
~~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 a DEXTEROUS NEW
up VOICE in Country
The Tempo from the ~ Music
a country HALF ~ SAVAGE
western Southwest
journal Copyright (c) 2007: Wowapi Productions/708 Chandler Drive, Garland, Texas

PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal
October 05, 2007, number 7

(c) 2007, Judy Gordon,
708 Chandler Drive
Garland, Texas 75040-7775
Phone: 972/485-0990 or e-mail: **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

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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ROXY WRITES

"Dying On The Old Campground"
by Roxy Gordon - (c) 2007, "Dying On The Old Campground"
[Edited by Judy Gordon]

"DYING ON THE OLD CAMPGROUND"

As far as the eye could see, the Carnage Pike was covered with a blue snake called The Army of the Potomac. It moved forward at the infantry's pace. Somewhere in the ranks, a soldier sang:

"Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for war to cease; many are the hearts,
Looking for the right to see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight, dying on the old
campground."

"Shuddup," another growled, and he did.

It was the middle of the afternoon, and these men had been marching since early in the morning. The Army of the Potomac had a date in the Wilderness on the following day, but the marching soldiers, and in fact, General Grant himself, didn't know that. They only knew they were going to war, and were in a hurry to get there.

They were tired and they were hot, and among the tiredest and the hottest was a young warrior of three weeks named Norman Coburn. Once he imagined he would love this army life; three weeks of boredom and dust had changed his mind somewhat. But as he marched, he drifted into a familiar dream world in which he led his men against the Rebels and into the very heart of Dixie.

"There goes Norman Coburn, boys; look at that devil charge those Rebels! Let's go boys; let's follow Norman right into those Rebels' guts! Charge!"

Norman suddenly returned to the present as he ran into the marcher in front of him.

"You fool kid," shouted the marcher, "didn't you hear the order to halt for the night?"

"I'm sorry," murmured Norman, and he hurried off with his mess group to prepare for the night. The evening meal was served, and the army rested. Some sang; some wrote letters; some told jokes. One soldier spoke in undertones for fear an officer would overhear; softly he chanted:

"Our father who art in Washington, Uncle Abraham be thy name. Thy will be done at the South as at the North. Give us this day our daily ration of crackers, salt horse, and pork. Forgive us our shortcomings as we forgive our quartermaster. For thine is the power, the soldiers, and the niggers for the space of three years."

Short bursts of laughter bubbled up and died. The speaker was tall and slim with the hardness of a veteran, but he had not yet reached his twentieth birthday. He had a large mop of black hair, and his eyes were filled with dancing devils.

The army slept, or at least some of them slept. Some of the veterans considered that the terrible battle of Chancellorsville was fought on this very spot. Surely the leaders of those warring armies would not choose to fight here again. Not after that terrible slaughter when the trees and thick underbrush caught fire and burned the wounded to death as they cried and screamed in horror. Oh God, no, not another battle like that. And even as they remembered, they could hear the distant rumble that meant the Rebels were marching.

Norman Coburn did not sleep either; he thought of the battle that would come on some tomorrow. And he wondered how he would react. He dared not admit it, even to himself, but he wondered if he would fight or run.

The boy whose eyes were filled with dancing devils lay thinking, too. On this night, he remembered the girl. The girl was small and soft and blond, and he loved her. Or did he? He considered that he did because he felt a yearning when he thought of her. Yet what is this love? She was the only girl he had ever been around so much; she was the only girl he had ever kissed. Perhaps he would have felt the same about any girl under the circumstances. Perhaps he should mingle with other women in camp. Yes, then he would know if he loved Elizabeth, that was her name; then he would know. Slowly, sleep overtook him, and his thoughts became muddled. Then he thought no more.

Norman Coburn was awakened, as was the rest of the army, by a booming to the south. At first, he reasoned it was thunder, then the truth came. It was gunfire! It was battle! Before he could pull himself erect, an officer rode by shouting to move out; skirmishers had engaged the Rebels! The army rose, cursed, and trudged south through timber so thick a man could hardly walk between the trees.

Norman found himself beside a tall dark youth whose eyes were filled with dancing devils. For a while they walked silently, listening to the sounds of battle. Finally the youth spoke, "I'm Jacob Riley."

"My name is Norman Coburn," Norman answered, "Is this your first battle?"

"No," smiled Jacob Riley, "I've been in the army two years."

"I just joined three weeks ago," admitted Norman.

"I could tell you were fresh from the look on your face when you first heard the battle," laughed Jacob. And for a while longer, they were silent.

As morning came, they were stopped and told to wait. They knelt down in small groups to talk and listen. Some prayed. Norman found himself in the same group with Jacob. They listened to a soldier tell of his experiences in California and soon grew bored of the talk. They drifted off to themselves where they waited and were silent.

Norman no longer thought of his doubtful courage; he did not allow himself to.

Listening to the broken firing, Jacob remembered his first battle. They were charging across a field; a shell struck the man ahead of him in the head. Soft grey brains and bright red blood had splashed into his mouth, face, and onto his jacket. He had tasted the salty taste of blood and the meaty substance of his fellow's brains. And then he had passed out.

Suddenly a mounted officer rode up and ordered the company to form a skirmish line and charge over a small hill. He said the Rebels were on the other side.

"Oh my God, help me!" breathed Norman Coburn in half-prayer.

"Charge!" Norman Coburn found himself running, falling, running forward. Suddenly ahead of him, appeared out of the trees, a ragged line of ill dressed men with long guns. Rebels! On he rushed, caught up in the herd of running men around him. He looked to his side; beside him was Jacob Riley. His eyes were filled with dancing devils. His kepi had fallen from his head, and his long black hair was swept back from his forehead by the wind of the onward rush. Here was a magnificent soldier, a warrior, a killer.

Norman looked ahead again; a man ahead of him screamed and went down. Then the Rebels were close, and he could see their faces clearly. Ahead of him was a Rebel; Norman concentrated all his vision on that one Rebel.

"My God," thought Norman, "he's younger than I am!"

The Rebel saw Norman; he raised the barrel of his rifle until it was pointed at Norman's head! They were only feet apart. Norman realized with disbelief that the Rebel was going to shoot him; he raised his own gun toward him. Almost volunterily, it went off with a great explosion! The Rebel's face was suddenly covered with blood; he screamed and fell forward. Norman paused to reload and then rushed on over the dead and dying, amazed at his own courage.

Jacob Riley was a few feet behind Norman. He, too, had killed a Rebel in the short skirmish. He was reloading when something struck him in the stomach. He thought at first that a soldier had fallen into him and knocked his breath out. He lowered his hand to his stomach; it was covered with a red, sticky, warm liquid. He raised his hand and stared at it; it was covered with blood! Then he was suddenly falling . . . falling . . . falling into darkness. The noise around him became an echo, like the sound in a well. Yes, he reasoned that was what had happened; he had fallen into a well. He had forgotten the blood; he had forgotten everything except that he had fallen into a well. His mother told him not to play around the well, and now, he had fallen. And then it was quiet and he slipped into a pit of sleep.

His side was hot; maybe he was on fire. No, someone else was on fire; he

could hear them screaming. Slowly he opened his eyes; where was he? Why was he lying on the ground? Then he remembered. There was a battle; he was shot. Yes, shot. He felt his stomach.

"Oh God!"

It was a mass of pain and fire. He slipped momentarily back into unconsciousness. Then he awoke again. Where were the other soldiers? Then he saw some of them; they were lying on the ground. Some of them were screaming; some of them were dead. Why was he so hot? Then he realized why; the forest was on fire! The forest was burning, and some of the soldiers, too. It would burn him, and then he would be dead! Dead? What does that mean? He thought he knew, but he cannot remember. Then it was black again.

It was a beautiful; he was walking with Elizabeth. The sky was blue; white clouds drifted overhead. A wild bird sang. He kissed her; she turned and ran. He tried to find her, but she was gone. "Elizabeth!" he screamed, and then he opened his eyes.

The fire was closer. There was someone coming toward him. It could not be Elizabeth; he remembered that she is home in upstate New York. Who was this visitor? He was wearing blue; that meant he was a friend. He was closer; he could see his face. It was that new recruit. What was his name? Was it Noble? No, Norman; yes, Norman Coburn.

"Norman," he shouted, "help me."

Norman Coburn heard the cry and turned around toward it. His head was full of screaming devils. The last thing he had remembered was the Rebel's gun butt striking him on the forehead. Then, only a few moments before, he had come to and began to fight his way out of the burning forest. He recognized the boy whose eyes were filled with dancing devils, but the eyes were dulled with pain.

Suddenly, behind Jacob, he saw a Rebel officer approaching the youth with his sword poised to strike!

"Look out!" screamed Norman, and he threw himself toward the falling blade!

But he tripped and fell across the prostrate form of Jacob Riley. The sword struck him across the legs. He felt a searing pain, and then, a numbness. Even as the officer removed his sword, Jacob seized a revolver lying nearby and shot him in the chest. He fell across the youths.

Norman was unconscious and could not move. The dead officer was lying across him, and both of them were pinning Jacob to the ground as the fire burned closer. A burning tree fell only a few feet from him, and suddenly, as death seemed sure, his fever ridden brain became clear. He thought of Elizabeth, and he was sure he would never see her again. Then he realized that he did love her. In that last moment of life, he had no time to doubt or analyze his feelings; simply, he loved her.

A tree fell across the officer, and suddenly, Norman came to.

"Jacob," he said, "there's a burning tree on the Reb; we've got to get out from under him!"

With all their combined strength, they struggled, and slowly, the officer rolled off them. Now they were free; now there was hope.

Slowly they moved forward away from the flames. They crawled over dead soldiers and discarded equipment. Slowly, painfully, they moved. Sometimes, the fire gained on them; sometimes, they pulled away from it. Norman pushed a dead Yankee out of the way. It struck him that he looked a little like his long dead father. Then the fear swelled up in him like a high tide, and crashed onto the beach of his senses, washing away the thin restraint of nerve he had left. This was a war for the good of men and their freedom; all wars were. But he was a man, and what good was it doing him? He was dying out here among dead strangers, far from home.

"To hell with the niggers! To hell with Abe Lincoln!" He screamed the words.

"Settle down, Norman,!" commanded Jacob, "we'll make it."

Sobs shook Norman's body, but he crawled on. Then ahead of them, they saw safety. It was a creek; it was crowded with men, but it would stop the fire! Norman crawled faster, but he realized Jacob was no longer beside him. He looked back. Jacob was lying still; he had passed out again.

"Oh God, no!" cried Norman, "not when we are so close!"

He turned and grasped Jacob and tried to drag him, but the strain was too much. Blackness began to converge on Norman; he looked toward the creek. Soldiers were running toward them. The blackness engulfed him, and he knew nothing.

Jacob Riley heard a creaking, like wheels turning. He realized that he was moving. He opened his eyes. He was in a wagon; there was a bandage around his stomach. Norman Coburn was lying beside him.

"Norman," he said, "what happened? I passed out right after we saw the creek."

"I know," said Norman, "so did I. Some men from the creek saw us and came out after us. We're on our way to a hospital tent now. Jacob," he continued, "I'm sorry I went to pieces out there."

"Sure," answered Jacob, and they rode the rest of the way in silence.

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end

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(Coming next issue will have Roxy Gordon's "A Land Without Indians.")
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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

(c) (06 October 05, 2007, Dallas, Texas

(continued from PUTT, number 06, September 01, 2007.)

SUMMER TRAVEL Part 2

It's one of those days when lesbianism doesn't seem so far-fetched,
and I can't bring myself to make comments on passing conversations for fear

I'll be stooping to that proverbial level to which I've been totally reduced. Silence in this case is not stifling, only strange since even meaningless drivel has its place in my mouth lately. At least it allows me to participate in my milieu and rekindle that tried to be forgotten world of humor and unconcern for possibilities to which I have borne physical witness most of my recent life. It's an important matter that I am getting fat while looking emaciated from the waist up, and I feel like a zombie for some hidden reason like if I had all my faculties intact I would somehow feel even more frustrated at this overall predicament than I already do. It's best, as they say, to let sleeping dogs, or in my case fantasies, lie. I've got plenty of time to awaken them in the long imprisoned run. There's much too much to overlook, forget, and ruminize over in here, and my fragility of emotions is an excuse for now to avoid confronting the depth of my fears and desires. Reading even takes me away from the little bit of activity that I can participate in on an hourly basis-stymies my least attempt to communicate with my fellow victims of the system, and foolish delight, of course at present I'd call it squandering of talent in any case though mine is particularly important since I'm not only trapped "inside" with my thoughts and anxiety but also inside this body and brain that is exclusively mine and my dilemma. The meaning of existence, also an issue that can be only guessed at, occupies my being during the long days and sleepless nights as I await each coming moment as if a doom. Sure, I can act as if I enjoy things and care about others around me, but it seems a contrived behavior that a lazy person like myself can postpone until a more natural time, though most of the time I do care and wish I would try. Ho hum, that's the story of my prodigal life, to hope, wish and wait to please myself and others but with absolutely no effort or respect for the necessity and formula for happiness. I'm always searching for that operant level of consciousness so dear to my heart and near to my needs. I'm blinded rather than guided by the light of self-actualization and productivity and shrug my abilities off to the tune of "Many are called but few are chosen." Cop out as Etheridge said is the penitentiary motto as well as the one in a day in my life. This is as bad as it gets it seems, but knowing not to speak too soon, I prefer to pretend that all things happen for the best, or better, and maybe even for a reason, disasters, loss, even death included. Though usually a stranger in a strange land, there's something hauntingly familiar about all of this, I'm happy to occasionally note, and my fear of the outside world magnifies until I hate the thought of finding my place in it after my "release."

One thing I'm learning to control is the huge amount of anger I feel and want to direct at any moving target within my vocal reach. Ruffled at the slightest discord or invasion of my private program of thought, I try to keep a perspective including lack of sleep and mental and spiritual situation in regards to my environs within and without. My social blunders are contingent upon the attitudes and lifestyles of others so sometimes I'm happy just to forget the contrivances of and abuses heaped upon me by the outside world.

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(Continue hopefully more of Carol Gerhauser's new work.)
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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 **Error! Bookmark not defined.**]
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OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY

"The Planet of the Cats" comes from Trash and Treasure,
(c) 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 worthiness. 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,"
imagining the furred
darkness, stars
gleaming like cats' eyes,
the planet of the cats.

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end

(Editor's note: to appreciate her poem, your getting Jennifer Kidney's poem again without typos.)
(Then next issue be on the lookout for her, Jennifer Kidney's "Rough Road Ahead.")

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: **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

ART COELHO WRITES

Art Coelho
P.O. Box 249
Big Timber, Montana 59011

"An Old Laborer's Hands"

There's something solemn in an old laborer's hands; something that adds nobility to the working class. And when the layers of calluses and gnarled fingers find their contrast, it's in the filtering down dust from footfalls in a plowed field, from caked black lines in the rings around the sweat-dried stains on the neck, and in the dark sustained particles under the fingernails that have never known the sophistication of a manicure.

I've seen so many scarred knuckles and solvent-soaked palms in the furrows of my father, on the hands of men like Dave and Paul and my Uncle Manuel cleaning the cotton-picker spindles in the autumn of purple stalked rows. And out on the road wandering alone the hobo weathering sunburns brings them all back to a leathery raw memory that is always now. I've seen hands drained of blood on milking machines on cold freezing mornings of heavy frost, on the thick silver layers on rubber wheel-tractors in the tule dawn. Thumbs stuck out in the Winnemucca desert for a ride across bar pits and tumbleweeds on their way to work at the mines; rough hands after a day's jackhammer routines reaching down inside a cradle to rock a grandson. I've seen the hands of my mother dishing hunks of roast beef out of a platter in a cook shack to feed the barley harvest crew, and the sweet scent of pie-rolls from her stained potholders. And each time I see these hands so remarkable for their wear, solitary in their humble rewards-they remind me of an America of skill and patience and love, the duty of an irrigator with his siphoning pipes cracking the skin under water, and the fuel of sweat that each livelihood gives to each common task.

Hands give me something simple and vast and lasting as the seasons that have lain by our seeds. They give insight to something that brings the kindling to pride. I feel the precision and the caring in a bunch of Thompson grapes in a valley vineyard that have been cut and laid out in a paper tray to dry into raisins. It's as intimate as seeing the stars on a river levee with a lover for the first time. I've looked forward to watching hired hands in the morning, seeing the mirror of toil in unsung blisters, in shovels slung over the shoulder, somehow the mourning dove in the first light of another workday makes up the only charm of working hands, of men involved in the sweating professions out across this infinite rolling land I call home.

- Art Coelho

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end

(Next issue will have Art Coelho's "A Writer.")

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Art's Fine Art
3 color prints available:
Horsepower, Gossip &
The Portuguese Windmills;
Visual image will be sent:
Error! Bookmark not defined.
Coelho's canvases featured:
Error! Bookmark not defined.
For Sale: Art's paintings

RICK SIKES WRITES A TRIBUTE TO HIS DAUGHTER, MARIE

LITTLE GIRLS AND ROSES

Roses are like pretty little girls

Petals, swirling lovely curls

Sweetly blushes the roses

Angel cheeks, buds like little noses

Tender fragile, blooming at random

Prettiest ones are where you find them

Dew kissed angels from above

Rare beauties, symbols of Love

Delicate and soft, seem they fantasy

Charming warmth assures reality

Thankful am I that both grow

Pretty little girls and the beautiful Rose

By: Rick Sikes

Written while incarcerated in Leavenworth Penitentiary in the 1970's as a tribute to his lovely daughter, Marie, who was born 10-15-61 and passed from this earth on September 18, 2007 and for whom our hearts continue to ache and grieve.

RHYTHM REBEL

Rick Sikes

900 N. Neches

Coleman, Texas 76834

Phone: 325/625-5014

Rick Sikes' CD's For Sale

(c) (Etchings In Stone

RIJAN Music

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Rhythm Rebel,(c)(by Rick Sikes' chapbook, published by Wowapi Press,

1996, 2001, inquiry.

RICK SIKES & THE RHYTHM REBELS Recordings From The 60'S

RIJAN Music - \$10.00 plus handling and postage.

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PETER O'BRIEN WRITES

"Beat Up Old Guitar"

by Peter O'Brien, (c)(October, 2007, Surrey, England

"BEAT UP OLD GUITAR"

I'm this beat up old guitar
riding in back of the truck.
The things I've seen and done,
I can't believe my luck.

I'm a Dreadnought D28.
A Nazareth luthier made me
in a Pennsylvania factory
at the C.F. Martin Company.

I shared the stage with a D45,
we can tell some tales between us,
but like two stoved in bronc riders
we're retired from the arenas.

Went from Brewer Street in Toronto
to Carnegie Hall and Mariposa.
Played at the Newport Folk Festival
and with cowboys in Elko, Nevada.

I went on down to New York town,
hung out with the young Bob Dylan.
Rode aboard the Festival Express
where I partied with Janis Joplin.

I've played every club and honkytonk
along the Canadian border.
Spread cowboy culture songs around,
brought chaos out of order.

I'm quartered up in Alberta now.
Here in this songwriting shack
me and the D45 trade licks,
wishing those days could come back.

I've earned my summer wages,
thrown my notes to four strong winds.
You'll hear me again someday soon
when they replace my worn out strings.

I'm a Martin D28
bought in 1958.....

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end

Peter O'Brien is an author and publisher, Omaha Rainbow, and under his

Sun Storm Records, launched Roxy L. Gordon's music.

KENDALL McCOOK WRITES

"Review of Jason Eklund's CD"

by Kendall McCook, (c) October, 2007, Fort Worth, Texas

Jason was a young man of 21 who had been singing his songs awhile already. I stepped into the café owned by a woman from France. I tasted fresh-ground, smooth black coffee and sat down at a table in the crowded room. Serendipity. He perched on a stool and rocked as he picked one of my father's favorite songs, "Waiting for a Train," by Jimmie Rodgers. Jason wailed and yodeled and made the music come alive. I knew I wanted to work with him then, and he was soon a main feature at many of the music and poetry evenings we celebrated all over New Mexico. Over the past fifteen years I've seen Jason Eklund continue to grow as a performer, and as a musician, he has few peers. But I want to focus on Jason's songs on the recent two-CD production he completed in Nashville, where he now performs and writes songs, while periodically taking to the road performing.

The CDs contain thirty-two songs, all but five written and performed by Jason. The two CDs represent an enormous output of talent and thought. The words are a poet's song set to a range of sounds "too numerous to mention," as the old-time Texas farmers used to say. More than anything else, I associate Jason with the Southern blues, the Austin West Texas sound of a lonesome wind. Jason's years in New Orleans catch the bayou blues in "She Do the Taboo," and the influence of long nights in Memphis, and, once again echoes of Jimmie Rodgers in Jason's classic "Jersey Blue." "Horseshoe Fool" always reminds me of those games with mountain Spanish men like Jimmy Angel, owner and proprietor of Skychief Liquor Store in downtown Springer, New Mexico.

"Homeless in Denver" is Jason's tribute to the destitute thousands on the streets of that rich city.

He writes of places he's lived and worked in, where he has made love and embraced the seasons. One of my favorite love songs, "Where is the Joy of it All," includes the plaintive refrain, "Watchin' leaves change in the fall, there's no joy without you at all."

The most uplifting song from the collection - "When I Saw the Blue Shining Through" - captures Jason's emergence as a poet and as the voice of what seems to me now an America wracked by the Great Bush Depression, a truly lost modern generation; ah, but the sun keeps shining through. Here are all the words to the song, but you'll have to buy the CDs to hear the music:

"When I Saw the Blue Shining Through"

Both sides over there take time to pray
Sixty die in carbomb blasts today
Both sides won't let their dead die in vain
Every day without fear horror reigns
When I saw some blue shinin' through
All the smoke no one could see through
What they so righteously defend
There's a criminal stampede with no end
Those caught up in the middle of war games
Are the ones burned up by the flames
When I saw some blue shinin' through
Hell of a day to have to live through
Twenty-four hour traffic on the road
Everywhere on earth there's a road
Millions of trucks all on the road
Stoppin' for gas off the road
When I saw some blue shinin' through
A wreck they were clearin' as I drove through
Dead of winter clouds hang around
Walk downtown no snow on the ground
Secret eyes of a man at sunset
Who doesn't have a home either, I'll bet
When I saw some blue shinin' through
A damp cold and the wind blows right through
The back of the working class has been broke

Big money scams are riddles not a joke
So serious who has the right to smile
With a grinning evil whose nature will beguile
When I saw some blue shinin' through
Everywhere a flag torn through and through
Faith value truth has its way
Clearing all the questions away
No time to do anything but survive
And be thankful you're one still alive
When I saw some blue shinin' through
My veins that carry pumpin' blood through
Legal happy drugs improve your life
Worth the side effects that may take your life
Blind your psyche to the pain of life
Become a sole prescription with your life
When I saw some blue shinin' through
The dye on white pills that pack you through
Fear fills time to say the least
Praise the Lord and follow the Beast
Photo phones are sellin' on TV
Make no sense at all to guys like me
When I saw some blue shinin' through
A worried man with bills to go through
How did we ever come to this?
Arrogance takes catastrophe as bliss
The whole wild world is having a heart attack
Eyes dim on things we'll never get back
When I saw some blue shinin' through
The skin of a man whose life was nearly through
All dreams have become too vain
To live with and ignore all the pain
Of crisis, that's all that there is
I'll take the truth flat with no fizz
When I saw some blue shinin' through
It doesn't seem like we'll ever make it through
So I'm goin' away now if it's all the same to you

The melody of the song reminds me of "Classical Gas" from the sixties. The deft finger picking accents the words in perfect harmony.

Listening to Jason Eklund - seeing him perform on stage, are rare experiences, moments of truth created by one of America's most eloquent singer songwriters. His work can be found on the web on his MySpace page.

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end

ROY HAMRIC WRITES
"Night Bird In West Texas"
by Roy Hamric

"NIGHT BIRD IN WEST TEXAS"

She comes from Montana
to sleep's edge to stand beside my bed
to press her hands hard
against my feet

A medicine woman, she comes
with lightning rain and wind
in the blue-black norther

They call her Minerva
She doesn't talk
She presses hard
"Yes . . ."

Eyes open to darkness
Air stirs in the kitchen doorway
A doubt
She appears half woman
half bird
looking smiling
laughing at me
looking at her

The next morning
I walk slower
in thought

====
end

Roy Hamric was the editor of the former weekly newspaper, The Desert-Mountain Times, in Alpine, Texas. He edited a collection of newspaper columns, Archer Fullingim: A Country Editor's View of Life, which won the Texas Institute of Letters best work of journalism award in 1976, and he took the photographs for The Big Thicket. For many years, he took photographs which regularly appeared in Wowapi publications.

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JUDY GORDON PAINTS

#1400

Cowgirl 1997, media: acrylic on canvas board, date:1997, dimensions: 11" x 14," current whereabouts of original: ORIGINAL FOR SALE, Garland, Texas.

Judy's comments:

Have original painting in my studio in Garland. Painted this cowgirl leaning against a tall fence near a barn where I grew up on the Fred Spreen ranch where my father, J.D. Hoffman, was also foreman on the ranch. Ranch is south of Highway 67, at Benoit, Texas, close to Ballinger, Texas.

All prints 8 1/2" x 11" archival matte paper available.

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end

(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "Indian Mother and Babe.")

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

BOB and SALLY ACKERMAN - theackermans.com - Here's their SCHEDULE, FREE GRASSROOTS MUSIC FESTIVAL, FLAGPOLE HILL, Sunday Oct 7th, at 1 pm; Oct 20, 2007, 7:30 am-Race For the Cure; Oct 20, 2007, 12:00 pm-Round Up On The Range; Oct 27, 2007, 6:00 pm-13th Annual Chili Supper; April 27, 2008, 12:00 pm-Fort Worth Prairie Fest; July 17, 2008, 8:00 pm-SIS Banquet I; July 25, 2008, 9:00 pm-Texas House; August 14, 2008, 8:00 pm-SIS Banquet II; August 16, 2008, 8:00 pm-SIS Faculty Dinner. Seek out THE ACKERMANS' MUSIC.

#200

By way of Grace Kenney/writer's garret: The Writers Studio presents, to enjoy, ANN PATCHETT, An Evening of Reading and Conversation, at Eiseman Center (Countywide Theatre), 2351 Performance Drive, Richardson, Texas, on Wednesday, October 17, 2007, at 7:30 p.m.

#300

DALLAS FOLK MUSIC SOCIETY NEWS, October 13, 2007, HOOTENANNY, at Frisco, contact Rose Marie Schirmer, 972/712-7005, then don't miss LU MITCHELL and Catch-23, on November 4th, 2007, at UNCLE CALVIN'S COFFEEHOUSE, Dallas, Texas.

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end

~~On Thursdays, check out a Dallas Observer, on Fridays, Dallas Morning News.~~

REVIEWS by Judy Gordon* and Carol Gerhauser+

ANN ARMSTRONG lucky charm*

1. "Pride Goes Before A Fall," you are hit immediately, nothing held back with her voice and that HARMONICA,
2. "Lucky Charm," she makes you want one, too, that mojo charm,
3. "Time," her singing takes you right along with the music,
4. "Too Far To Fall," reminded me of setting around on the ground close to Austin, Texas, once upon a time, we were bluesey folky singers,[where's Joplin?],
5. "If I Had Possession," she does take you on, better be careful,
6. "Out On This Road Tonight," she does make you want to GO; MUSIC FLOWS,
7. "Driving It Out," wraps you up where you've never been before, or maybe you have,
8. "Free," tough, but easy going,
9. "Size 8 Casket," it ain't what you expected,
10. "You Masquerade As A Cowboy," remember WESTERNS, what about Glenn Ford?,
11. "One Thing I Know," believe we know some of these folks,
12. "Jack Of Diamonds," be careful, it ain't easy with this deck.

[Contact: **Error! Bookmark not defined.** or **Error! Bookmark not defined.**]

HOTRAILS 7" Single+

What do 50,000+ under 30 kids in Austin listen to?-not Tish or Lu, I betcha. In fact, if it's punk rock at its reverberating best one seeks, check out the Hotrails 2006 7" single for some youthful ANGST most Baby Boomers have forgot. The A side is "Psychotic Features" written by lead guitar/vocalist Kevin Pearce and buzz-bassist Andy Martin. With his ominous intro and a Heart-like lead lick (and then drummer Trey Robles HITS IT), a chanson extraordinaire unwinds. With back up voices (not the ones that "...won't leave me alone") Pearce goes there ("upstairs [where] the lights go down"-new one on me). The title is finally mentioned, as if we didn't know! Song 2 has long-droning horns that get shriek-scary at the end and has lyrics that tell the PAINFUL truth; fearfully, life imitates art; the world of TV materializes-it's got its own reality, Pearce sez, and the Tsunami sends out to sea folks waving goodbye (I know the words are even better than what I think they say). The "Shakes of Misery" are a tide around me...?

Whatever gave us older folks memory loss-creative explosion is the territory of the young.

Contact info: supersecretrecords.com

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end

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end

Roxy and Judy Gordon Productions - Please VISIT Roxy's Website.
1. TOWNES ASKED DID HANK WILLIAMS EVER WRITE
ANYTHING AS GOOD AS NOTHING. Now available on CD #100. All songs written
by Roxy First Coyote Boy Gordon, (c)(2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon.
All music production by Wes McGhee , (c)(2001, Bug Music \$15.00 CD.
2. SMALLER CIRCLES, lyrics (c)(2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon & Music
production by Wes McGhee (c)(2001 Bug Music \$10.00 CD #200.
Now Available on CD! Wowapi Press Chapbook #1A \$10.00.
3. UNFINISHED BUSINESS, by Roxy Gordon, lyrics (c)(2001, the Estate
of Roxy Gordon. \$6.00 CS, \$15.00 CD #500. Wowapi Press Chapbook #3A \$10.00.
4. KERRVILLE LIVE - 1993. ROXY GORDON, by Roxy Gordon,
lyrics (c)(2001, the Estate of Roxy Gordon \$6.00 CS, \$10.00 CD #600.
5. CRAZY HORSE NEVER DIED. Eleven tracks lyrics (c)(2001, the Estate of
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6. BREEDS, by ROXY GORDON (c)(words & artwork, 2001, the Estate of
Roxy Gordon \$10.00 book, #3700, 66 pgs.
7. SOME THINGS I DID, by ROXY GORDON (c) 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 8 1/2" x 11"
archival matte paper, \$30.00, plus postage and handling.
10. LIVING LIFE AS A LIVING TARGET, by Judy Gordon, poems and drawings,
a chapbook published by Marquetta Herring, Editor-Publisher, PAPERBACKS PLUS

PRESS, 1987; limited quantity available.

11. PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal, current or back-issues, on Roxy Gordon's Website, under Picking Up The Tempo, you will find Archive.

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

13. ANOTHER SPECIAL AVAILABLE - Wowapi Press brings us KAREN X's - TENDER BLUE FLICKERS, 1993, chapbook, \$10.00, plus postage and handling.

14. JULY 4TH, 2007-SPECIAL AVAILABLE-Wowapi Press, 5A, brings us MINERVA ALLEN'S INDIAN COOKBOOK, from Ft. Belknap Reservation, Dodson, Montana. 1988, chapbook, \$10.00, plus postage and handling.

15. LIKE SPIRITS of the PAST TRYING to BREAK OUT and WALK to the WEST by MINERVA ALLEN, 1974, Wowapi Press, 6A, chapbook, includes Judy Gordon's Illustrations, \$30.00, plus postage and handling.

16. Wowapi Black And White Year -- 2008 Art Calendar, 8 1/2"x11" by Judy Gordon, \$10.00, each, plus \$4.00 postage and handling.

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Make check or money order payable to Judy Gordon and mail to:

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Garland, Texas 75040-7775

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~~END~~