
~~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
September 01, 2007, number 6

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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

"Dixon One On The Mountain"

by Roxy Gordon – © 2007, "Dixon One On The Mountain"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

"DIXON ONE ON THE MOUNTAIN"

One climbs the mountain idly. He carries his hands in his pants' pockets and picks his footing on loose rock carefully, half occupied with his climbing. He started for a cave two hundred feet up; a tiny ill-formed cave good only as protection from rain and to be an adventure for children. At the mouth of the cave, he turned and looked back down to the picnic table where his wife sat with four Indian children and scattered bread crusts and burned marshmallows. He found two other kids, the smallest, climbing after him and he was not pleased. He wanted to find a place to be by himself; to sit and consider his IA draft classification. The kids, two little Indian girls, one with sandy blonde hair and freckles, scrambled up sliding sharp fragments of rock and stood beside him, immensely pleased with themselves. The one with freckles asked him how the cave was made, and looking at it, the way it exists on a cliff face of solid rock, he supposed it was a buried cavity before part of the mountain rotted and fell away, exposing it. He told this to the little girl and was slightly sorry she believed it; an ill-formed story made from his ignorance of geology. He had to get away from the children and thought of the top of the cliff—directly above him perhaps twenty-five hundred feet. The mountain looked as if he could climb around the side of the cliff to get to the top. If he can't, no one will know he tried.

So *one* pokes his hands into his pockets and picks his way in the rock, moving to the right of the cave. The children follow and he doesn't tell them to go back; he isn't very good at orders, even to children. He supposes he will send them down after he gets a bit higher; perhaps they'll give up on their own. A hundred feet from the cave, a rock slide slants upward to a cliff face ten feet high. He sees that he can probably gain the top, if he can make it up that perpendicular ten feet. He starts toward it and dislodges rocks that roll away behind him. He warns the little girls and they climb away from the danger, but still follow him. He finds the climb easy and arrives at the ten foot wall in a few minutes. There are a few foot-holds, enough to get perhaps three feet up, but they give out and he finds he cannot go higher. The little girls have stopped and are watching him, wondering if he will make it. He eases back down to the slide and finds to his slight surprise his knees are shakey.

When one is born and raised in flat lands; in a part of Texas where gentle hills are his mountains, then he approaches real mountains always thinking of dying. *One* supposes

as he thinks this that it is a foolish and adolescent thought. Or perhaps he's not old enough to think it yet. Lately, when *one* begins to dismiss death thoughts as adolescent, *one* usually remembers the old man Hemingway poked a shotgun into his mouth and pulled the trigger. *One* remembers the innumerable suicide stories he received when he edited an undergraduate literary magazine. His friend once edited the same magazine and his friend's clever but somehow life-less way, put a notice in the magazine he would accept no stories which dealt with the suicide of the narrator, either real or imagined.

At the time, he thought his friend's notice was wise and true, above all adult. Now *one* wonders if it left only real suicide for would-be authors. Would-be author himself, *one* pictures his own suicide from the top of the cliff; *one* considers that he would write about it. He could not, he concludes, without telling again the complete story of his life. Of that he is extremely weary. On his right, is another outcropping of the cliff face. He decides it's worth a try to climb down a little and go around it to hunt a route up. The little girls start to climb again and he considers giving up so they'll go down. But he thinks of standing on the edge of the cliff above the cave, high above the picnic table. Cleanliness occurs to him. So he speaks to the little girls. "You should climb down," he says and without objecting they obey. He walks sideways, sliding a little in the rocks; he follows the cliff edge around, and soon finds he may be right. He can probably make it up here. He turns to look back down and sees that his wife and the girls at the table can see him. Two of the girls are fifteen or so; on the obvious edge of womanhood.

One makes bad grades in math at school because, the teacher says, she reads too many novels. Once he told her mother in her presence that he failed high school chemistry for about the same reason and he hopes she will remember and see what he meant.

One hears a scream and wonders if one of the two kids climbing down has fallen. He scrambles to a place where he might see them. No one at the picnic table is excited, so perhaps it was nothing. He realizes that one of the kids, not the one with freckles, is an extremely foolish little girl and likely to scream at nothing. In a moment the two kids emerge into his view, laughing and running toward camp. Alone on the mountain, he turns and climbs again.

The climbing is some harder than before, but not bad. *One* thinks about his IA draft classification. Canada is sixty miles away; but Canada is not his country. *One* thinks about a letter that came today from an old family friend, a man who's been a Texas legislator, a newspaperman, an officer in World War I. Now a farmer. He wrote about his son—the son is *one's* mother's age—who works for the Corps of Engineers in Fort Worth. He sent along a xerox copy of an article about the son which was published in a newspaper for Federal Employees. *One* remembers the son primarily on a big flat rock in Bull Creek near Austin, Texas, half drunk, and

quoting whole Robert Services' poems from long ago college fraternity memories. The sketch explains the son has been also in the Texas legislature and, a surprise to *one*, in the military service twice. *One* considers his IA classification and the military service twice and half makes up a letter explaining why he can't enter the military service once. A letter he'd be extremely sorry he mailed if he ever did mail it. *One* will not enter the military service. His draft board thinks it controls that decision. But after all, one's body belongs only to one's self.

One supposes that even in the middle of Red China, or whatever place his own mythology calls a police state, no one need really be a slave. *One* remembers an article he once read about a young man who faced the draft by committed suicide. The article, which was actually about over reaction, explained how foolish this was, how the likelihood of the young man dying or suffering in the service was extremely remote. *One* realizes that analysis completely missed the point. From the age of ten or so, *one* has in a way seriously considered suicide. As Writer, he has spent a good deal of time thinking about ego and the control of one's own destiny. *One* thinks he understands Hemingway's shotgun.

As he climbs, he goes over the things he's thinking correcting syntax as if he were writing. Actually he writes very little now. He begins stories with certain magazines in mind, but rarely finishes them. When he does and sends one off and gets it back, he reads the story again and is shocked at how bad it is. Sometimes he digs out copies of magazines that published his stories once and re-reads them. *One* is amazed at how good they were.

The wind is considerably stronger as he gets higher and every once in a while, it flings cold drops of rain into his face. Most of the climbing is easy, just more careful placing of his feet in loose rock. In several places, he has to use his hands to pull himself up and several places he chooses an easier route when the shorter route is probably navigable, but his legs are still shakey and his stomach is a little weak. He realizes that should he fall, the incline being steep as it is and the rock cover being loose as it is, he might not be able to stop himself.

After a while, he begins to encounter trees and he doesn't know exactly where he is in relation to the cliff top he is trying to reach. Finally he comes to another perpendicular rock face, this one tall as the other, but easier to climb. At the top of it, he finds himself almost on top of the mountain and considerably higher than the cliff top. From here, the cliff top is a ledge.

One supposes the IA classification he's just received had put him into a reflective, silly mood. Not that he's actually worried. As one has said, he's long ago realized he need not be drafted. Perhaps one would have to pay a certain price

to avoid it, but if *one* so chooses, it's his own decision. And now actually the possibility exists that the whole problem will be solved soon. He and his wife talked several weeks ago and decided that she should no longer take birth control pills. Because *one* does not completely trust them medically. And for other, less well defined reasons. Now she is several days late and convinced she is pregnant. *One* is not so convinced, but the possibility of it seems fair. If this be the case, then several new problems present themselves. Instead of the draft, *one* must worry about supporting a third human being. *One* considers the people he graduated from high school with, the ones with families now. They're working for gas companies and milk companies. Teaching school. *One* knows he cannot physically nor mentally do this kind of thing. *One* has tried and found his employers left wanting. *One* would be a Writer. He has a written a book which is so personal that he's told his wife, "Anyone who doesn't like the book doesn't like me." He's tried two publishing houses, neither of which want it. The second sounded encouraging, but he hasn't sent it off again. He has considered himself a feeler of the public pulse and student of myth, *one* one supposes his intuition is telling him the pulse does not beat for his myth just now. But *one* does not altogether trust his intuition.

The wind up here is so strong that it blows his sun shades off his face. The rain seems a little heavier and he considers the possibility of a thunder storm catching him. He thinks about lightning and how he would be an ideal target for it climbing down the bare ledge to the cliff top. He remembers reading somewhere that when lightning strikes, a charge jumps up from the object struck to meet the charge coming. He doesn't know if this is true, nor does he know enough about physics to judge. But the idea fascinates him; a real physical part of his own body leaping away, controlled by some force beyond any man's control. *One* spent several hours last night drinking too much beer and talking to a young Lutheran pastor about God.

One stands at last on the very spot he wished to stand upon. Directly below him, his wife and the Indian children aren't aware he's looking down. Of course, they have to see him. He picks up a rock the size of a soft ball and flings it off. It hits another ledge twenty feet below and careens spinning off out of sight down the cliff, crashes into a slide and rocks roll all the way to the creek that runs past the picnic table. Now they look up and yell something, but he can't hear exactly what. He pokes his hands back into his pants pockets and looks around. To the north, he can see all the way to the border, he supposes. Nothing there but the rolling bare prairie that makes up the reservation and most of northern Montana. In all three other directions, the Little Rocky Mountains. Once the scene of gold mining, now supporting only one prospector. Once the

northern end of the owlhoot trail, where Kid Currey came home to hide and killed Pike Landusky; now nobody comes, not even tourists. He throws other rocks off and watches them bound out into the long fall.

One looks down again at the picnic table and thinks about the two fifteen year old girls—a little young. *One* reflects with little humor that if he spent less time concerned with sex he might get more writing done.

Now he is in a great hurry to get down. He climbs back up off the ledge onto the mountain top and from there sees a way. It is to the left of the cave, the opposite side of the way he came up. Only one place on his trail looks difficult. Another of those perpendicular cliff faces, this one not far from the same size as the others. From where he is now, he can't tell if it will be possible to get down it or not, but his hurry is such he doesn't stop to think.

One wonders a good deal these days why he doesn't write more. He seems to be as satisfied with day to day living as with writing. He seems to enjoy gossip as much as creation. A trait which sometimes disgusts *one*.

The first few hundred feet of descent are relatively easy. Half way down, he spots a white toilet up the creek from the picnic table. It's still a good distance to it, but much less than the other route. Then he comes to the cliff face. He kneels down to check it for footholds and finds it almost smooth. He seems to have no choice except to climb back up and take the other way down. But he can't bring himself to do that. Twenty feet down, a soft drink can is laying on the loose rock; if someone brought a coke up, then the trail on down must be easy. He must only get over this ten foot drop. Gingerly he slides over the crest, his back to the rock wall, his boot heels digging into it. Most of his weight on the palms of his hands. He finds footholds of sorts and works his left hand down.

He thinks he'll be able to inch down this way. But then he finds he can get no further, and the strain on his hands and arms is such he cannot remain like this. He tries to worm back up and cuts his left hand. He sees blood on the rock and for the first time realizes he is in a fairly precarious situation. He discovers he cannot get back up. By working his hands, he has gotten into a slightly more comfortable situation, but now the wind is dislodging the slide above him and rocks the size of baseballs come bouncing down.

Should one hit his head, it could be serious. He looks at the soft drink can; such a short distance down, a five second walk. The slide below the cliff is like the others he's climbed, inclined steeply and covered with loose sharp rocks. If he jumps, he doubts he can control his landing. Perhaps he is in a great deal of trouble, but he is not particularly afraid.

He has found a long time ago, to some surprise and much pleasure, that he is never afraid in the face of actual danger. After he was shot in the hunting accident, his face and chest soaked in blood, he walked a mile home and found that he was only angry at himself considering the possibility he might die, not afraid.

Scouting the creekbank around his cabin on dark nights when Indian youths came drunk to steal, he found himself exhilarated, not at all frightened that they might somehow overpower him. He is not afraid, but has real concern that he is going to hurt himself. The wind keeps dislodging rocks, and he decides he has no choice. He does his best to push himself away from the cliff as he jumps. As he supposed, he cannot stop; he rolls and slides on the rocks; he struggles to keep himself sliding feet first, and manages at least, not to fall completely head first. A pine tree stops him. First he checks his pants to see if they're ripped and they're not. He doesn't seem to be hurt except for his hands; both are bleeding, the right one fairly badly. He catches hold of limbs and stands up. He's not a lot shakier than he was, he discovers, and starts to finish the climb down. He remembers the soft drink can and looks back to try to see it. It seems to be gone; he supposes the rock slide carried it away or buried it.

In five minutes, he is out on the canyon floor, two hundred feet down stream from the picnic table. His wife and the Indian children wave at him and he waves back. He kneels down at the creek and holds his hands in the cold water. *One* watches the stain of his blood disappears in the fast flowing stream.

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end

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(Coming next issue will have Roxy Gordon's "*Dying On The Old Campground.*")
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Flash Fiction

Luncheon by Rita Webb

"What is she thinking?" said Wendy, as a few of them sat in the fashionable Ragged Claw for their regular Tuesday luncheon.

"Who?" said Amy who had just joined the others.

"Lisa," said Katy.

"She met someone online and they're getting married next week," said Wendy.

"You'd think she'd have learned from Ann's mistake," said Katy.

"I'll say," said Mandy. "How's Ann's divorce coming along?"

"Refresh my memory on what happened?" said Jennifer.

"Ann met someone on the Christian Singles website," said Wendy. "Online, he told her that he was a college professor, and he posted a really good photo of himself. She fell for it, and he came down here from South Dakota or Iowa or somewhere, and they got married after two weeks of dating."

"Oh yes. After the marriage, she discovered that he didn't even have a college degree. Instead of throwing him out right then and there, she continued to live with him for six more months."

"State divorce law calls it 'cohabitation' and rules out an annulment. Meanwhile, she lost her house, and they had to move to an apartment."

"Does she love him?"

"Not if she's divorcing him."

"Or how about Kristen who met that ex-convict online? At least she had the courage to get an annulment as soon as she found out."

"Why are they all so eager to get married? I don't know of any internet romance that's turned out good."

"Like Jason's mail-order bride from Russia. He thought he was getting a nice docile little peasant girl."

"*There's* a soap opera!"

"How's that coming along?"

"She told me that he's cruel because he won't allow her to see other men. I reminded her that that's what marriage is all about: monogamy. He wants a divorce, but she's crying that he can't divorce her until she gets citizenship. If he divorces her now, she'll be deported."

"Isn't Jim handling his divorce?"

"If he is, she'll get deported for sure. Jim Berling is one lawyer you want on your side."

"Those internet marriages are awful. Remember Stacy? She met that guy online, and he lived about sixty miles away. When they finally met, it was love at first sight for her. He was looking for someone to pay his bills."

"I remember when she showed me her ad: 'Petite redhead with the Pebbles

hairdo.' Conveniently forgetting to mention that she weighs two hundred pounds," said Wendy.

"Yeah. They got married, she got pregnant, and then they got a divorce before the baby was born," said Jennifer.

"I heard that she's applying for welfare because she's got five kids under the age of ten, and can't afford the babysitter if she *could* go to work."

"What can she do?" said Mandy.

"Not much. She dropped out of high school when she got pregnant with the first one."

"Her mother's on welfare, y'know," said Katy.

"That lifestyle seems to run in families," said Amy. "Anyway, these online romances are so stupid. I can't imagine why anyone would think it would work," saying to herself, *At least I ran a background check on Kevin Kaiser. He's everything he said he was: a published author and poet, and I'm his muse. 'Our love will grow wider, deeper than any sea,' he wrote for me.*

Wendy had grown quiet, thinking, *They'd freak out if they knew about Kevin Kaiser and me. But it's different for us. He's writing poems about the beauty of our online romance. The life of a muse is sooo fabulous. Someday, it'll all come out. I'm doing this for posterity. 'Our love will grow wider, deeper than any sea,' he wrote about us.*

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end

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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

6115 La Vista

Dallas, Texas

Phone: 214-827-4860

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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

by Carol Gerhauser © è September 01, 2007, Dallas, Texas

SUMMER TRAVEL Part 1

Summer always makes me think of travel. Since I'm locked up it's amazing I can

“feel” the warmth in the morning, which still reminds me of Southern California, at all. It just seeps in or looks that way from the top bunk in a room of eight on a floor of 20 such rooms. Summer was always a tedious time for me, being a school teacher for so many years, especially living as I was in Dallas whose June, July and August temperatures are around 100 degrees after noon. I never traveled much until my divorce, and, being a creature of enormous habit, rarely traveled then finding my way four out of six times to even hotter climes such as Austin and Southern France. It seems San Francisco is the only cool spot in the country this time of year, and it has been five years since I was last there. Minnesota turned out to be a humid, hot and bug-infested part of the world w/ handsome drug addicts and Nordic types as counselors and ex-users. A lot of good that sojourn did me, a sex-addict of sorts as well, who responds in the most prurient ways to members of the opposite sex. No wonder I’m not married any more, I never grew up in the “family way” as my mother would have wished and still does. Who was hurt more by this outcome is still anybody’s guess.

In retrospect from this boring vantage point on the tip of society’s proverbial boot-toe there is another dilemma that I have all too much time to deliberate. The things I could have done versus what I should have done plague me daily—how at 41 can I recapture the eccentric spirit of the 70’s or the vacuous nonchalance and realm of artistic endeavor of the 80’s? Now it’s the 90’s and I look a lot at society as a whole, its perjured upper class and its middling middle class but worst of all, from being in here, the frantic lower class which seems to be getting bigger and lower all the time. Colonial America, as it were, seems to be groaning under the weight of its history of injustice and Eurocentric greed—the American dream dashed on its rocks of Gibraltar, democracy and, yes, capitalism. It’s every man for himself in the truest sense of the words including, of course, the wife and kids and any other officious friends that need and give back-scratching service. I guess it varies little from ancient times or Ireland in the 18th century or Sodom and Gomorra, so as Alfred E. Newman would say “What me worry?” if thousands suffer at the hands of a few, especially if I’m among the few or somewhere in the middle. I stare unblinking into the face of stark reality, the copulating, escapist realm of societal deprivation and self-renunciation that predates this century in its manner if not its form. I’m sorry, I think to myself as many hours a day I’m awake to see it exist. Perhaps first hand the gravity is more affecting and engaging, whereas I know so few others that acknowledge the situation much less are concerned with or, even less, involved in its remediation.

Here among foodstamp recipients, thieves, and least of all patriotic ingrates, I yearn for the exclusive environment from whence I once came. I’m

told and reminded daily of the bliss and decency of well-to-doedness that I have missed and mockingly am deluded as to my future in this almost unrecognizable stream of thought and life-style. As middle age sets in sans kids and economic direction, I wonder and agonize at the prospect of retrieving misspent youth and adulthood which are as if they never existed. Hope which is all we have is a well-known privilege granted by some intangible force in the universe and holds true, I guess, for all, even those with whom I now dwell in limbo waiting for a reprieve from the governor or the state of Texas. Various individuals play their parts in this system of condemnation and the meting out of injustice, a balancing act of right vs. wrong, good vs. evil—on a socio-economic basis, the pot calling the little kettles black!

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(Continue Carol Gerhauser's "Summer Travel" to PUTT no. 7.)
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Carol Gerhauser provided a collection of her poems entitled "Her Clean Up Days," in *Picking Up The Tempo*, journal – number 3, September 06, 2001.
[She can be contacted at e-mail Clgerhauser@aol.com]
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OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY
"The Planet of the Cats" comes from *Trash and Treasure*,
©è 2005 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma
=====

"The Planet of the Cats"

Another planet lies
in her alien eyes.
At night she sits
watching me, taking
measurements, assessing
my worthless. Her glance
is loving but condescending,
as if to say, "You're okay
for a mere human."

She enjoys her earthly
moments, yet remains
detached, seems
otherworldly, dreams
of neon constellations,

and sees things that only
she can see.

I whisper in her
delicately pointed ear,
"Take me with you
when you return,"
imaging the furred
darkness, stars
gleaming like cats' eyes,
the planet of the cats.

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end

(Next issue will hopefully have Jennifer Kidney's new poems.)

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:

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Norman, Oklahoma 73069

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ART COELHO WRITES

Art Coelho,
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Big Timber, Montana 59011

A Rare Gem in One's Vision

Without struggle, there is no art. Without pain, beauty shows her stark shallow side. Without suffering, the light stays forever pale. Without the anguish in one's soul, the admiration of the spirit is weak. Without death: family death, death of friends, life would have less meaning because the loss of heart and soul shows you what you must overcome to grow in a new way. The appreciation of opposites comes when they meet from two extremes, and level out in such a way that makes them a rare gem in one's vision. Without vision, there is no ambition. Without truth, there is no mission. Without enlightenment, the soul cracks its mirror; the reflection of it drifts coldly away into the hind tit of oblivion.

– Art Coelho

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end

(Next issue will have Art Coelho's "An Old Laborer's Hands.")

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KAREN X WRITES
PUTT no. 6, 2007 © è

TO BE READ LIKE A BIRD

Red Bird¹

like a burst of pursed lips
perching

... waiting for me?

Filled and round
a branch its grounded halo

Hello! little fat Red Bird!
Thinking what you think

an open window, mine and yours—
I see squirrels squabbling and other birds,
like fleeting small thoughts
circling, making the rounds of the corners of the mind

Framing that Red Fame of what
I Want to Be
Beautifully still
and full!

Sweet air, a bough's chair
and choir for my stare gathering
the skirts of our dusk

pushing the thorns of creation
into a blink—its disappearance!!

Oh surprising void now that you're not there—
the bird or you—
Evaporated into evanescences of the present
that is somewhere else now

a warm present, a red bow for the iris—

Later that evening that scarlet bird became my pillow,
as thoughts jammed my bed and looked for comfort.

The picture, clear to me
softened into my ear and carressed my mind,
feathering and fanning the smoking ruin
of so many no exits.

It's okay only to be
To read...and drift...fly...
along
the sea of existence
like wings
I slept on softly like a bird
a red bird.

When I woke up this morning
first thing I did was to look out the window
to see if the red bird was there, worried—

so Essential!

Was it eaten by the dark's nightmares?
Or was it the nightmare?
or just visitations from the other side?

That's how Judy Gordon references people and things she sees on the other side,
and sometimes the other side is here now, eyes wide open.

Many brown regular birds—the extraordinary in the ordinary—
Still, they're not special fat red against the ocean of sky's backdrop.

Squirrels still quarrelling or playing
What the hell do these creature do anyway!
What am I doing (the tree thinks),
Or what are you doing
As far as I know?
Wearing red, like a bird, squawking like a crow,
scurrying like a squirrel

or just perfect...and still—here or there

In a morning's envelope, the message is delivered
read in nature's ink
plainly written—earth's telegram
mind's holograms—a lifelong green book
stained by thought's cereal
a series, non-serially seeking the arial—
The feathered arias sound like Indians—
Indian Me, Indian You

*If you don't know what's going on,
don't let anyone else who doesn't know
what's going on tell you about it.*

Or just look into their eyes and see if there is one Red Bird floating somewhere

If you like air better than dirt, be reborn as a bird—
a wiggle-winged contraband of contractions, similes similar to an invective smiles and
smoke.

Noble worm—Awaken!
a Red Bird pecks the earth
For You!!

¹ [Editor's note: "Redwing" another name for "Red Bird," a song that Roxy Gordon's grandmother, Sarah Jane Bedell [Mrs. John] Bomar, used to sing while house-cleaning. The song title with by line is engraved on Roxy Gordon's tombstone, Talpa, Texas. This bird is also a Choctaw Indian messenger.]

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end

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WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published

TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,

by Karen X.

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RICK SIKES WRITES

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"DISCOVERY"

Through life's wilderness I wandered aimlessly seeking my way

Seldom looking up to see the light of day

In total exhaustion I fell to the earthen floor

My eyes focused upon a wounded but lovely thing

Seemingly an angel felled with broken wing

Said I, "stranger what will be your name?"

A voice spoke softly, "Yours, for our names are the same".

I replied angrily, "That cannot be".

In understanding, the voice spoke again, "Look and you shall see".

"What song do you sing?" I asked as I drew nearer

"Your song, my friend, listen and you shall hear."

"You know me", said I, as the sweet melody began to flow

"From the very first", the voice whispered, "Yes, you I know".

"You are a fantasy, you are imagination, you're not real."

Patiently, the voice said in soft tone, "Satisfy your doubt, touch and feel".

I shouted, "You are the Death Angel come to take me away".

"No, I am faith and compassion left behind yesterday".

I replied, "When others are worthy, why did a wretch like me you select?"

The gentle voice asked, "Who is the being my eyes reflect?"

In the kind loving eyes sparkled an image of me

Not the hopeless, cast-out soul I thought myself to be.

The Spirit smiled and said, "I saw your need and I came".

Respectfully, I asked, "How can you help me when you yourself are lame?"

"Truth, but my wound does not exceed your own.

My friend, together we shall mend and then travel on,

Walking slowly and cautiously, gradually regaining our strength.

In confidence and with patience, our stride will soon reach full length.

For in peace, love and understanding you shall stay.

In your heart, I will dwell, no matter how hard the way."

Leaving behind the dark wilderness, where lost I had been,

To tread upon a sure path that is lighted from within.

By: Rick Sikes

Written while incarcerated in Leavenworth Penitentiary locked in the "hole".

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.

PETER O'BRIEN WRITES

"Don Gibson's Guitar"

by Peter O'Brien, © September, 2007, Surrey, England

"DON GIBSON'S GUITAR"

I'm looking at the sleeve

of an album called "I Wrote a Song,"
recorded back in '63
by the great songwriter, Don Gibson.

There's his photo on the back
in black and white, with guitar in hand
that he played on every track,
recording with an A-team band.

Guitar's a Gibson, of course,
the Super 400 archtop.
First made in 1934,
play it once and you'd never want to stop.

I went to Nashville in '93
and played the usual tourist game.
The Ryman, Grand Ole Opry,
then the Country Music Hall of Fame.

There it was in a glass case.
Don Gibson's guitar, locked away.
A museum piece, last resting place.
His ghost still plays it along Broadway.

I'm looking at the sleeve
While listening to the album, "I Wrote a Song,"
Recorded back in '63
by the great songwriter, Don Gibson.

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end

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

LANEY YARBER WRITES

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

by Laney Yarber © è September, 2007, Fort Worth, Texas

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

Who would have imagined upon re-reading

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, which I performed in as a teenager in the 60's, that it would portend the story of my life.

Every husband real or pretend I ever had was Stanley Kowalski, a Capricorn. It doesn't say, but Stella was obviously a Taurus, gullible. Every sister I ever had real or imagined was a Virgo. Usually the plantation slipped through her fingers and I was left with the lies, the liar, and the baby, thanks Tony.

But even more telling, now in middle age, is the forward by Tennessee Williams, on the wages of success and/or failure, and the who we are before and after.

We must get back to the beginning, or before, to continue to create who we are; "Loss, Loss, Loss, unless you devote your heart to its opposition."

===

end

LANEY YARBER

Performance Artist

4818 William's Spring Road

Fort Worth, Texas 76135

Phone: 1-800-544-1037 or 1-817-238-9567

Contact: email laneyy@sbcglobal.net

Known for her play **6'4," Director and Performer.**

The play was included in **365 DAYS PLAYS,** in Fort Worth, Texas, April, 2007.

www.laneyy.com

SHOWS AVAILABLE FOR TOUR

Dharma Broads I: Readings,

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Part II: SkinCare

JUDY GORDON PAINTS

#1500

Donna, an Assiniboine Girl, media: acrylic on canvas board, date: c. 2001, print available by request.

Current whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Minerva Allen, Lodge Pole, Montana.

Judy's comments:

Daughter of John and Minerva Allen, adopted sister to Roxy Gordon.
When Donna came of age at sixteen, Minerva sent me a photo of Donna dressed in her full Assiniboine outfit to make sure the young Indian girl's outfit was correct.

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

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end

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "Cowgirl.")

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

By way of Marq: A chance to see **LUCINDA WILLIAMS**, coming to Dallas, Saturday Night **Sept. 15, 2007**, at the Historic **LONGHORN BALLROOM** (214-428-5900), **216 CORINTH** (at Industrial), Dallas, Texas. **WINNER** of Multiple Grammy Awards, New Album: **"WEST"** on Lost Highway Records, **TICKETS ON SALE NOW** www.frontgatetickets.com or at **BILL'S RECORDS** on South Lamar, Dallas, Texas. Also appearing at the **AUSTIN CITY LIMITS MUSIC FESTIVAL** on SEPT. 16th, for more information: <http://www.acltfestival.com/default.aspx>.

#200

By way of Grace Kenny/writer's garret: **OPEN HOUSE** with **BOBBIE ANN MASON** and the Southern Tradition, **WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 7:30 P.M.**, **Pot Luck Dinner & a Preview**, Upstairs at **Paperbacks Plus Bookstore**, **6115 LaVista Dr., Dallas, Texas, 75214**, more info. call: **214-828-1715**.

#300

By way of Lu Mitchell: **SEPTEMBER HOOTENANNY**, Saturday, September 8, 2007, 7:30 P.M., contact Hostess, Mary Ann Miller, Plano, Texas, 972-424-7844.

~~~~~**DALLAS FOLK MUSIC SOCIETY NEWS**~~~~~

**#400**

***By way of Editor:*** **TERRY ALLEN**, Thursday, **SEPTEMBER 6, 2007**, at **THE SONS of HERMANN, DALLAS, TEXAS**.

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**end**

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

## **ROBIN SYLAR (Walk on the Wild Side) *Bust Out+***

In my fantasy band, Robin Sylar was always my guitarist having seen him at a patio gig jumping from TABLE TO TABLE playing like Hendrix.

His superb perfect guitar on this CD leans toward surf music on the title cut (no, I don't remember the Ventures from Boulder, Colorado), and "Dynamite Nitro" is WAY good with some novel chord changes (not "all this melted similarity" to quote a friend),. "Bertha Lu," sung by bassist/percussionist Phil Bennison, has the cutest lyrics like "conjugate with you" (a foreign language teacher?). Some good instrumentals are "Scratchy," a bit too modern rockabilly number with BAGPIPES, and "Delivery Boy" (or "Wild Cherry"—one was left out) which is a horrible white boy (ick) slow blues. "Double Dip" has all the guys playing "putty good," and the organ is especially cool. I like "Steel Trap"—it's a scary percussive instrumental with minor rockabilly chords perhaps written for Queen of the Britons—and "Wild Angels," bikers or good ol' boys, has a bit of likable Siler weirdness mostly at the end.

I have left out 2, 8, 9,11, and 14. "Louisiana Lava Man" is sexual (you nasty boy), "Dux" is a good all-around song, "Taken for a Ride" is 6 ½ minutes of a bad thing, "Queen of the Hop" is typical, and "Made up my Mind" really rocks. But here's the rub; like with other great guitarists around here (JLV and MM not to name a few), someone else should sing. In other words, all are good songs (except #9).

Finally "Flashback" (on life or someone's Viet Nam), with HELICOPTER noises a la Sir Paul, is just too cool, maybe the best track on the record. Its Rahsaan Roland Kirkish ending goes on and on like "I Want You" or "Only the Beginning" and uses the S- word too shyly and frequently even for my taste. But the God damn guns at the end break my heart.

**Contact Race Records P.O. Box 470491 Ft. Worth, Texas 76107**

[www.robinsylar.com](http://www.robinsylar.com)

## **ROD RUSSELL IDES *Crazy In Love+***

Rod Russell Ides, not one for understatement, bares his soul on this ten-song tribute to love. He gets silly on #5 "Excuse Me" (nice slide guitar), is pretty explicit on "Loving Touch", and leaves little unsaid in "Angels Unforgiving" where the rockin' music is good and has a bridge and refrain. The musicians and singers are stupendous (though Ira can't seem to find his George), and the lyric on "Let's Start a Fire" is cool.

So how about that #6, Edie Brickell's "Leanin' Towards Lovin' You" which is substantial (sans violin, please)! We like "Love Me Down Easy", and the title cut "Crazy in Love" has a south of the border feel and cute lyric. The CD ends with "Just Like an Angel" sharing the secret—that songwriting is sacred.

[To order, Contact: [queenofspain@msn.com](mailto:queenofspain@msn.com)]—[[www.rodmusic.net](http://www.rodmusic.net)]

**RICK SIKES & THE RHYTHM REBELS** *Recordings From The 60'S\**  
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3. "COUNTRY DJ" *down right old-fashion, telling us DJ'S NECESSITIES,*
4. "COUNTRY MUSIC STATION" *without them we'd be awfully lonesome,*
5. "DEN OF SIN" *brings us a CHOCTAW chuckle, listen to what happens,*
6. "VALLEY OF TEARS" *title tells us all.*

*Rick & Brother Bobby hanging with others, this CD perks up parties.*

**RIJAN Music – \$10.00 plus handling and postage.**

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

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**end**

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**Marquetta Herring, Contact: [marq@lonestarwebstation.com](mailto:marq@lonestarwebstation.com)**

**#200**

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**Dallas, Texas 75215**

**Phone: 214-421-1500**

**billsrecords@earthlink.net**

**MUSIC COLLECTABLES**

**CD'S = RECORDS = TAPES**

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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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**6. BREEDS,** by ROXY GORDON ©è words & artwork, 2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon \$10.00 book, #3700, 66 pgs.

**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.

**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**

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**\*\*\*\*\* HOW TO ORDER\*\*\*\*\***

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