

the Local Voice

Read at Maximum Volume - Issue #12 - September 28-October 12, 2006 - www.TheLocalVoice.net

Why Are The Ole Miss Rebels Losing?

by Carver Rayburn cr_xpress@yahoo.com

UNIVERSITY, MISS. (TLV) - Grab a seat at the **Library Sports Bar** and ask the random dude next to you why **Ole Miss** is losing. The response you will most likely get is a common one around Oxford these days. The dialog would flow something like this:

You - "Man, why does Ole Miss keep losing? I thought we would be better this year."

Random Dude - "What? Don't be an idiot. Ole Miss sucks, dude."

You - "Yeah, but it still makes me mad."

Random Dude - "Best bet is to just hang out here until baseball season. At least then you will be mad and drunk. Not just mad."

The Bottom line is that the Rebels are not improving through four games this season. That was all we as fans had hoped for, a sign of improvement. Ole Miss has started the season 1-3 against Memphis, Missouri, Kentucky and Wake Forest. I have learned to always look at the numbers when a team is struggling to produce wins. The numbers never lie.

Head Coach **Ed Orgeron** keeps saying that the defense is improving. I don't see it. The defense has allowed 117 points in four games that most thought were winnable before the season started. Total yards allowed have passed the 370

mark in three of the four games. If there is improvement, it must be in one of those super secret closed practices. Improvement is not apparent from stands.

The offense is another story. At least the defense has been consistently bad. The offense has defied all odds and actually become worse as the season goes on. After scoring 28 points and yielding no turnovers in the Rebels season opener against **Memphis State**, the offense has looked completely lost, at best.

Since that first game, Ole Miss has produced just 24 points. Turned the ball over nine times, and been horrendous on third down conversions.

Coaching, talent and coming to play on Saturday are the areas that need to be corrected in order for Ole Miss to get a W in their column. Basically that means nothing is going right for Ole Miss this season.

With the numbers laid out there, I thought I would give the team a chance to tell you where they stand. Following the Missouri game, coaches and players addressed the media. Here's what they had to say:

Jamarca Sanford: "We just have to work hard and stay together as a team."

BenJarvus Green-Ellis: "We just have to translate our executions in practice to the game, control the things we can control and try to win."

Thomas Eckers: "The older guys have to step up and be leaders. I've been here on losing teams before, we need to be leaders and we need to get better."

Brent Schaeffer: "We've got a long way to go, but there are no excuses. We've got to get out in practice and work hard. They didn't do anything that we didn't prepare for."

Head Coach **Ed Orgeron:** "We have not gotten better than we were against Memphis. We can't run the ball on offense. We're making too many mistakes back there in just about everything we're doing."

With **Georgia, Vanderbilt, Alabama** and **Arkansas** on the schedule for the next four games, the mistakes have to disappear today in order for the Rebels to avoid their third straight losing season. Today, the forecast looks very bad. I may go to **Shreveport** anyway. They love Ole Miss fans there.

Carver Rayburn is an Ole Miss Rebel who was born and raised in Oxford, Mississippi. He is currently writing and living in New Orleans.



Howlin' Wolves & Bass Guitars An Evening at Thacker Mountain Radio An interview with Karen Russell by Sarah Reddick

TLV: How did you like Oxford?

KR: I really liked it. I think it's going to be the highlight. I've never really been to the south. I don't think Florida counts. I think it's kind of below the south. It was just really different. I got to eat cheese fries with the Mayor, it was just a nice family feeling for the brief time I was there."

TLV: I was really impressed by your reading. I think it's amazing that you're twenty-five and you write the way you do.

KR: Thank you. That means a lot. Most of the readings I did in New York were for friends. I've never really read for strangers before. So I had a running narration in my head, you know how you do that? It was like, "My publisher's flown me to Mississippi to do a reading about things I just wrote on my computer."

TLV: The audience was so receptive to you. You got up there and had a great voice, and seemed so comfortable.

KR: I've never felt that way in front of a room full of people before. I felt that I could have gotten up there and, you know, hiccupped and everyone would have been fine with that.

TLV: It's a very literary, discerning crowd, but a very laid back crowd.

KR: Yeah, it definitely wasn't a cross armed, "Impress me," New York vibe. I didn't get that.

TLV: I saw that review about your book in *Entertainment Weekly*. What did you think about that?

KR: Pretty great, huh? It sort of felt like when you go to get those fake magazine covers made of you, you know? "Sarah Wins The Race! Sarah Wins The Presidency!" It felt like that.

TLV: You wrote from a youthful perspective in these stories. I really enjoyed "Haunting Olivia." Is that something you set out to do?

KR: I think that for whatever reason, I felt most drawn to that.

TLV: You did a great job at bringing it full circle.

KR: I think just the idea of trying to make sense of things at that age, there's something about that age to me. It seems like a good vantage point.

TLV: I was most impressed by the visceral aspect of your writing. It makes you want to pick up the book and take a bite out of it.

KR: Wow, that's amazing. Thank you so much! My most favorite reading when I was young made me feel like that. My mom would call me for dinner, and it would be like, "My God, lady." Hahahaha..."



Jim Dees and Karen Russell.
photo by Sarah Reddick

OXFORD, MISS. (TLV) - Walking through the darling doors of **Off Square Books**, in **Oxford, Mississippi**, you can't help but feel that you are a part of something big. Or something small and intimate. A slice of history.

On this late summer evening a robin's egg blue sky welcomed me. I hurried through to claim a seat that had been saved. The energy in the room was unmistakable. The tiny white lights that adorn the ceiling, well, they beckoned.

Thacker Mountain Radio is an intriguing mix of old South, and new sounds, a bad ass production. It runs every Thursday night in spring and fall, and is broadcast by **Mississippi Public Broadcasting**. (Locally on **Bull's Eye 95.5 FM**)

From inception to finale, I stayed impressed. **The Yalobwhackers** started it off with a little guitar pickin'. Their intro recalls old time variety shows, a time when radio was king, and families would gather around for a taste of the outside world.

Colour Revolt was up next with a haunting cover of Tom Waits' "Dirt in the Ground." The lead singer's dreamy, contemplative voice echoed the refrain again, and again.

Host **Jim Dees**, who held the audience captive with his sparkling wit, was excited while introducing the night's featured author, **Karen Russell**. Her new book, "St. Lucy's Home for Girls Raised by Wolves" is an impressive collection of short stories.

She took the stage, and appeared to be right at home. Her voice, throaty and believable, lent serious-

ness to a quirky, laugh out loud vignette concerning a pack of hairy wolf-girls who were sent to a Catholic convent to learn society's norms. At twenty five, **Jim Dees** said she is so good, "You want to slap her."

Entertainment Weekly described her writing as "Part Flannery O'Connor, part Gabriel Garcia Marquez, and entirely her own." Fresh and honest, she was exactly what you would expect to hear roaming the **Thacker Mountain** airwaves.

Blue Mother Tupelo out of Nashville wrapped things up. Heads nodded and feet were tapping as singer **Micol Davis** pounded on the piano, and wowed the audience with her soulful voice on the song "You'll Be Mine." The song "Home" was heartfelt, the two part harmony transported me to road trips in a past life. You could almost feel the wind through the window, and see the trees running by.

After the show I got to talk to **Karen Russell** at the **City Grocery Bar**, a favorite watering hole for visiting authors and citizens alike. She is a native of Miami, and we talked about being a transplanted New Yorker. She was recently on *New York* magazine's list of twenty five people to watch under the age of twenty-six.

She donned the pirate hat that was being passed around the table, and uttered a very convincing "Gwarr!!" Gwarr was the given name of one of the wolf-girls in her story. But at a table in the corner, with a few cold drinks, it sounded just as well placed.

Sarah Reddick is a local writer originally from St. Louis, Missouri.

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Local Q&A: Who is your all-time favorite rebel?

Armegis Spearman "Joey Embry."	
Eli Manning "Archie."	
Mat Wymer "James Meredith."	
Tommy Cain "Clint Eastwood."	
Pat McKeage "Sonny Barger."	
Marsha Webb "James Dean."	
Jacob Brady "Che Guevara."	
Hoss "Han Solo."	
Raw Cooter "Elston Turner."	
Jamo "All of them."	



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Friday, September 29th: The Wayne Mills Band

Saturday, September 30th:

Georgia vs. Ole Miss

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October 4th and 6th:

Party with Live Band T.B.A.

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays & Thursdays: Karaoke Idol



the **Local Voice** #12

cover photo by Stacey Pillaut

Special thanks to Stacey who went above and beyond to help make this issue of *The Local Voice* a reality. Thanks Stacey!

COMMUNITY CALENDAR: September 28th through October 12th, 2006

calendar sponsored by **MURFF'S BAR & GRILL**
 submit your event by email: thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net



MUSIC

Thursday 09.28.2006
Proud Larry's: Wilx
Two Stick: Green Lemon
Oasis: Karaoke Idol
 Friday 09.29.2006
Proud Larry's: Shady Deal
 Kenny Brown at Happy Hour
Two Stick: Dead Confederate
Oasis: Wayne Mills Band
 Saturday 09.30.2006
Proud Larry's: Big Sam's Funky Nation
Two Stick: Daybreakdown
The Longshot: Wiley & The Checkmates

Monday 10.02.2006
Two Stick: Pithecanfunktus Erectus
Oasis: Karaoke Idol
 Tuesday 10.03.2006
The Library: Corey Smith
 Wednesday 10.04.2006
Proud Larry's: Bob Schneider
Two Stick: Braden Land Band
Oasis: Live Band T.B.A.
 Thursday 10.05.2006
Proud Larry's: Eric & Dany of Bloodkin
Two Stick: Wilx
Oasis: Karaoke Idol
 Friday 10.06.2006
Proud Larry's: Tishamingo
Two Stick: Oteil & The Peacemakers
Oasis: Live Band T.B.A.
 Saturday 10.07.2006
Two Stick: Mayhem String Band
 Monday 10.09.2006
Two Stick: Pithecanfunktus Erectus
Oasis: Karaoke Idol
 Tuesday 10.10.2006
Ford Center: Wilco
 Wednesday 10.11.2006
Proud Larry's: Jackmormons
Two Stick: Gamble Brothers Band
Oasis: Karaoke Idol
 Thursday 10.12.2006
Proud Larry's: Jimbo Mathis
Two Stick: Eric McFadden Trio
Oasis: Karaoke Idol

MOVIES & FILM

Hollywood Type Films: Movies and show-times change often. To get the most up-to-date information, call 662-234-5625 for the Cine 4 and 662-236-4962 for Oxford Studio Cinema.
Public Library Children's Movie: 10 a.m. Every Monday - Children's Movie at the Lafayette County & Oxford Public Library.
Movie Night: "Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest" Admission \$1 with UM ID; \$2

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Tuesday Nights: \$1.50 High Life Draft; \$2 Modelo Cans; \$3 Wells
Wednesday: Ladies Night

Saturday, September 30th

Mr. Wiley & The Checkmates

Friday, October 13th *Goodmorning Powerheart*
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others. UM campus Turner Center Auditorium, Thu. 8 p.m.; Fri. 7 & 9:30 p.m.; Sun. 7 p.m. Call 915-7369.
Casting Call: September 28, 2006, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Casting Directors from the MTV show "The Real World" will be holding an open casting call at The Levee Bar & Grill. Applicants must be 18-24 years old and are asked to bring a recent picture of themselves (which will not be returned) and photo ID. Must be 18-24 years old.

VISUAL ART

The Frame Up Gallery: Ariel Baron-Robbins
New Summer Works September 1st-30th
Meek Hall and Triplett Alumni Center Lobby: Until Tuesday, June 19th, 2007 Rotating displays of work by Ole Miss students, faculty, alumni and art classes. 8 a.m. - 5 p.m., Monday through Friday.
Southside Gallery: Through Sept. 30. Paintings by Eric Abrecht & Glennray Tutor.
University Museum: Full Victory Pottery by Matt Long, Tue.-Sat. 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.; Sun. 1-4 p.m.

READINGS & SIGNINGS

Thursday 09.28.2006: **Off Square Books:** *The City of Falling Angels* by John Berendt, 5:30 PM
 Saturday 09.30.2006: **Square Books, Jr.:** Frog & Toad 10 AM
Off Square Books: *At Home Cafe* by Leslie Carpenter
 Monday 10.02.2006: **Off Square Books:** *Word Origins and How We Know Them* by Anatoly Lieberman
 Thursday 10.05.2006: **Off Square Books:** Thacker Mountain Radio Show featuring Wyatt Prunty 5:30 PM
 Friday 10.06.2006: **Off Square Books:** *Blind Side: Evolution of a Game* by Michael Lewis
 Saturday 10.07.2006: **Square Books, Jr.:** *Winnie The Pooh* 10 PM
Off Square Books: *Moonpie: Biography of an Out-of-this-World Snack* by David Magee 11 AM
 Tuesday 10.10.2006: **Off Square Books:** *20 Over 40* by David Galef And Beth Weinhouse 5:30 PM
 Wednesday 10.11.2006: **Square Books, Jr.:** *Emily's Everyday Manners* by Cindy Post Senning 4 PM
Off Square Books: *Johnny Cash Biography* by Michael Streissguth 5 PM
 Thursday 10.12.2006: **Off Square Books:** *Looking Glass Wars* by Frank Beddor 4 PM
Off Square Books: Thacker Mountain

Radio Show: *All Aunt Hagar's Children* by Edward P. Jones 5:30 PM

SPORTS

Friday, September 29, 2006: **College Soccer:** Arkansas vs. Ole Miss. UM Soccer Stadium. 7PM
 Saturday, September 30, 2006: **College Football:** Georgia vs. Ole Miss, Vaught-Hemingway Stadium; **College Rugby:** Georgia Tech vs. Ole Miss, Club Sports Complex, 7PM; **College Rifle:** Ole Miss Invitational
 Sunday, October 1, 2006: **College Soccer:** LSU vs. Ole Miss. UM Soccer Stadium. 7PM
 Thursday, October 5, 2006: **College Rugby:** LSU vs. Ole Miss, Club Sports Complex, 7PM
 Friday, October 6, 2006: **High School Football:** Cleveland vs. Oxford, Oxford High, 7 PM. Clarksdale vs. Lafayette, Lafayette High, 7 PM; **College Volleyball:** Auburn vs. Ole Miss
 Saturday, October 7, 2006: **College Football:** Vanderbilt vs. Ole Miss, Vaught-Hemingway Stadium; **College Rifle:** Ole Miss Invitational
 Sunday, October 8, 2006: **College Volleyball:** Florida vs. Ole Miss

THE POWERHOUSE

Powerhouse Community Arts Center: Studio Oxford's Youth Integrated Arts Program Saturdays, September 9 thru October 28: Creative Dramatics: For 5 & 6 year olds and 7 & 8 year olds; Saturdays, 12:30-2 pm, Showcase Oct. 28 @ 12 pm; Intro to Musical Theatre: For 9-14 year olds; Saturdays, 2-3:30 pm, Showcase Oct. 28 @ 12:00 pm

PUBLIC LIBRARY

401 Bramlett Blvd.: Open Mon. 10AM-8PM, Tues. 10AM-8PM, Wed. 10-8PM, Thurs. 10-8PM, Fri. 10AM-8PM, Sat. 10AM-5:30PM, Sun. 2PM-5PM Every Monday at 10 AM is a **Children's Movie**. On Thursdays at 6:30PM is **Storytime**. On Fridays at 10AM is **Toddler Time** and at 10:30AM is **Storytime**.

GOVERNMENT

Monday 10.02.2006 and 10.16.2006: Lafayette County Board of Supervisors Meeting, 7 PM, Chancery Court Building
 Tuesday 10.03.2006 and 10.17.2006: Board of Alderman Meeting, 6 PM, Courtroom of City Hall
 Wednesday 10.18.2006: Oxford Tourism Council Meeting, 5 PM, Oxford Conference Center

FARMER'S MARKET

Every Wednesday All Day and Saturday 7-11AM: at the Mid-Town Shopping Center on North Lamar with fresh, locally-grown fruits, vegetables, eggs, dairy items, baked goods, herbs, flowers and potted plants.

PUBLIC SKATEPARK

Open every day all day from Daylight til 11:15PM located on Bramlett Blvd. across from the Public Library.

CYCLE OF THE DAYS

Thursday 09.28.2006: Sunrise: 6:49am, Sunset: 6:47pm, Moonrise: 12:46pm, Moonset: 10:14pm
 Friday 09.29.2006: Sunrise: 6:50am, Sunset: 6:46pm, Moonrise: 1:46pm, Moonset: 11:10pm
 Saturday 09.30.2006: Sunrise: 6:51am, Sunset: 6:44pm; Moonrise: 2:41pm; Moonset: none; First Qtr: 5:04am
 Sunday 10.01.2006: Sunrise: 6:52am, Sunset: 6:43pm; Moonrise: 3:29pm; Moonset: 12:13am
 Monday 10.02.2006: Sunrise: 6:52am, Sunset: 6:42pm; Moonrise: 4:10pm; Moonset: 1:23am
 Tuesday 10.03.2006: Sunrise: 6:53am, Sunset: 6:40pm; Moonrise: 4:46pm; Moonset: 2:35am
 Wednesday 10.04.2006: Sunrise: 6:54am, Sunset: 6:39pm; Moonrise: 5:19pm; Moonset: 3:48am
 Thursday 10.05.2006: Sunrise: 6:55am, Sunset: 6:38pm; Moonrise: 5:49pm; Moonset: 5:01am
 Friday 10.06.2006: Sunrise: 6:55am, Sunset: 6:36pm; Moonrise: 6:20pm; Moonset: 6:14am; Full Moon: 9:13pm
 Saturday 10.07.2006: Sunrise: 6:56am, Sunset: 6:35pm; Moonrise: 6:52pm; Moonset: 7:28am
 Sunday 10.08.2006: Sunrise: 6:57am, Sunset: 6:33pm; Moonrise: 7:27pm; Moonset: 8:42am
 Monday 10.09.2006: Sunrise: 6:58am, Sunset: 6:32pm; Moonrise: 8:08pm; Moonset: 9:57am
 Tuesday 10.10.2006: Sunrise: 6:59am, Sunset: 6:31pm; Moonrise: 8:55pm; Moonset: 11:11am
 Wednesday 10.11.2006: Sunrise: 6:59am, Sunset: 6:30pm; Moonrise: 9:49pm; Moonset: 12:20pm
 Thursday 10.12.2006: Sunrise: 7:00am, Sunset: 6:28pm; Moonrise: 10:49pm; Moonset: 1:20pm

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The Priest of Dust

Dust clouds rose and hung above the hot road as the priest rolled his black suit dirty. He kept his arms tucked in and kicked up clouds with his heels. Haley and I couldn't do anything about this. We were so in love we'd stopped speaking—everything was telepathic. We wondered if maybe we should also roll around in the dust in our Sunday clothes.

Cars hissed by on the distant highway. Haley went to squat in the woods. She didn't lean against the tree trunk because that's how the red bugs get on you. I kept eyes on the priest where he rolled back and forth in the dust. He'd been giving us a sermon about the evils of the modern military-media-industrial complex and how systems of power seek total control. Haley and I had listened, but it didn't sound anything like TV, so our minds began to wander. We needed a commercial break.

He had just said something about electromagnetic weapons and sound weapons and how one day The Man would just shut our brains on and off like a light switch. If I'd been conspiracy-minded, I might have suspected the government in the priest's seizure, but I was tired of thinking things through. I had Haley and church was over. There was no one at her house because the rest of her family had gone to lunch. That gave us a good hour-and-a-half to become one again, and we didn't want much else in the world.

The priest was no priest—the townspeople claimed they just called him that for his hell-cometh voice and messianic posturing.



ing. But, years before, when he'd held services in the woods, those same people attended, sitting on tree stumps and kneeling on roots and moss. One by one they left him, joined our big church, the one Haley and I call Fort

God. Then the priest's seizures began and the town swore he was a drunk.

Haley returned from the edge of the woods and stood next to me. I loosened my ponytail, let my hair fall down around my shoulders. The priest sat up in the swirl of dust, his face twisted and glistening. He wiped dirt from the corners of his eyes to look at us.

"Now do you see?"

Haley and I held hands. We nodded yes, but we really just wanted to change the channel.

Max Hipp is a local writer and guitarist from Oxford, Mississippi.



by Travis Malkovich malk81@mail.com

You May Not Care About Your Car...

With school back in session and football season here once again to make our lives crowded and noisy, we end up with an age old Oxford problem returning to haunt us all: parking. Sure, we all have to deal with it. Every single day it becomes a hassle to figure out where exactly you can stick your ride. All the while hoping its going to be there when you get back, either in one piece or with out a ticket slapped on it. Now, I'm not here to tell you my secret parking spots, mainly because I don't want you in said spots when I decide to leave the house. What I am going to talk to you about is having some respect for the people's cars around you. As the title says, you may not care about your car, but I care about mine.

In a college town we all expect to get some dents and dings on our cars. You know, its all part of the game of parking in crowded lots on campus, Wal-Mart and such. Well things are getting ridiculous as far as I'm concerned. I bought my truck four years ago brand new. I take care of it, maintain it and even modify it myself. The sad thing is every time I polish up the girl, I am reminded that now my truck looks like it has been parked at a driving range for a few months. I don't mean it's got a few minor dents. There are creases in the steel down through the paint. Thousand dollars of repair work dents. As far as I see it, there is only one reason for this; a complete lack of respect for other people's property.

How do I put this gently . . . a lot of people running around Oxford have a lot more money than most of us reading this will ever have. More importantly, their parents have a lot more money than most of us will ever have. And that's cool and all, good for them. But, I'm sorry, I get no solace from the fact that probably three-quarters of the dents in my truck came from a sophomore driving a car that cost twice what the house I grew up in did. If they destroy their car, their folks have them a new, better one within the week. The problem with that is these people see cars as disposable as a beer bottle. Not all of us are this fortunate. I paid for my truck, and my project car. Most everyone else in this town paid for their own vehicle, too. Most all of this would stop if these kids actually had to pay a bank note on a vehicle. Sure, there will always be accidents. But after you see your twelfth year-old Land Rover covered in mud and missing a fender you start to wonder if all are.

In closing, when you're out parking that car or yours this school year, look around you before you swing open your doors. And just think for a second how nice it would be if every car you see was just the way you found it at the end of the day. Also, if you see a blue GMC with Illinois tags, stay the hell away from it.

Travis Malkovich is a local writer originally from Benton, Illinois.



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 Sept. 29: Dead Confederate (formerly Red Belly)
 Sept. 30: Daybreakdown
 Oct. 2: Pithecanfunkus Erectus
 Oct. 3: Trivia Night
 Oct. 4: Braden Land Band
 Oct. 5: Wilx
 Oct. 6: Oteil & The Peacemakers
 Oct. 7: Mayhem String Band
 Oct. 9: Pithecanfunkus Erectus
 Oct. 10: Trivia Night
 Oct. 11: Gamble Brothers Band
 Oct. 12: Eric McFadden Trio
 Oct. 13: Mini Van Blues Band

Coming Friday the 13th: The Local Voice #13
 Ad reservation deadline is October 9th. Reserve your space by calling 662-232-8900 or emailing us at thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net

THE LOCAL VOICE #12 WWW.THELOCALVOICE.NET 3

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Life In Dog Years by Jilleen Moore

When I was a child I thought exactly the way I do now - minus the grief. I frolicked barefoot through the grass, dove into murky off-limit swimming holes, climbed trees, played with fire, tumbled down hills, studied the clouds, and essentially, in states of pure joy and awe generally, shirked off responsibilities for days of freedom, sunshine or rain. I spent much of this time with my grandfather's bulldog named Bowzer. He was my first best friend. I was a true red-dirt girl. When sent on a mission Bowzer and I were often distracted by pieces of string and shiny objects, like Jeremy the crow from the children's classic Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH. I still get distracted when I see shiny things.

My parents, father a native Mississippian and mother a native Californian, reared me using a strange brew of stern country love, big dreams, Looney Tunes and consistent church attendance. Many basic principles I learned in childhood still hold true today. One lie leads swiftly to the next lie. Love is an action not merely a state of being. The swiftest help for sadness is song. The cure to loneliness is kindness. There are few occasions which warrant the harm or destruction of property or self. Revenge is a dish best not served at all. People are a reward unto themselves.

Growing up, folks always asked me, as is customary to ask a child, what did I want to be. My mom and dad had taught me the song "Swing on a Star" and so I found humor in answering that I would "rather be a pig" than anything. As a perpetual prodigal child, the moonbeams and the trough have given me equal mileage. Frolicking produces much joy and difficulty. What did I want to be? I still wasn't quite sure what I was. Was I my skin color or a Baptist, a girly girl or a tomboy? These categorizations were thrust upon me like steel trap birds flapping their wings and trying to light. Um, I think I want to be a kid. The ongoing joke throughout my childhood about my character is that I could easily be distracted or entertained if simply given a stick, a rock or a rope. I cannot begin to express the inscrutable pleasure these most basic items have provided me. I still love a good stick, rock or rope.

Looking back, I feel like I was a lonely kid. Though surrounded by devotees of mischief and wit, I felt somehow lost inside my head. My head, always in the clouds, swarmed with ideas and fears and concerns about who I was. I watched the models of human life provided for me, and I grew and assimilated them. My heart led me through overgrown paths in the woods to giant ancient trees and I wondered: What did I want to be when I grew up? It was simple, an ancient deduction perhaps - I didn't want to grow up.

I was the kid who pretended not to pay attention in church and school, but still loved and learned the lessons. I read my Bible stories, and my parents' scientific books and encyclopedias and engaged adults in conversation as often as possible. By the time I was writing sentences with my spelling words, I knew I had found my life calling - writing sentences with spelling words. Oh the joy of knowing that somehow somewhere and at sometime in my future someone might pay me to write. I loved spelling. With horror I quickly realized that not all kids loved books or spelling words; some didn't even care. During dinner, after prayer and a long meal and discourse, I often watched my parents argue over the dictionary that we kept on the table. I watched my parents' exchanges with the same anticipation and anxiety others might feel at a sporting event. My mother, a

career medical transcriptionist, was never ever admittedly wrong. My father, an educated man and inventor of sorts, has been perpetually schooled in the shades and degrees and malleability of defined words by my mother. The dictionary, I learned as a young child, was a living, breathing thing, almost like the Bible.

The Word was God and was with God.

An observant teacher once gave me a copy of Thoreau's Civil Disobedience. Finally, I found a lifestyle that seemed to fit me, even as I continued to grow into adolescence. I didn't want to share a bed and have a mortgage - didn't even want to make my bed. I hated dresses and purses, mainly because I felt like mankind had forced them on women. I have never been very fond of shoes. As far as taxes are concerned, well I just don't get it. Thoreau had, as a literary exercise perhaps, provided for me the perfect model for my life. I would be a hermit and a speller of words.

At sixteen, after years of reading every book in my path, I grew to love the South through the voices of our greatest southern writers. I lived near Eudora Welty and got plate lunches at the same Jitney Jungle she shopped. My parents spent all their gift money on signed and first edition books for me.

My identity had begun to emerge. Along with a busload of bookwormish students and brave teachers, I traveled to Oxford, Mississippi, to see the home of William Faulkner. My class made a trip to the Square and to Square Books and to the University. Something fluttered into my heart and stuck there. Was it a sense of heritage?

What did I want to be? I wanted to be a speller of words and live in a cabin and grow my own vegetables and have as many dogs as I could feed and wade through creeks and go fishing and eat my catch for supper. I wanted to walk barefoot most days and wear boots in the woods. I wanted to play my guitar, and carry on my own oral history. I was taught human beings are made "in the image of God" so I decided I wanted to be a creator.

Mom and the Bible taught me never to worry about the things of tomorrow - that God would always provide. It made sense. I walked through my days aloof and, like Jeremy the crow, found that the things I needed were there if I only paid attention. This almost existential concept also applied to writing and art, as if form and material in the universe only needed my thought and intent and passion to become something. Needless to say, my transcendentalist nature distressed my family, and my goals to become a hermit and writer were taken with fearful snickers and grimaces.

I am 34 human years old (176 in dog years). I live in a 100 year-old cabin (human years) on the fabled Yocona river. I have 9 dogs and 2 cats and live with one co-disobedient. For the first several years of my independent country existence I complained and whined for the comforts of home. I had forgotten moment by moment that temperature and material surroundings were truly unimportant. I was consistently reminded that, according to my anthropologist co-disobedient, "for thousands of years humans have thrived with less or nothing." Despite the hardships of country life, sans the assistance of a dad with tools and mom with groceries, and their collective life wisdom, I learned that if I can find a safe spot to lay my head at the end of the day, I will survive. My space is located in the attic room of the ark-like cabin I inhabit. I lay my head down, with two cats on either side, and stare at the ceiling each night, and I attempt true gratitude as a human. Write about it, something

prods me from within. I think about some of my favorite Bible stories, Noah, Jacob, Jonah and Job, who, despite their actions and decisions, found a space at the end of each day. I watch the spiders do their tapestries across the ceilings and around corners in my room and I think of Charlotte's Web and wait for the words "Some Pig" to appear above my bed. I always said I'd "rather be a pig". I giggle to myself. Sometimes I feel like I live like a pig in the mud.

The greatest factor in my becoming has been my life in relation to my animals. I mark the years of my childhood and adolescence with phrases such as "before Dinky and after Fred." Now, in the mornings I wake up and am greeted by two elderly dogs. They want to go outside and be fed, they want attention. When I walk out my door in the morning I wade through a sea of outdoor dogs, dogs who grew up spontaneously from the land itself, grew out of our periodic despair and poverty, showed up hiding under the porch during a thunderstorm, born to the stray we neglected to have spayed. They're everywhere - dogs, dogs, ghosts of dogs, deep holes, mud, sticks, bones, trash, wraiths of dogs. Watch your step. Most dogs are given the names of dead blues and jazz singers and sometimes inadvertently named according to distinct physical traits, and appropriately, the dogs are happy just to have a dry safe

spot and a warm meal (similar to my life). Like the infinitude of spiders, the dogs make me ponder life and human nature and relationships. What if life really is as simple as the fulfillment of that hierarchy of human needs? It stands to reason. Buddha's sorrow from desire principle duly follows.

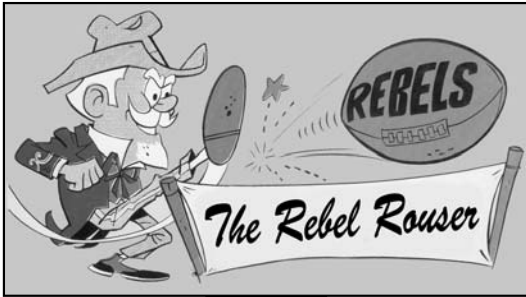
On the way to my car I am greeted by sloppy licks and muddy paws. I keep two or three changes of clothes in my car because of this. As I leave the driveway I am escorted by all nine dogs, despite the multiple bowls of food on the porch. The dogs surround the car in a slow lackadaisical fashion then speed up when they decide they might be run over if they don't get moving. As I

drive down the aptly named Cemetery Road the dogs are in full stride. I struggle not to hit them. I curse and laugh at myself in this state of existence, as my dogs crisscross the road and nip at each other with abundant abandon and glee. There are two dogs who are the fastest and dumbest and I worry about those two the most. I worry about the dogs all day and rush home after work to them, as if to a spouse and dinner. When I return home the dogs do the reverse escort, with flips in the air and customary grooming and nipping at each other. They want me to call their names and feed them and love on them. Then I do the same with the inside dogs. After this I let the inside dogs out and back in. My life is consigned to and determined by the animals. Dog abundance was the one aspect of my hermetic life I didn't foresee. What can I do?

When the animals die they are buried using broken potsherds and spades, their graves covered with sticks, rocks, ropes, beads and change - fleeting currency. Over the years, in this dogged life I wished upon myself, I have learned to give when there's nothing left to give, to love when I feel empty, and to let go when I feel like the earth might swallow me whole. I see all the dogs who didn't find homes on the sides of our country roads and I know it's just part of life. I can only feed so many, I tell myself. Poet Gerald Stern says "never flinch" when you see what is casually considered "road-kill" across the land. It's hard not to flinch, not to think about death and despair in humanity straight out when I look at the often unfairly undignified lives and deaths of dogs. I will always flinch when there is pain and death and suffering - when desire is not matched by fulfillment or at least, hope. All I hope - when my dog years have run out - is to be called by a good name and to be buried with sticks, rocks and ropes.

Jilleen Moore is a writer and guitarist from Pearl, Mississippi. She now lives in a beautiful cabin called Whiskey Run way out in Water Valley, Mississippi.





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MUSIC VENUE & SPORTS BAR
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by Carver Rayburn cr_xpress@yahoo.com

With most of the attention directed towards the recent deflation of the Ole Miss Football team, *The Local Voice* felt it necessary to deter some of the hype to the other Rebel sports around campus. Namely, Baseball.

That's right, remember the Diamond Rebs and Mike "Kingfish" Bianco? The defending SEC Tournament Champions recently released their 2007 schedule. Highlighting the slate in 2007 are a home series against UCLA and a trip to the Metrodome in Minnesota for a tournament that features Arkansas, Minnesota, and The Citadel.

Ole Miss 2007 Baseball Schedule

Feb 10	UNO	Oxford
Feb 11	UNO	Oxford
Feb 16	Evansville	Oxford
Feb 17	Evansville	Oxford
Feb 18	Evansville	Oxford
Feb 20	Memphis State	Oxford
Feb 23	Wichita State	Oxford
Feb 24	Wichita State	Oxford
Feb 25	Wichita State	Oxford
Feb 27	Belmont	Oxford
March 2-4	Metrodome Tourn.	Minneapolis, MN
March 6	Austin Peay	Oxford
March 7	Austin Peay	Oxford
March 9	UCLA	Oxford
March 10	UCLA	Oxford
March 11	UCLA	Oxford
March 13	Arkansas State	Jonesboro
March 16	Vanderbilt	Nashville
March 17	Vanderbilt	Nashville
March 18	Vanderbilt	Nashville
March 20	South Alabama	Mobile
March 23	Alabama	Oxford
March 24	Alabama	Oxford
March 25	Alabama	Oxford
March 27	Southern Miss	Pearl, Mississippi
March 31	Auburn	Auburn
April 1	Auburn	Auburn
April 2	Auburn	Auburn
April 6	Georgia	Oxford
April 7	Georgia	Oxford
April 8	Georgia	Oxford
April 11	Southern Miss	Hattiesburg
April 13	LSU	Baton Rouge
April 14	LSU	Baton Rouge
April 15	LSU	Baton Rouge
April 20	South Carolina	Oxford
April 21	South Carolina	Oxford
April 22	South Carolina	Oxford
April 27	Mississippi State	Oxford
April 28	Mississippi State	Oxford
April 29	Mississippi State	Oxford
May 2	Memphis State	Memphis
May 4	Tennessee	Knoxville
May 5	Tennessee	Knoxville
May 6	Tennessee	Knoxville
May 11	Kentucky	Oxford
May 12	Kentucky	Oxford
May 13	Kentucky	Oxford
May 17	Arkansas	Fayetteville
May 18	Arkansas	Fayetteville
May 19	Arkansas	Fayetteville
May 23-27	SEC Tournament	Hoover, Ala.
May 31-June 3	NCAA Regional	
June 8-June 10	NCAA Super Regional	
June 15-25	College World Series	Omaha, Neb.



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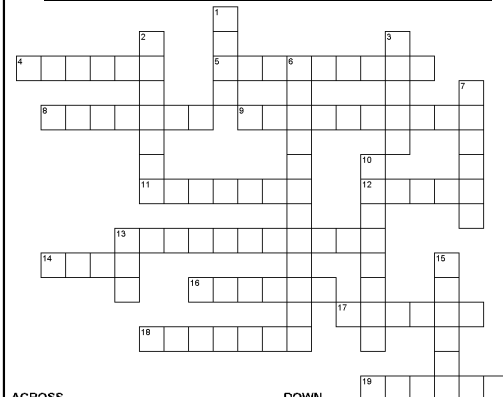
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the Local Voice Crossword Puzzle

Welcome to The Local Voice Crossword Puzzle #6. All of the words used in this puzzle can be found in the articles, advertisements, and pages of this magazine. The solution is on our website: www.TheLocalVoice.net



ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4 The chief meal of the day, eaten at evening or midday | 1 fine, dry particles of matter |
| 5 Local band originally from Missouri | 2 a gay, carefree time |
| 8 common term for a child between the ages of one and three years old | 3 A fertile or green spot in a desert or wasteland, made so by the presence of water |
| 9 luka, Mississippi's county | 6 Refusal or failure to obey |
| 11 Japanese for "the act of getting drunk and thinking you can carry a tune" | 7 Crazy; insane |
| 12 An embankment raised to prevent a river from overflowing | 10 It was admitted as the 21st state in 1818 |
| 13 The four eyed state | 13 cable television network that premiered on August 1, 1981 |
| 14 A depression in a surface made by pressure or a blow | 15 A receptacle having a narrow neck, usually no handles, and a mouth that can be plugged, corked, or capped |
| 16 A river near Oxford | |
| 17 one who preys on others, a plunderer | |
| 18 dish best served cold | |
| 19 A person having the authority to perform and administer religious rites | |

TOTALLY USELESS TRIVIA

Leonard Horatio McCoy Ole Miss Class of 2249, UMMC class of 2253

The Guinness Book of Records holds the record for being the book most often stolen from public libraries. Astronauts are not allowed to eat beans before they go into space because passing wind in a spacesuit will damage it. The number one selling CD in history is the third Beatles anthology. It recently beat out the Eagles' "Their Greatest Hits." Bats always turn left when exiting a cave. If you drop a penny off of the Empire State Building, it will be going 106 miles per hour (terminal velocity) when it reaches the ground. The original Winnie the Pooh was a real live bear found outside of Winnipeg, Canada, hence the name Winnie. Dachshunds were originally bred in 1600 to hunt dachs, which is German for badgers. Houdini's real name was Ehrich Weiss. The first zoo in America was in Philadelphia. Laser is actually an acronym for "Light Amplification by Stimulated Emissions of Radiation." The world's first passenger train made its debut in England in 1825. If you hate our "QWERTY" keyboard layout, blame Christopher Sholes. He changed it from the original in 1873 to lessen the chances of the keys jamming. Napoleon III suffered from ailurophobia, which is a fear of cats. The citrus soda 7-UP was created in 1929; "7" was selected because the original containers were 7 ounces. "UP" indicated the direction of the bubbles. Mosquito repellents don't repel. They hide you. The spray blocks the mosquito's sensors so they don't know you're there. Also, the powder on the bark of a quaking aspen tree works as a mosquito repellent.

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MON: October 9th **MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL**
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TUES: October 10th **WILCO AT THE FORD CENTER**

THURS: October 12th **JIMBO MATHUS** JIMBOMATHUS.NET



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