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## ~~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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**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***  
**August 03, 2007, number 5**

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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 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**

**R.L. Gordon**  
**3420 Alexander Court**  
**Oakland, California 94601**  
**by Roxy Gordon – © 2007, “Charles”**  
**[Edited by Judy Gordon]**

## “CHARLES”

i (highway)

The highway stretches out flat and straight. Heat waves rise from it. Mirages shimmer always in the distance. In the fields on either side, blond farmboys and more than one old man ride tractors with air-conditioned cabs and radios. They listen to *Three Dog Night* while they plow the fields of America to put bread on our tables and beer in our bellies. Every once in a while one might happen to glance out the side of the cab toward the highway to see a car go flashing by.

### Flash!

“Goddam,” one of them will say over his citizen band walkie-talkie to his buddy across the field in another air-conditioned cab.

The girls don’t wear panties because it’s handier that way; the boys never heard of Barney Oldfield.

ii (jesse james was a man)

The Chrysler makes a smooth eighty miles an hour. Flash between wheatfields. It is a long maroon Chrysler driven by a sharp faced man dressed in a nice blue stay pressed suit. This man might be **30** or he might be **45**. His face is brown, but by blood it looks like, not by sun. His hair is black and oily, a little long, combed back gangster style. Steel rim pilot’s shades rest on his slightly hooked nose; his lips are pressed together to a perfect fit. His shirt is rich yellow. His tie is orange. His shoes are burnished brown with leather fringes at the laces. He is six feet two and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He is familiar. Painted on both sides of his car, in neat professional letters like a monogram is:

*Jesse James*

*“Searcher Through The*

*Awful Eternity of Time.”*

iii (in the drugstore)

Cole:

(Cole Younger is about **32**. His face is pallid from years in poolhalls. His pink shirt is ribbed at the collar and pockets with black. His black chino trousers with the shine and shape washed out are ivy buckled between the back beltloop and his butt.) “Hey Frank, this dude that just drove up has on a goddam orange tie!”

Frank:

(Frank is a bald druggest handing a sack to an elderly lady.) “Nobody around here wears an orange tie.”

Cole:

(Cole sits down on a stool at the soda fountain. He sits beside an old man who wears a black cowboy hat.) “Hey Herman, look out the window at that dude.”

Herman Herman:

(Herman Herman looks out the window.) “Say! Look at that feller in that orange tie!”

Jesse James:

(Jesse James stands just inside the drugstore door.) “Consider James Garfield. He is President of the United States. He gets up one morning and decides he’s going to the depot that day. He could have decided on say for instance the hardware store. Then he’d be alive. He’d see the Gulf of Mexico again. But he doesn’t. Oh no. He crosses that damnable line. William Barret Travis draws the line in the dirt at the Alamo and says, ‘Step over you Motherfuckers, and die!’ Old James Garfield just hops right over like a drunk Irishman on his way to another saloon.”

Mrs. Traven:

(Mrs. Traven is a roly-poly old lady. As the stranger’s gaze falls upon her, she brings her hand to her bosom in fright or awe and draws in a

burst of breath.) “My goodness!” (She takes a couple of steps toward Jesse James.) “My goodness. Can you tell me...?”

iv (mrs. traven’s story)

We were going to visit my double cousin Sarah. My late husband didn’t go. That was when he was first building up the business and he was just working day and night. You should have seen him. Just like a devil, if you’ll excuse the expression, that’s the way he worked. And I can be thankful he did, too. Why a lady my age if she didn’t have resources, why my goodness, the way prices are! Just little Bascom went with me. We rode on the train. Little Bascom bounced on the seat. He was just filled with joy, that little boy was. Well, when we came into the station, goodness if there wasn’t all sorts of excitement. People just running around and shouting. “My goodness,” I said to little Bascom. “I’ll see what this is all about and I want you to wait right here for Mother.” It was a nice old gentleman with chin whiskers who told me. “What is it, sir, if you’ll excuse me?” I asked him. “What is it that has happened here?” Then I noticed there was a tear in the old gentleman’s eye. “It is the President, ma’m,” he told me. “Somebody has shot President Garfield right over there.” Well goodness, I didn’t even know President Garfield was anywhere in the country. The nice old gentleman took my arm and we eased through the crowd to the place where it happened. There were three little spots of blood on the floor. That’s all. “My goodness,” I said to the old gentleman, “to think that there is President Garfield’s blood.” The old gentleman nodded and took out his pocket knife and then got down and scrapped a little of it up. For a souvenir. “Who was it that shot Mr. Garfield?” I asked and it was a soldier boy who answered me. “It was a maniac, ma’m,” the soldier said. “He was named Guitar or some such as that.” Well it was just about then that I remembered little Bascom waiting and so I took my leave of the old gentleman and the soldier and went back. But little Bascom was nowhere to be found! Oh I hunted all over and I got the soldier to hunt. But we never found him.

We never found any sign of my little boy again. I always supposed maybe some gypsy might have been there, attracted by the crowd the way they are you know, to pick pockets. And he just stole my little Bascom. Goodness it was the longest before I got over losing little Bascom at the depot.

v (everything is revealed)

Jesse can tell of course what it is Mrs. Traven wants. He assumes the

manner of a kindly old country doctor. "And you'd like me to tell you if I might know where Bascom is. Is that it?" Mrs. Traven hardly dares to hope. She covers her mouth. "Where do you think he might be?" Jesse asks her. Mrs. Traven glances around, embarrassed at that she's about to say before Frank and Herman and Cole. "Well," she says, "I have thought one thing. I've always thought perhaps ... my goodness ... perhaps Bascom is in Mexico writing novels." Jesse smiles. "Then he is," Jesse tells her. Mrs. Traven is not that easily convinced. "How ... ?" she begins to ask. "This way," Jesse interrupts her. "Where is it you have thoughts?" he asks. "Goodness. Most of the time in the bathroom." Jesse corrects her, "No, I mean in what part of your body?"

"Why, my mind, I guess."

"And where's that?"

"Why, in my head."

"Yes! Exactly! And didn't little Bascom come from your own belly?"

"Why, yes he did."

"Well, Mrs. Traven, everyone knows a trunkline nerve connects the head and lower abdomen."

Cole: "Come on, man. Nobody's named Jesse James."

Jesse (moving closer to Cole): "That's right."

Cole: "Well then what the hell is your name?"

Jesse: "Can you keep a secret?"

Cole: "*Does it snow in Minneapolis in the wintertime?*"

Jesse: "Well my real name is Buddy Holly."

Cole: "Come on, now!"

(Jesse sings a few bars of "Peggy Sue.")

***Jesus Fucking Christ  
It is Buddy Holly!***

Cole: "I thought you was dead, man."

Buddy: "That wasn't me. That was a fellow I paid to play me. At the time, as a matter of fact, I was drinking beer with Johnny Horton in Clovis, New Mexico."

Cole: "Why, man? Why'd you pay that cat to play you?"

Buddy: "How would you like to sing 'Peggy Sue' every fucking night for the rest of your life?"

Buddy feels like it is time to get back to business. He speaks in a loud voice: "Charles Guiteau is alive and living in Phoenix, Arizona." Herman Herman turns dead pale white. He stands up. "That ain't, well that ain't true."

"The hell it ain't," Buddy comes back. "It damn sure is. It says so in ***POLICE GAZETTE.***"

"If it says that," says Herman Herman, "then it's a damn liar! Because he don't. He, by God, lives right here." Herman Herman thumps his chest. "Right here. I, by God, am Charles Guiteau and I always have been."

"Listen," Cole says. "Buddy, why don't you come on home with me? You can have my kid sister." Buddy does.

***In the grass.***

***On the kitchen table.***

***On top of the house.***

***Behind the liquor store.***

***On Pecan Street.***

vi (in the barbershop)

Charles Guiteau tells the barber, "There oughta be a law against them magazines saying a man lives in Phoenix, Arizona when he don't." The barber says, "I thought they shot Charles Guiteau."

vii (charles writes a letter)

Dear *Police Gazette*,

It has been told to me by Mr. Jesse James that you said I was alive and living in Phoenix, Arizona. That is a lie. I live right here and always have. I would appreciate your not making that mistake again.

Yrs.

Chas. Guiteau

viii (but i feel like jesse james)

Charles Guiteau tells the county sheriff, "There oughta be a law. It just don't seem right that a magazine could print a thing like that." The county sheriff says, "Herman Herman always did sound like a made-up name to me. Hah! Who'd name anybody Herman Herman? Hah! Say, what'd you say your name is anyway?" "Charles Guiteau," Charles tells him. "Who?" the sheriff asks. "Charles Guiteau." Charles spells it. "**C-H-A-R-L-E-S G-U-I-T-E-A-U.**" The sheriff writes it down. Then he gets up and closes his office door. He listens a minute. Silence. He unbuttons his shirt and pulls it back. "See that." He points to a scar on his stomach. "And that and that and that." Other scars. Charles nods. "Well them scars prove I'm Jesse James. They could've proved it before now. All I'd have to do is unbutton my shirt and give a notary public a book about me—Jesse James, you know. It'd say where all I been shot. Then he could check the scars. I ain't done that of course. Wouldn't nobody want Jesse James for county sheriff." Charles comes up close and leans over to look closely at the scars. "Them's some scars," he says. "Well, that's how I know there ain't no such law," Jesse tells him. Charles straightens up. Jesse says, "I've read at one time or the other where I was living in Clovis, New Mexico; Norman, Oklahoma; Havana, Cuba; Rotan, Texas; and Portland, Maine. No such law." Jesse stuffs in his shirt-tail. "I thought they hung Charles Guiteau," he says.

ix (charles gets a letter)

Dear Sir!

We know you are interested in the world around you—in the events that shape the history of mankind! We know you are interested in the lines men cross never being able to return! We know also that you like a bargain when you see one! So we're offering you, as one of our preferred customers, a Spring Special! One Year of *POLICE GAZETTE* for only \$4.97!

Think of it! Only \$4.97 for one year of the history of mankind!

x (roy orbison's lonely windswept voice always waiting in the wings to  
wail at our midnight times of ending: "*it's oh-ver ...*")

Cole Younger sees them coming. Six of them. All tall in the saddle.  
All wearing vests and packing two six shooters. Cole knows! Jesus!  
He darts into the drugstore. They ride slowly.

In the middle of town, they pause. The one in the lead swings down from his  
horse and says—loudly so his voice carries down the empty street—"I'm  
Sgt. James Gillett; Company B; Frontier Battallion; State of Texas.  
I'm hunting Charles Guiteau."

Charles is eating a sandwich in the drugstore. He jumps up. "Ah ha!" he  
shouts. "Texas Rangers! They'll by God fix that **POLICE GAZETTE!**" He  
rushes out. The Rangers stand still, watching him come. "I'm him," he  
shouts. "I Goddam yessir am Charles Guiteau!" *Gillett pulls his six shooter  
and says, "You killed President Garfield. You shot down a good man low."*

Cole hears the shot. He crawls out from under the table in the drugstore  
and runs to the door. Charles is there. Blood is streaming from his mouth  
and nose. His right eye is out of socket. Hanging.

Charles Guiteau says:

**SOMETHING  
WENT  
WRONG.**

**(And he dies.)**

The Rangers prepared the body carefully for burial in an irrigation ditch three  
and a half miles from town.

===  
**end**

=====  
(Coming next issue will have Roxy Gordon's "**Dixon—One On The Mountain.**")  
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## Flash Fiction

### Anything More

by Rita Webb

Running down a dark lonesome highway forever,  
Head into the night wind, life's comforts you forswore.  
One-way ticket Greyhound, ride across Texas.  
It's home, you've never asked for anything more.

Long hot Texas highway, detour in Austin,  
Turn off at MoPac for eternity's shore.  
Stop awhile in Dallas, sell your soul for pottage,  
Tall plate glass buildings, hardly anything more.

The chase is the prize, something left to conquer.  
Search all over Texas, you open every door.  
Keep on a-movin, Arizona sunset,  
California freeway, is there anything more?

Narcoleptic driver, Colorado blacktop,  
Going much too fast in a freezing downpour.  
He skids down the mountain; you pray for absolution.  
Did you think to ask for anything more?

Come back to me on some cold dark winter night.  
Drop your bedroll down on my living room floor.  
Crash for awhile, leave when you feel the need to.  
I don't ever ask you for anything more.

=====  
end

=====  
Rita Webb © 2007.

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

E-mail [Rita](#)

or buy *Cruisin Central* at  
Paperbacks Plus Bookstore

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Dallas, Texas  
Phone: 214-827-4860

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**CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES**

**by Carol Gerhauser © è August 03, 2007, Dallas, Texas**

It's an upswing, a fiasco

drivel tainted with a foolish man's unbeknownst charm,

a fire of swill lathered at the gate of unforgivable sin,

the least to be forgotten and plagiarized in point and kind,

bedfellows and bootleggers coughing hard copy of foreign spoils

printing up pages of unearthly delights,

flagging down the only lost chariot for a finished course of time

pushing radios and peddling rattling eardrums to closely gathered

turnipheaded sobering jig-heads in their slumped over costumes full of brine,

battleaxes pushed up to the hilt and then candled hotly for most of the sordid

shadows to drip onto the wandering herd,

a stampede over various marshlands bearing trumpets and juniper bushes full

of painless thorns in case the nativity scene were a case made,

the main boss trembling with a hoot and a hullo from

all points in-between.

Thinkers and cave-dwellers alike wish the inn were swept

clean of such rot.

====  
**end**

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(Next issue will begin Carol Gerhauser's "SUMMER TRAVEL....")

=====  
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**

**"Too, Too FEBRUARY" comes from *Trash and Treasure*,**

**©è 2005 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma**

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**"Too, Too FEBRUARY"**

February has a "brrr"  
in its middle, making it hard  
to accommodate among  
the lips and teeth and tongue.  
It begins with a puff  
of cloud and concludes  
with a yawn. Every four years  
it leaps ahead of itself,  
adding a day, a period  
of adjustment. It means:  
"expiatory offerings,"  
a time to atone for our sins,  
so that it is just  
that we must suffer through  
dreary, airy, contrary  
February.

====  
**end**

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(Next issue will have Jennifer Kidney's "*The Planet of the Cats.*")

=====  
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

=====  
Art Coelho,

P.O. Box 249,

Big Timber, Montana 59011

### **A Hidden Faith in the Dark**

Sometimes it takes a night of rain before I can even speak a word to the masks of solitude. It is not because I have heard the light of some song to deepen my sense of place upon the earth, or felt some bookmarker of eternity pressing down upon my breastbone its slim uncontrollable message; it is more of an empty feeling of space I long to put to music again.

Maybe it's possible to get a glimpse of a hidden faith in the dark. Not in stars alone that fall, not in the great distances that measure our smallness in the cosmos, but the touch inside of a dream trying to compensate for our trek across the land to reach another shore. For me, there is so little glitter upon Heaven's doors that improves the heart; it's almost a hell of its own with all its silky promises, like the impossibility of an ironic truth where a lion roars in full sun.

Belief's playground isn't always founded on what we know; it's rooted in what

we find hard to believe when time puts us on its shoulders to gaze at infinity's so-called faultless scientific kiss. It's easy to understand why those heydays of strong doubts battle

our spirits for a soul's measure beyond a mere toehold. Why can't it ever be a quiet garden, a resolved mercy, a simple magic that has no need of rebirth? Strange music beyond my reach can be at times such a schoolboy yarn with a wide unbending girth.

Living life, when you get right down to it, is the blues with a comet's tail; one brilliant blaze of light before death swims in its nakedness to complete the loss of fire within a gauntlet swirl of a Milky Way haze.

– Art Coelho

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**end**

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*(Next issue will have Art Coelho's "A Rare Gem in One's Vision.")*

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**KAREN X WRITES**

**PUTT no. 5, 2007 ©è**

**DHARMA BROAD**

Music of a thought stirring  
Music of the bowels churning  
Chirpy beats of eyelids blinking  
Synthesized hum of the blood in my veins  
and up the chakras with the grrrrraahhuhhhaaaahhheeeeeiiiiiii of my truth

I need a backup band for this random rant  
Get me going like an Indian drum machine raving!

Music made me pregnant.  
Music is the reason my soul is sound  
and that's why I put in my needle every time I shot up heroin and cocaine.

Your music sucks and so do you!  
I'd rather listen to the sound of a washing machine.  
At least it's clean.

The soft and mute button on a voice  
does not drown out the loud buzz of disrespect or disregard.

Non-profit.orgs (.uptight) diplomatic email—blah!makes me wanna urp,  
so I won't be passin your petition or coming to or for your benefit.

You sound like a commercial—are you trying to sell me YOU?  
Well, I'm not buying.

People who get mad because you tell them the truth  
and that creepy crawley silent music, like small pox invading my Indian tribe.  
Ahhh ya ya ya ya ya ya yay yay yay!

Quit yelling at me with your off-key music  
or at least add a beat for me to dance to  
because I'm cutting your tracks and adding a screechy guitar.

Got something mean to say?  
Say it with mellow melomelo melopoeia!

My favorite artist-in-residence is the one who put out his thumb  
or hopped a railcar, got a job where he was dropped off  
and talked like a human being to the other human beings.

So go go go Jack jack jack Kerouac  
Disembodied lackey of virtue!  
and Allen allen, your music in my ears when we sang  
BirdBraaiiin! BirdBraaiiin!  
*I declare BirdBrain to be victor of the poetry contest!*  
She hates my guts now and stabbed me in the back.

Betrayal is my least favorite offense.  
It hits me in my still open childhood wounds—  
treachery of sexual molestation.

Music just sounds like a headache  
when it's so full of the precious lies one sings to oneself  
while everyone else is listening.

I'm not listening, but I'm feeling you baby!  
Ma ma ma ma MAMA!  
But I'm not your mama!

Judgmentalism begins with the harshest indictment of oneself, but that  
non-musical voice in tight lips holding your breath while you speak—  
No you can't event breathe right. If you could you wouldn't be talking so much or  
writing so much bullshit to add to the drone of your already painful-to listen-to Greatest  
Hits.

Blame me?  
Yeah, I'm an asshole-at least I'm a flexible asshole.  
and you nose is just out of joint from trying to stick it up there!

I AM NOT YOUR GURU.  
My guru was a SCREW YOU.  
and I am, too.

Got me going like an Indian drum machine.  
This is not a love song and I'm beginning to sound like  
MC  
I-HATE-YOU-ALOT-Are-You-Still-Listening-To-My-Take-This-Rhyme-and-Shove-it-R

Actually I'm a yoga teacher and therapist. I prescribe breathwork and poses to help  
people process their held grief and anger, but I'm the one holding on now.

I always say that two hours of yoga is the only thing that separates me from every other

lunatic on the street. Over five hours and I'm full circle back there with them.

I also have a special ritual for discharging people's residual or excess psychic energy in my house after they've made it clear that they hate my guts.

It's a kind of yogic exorcism technology:

I take every single item they've ever given me and put it in DIRT—I have it on good authority that it's the best repository of clinging toxic relationship energy.

So, I took out the stereo I'd bought from them and the fucking table it was sitting on and rolled it out to the curb's front garden. The Cure, Beck and Dandy Warhol buttons and CDs, I carefully laid out like dead flowers next to the fence.

The sandals went too—didn't want them kicking me while I'm down. They were already stomping on me hard. Yeah, I put my foot down.

The mirror—well, mirror feng shui is pretty complicated but I knew I didn't want their perception of me bounced back in my face while I was just trying to see if my underwear was showing.

In the middle of the night I remembered that complicated vegetable cutting thing—Sharp EDGES!! oh no!!! And they must have felt smug knowing they'd placed something with me that could slice right through my subconscious and into my very dreams! I got up and tossed it right out the door and double locked it behind me.

Then, in the middle of the fireworks on the 4th of July, my chest began tightening as I remembered their super glue I'd not returned, but my celebrating friends were beginning to grow weary of me wanting to keep running back to my house for chi cleansing and I had to stay there the rest of the night still bonded like plastic to my toxic relationships.

Today I began revisited the Bhagavad Gita and paralleling it with my weaknesses in warrior pose and my life.

In the BG, Arjuna and Krishna survey the battlefield and sees that many of Arjuna's best loved family make up the enemy army. Krishna instructs Arjuna that it is still necessary to destroy them or truth and love are lost, but it could only be done with a totally open heart full of love and compassion.

The obvious parallel is that we have to be willing to go to battle within ourselves to destroy our close kinship with our illusions and attachments or trauma-based emotional agenda—neither of which are our friends or relatives-dig?

I also found a great underlying *fear* in standing up in conflict with others that I love, realizing that *I* could be destroyed, and...I was—but well, that was meant to happen and I was suddenly okay with it.

I looked around my home and saw all the items remaining of my beloved enemy's hate and realized how I was stalling taking it out because I was actually still using some of that stuff! and its parallel into all our lives when we keep using the same old tools even when they're working against or poisoning us.

And the challenge of facing this or facing illumination and the dharma of our self-actualization is only *equal* to our willingness to thoroughly clean our toilets and dishes when we dirty them.

And if we put those things off, we are most assuredly putting off other pieces and chores toward truth and self-understanding.

*What's outside of you is inside of you* and vice versa.

It's not exactly a new philosophy, but I had to actually *experience it* —which was quite a different feeling than just knowing it or reading about it—also not exactly a new concept, but I'm slow and don't remember having been here before in other lifetimes.

Anyway, I'm over my chi paranoia and washed the mud-caked mirror to bring on back in so I could get dressed tonite.

I rememered that heh, I've actually hung deep with some REAL armed and dangerous characters!!! Like the time I pissed someone off so bad they shoved a loaded and cocked gun in my mouth. What I then figured out to say with my tongue wrapped around a gun barrel in order to save my ass, I now credit as my first awareness of positive chi possibilities. It was also advanced preparation for dealing with requirements of literary non-profit diplomacy and other high or similarly out of balance individuals.

But I get out of balance too. Hello! And I get this recurring rotator cuff injury that feels like and literally represents an emotional stab in the back. The rotator cuff, tightness in the shoulder and rest of the muscles in the area of the heart tell us that our thoughts and beliefs around love are not working for us. It usually means someone can't feel loved unless it's reflected back to them in the form of another person or taking on other people's emotional garbage to feel useful and lovable.

Then some traitor stabs me in the back and blows my mind and I'm injured and depressed.

How doesn't *fight* mental depression.

With the *Joy Army of the Third Eye*?

Nothing is working for me.  
My lover's not coming back.  
*No one* is coming back.  
I believe I've exceeded my relationship allotment quota.  
Love was divided by the numbers involved.  
I have damaged myself—and I have damaged.  
Diminished, cut myself off from self-love-  
The tears and muscle tears, emotional scars and physical scars-  
Scars on my veins, scars on my womb  
Scars from falling dead drunk, yet dead to celebration.  
The suffering and damage to my children and family!  
And it can't be changed.  
I can't take back trying to kill myself or that I was poisonous-  
A Sweet Poison—Love me and Get Sick from and with me-  
I can't blame my lover for trying damage me back.  
I can't stop damaging myself more—I want a cigarette instead of love.  
then I'm ashamed that I'm a smoking yoga teacher and smell like cigarettes instead of  
universal love.  
Because shame is deeply ingrained into the root of me.

Can one, having once located the residence of trauma-based physical damage in the  
body really just eject it by breathing into the intensity and exhaling into the atmosphere?  
Where does all that bad energy go?  
Won't it damage the plants or something?  
My efforts and outreach to connect with love are frozen at the shoulder.

I am just so smart and clever and can make my suffering an entertainment and divert  
you from helping by making you just want to compliment my style of expression, make  
you intimidated by my ability and pride in what I don't love about myself, that which  
you do love, that you become so confused by what, if anything, I need, you laugh with  
me and buy me cigarettes.  
Or it used to be dope and alcohol.  
I used to regularly walk into this convenience store owned by a complete and foreign  
Eritrean stranger and elegantly explain that I was a heroin addict  
and I needed \$50 to \$100 to buy some dope or I'd be really sick soon  
and *He'd give it to me!!!*  
Would he have helped me more by calling the police and having my charm arrested on  
the spot?  
This misuse of my influence—evidence of my powerful charisma,  
even at the lowest activity, makes me smile, self-satisfied.  
*Imagine* my self-satisfaction.  
Don't imagine it. It was, in reality, a very un-funny daily attempt to kill myself before I

die naturally.

The truth is I'M AFRAID OF DEATH!!!

And it's closer and closer, in natural occurrence than ever now.

I have Misused

And Mispent

Most

of my talent, my love, my body...and my soul.

=====  
KAREN X

Registered Yoga Teacher

and Writer at Large

[KXatlarge@aol.com](mailto:KXatlarge@aol.com)

<http://hometown.aol.com/kxatlarge/>

WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published

***TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,***

by Karen X.  
=====

**RICK SIKES WRITES**  
=====

## "HONKY TONK"

**By RICK SIKES**

Where red-necks, cowboys, truck drivers and blue collar working men gather to drink (mostly beer) and play pool, but most of all - dance with them "purdy" girls who twist their cute little asses around. Sometimes (oft times) they ain't cute at all and damned sure ain't little - but after working all day with hairy-legged men, they don't look bad with the low lights, thick smoke and four pounds of makeup on. You can't have a honky tonk (Texas Style) without them gals. I always said, "bring the girls in and them ol' boys will be there." I asked Bob Wills when we did a tour with him, "Bob, how do you know when you're playing it right?" He said, "Son, look at that dance floor. If they're all dancin', you're doing it right. 'Cause if they dance, they get thirsty and if they drink, the boss man is happy, so you get yourself a DANCE band." I asked him how he always had such a good dance band and he said, "Son, you've got to get yourself a good rhythm section then you've got yourself a band." To me, Bob Wills, Ernest Tubb and Hank Thompson were the epitome of the honky tonk bands, although there were lots of others. In Texas, Honky Tonk means dancing and beer drinking men and women who are looking for something; usually a momentary romance called a "one-night stand," but we called them Cowboy Weddings (where you shook hands and the next morning, if all

went well, you introduced yourselves to one another). There is a vast difference between a Honky Tonk and a plain ol' Bar or a Beer Joint - that great difference is LIVE MUSIC!! My friend, Rock Killough, from Alabama, said that back East and down South - damned near every where but Texas, people sit and listen to music and few dance. But, he says here in Texas, you can pull out a guitar and start playing in the middle of a hail storm and by God, some folks will get up and dance. I found this to be fairly accurate in my own travels. Long live the Honky Tonk!!

---

## **RHYTHM REBEL**

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*Rhythm Rebel*, ©èby Rick Sikes' chapbook, published by Wowapi Press, 1996, 2001, inquiry.

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## **MICHAEL HELSEM WRITES**

**"Not My Favorite Section of the Bookstore"**

© è July 31, 2007

by Michael Helsem, Dallas, Texas

### **"Not My Favorite Section of the Bookstore"**

I gaze at all the rightwing tomes  
in Politics; all the pundits wrong,  
who wrote to blast a foe's repute  
or justify a rotten claim.

How pitiful the waste of trees!  
And did they really understand?  
This goes beyond the mere reward  
of prostituted intellect...

Blank Eichmanns sans their Nuremberg  
accounting, nor seems likely now  
the bulk of those forgotten lies  
to ever reel their spinners in.

What hatred must have driven them,  
i realize at last; not silver,  
they betrayed their fellows for.  
Which i must too be wary of.

m.

=====  
**end**  
=====

Mr. Michael Helsem is a local Dallas author, has had many readings,  
performances, one of the latest was Upstairs PaperBacks Plus Bookstore,  
Dallas, Texas. For any of his published work, you may inquire at Paperbacks  
Plus Bookstore, 214-827-4860 or contact him directly:  
graywyvern2@yahoo.com.  
=====

**PETER O'BRIEN WRITES:**

**"Townes Van Zandt's Jacket"**

**by Peter O'Brien, © è August, 2007, Surrey, England**

**"TOWNES VAN ZANDT'S JACKET"**

I saw Townes Van Zandt play in Dallas.  
He offered me a ride  
back to the motel.  
Out in the parking lot  
his pick-up had a flat.  
Townes Van Zandt took off his jacket,  
rolled up his shirtsleeves  
and changed the tire.  
An extraordinary man  
doing what an ordinary man does.

Years later in Brighton  
on the south coast of England  
Townes Van Zandt walked onstage,  
strapped on his acoustic guitar,  
then spent several minutes  
trying to take off his jacket.  
An impossible task  
when you think about it.  
An ordinary man

doing what an extraordinary man does.

I told this story  
to the man who wrote "Daydream Believer."  
He knew Townes Van Zandt.  
The man who wrote "Daydream Believer"  
laughed and laughed.  
If I were the man  
who wrote "Daydream Believer"  
I would laugh and laugh  
all  
the  
way  
to  
the bank.

A true story, of course. You [editor] and Roxy were there for the first verse.  
Went on ahead in your pick-up and probably wondered what was keeping us.  
Let me know what you think.

– Peter

=====  
Peter O'Brien is an author and publisher, *Omaha Rainbow*, and under his  
*Sun Storm Records*, launched Roxy L. Gordon's music.  
=====

## JUDY GORDON PAINTS

### #3200

*Sioux Spotted Eagle* Media: acrylic on canvas, Date: 1968, Dimensions:  
to be determined by Allen Family, current whereabouts of original:  
Private Collection of John & Minerva Allen, Sidney, Montana.

#### *Judy's comments:*

Original painting was my first painting created while living in Lodge Pole, Montana,  
on Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, Montana, 1969. Used photograph by L.A.  
Huffman,

*Photographer of the Plains*. The book was *The Frontier Years*, by Mark H. Brown and  
W. R. Felton, given to me and Roxy Gordon, as a gift from John and Minerva Allen.

*Sioux Chief Spotted Eagle – Wa ma laga lica, 1880*, was one of the foremost  
warriors of the wild Sioux; learned the ways of the whites, in order to communicate  
to help his people. In doing so, became almost as well known as Sitting Bull. He  
knew how to gracefully carry his martial hostility with him.

As a gift, gave the painting to John and Minerva Allen. Was told afterwards, they  
hung painting on their wall, folks were very amazed; while looking at the painting,  
no matter where you stood, the Sioux Chief stared at you.

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

===  
**end**

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(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "Donna, an Assiniboine Girl.")

---

## **ENTERTAINMENT**

### **#100**

*By Way of Marq – Saturday, AUGUST 11, 2007, MONTE MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA GUITAR TRIO, from Austin, GRANADA THEATRE, Greenville Ave., Dallas, Texas. 214-826-1885.*

### **#200**

*By Way of Marq – Thursday, AUGUST 16, 2007, IAN MOORE, GRANADA THEATRE, Greenville Ave., Dallas, Texas. 214-826-1885.*

### **#300**

*By Way of Marq – Saturday, AUGUST 25, 2007, RUTHIE FOSTER, GRANADA THEATRE, Greenville Ave., Dallas, Texas. 214-826-1885.*

### **#400**

*By Way of Editor – Friday, AUGUST 03, 2007, BILLY JOE SHAVER, will perform at The SONS of HERMANN, DALLAS, TEXAS.*

### **#500**

*By way of Thea and Grace/the writer's garret: Two chances to see JULIA ALVAREZ, Fri. AUGUST 10, 6:30 p.m. & 7:00 p.m. at the Latino Cultural Center, 2600 Live Oak at Good Latimer, Dallas, Texas. Sat. AUGUST 11, 2007, at 2:00 p.m. when she will present her multi-media, family oriented event at The J. Erik Jonsson Central Library, 1515 Young St., Dallas, Texas 75201. Both events FREE to enjoy JULIA ALVAREZ.*

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**end**

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## **REVIEWS by Judy Gordon\* and Carol Gerhauser+**

### **FREDDIE-STEADY'S Wild Country *Lucky 7\****

1. "Say You'll Go," puredee cajun,
2. "What I Got," throw-back, just working

hard for the boss man, 3. “Night Time,” good swaying, looking for some fun, and the music works, following forward with, 4. “Love You Tonight,” that gets you there, 5. “High Lonesome, Country Soul,” bootscooting to some hawaiian swing, 6. “I Like Whiskey,” here’s Saturday night party-time, 7. “(I Hear) Neon Angels Sing,” think we’ve got some high and low Wes McGhee sneaking around here, take a listen to that sound, 8. “You Can’t Judge A Book,” throw-back-old-time-fun, 9. “I’ve Been Framed,” believe we need a country *Mattlock*, and he always wins, 10. “Ride Through Wild Country,” think we’ve got some *rawhide* lurking-get’em-get’em!close to a stampede, 11. “For A While,” just slow moving, and, 12. “Bar Room Balladeer,” right on it, 13. Blue Blue Day, “back to our sad old swing, wrapping up with, 14. “Loser’s Gumbo,” all the music’s *FULL CIRCLE*.

**Contact: [www.nonerds.com/krc](http://www.nonerds.com/krc) ? [freddiesteady@soaustin.net](mailto:freddiesteady@soaustin.net) – Freddie Steady, Steadyboy Records ? 1712 E. Riverside Drive #172, Austin, Texas 78741.**

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### **BUDDY FLETT *Mississippi Sea+***

Of Bluebirds fame (once Nightrain), the band who set a standard for the pop-blues ballad, Buddy Flett from Shreveport (Huey, man) and via a CD/DVD stint with (Thank you) Kenny Wayne Shepherd has recorded a solo album. His unmistakable voice hits us in #1, and a plunkety-plunk guitar, perhaps Kenny Wayne. Though #2 has some good slide guitar, a subdued solo effort, I like #s 3 “I Hear ya Callin’,” 4 and 5 (a bit of hoodoo, please)—the title cut truly connotes the MISERY of working for King Cotton, and “Stony Hill” has a good lyric (bring on the minor chords). Luckily he changes the pace with #6, a rather good, slow version of Freddie King’s famous “Hideaway.”

“Dance for Me” (no, I won’t) reminds me, if anything, of a Burlesque show at the Theater Lounge and has an irritating yet strange drone throughout, but #9 “Run for the Levee” is one to run to the dance floor for, and the words are good, too. In #8, for me being someone who never sang at the kitchen table much less with a preacher there, “Mama’s Kitchen” is vicarious living (Is this in a shotgun shack?).

The great tone (and playing) of the guitar in #10 does Leadbelly’s “Linin’ Track” justice, and “What Have I Done” is so metaphysically good I listened to the whole song (which was a tad too long). And lastly there is a hillbilly stomp with two titles (which are both contradicted in the first line). Yes, I do love Buddy and would buy the LP and likely listen, like when 13, over and over to one side.

Contact: [beaneflett@bellsouth.net](mailto:beaneflett@bellsouth.net), [www.stevehowell.ws](http://www.stevehowell.ws), [www.thebluebirds.net](http://www.thebluebirds.net)

===  
end

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