas, **BILL'S RECORDS.**

#600

On Wednesday, May 9, 2007, Catch **JOE ELY** with **RECKLESS KELLY** at The Granada Theatre, Dallas, Texas. For Tickets check with Bill at his **Bill's Records.**
end

REVIEWS by Judy Gordon* and Carol Gerhauser+

Butch Hancock *War and Peace**

Hey, hey Woody Guthrie would smile at Butch over these thirteen songs. Butch Hancock gives us the following:

The way folks help each other, when things are broken; the ways we look at life, hard to figure what ways to go, what way to raise our glasses to what's important; we're hit with how to make hard decisions, taking a look at ourselves, the right way to go, we're all born with it; we're definitely given the right direction with our country going to some rock'n'roll; we're hit with hard to recognize a period of time in our lives; we're given a solution, the way we all look at each other; we get deep into each other; we're given a bunch of questions that make us seek answers.

Joe Ely and Jimmie Dale Gilmore back-up Butch with beautiful highs and lows, and we don't go wrong with Butch's harmonica and Rob Gjersoe's electric guitars.

THIS IS NEW by The Ackermans of Texas *Take Me Back to Amarillo**

Bob and Sally take you to a lot of places, focusing on Texas, and that we should all be at home, we are touched by all these American places, and they are not afraid to voice how they are feeling.

Let's not forget their *Code of the West* that tells us all the ways that touch all of us—THE CODE OF THE WEST—has always been here; takes The Ackermans to remind us. Then we have The Ackermans' *Anti-Establishment, Environmentally Sane, Multi-Denominational Potluck*

Supper and Sing-A-Long Show at the ALLGOOD CAFE. We cannot have The Ackermans without John Wayne and Roxy Gordon's "**Indians**," when Sally and Bob mirror each other with Coyote Boy's words, and this is a good time for their reminding us of Woody Guthrie's "**Deportees**." At the same time ***The Ackermans*** remind us there's more than Congress that watches over us with Sally's bringing back the late Roxy Gordon's spoken words, "**Gods**," backed so fine with their music.

And what fun with The Ackermans raising questions and seeking answers with their "**Deep in the Heart of Texas**." [Please visit: TheAckermans.com © è 2006 The Ackermans, 5923 Reiger Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75214.]

Jan Sikes *Jan Sikes**

Jan Sikes brings us two songs that bring back *real country*. With "**Hate The Sin (But Don't Hate The Sinner)**," we hear what really goes on and with her "**A Long Way To Go**," there's always payment. She helps us know what is really worthwhile, gives us direction. With her singing and playing, we are introduced to Karina Glaspy, Jim Glaspy and Billy C. Graham. Also we get Mr. Graham as her Producer, and Co-Production by Mr. Rick Sikes and Engineers always needed, we have John Rozell. This comes from **RIJAN RECORDS**, recorded at HOMETOWN SOUND, Recorders in Brownwood, Texas. Please contact www.ricksikes.com, or www.myspace.com/ricksikes. Phone: 325-625-5014 or 900 N. Neches, Coleman, Texas 76834.

SNAKE FARM BY RAY WYLIE HUBBARD+

Hoo doo? Ray Wylie, that's who! In all its repetitious yet poetic glory, this CD is scary. First we get bit by "Snake Farm", mumble foxhole prayers to gain a grain of faith in song #2, and thirdly clog our arteries with women and grease—mistakes are what it takes (oh, yeah?). So far the CD is okay (we guess) And then comes "Way of the Fallen" propagandizing Scratch and slide-guitar with lots of references from Salem (cigarettes) to Corpus Christi. UNC'.

Harking back to a song of his own, "Mother Hubbard" is just more crying about show-biz ("...never feel sorry for anyone who owns a private plane"), taking up air space as does #8 "Old Guitar" though "Rabbit" ROCKS, trying a little tenderness and all over the night (bad) people taking the day people's money. It is doubtfully funky and cool with "in the groove" guitar and reference to the wolf and brevity of life.

"Polecat" is "talking "(like we women know), but the mandolin deletes the blues going on, and roughly the CD ends with a pagan indictment of limited insight and memory. WHEW—as if old children's need to borrow others' magic doesn't compound "our" dilemma. Once again, Ray takes us aboard his pink cloud 9.

[See Amazon to order.]—[Or if you have a direct way to order his CD's.] Thank you.

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.

All songs written by Roxy First Coyote Boy Gordon, ©è 2001,
the Estate of Roxy Gordon. All music production by Wes McGhee,
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2. ***SMALLER CIRCLES,*** lyrics ©è 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon
& Music production by Wes McGhee ©è 2001 Bug Music \$10.00 CD.

Now Available on CD! Wowapi Press Chapbook \$10.00.

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

4. ***KERRVILLE LIVE – 1993. ROXY GORDON,*** by Roxy Gordon,
lyrics ©è 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon \$6.00 CS, \$10.00 CD.

5. ***CRAZY HORSE NEVER DIED.*** Eleven tracks lyrics ©è 2001,
the Estate of Roxy Gordon & Music production by Wes McGhee
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Wowapi Press Chapbook \$10.00.

6. ***BREEDS,*** by ROXY GORDON ©è words & artwork, 2001,
the Estate of Roxy Gordon \$10.00 book, 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, \$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 **Marquetta Herring**, Editor-Publisher,
PAPERBACKS PLUS PRESS, 1987; limited quantity available.

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

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

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

Judy Gordon

708 Chandler Drive

Garland, Texas 75040-7775

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+++++

~END~