

**Rita**

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**From:** "Judy Gordon" <judygordon708@verizon.net>  
**To:** "Taffy Myobe" <taffy@aohell.com>  
**Sent:** Monday, June 01, 2009 7:10 AM  
**Subject:** Picking Up The Tempo, number 24, June 01, 2009

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## **june 1, 2009 – no. 24**

### **~~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

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<p><b>Picking up The Tempo a country western journal</b></p>	<p><b>a DEXTEROUS NEW VOICE in Country from the ~ Music HALF ~ SAVAGE Southwest</b></p>
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***~~PUTT summer vacation for 2009~~***

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*PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal*

June 01, 2009, number 24

© 2009, Judy Gordon,

708 Chandler Drive

Garland, Texas 75040-7775

Phone: 972/485-0990 or e-mail: judygordon708@verizon.net

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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 JUNE 01, 2009**

"Blue Canyon Records"

by Roxy Gordon – © 2009, "Blue Canyon Records"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

## **"BLUE CANYON RECORDS"**

### **Part One**

Jerry Heist, being a collector of records, puts great stock into what some people might consider obscure record labels. For instance, he traded me a bunch of Mercury Big Bopper 45s for one copy of "Chantilly Lace" I had on a less-well-known label.

Jerry regularly makes the local junk stores hunting records and some months ago came up with a real find. It was (1) a local label—from Las Vegas, New Mexico—and (2) a good contemporary country recording. J. Ben-Isaac and the Waterbears on Blue Canyon Records.

A few days later, Jerry discovered J. Ben-Isaac had appeared at Rosa's in Algodones and he found a poster for that show—a very strange photograph of what might have been the classic punk band all crowded into a bus-station photo-booth.

When Jim Terr of Blue Canyon Records finally showed up at my door one Sunday afternoon, I asked about J. Ben-Isaac and discovered the connection between Jim and J. Ben-Isaac was fairly definite and ill-defined. More than talking about J. Ben-Isaac, Jim was interested in playing a tape of his new single. "Railroadin' Johnny" b/w "The Roses I Remember" by Jay Wise, late of San Antonio, Texas.

I asked Jim Terr how he got on to Jay Wise and he explained that J. Ben-Isaac had been casting about for a guitar player, so Jim called his friend, Roger Friedman—Kinky Friedman's brother—and Friedman put him on to Jay Wise—who was an old friend of the Friedmans and a songwriter of some note. Kinky Friedman, in fact, co-produced the record with Jim.

Both sides of the single deal to some extent with rodeo, which I found, is a kind of obsession with Jay Wise. Jay Wise has written a whole (un-recorded) rodeo concept album for Tompall Glaser. Jay told me he sees rodeo more as a symbol of life in general than as a sporting event.

Jay Wise told me his folks have been around San Antone since the 1830s; that an ancestor of his was the first Rabbi in Texas. He's been an anthropologist and a somewhat revolutionary urban social planner. He has a horse ranch at Dale near Lockhart, Texas.

The Blue Canyon record is getting a lot of radio play. "Railroadin' Johnny," the plug side, isn't my favorite kind of song. It's about an old man in San Antone who's done some railroading and rodeoing in his time; rambling songs aren't usually my favorites. It has a steel track of railroad sounds which is performed by Wayne Gaily, the steel player for Albuquerque's Swamproot band, and is very well done—but not too necessary. The other side I like a lot better—I find it closer to the clean, modern version of traditional country production on the J. Ben-Isaac record (which Jim Terr as chief cook, etc. at Blue Canyon also produced).

I've heard a demo tape of several other Jay Wise songs which I think is very good. It's literate (a historically accurate song about several mountain men) and has the proper attitude and approach to country music. He writes songs which are aimed at a country sound and country audience, but they—like the best of the new country songs—don't try for any obvious consciousness (which, when tried, usually comes out more simplistic than authentic). He writes narrative songs (which I like, as a form) about cowboys and mountain men and such—which are some of my favorite subjects.

Jay Wise calls himself an entertainer—as opposed, I expect, to a performer—and that's accurate. His stage act is professional and funny. Off stage, his conversion is

likely to be diagonal rather than linear. When the microphone is turned on, he watches himself, and the diagonalities take direction. Where the microphone makes most people nervous, it aids Jay; it justifies and gives purpose to his performance—which goes on most all the time anyway—off stage as well as on. I never saw him as an anthropologist nor urban planner—but as an entertainer, he's an entertainer through and through.

Jay Wise shares the Blue Canyon catalogue with J. Ben-Isaac and one other group. While that doesn't make for something the size of Columbia Records, it's well balanced. Where J. Ben-Isaac and the Waterbears are into an almost smooth sound (J. Ben-Isaac can be considered a smooth singer, I think), and Jay Wise is into more artistic (and less smooth) songs—but original—the third group does a lot of other people's material and comes on as a honky-tonk dance band. Which it is.

## “BLUE CANYON RECORDS” Part Two

*The Last Mile Ramblers*—whose first album *While They Last* has just been released—formed several years ago in Santa Fe as a bluegrass band. Bluegrass seems to have an appeal to young New Mexico audiences—which are not in any normal sense country audiences. *The Last Mile Ramblers* have a very large following among those folks, and as the band has moved beyond bluegrass to other forms of country, a lot of them have followed. In some kind of real sense, the band has proved to be a country music education for that group of people.

Brandy at Rosa's says people will call up and ask if a bluegrass band is playing; she'll say *The Last Mile Ramblers* are playing; they'll say that's who they meant. Brandy will give them a short lecture on the difference in bluegrass and country.

Of a Sunday afternoon at the Golden Inn just south of Golden, New Mexico, where they do a regular gig every Sunday afternoon, their fans are legion. On a typical muddy fall afternoon enough mud is tracked onto the dance floor that there hangs a pall of dust at least to knee level and usually to ceiling level. The Golden Inn is going under new management and there's a promise for an exhaust fan.

It's a mixed crowd at Golden—predominantly bearded and bluejeaned/booted and long-dressed—but also a smattering of what might be considered a traditional country crowd. Some others with leather clothes and a lot of expensive turquoise and silver jewelry. More than a few clean-cut-looking kids.

With the exception of Billy Joe Shaver's “Black Rose” and some Waylon Jennings's material, I've rarely heard them perform anything newer than a dozen years old. They all express a good deal of reverence for the masters (and past masters) of country music. Their knowledge is extensive, almost scholarly—they say they greatly enjoy hearing an old record, and then being able to re-create it. All of them seem to like bluegrass best, but their reverence includes all the music they do.

Every member of the band sings. George “Bullfrog” Bourque plays flattop guitar; Spook James plays bass. J.B. Brown, lead and steel; Steve Keith, banjo and fiddle.

Charlie “Relleno” Jobs is the drummer. Charlie once told me I should mention the name of the *13th Floor Elevators* with reverence.

Which goes to show Charlie knows his music—the *13th Floor Elevators* was the Austin and Kerrville, Texas band which invented psychedelic music, the term as well as the sound. Listen to an old Elevators’ record and hear what *Big Brother* and the *Jefferson Airplane* did two or three years later. Janis Joplin was set to sing with them when she got the offer from Chet Helms to sing with *Big Brother*.

Once at Rosa’s, *The Last Mile Ramblers* announced they were going to do an Al Dean song—which surprised me considerably. I have a talent for thinking nobody but me and a few other people know anything—of course it could be that *The Last Mile Ramblers* are a few of the few other people. Al Dean and the All Stars is a South Texas band of some longevity which is also well known in Central and West Texas (and maybe East Texas, too, for all I know). They are perhaps the best of the regional Texas country bands.

It was probably at that exact moment—when they announced an Al Dean song—that I decided *The Last Mile Ramblers* were worth paying attention to.

Which of course means they are a band worth listening to in the same sense *Asleep at the Wheel* is worth it, or *Commander Cody*. They are as interesting for their knowledge as for their interpretation. But where *Asleep at the Wheel* has staked out swing and *Commander Cody* has staked out fiftyish rock and roll country, I really can’t see what territory *The Last Mile Ramblers* might call their own. They don’t seem primarily interested in either of those fields—or, for that matter, in any particular field. And if they were, I’m not sure it would exactly be the right direction. I’m not sure anybody really needs another recording of either “Take Me Back To Tulsa” or “Twenty Flight Rock.”

As a dance band, they can, of course, use that whole spectrum. But the best of the dance bands—Bob Wills comes to mind—created their own material. And that’s what I’d like to see *The Last Mile Ramblers* do. With the kind of knowledge (and skill) they have, I think a solid block of original material could move them from being probably the best honky-tonk dance band in the Albuquerque/Santa Fe area to God-knows-how-far.

Their Blue Canyon single is original material. “The Hurrier I Go (The Behinder I Get)” is a truck-driving song written by Jim Mares, a truck-driver friend of theirs from Houston. That record also stars Slim Pickens doing a couple of lines. The other side is called “Come A Little Closer” and is written and sung by J.B. The truck-driving song got encouraging airplay nationally and is mostly about the energy crisis and the lowering of the speed limit. It’s almost a novelty tune and with my prejudice against novelty tunes, I prefer the other side. J.B.’s side is a classic mournful slow dancing song.

Both sides of the single and two other originals are on the album—along with a balance of non-original dancing pieces. The first cut is probably my favorite; it’s a vastly up-tempo—almost rock—and eerie “Ghost Riders In The Sky.” Spook does the vocal; Spook also does the vocal on his own “The Golden Inn Song”—which is a tribute to their Sunday afternoon bar and audience. Spook has a deep voice with an

urgency to it something on the order of Waylon Jennings. His third vocal is Waylon and Willie Nelson's "Good-Hearted Woman." J.B. does the other deep-voice material, but his voice comes on more like, say, Dave Dudley than Waylon Jennings. He does a couple of truck-driving songs: "Phantom 309" and "Diesel Smoke (Dangerous Curves)"—as well as his own "Come A Little Closer." George does the vocal on the other truck song—"The Hurrier I Go." George is the member of the band usually most interested in talking about their music. George's father had a country band back east, Slats and the Prairie Rangers, and he has an extensive background in country music. George also sings "Out Of Control" and "Future On Ice"—both pretty much traditional radio-type songs from a few years back.

I told George once that a lot of people in Texas seem to think Al Dean wrote "Cotton-Eyed Joe" and George told me that in a lot of ways, he did. That the version Al Dean recorded is so much different from the traditional fiddle tune that it could almost be considered new. "Cotton-Eyed Joe" is on the album as well as another instrumental, "Fresh Fish," which Steve wrote with Mason Williams. Steve and J.B. arranged their version of "Cotton-Eyed Joe." Of all the Ramblers, Steve's voice and approach seems to me to be the most nearly bluegrass. He does the vocal on a bluegrass "Nine-Pound Hammer"—and, of course, supplies banjo on the rest of the album.

Charlie sings on the other bluegrass-like vocal, "Tennessee"—and a very affective "Roly Poly." Though I'd stick by my original contention that the world's already heard Bob Wills do "Roly Poly" and that's about the only one we need, I think "Roly Poly" is second only to "Ghost Riders" on the album.

*While They Last* was recorded at the Blue Canyon Studiol in Las Vegas; at John Wagner's in Albuquerque; live at Liberty Hall in Houston; and live at the Golden Inn. It's a good showcase of the kind of thing you can hear of a Sunday afternoon at Golden and at the other area bars where the Ramblers play—and that's high—energy, good-humored and serious country music. — *by R.G.*

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**end**  
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(*Roxy Gordon's "Blue Canyon Records" Part One & Two - PUBLISHED--1974.*)  
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**CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES**

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 (Continued from *PUTT*, number 23, May 01, 2009 – Carol Gerhauser's "THE TRICKSTER ...")  
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## **THE TRICKSTER IN ANDRÉ GIDE'S *PROMÉTHÉE MALCHAINÉ***

### ***Part Three***

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

"Prometheus has come down...as the prescient logos, the real presence of the Incarnate Word." In

the café the eagle comes as Prometheus breaks into the realm of history whereupon everyone is quiet “...listening to his own voice.” “The misunderstood gift of the spirit is something that one immediately sells or suffocates.” After this scandal or stumbling block, Prometheus considers the above and gives a speech at the Hall saying that 1) everyone should have an eagle and 2) they already do. The crowd is bored, and it takes dirty pictures and fireworks to keep them amused. Cocles likes it, and Damocles falls ill going home. Later at the funeral, he avows, “J’ai d’autres idées sur mon aigle.” (I have other ideas about my eagle.), a total change and a prophecy of freedom and eternal life—the “...divine fire and fervor which are offered mankind.” The crime is of waiting. The eagle is like a devouring belief in progress, a false doctrine of better things to come, whereas the true wealth of redemption is *ferveur* and *attente*, “...mystical states of readiness for communion and communication here and now.” “The denigration of the present is superstition, heresy, false prophecy....”

At the funeral Prometheus begins with, “Let the dead bury the dead,” and then turns to the audience all smiles and begins his parable of Tityrus and his oak tree. Tityrus has a true lack of understanding of Menalque’s dubious gift, the seeds and the strong temporal roots of the tree, in the futility of human efforts to decipher transcendent messages. As an ever-expanding civilization has sprung up because of the tree, he says to his lover Angela, “All these occupations will be the death of me. I can’t go on. I’m feeling worn out, these solidarities with fellow humanity activate my scruples; if they increase I decrease.” So they (T and A) go down to the boulevard and take their seats, since something or one is about to descend. It is Meliboeus, naked with his flute and going to Rome, who takes Angela with him leaving Tityrus alone in the marshes before time.

The story is a diversion. Prometheus says, “If it had more relevance you wouldn’t have laughed so much.” “Thus [is] the inscrutability of creations which go beyond human intention. Laughter without understanding [is] a relief for the present, renouncing attempts to rationalize mystery.” Cocles does not see any connection and to whom Prometheus suggests he not try to understand through reason. “Weak are the fetters of conscience destroying beauty and innocence; one must internalize divinity.” The eagle represents determinism willed by history that wastes individual freedom. There is no straight line from Adam and Eve to Utopia. “The liberating leap beyond history the multitude fails to see.”

Like Baudelaire, there is the attraction and repulsion of a sickly beauty caused by man’s

estrangement from nature. Gide could be seen as toying with Jansenism, Calvinism, and more in this farcical mystification of faith, grace, and predestination with its eagle Last Supper. The end is levity and speed. The broken window of the café has been replaced, and Prometheus tells the others to be calm, the eagle will not return, an end to death's reign. Redemption takes place in the present, and with history begins a consciousness of being. "Suffering and a worship of the letter have produced a literature from which Prometheus has gained a joyful banquet vanquishing fear of threat of death."

Epilogue: from Prometheus, this quill, to me, to you.

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**end**

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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 C1gerhauser@aol.com]

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**ART COELHO WRITES**

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Art Coelho  
Box 249  
Big Timber, Montana 59011

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**"We're Sailing through the Recession"**

**(for The Have-Nots)**

Without stocks  
nor bonds  
or write-offs  
or tax deductible charity organizations  
we're sailing through *The Recession*—  
with an unpaid mortgage  
and no money in any banks  
or a pension  
or an I.R.A;  
but with flying colors  
we live as good as we ever did  
by scraping by  
car pooling  
canning fruits and vegetables  
by not affording a car payment  
and no family business;  
with credit card debt galore

and yet our neighbors are crying  
 about not being able to retire now,  
 or go to Mexico every year with the kids on spring break—  
 because without investments  
 we dream not beyond slim pickens—  
 and just like the magpies in the alley  
 that are agreeable to our laughter  
 over small matters like  
 never having to worry about having money  
 or luxury  
 or a new car, VCRs', Cadillac sofas, high-definition TV, RVs'—  
 we still sleep in a tent,  
 rough it 'cause roughing it is all we have...  
 the grit to carry on  
 with hernia at work  
 with a job that you never know for sure will be stable  
 or where the work will be tomorrow,  
 old boss and more bosses thrown in  
 as financial situation worsens.

Still, it's not the overhead we're worried about,  
 it's trying to keep the impossible at arms length-  
 the abstracting out the Minimum Wage blues  
 and keeping everything else away that stinks.  
 And when you have to lie to yourself to keep cookie jar safe,  
 this microscopic nest egg you've hoarded  
 or you'd literally starve to death otherwise.  
 And there's the so-called dream-money euphuism  
 as winter sets in and hours are cut back,  
 as summer hope dwindles away into every bare necessity:  
 screw the vacation to British Columbia  
 and open up a can of pork and beans.

I mean without a gravy train  
 we are like hobos in a jungle,  
 we start our simple fire  
 get warm by it  
 keep the heat bills frugal  
 (don't run heat at night  
 when the temperature is above zero),  
 and because of the love we have for each other  
 because poverty teaches  
 wisdom to the poor  
 and to the low-definition hungry;  
 and the blessing is  
 we're alive,  
 not bent out of shape like the others  
 who had these unreal expectations—  
 it's like they think they *earned* the right to a full belly  
 kids teeth straightened,  
 doctor bills paid on time,

American Dream never going tits up,  
 but life isn't like that;  
 you might have your *luck bank* in tact(fat chance):  
 it too shines like the sun at times  
 but the gray is coming with  
 no health insurance,  
 the stock market crumbling your ass to its knees;  
 you better learn to expect it to throw you some curves  
 some sinkerballs of huge doom shadowing  
 you never thought possible before,  
 and leave you high and dry  
 to pound sand down a rat hole  
 when things seem unseemly bleak to you.

The only bargain we've made  
 is to keep our heads above water,  
 loftiness a foreign word,  
 to keep our dreams from sinking—  
 and what are poor people's dreams?  
 It's bouncing grandchildren on their knees  
 that costs nothing  
 and gives everything;  
 it's friends you can count on  
 when the government's out of tune,  
 when bail out money ends up in ruins,  
 the economy on the blink—  
 when Fort Knox has lost its dollar sign mesmerizations,  
 and when CEO's are on the make  
 in catastrophe's wake.

And what do we care  
 when we have simple pleasures:  
 a walk along the river,  
 mountains that know more than us  
 and share that knowledge  
 because time is free  
 when you're living right  
 and cutting poverty's fat hog in the ass.

You can have it all  
 if essence is your handle  
 and reality is always naked for a good reason;  
 and if I had one season to brag on  
 it'd be the artist's fact  
 of blank canvases to fill,  
 poetry to write,  
 and stories needing to be told;  
 and some young person's wedding bells ringing  
 and tadpoles in spring for a child's eyes  
 and all the gifts that can't be bought  
 and all the traveling you can do in your mind

when God starts his fortune telling  
 and Jesus knows too that snake eyes  
 will pass and fruit will be plentiful again  
 and so we take those steps knowing  
 to be grateful, glad, treasure the moment  
 like it's a T-bone steak, a trip to Rio,  
 a gal that's willing and the charm to go with it—  
 'cause it ain't a completely sandy desert hopeless time;  
 it's time to pass the red wine,  
 and we'll have a party  
 to cheer those less fortunate than us  
 (and when we price things to single mothers  
 they'll get a good discount,  
 old people on fixed incomes  
**THE PRICE REMAINS THE SAME,**  
 people who have to drive long distances  
 with high gas prices will pay less for services)  
 till the bad times lessen  
 and the thanksgivings quicken—  
 till we slide home without bruises  
 and job-loss lacerations,  
 till the gravy bowl returns  
 and we do double back flip grins  
 to wash it down with  
 come morning,  
 come hell or high water  
 till our feet are on solid ground again.

– Art Coelho

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**end**

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## JAN SIKES WRITES HONORING RICK SIKES

### "SURRENDER"

by: JAN SIKES 3-9-09 © June 01, 2009, Coleman, Texas

THERE IS NO SHAME IN SURRENDER – WHEN IT IS TIME  
 LIKE GENERAL LEE, YOU KNEW WHEN TO LAY LOW AND WHEN TO CLIMB  
 I'VE WATCHED YOU SUFFER FOR SO MANY YEARS  
 YOUR LIFE SEEMED DESTINED TO ONE OF PAIN AND OF TEARS  
 YET YOU FOUGHT ON – THE VALIANT SOLDIER IN BATTLE  
 YOU SANG YOUR SONG – RODE TALL IN THE SADDLE  
 YOU'VE NOW COME DOWN TO THE LAST BATTLE CALL  
 YOU'LL HANG UP YOUR SWORD  
 TIRED AND WEARY YOU WILL FALL  
 BUT KNOW THAT YOU'VE LEFT MANY GOOD MARKS BEHIND  
 WHILE YOU LEARNED HOW TO LOVE AND HOW TO BE KIND  
 TAUGHT LESSONS TO ALL WHO SHARED YOUR MANY PATHS  
 THAT WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED AFTER YOU HAVE PASSED  
 THERE IS NO SHAME IN SURRENDER – WHEN IT IS THE END.

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end

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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](http://www.myspace.com/ricksikes) and [www.ricksikes.com](http://www.ricksikes.com) (Main Web-page)

*Rhythm Rebel*, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook,

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

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### RICK SIKES

**August 5, 1935 - May 1, 2009**

Rick Sikes, 73, died at his home in Coleman, Texas on May 1, 2009. Rick, born James Richard Sikes on August 5, 1935 in Coleman, was a man of many hats. From a Farm Boy to a Roughneck to a Texas Musician to a Convict to a Loving Husband and Father, Rick lived his life and played his music to the fullest.

His first love of music came before he could speak as he listened to Jimmie Rodgers with his family. Rick played music at every opportunity and always

dreamed of being a cowboy musician. After growing up on a farm he started working in oilfields at the age of 17 and played with local bands on the weekends. He formed a band shortly thereafter, called "Rick Sikes and the Rhythm Rebels". Rick had his own music show at K-PAR TV in Abilene, Texas in 1964 and the Rhythm Rebels played all over the states of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and California. Rick had the distinct pleasure and honor of playing with Dean Beard, Tommy Overstreet, Bob Wills, Red Foley, Willie Nelson, Bobby Bare, Sonny James, Stonewall Jackson, Loretta Lynn and Jimmy C. Newman, just to name a few.

In 1971, Rick was arrested and charged with bank robbery. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to 25 years and 50 years to run consecutively and sent to Leavenworth Penitentiary. Being a true rebel, he struggled greatly with being in prison, however, he came to follow the words of Teddy Roosevelt: "Always do the best you can with what you have where you are". Keeping with that positive outlook, Rick formed a band in prison called Rick Sikes and the Survivors. He wrote a song called "From the Bottle to the Needle", and was given permission to put together a recording studio. To this day, it is the only known recording studio inside of a Federal prison. He was released from prison in August 1985 and was married to Janice K. Smith, his longtime love, one week after his release. He opened his own business in Coleman called Sikes Signs and put all of his energy, creative abilities and talents towards building a home, raising two young girls, and making up for lost time. He did not pick up his guitar or actively pursue any music interests after getting out of prison, for many years. In 1999, his close friend, Roxy Gordon, and others including good friend, Steam Train Maury "King of the Hobos" (who named Rick the Music Man), pushed him to start playing and singing again.

Over the span of Rick's life he worked as an oilfield roughneck, dynamite blaster's assistant, carpenter, pipe-fitter, sign painter, and appliance repairman. Most recently he owned and operated Rijan, his own music store and recording studio. Rick has always been a "thinker" and a "doer" and spent his entire life coming up with different and creative ways to tackle projects. He became one of the first people in this part of the country to use a monitor on stage and in 1966, according to Ralph Emery, Rick and Dean Beard recorded and produced the first known country trumpet solo. Rick's most recently finished work includes CDs "Redemption" and "Etchings in Stone".

Rick is survived by his wife of 23 years Janice Sikes of Coleman; three sons James Sikes of Granbury, TX; Palmer Sikes of Las Vegas, NV; Ricky Sikes of Wichita Falls, TX; two daughters Deva Deaton of McKinney, TX; Crystal Klein of Littleton, CO; nine grandchildren and nine great grandchildren. He is further survived by nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and many friends. In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his daughter Marie Taylor and his grandson Rusty Pendleton.

Rick's funeral services will be held at Stevens Funeral Home in Coleman, Texas at 1:30 P.M. Sunday, May 3, 2009 followed by a wake at the family's residence at 900 N. Neches in Coleman.

His family requests that in lieu of flowers, donations are sent to Hospice of the Big Country, 4601 Hartford, Abilene, Texas 79605 or private family contributions may be made to the First Coleman National Bank.

Please sign his on-line guestbook at  
[www.livingmemorials.com](http://www.livingmemorials.com)

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**ROY HAMRIC WRITES**

**FOUR LIGHT POEMS**

Early light  
 three three three  
 Butterflies!

~~~~~

Waiting for the first light  
 the first bird call  
 Before knowing it I hear it  
 faintly far away  
 Knowing it it blends  
 into the faucet drip  
 Drip chirp drip chirp

~~~~~

The lamp light cuts  
 the room's morning darkness  
 Slowly  
 the light area becomes darker  
 the dark area becomes lighter  
 Washed together  
 Dawn

~~~~~

Coming back from a lost moment  
 to the water-running-in-the-pipes sound  
 of the warm fire  
 the wooden  
 creak of the rocking chair  
 the thin winter light

===

**end**

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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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**KELL ROBERTSON WRITES SELECTED POEMS**

**"Down the Bar from Me" comes from *THE GOOFY GODDESS ON THE WALL*,  
© 2008 by Kell Roberston, Southwest, New Mexico**

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**"Down the Bar from Me"**

Two fellers talkin bout women  
Two fellers talkin bout drink  
A woman & a man a shoutin  
about how people ought to think  
The bartender stands silent  
Watchin it all go by  
Hank Williams on the jukebox  
so lonesome he could cry.

Down the bar from me  
Down the bar from me  
The whole world turns & burns & yearns  
Down the bar from me.

One man sez his wife was never no good  
and his son ain't doin the very best he could  
A sailor just swaggered thru the door  
And one old lady is dancing around the floor.  
A big guy with a tattoo  
shows his bullet scar  
Jesus Christ how I love the life  
& the things I try to learn  
in this little old bar.

===

**end**

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

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**MARY MIER WRITES**

**"BIRDS NEST IN MY HAIR"**

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

**"BIRDS NEST IN MY HAIR"**

When I was a little girl our summers were spent by the ocean on the Virginia Coast. We often stayed in a small bungalow guesthouse on the beach. The guesthouse is gone now – sad seashore. One evening, after swimming and swimming in the sea, I came, so tired, into the little court yard entrance with it's tiny pond full of lotus flowers. There, near the path, was a fallen nest. Inside were little baby birds.

My Mamma, so beautiful, so kind, helped me carry the little nest into my room. It was getting dark outside and we shouldn't leave them on the ground like that. The nest was all wrapped in a towel and placed very carefully on the night-stand next to my bed. I watched and watched the little birds. I didn't want to sleep, I needed to keep watch. I wondered if we would find their mother.

In the morning I woke up because something was tickling my neck. My hair is dark auburn brown. Mamma says it is like a horse's mane, with enough hair for three more people. I can feel everything through my hair, my million million antennas. When I swim in the sea it tickles my back like feathers. I can feel the wind and the closeness of another person. When I sleep, I throw it behind me across my pillow. Sometimes when I have been playing and playing it becomes tangled and full of knots. Then only a whiskbroom will brush it smooth again. And even then, sometimes the knots have to be cut out.

This morning, I could hear the sound of the waves rushing up the shore. Still sleepy, I felt the tickle again and a little pressing against my head. Curious. Another murmur of movement. Slowly I reached up into my thick mat of hair. Oh, I knew what it was! I remembered the little birds from yesterday. Yes! Yes! They had! They had made a nest in my hair, in the night while I slept. And they were just now waking up!

====  
**end**

=====  
 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.

=====  
**JUDY GORDON PAINTS**

**#3804**

*NDN, 1994*, Media: Oil pastel on salmon-color paper, Date: December 1994,  
 Dimensions: 8½" x 11,"  
 Current whereabouts of original: Brad and Cathy Bradley,  
 Roanoke, Texas

*Judy's comments:*

When Roxy and I lived in Dallas, Texas, gave this original to Brad and Cathy, as a Christmas gift in 1994.

=====  
**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, JUNE, 2009, contact her for ALL EVENTS: msart55@yahoo.com.***

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end

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**FOLLOWING CD REVIEWS:**

**DENNY FREEMAN: *A TONE FOR MY SINS***

*by Carol Gerhauser+*

Out of four (+ a German Cobras') records, this is third, a 1997 effort and, for the record, a Denny-buff's dream—just straight ahead, subdued, brilliant ability and some thought. I kept being forced (by my CD player) back to cut #1 “Vigilante” that drummer Jerry Angel tried to knock out of first place and realized Les McCann was right (“...compared to what?”). I liked it then (perhaps save the best...?) The other pulpy fiction-feel is on “Aftershock” where the fast and funkiness had me calling for Mum. Cute Joe Sublett played deeper sax, though, on (and co wrote) “Wah Wah Toosie” (sp), a groovy, impressive guitar/bass (Share Ross) tandem melody ride.

Though poetry transcends the other three separate genres in literature, “Swingset” blurs musical lines and has maybe one flash (liven up itself) in a new moon “sacred” forest. BUT the CD's last song makes it all well. In “Rhythm Method” (I get it --we likes jazz), Mr. D is real and old (me leg was a'bouncin'). Before this is a sweet “Soul Burden” (name that singer for some Pursuit pie) which has a ping antithetical to SRV's “Riviera Paradise”. I kept reaching for *Parade* mag (oops) during this one and one other, “Swamp Box”, where Kathy Valentine chirps on the wah wah guitar while Denny slides and is still ok-pokey.

I GOT “Stealin' Berries Part II”; he is makin' jam (serto's other use), and I liked the same guitar throughout. “Catfight” I did not get though my dog did; tracks upon tracks (only Steve Winwood can and does play with himself in Traffic); but as if a counterpoint, the original sounding “Don't Stop Now” has a style of music that is clear and classy and nothing personal, honey. From happy faces, stars, and question marks to hearts, “That's What She Said” after “Aftershock” is like a road groove (“So?”, said Miles) and was delayed by the intimated key changes. And the best of three is last. “It's a Love Thing” is so soft and sweet (drummer) that the female fool looking for and finding changes rose up.

On the whole the disc is profess-ional. Once the licks are perfected it becomes an inside good job.

Contact: [www.dennyfreeman.com](http://www.dennyfreeman.com)

**GURF MORLIX: LAST EXIT TO HAPPYLAND***by Judy Gordon\**

1. "One More Second," *Full swing sway takes ya AND words GRABYA,*
2. "Walkin' to New Orleans," *Quite a trip to not be forgotten,*
3. "Crossroads," *Time taken by the music, flows with the STORY,*
4. "She's A River," *Patty's full with him together, STRINGS SNEAK IN,*
5. "Drums From New Orleans," *And yeah RUTHIE FOSTER KNOWS,*
6. "Music You Mighta Made," *This one just good-ol' time takin ya quite a HAMMER,*
7. "I Got Nothin'," *IT'S JUST WHAT THEY'RE TELLING YA, GENTLY,*
8. "Hard Road," *This one brings back Townes Van Zandt, a GURF MYSTERY,*
9. "End of the Line," *Music takes you quite a TRIP,*
10. "Voice of Midnight," *Such a compliment in his OWN WAY.*

[Contact: WWW.GURFMORLIX.COM or  
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/GURFMORLIX]

*All songs by Gurf Morlix*

Rick Richards played the drums—Patty Griffin sang on "She's A River"—"I Got Nothin'" and "Voice of Midnight"—Barbara Kooyman sang on "Music You Mighta Made"—Ruthie Foster on "Drums from New Orleans," "Music You Mighta Made" was written for **BLAZE FOLEY**.  
"Voice of Midnight" was written for **KIM and MAC**.

**RICHARD DOBSON: FROM A DISTANT SHORE***by Judy Gordon\**

1. "Long Haul Hard Traveling Man," *There's a HAUNT/HINT Johnny Cash here,*
2. "The Old Wild Country," *Back to real music, real story Richard TELLS RIGHT,*
3. "Windows of the Soul," *Music compliments his words,*
4. "A Little Behind My Shoes," *LISTEN TO THAT FIDDLE,*
5. "It's Been This Way Forever," *Full time storyteller with CORRECT MUSICIANS,*
6. "Winners," *Fun with numbers AND can't have old COUNTRY WITHOUT DOGS,*
7. "Let Tomorrow Come," *AND THERE'S FIDDLE AGAIN, Thank Goodness,*
8. "Let's Talk Trash," *Aw Hah, He's GOT IT WITH THESE FOLKS—HAY-HAY,*
9. "That Was Then and This Is Now," *Full time country WITH COWBOYS & Indians,*
10. "The Old Rhythm Rebel," *Honor on this ONE—TOTAL U.S.A. MUSIC TRIP,*
11. "From a Distant Shore," *And yes—MUSIC ROUTE ON THIS ONE.*

(Contact: Richard Dobson saltysongs@bluewin.ch or  
www.richard-j-dobson.ch or www.thommjutz.com)

*Produced by RICHARD DOBSON and THOMM JUTZ.*

=====  
**end**  
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**EDITOR THANKS READERS THIS IS SUMMER ISSUE – JUNE, 2009.**  
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## PUTT AD

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See Amazon to order.

8. **WOWAPI: ANYTHING WRITTEN IN ANY FORM**, by Judy Gordon, poems, drawings, and photographs, now available.

#4A 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, on **Roxy Gordon's Website**, under *Picking Up The Tempo*, you will find **Archive**.

12. **SPECIAL AVAILABLE** – Wowapi Press brings **CHARLEY MOON'S – GREAT AUNT LESSIE BELLE'S FUNERAL, 2005, 2007**, chapbook, \$10.00, plus postage and handling.

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17. **THE DEATH of MR. LOVE**, by **M.V. MIER**, order from author, **Mary M.V.Mier, 2474 Agua Fria, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505**.

#8A—Wowapi Press Chapbook—**NEW, 2009**—\$10.00, plus \$4.00 postage & handling. *Chapbook based on her experiences living in the Barrio Centro, Fort Worth, Texas.*

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