

Rita

From: "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>
To: "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>
Sent: Monday, December 01, 2008 8:13 AM
Subject: Picking Up The Tempo, number 21, December 01, 2008

FINAL december 1, 2008 – no. 21

~~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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~~ TEMPORARY BREAK ~~

PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal
December 01, 2008, number 21

© 2008, Judy Gordon,
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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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Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon

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ROXY WRITES DECEMBER 01, 2008

"The West Texas Town of El Paso"

by Roxy Gordon – © 2008, "The West Texas Town of El Paso"
[Edited by Judy Gordon]

"THE WEST TEXAS TOWN OF EL PASO"

This all starts in San Francisco, North Beach, hanging out with famous writers. In those days I still wore western shirts, couldn't buy one there. I decided it was time to go home. We left in a little red Ford full of a dog, cats, two of

our friends and our new born baby. A big rent trailer on behind. Nobody but me seemed willing to drive. We got lost in some town in Wyoming, middle of the night. A policeman stopped us, looked into the car and couldn't believe what he saw. He figured the best thing to do was help us out of town. Before the sun was up, I was seeing trees in the middle of the highway. We found Denver, spent a day recovering and headed over Raton Pass. We made Texas, spent some time building a fence, and decided to go back to San Francisco. We stopped south of Santa Fe and had a conversation, decided Albuquerque, couldn't find anybody we knew there. Judy had never been to El Paso. I was young and stupid, said let's go.

We made El Paso middle of the afternoon, bought a newspaper and found a trailerhouse for rent out on the river road. It was cheap. We moved in two hours later. It was cheap. The bathroom overflowed. And we were right next to a railroad exchange. Not good for sleeping.

Judy got a job in a printshop, she had learned typesetting in Austin. She had worked for Bill Wittliff's Encino Press. Wittliff wrote the screenplay for *Lonesome Dove*. We decided to move out of that trailerhouse, found an ad in the paper for a house on Blanchard. It was a big, beautiful house just across the street from the University of Texas at El Paso. It was on a hill; from the side porch, you could see Juarez and the Franklin Mountains. The old lady who owned it was from Mexico. She could hardly speak English. She lived in a little house out back. She spent most of her time in Mexico. She was gone when her house was broken into. I called the cops and a kid came. He stationed me at the front door to catch the burglar if the kid could run him out. Like a fool, I actually stood there. Then Judy set herself on fire, blazing grease on the kitchen stove.

Judy worked at the printshop and I changed my kid's diapers. My first book, *Some Things I Did*, arrived in the mail. It was published by Bill Wittliff. I set it on top of the refrigerator. The little TV was on top of the refrigerator. We watched *Ed Sullivan*.

My guitar amplifier picked up a radio station. We listened to that and watched *Guns n' Roses* on TV. One day I called Judy to the window to see a very tall, pretty girl hitchhiking. She wore black leather shorts. She passed up several cars for a guy on a motorcycle. One day, I walked across the street to UTEP. I went to the student union, looked at the students. They looked like students I'd seen from UT to California to Minnesota. They are all grandparents now. My friend, David Phillips, called me to say he and his wife, Carol, were about to visit her mother in El Paso. I drove down to try and find them, found David walking up the street looking like Kris Kristofferson. Later, we went to Carol's momma's house. She told me my writing informed her generation about what our generation was all about. Carol and David divorced after that and Carol told me David and I were too Texan for her to stand. Last I heard, she was in New York writing songs.

The freezeplugs rusted out on the Ford. I let it sit for a couple of days, then fixed it with some kind of plastic goo. I got a job at an advertising agency, writing print and TV. Judy got fired from her job because she mixed up pages on a book. I walked to work in bright El Paso sunshine, got there every morning

for a meeting. Roy Chapman ran the agency. He'd been the host of a kids' TV show in El Paso. It was called *Uncle Roy*. He was not my idea of an uncle. He was a mean old man, kept telling me to get out of my chair at the meeting so he could sit down. My co-writer was a middle-age German who lived miles south in Mexico, but spent the week in El Paso. The agency had two major accounts, a bank in El Paso and Weaver Scopes. The German and I made up TV commercials for the bank, had apples and oranges rolling around. I wrote a piece for Weaver rifle scopes. Somebody rewrote it. Whoever did not understand how scopes work. I had a fit. That may have been the beginning of the end of my advertising career.

Judy and I drove the plastic-fixed Ford around El Paso. We saw pretty girls walking on the streets. We saw cripples. We went to the dollar drive-in movie, three for a dollar. Went to the A&W Root Beer Drive-in. We walked on El Paso Street, had beggars after us. One afternoon a young woman tried to sell us her baby.

We left in the wounded Ford and headed north for Albuquerque. Marty Robbins, I have been to the city of El Paso.

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(Published by *Coleman Chronicle & DV*, 29 December, 1998.)
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**"Why There Were So Many Presidents of the U.S.
On The Fort Peck Reservation"**
(With thanks to Walley Cantrell)
by Roxy First Coyote Boy Gordon
[Edited by Judy Gordon]

**"WHY THERE WERE SO MANY PRESIDENTS OF THE U.S. ON THE
FORT PECK RESERVATION"**
(With thanks to Walley Cantrell)

About a hundred years ago, the white Bureau of Indian Affairs decided Indian kids needed to go to what they called boarding school. Those kids, little kids and old, were taken away from home to live nine months a year at boarding school.

The Indian agent would send his police to round-up all the kids and what some of the parents did was round-up the kids and head for the hills. But the cops would catch most and put them into a wagon to head for boarding school.

They deloused these kids and dressed them civilized, cut their hair and took them off to learn white men's ways.

One time a bunch of little boys got rounded-up at Fort Peck, Montana. Those cops put them in a big room at the boarding school. The kids huddled up all close together and didn't know what to do.

After awhile, a big boy came by. He'd been at boarding school before. He

decided to play a joke on the little boys. The big boy said, "Listen, if you don't tell them your names, then they'll let you loose and you can all go home." The little boys thought that was a good idea.

So the teachers took them into a big room and a man with a big book asked them, "Tell me your names." No little boy would say a word. They thought by being quiet, then they could go on home.

But then the superintendent saw they wouldn't say anymore, so he locked the door and went looking for help. The superintendent found a priest and asked them what they might do. Those little boys needed names. "At least," the priest said, "I can name a few."

The priest said to the little boys, "I'm going to give you big time names. You will never be ashamed." "You," he said, "you over there with the brown hair, you are George Washington. You with the red shirt, you are Thomas Jefferson. You with no front teeth, you are Teddy Roosevelt. And you the one with worn-out cowboy boots, you are Abraham Lincoln. You with the green eyes, you are Andrew Jackson. You by the window, you are John Adams." The priest went on and on.

The little boys didn't know what to do. They were still named things like *Afraid Of His Tracks* and *Horse's Ghost* and *Ground Squirrel* and names like that. But after they stayed a few years at the school, they got used to their new names. And they kept on using those names all their lives.

So that's why, 50 years later, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Teddy Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson and John Adams all lived up in Montana on the Fort Peck Reservation.

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Coleman Chronicle & DV, June 7, 1994

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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

"The One Behind The One In Bed"

by Carol Lemming Gerhauser, © 2008, Dallas, Texas

"THE ONE BEHIND THE ONE IN BED"

With my cat, I ho hum and begrudge the drudgery of life. But when it becomes truly terrible—an aortic aneurysm and subsequent damage of a next of kin—then it was nor is so bad after all. Add an abused puppy to the mix and all goes quiet.

What can we do, women of the world, attached at the hip to a sinking soul? I only wish he'd this or

that, knowing full well my grief at my loss is wasted and irrelevant compared to his. Suddenly all bets are off, the time will never be ripe, and life is tough.

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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 Terrible Itch"

I'm reaching an age
 when the terrible itch
 to ramble finds it hind legs
 and rears up like a stallion
 to help keep the pulverizing beat
 of my heart calm enough
 to receive some possible promises,
 and healthy enough for a fair share of hope.

In my youth
 I had the same lust
 for unknown places
 and transcontinental vibes.
 It's as if my life had to be
 charmed again by the unexpected;
 like open road contracts in blood
 flooding back with the sap of visions;
 and women dark and lovely
 under full mesa moons
 earmarking every one of my dreams
 for a future within easy reach.

I suppose it's the old gypsy wagon painting
 of mine I did in the camargue
 that more than just tickles my fancy;
 it's deep-rooted and wild to touch,
 and crazy as a leap of fate I chase
 like the shade in Van Gogh's cypress trees.

I stand in awe that my dreams
 can be so strong they're partnered

with the wetting of freedom;
 that sixty-five years old
 has no speed limit.
 For me it has never been just existing.
 I really have to be alive!
 And not just with myself, but with others
 that can taste the new horizons every day.

Am I getting younger?
 Do I want to fill my last years
 with as many of the world's faces
 that destiny can dance to—
 and grace with an overkill of world-class champions
 burning up dust with everything that races
 and makes memories into continuous glory days.

Before it was nothing but
 the inhaling and exhaling
 of piss and vinegar
 and never once surrender;
 now it's more like a fat-ass hog cutting
 just to loosen my old suspenders.

Back then I'd go from Lake Tahoe to Quebec
 on a six-hundred dollar keno ticket win;
 now after one scraped carotid artery surgery,
 after cancer radiation for a saliva gland—
 twenty grand in debt finally forgiven,
 friends pitching in,
 I've got courage again
 to put five grand on a plastic card
 and piss against a blue norther wind.

The new light in my eyes now
 takes these footloose dice
 and throws them at Trá-os-Montes
 that puts my head into a Bragança swim.

It's these back burners roaring
 as if a hotplate exploding
 was wresting with my Diaspora genes.
 But I see apparition's fruit anyway.
 My fight is just part of the pie.
 A window opening to the see is my crust.
 And ballast of a kiss so intense
 that the smallest treasure is immense.

Oh when my high-top traveling shoes
 can shuck all the trappings of being blind
 I crave the grease of release.
 And something in my heart from glory is fleeced

like long-necked wonder of returning Canadian geese.

– Art Coelho

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end

"The Blessing"*

A birthday is a blessing,
and its song sung at my doorstep
didn't calculate for a rest home,
but then most everybody sees age
as the square root of lost time plus dementia.

The vision of sucking on my bottom lip constantly
hasn't arrived and found my different nakedness yet;
I'm still trying to fleece Matisse.
I'll always be on some island with a breeze blowing,
even when I'm dead something will flower
because the cosmos first willed me an Azorean birth.

The garden I tend is the knocker loose of the moment,
the spontaneous gift that expects nothing
and receives everything from plain sight to the beyond.
When I hoe the beans of poetry stars shine down
on my seeds so how can I ever be jailed
for an Alzheimer's jinx in what I've planted,
watered, and eaten like a whale in a shrimp bed?

You won't see me sticking my tongue out at fate.
What hard feelings can I hold for destiny
when I've already arrived at a thousand truths
during earth's grand passing me around like a wild card
so others will understand it's not how many pilgrimages
need taking to see the candles still burning on Van Gogh's hat;
it's centered in the hot blood that essence gathers
where the ghost can saddle apparitions
and ride out onto the wind's strange plateau
where prong-horned antelope will care for me,
it's a jamboree within all the heart's music reaching
inside of my loins and protecting the glory of life
like the snowplow of a smokestack-lighting hobo train.

If my spirit no longer serves,
just feed me lemon meringue pies
intravenously till I die.
Living is not for crybabies—

didn't John the Baptist take
 his cutting down like a man?
 I don't always have the right
 to expect icing on any gift of faith.
 I don't have to sidetrack
 every stab in the back
 like I didn't know my brother's face.
 I don't want all the colorful marbles;
 I just want to see the grace they trace.

I'm just in it as long as I can
 get my love handles around the human race;
 I'm just dancing on the open road
 so the dust kicking high can show
 the gypsy pride in me harbors a champion's gait;
 I don't want to be hovered over
 once my soul sheds its vision tower;
 and when the bottom of the ocean turns sour
 I'll find the waves where light transcends all tragedy.

Just give me some unknown thing to play with,
 some future raw and wobbling wonder I can sing.
 I don't fear oblivion's eraser.
 Just give me a double chaser,
 a straight shot of love
 and a keepsake of my poet friends
 who gambled on the odds
 of their art and never tried once to escape
 the steeplechase of blues when the ace doesn't grace.

Time may at times stand up on its hind legs
 and say pointedly, "Screw you!"
 But that's not the real spinning freedom,
 that's not the gravity gravy giving its best;
 there's something else that passion
 has for a vagabond like me who never
 held his cards too close to his chest.

I'm out of the shoot for new glory,
 I'm eating the dust of the arena
 not because I got anything to prove—
 I'm within the earthy bottom-line reality,
 I don't need to ask a million questions
 when I can go roll in the sack with Corrina.

– Art Coelho

*Excerpt from an email from my daughter-in-law on my 65th
 birthday: "Our neighbor, Joyce, is letting us garden her plot because her
 husband, Gordon, got put in the nursing home last fall and he did all of
 their gardening. We go visit him once in a while and it is just so sad to see

him there. He wants to come home so badly but Joyce feels like she is unable to take care of him. He has Alzheimer's disease and says a few strange things once in a while or he will repeat the same story a few times but most of the time his mind serves him well. He was always so active, which makes it extra difficult to be in a nursing home and to have so many freedoms taken away. Anyway, I tell you this because we want you to know that we will take you in when you are in need...so, don't ever worry about going to a rest home. But, I think you are a long shot off from those days."

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end

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Seven Buffaloes Press

Art Coelho, Ed. & Pub.

Box 249

Big Timber, Montana 59011

(Rural & Working Class Lit.)

Individual authors &

anthology formats.

Free catalogue.

Art's Fine Art

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Horsepower, Gossip &

The Portuguese Windmills;

Visual image will be sent:

artcoelho@cablemt.net

Coelho's canvases featured:

www.palcus.org

For Sale: Art's paintings

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RICK SIKES WRITES

"ABOUT YOU"

© 2008 WORDS AND MUSIC BY

RICK SIKES – 325-625-5014

1ST VERSE: **WHEN I SAW YOU**
 WALK IN THE DOOR
I KNEW THINGS WOULDN'T
 BE THE SAME ANYMORE
THERE WAS SOMETHING
 ABOUT YOU
FROM THAT MOMENT ON
 I COULDN'T FORGET
 ABOUT YOU

CHO: **YOU SMILED SWEETLY**
 AND ROCKED MY WORLD
I HAD TO HAVE YOU
 FOR MY GIRL
THERE WAS MAGIC
 ABOUT YOU

2ND VERSE: **WAS A SPECIAL MOMENT**
 IN TIME
WHEN YOUR EYES
 MET MINE
AND THAT LOOK
 ABOUT YOU
CAPTURED FROM THE START
 I LOVED EVERYTHING
 ABOUT YOU

REPEAT CHO:

CHO: **YOU SMILED SWEETLY**
 AND ROCKED MY WORLD
I HAD TO HAVE YOU
 FOR MY GIRL
THERE WAS MAGIC
 ABOUT YOU

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RHYTHM REBEL

Rick Sikes

900 N. Neches

Coleman, Texas 76834

Phone: 325/625-5014

Rick Sikes' CD's For Sale

© *Etchings In Stone*

RIJAN Music

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

Rhythm Rebel, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook,

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

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RIJAN Music – \$10.00 plus handling and postage.

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

ROY HAMRIC WRITES

To Huang Ch'ao

Huang Ch'ao, a businessman who
 sold salt, captured Chang-an,
 the capital of China, in 881.

A poet stuck a poem on a wall
 blasting his new rule.

“Kill everyone who could write
 such a poem,” ordered Huang Ch'ao.

Three thousand people died,
 but poetry lives on. When you're
 in Chang-an, paste this poem
 on a wall.

Morning Practice

When my eyes open at dawn's light
 whose arms are these, skin pink, flaccid
 draping off brittle bones?

On the pillow several long hairs—mine or
 from the two dogs sleeping on my bed?
 Before, the long hair was always a woman's
 whose body would press closer
 in the morning chill.

Part of my lung is gone,
 cut out because of swarming molecules

hungry to devour my breath— it's rationed now.
 My heart beats harder to help its neighbor.
 Its comforting sound fills the void. My cough
 sounds like a sick man.

One beat, one breath. Good practice
 for a lazy man.

As Su Tung p'o said, "I'm a tired horse unharnessed at last."

Su Tung p'o
For Jim Harrison

Incense wafts smoky threads into the dark Universe above the Buddha shrine on steaming
 Fa Ngoum Road in midnight Vientiane.
 Two plaster sculptures rest beside the Buddha's feet—a tiny man and woman looking at an offering of
 one squashed tomato and two pieces of Chicklet gum.

Rock music, Rasta music, massage parlors, hot bodies in high heels, or barefoot, prowl for grasping
 hearts.

Su Tung p'o, born in 1036, has a brother poet
 in Montana, Jim Harrison, who wrote these lines in celebration of the Master.

*Yesterday I got a call from the outside
 world but I said no in thunder.
 I was a dog on a short chain
 and now there's no chain.*

Most nights I go to bed short of breath
 reading heroic lonely poems by Harrison
 and his brothers Cold Mountain and Stonehouse, my pecker like the universe
 in atrophic decline.

But sometimes a pair of irises,
 like dark lilies, knock on my heart,
 asking, Old Fart, are you game?

The world whistles asking if
 I want to come out and play.

The Void coughs up ironic bondings
 in all stages of life—even death.
 So the answer is, Why not?

Goddesses wear many disguises.
 Her fingernails are painted with miniature

jungle scenes. Her jacket has a white faux fur collar. She looks like a dusky Asian Eskimo. Her jeans are elaborately embroidered in red on the back pockets. Her handbag is huge, emboldened with massive silver studs. But her little bat face is charming and naked her high heels arch her buttocks in a thrilling lift.

An old man with luck
doesn't drift off into the past.

Farewell Poem

To a Girl in Chiang Mai

If only I could write this
with a feather on a cloud.

Her nickname is Cartoon.
She combs her hair
in front of the wall mirror
in a pull-curtain motel.

Such a surprise
breasts like melons
hips like a young filly.

The business done
there is no time for faded rouge
and dreams before dawn.

No silk curtains
to stir in the breeze.
No jade comb. Only her
black plastic brush gliding
silently through long lustrous
hair down to the top line
of her buttocks.

No hairpin, no lotus flower to open or close
in a nearby pond, no swaying willows,
no cherry blossoms, no trill of a lute, no
moon or stars, moonlight or red dawn,
birds or butterflies.

The porn movie on TV has no sound
as two men enthusiastically toy
with a French woman at the edge
of a swimming pool. Cartoon says,
"Leave it on, so funny. Her eyes don't like."

The Bowl is Always Full

It's a matter of matter
or so one thinks.

The bowl and emptiness
are not one or the other.

Everything is like that.

Before it was like a dream.
Now it's just unfolding but
it's not a dream.

Babblers from the past tried
to be kind but I burned out their tongues.

All those shouts and whacks are
sounds mothers make.

There's one who gave me true kindness
who didn't cling, who taught the Sea
can't stop the waves.

If you want to know your self
stay in your own backyard.

The smell of the root
is the same as the flower.

Death Poem

On September 25

This morning when I glanced
at my feet I thought of mother.

She died on this day
fourteen years ago,
naked in a hospital bed
save for her diaper,
tubes down her throat,
her feet frozen very still.

*"Am I going to die?" she
asked, agitated like she'd*

*rather be working on a
crossword puzzle.*

"No, you're not going to die."

She was peeved it was taking
so long. She'd rather be parsing
letters into empty boxes,
watching TV or reading
a romance novel.

Death—five letters for
The Holy Ghost, the
so-called third person,
the negative pronouncement,
the invisible sucking breath
sweeping everything into the void.

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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

Mexico

"Angel Dressed In Black"

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

"Angel Dressed In Black"

One life over and another one startin'
That's how it's planned
One life leaves with a piece of your heart in her hand
One dream dies and another slips by
One you can't recall
Just wish you hadn't opened your eyes after all

One breath and it's over
There's no goin' back
And the angel watchin' over me got all dressed up in black

One star dyin' and it's still gettin' darker
watching it fade
Still hangin' on a chance remark that you made

Fade to black
Standing alone
So still – I can feel the chill

Cutting me to the bone
And the angel watchin' over me is callin' me home...

One life over and another one startin'
Ashes and dust
If that's life, that's the one thing you know you can't trust
Lay down easy, there's no rest comin'
Still lookin' back
And the angel watchin' over me got all dressed up in black

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end

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WES McGHEE produced *Mexico*, 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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**LANEY YARBER BRINGS US A NEW SONG:
BY RONALD SHANNON JACKSON**

Yesterday's tomorrow
Matured, the forty year dream
Closing flood gates of evil
Balm, spirit of mean
New talent's, ancient themes
Healer of past wars, civil rights, the unseen
Bitter fruit that festered, in denial's sea
Sweet nectar's of new songs
Marching to new rhythms
Yes we did, with tears of thee sing
Obama Obama
Bell's, of Joy ring.....

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To: Ronald Jackson cymbata@sbcglobal.net,
From: Franck Médioni, JAZZ MAGAZINE, franck.medioni@free.fr

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**JUDY GORDON PAINTS
#1200**

*Wanada Parker – Hat and Flower, 1997, Media: Acrylic on wood,
Date: 1997, Dimensions: 6" x 9½", Current whereabouts of original: Private
Collection, Garland, Texas.*

Judy's comments:

Wanada Parker (Mrs. Harry Page) Quanah Parker's most photographed daughter. If you look at it, staring directly at the eyes, kinda squinting your own eyes, you'll see her eyes don't look directly at you; kinda to the right or (subject's left) a little bit.

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end

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, DECEMBER, 2008, contact her for ALL EVENTS: msart55@yahoo.com.

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FOLLOWING CD REVIEWS:

WES RACE: *CRYPTIC WHALIN'!*

by *Judy Gordon**

1. "Shot Time," *Downright funky-blues flows,*
2. "Ludella Small Blues," *Beautiful full vocal backup,*
3. "Ragmop Reality," *Piano and talking full band chicken blues,*
4. "Bright Boy's Boogie," *Hip-top stun dig a vocal fun ,*
5. "Madam Fu-Fu's Dream Book," *Full sound takes you--NUMBERS,*
6. "T-99," *Right on it backup swoooo—T-99,*
7. "Cryptic Cocktail Mix," *You go for a ride on this'un—MOVIE BACKUP,*
8. "Dreaming at the Dig Palace," *Easy—the FIFTIES AGAIN,*
9. "Voodoo-ola," *Horns-horns-horns—HELP-HELP-HELP,*
10. "Baptized In Bop," *Bop it is back—oohh—You've heard SWAY—BACK,AGAIN.*

Produced by Jim Colegrove; All tracks written and whaled by **WES RACE**,
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DENNY FREEMAN: *TWANG BANG*

by *Carol Gerhauser+*

If you blink you might miss him, and that would be a shame, for he's not the latest but the greatest of them all. In this world of has-beens and wanna-bes, Denny is more of a must needs be. Having met the man, I wonder from where in the Leo did his reticence (humility) come? Austin? Naw!

This instrumental disc comes with Hook Herrera playing good harp on and co-author of "The Hook", Mike Thompson on mucho organ, trombone, and piano, and Mark Goldberg on bass. With Freeman writing and on all else except drums, the first cut "Drive" 'hypnotizes', and the title cut "Twang Bang" goes on and on, too, but groovedly-so. Then, "Chromatone" has one like Jimmie Lee, "Melancholy Valentine" has a definably different drummer in Jack Wilde, and "Rocket Science" conjures up Robin Siler's *Bust Out* CD cover, and Oh, God, it's rockabilly. In between these last two is a good 'un, drummer "Clem (Burke)'s Dilemma", that has me making my usual mistake and back on the flo'. Speaking of the which, "Cream, no Sugar", the first of four tribute songs, has 'Ginger' snaps in

four 'pieces' which "Voodoo Blue" sounds like it 'picks up', with Wes Montgomery licks, horns and a more 'sit back and groove' feel than the preceding "Jimijam" (I'm not the only Anglophiliac around?). Between the elevator and the killing floor is wedged "Baby Doll" where George Benson meets Jimmy Smith a Roger Boykin's piano-style on guitar.

I had almost forgot Denny's a blues man until "Jimmy Reed Again" (Who else thought he was white in the 60's?). So, where to now, St. Denis (look it up)? Too much is never enuf.

Contact: www.dennyfreeman.com

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EDITOR'S SPECIAL THANK YOU TO *PICKING UP THE TEMPO WRITERS.*
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