
~~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
November 01, 2007, number 8

© 2007, Judy Gordon,
708 Chandler Drive
Garland, Texas 75040-7775
Phone: 972/485-0990 or e-mail: judygordon708@verizon.net

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.

+++++

Contents:

Roxy Writes – A Land Without ... by Roxy Gordon [edited by Judy Gordon],
Carol Gerhauser Writes – Cuz of Sam Cooke ... ,
Observations Of Wild Life, with Jennifer Kidney – Rough Road Ahead ... ,
Art Coelho Writes – A Writer ... ,
Karen X Writes – ... Trees in Montana ... ,
Rick Sikes Writes – Extol From Soul ... ,
Peter O'Brien Writes – All Aboard America ... ,
Roy Hamric Writes – Just There ... ,
Judy Gordon Paints – Indian Mother & Her Babe... ,
Entertainment, BODY TEXT with KAREN X' Workshop, and RICHARD DOBSON...
BY WAY OF VICKI MEEK, SOUTH DALLAS CULTURAL CENTER REOPENING,
CHARLEY MITCHERSON HAS 12 IMAGES IN THIS SHOW ... ,
Don't Forget The HOOTENANNY
Reviews
Classifieds/Links

Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon

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ROXY WRITES

"A Land Without Indians"

by Roxy Gordon – © November 2007, "A Land Without Indians"

[Edited by Judy Gordon]

"A LAND WITHOUT INDIANS"

Certain old histories will tell you that the almost total lack of native Texas Indians is due to a political squabble between the white Indian, Sam Houston, and the white whiteman, Mirabeau B. Lamar. Those two did clash over Indian policy. But those of us with roots deep in this country—the western part of it anyway—we know differently. Those of us with four or five generations of West Texas predecessors know our white ancestors drove away the Indian for a reason vastly more personal than the competition of any politicians. West Texas Indians and West Texas white folks did not care to live as neighbors—both sides were more than a little serious in that opinion. Those weren't just any Indians the whites drove to Oklahoma, they were the Comanche. Comanches were special Indians. It is not mainly due to Sam Houston or to the Texas Revolution or to the Mexican War that Texas is not now a state in Northern Mexico. The Comanches ran the Apaches, the Spanish and virtually everybody else out of most of Texas before the gringos ever got here. They kept the gringos at bay for decades until they were at last surrounded and crippled by the overwhelming mass of expanding white America. And even then they kicked up an admirable fuss. Those of us with four or five generations in West Texas, if we are old enough and we have listened, we have all heard family stories of how men, women and babies were attacked. My grandfather grew up with stories that his San Saba County grandfather and father—who had both been Texas Rangers—told him. Just before he died, my grandfather asked me why I spent so much time with those damned Indians.

That's not a bad question.

First, there was my great-grandmother—that grandfather's mother-in-law. She was too old to work and I was too young. So while everybody else was out working cows or sheep or plowing, we'd be at the house and she'd tell me about her life. She told me about their clash with the Ku Klux Klan in Bell County and the range war in Howard and Glasscock Counties. She told me about the Civil War and she told me about the wagon-full of dead people they found once west of Sterling City. And she told me about Indian blood. I never then wondered why she spoke so often of Indian blood. It was a story like other stories. Only much later did I realize how strange it must have

been for her carrying such a heritage in West Texas scarcely more than a decade after the last Comanche Moon.

There weren't many Indian stories on the other side of my family, but there was the blood and an awareness of it. There was Uncle Earl in Ballinger, Texas, with a face I would see repeated years later among the Assiniboine in Montana. And there was Uncle John in California who had the old tribal enrollment papers. He showed them to Uncle Ralph but wouldn't show them to me because, I guess, he rightfully feared I'd write about it.

But most of all, in those times of my childhood, it was the land itself that whispered to me of Indians—that land without Indians. The country I come from, Coleman County, is not far West Texas, but the country is already of the West Texas prairie/desert. It rolls slightly and it is punctuated by live oak and scrub-oak-covered-hills. Still today no freeways come near; there's no city overflow like in North Texas, no Texas chic real estate boom like in the Hill Country. For most of this century, it has lost population.

Bead Mountain sits on the prairie three miles south of the house on my people's place. It's called Bead Mountain because of the little clay beads once found all over the top. Generations of Indians must have camped there—anyone crossing that country would. From the top, you can see virtually as far as eyeset allows. I spent many a childhood day there and I was visited by many a silent, earth-colored native presence. This was Pehnahterkuh country, the Honey Eater band of Comanches. Some Tonkawas lived a little east and God knows who the Comanche drove out. Adolf Bandelier's map was Cabeza de Vaca walking within sight of Bead Mountain and in de Vaca's reports, there are all those mysterious, long-ago tribes. By almost unanimous archeological agreement, native North Americans have lived in that land at least 20,000 years. The first whites came to stay less than a hundred-and-fifty years ago. No wonder the ghosts aren't gringo.

The last part of the answer to my grandfather's question, though, doesn't involve ghosts nor even Texas. Driven by those whispers (and by whispers of blood), my wife Judy and I left Texas in 1968 to live on the Fort Belknap Reservation in far northern Montana. I was 23 years old and I felt like it was high time I confronted some flesh and blood Indians. We lived in Lodge Pole, ten miles from pavement, forty miles from a whiteman's town. We moved into a one-room log cabin with neither electricity nor running water. The first time I heard drums from an Indian dance across the road at the old log tribal hall—the first time I felt the drums join the blood-surge of my own heart's beating—I knew I'd come to some kind of home.

Minerva Allen still lives in Lodge Pole. She's Assiniboine. She was raised in a very

traditional way by her uncle Andrew Gray who was a medicine man. Her husband John is tribal chairman. Minerva is a poet and she works for the government as some sort of education consultant. She travels around the country and she told me once that no matter where she is, in any room full of people, she can recognize the Indians—be they blond or bearded—or be one a 23 year old Texan from a land without Indians.

It sounds a little like a western movie to speak of being adopted by the Indians, but that's largely what happened with Judy and me. John and Minerva adopted us. With a whole bunch of their own kids (and grandkids by now) and other needfull Belknap kids they cared for, they took us on, too. Starting then, 15 years ago, they have led me increasingly into a vibrant Indian world—and state of mind—that most whites seem to be totally unaware of.

Two weeks ago I got a letter from Minerva in which she asked us to come home and spend a year there eating deer meat and riding horses. Good God, as I sit here in the middle of East Dallas, that sounds like heaven. I fully expect to do just that, but not right now. We've other responsibilities here and in Coleman County now—our own kids and a network of relatives to deal with. And we have the land. Not only did John and Minerva give me a home up there on the northern plains, they also gave me my ancestral home in a way I might never otherwise have claimed it. By recognizing and bringing forth the Indian in me, they joined me with the ghosts of my land.

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end

(Coming next issue will have Roxy Gordon's "The Last Indian Fight In Starlight County.")

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CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES

©è November 02, 2007, Dallas, Texas

CUZ OF SAM COOKE

Ah oui, are we participating in the sins of innocence in wondering just if—

I once felt as if as if something good could become of it—

Then flung back on the hands of time flying,

Distrusting all will: good, bad, self, selfless

The Atheist grows god-willing

Starts to founder on an if only to be part of pretty city merci, cheri

It's not so easy to me, you see.

Partial paradise, reeling backward to see the good fight

Like a traitorous perpetrator of all that good taste better 'n' you behavior

Knowin' more than just enough.

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end

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Carol Gerhauser provided a collection of her poems entitled "Her Clean Up Days," in *Picking Up The Tempo*, journal – number 3, September 06, 2001.
[She can be contacted at e-mail Clgerhauser@aol.com.] or [clemming@dallasd.org]
=====

OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY

"Rough Road Ahead" *Collection Of New Poems*

© è 2007 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma

=====
"Rough Road Ahead"

On the drive home from work
I notice an orange and black
highway sign announcing
"Rough Road Ahead."
I know this refers
to potholes and upheavals
in the pavement of this narrow
highway south of the city,
but it seems to be an omen
of the future—the unexpected
jolts and bumps and obstacles
that block my path,
causing me to detour
from the course I'd set.
I don't necessarily want to get
to the end of the road,

but I'd at least like
to reach my destination.

====

end

(Next issue will have Jennifer Kidney's "*Summer Of Red Spiders.*")

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

ART COELHO WRITES

=====

Art Coelho,

P.O. Box 249,

Big Timber, Montana 59011

"A Writer"

A writer sets down his beliefs about himself and his people, knowing it will be assayed out as some kind of parable to his own soul. He will question why we sometimes get the short end of faith, the bile of reason, and the distinction of being fools through misfortune or blunder.

In his youth he adapts as best he can to the crazy search and the spiritual needs of a creative web. He will finally realize no man of genius ever quite

reaches the total consummation of art, glory, or truth. It makes no difference whether it is with dreams or sweat; always with beauty there is the face of the gargoyle.

Most of what we call life may be some kind of gift of an unknown river within us. The secret to be learned is to live with ease the darkness. And the things of the night in this world are sometimes balanced by the many worlds of light within us.

– Art Coelho

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end

(Next issue will have Art Coelho's "Art by Its Own Nature, a Livable Undertow.")

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Seven Buffaloes Press

Art Coelho, Ed. & Pub.

Box 249

Big Timber, Montana 59011

(Rural & Working Class Lit.)

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Coelho's canvases featured:

www.palcus.org

For Sale: Art's paintings

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KAREN X WRITES

PUTT no. 8, 2007 © è

Reading Some of Judy Gordon's Trees in Montana

Prana of Wildlife
The chi in a stack of wood

Shy shy butterfly
shy shy me
shy sky winking and wetting
like a baby like a syncophant like a sibyl like syllable
in a suitcase—aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh—take me with you!

A mantra of communication between trees
an explanation or a question—
So you invent things to be ashamed
So you buy things to be ashamed of—
A tree doesn't do these things

I heard an argument today between tree and bird, squirrel to squirrel,
so I know that, in nature too, animals are sometimes at cross purposes—
equally valid!

The bald baby tree out my tent flap was snuffed out before it could grow 4 ft!
It's corpse, a scarecrow.
The birds avoid this shrivelled homage to all children everywhere whose
journey has been arrested on the spot.

Wriggle till the toes glow
Rap like a tree grows

Anyway, I went for a walk and wrote like a tree and grew and grew
until I could rejoin society without intention or attention
without shame
without needs unmet or met
slightly shrivelled on the outside, slightly arrested, but finding a seed
to grow on from the inside

The middle of the lawn
held in place by the lake

and there our dinner tent like a carousel
a theme park dinner
where shrimp travel to the middle of america
to be eaten under the eye and aegis of unblinking trees.
auspices of correct species understanding

and the food here always give me gas!
Like Richard Brautigan's jack mackerel—I'm farting to myself.

and the trees?
well, it's a neighborhood
a civilization
of trees—all speaking to each other
a rap face off—a dialogue call and response like Appalachian folk poetry

and a half mile away, I found what looked to be alien ancestors of my little bald girl
tree!

So maybe she was really just abducted to Troy—a war victim.

Down the loop, a maidenhead of deadwood orating an incessant prayer.

In these connecting communities of trees
I see fathers and mothers everywhere
just trying to do their best to honor their commitments
against unforeseeable other forces of nature—
unvarying in loyalty to ancestry, but dedicated to the now.
Spines, though unaligned-looking on the outside—
are nonetheless healthy, strong, centered, productive, pro creative
symbiotic—
becoming a bird porch chair, a squirrel jungle gym and the deer's family labyrinth

the final mystery of the cells still unsolved and unsolvable!

Here are the pantomines of society at feast and play, work and contemplation,
an artwork—
a dance circling within a circle within a circle within...

a broadcast with news to experience
to sprint telepathically in ether transmission!
Either way the wind blows, it shapes the wafting

A message—to and from the planet
A welcome mat
—a warning sign?

A flute, bass and electricly charged guitar solo
Earth and human
Earth and animal, bird and insect

Luminaries of the past...rededicated over and over again
To YOU!
this incessant prayer
to YOU
this awakened ear
To You
this trail between the walk
For You.

Dribbling or draining there is a wetness in the dry
a tear unshed
the meaningless that means or meant something
The something that propels earth's fan to blow
around
the breath that is the definition of life.
The dharma of writing and scribbling through vicissitude,
the etude's accompaniment of each person's document.

Homeland Security of the Heartland
must overcome ID Lab of the brain, part with its files
and passports—
Become a smoking mime, a transmuted metaphor, a transporting myth
that is—a tree!

another lockbox with a key—gravity

Rigorous Rigorous the self-investigation
Rigorous—the piles of wood alight with warmth.

I like all the trees—
like a rock and roll band—

Listen like random play I-pod:

Three trunks in one?
Two turntables and a microphone!
Curved white trunk with black belt across the middle—
inveigling blonde redhead singer in couture on a dirty stage.

and a breakdance of the leaves fall down on your broken hearts
while the earth beats time

so you can dance till you puke
or puke till you can dance

and the little bald girl tree outside my door?
Just another gentle skinhead, looking for some music.

More music More Music!
They are speaking to me!
They ARE speaking to me!
They say...
Speak with us
Speak for us

– August 2007, Feathered Pipe Ranch
with Angela Farmer

KAREN X

Registered Yoga Teacher
and Writer at Large

KXatlarge@aol.com

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

WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published

TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,

by Karen X.

See other connections: [www.priyayoga.net and

Karen X presents: www.wordspace.texas.org],

RICK SIKES WRITES

EXTOL FROM SOUL

by RICK SIKES

Exquisite beauty of a charming rose

Viewed in awe, for lust is nature of men

Errant eyes fill with torrid dreams in fantasy

Aware that greatest beauty often lies within

Flawless perfection enhanced by
Her silver wardrobe of diamond dew
Lovely butterflies oft time perch
As a crown for the enviable princess too
Wholly I drink of this
Extravaganza of petite femininity I behold
I am a native born earth man
Mundanelly, my emotions unfold
Seeking, craving, endeavoring
Savouring the erotic raptures
All hope lies within sincerity
Of her heart, for my soul she captures
Intimacy, delicate love scenes do not suffice
Nor does repetitious contact with fiery touch
Love must encompass the passion with
Hearts, for souls require much
The venture is unworthy for winnowing
Or lust seed on vanishing winds casting
Serenity prevails the winsome ensnarement
Bound fully to love everlasting

=====

RHYTHM REBEL

Rick Sikes

900 N. Neches
Coleman, Texas 76834
Phone: 325/625-5014
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Rhythm Rebel, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook, published by Wowapi Press,
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PETER O'BRIEN WRITES

"All Aboard America"

by Peter O'Brien © November 02, 2007, Surrey, England

Early in November I will board the Ultimate Cowboy Train. Four days and three nights on the Silver and Blue Train, The Canadian, traveling from Toronto to Vancouver in the company of Tom Russell, Ian Tyson and Ramblin' Jack Elliott. I'll be just one of seventy enjoying the music and scenery. Just about the most fun you can have with your clothes on. Plus I've traveled all over the USA on Amtrak. Met some great people and seen more of the country than I could ever have imagined. So...

"ALL ABOARD AMERICA"

There was a time, years ago,
Americans rode trains.
Among great things about that time
were the evocative names
of locomotives, railroad lines
and routes across the plains.
So all aboard America
for the golden age of trains.

Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range,
Bangor & Aroostock, Boston & Maine,
Kansas City Southern, Yazoo Delta,
Norfolk Pacific, Monongahela.

Kettle Valley Express, Dixie Flyer,
Connecticut Yankee, Denver Zephyr,
Chicago Burlington & Quincy,
Ann Arbor Pittsburgh & Lake Erie.

Betsy Ross, Fast Flying Virginian,
Colorado Eagle, Bear Mountain,
Hound Dog, Cherokee Imperial,
Corn Belt Rocket, Coyote Special.

Richmond Fredericksburg & Potomac,
LeHigh Valley, Detroit & Mackinac
Cotton Belt Route, Savannah & Atlanta,
Cinchfield Cambria & Indiana.

Sunset Limited, Empire Builder,
even now the trains are there,
Kentucky Cardinal, Heartland Flyer,
if you have the time to spare,
Cascades, California Zephyr
and more evocative names.
So all aboard America,
live the golden age of trains.

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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.
=====

ROY HAMRIC WRITES

JUST THERE

Before the first light

the woman rises

and walks outside

She breathes softly,

and listens and looks—
rocks on the ground
at her feet, stretching away
as far as she can see,
rocks and empty space

"All the rocks are there,"
she thinks. "In their place."

She returns to her room
and picks up clay
to make a pot
Something new
from her hands
and the Earth

===
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.

JUDY GORDON PAINTS
#3812

Indian Mother and Her Babe, media: pine wood, brown ink on white paper date:

original date, 1976, dimensions: 8½" w x 11" h. Private Collection, Garland, Texas.

Judy's comments:

A print from this woodblock is shown as Indian Mother and Her Babe.

A block of pine wood, dimensions, 7¼" x 9," using a five carving LC107 set with wooden handles.

FOR SALE WILL BE ORIGINAL PRINTS 8½" x 11": #19, #20 and #31.

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

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end

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

ENTERTAINMENT

#100

Priya Yoga presents BODY TEXT, A Healing Workshop in Creativity with KAREN X, Community Contact Improvisational – Yoga Poetry Performance – Friday, November 30, 6:30 – 9:00 P.M., and Saturday, December 1, 1:30 – 5:30 P.M., \$120, at Priya Yoga, 6337 Prospect Street, Dallas, Texas 75214, 214.662.7081, and www.priyayoga.net.

#200

KAREN X PRESENTS WORDSPACE *An ongoing series of poetry readings on the 3rd Sunday of every month at 7:00 p.m. at Paperbacks Plus, Bookstore, 6115 La Vista Drive, Dallas, Texas 75214, NOVEMBER 18, 2007, ISABELLA & ROD RUSSELL-IDES.*

#300

By Way of Vicki Meek, Manager, SOUTH DALLAS CULTURAL CENTER, GRAND REOPENING, 3400 S. Fitzhugh Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75210. Special on Thursday, NOVEMBER 1, 2007, 5:30 p.m.. CHARLEY MITCHERSON has 12 images in this show. For Future Events, Contact: Vicki Meek, Manager, South Dallas Cultural Center, vicki.meek@dallascity.com or Msart55@yahoo.com or call 214-67-0315.

#400

DALLAS FOLK MUSIC SOCIETY NEWS, November Saturday 10, 2007, 7:00 P.M., HOOTENANNY, Elya & Bill Naxon, 7410 Baxtershire, Dallas, Texas 75230, Phone: 214-368-3381. MUSIC and FRIENDS, and \$2.00 for THE KITTY.

===

end

MORE ENTERTAINMENT – Check:

RICHARD DOBSON: GONE TO TEXAS, 2007, [saltysongs@bluewin.ch]

ENTERTAINMENT FOR DECEMBER

#100

SAT DEC 29 / **LAKWOOD THEATER** / 1825 ABRAMS / DALLAS, TX / 7 PM /
FREDDIE STEADY 5 W/ DENNIS KELLER & JENNY WOLFE will be part of this
"BIG D" ROCK EXTRAVAGANZA HOSTED BY **KENNY DANIEL** (OF
KENNY & THE KASUALS)/ OTHER ACTS INCLUDE NITECAPS!, FLOYD
DAKIL, DENNY FREEMAN, MARC BENNO, THE FAB KENNY & THE
KASUALS AND MORE! M.C.- BEATLE BOB!

===

end

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

TERRY ALLEN *Juarez**

1. "The Juarez Device (aka 'Texican Badman')," *you go right there,*
2. "The Characters/A Simple Story," *You get real interested where we're going and what we're going to do,*
3. "Cortez Sail," *he takes us, tears out our hearts and gets us home,*
4. "Border Palace," *tells us just how to be there,*
5. "Dogwood," *there are trees, then there's Terry's, lots to that one,*
6. "Writing On Rocks Across The USA," *we almost forget, THEN HE HELPS US,*
7. "The Radio ... And Real Life," *what happened before? got answers now,*
8. "There Oughta Be A Law Against Sunny Southern California," *road again and it ain't simple,*
9. "What Of Alicia," *if you weren't expecting it, he hits you anyway, after this one,*
10. "Honeymoon In Cortez," *be careful with this one, did you expect a honeymoon?,*
11. "Four Corners," *necessary geography,*
12. "The Run South," *such a good storyteller,*
13. "Jabo/Street Walkin' Woman," *this one makes you want to watch,*
14. "Cantina Carlotta," *title makes you even want to dance,*
15. "La Despedida (The Parting)," *once again, he takes you, you never get bored,*
16. "El Camino Instrumental," *and you do want to pay attention to all, like never before,*
17. "El Camino," *we can sway, think we've heard that before, now we have it.*

[Contact: www.sugarhillrecords.com]

THE THEATER FIRE *Everybody Has A Dark Side**

1. "Kicking Up The Darkness," *Leonard Cohen would recognize this one, but this is The Theater Fire,*
2. "Fiddleback Weaver," *The music does take you places or should I weave you,*
3. "Barrel Riders," *been to a rodeo many times, so has this band,*
4. "These Tears Could Rust A Train," *such a gentle way to ride this train, so special,*
5. "Civil Warrior," *this one reflects some real history,*
6. "Valentwine," *this one should be sent to your closest one,*
7. "Dark Side," *but it's a gentle one we've all experienced, but listen to how they have,*
8. "My Razor's Gone," *cool, unusual way to leave, hope it never happens to you,*
9. "Land Of Nod," *unusual way to approach your drift away,*
10. "I Heard About You," *don't ever be in that place, but if you do, figure it out,*
11. "Hey Jimmy," *easy going,*
12. "Cheater Liar," *not what you might expect on this one,*
13. "Members Of The Show'em How It's Done," *once again The Theater Fire takes you there.*

[Contact: www.undeniablerecords.com] or [infoundeniablerecords.com]

JAMES ALLRED *James Allred+*

I knew Jim in 1974 as Hygora, one of L Rod's Visionary Indian Angels, and later as himself playing with Michael Purcell—mime about town. There was a dis- then re- appearance and a recent original album, so to quickly lodge two (or three) complaints—"Only Now" and "Lissie's Song" (Sorry, girlfriend.). The third might be "The Day After" (?) and has the choir in it preaching, too. This is in reference to my personal favorite "Sleeping Giant" which asks the Good Question the answer to which I am still not waiting for.

I must remind myself that "Ebony Angel", real Halloweenie good with violin by Terra Karena Peach, and "Virtue", a Bradshawesque we all love meaning tune, were probably not written for me, though like "Companero", "Virtue" I could fix and love totally. "Companero" asks questions, too, but I would say please don't guess (Who cares?). "Narcissus"—life in the Theater, here—rekindles my only regret, and begs the needed lyric, "If and when did it begin?".

Stories about French and Scary people are good, so Bravo for "Sweet Dreaming Marie" who loses her head over a parasite (Sound familiar?). After this octet of entries comes "As the Crow Flies" which is more like it! It is full of vim and vigor though I prefer ravens (and to leave Poe out of it). I thought our man had forgot how to ROCK!

Well, "What the Bleep" do we not know? It takes only one overdose of lysergic acid to convince down deep, yet thinking happy thoughts or selective connectiveness shows me nothing new. If one has not heard, Thunderbird, this is the album for you. Nice boots.

www.reynoldsaudio.com jokerswaltz@yahoo.com

end

CLASSIFIEDS/LINKS:

#100

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#200

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MUSIC COLLECTABLES

CD'S = RECORDS = TAPES

T-SHIRTS = POSTERS = MAGAZINES

end

Roxy and Judy Gordon Productions – Please VISIT **Roxy's Website**.

1. **TOWNES ASKED DID HANK WILLIAMS EVER WRITE**

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