

Rita

From: "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>
To: "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>
Sent: Friday, May 01, 2009 8:47 AM
Subject: Picking Up The Tempo, number 23, May 01, 2009

may 1, 2009 – no. 23

~~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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~~ *PUTT Ready for 2009* ~~

PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal
May 01, 2009, number 23

© 2009, Judy Gordon,
708 Chandler Drive
Garland, Texas 75040-7775
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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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Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon
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ROXY WRITES MAY 01, 2009
"Steve Young is a Southerner" Part Two
[Edited by Judy Gordon]

(Continued from PUTT, number 22, April 01, 2009 – Roxy Gordon's "Steve Young ...")

**"STEVE YOUNG IS A SOUTHERNER"
Part Two**

It's true enough that the Civil War touched—or perhaps struck hard—virtually every southern family. My own Confederate ancestry (and I ain't got one single ancestor who came from north of the Mason-Dixon Line) is riddled with Civil War dead and Civil

War wounded.

But the matter of the fact is I have for a long time—as I told Steve—suspected the South came out further on top than established history would have us believe Roger Miller, in telling us how much he thought of the South, told us it was the only place in the United States which had ever lost a war—a fact he seemed to be proud of. William Faulkner said no battle is ever won; they are not even fought. William Faulkner also said the past is not dead—it's not even past.

One of Steve Young's favorite songs is the "Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and when he performs it, he bills it as a time machine. Before Steve told me about his previous incarnation as John Pelham, he asked me one night on the way to Rosa's Cantina north of Albuquerque if I ever felt like I had actually been in the Civil War or at the Alamo or any such place? I told him I felt perhaps I had been there in experience (of some almost indescribable sort) if not in actual fact. Jim Jeyne, who took some pictures for this newspaper, told me one night that he thought certain drugs among other things expanded consciousness. I told Jim I thought only hard knowledge expands consciousness—with perhaps intuition to tell us which of several conflicting hard facts we might chose to believe.

Steve Young knows more about the Civil War than anyone else I've ever talked to. I expect there are scholars and buffs about who might know as much or more. But I'd be willing to bet not one of them ever played in L.A. rock and roll bands—or was a folksinger in Birmingham—or a religious leader in ancient Egypt—or got himself killed in the war he's an expert on.

Steve in many ways can be taken as a product of his time. He was a folksinger in Birmingham, then he was a L.A. rock and roll musician, then he was in San Francisco bands—now he's gone back home to country music. That trip could probably describe the traveling interest areas, if not the actual career of many a member of this generation. And you can throw in his interest in the occult—which also is a mark of this generation. But I think I see him as a product of the South more than a product of any new age.

William Faulkner, in addition to being perhaps the best writer America has yet produced, was a prophet of no mean ability. If you want to take Faulkner's Nobel acceptance speech as a key to his work—and I do—then, he is a writer relevant for today and for the uncertain future.

Faulkner deals in perserverance. His people live in a land crushed by defeat in war poverty, and a general, oppressive, unending, nameless—perhaps regional—dispair. Yet his people persevere. In the Nobel acceptance speech, he said he believed that man would not merely endure, but would prevail.

Steve says the South is no longer his South. Waylon Jennings asked Chet Atkins to sign Steve to RCA; Chet Atkins told Waylon Jennings Steve wasn't country. Steve says he's had a lot of bad times in the South. And besides that, the South isn't really good for him. He gets so far into the Civil War, he says, that he wants to stop in little southern towns to tear down the American flag at the post office, and put up the Confederate flag.

Steve asked his medium and she told him to leave the South. He asked her about Austin,

Albuquerque, and Los Angeles. She told him Austin was bad for him; that Albuquerque might be a good place for song writing; that L.A. was the most practical.

What's the story about pearls coming from sand under the oyster shell?

That's what the New South is all about. How many years has Waylon Jennings battled that Nashville Establishment? Or Tompall Glaser, for that matter? War's war and the enemy is where you find them.

Faulkner's enemy and Steve's aren't too far apart—and if we look, all of us might find an enemy there somewhere.

Being properly southern, Faulkner saw industrialization as a major enemy. His members of old southern families were genteel and indolent; their time was spent in scholarly pursuit and suicide. Their suicide (of spirit if not body) was from a depression not unkin to Steve's view of the South. It was no longer their South. Yankees and upstarts were building factories, and seriously altering their way of life.

Well, today if you go to the South, you'll find a lot fewer factories than you'll find in Detroit. How many country songs have you heard about the southern country boy wasting away while working in a city factory? I wanna go home. Home, Dave Hickey said once, is where you understand the sons-of-bitches.

That makes Steve a southern boy, for sure.

"They play golf," Steve said sarcastically of the Nashville establishment. I expect they do, Lord, and wear jean-suits and the whole trip. But when I lived in Oakland, I heard a black lady on a talk show one night explain how she preferred living in the South anyway, to California. "Down there," she said, "you know where you stand."

What most liberal non-southern whites don't seem to realize is that Southern Black Culture and Southern White Culture are the same thing; both were forged from the meeting of Europe and Africa on dark and wooded, musky Indian ground where a wet tropic sea breeze blew.

Can Joan Baez realize that when a southern white man bombed a Birmingham church, he bombed himself? When the southern white man enslaved the black, he enslaved himself. The Civil War had nothing to do with slavery.

Of course, I won't deny there were lynchings and bombing, segregation and racial hate. But southern racial hate was always self-hate.

Black Jack Ketchum was born Tom Ketchum near Richland Springs in northern San Saba County, Texas. He always maintained he was born bound for hell. No chance at all, the way he saw it, for salvation. He was a tall man and big, who wore black and had black hair and dark eyes.

At the moment he was dying of industrial execution in Clayton his sister was on her knees praying six or seven hundred miles away on the ranch down south of San Angelo, Texas. [Editor's note, music song: "The Hanging of Black Jack Ketchum," by Roxy Gordon, co-written with Dave Phillips, appears on CD—CRAZY HORSE NEVER DIED, 1988, Vinyl Music Production, by Peter O'Brien, and Music Transference to

CD, by Wes McGhee, published by Bug Music, 2002.] Southerners are religious folks; they believe in salvation and they believe in hell. They do believe in hell.

Ladies love outlaws, it's said, and I think you would be safe in taking that a little further. I think we all love outlaws. Who else are we? From the earliest times we were a nation of misfits; those who couldn't make it in Europe for social or religious or economic reasons. The well-adjusted don't leave home to sail half-way around the world and live in a complete wilderness. Steve Young's Georgia was settled first by convicts. GTT was the sign posted on many an abandoned southern homestead. Gone To Texas. Gone to never come home again; left family and friends; no letters to follow. Who could write? Look at the westward migration; wagon-loads then later trainloads of misfits out to find new land. The well-adjusted stayed home in Ohio and worked the family farm.

The war itself was the largest, most serious outlaw movement in American history. Confederate veterans were out-lawed as officially as the radical Republican congress could get away with.

Black Jack Ketchum grew up in reconstruction Texas; the law of the land was not always the making of the people. The State Police did not always heed the wishes of the people. If consent of the majority is law, then the law itself was outlaw. So it wasn't particularly hard for Black Jack to see the law as easily breakable.

The law is breakable. One simply has to have enough sense to see which laws should be broken and which shouldn't. When Faulkner came home from New Orleans, a member of an old and established family, and went about town barefoot, squatting at the drugstore newstand to read—refusing honest labor, he was breaking local social law.

Steve Young write songs of personal vision and songs of place. The place is usually the South. In "'Long Way to Hollywood," he says he's going back to the South. Two years ago, he did that; now he's ready to leave again. But he knows damn well (and should know) he'll never really leave. He was John Pelham. He says his people were back-road people. When Charlye Parker interviewed him on the radio here a few months ago, she came away thinking of Hank Williams. Steve talks about Hank Williams in "Long Way to Hollywood"; he says he's from the same place and same race as Hank Williams; that he's got the same lonesome blood in his veins.

Golf has nothing to do with it. Faulkner suspected that the South would be the last decent place in America to live. He thought that there the enemies of humanity would find one last long pocket of resistance. I think he was right. When that country boy in Detroit sings he wants to go home, I think he knows the right direction to head. That strange race of people that found itself bred of Europe and Africa upon Indian soil is at heart a dark race and a race given to lifelong revolt. They are suspicious and lonesome. No relative of mine—or any other Southerner I ever heard of—would work for wages for another man if he could work for himself. Doug Sahm says in Texas you got to lay it down or you'll find yourself working for a man clear across town.

It was not the war which gave Southerners their lonesome and stubborn streak; but

it was their lonesome and stubborn streak that pulled them through the war and the years afterward. William Faulkner was a great a thinker as this country has produced and he recognized in his people the traits we'll all need to survive as this world changes; the ability to grit your teeth and dig in; to expect in your blood the worst and not give up; to fight the enemies of life, not just with your acts, but with every biological fiber of your being.

No, the war ain't over. It'll go on so long as solitary men refuse to bow under to the system. Steve Young, like Hank Williams and Black Jack Ketchum—and William Faulkner—is a solitary man from a solitary race.

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end

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 (Published by *Picking Up The Tempo*, Number 2, 06 December, 1974, Albuquerque, NM.)
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(Continue Roxy Gordon's "*Blue Canyon Records*" Part One to *PUTT* no. 24.)
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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

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 (Continued from *PUTT*, number 22, April 01, 2009 – Carol Gerhauser's "*THE TRICKSTER ...* ")

THE TRICKSTER IN ANDRÉ GIDE'S *PROMÉTHÉE MALCHAINÉ*

Part Two

by Carol Gerhauser, © May 01, 2009, Dallas, Texas

After a few pages describing the catalytic event behind the whole mortal story, the first chapter is called "Private Morality." This is later to beg the interpretation that there is no public morality, this hinted at perhaps by the setting. It is four or five o'clock in the evening on the boulevard leading from the Church of the Madeleine to the café in the fall. Prometheus has just left his fetters and come down from the Caucasus. He encounters the Garçon outside the café and enters his mediating world of trinity, idiosyncrasy, and fate as the café has 3-top tables meant for people who have not met. Like a croupier not liable for the outcome, and seeing the customers' personalities if they don't, the Garçon sets relationships going—seats the victims of choice and free will—and neither joins nor ignores the conversation. As the two plus Prometheus begin their ordeal or discussion, the two, Damocles and Cocles, find they are fatefully connected and begin to unravel their dual histories. Prometheus has heretofore been silent, and the Garçon seeing that the conversation is degenerating into argument spills on Prometheus who exclaims in an unusually loud tone remarked by all around making him suspect and out of touch with the secular world. He is then asked for his story, why the name, and what makes him

unique. Wham bam, in flies his eagle, which, with a graceful wing, knocks out Cocles' eye and sits on the thigh of Prometheus who offers up a bit of his liver to eat. The crowd reacts with disfavor and claim that the eagle "...does not distinguish you in any way."

The Garçon can be seen as a Cult of Zeus member whose leader depicted by another character is seen to say to all that, though they may expect a conspiracy, "Je suis bien autre chose." (I am something else entirely.) The Garçon says, "You are a good God." to which is replied, "Je me le suis laissé dire." (I allow it said.) The Miglionaire plays Zeus, a stout, middle-aged banker who in the spirit of initiative lends to those who cannot pay and due to prestige cannot reveal himself. With a gratuitous act he randomly selects ill treated from elect, a Kafkaesque chance versus necessity. The Miglionaire is self-born, disinterested, while Prometheus is just tired.

Prometheus, who has no history, moves between dimensions, and can free himself, prefers to bear his cross. Accused much later by the Garçon of making safety matches without a license (his professed occupation), he is sent to prison. His eagle visits in the honeysuckle spring and slips Prometheus who has withered away liver-wise through the bars like a shape shifter. At the end of the novel, Prometheus sums up his role as redeemer tempter in the funeral speech saying that thanks to the death of Damocles, "I have killed my eagle...." and to keep an eye on ours.

Briefly, the story of Damocles and Cocles is that in his free will man's reaction to an *acte gratuite* cannot be predicted. Cocles, the natural man, retrieves the Miglionaire's handkerchief, is asked to write an address on an envelope by same, and then is rudely punched in the face. The letter containing F500 is sent to and received by Damocles who only encounters his intermediate benefactor at the café table. Both men's lives have been altered by the event, and both are on the road to salvation—or not. Is it fortune; call or chance, wonders Damocles, while Cocles struggles with a fall; sin or predestination? Damocles speaks first claiming that for years he tried to be like others, but because of the F500, he now feels like a unique and original being fitted with a truly singular destiny. But after years of secret devotion, fear is his eagle, unfed and deceitful. He asks, "Whom did I owe, Lord?" He worsens after catching cold leaving the Hall of Blue Moons and in the hospital is delirious with duty, and Damocles due to lack of faith dies. (Dionysus said, according to Cicero, "There is no prosperity for a man perpetually threatened by terror.") Cocles is redeemed by Damocles' death—"All is admissible, and the

divine casting of lots has not abolished chance..."—and as love saves, forgiveness, faith, and gratitude trump collective guilt (original sin). On the boulevard, as Saul to Paul on the road to Damascus, the mere act of love (the handkerchief) puts in *bas relief* all the anger, fear of a repeat, curiosity, philanthropy, and loss (of an eye). At the end it is he, Prometheus, and the Garçon at the table for three.

(Continue Carol Gerhauser's "**THE TRICKSTER ...**" to June, *PUTT, Part Three, number 24*)

end

Carol Gerhauser provided a collection of her poems entitled "Her Clean Up Days," in *Picking Up The Tempo*, journal – number 3, September 06, 2001. She can be contacted at e-mail Clgerhauser@aol.com.

ART COELHO WRITES

Art Coelho
 Box 249
 Big Timber, Montana 59011

"Mr. Melanoma"

Mr. Melanoma! I knew something
 wasn't quite right the way
 he sat in the waiting room.
 He was turned to one side awkwardly
 and had no greeting for me at first.
 Normally those taking treatments
 have this instant bond because
 the same boat with the cancer oars
 you touch in one way or another,
 with or without water,
 ocean or no Pacific vast blue;
 it's on this hidden number of fate,
 but visible to those wearing
 the shield during radiation.

Something very general like
 "How you doin' today" breaks
 the monotony of the reserved silence.
 Solitude here finds its speaking voice.
 "I'm doing okay."
 You don't hear a better tone
 of understatement anywhere else.

It's like irony has its own pair of eyes
and when it opens them you're gonna take
the Ferris wheel of despair's ride.

It doesn't take Mr. Melanoma long
to show me the stub of his middle finger
nipped in half on his right hand.
"It started here and went up my arm.
That was in '95. Now it's eleven years later,
and during this time I've had three operations.
One of them was in November.
That's just three months ago.
And it's already come back.
The problem is not being able to raise my arm.
I can live with that though.
But it keeps coming back.
Now all they can do is slow it down.
This radiation can't reach beyond
the surface area of the skin,
so the cancer on the other side
can no longer be treated."

The second day of his treatment
I see him coming through The Center's doors.
His arm was cocked like a pterodactyl
had just took a hunk out of his neck,
sweeping down from unseen air.
He made a grimace, and hope
at its lowest level seared it
into my eyes like a scalding truth
that only a blowtorch can give
when it's red-hot and going for cold steel.

– Art Coelho

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(Continue Art Coelho's "We're Sailing through the Recession.")
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For Sale: Art's paintings

ROY HAMRIC WRITES

On James' Birthday

This is for you
in search of the lead walls
and the still sea

Beyond is the Great Outdoors
but what is that?

On this still-light morning
no breath can be safely taken
Sleeping bodies throughout the house
much alcohol last night
The cat sits motionless in the window
I sit in no-word thought

From a dream: A man with three hooks
piercing his backflesh
bound and hanging
on a spinning rope
Is he you and me?

Now the first morning sound
a bird somewhere
feeling the stars on its tongue
on another day of birth

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end

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.

KELL ROBERTSON WRITES SELECTED POEMS

"Dizzy Gillespie" comes from *THE GOOFY GODDESS ON THE WALL*,

© 2008 by Kell Roberston, Southwest, New Mexico

"DIZZY GILLESPIE"

Joy with a bent horn
and puffed out cheeks.
I swear man the cat looked
like his head would explode.
And always, that grin
that started somewhere
down in his guts and went
to the moon and back
and came out of that horn
straight up to the sky
bursting like a rocket
at the top with all those notes
coming down on us
a rain of brassy be-bop wonder

that rain man, that lovely rain
with all that sunshine in it

swing low sweet cadillac
Dizzy in there
wheeling away in a brass rain
blowing now
into who cares
what time it is?

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end

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Contact: *Kell Robertson, 39 Saltbush Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87508*
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MARY MIER WRITES

"February 5th, 2007"

by Mary Mier © May 01, 2009, Santa Fe, New Mexico

"February 5th 2007"

Today I sold an eye patch for \$1.50 to a gentleman with one eye.
That is one real eye and one hand painted fake left eye that

“Fit like a contact lens.”

He was about 55, slight, energetic, easy with his story.

“Many years ago,” he said, “when I was allot younger, I was taking a karate class.

I did a high kick, broke the fluorescent light bulb in half. It came flying down, I was looking up.”

He looks up.

“It sliced the top of my eyeball off. But see,”

He points to the scar in the groove of his eye against his nose.

“It just left this small scar.”

“Wow.”

Later I thought that that must have been a pretty high kick!

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end

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Mary M.V. Mier lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She is an actor, producer, director and writer. Presently she is directing a play she adapted from a short story by E. H. Fritz 'The Ballad of Sudio's Frog' to be staged with her company Teatro Paraguas in February, 2010, at the National Hispanic Cultural Center. Her favorite game as a child was make-believe. She is an autodidactic having dropped out of high school at sixteen to travel the world. She considers her life experiences her most important asset as an artist. Many of her stories, including “*The Last Dance*,” began as vivid powerful dreams. Her short story, “*Ruby’s Dream*,” will be included in a collection of works by Santa Fe writers entitled, *25 Saltbush Road*, edited by Kell Robertson. Her first chapbook, *The Death of Mr.Love*, based on her experiences living in the Barrio Centro in Fort Worth, will be coming out soon thanks to publisher, Judy Gordon, Wowap Press.

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JUDY GORDON PAINTS

#3803

Paris, 1922, Media: Brown and gold fingernail polish on white paper,

Date: January 18, 1979, Dimensions: 8½" x 11."

Current whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Garland, Texas.

Judy’s comments:

Inscription:

Wowapi Broadside
 January 18, 1979
 Dallas, Texas
 Paris, 1922 until about the early '50's

The print used for this copy was pulled on June 6, 2002, and is signed by the artist.

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#100

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FOLLOWING CD REVIEW:

TAMMY GOMEZ & RAMSEY SPRAGUE: *FALL/RELEASE 2009*

seis poemas con musica

by Judy Gordon*

1. "Quetzal Feathers," *Music twinkles with her magic bird,*
2. "In This Love," *Adoring justice hit with her HIGHS & LOWS,*
3. "Donde Esta' Adam?," *Clap, clap, guitar takes ya AND SLIDES HER,*
4. "Delivery of Nouns," *Fun – EAZZY-GOING,*
5. "A Piece Based on 2 Incidents at the Same Lake," *Her voice softly complemented, by music, makes you want to take this trip, UNEXPECTEDLY CATS BAG,*
6. "Nepal Child Poem 2," *Rickshaw Ride.*

recorded october 2008, en el estudio de Ramsey, fort worth

engineered/mixed by Ramsey himself

all words by tammy gomez

all music by ramsey sprague

[Contact Tammy Gomez: tammygomexican@yahoo.com]

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EDITOR BRINGS BACK PUTT MONTHLY FIRST DAY – MAY, 2009.

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PUTT AD

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6. ***BREEDS*,** by ROXY GORDON ©© words & artwork, 2001, the Estate of

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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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~END~