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## ~~A TEXAN RANGER.~~

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

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

HARPER'S WEEKLY – July 6, 1861

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

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***PICKING UP THE TEMPO, a country western journal***  
**December 01, 2007, number 09**

© 2007, Judy Gordon,  
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Garland, Texas 75040-7775  
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***Introduction:*** The title of this journal comes from Willie Nelson's song, "Pick up the Tempo." Since I am relocated in Garland, Texas, will attempt to publish this journal on a regular basis first day of each month to seek out new writers and bring back some existing ones.

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***Reviews***  
***Classifieds/Links***

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***Edited and Produced by Judy Gordon***

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## **ROXY WRITES**

### **"The Last Indian Fight In Starlight County"**

by Roxy Gordon – © December 2007, "The Last Indian Fight In Starlight County"  
[Edited by Judy Gordon]

### **"THE LAST INDIAN FIGHT IN STARLIGHT COUNTY"**

Going down the road. Motorcycle's making about ninety miles an hour. At three in the morning, it's bouncing along hitting the bumps. But then the rider goes to sleep.

Down the highway at the edge of town, Calvin Kirkpatrick sitting on an upended Coke case at the Gulf Station hears the unique noise and looks. Inside the house, an old man wakes up. Jesus Christ! He jumps up, puts on his pants and picks up his L.C. Smith double barrel open hammer unsafe Damascus Twist shotgun. He looks out his front door window and doesn't see anything but Calvin running up the hill. So he opens the door. A hairy man is lying spread-eagle on his front porch. Calvin comes puffing. "He had a wreck," Calvin explains. "He fell off his motorcycle." The old man sees the motorcycle, big black thing. And he says, "Oh." The old man kneels down beside the motorcycle exrider; Calvin squats on the other side.

Behind the old man, the screen door opens and his wife comes out tugging. A house coat around her. "He had a wreck," the old man explains. "He fell off his motorsickle." She peers eyes narrowed at the spread-eagle man. "I'll call the hospital," she says and goes back in. They keep looking at him. "Look at that," Calvin says. "I'll be damned. Look at that. He's got on a gold earring." The old man squints. "Damned if he don't."

The clinic station wagon comes with its red light flashing. The college boy Price is driving. He gets out and smooths his shaggy hair. Calvin and the old man stand up. Price walks up to the porch. He says, "Boy. He's pretty raunchy." Calvin tells Price:

"He's got on a fucking gold earring."

"Here comes Perkins," Price says. A car stops behind the station wagon. Perkins is so big he has a good deal of trouble getting out. After he makes it, he reaches back into the backseat for his cowboy hat. In 1948, Perkins was the youngest county sheriff in Texas. He's not anymore. He adjusts his 357 Magnum in its hand tooled holster. The holster was hand tooled in Mexico by a used-up whore's crippled son. Perkins saunters up toward the house. He stops at the motorcycle and kicks a tire. "Hog," Price tells him. "Huh?" Perkins looks up and asks. "Hog," Price repeats. Perkins doesn't like Price anyway. He kicks the tire again and slunches on up to the porch. He squints at the poor unknowing hairy motorcycle exrider. "He has on one fucking gold earring," Calvin tells him. Perkins says, "Goddam."

\*

\*

He opens his eyes and sees a little man with wet eyes. A red veined nose. A bearded face six inches away. A red mouth working. "Heh heh. Heh. Heh. Heh!" The little man winks. "I knowed it was you. They didn't. They thank you died, Leroy. But when they brung you in here, I knowed it was you. You fooled 'em that time didn't you? I fool 'em like that. I lay real still and they thank I'm dead. But then I fart." The door opens; they hear it and look. A nurse smiles. He smiles back. The little man giggles.

The Man comes in behind the nurse. So the cyclist stops smiling. A doctor comes in next. The doctor moves to the side of the bed. Perkins stops at the foot.

"How do you feel, Son?" the doctor asks. The cyclist looks at the doctor. "I think I feel all right," he says. "I think I'm okay." The doctor takes his pulse. "What's your name?" Perkins asks him.

The cyclist looks at Perkins. Perkins is waiting. Perkins keeps waiting. "Your name, Son." "Well," he says, "I don't . . . I can't quite . . ." He grins a little. Perkins looks at the doctor and the doctor looks at Perkins. "Leroy," the little roommate says.

The doctor asks him, "Son, what's your name?" The cyclist closes his eyes, licks his beard, and opens his eyes and grins. "Leroy," the little man repeats.

The cyclist says, "Uh . . . I'm sort of mixed up right now . . . I . . ." Perkins shifts his weight and is ominous. "Now look son, I don't know what it is you think you're up to, but I want to know your name." The cyclist no longer grins. He says nothing.

"I can find out what you did, mister," Perkins tells him. "I can trace that motorcycle."

Perkins puts his hands—his weight—on the foot of the bed and leans forward. He's a mean son-of-a-bitch. "Now you talk." He jabs his forefinger. "Now!" The cyclist begins to cry.

"Wait a minute," the doctor says. "Hold it. This boy is hurt. You let him rest." Perkins turns his glare to the doctor. "Let him alone," the doctor says. "He's been hit pretty hard on the head." Perkins straightens up. Forefinger jabs again. "I'll be back in a couple of hours. I want you to remember something then." Jab. "Understand!" Jab. "And I don't want no bullshit." Jab. "I want to know something . . . important."

\*

The little man is six inches from his face. "Leroy, that old sheriff son-of-a-bitch is a crazy son-of-a-bitch anyway goddam. He almost got killed in Snyder in 1937. He was getting off the train. Feller shot him. Bang! Just like that. Brains all over the place. Brains! Heh heh, ah ha ha. Brains! But listen Leroy, I got something to tell you. You're the only friend I ever had. I gotta tell you so they'll all find out. Leroy."

The cyclist isn't listening. He's trying hard as hell to remember something important.

"I never told nobody else at all. John Cushionberry, he kept me paid so I never told nobody at all. I'd druther had the money he give me than tell anybody. Wouldn't you?" The cyclist is not listening. "Wouldn't you?" The little man jabs the cyclist's shoulder. "Wouldn't you?" The cyclist looks at the little man, pleading. "You would. Any goddamn body would. Hell. But I'm an old man. See." He opens his mouth. "See. No goddam teeth." He rolls back his lips. "See."

The cyclist is crying.

The door opens and Price comes in looking shifty. He squeezes in so he won't have to open the door wide. The cyclist wipes his eyes. The little man closes his mouth hard. He holds it tight with white lines around his lips. He's not talking. Price looks back at the door, then he slips over to the bed. Under his breath, he says, "Listen. Perkins." He looks straight at the cyclist. " . . . he's the Sheriff, you know. The fat guy . . . " The cyclist nods quickly. Price lowers his eyes.

"Well listen, he's going out there to look at your bike. He's going to, you know . . . search it." He risks a quick look at the cyclist's face. "And, well, you know . . . if he finds anything . . . you know . . . illegal, you could get, well, get into trouble." Another quick look. "So if you maybe got any . . . you know . . . anything . . . anything illegal . . ." Quick look. ". . . or anything on it, you could tell me and I could get it before he finds it . . ." Price tapers off asking a question. He looks at the cyclist. The cyclist blinks his eyes.

Price clears his throat. He glances at the little man; the little man is still not talking. The cyclist blinks. "You know," Price says. The cyclist sniffs. "Look," Price says looking straight into the cyclist's eyes because you can trust a man who looks you straight in the eye, "Look, you can trust me. I smoke it all the damn time." He waits. The cyclist snuffles; he's been crying.

"All the damn time," Price says. He tugs at his pants zipper. Footsteps down the hall. Price rolls his eyes listening. The footsteps pass. Price tries one more time. "You can trust me." The cyclist tries to touch the end of his nose with the tip of his tongue. "Well," Price says, "okay. Okay. I . . . you can trust me . . ." He backs up, turns around, opens the door, and looks back once at the cyclist.

When Price is gone, the little man opens his mouth wide. "The story was that John and Grady Stain was out chasing cows for Tom Anson. Tom was your wife's uncle wasn't he, Leroy?" The cyclist's eyes are glazed. "Leroy . . . Leroy?" The little man jabs him. The little man forgets. "They say John and Grady was out chasing cows and them Indians come up on 'em and killed old Grady and shot John in the foot."

The little man leans close. He's almost touching the cyclist's ear. "Old John, he kept me from telling. But he died, so hell. Fuck! I was out digging fence post holes. Damn it was hot. And I heard this here six shooter go off so I went to it. There was old John with his boot off doctoring his foot and Grady was a-laying on the ground with this big old hole in his head. And the brains was running out! Heh!" The little man jumps in the air. "Heh!"

The cyclist pays no attention. He's trying to think. The little man leans back close again. "Brains!" Heh! So old John he told me he'd pay me if I'd see Indians. So I seen Indians!" The little man jovially whacks the cyclist twice. "I seen Indians!" The cyclist jumps. "I thought of it," he says. "Jesus, I thought of it!"

\*

The door opens and Perkins comes in. The little man decides he's not talking again. Not only is he not talking, he is not breathing. He is puffed up; his face is red. Perkins' hat is pushed back on his head. One trouser leg is caught in the top of his cowboy boot. Perkins cocks his head at the little man. "What the hell is the matter with you, Leroy?" The little man is not talking. Perkins turns his attention to the cyclist. He hitches up his trousers and stops again at the foot of the bed. The cyclist is grinning. "Feller shot you," the little man says. "Bang!" Perkins adjusts his fat and clears his throat. "Bang!" says the little man. "Listen, goddamit, Leroy," says Perkins, "shut up." "Yessir," the little man says. "Yessir." The little man sits down on the edge of his bed and folds his hands. "Well?" Perkins asks the cyclist.

The cyclist licks his moustache. "I did it," he says. "I thought of something important." Perkins cocks his head and narrows one eye. The cyclist keeps grinning. "Well what, boy?" Perkins asks.

"E equals M C squared," the cyclist answers.

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end

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*(Coming next issue will have Roxy Gordon's "Luck.")(Was included in Peter O'Brien's "Over The Rainbow, " First published in Omaha Rainbow 37 – Winter 1985.)*

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## **RANGER RITA WRITES**

**Xmas Eve**  
**by Rita Webb**

Nowhere to run to  
Nowhere to hide from  
Nowhere to find peace on Christmas Eve  
Loud carols blaring  
No time for caring  
You're only thinking of what you'll receive

Never look back at

Never have hope for  
Never remember one day to the next  
Life with no meaning  
Through space careening  
Mindless, obeying tradition's pretext

Live through November  
Fall through December  
Short days and snowstorms are nightmares come true  
Quite suicidal  
Doomsday reprisal  
Do unto others, a payback for you

Something left out of  
Something is gone from  
Something has bored a deep hollow well  
Search o'er the planet  
Find, carved in granite,  
"Abandon all hope; you're already in hell"

=====  
Rita Webb © 2007.  
Rita Webb's new book, *Cruisin Central* © 2006,  
Tonopah Press, Richardson, Texas.  
E-mail [Rita](#)  
or buy *Cruisin Central* at  
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**CAROL GERHAUSER WRITES**  
© December 01, 2007, Dallas, Texas

### **GEORGIA O'KEEFE'S RED-ORANGE FLOWER**

Flashback to 1991 when Gerard Manley's disparate, desperate poems were all the rage I could muster and often used "she" when referencing myself. My most beautiful kitty whom I later put through hell I scarcely knew yet. Like a lone tomato on a vine at

39 (my house vacuous albeit nice, not a soul stirring though) living fantasies, sort-of true at least, I prided myself on my lack of luster, in sort of a paradise in which I was lost in personal selfish style.

Thinking anything normal, I had troubadours who suffered, too, and brief encounters which never furthered my escape from a ditch-like road without a lick of sorrow or thoughts of mankind.

Now was not a voyage but a destiny fraught with vice and more heedlessness, betting higher and more dangerous stakes, drying up, per se, like my hair; no tight skirts but Villager suits and closed-toe shoes. Each mess made was not cosmic in proportion nor too far from the reality of the world. Only I was a player.

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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](mailto:Clgerhauser@aol.com) or [clemming@dallasisd.org](mailto:clemming@dallasisd.org)]

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**OBSERVATIONS OF WILD LIFE, WITH JENNIFER KIDNEY**  
**"Summer Of Red Spiders" *Collection Of New Poems***  
**© 2007 by Jennifer Kidney, Norman, Oklahoma**

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**"SUMMER OF RED SPIDERS"**

The red spider spends  
her days in the bell-shaped wind  
chime and nightly descends  
to weave her web  
from eave to patio table.  
Each morning when I appear  
with my first cup  
of coffee, she deconstructs  
her creation and tucks  
herself up  
into the bell again.

It appears to be  
the summer of red spiders,  
the summer of red spider lilies'  
biennial blooming,

so that her presence  
seems to me more  
than mere coincidence.

====  
**end**

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(Next issue will have Jennifer Kidney's "**Before The Fall.**")

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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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1232 Windsor Way

Norman, Oklahoma 73069

Phone: 405/329-3395 or E-mail: [jen1kidney@hotmail.com](mailto:jen1kidney@hotmail.com)

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## **ART COELHO WRITES**

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Art Coelho,

P.O. Box 249,

Big Timber, Montana 59011

### **"Art by Its Own Nature, a Livable Undertow"**

Art by its own nature sets down limitations. One's artistic vision can never be solved because without its elemental elusiveness it would have never been born.

To a larger and more honest abstract view, you apply your will to the unconscious with an outline of your subject. Somewhere between the battle of seen and the unseen, art will succeed when creation find its new nest egg for your spirit. Without that starting

point and jelling all fails to take shape. And it takes more than imaginative sap; it takes a magic you can't get from anything already learned, proved, or staked down. If you want a moral in it, don't clutter it with un-lived visions. If you desire strongly enough and take on one of life's challenges, it has to be fortified with defiance. Why defiance? Because anything already settled is not worth the salt of the soul. If you don't go out on a limb, if you stay on the same branch, the marriage with defiance will never learn to dance. And you need movement in art. You need lyrics beyond the prescription prayers of the status quo, of what's been localized as art as it now stands. Those artists who just want to tickle Buddha's belly won't go very far. You have to crosshair and marinate your passion till you are face to face with some part of death every day. Saints are always found on desolation row. You don't see them begging for enlightenment's crumbs at the State's door. You walk beyond the churchyard, too, and the truth you find there will have a livable undertow.

When you celebrate life, there is not just one way, one road, one fate. Even if a dove flies into your open hand, make sure it's free of dust from the buried feelings of old icons caked with candle smoke.

Darkness can be a light just as Mary Magdalene can grace the earth with her heart's devotion. A spirit can always give more when one's acceptance of sadness has been at the root of one's daily living.

— Art Coelho

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(Next issue will have Art Coelho's "*The Pebble And The Star.*")  
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*For Sale: Art's paintings*

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**KAREN X WRITES**  
**PUTT no. 9, 2007 ©**

### CHRISTMAS MOURNING

What drives people inhumane?  
The loss of environment? Souls? Heart's Mindfulness? Mindless ingratitude for  
beauty or truth?  
We—Roxy, Judy, Quanah and his dog, Cynthia, all in different rooms,  
alone,  
to feel together.

For, standing together, we felt alone  
worshipping the impossible promise, too inhumane , but we keep trying.

For non-believers, what's there not to believe?  
For believers, what's there to believe?

Oracles no longer pray by fire, water, air.  
It's intravenous or prescriptive drugs, crack pipes, multiple marriages..  
That's the new sacrifice or devotion or guess of god.

Only our dream defines life real.  
Roxy has several night.  
Theo and I get up with him in between.

It takes more than a swim to make you a fish.  
Saviors and sunglasses cannot protect the believer from the non-believed.  
The truth cannot be other-wise.  
Unwisely, I have not believed this.

We now bleed from the trees down to our knees  
and our needs met or unmet are a train of thought-mess.

We're just guessing the rest.

No draft down does not mean a wall is there,  
just kindly aerated parameters  
between the wealth of non-expectation  
and the poverty of expecting baggage that never comes.

When you respect, what respects you back?  
The darkneses' spotlight, the freed wind and wave.  
The false infinity of unaudited love will feed on and be fed by the environmentally  
exhausted and the shared needles of its quick fixers—be forever permitted to give false  
floor and ceiling to the lost staving off emptiness.

Sometime there is no other strength—and that's the truth—because  
Your fellow man's pets' fleas will always bother you more than them,  
but now free of bitterness, you may now all scratch where it itches—the mind.

There's confusion in figuring out just where this further infuses the facts and we just  
scratch through further discussion.

Fly with the cows.  
Walk your own fish.  
Stare a star into its third squared eye.  
Run a roc  
Sleepers are not the only dreamers.

Talpa, Texas Dec. 25, 1996

---

**KAREN X**

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and Writer at Large

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

WOWAPI PRESS, 1993, published

***TENDER BLUE FLICKERS,***

by Karen X.

See other connections: [[www.priyayoga.net](http://www.priyayoga.net) and  
**Karen X presents: [www.wordspace.texas.org](http://www.wordspace.texas.org)],**

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**RICK SIKES WRITES**  
=====**JUST BEING ME****By: Rick Sikes****© November 1, 2002**

A few days ago, I saw a Coyote lying dead beside the road. I don't know why, but the sight brought an incredible realization to me. I have often wondered about myself; why I did certain things or didn't do them; how many times I have acted out of some sort of instinct or natural desire or perhaps habit? I saw that the Coyote had reached the end of his journey on earth in this life. It could have been from numerous sources. Most likely, a motor vehicle of some sort, due to his roadside resting place. However, he could have just made it that far before poison had claimed his life or possibly he'd been shot and struggled to the edge of the road before expiring. Then, he could have been very old or suffering some physical ailment or disease and it caught him there. It's hard to know from a passing glance, but nevertheless, he was dead. I compare myself to him in many ways. Probably not many people cared that he was dead. Maybe a few would feel sorrow but I doubt any other Coyote knew or cared that he was dead. I suspect that some near by buzzards had more sincere interest in him than any other creature at this time and their interest was not of him as a living creature, but exactly the opposite; him being a food item for them; part of their plight and design in creation (not one to be envious of in my opinion).

What put this dearly departed Coyote at this present state and why was he not sorrowfully mourned? Perhaps the exact behavior in life that relates to myself; not an evil or malicious life, but one of survival, of instinct and a generous sprinkling of thoughtlessness and ignorance. The Coyote had no intent to agitate or anger the farmer or rancher when he raided the hen houses or dined on mutton. He didn't even know they belonged to anyone. He saw the chickens and lambs as food, just the same as the wild rabbits, prairie dogs, gophers, rats, mice, birds, etc. He ate essential provisions for

survival; something to fill a hungry belly. Due to progress and increasing pressures from the ever expanding population of mankind as well as the introduction of domesticated animals and poultry, the Coyote adapted to change and realized that his very life depended on cunning and caution. To avoid being caught or killed was essential to survival. Yet, who could blame a farmer or rancher for killing the Coyotes to protect their own animals and fowl which are essential to his survival? Where does all this connect me and the Coyote? Simply because the Coyote was just being himself in his own "Coyote way." This parallels my own life. I've not intentionally intruded upon nor preyed on anyone. I've not intended to harm nor offend anyone. Yet, through my fumbling and very nature, I suppose I have indeed hurt others. From this point of view, I'm a cold, cruel, unfeeling person possibly. How could I have not been aware of how others may have viewed me? Are you aware of how people see you? Would you not be yourself or change your life to suit some other being when you felt entirely content and confident that you were doing your best toward others? If you are being realistic and sincere, do you consider your words and actions may well be very hurting and inconsiderate to the ears they reach? When you are told how much the words or actions have hurt someone's feelings, do you ask yourself why this person was offended or hurt by them? After all, you were only telling the truth or acted as you saw was right. So, why was it taken in the wrong context by them--instead of seeing you only wanted to make them aware as to how it really is? I believe this is proof of individualism and that individuals see the truth through their own perception of what their own truths may be. What is the absolute, accurate, concrete truth that each and every creature must accept and agree on? There is none in existence, for there are no perfect clones in living creatures.

Hey, it just occurred to me--I'm like the Coyote was--just being me. I will be like that Coyote is--dead. My departure date just hasn't arrived yet. I will be like that Coyote is--searching to find my way in the beyond, if such exists. Good or bad, whenever, whatever, wherever I'm at--I was, I am, I will forever be "Just Being Me."

---

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*Rhythm Rebel*, © by Rick Sikes' chapbook,

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**PETER O'BRIEN WRITES**

**'Cross The USA**

**by Peter O'Brien © December 01, 2007, Surrey, England**

**'CROSS THE USA**

Over 3,000 miles across a dozen states,  
driving cross country on Tennessee plates.  
The Loneliest Road, US 50,  
traveling west to east at a steady 60.

Trace the Lincoln Highway from San Francisco,  
watch the River Cats play in Sacramento.  
The Comstock Lode made Virginia City.  
Silver Queen, she's still looking pretty.

Through the deserts of Nevada and then Utah,  
feels like a western movie and I'm the star.  
Sierras, Rockies, Appalachians high,  
oh, to be an eagle, that I could fly.

Ride the Pony Express with Buffalo Bill.  
Butch Cassidy's gang, the Hole in the Wall.  
Million Dollar Highway, Skyline Drive,  
Better to travel than it is to arrive.

Trace wagon ruts on the Santa Fe Trail.  
Discover Dodge City has buried Boot Hill.  
Cross the Road to Nowhere on the Great Plains,  
race alongside Santa Fe Railroad trains.

The young Harry Truman, for just ten cents,  
sold sodas and shakes in Independence.  
Those good ol' James boys, Frank and Jesse,  
robbed the bank of 60,000 in Liberty.

Stonewall Jackson is still a winner  
in his hometown, Clarksburg, West Virginia.  
They still go crazy for Patsy Cline

in Winchester, Virginia, childhood time.

Across the Potomac, Arlington Cemetery,  
last resting place of John F. Kennedy.  
Presidential White House, Lincoln Memorial,  
here in Washington, the nation's capital.

Cross Chesapeake Bay to the Eastern Shore,  
just 100 miles to the last big draw.  
It's Pokerino and Skee-Ball, serendipity  
there on the boardwalk in Ocean City.

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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.  
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## **ROY HAMRIC WRITES**

### **HOLY NIRVANNA NIGHT, DECEMBER 24, 1963**

I am drunk in well being  
Stars blink behind waving palm frons  
gongs cymbals and zoomy zig-zagging  
Laotian fiddles  
knock up the Holy Nirvanna Night Sky

Laughter under a dim blue light  
A dusty, ancient old house  
Three girls in sarongs turn  
and slowly walk up the porch steps

The girls love Buddha and Tao and Money  
and past forgotten lives  
The mama-san drinking a bottle of beer  
reclined on a bamboo mat  
sells heroin from an Ovaltine can

The girls line up parade style on the porch  
thin legs sleepy giggly  
collar bones protruding  
black hair in silky strands  
sad curious eyes

I hunt for the one who comes to me

She dips a porcelain pan in a water urn  
leads me to her green room  
the wood is jungle-grown  
yellowed French newspapers are glued to the wall  
over the bed hangs a light bulb—our star  
She is a sixteen-year-old reincarnation  
a sing-song girl of Crazy Old UnChanging China  
She touches my nose with her finger  
a gesture that says . . . don't speak

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**end**

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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**

**#1300**

***Buffalo Hunter*** media: oil pastel on canvas board, date: c. 1970,  
dimensions: 13" x 19," current whereabouts of original: Private Collection, Garland,  
Texas.

*Judy's comments:*

Painted after a photograph by L.A. Huffman. The famous photographer, L.A. Huffman, shot and killed the buffalo. Because buffalo hunter resembled some of my relatives, gave original painting to my father, J.D. Hoffman, who in turn proud of the painting, took it to Ballinger, Texas, had it framed with fancy borders to match the painting colors.

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

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**end**

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(Next issue will have Judy Gordon's "NDN, 1971-Mow-Way.")

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## ENTERTAINMENT

#100

*Priya Yoga presents BODY TEXT, A Healing Workshop in Creativity with KAREN X, Community Contact Improvisational–Yoga Poetry Performance–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](http://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, DECEMBER 9, 2007, FARID MATUK & RENATA YOUNTS.*

#300

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

#400

*By way of Grace Kenney/the Writer's Garret: All Soups* December 4, 7–9 pm, **MIXED**

**GENRE**, December 8, 10 am–Noon, **PROSE & POETRY**, December 11, 7–9 pm, **POETRY**, December 18, 7–9 pm, **MIXED GENRE**. Location meet **UPSTAIRS in PAPERBACKS PLUS Bookstore, 6115 La Vista Drive, Dallas, Texas 75214.**

#500

*By way of Grace Kenney/the Writer's Garret: December 4, 6-7 pm, "GONZO" Holiday Celebration with ANITA THOMPSON. Location meet UPSTAIRS in PAPERBACKS PLUS Bookstore, 6115 La Vista Drive, Dallas, Texas 75214, SINCERELY, FROM BEATRIZ TERRAZAS & JULI McCULLAGH.*

#600

**DALLAS FOLK MUSIC SOCIETY NEWS**, December 1, 2007, **HOOTENANNY**, 7:00 pm, at Farmers Branch, contact **JOHN & MARTHA McGRADY**, 972-620-1785, at 13223, Glenside, Farmers Branch, Texas 75234, don't forget \$2.00 for **THE KITTY**.

#700

**LISTEN TO JAZZ RADIO SHOW** by **ROGER BOYKIN**, Every **SUNDAY EVENING**, 3-6 PM–**KKDA Radio Station 730 AM**, Dallas, Texas.

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end

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

**DAVID OLNEY *One Tough Town*\***

1. "Whistle Blow," *harmonica immediately makes you lonesome with the singing, but that's okay melody,*
2. "Sweet Poison," *best kind of stuff you need, listen to how Olney tells you,*
3. "Who's The Dummy Now?," *horns certainly take you and question tells you how,*
4. "Little Mustang," *don't think its a car or a horse, but again it could all be the same,*
5. "No Lies," *yeah, David tells you how it is,*
6. "Oh Yeah (Dead Man's Shoes)," *slow talking, keep on walking and horns tell you all,*
7. "Snake Song," *there must be an old friend like Townes, slips around Olney,*
8. "Panama City," *good place to vacation, listen to that Jim Hoke pedal steel,*
9. "Sweet Potato," *lots of fun happening here, listen to Olney and that band,*
10. "See How The Mighty Have Fallen," *tough storytelling taking place here,*
11. "One Tough Town," *and Bill Huber with that tuba takes you right to that town,*
12. "Postcard From Mexico," *very unusual mail hits you from many directions, Olney, Jim Hoke-saxophone, Richard Bailey-banjo, Jack Irwin-organ, Craig Wright-percussion,*
13. "Rainbow's End," *there is certainly a silver lining on this one!*  
*Special Thanks to Mary Sack and Mark Sergio Webb.*

[RED PARLOR Contact: DavidOlney.com or RedParlor.com]

**JAMES MICHAEL TAYLOR *Slaughter Mountain*\***

1. "Big Fat Horse #," *old fashion country, almost a tractor in background,*
2. "Hoedown," *everybody dancing, think some good old fashion instruments,*
3. "Prologue," *good storyteller, wants to be taken seriously,*
4. "California Christmas Memories," *sweet unusual gifts,*
5. "Diamonds And Water," *unique attire; he would rather have water,*
6. "Frustrated Artist," *unusual way to view life, check out the title,*
7. "Coal Fever," *family taking care of each other; ain't easy, but we rise above,*
8. "Lisa Makes Appointments," *ways for friends to get together; she gets it done,*
9. "Hickory Stix," *ways and how he gets to work—good finger-picking, carries you,*
10. "Sunlight On Spider Webs," *good finger-picking instrumental,*
11. "Help," *ways to get together, Taylor tells you how,*

12. "Oh, Jimmy!," *times remembered and helpful yearbooks*,
13. "Slaughter Mountain," *family connections and how its done*,
14. "I'm Still Here," *continuing approach to life*,
15. "Lullaby," *this one can be sung all the time*,
16. "Epilog," *good finger-picking instrumental and suddenly tractor turn-off*.

### ***A Very Cute Horned-Toad Image On The CD.***

Contact: jamesmichaeltaylor@earthlink.net or www.jamesmichaeltatlor.com

### **SCOTT COPELAND *Nothin' To Do+***

Let's see. Ft. Worth, young—how deep (sign of the timesish "Save Me") can "Generation Me" (rightly so) be? Okay, it's a lengthy inward and outward diatribe/saga; so funny at times with "Weather Channel Blues," cute with "Nothin' to Do," and profound (nobility in servitude) with a bit long like I said, Woody-like "Butler the Shoeshine Man," the "Plus ça change...." reference impressive.

This town ain't big enuf cuz "Everybody Sux but Me," and Lord knows "O solo mio" is wrong and leads here thankfully to a revelatory "Vive la difference." In the too much information age, I self-delighted in "When in Doubt" and thought "I Wanna be an Astronaut (Song for Cole)" was WAY sweet (Harry, look out), but the same sanctity of family was violated in his "Grandmother & Pappy Song," and then there's another offence of my female sensibilities in an allusion to his own progeny in "She Beast." God I love vindictiveness and tricky verbiage, but the liner notes sent me over the defensive edge—enough to say, "Check out the enemy within, man." This leads me to "Dead Cat" and "I Kind of Like it that Way" which begins with a "this & then" mix up (as do I). Virtually a heartbreak anthem, the surface vs. interior love pours out sweet revenge that can only be bad leading me to think of Willy the Shake's "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds..." sonnet.

Enfin, if one listens long enuf (again), along comes an unlisted, honest broadside at professional athletes (my husband says anybody can write 'em, but so fun). Is there still MLB? If so, we're batting 300, OK?

There is only graphics contact: Broken Records or Ambition Studios, Colony, Texas.

## **DOLLARS TAXES *Hobo's Last Letter*+**

Oh boy, Hillbilly music like I loved to hear in the 80's on 820 WBAP, including trads like: "Frankie (who said "Miss you?" as she shot him in the back) and Johnny (the guy); "Turkey in the Straw" (go Geo, you go, girl, and a kazoo); "Whiskey Before Breakfast", a town-unifying tonic and a real jig (heads); and "Gilderoy," some easy listenin' and yes to violin. "Cajun Billy" is traditional, too, but "jolie Marie" is as French as \$Bill (lyricist) gets as the washboard and mandolin go rockin' out. At the CD's end were sour Cajun notes (sweet) on JS Bach's "Minuet in G" just pour moi.

Early on were "Midnight on the Water" by Benny Thomasson, with a beauty of an intro by Linda and heartfelt vocals though a bit harmonically rough, and a cute "Wahoo, Wahoo, Wahoo" by Bill Boyd and his Cowboy Ranchers which coulda been sung. John Prine's "Fryin' Pan" is about losing his mean-ass wife to the Fuller Brush man (!), and the CD's namesake, "Hobo's Last Letter" by Wm. N. Hicks, has a fall down the stairs and a sad letter about a wife in Denver, life in SF, and some "sweet home" somewhere. The eeriness of "the name looks like mine" sets the tone and the bar higher for the last two here. In "I Crept into the Crypt" (and cried) by Liz Anderson, a funny, fat pharaoh pulls a *Lion and the Jewel* (haven't you read Soyinka?). Did the Zulu actually fight in Mali (Timbuktu)?

AND behold! The glory of the Walt Whitman-ish listing in "Devil's Dream" (Johnston, man!) which John the Revelator had has it. Wordplay—my favourite game.

Contact [www.dollars-taxes.com](http://www.dollars-taxes.com)

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**end**

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**#100**

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**MarquettaHerring,Contact: marq@lonestarwebstation.com**

**#200**

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**end**

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

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6. **BREEDS**, by ROXY GORDON © 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 PLUS PRESS, 1987**; limited quantity available.
11. **PICKING UP THE TEMPO**, a country western journal, current or back-issues. Go to Roxy Gordon's Website to find **ARCHIVES – www.roxygordon.com**.
12. **SPECIAL AVAILABLE**–Wowapi Press brings **CHARLEY MOON'S – GREAT AUNT LESSIE BELLE'S FUNERAL, 2005, 2007, chapbook, \$10.00, plus**

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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.

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