
~~A TEXAN RANGER.~~

A gentleman, just from Richmond, gave the following account of these redoubtable warriors:

Ben M'Cullough's Texan Rangers are described as a desperate set of fellows. They number one thousand half savages, each of whom is mounted upon a mustang horse. Each is armed with a pair of Colt's navy revolvers, a rifle, a tomahawk, a Texan bowie-knife, and a lasso. They are described as being very dexterous in the use of the latter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY – July 6, 1861

Picking up The Tempo a country western journal **a DEXTEROUS NEW VOICE in Country from the ~ Music HALF ~ SAVAGE Southwest**

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PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal
July 06, 2007, number 4

**© 2007, Judy Gordon,
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Introduction: The title of this journal comes from Willie Nelson's song, "Pick up the Tempo." Since I am relocated in Garland, Texas, will attempt to publish this journal on a regular basis first Friday of each month to seek out new writers and bring back some existing ones.

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Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon

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ROXY WRITES

Roxy Gordon – © 2007, "Billy the Kid – A Screen Play"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

Billy the Kid is **21** years old. He looks like a wild country boy. That is what he is. He is dressed very much as he is in the famous photograph.

There is a sound track consisting of a single toned, rather high pitched, though not annoying, electronic sound which will begin a few moments before the first scene and continue a few moments after the last scene.

Scene I

The famous photograph of Billy the Kid. There is no title; the photograph serves this purpose.

Fade Out

All the scenes are divided by long old fashioned fade outs and fade ins. The screen will grow dark and then grow light to reveal

Scene II (Night on the Prairie)

An old man's slim, weather-beaten face. He wears a cowboy hat and has a hand-rolled cigarette in his mouth. His face totally fills the screen and bleeds off it. (There will be many extreme closeups and a few long shots in this movie. There will be few normal medium shots.) The old man's hand, which is claw like, enters the picture and takes the cigarette from his mouth. His eyes move a bit. He blinks.

The hand returns the cigarette to his mouth and he is about to inhale but before he does, cut to

a young man's hands rolling a cigarette—doing it well. The camera follows the cigarette up to his mouth where he licks it to seal it. This is a much closer even than the first shot of the old man's face. The young man's mouth almost totally fills the screen. Then cut to

a shot of the same size as the old man's face, this one of the young man still licking the cigarette. This is Billy. When he's finished licking the cigarette, he puts it into his mouth and the scene cuts to

a boot heel with a Mexican spur. The scene cuts to

another face, a profile of a man of **35** with a moustache.

The scene cuts to
a flame. The scene cuts to

an extreme long shot of these three men around a campfire with their horses nearby. This is a very dark shot and it holds so that the forms may be made out. The campfire is small and flickers. This is the only movement in this shot. Then

cut to

Billy's face. His eyes glow. A flame enters the picture from the bottom. He is lighting his cigarette. Cut to

a slightly longer shot of Billy from the shoulders up.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene III (In a House)

An old fashioned campfire type coffeepot—well smoked—setting on a grate in an adobe fireplace where there is a fire. The top of the coffeepot and the handle bleed off the screen. The scene

cuts to

a middle-aged Mexican woman's face. Her face is heavy, but not really obese. She is concerned. She is looking at something from the corners of her eyes. She chews on the side of her bottom lip.

Cut to

a medium shot of Billy sprawled in a kitchen chair. He is tired and concerned. This is a very quick shot, then cut to

the handle of the coffeepot with a hand grasping it. It is the Mexican woman's hand. The camera follows the handle and the hand as she picks it up—only for a second—then cuts to

the spout pouring coffee into a tin cup with steam boiling up and

cut to

a man's face. He is near middle age. His face is slim. He has a week's growth of beard. He is a neer-do-well; he is white trash. His eyes are not still. He grins quickly and the grin leaves his face. And then immediately cut to

Billy's hand raking his hair back from his forehead. And cut

to

a profile of the woman looking straight ahead and still concerned and cut to

a medium shot of Billy still sprawled in the kitchen chair with the cup of coffee steaming on the table in front of him. This shot lasts for some seconds. At the beginning, Billy is still concerned, but slowly a sly grin begins and ends in a full open-mouthed smile.

This is a powerful smile. It is a smile which will affect everyone who sees it. It will make them feel well and like Billy. It will make them think he is an intelligent, open, honest young man.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene IV (In a Hotel Room)

The first shot is of the back of Billy's bare head with the top of his shoulders bare. Then cut to

a quick medium shot of his full figure, naked, from the back. His hands are in such a position that it is seen that he is moving-gyrating while standing up. An old fashioned wash stand is in front of him. A small mirror hangs head high. His face can be glimpsed in this mirror, but the scene is so short, it probably will not be noticed. Then cut to

his face and the top of his chest, his chest and shoulder moving in this movement. His eyes are slightly lidded and slightly distracted.

There is a pleasant expression on his face. He is not quite arrogant. The camera pulls back to reveal that the face is in the mirror. He is watching his face in the mirror. The scene cuts to

a profile. He still watches his face in the mirror. He gently chews his bottom lip.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene V (In Another House)

A girl's face. She also is Mexican. She is very young; about **17**. She has a full face and wild Gypsy hair. There is in her face a certain hungry sexuality that she may well lose by the time she's **20**. If she does not lose this, then she will have to find either a weak husband or an equally sexual husband—or else she will become a slut. She looks uncertain; she is a bit trapped. Then cut to

a profile of Billy with an expression of slightly stupid single-minded determination. And cut to

a series of quick moving shots. This is a highly athletic love-making. It bounces off the bed, off the walls, and rolls on the floor. There are quick shots of arms, breasts, eyes, legs, buttock, mouths.

Fade Out

(This fade is longer than the others)

Fade Into

Scene VI (On a Porch)

A medium shot of Billy sprawled again in a kitchen chair, this time on the front porch of a frame house. Cut to

Billy's face. He is looking at something. His face is blank. He is not bored; he is not amused. He is neither happy nor unhappy. He is certainly not very interested in whatever he's looking at. Then cut to

a fairly small, nondescript, highly active dog. This dog is the epitome of dogdom. He is at once friendly, appealing, pathetic, annoying, and unaware. He is gobbling up whatever scraps of organic origin he can find on the

ground. Then cut to

a long shot that shows the dog is in the middle of a street in a small country town. He is directly in front of the house where Billy is sitting. This shot has the house and Billy in profile to show Billy still sprawled, looking from the left side of the screen at the dog on the right side. The dog sees Billy. Then cut to

Billy's face. His expression has not changed. Then cut to

the dog walking with his head and tail lowered; his tail wagging.
And cut to

Billy's face, his expression the same. And cut to

Billy's hand on the dog's head, the dog still cowed. Billy takes the dog's ears. The dog is not sure if he likes this. Billy pulls the ears back. At first, he is gentle. Then he pulls harder. He pulls still harder and it is obvious the dog is hurting. The dog would try to escape, but he is still too cowed. The dog's eyes are trapped. And cut to

Billy's face. His expression is still exactly the same. Then cut back to

the dog now desperate and struggling. Then cut to

a profile of Billy's face, his expression still the same.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene VII (In Bed Asleep)

Billy's face asleep. It is night and he is in bed sleeping. His mouth is open. He looks much younger asleep. Then cut to

a medium shot from directly above the bed. The entire bed is shown, just filling the screen. Billy is sleeping in his pants and shirt, his shirttail out. He breathes with a regular rhythm. The mattress is bare. A pistol lays beside him. This shot holds for some seconds, then cut to

another medium shot, this one from the side of the bed and level with the

top of the mattress. Billy does not move. The only movement is his breathing. This scene also holds for some seconds.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene VIII (At a Picnic)

A young man's face. This young man is of Billy's age and size. He has blond hair. He is a nice looking young man. His eyes are wounded; he is trying not too successfully to look nonchalant. Then cut to

a girl's face. This girl is Anglo. Her hair is pulled back and piled on her head and neck. Her lips are pale. At first glance, one would assume her face holds considerably less sexuality than the Mexican girl's face in **Scene V**. Only a dedicated seducer or the very perceptive would try this girl. So cut to

Billy trying. A profile of Billy's face with the same sort of determination he gave the Mexican girl. In fact, it is exactly the same expression. Then cut to

a long shot which shows the three of them on a creek bank with horses nearby. The blond young man and the girl sit on one side of a picnic lunch and Billy sits on the other side. The girl obviously came as a date for the blond young man. Cut to

a medium shot which includes all three of them. The blond young man is pretending to be interested in watching the creek. The girl isn't quite sure what she's supposed to be doing and Billy is staring straight at her. Cut to

the blond young man's face. He is very uncomfortable. Then cut to

the girl's face. She is growing more uncomfortable. Cut to

Billy's face, still staring hard. A fried chicken leg enters the bottom of the picture. Billy is raising it to his mouth. He takes a bite and chews.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene IX (Outside Himself)

A whiskey bottle held loosely at the neck. It is moving upward; the camera follows it to Billy's mouth. Then the scene cuts to

a medium shot of Billy standing upright, drinking from the bottle. He stands with his feet apart and his head back to receive the whiskey. He drinks from his left hand, his right arm hangs loose. His clothes are in disorder. He appears to be inside some building, but his surroundings are not clear. Cut to

another medium shot, this one from an elevation of 45 degrees above and still from the front. Billy finishes the drag and wipes his mouth with his sleeve, the bottle passing across his face. Cut to

a longer shot. This reveals Billy is alone. He weaves a little. He's not really unsteady on his feet, just weaving. He turns to the side and there is an object in front of him. It is three feet square, though not a perfect square. It cannot be recognized. Cut to

a close up of Billy's face in profile. His eyes are wide open. His mouth is open a little. This is an extremely quick shot. Only a glimpse, then cut back to

the same long shot. Billy weaves a little forward, then gains good balance. With quick ferocity, he kicks the object in front of him. It flies apart, breaks, settles into a new shape. Billy stumbles a little from the effort. Then he stands still and the shot holds. Then cut to

a closed wooden door. The door bursts open and Billy is behind it. By the force of its opening and his position, it is seen that he kicked it open. Then cut to

a closeup of his shoulder and part of his face. Now there is quick motion. He is moving somewhere, but the camera is so close it is impossible to see what is happening. His face is glimpsed. His eyes are still wide and his mouth is open wider. There is more movement. And then suddenly he is still. His face fills the screen. His eyes are so wide that the whites of them show all around. His eyebrows are raised. His mouth opens and closes like a fish's mouth. His face shows neither fear nor anger. He might be trying to say something

which he cannot remember.

Fade Out

Fade Into

Scene X (Pete Maxwell's House at Midnight)

Pat Garrett's face. It is obviously dark here, but the face is so close it is easily seen. It is a face unlike any other in this movie except Billy's. Like Billy's face it has dignity and pride, arrogance and wisdom. It contains these in proportions unlike Billy's face however. And more important, these are qualities Pat Garrett's face has been forced to earn. Billy was born that way. Cut to

Pat Garrett's hand on his pistol in his lap; he is sitting down. Cut to

a medium shot which shows Pat Garrett in a kitchen chair. A man is in bed on the other side of him. Cut back to

Pat Garrett's face. His expression is very serious and concerned. It is an expression like the older Mexican woman's in **Scene III**. His face, it is now seen, is a little like hers. Their faces are enough alike that they would respect one another. Cut to

a medium shot following Billy from the street as he walks down the board sidewalk. Billy does not wear his boots, nor his hat. His shirttail is out. He walks as if on some errand. Cut to

a profile of Billy still walking. His face is intent on his errand. Cut to

a medium shot of two men with rifles sitting on steps at the end of the sidewalk. Cut back to

Billy's profile. He sees them. Cut to

another medium shot from the street. Billy stops. Cut to

another medium shot of the men. They stand up. Cut to

another medium shot of Billy from the street. He backs up to a door and pushes it. Cut to

Billy's face. He is profoundly alert. Cut to

inside the house, from behind Pat Garrett. The door opens with Billy backing in. He turns and looks straight at Pat Garrett. Cut to

a quick close up of Billy's face, still alert. Cut to

Pat Garrett's face, even more serious, more concerned. Cut to

Billy's face. His expression has changed. It is blank now. It is the **same expression** he had while **hurting the dog**. This shot holds a little longer than the immediately preceding shots. Billy's expression remains fixed.

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end

(Coming next issue will have Roxy Gordon's "Charles.")

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Flash Fiction

What I Might Have Been

by Rita Webb

Since nineteen-hundred sixty-six, I've hated July Fourth; Watts was over, Detroit raging, violence up North. I was white and twenty, with high-flown dreams to be an engineer or chemist, or a physics Ph.D.

A calculus professor had just given me a D because I was "a girl," although I'd earned a B. A physics prof did likewise, to what should have been an A; with tradition's quiet backing, they hoped I'd go away.

Attentively, I listened to what Savio said. His words made bitter sense inside my bleeding head.

Bob Dylan and Joan Baez sang of justice and race-wrongs, while sex discrimination was making me a pawn

Mortally then wounded, my spirit crumbled in. Two semesters later, I died for my own sins. Marriage, a safe haven, I picked up a pad and pen, but I'm forever haunted by what I

might have been.

4 July 2000

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end

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Rita is the webmaster for RoxyGordon dot Com.
Her experimental novel, *Cruisin Central* © 2006, Tonopah Press,
Richardson, Texas.
E-mail [Rita](#)
or buy *Cruisin Central* at
Paperbacks Plus Bookstore
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Dallas, Texas
Phone: 214-827-4860

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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES
"Sonnet for Shagg"
by Carol Gerhauser © è July 6, 2007, Dallas, Texas

SONNET

It Fell Perchance A Brilliant Man To Me
Who Grieved For Nought And Was Dissatisfied.
As If The Work Of Love Need Not Be Tried,
And Fame Its Own Reward Be Given Free
And Lost But Sweet When Love Is The Mere Fee.
But God Is Just And Lets The Trade Well-Plied
Succeed Just When With Love Is Well-Supplied
For Love Is Scarce And There Must Always Be,

For Art Without Real Care One Needs Not See.

The Best Inspired And Writ Is Dead Inside

If Masked From Man By Hate And Foolish Pride.

The Deadliest Of Sins Possessed Is He

Oh If He Saw The Hurt He Doth Impart

In Judgment, He Should Judge His Own Ill Heart.

CAROL GERHAUSER

1992

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end

(Next issue will have Carol Gerhauser's "*Crossroads Guitar Show*.")

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Carol Gerhauser is a French teacher at one of our Dallas High Schools.
She provided a collection of her poems entitled "Her Clean Up Days," in
Picking Up The Tempo, journal – number 3, September 06, 2001.

[She can be contacted at e-mail Clgerhauser@aol.com or clemming@dallasisd.org]

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OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY

“The Gestalt of Garbage” comes from *Trash and Treasure*,

© è 2005 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma

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“THE GESTALT OF GARBAGE”

Twice a year our town
urges us to purge
our garages and attics,
to leave our discards at the curb
for a chance to become
another's treasure
or just more trash
bound for the town dump.

When I was younger
I furnished many rooms

by scavenging through
 sidewalk heaps of junk—
 a wicker basket chair
 without a seat,
 a delicate desk
 with wobbly legs—
 all transformed with boards
 and screws and paint.

Now at the edge of the lawn
 lie a door, a rake,
 a broom, a coolie hat,
 and a pair of green shoes.
 I can almost see
 a person, a crone
 wearing the conical hat,
 wielding the rake,
 riding the broom,
 propelled through the door
 by her magical shoes.
 I smile at the image,
 deem it to be
 a good omen,
 the gestalt of garbage
 urging me to start anew.

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end

(Next issue will have Jennifer Kidney's "**Too, Too FEBRUARY.**")

Jennifer Kidney was nominated for Oklahoma Poet Laureate, along with twelve other poets, including N. Scott Momaday and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Dr. Kidney's recent book, ***Women Who Sleep With The Dogs***, published by Village Books, 2004, is \$10.00, plus in the United States add \$4.00; for each item shipped to an address outside the United States, add \$10.00, shipping and handling. Also available limited quantity of her ***Animal Magnetism***, published by Wowapi Press, 1985, \$3.50, inquiry.
 To order each book, contact:
 Jennifer Kidney

1232 Windsor Way
Norman, Oklahoma 73069
Phone: 405/329-3395 or E-mail: jen1kidney@hotmail.com

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ART COELHO WRITES

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Box 249
Big Timber, Mt. 59011

"Thoughts on Painting"

I had on painting this winter:

The trick of art is to make it appear effortless. It takes more than craft or talent because skill doesn't allow for the beautiful accidents that crop up unawares, and gauntlet runs of the imagination stir up the creative stew; at times visions can crystallize the artistic energy to a point of rare fertilization; this is saying nothing of the flywheel of the unknown where magic has its chances to blossom.

Painting doesn't always reach a culmination. I got a closet chucked full of canvases that failed to prove it. In the old days I used to scissor them, but now I am not so ruthless. Some of my work I learn to grow with and even think quite highly of at times.

At best, the most you can hope for is something the public also likes. If you can't please your own spirit first, you'll never touch the spirit of others. All other attempts, if you don't lean hard on your own soul, will come out false, trendy, or lame. Others copy the rare soul. The blank dull spirit gets all the rewards, but sometimes less than a half a century what was considered good art is not worth a popcorn fart, except of course as some kind of fakery of history or the individual putting success before art.

The great challenge for an artist is color. Sometimes a luminous void is crossed like a rare path openly slowly up; most of the time you feel you are making mud pies. The more you think you know, the less there is to follow.

Be humble, artistic truth is a slippery fish. And solitude is the greatest teacher. It's a lot like how alone instructs you on how to appreciate others. It's pointing towards only the wisdom of feeling, not merely abstract thought, not any of the mechanics of the creative soul that always thinks in lots. You cross a river bend, you bend, and in that bending, once the rigidness slackens, knowledge shows its pointed horns aglow at the top leading you on.

Each time I begin a canvas I feel naked. If I feel clothed, I don't even sit down before my easel. I simply give the blank canvas a rest. The desire for pigment will always tempt me when I am vision hungry. Sometimes it's just a matter of forging something out of my limitations. I try to remember without some kind of struggle, without a strange fire burning, without destiny's broken nose showing me a little spilt blood, I'd be lost anyway.

Sometimes I have in mind how my work will be received in the future, but there aren't any real guidelines. And destiny is too abstract. Luck too is deaf and dumb. Sometimes I end up a crawling ant, at other times a roaring lion; either way I must find some satisfaction in it. Most of the time though it seems I put in a canvas what I soak up in the night-part dream and what I wake up to (mostly illusion).

I think I've never made studies because the living line has less ambition when it is preconceived. There's something to be said about letting things simmer on their own without using any kind of direct control. When nakedness finds itself most alone, there's less odds that flight will find its sharp arrow points of creation.

How do I know when a painting is good? Sometimes while creating it I can feel something building. It's something unusual in the color catching the eye. That was my biggest problem as a young painter; I would go too far and end up with nothing. Also, every canvas has its own ambitions. Often the subject tries to dictate my pigment choice. I now take notes on color

scheme before I start. Some artistic options, not absolutely say it will be this color or that color, I'll list several colors, and then wait and see which one will dominate the others.

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end

(Next issue will have Art Coelho's "A Hidden Faith in the Dark.")

Seven Buffaloes Press

Art Coelho, Ed. & Pub.

Box 249

Big Timber, Montana 59011

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anthology formats.

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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

KAREN X WRITES

by **Karen X ©è 1993**

"New Divorcing Morning Noon Night" comes from *Tender Blue Flickers*

by Karen X, Dallas, Texas, published by Wowapi Press, Dallas, Texas, 1993

"NEW DIVORCING MORNING NOON NIGHT"

On divorcing morning, I pin up the curls of my heart
and wear a chignon of control. On divorcing
noon, I mourn freedom's yearning we had to give as birth
to ourselves. On divorcing night, my throat
is burning with the remainder of my heart's urn unspoken,

returned, broken.

Nothing's won except the moon as rain pours forth. I remove
my ring of devotion, but not its tether.

You cannot replace one heart with another, with
another's sex.

Wife waits in the kitchen for her man at war and the
children to come home from ballet and soccer
and now the final decree that it doesn't mean bullets or cars.

How could this happen, when you can't see your world for
the butterflies and roadmaps and taking
for granted trappings and wrappings?

We declared and we did

Do

Will

Always reflect the love fitting like a glove.

We're pregnant at the stove, hand in hand in the art grove.

A million bones don't hurt as much as my broken home.

Divorcing morning is the grim nimbus you install over
unrelenting conditions.

Are we apart except in art? Are we now echoes of our
idealism, thunder of a new lightning, water
of an old river rushing a new dam? Could we have
stopped the tide?

This is the final fine for pious love pissed upon yet still so
valuable, dirty or clean.

I had been meaning to tell you...I had been meaning to tell
you I still had longing for you,

dear husband, barking at my detractors, buying the Super
Maxi-blood soak pads after our child

bearing. You now the Petitioner, I the Respondent, still
always responsible for you anyway.

We each promised to do some things that were quit being
done. Who broke which promise?

Vows based upon the other world's religions are as empty
in our world now as theirs.

On Divorcing Noon, I'd rather write a poem that cries in tune.

Divorcing Night my candle no longer in perfect fit to its
candlestick, now drips wax on my idealistic ass.

Love is just the ultimate morass that is keeping unamassed
in responsibility for our

Mother-Father-Planet Nature.

Beautiful children on the ground are sole consolidation of

soul on Earth, which according to Jesus
and every Super Star Soul Searcher of the world, means a
marriage.
I think a person should rebuild his tent after a disaster, then
go rebuild his neighbor's tent.
Then they should get together and go help their unknown
neighbors.
Marriage simplifies and makes these things possible. And
it did.
Only now it doesn't because I crashed out on the forsaking
part so you've carved my heart.
Okay. Maybe he is a butterfly and you make me as free as a
result, but you'll always be the full field of
every flower's extra buttercup kiss powercult.

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end

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KAREN X
Registered Yoga Teacher
and Writer at Large
KXatlarge@aol.com
WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published
TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,
by **Karen X.**
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RICK SIKES WRITES
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"OLD MAN'S LAMENT"
By Rick Sikes

SOME SAY I DRINK TOO MUCH WHISKEY
AND THAT I TALK WAY TOO MUCH
THEY SAY THAT SORT OF THING

CAN GET A FELLOW IN DUTCH.
BUT I'M WAY TOO OLD TO WORRY
AND TOO DAMNED TIRED TO HURRY
SO, I'LL JUST DO THE BEST I CAN
AND ENJOY BEING AN "OLD MAN."
I DON'T BOTHER TOO MANY WOMEN.
I DON'T EVER GO IN SWIMMING.
I DON'T RUN NO FAST RACES,
HARDLY EVER EVEN REMEMBER FACES.
I JUST SORTA' SHUFFLE ALONG
DON'T MUCH CARE IF I'M RIGHT OR WRONG.
I'D LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED AS FULL OF FUN
A CRUSTY OL' DEVIL AND A SON-OF-A-GUN
THE CLOCK KEEPS ON JUST A TICKIN'
AND I KEEP ON TAKING LIFE'S KICKIN'
BUT WHEN AT LAST THE FINAL WORD'S SAID
THE DOC SAYS "THE OL' FART'S DEAD"
I'D LIKE TO REAR UP AND SAY
I DONE IT MY VERY OWN WAY
IT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN REALLY CLASS
BUT YA'LL CAN NOW KISS MY WRINKLED OL' ASS.

===

end

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.

JUDY GORDON PAINTS

#300

Spotted Eagle of the Sans Arcs –1876, original black ink on paper, digitally shaded with tan and brown. Date: April 16, 2002, dimensions: 8½" x 11," current whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Garland, Texas.

Judy says: Before February 7, 2000, Roxy insisted I keep going onward with my artwork. This is one of my new drawings, as a result of that request. Somewhere at Rosebud Creek, south of the Yellowstone, about 1869, Spotted Eagle and other Sitting Bull's supporters, prepared a ceremony to appoint Sitting Bull, as supreme chief of the Sioux confederation.

He reassured the Sioux with the Battle of Arrow Creek which drove the surveyors to the Musselshell River, and then back to the safety of Fort Ellis. Remembered most about Arrow Creek was the fate of Plenty Lice; and how the four soldiers with the Baker Expedition killed him. Later Plenty Lice's relatives retrieved and buried his bones.

Needless to say, Spotted Eagle, did not care for railroad workers.

Realizing in 1875, with the rising white pressure, one of the four tribal circles, was Spotted Eagle of Sans Arcs. He was not one to give up, and *akicita* (meaning *tried to live peacefully already with whites*) soldiered people who tried. Not one to surrender at that time.

Spotted Eagle still allied with Sitting Bull, in the war of 1876, during their Canadian exile. Indians would be treated as enemies, if they carried their arms in the United States. Spotted Eagle armed with a belt filled with Winchester cartridges draped over his shoulder and chest, and a huge war club with three knife blades in his lap, mischievously winked at Colonel Macleod.

Then June 15, 1881, Spotted Eagle along with surviving members

of the San Arcs surrendered and was deposited at Standing Rock, now named Fort Yates, North Dakota. At that time the Dakotas, north and south states had not yet been established by the United States.

All prints 8½" x 11" archival matte paper available.

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end

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "Sioux Spotted Eagle.")

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

by way of marq **Fri., JULY 13, 2007, 8:00 PM – CENTRO-MATIC** with special guests **DOVE HUNTER, Pleasant Grove** and **SARAH JAFFE**, at **Granada Theatre, Greenville, Dallas, Texas.**

#200

by way of marq **Sat., JULY 14, 2007, 8:00 PM – ROKY ERICKSON** and the **EXPLOSIVES**, at **Granada Theatre, Greenville, Dallas, Texas.**

#300

by way of marq **Fri. JULY 20, 2007, 8:00 PM – KELLY WILLIS** at **Granada Theatre, Greenville, Dallas, Texas.**

#400

by way of marq **Fri. JULY 27, 2007, 8:00 PM – IAN McLAGAN** at **Granada Theatre, Greenville, Dallas, Texas.**

#500

by way of marq **Sun. JULY 29, 2007, 8:00 PM – ANDY TIMMONS** with special guests **ROB BALDUCCI** and **RHETT BUTLER** at **Granada Theatre, Greenville, Dallas, Texas.**

#600

by way of charley, **ART SHOW** at **STUART KRAFT'S STUDIO** on **Saturday, JUNE 23, 2007, *Symphony in Steel*** displayed his **New Wonderful Metal Sculpture**, at 115 Payne Street, Dallas, Texas, **214-742-6993**. *If you missed the Opening, just contact him about possibly a showing of his latest work.*

READING

#100

by way of karen X – Friday, JULY 13, 2007, 7:30 P.M., the writer's garret, **Karen X** and **Gladys Swan** with **Scott Pierce**, "**READING**" at **PAPERBACKS PLUS BOOKSTORE, UPSTAIRS, 6115 La Vista, Dallas, Texas.** Further information, contact: **214/827-4860**.

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end

REVIEWS by Judy Gordon* and Carol Gerhauser+

RICK SIKES *Redemption**

1. "Dixie," Rick Sike's arrangement with Jim Glaspy besides enjoying it; could be almost a sound track for a movie. 2. "Jenny Brown," KARINA GLASPY (Aberlin Music, BMI) takes us to soft, gentle, lonesome, and makes us want to know more about *Jenny Brown's* story, then we have a fantastic arrangement with 3. "The Girl I Left Behind," by Jim Glaspy and Rick Sikes. 4. "Deadman's Slough," with G.Wilson – old fashion makes us feel like we're walking through a swampland – better watch out for Marie Laveour. 5. "Nellie Gray," sweet, heart-felt arrangement by Glaspy and Sikes. 6. "Lorena," arrangement by Glaspy and Sikes taking us to lonesome with quite a combination of *ALL the INSTRUMENTS*, and we go some place, then onward with. 7. "Sally Ann," their arrangement has us slow dancing with a little toe-tapping. 8. "Sweet Evalina," arranged by Rick with Jan Sikes with this one being down right sweet – didn't you notice *THE TITLE*, we have Rick's low, deep voice AND Jan's pretty gentle singing backup. 9. "Bonnie Blue Flag," arranged by Glaspy and Sikes, with slow moving *waltz*, will get everybody to the dance floor. Glaspy and Sikes couldn't resist without number ten, 10. "YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS." Their arrangement very unique bringing together in such a way one gets a *feeling of OLD TIMEY MUSIC* and it's down right *fun* with everybody singing; *This would be a good record to have at all of our parties and get-togethers.* A Very Thoughtful And Applicable Cover Design, by Jan and Rick Sikes. [www.ricksikes.com]

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end

RIJAN Music

www.myspace.com/ricksikes and www.ricksikes.com

(Main Web-page for Rick Sikes.)

JUNIOR'S ROADHOUSE ALL-STARS *Back on Track*+

This pickled-eggs on the bar collection hits with "both" barrels, a great duet, on #1, Johnnie Taylor's "Let's Get Back on Track," and JR's guitar is sublime. #2, "Good Morning Heartache" of Billie Holiday fame, personifies personification. The sweet bass of Johnny Wood is heard (the only time), but they should have taken take 2. Next comes "Tyrone." Believe it or not, love "bes' like that sometimes." The main lyric is what though, "cross the road?" (Did she say the A word?) #4 is a great Bobby Blue Bland song, "Ain't Doin' too Bad," where piano is heard (Dave

Loving) and a vision of Bobby Rush's belt-buckle floats by.

The second Denise LaSalle track, "Wanted Man," is a cute law-enforcement metaphor with the lead instruments playin' good, but skip "Chain of Fools," another weak redo of a MAJOR vocalist. It is a medley using "Think" but loses some of the original funk, yet JR is good. Back to Bobby BB, the story in #7 "Nail on the Head" is confusing. Is it saying cheatin' is sweetenin' (oops, too much info)? It may sound strange, but #8 is a "Real Sad Story" but true, for some, with undecipherable lyrics.

Still the lack of air-conditioning goes unnoticed as the record ends where it began, with JT's "I Love you, Lady," reminding us girls how much men dig sex.

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end

[For CD: Carol Gerhauser can be contacted at e-mail Cigerhauser@aol.com or clemming@dallasisd.org] or JR_Russell@hotmail.com.]

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CLASSIFIEDS:

#100

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end

ROXY AND JUDY GORDON PRODUCTIONS – PLEASE VISIT ROXY'S WEBSITE.**1. TOWNES ASKED DID HANK WILLIAMS EVER WRITE**

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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 Wowapi Press Chapbook, 2007, #4A \$10.00.

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