

the Local Voice

FREE #68

READ AT
MAXIMUM
VOLUME

November 26-
December 11,
2008

In this issue:

BARRY HANNAH

interview by Louis Bourgeois

plus Local Fiction, Sports, Travel,
Entertainment, Puzzles, Trivia,
Fun, Food and more inside!!



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FRI 11/28



Rocket 88

FRI 12/5



MON 12/1

Balance

Jazz Trio



THU 12/11

sol Americana/Jam from South Carolina

driven train



WED 12/3

Caroline Herring



FRI 12/12 "The Juke-Joint Duo"

Cedric Burnside

+ Lightnin' Malcom



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TO BE RESCHEDULED FOR APRIL



SAT 12/13

Hayes Carll

Country/Folk/Americana from Houston, TX



Coming Attractions at Proud Larry's: **Charlie Mars** December 19th, **Sanders Bolke, Aaron Hall, & John Black** December 21st

the Local Voice

Issue #68 · November 26-December 11, 2008 · Read at Maximum Volume · www.TheLocalVoice.net · Oxford, Mississippi

Bat Out of Hell

An interview with BARRY HANNAH by Louis E. Bourgeois

Mississippi novelist and short story writer Barry Hannah has been named a **USA Fellow for 2008 by United States Artists (USA)**, the national artists' advocacy organization.

He's among fifty-one winning artists (including one collaborative pair). The artists from a diverse spectrum of fields—architecture and design, crafts and traditional arts, dance, literature, media music, theater arts and visual arts—were selected from among 362 nominated applicants from forty-four states.

The USA fellows program provides direct support for artists by annually awarded fifty unrestricted grants of \$50,000 to artists of all disciplines from across the country.

I would like to begin by asking you how you became a writer? Was writing something you did as a child, or was it something you discovered later in life?

Inventing stories, a plot hatched by a villain who left telltale signs around the little village of Clinton, Mississippi (pop 2500), always discovering subtle imaginary clues, was the order of entire summer weeks. In my case the story came before the word. I wasn't word-conscious truly—I mean words as heavy individual entities—until later college days.

What was the extent of your musical career?

I was a trumpet man winning state prizes in solo classical recitals. Played in the Jackson Symphony senior year in high school through college. Jazz/bop/rock combo playing for med school, fraternities, etc. The point was to be so good you would woo females of hot sweaty cleavage to you. Never happened. But as above, you imagined a chick with the proper sweaty cleavage, somebody actual who barely noted your existence, in a torrid mess of great length with you. She could not help herself, sacrificed all.

Can you describe the genesis of your first novel, *Geronimo Rex*? How did it feel to write such a critically successful book at the young age of thirty?

My first novel came from a few authentic strains of my MFA thesis at Arkansas. The critical acceptance passed delight, but I felt like an old person crawling up from the mines, the work had taxed me so much for four years. I didn't understand the disconnect between "critical" success and massive sales, which humbled me.

Do you see yourself as a Southern writer? Do questions like this strike you as inane or meaningless?

Yes, meaningless, especially at my age. Professional Southerners sicken me. I'm very deeply American, have lived and dug into all regions of the nation.

What was your time in Hollywood like?

Robert Altman liked a book, *Ray*, I did in '80. I imagined this genius would put it on the screen. Again my hopes were tempered when I learned this was not his intent. But he gave me small doctoring and "idea" work to do, and paid me out of his pocket. A writers' strike was in progress. Altman himself was forced to sell Lion's Gate studios because of small popular success. He liked writers around as sort of court wags. I worked a bit at Zoetrope with a British woman under extremely vague circumstances. The woman called *Ray*, which she adored, "a little redneck classic," which didn't thrill me. We did absolutely nothing at Coppola's house, a kind of university with many arms. One day, as I sat there with a pencil, hungry to get down to writing, she said, Oh tomorrow! Tomorrow the children come in! It was time to say f**k it. I was just driving my motorcycle back and forth from studio to studio. The assistant director on a Michael Crichton film wanted me to write a film about Big Jim Folsom. We crept into a scene shooting, where I saw the genius of banal, about six feet nine, looking back at me as if I might despoil his precious moments of masterpissing. I'd had it. Crichton represented everything I despised and its attitude. When I left L.A. in a red International Harvester I got for \$1300 because of the dreaded gas economy, I was one happy ex-failure, on cruise back to fiction. But let's not forget the great Pacific, Abalone Cove, Emerald Cove, the wonderful Eden that great State is.

What is it about Samuel Beckett that appeals to you?

Beckett. Nobody who wrote angelic prose has ever dared as much as he to cut to the quick of the true existence of us, the lame, halt, blind, and bummed-out lost ones, all phoniness cut away. He dared having no audience at all.

Is Bill Faulkner still important to you?

Faulkner is important for the works of genius, and, like Beckett, for the risks.

Do you think Oxford, Mississippi, is a "special" place to be as a writer?
Yes.

You were the first graduate of the MFA program in creative writing at the University of Arkansas. What was it like being there during those early years?
The instruction was very keen and handed to you by passionate pros. Just three is all it took. They believed in me. That meant everything, I worked hard.

...continued on
page 10

Local Q&A:

What are you reading over the holidays?



Chris Steiner

"*The Local Voice*, stupid!"



Kathy Buchanan
"*Christ the Lord: Out of Egypt* by Anne Rice."



Katelyn Conner

"*An American Insurrection: The Battle of Oxford, Mississippi, 1962* by William Doyle."



Joey Williams

"*Rumble Fish* by S.E. Hinton."



Carver Rayburn
"*101 Ways to Beat LSU on Billy Cannon Day*."



Andrew Buglewicz

"*Youth in Revolt*."



Mark Addy
"*The Mallorean* by David and Leigh Eddings."

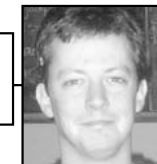


Jason Plunk

"Since *The DM* isn't printing, I can't read rumors designed to hurt local bar owners. I guess I will have to settle for re-reading an old Lewis Grizzard."



Carter Wilkes
"*Growing a Burt Reynolds Mustache*."



Jamo
"Between the lines."



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Coming December 11th: *The Local Voice* #69
with our Local Holiday Shopping Guide
Tuesday, December 9th: Advertising deadline
Sunday, December 7th: Writers' deadline
phone: 662-232-8900 website: www.TheLocalVoice.net
email: thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE: Nature Humphries, Betsy Chapman, Sara Beth Hudson, Becky Long, Newt Rayburn, Gara Gillentine, Ramona Gillentine, Steven Godfrey, Charles Hale, Dan Mossing, D. Luke Johnson, Louis E. Bourgeois, Brad Ward, Jamo, Carter Wilkes, and all of our advertisers.

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COMMUNITY CALENDAR: November 26-December 11, 2008

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calendar
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BLUES HOUSE

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT

Wednesday 11.26.2008

Rooster's: Mark Massey

Thursday 11.27.2008

Rooster's: Bill "Howl-N-Madd" Perry

Friday 11.28.2008

Proud Larry's: Rocket 88

Rooster's: Big Jack Johnson

Two Stick: Hi-Grade Reggae

Saturday 11.29.2008

Blind Pig: Tyler Keith & The Apostles

Rooster's: The Marshall Drew Band

Two Stick: Balance Jazz Trio

Monday 12.01.2008

Proud Larry's: Balance Jazz Trio

Tuesday 12.02.2008

Two Stick: Trivia Night

Rooster's: Open Mic & Jam Session

Wednesday 12.03.2008

Proud Larry's: Caroline Herring

Rooster's: Almost Famous

Two Stick: Firenzo

Thursday 12.04.2008

The Lyric: Airships

Rooster's: Kirk Smithhart Band

Two Stick: Willie Waldman

with Herman Green

Friday 12.05.008

The Lyric: Ingram Hill

Proud Larry's: Zoogma

Rooster's: Garry Burnside

with Burnside Exploration

Saturday 12.06.2008

Rooster's: Terry "Harmonica" Bean

Sunday 12.07.2008

The Lyric: Fundraiser for Dance Studio

Christmas Estravaganza

Tuesday 12.09.2008

Two Stick: Trivia Night

Rooster's: Open Mic & Jam Session

Wednesday 12.10.2008

Rooster's: Almost Famous

Thursday 12.11.2008

Proud Larry's: Sol Driven Train

Rooster's: Big Fish

GOVERNMENT

Thursday 11.27.08: **Thanksgiving Holiday.** All Government offices closed. Thursday's garbage route will be picked up on Wednesday and Friday's route will be picked up on Friday as usual.

Monday, 12.01.2008: **Courthouse Square Preservation Commission**, 5 pm, City Hall Courtroom.

Tuesday, 12.02.2008: **Mayor's Committee on Disability Issues**, 10 am, City Hall Conference Room; **Board of Aldermen meeting**, 6 pm, City Hall Courtroom.

Monday, 12.08.2008: **Oxford Planning Commission**, 5 pm, City Hall Courtroom

Tuesday, 12.09.2008: **Tree Board**, 5:15 pm, City Hall Conference Room; **Historic Preservation Commission**, 5:30 pm, City Hall Conference Room.

Wednesday, 12.10.2008: **Oxford-University Transit Commission**, 2 pm, City Hall Conference Room; **Oxford Park Commission**, 4:45 pm, RSVP building by City Hall.

CYCLE OF THE DAYS

Thursday 11.27.2008:

Sunrise: 6:42am; Sunset: 4:48pm; Moonrise: 6:51am; Moonset: 4:34pm; New Moon: 10:55am

Friday 11.28.2008:

Sunrise: 6:43am; Sunset: 4:48pm; Moonrise: 7:46am; Moonset: 5:22pm

Saturday 11.29.2008:

Sunrise: 6:44am; Sunset: 4:48pm; Moonrise: 8:37am; Moonset: 6:15pm

Sunday 11.30.2008:

Sunrise: 6:45am; Sunset: 4:48pm; Moonrise: 9:23am; Moonset: 7:11pm

Monday 12.01.2008:

Sunrise: 6:46am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 10:02am; Moonset: 8:09pm

Tuesday 12.02.2008:

Sunrise: 6:47am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 10:37am; Moonset: 9:08pm

Wednesday 12.03.2008:

Sunrise: 6:47am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 11:07am; Moonset: 10:06pm

Thursday 12.04.2008:

Sunrise: 6:48am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 11:35am; Moonset: 11:05pm

Friday 12.05.2008:

Sunrise: 6:49am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 12:02pm; Moonset: none; First Qtr: 3:26pm

Saturday 12.06.2008:

Sunrise: 6:50am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 12:28pm; Moonset: 12:05am

Sunday 12.07.2008:

Sunrise: 6:51am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 12:56pm; Moonset: 1:07am

Monday 12.08.2008:

Sunrise: 6:51am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 1:28pm; Moonset: 2:12am

Tuesday 12.09.2008:

Sunrise: 6:52am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 2:04pm; Moonset: 3:21am

Wednesday 12.10.2008:

Sunrise: 6:53am; Sunset: 4:47pm; Moonrise: 2:48pm; Moonset: 4:34am

Thursday 12.11.2008:

Sunrise: 6:54am; Sunset: 4:48pm; Moonrise: 3:42pm; Moonset: 5:49am

Friday 12.12.2008:

Sunrise: 6:54am; Sunset: 4:48pm; Moonrise: 4:46pm; Moonset: 7:01am; Full Moon: 10:38am

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 \$2.50 You-Call-It Imports

Thursday:
 High Life or High Life Lite \$1.75
 Regular Cheese Plate only \$6

DID YOU KNOW?
 Ole Miss leads Mississippi State in the
 Battle for The Golden Egg, 59-39-6.

THE LOCAL VOICE #68 www.TheLocalVoice.net **3**

Oxford Wants You to Get on O.U.T.!

article and photos by Sara Beth Hudson

It's 2008. A transit system is not fresh news. Nor would it be placed on any journalist's list of "it" stories; however, a transit system in Oxford has shaken up the scene a bit.

A man recently removed from Portugal and Ireland chuckles while sitting at High Point Coffee saying, "It's funny that we are even sitting here speaking about a transit system."

Marc Casals theorizes that if he were to climb on board a bus, he might find a lot of adults riding just for the thrill of riding a city bus.

Not too far off base, Mr. Casals.

I'm standing on the sidewalk of the Downtown Square bus stop, waiting alone; the first bus swings around the block. The Red Route bus stops and lets out three upper middle-aged women. Stepping out, their heads are in a whirl looking above and around to check their surroundings. By this time, all three buses are in line. Two drivers in training are standing on the sidewalk on guard for questions.

The women ask, "Which bus would take us north?"

The men quickly and carefully point the women in the correct direction. One bus down.

Plenty of bus stops have crossed my way, but never have I found one with such inviting personnel. Normally, bus drivers are calm-natured, I suppose, slightly helpful. But, these drivers seem pleasant. I might even say *excited* about their newfound jobs.

"I'm looking for a certain type of person to drive," says Lett. "I can teach anyone to drive a bus, but we teach them to get to know people who ride and make the experience inviting."

Tim Lett of Knoxville, Tennessee, is the Senior Vice President of **McDonald Transit Associates, Inc.** which was hired to organize the system for Oxford. Headquarters for O.U.T. are set up where the old National Guard and the Boys & Girls Club was located. A mystery phone rings in the building. Lett says no one is sure where the receiver is located and the number to the line is a bit phantom as well. However, with 200 regular passengers so far and eight bus drivers, O.U.T.'s phone line (662.234.3540) is never shy of phone calls, either.

A political decision that was made prior to Lett's arrival was the inclusion of Brittany Wood, a low income community, which has prompted debate and discussion among many, even the people living there.

"When we first put up the bus stop signs in Brittany Wood," says Lett, "the phone rang with people saying *we don't want that sign in our front yard; we don't want people waiting for the bus in our yard.*"

So many signs were taken down by the community that a whole new load of signs were ordered. Lett attributes this to normal transit "stuff," completely unfazed. The calls

projections have reversed. Since October 20, they've been receiving calls from the same neighborhood requesting signs and happy to host people in the yard for a bus wait.

"Now they see, *oh I can catch the bus and go to Wal-Mart or Kroger,*" says Lett. "It just makes sense, where there's a need. A route going outside city limits will not make a significant change in the finances."

With a budget of "600 and some-odd thousand dollars," which is funded by Federal and State Government grants and a partnership between the City of Oxford and The University of Mississippi, the bus system has been running smoothly since October 20. Already there are plans for expansion of the routes. There will be an immediate expansion to Azalea Gardens and NMRC due to requests and on December 1, the northbound Red Route will continue to the Molly Barr/North Lamar intersection.

"There's a lot of infrastructure we have to do," says Lett. "We need to put up benches and signs indicating the routes by the bus stops, a lot of the amenities."

O.U.T. is a low-tech transit system. Currency will be the primary for fares starting January 1. A pass system is in progress, but consisting of consignment tickets located at various places in town like the Library and City

Hall. Unofficial now, Lett's recommended fares are \$1/ride with free transfers, 75¢ for public school students and 50¢ for the disabled and elderly. Lett says they are still working on a fare for University students.

One student has been taking advantage of the free bus rides for quite a while. Since her bike was stolen, **Mary Beth Stanton** has taken up riding to the bus to campus.

"The bus system is convenient and evolutionary for Oxford," says Stanton. "I began riding the first week because I hate driving. I've definitely ended up at Wal-Mart instead of campus a few times, but the drivers are cool as hell. Word up, Fannie!"

Since the beginning they have found a high frequency of international students waving down the bus, considering that the Blue Route travels through campus.

"Mainly Asians, who have mass transit where they are from," says Lett, "have really started using the system."

Maybe it's growing up in a place without public transit—I am still a bit unsure—but transit systems, mainly the



other people riding, have always intrigued me. Normally, I sit down and people watch. Wonder where people are going? Depending on the hour, I might even get chest-to-chest action with random strangers on the Tube while in London. From LaGuardia to Harlem I rode the M125 and jumbled the aisle with my luggage. A woman said it happens all the time. In Boston, catching the "Ninah" in the snow, a driver gave me the stinkeye for not having money on my Charlie Card. But in Oxford, I board free for a nearly three-month trial period and meet the drivers. Every passenger meets the driver in the calmest transit manner I have ever witnessed.

A group of young boys were on the Blue Route waiting to go east. Varied in ages, they all agreed: "We ride the bus every day."

Boarding the Southbound Red Route, I introduced myself to **Lydia Mathis**, who was resting on the bench opposite mine. She's one of the first drivers and quite proud of the fact. The bus was near immaculate and quite warm. The engine rumbled a bit and the doors closed. En route around the Square we began. The first stop followed Chevron on the right. No one waiting. The bus cruised by. Actually, not one person was waiting at any of the Southbound stops, a bit sad in the mid-afternoon.

O.U.T. encourages activity and a progressive alternative for transporting people and is happy to be part of an open-minded community that has welcomed the system. If you haven't tried the bus yet, take a chance. And it's free until the end of the year. Except for the occasional free beer or shot, there isn't much out there without a dollar sign in front of it these days. Enjoy your community expansion of thought and infrastructure.

Brochures for the Red and Blue Routes can be found at City Hall and on the buses. Also, check out the website at <http://www.oxfordms.net/boards/outc.htm> and enjoy the ride.



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SAT 11/29

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WILLIE WALDMAN
WITH HERMAN GREEN

MON 12/22

Christmas Party & 10-Year Anniversary Celebration

Live Music & More! Open to the Public!

Willie Waldman Live at Two Stick December 4th

The show is a benefit for Memphis Saxophone legend Herman Green.

The name might not strike an immediate chord but Willie Waldman is one you'll find in the liner notes of great artists and groups such as **Banyan**, **Rob Wasserman**, **Perry Farrell**, and the late **Tupac Shakur**. While the list goes on, there's much more to this trumpet player's credit than simply recording as a sideman on many of today's contemporary artists albums.

Beale Street is where the action is in Memphis, and Willie's calling beckoned him to find work playing on the famous strip. He met living legends **Herman Green**, **Calvin Newborn**, and **Jimmie Ellis** (Willie's first actual paid gig) at Club Handy. Willie recalls, "I would go there and sit in and they would have me playing **John Coltrane** songs. I was so horrible and lost. I remember Herman saying, If you want to keep coming and stinking up my stage you'd better take some lessons! So I started taking lessons from Herman and slowly honed my skills."

Now a member of **Herman Green & the Green Machine** (The Memphis Giant that produced such greats as **James Williams**, **Mulgrew Miller**, **Kirk Whalum** and others) Willie was playing five plus nights a week. As Willie and Herman became better friends they decided to try playing their music with a different approach in hopes of reaching a younger audience. Something with more of a rock/fusion flavor. Their conception and direction led to the 1987 formation of **FreeWorld**. FreeWorld became an educational breeding ground for many of Willie's life long friends and fellow musicians.

A testament to his style, experience and roots, Willie Waldman has arrived and the proof is here in the Willie Waldman Project. Simply said, Willie Waldman will be the "next big name" years and bios apart from today's first project and you'll still see his name on credits everywhere!

Willie Waldman performs a benefit with Herman Green live at Two Stick on Thursday, December 4th.

Herman Green, Willie Waldman, and Steven Perkins



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the **Local Voice**

**UPCOMING
SHOW**

Caroline Herring at Proud Larry's
Wednesday, December 3rd, 2008

www.carolineherring.com

Caroline Herring digs deep—deep into the rich soil of American roots music for her sound, and deep into the recesses of her own consciousness for her themes. The musically understated, psychologically intense songs of this Atlanta-based Mississippi native ponder the eternal verities while probing the complex nature of contemporary existence; she delivers them in a fine-grained alto replete with the residue of hard-earned insight.

On *Lantana*, her beautiful and eloquent third album (Signature Sounds), Herring fills the listener's heart with hope one moment and sends a chill down the spine the next. This pivotal album, which documents a personal and artistic crossroads for its author, cements her status as a truth teller, and no matter how bitter or disturbing the story leading to the truth may be, she approaches it clear-eyed and straight-on, getting down to the nub of it with quiet tenacity. No wonder fellow artist **Dar Williams**, who co-headlined a European tour with Herring in 2006, described her as "the elusive 'real thing.'"

Since emerging out of the Austin scene earlier in this decade, Herring has beguiled the critics and accumulated an international following with her provocative outpourings. Her subject matter is firmly grounded in the rural South; "Mississippi's dense history and the shackles of its past are vividly present in Herring's songs," noted Craig Havihurst in the *Tennessean*. As a onetime folklore scholar Herring also draws on her knowledge of traditional music and culture as a way of contextualizing her personal narrative, thus bringing a dimension of time-

order, the stars aligned for the aspiring singer-songwriter. She played her first gig just two months after hitting town, thanks to Rowan, who keeps a second home nearby, and soon thereafter she recorded a demo with **Billy Bright** and **Bryn Davies**, whom she'd met through Rowan. That led to a weekly happy-hour gig at Stubb's Bar-B-Q,

where she learned to front a band while honing her material. Herring became the first artist signed to the songwriter-friendly Blue Corn Music, which released her debut album, *Twilight*, in October 2001.

The reviews were glowing—"Austin has a captivating new singer-songwriter," announced Michael Corcoran in the *American Statesman* and *Twilight* became a local hit after Austin station KGSR-FM started playing it. The next January, the *American Statesman* named her Best New Artist; two months later, during South by Southwest, she received the same honor at the Austin Music Awards. However, by the time Blue Corn released the Brotherton-produced *Wellspring*, in August 2003, Herring was living in Atlanta with her new husband, who'd taken an academic job there.

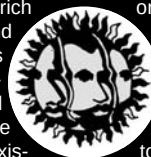
In Atlanta, Herring bore two children, a daughter now nearing her fourth birthday and a son still shy of his first. Family life put her musical career on hold for a time, but the need to create kept tugging at the young wife and mother. "I tried to figure out my life in terms of all of that," she says, "and also figure out how to reassert myself. I

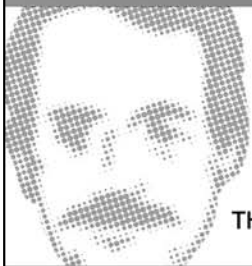
was able to sink in a little bit with my new babies and write again about whatever I wanted to write about. I just got to the point where I knew I had to do it. Music was my life, and I had songs I felt were good, and I had the support of my family."

The resourceful and dedicated Herring managed to juggle motherhood, writing songs, performing locally, playing some festivals, touring Europe and taking on a long-term project that involved accumulating a database of traditional artists for the State of Georgia. "I was able to do it on my own time, with a 2-year-old in the car if need be," she says, "and it allowed me to the chance to make another record." When a window of opportunity opened, she brought her new batch of songs to Austin, taking the role of co-producer for the first time as she crafted *Lantana* with Brotherton.

"More than anything else," says Herring, "I'm excited—I really am. I'm interested to see what the future holds and grateful that I get to be doing this. I've learned how much I love it, how committed I am to it." She pauses for a moment to reflect. "I'm no tourist—that's one of the lines in the bridge of 'Stone Cold World.' And that's the truth. This is for real."

Caroline Herring will be playing an early show at **Proud Larry's** Wednesday, December 3rd, at 8 pm.





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Ingram Hill is a rock band from Memphis, Tennessee

and they're live at The Lyric
Oxford on Friday, December 5th

In the summer of 2000, after attending the University of Memphis, childhood friends **Justin Moore** (lead vocals, rhythm guitar) and **Phil Bogard** (lead guitar) joined with **Shea Sowell** (bass, background vocals) and **Matt Chambliss** (drums) to form the band. They spent much of the next year and a half touring throughout the south and southeast. They played their first show August 23, 2000 in Oxford, Mississippi.

In 2002, the band released an EP, *Until Now*, on Traveler Records, an independent label. The lead singer of **Tonic**, **Emerson Hart**, produced five of the tracks. As a result of the band's touring efforts with bands such as **Hootie & the Blowfish**, over 10,000 copies of *Until Now* were sold throughout the country.

Sometime along the way, new songs were written, rehearsed, and recorded to create Ingram Hill's first full length album, *June's Picture Show*. **Rick Beato** (**Charlie Mars**, **Shinedown**, and others) produced this album. Intended as an independent release, Hollywood Records later re-released the album as part of a new major label deal.

Released in February 2004, two tracks from *June's Picture Show* have become Billboard Adult Contemporary Hits: "Will I Ever Make it Home" and "Almost Perfect." Ingram Hill continues to tour, appearing both as headline act and support for artists including **Maroon 5**, **Better than Ezra**, **Lisa Marie Presley**, and **Hanson**.

The band also performed a cover of **Boston's** "More Than A Feeling" for the *Herbie* soundtrack.

Ingram Hill will perform live at **The Lyric Oxford** in Oxford, Mississippi on **Friday, December 5, 2008**. Tickets are available online at www.TheLyricOxford.com.



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Hangover Rant

My apologies to **Mississippi State** fans: While it's been debated for years and will be argued upon forever, the events of the past weekend have put your #1 Rival status at a serious disadvantage. Therefore, allow me to live in the past and waltz into this **Egg Bowl** entirely unconcerned about your smoldering wreckage of a program.

We just beat **LSU**, damnit, and my head still hurts. **Ole Miss** fans younger than thirty-five have minimal experience dealing with wins against **LSU**, let alone wins at **LSU**, let alone damn-near-dominating wins at **LSU**. What's that? Logic has ceased to be? I agree, talking space monkey—it's simply unfathomable.

What happened in Baton Rouge can prove to be fatal if not studied, if facts and instructions are not delivered to the citizens. Right now I'm just as fresh to this situation as you are. However, I bore witness to the last **Ole Miss** win versus **LSU** in the Paleolithic year of 2001 A.D., and as I did last weekend, carried out a very similar response pattern. Please file the following information for future use.

How to Enjoy an Ole Miss Victory at LSU in a Safe Manner

Step 1: Yell, scream, holler, be offensive, figure out how to turn that "Tiger bait" chant into a dirty limerick about double-jointed prostitutes in East Baton Rouge Parish. Once that game clock hits zero, you're on. Have a ball with it, because the situation is so rare and shocking that no one is going to grade you on creativity.

Step 2: Leave town quickly. As in zombie movie quickly. Despite the fact that this year's **LSU** fan base was easily the most tepid I've ever encountered in my life, brain eaters are still brain eaters. While a humbling from Saban and a shock from Troy might have downgraded these comdregs from "psycho running zombies" to "psycho shambling zombies," they're zombies nonetheless. Get that pic of you and the scoreboard, pee on something you aren't supposed to, and then vamoos. Quickly. They're coming for you.



Step 3: New Orleans! And we're talking the trashy, beaten path. Gimmie beads, gimmie Bourbon Street, gimmie the stereotype! While most Rebel alumni with any kind of ties to Louisiana love to espouse that they know the "real New Orleans," now is not the occasion to debate Galatoire's versus Jacques Imo's.

Now is the occasion to stagger around like a big, fat sore thumb of a tourist. Scream incoherently at any individual wearing **Ole Miss** clothing, someone you'd ignore completely in Oxford. Drink something from a test tube out of a strange woman's navel. If your vomit doesn't smell like strawberries and Lucky Dogs, you did this step wrong.

Step 4: SHEP! He's everywhere! He was at the game! He wants to party! WOOOO TV NEWS GUY, HELL YEAH! Dude, you are so...tan.

Lemme buy you a beer. No. Lemme buy you a beer. Srsly, dude. I like Fox. Hotty Toddy, man. I do, I like Fox. I'm not s'posed to, but I do. No. Come on man. Lemme buy you a beer. No. Hey, you got a cigarette? You're so tan.

Step 5: BWARGHWAAAAAH!!! WOOOOOO!!!! WOOOOO!! HOTTY TODDY...PANTS, MAN! WHERE MY PANTS?!

Step 6: (usually 8-13 hours later) Ow. Ow. Dear God. Ow.

Step 7: Wait another seven years. (Or maybe not.)

Hoot, holler, and Hotty Toddy with Steven Godfrey at his blog, www.TheGodfreyShow.com



Kirk Smithhart Band Live at Rooster's

Thursday, December 4th

The most important thing to know about **Kirk Smithhart** is that he is a phenomenal talent. A guitarist whose signature style combines the best aspects of lead and rhythm simultaneously with mood altering techniques that make something truly special of every song he performs, he plays with an ease and elegance that makes poetry of every note. In a rock arena so often driven by gimmickry to attract an audience, it is **Smithhart's** simplicity, even on lightning fast solo runs, that amazes audiences.

Secondly, **Smithhart** is a singer whose rich vocal textures connect to the musical message in a rich, meaningful manner. At times romantic, at times playful, at times dejected or wounded, **Smithhart** focuses on the feeling that transcends words. You can feel the intense emotion in each note he sings.

Last, but not least, **Smithhart** is a songwriter who penned his first tune at nine years of age. When **Smithhart** per-

forms his original material, it competes on an equal basis with the popular covers he plays. Arguments have been waged over exactly what genre **Kirk** belongs in. While he still loves the blues that brought him attention initially, he is a rocker at heart; however, he has been known to bring out his "redneck side" just as comfortably.

Kirk's talent comes naturally. He grew up in a musical family, who gigged six nights a week in Jackson, Mississippi, where they moved when he was only three months old. His father, **Kirk Sr.**, played organ and harmonica, his mother, **Paula**, played piano. Both were phenomenal singers, keenly tuned into funky blues and soulful rhythm and blues music aptly suited to their Delta country life. Although **Smithhart** picked up the guitar when he was only eight, it was not until knee injuries plagued the high school football and baseball star that he began to hone his technique and develop his personable style. When **Smithhart** was seventeen, his father came out of retirement to join



his son in forming a blues band. Three years later, the aspiring guitarist packed his bags and headed back to his birthplace: Memphis, Tennessee, where he honed his skills on Beale Street, selling thousands of CDs and winning blues award after blues award.

Kirk Smithhart will be playing live at **Rooster's Blues House** on Thursday, December 4, 2008.

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DID YOU KNOW?

The 1983 **Egg Bowl** is known as "The Immaculate Deflection" because a 40 mph wind gust blocked a last second field goal by **MSU**, securing the victory for **Ole Miss**, 24-23.



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We ended the game by taking a knee on the one yard line. Why, you ask? We didn't need the damned points, that's why.

Yes, it felt fantastic indeed. But, Rebels, just because we are certainly going to earn a trip to either Atlanta or Dallas and currently possess a crappy bronze flower affixed to a piece of particle board does not give us the right to rest on our laurels. Yes, we've endured the toughest part of our schedule and yes, the Walrus' band of Maroons should not present us with much of a challenge but if you call yourself a Rebel fan you have no reason to not attend Friday's game.

If not for yourself or a group of furtive rogue bloggers with snarky attitudes, do it for Houston Nutt. He's taken a team that didn't know how to win and turned them into a competitive group of young men with some serious swagger. Do it for Michael Oher, Peria Jerry, Mike Wallace, Jamarca Sanford, Jason Cook, and all of the other seniors who endured some of the worst football Ole Miss has ever seen before bringing you this breakout season. Do it for the State of Mississippi, which needs to see her flagship school atop the magnolia football world.

Do it because Mississippi State and all of those jackasses who ring those damned bells are still feeding off of their 17-14 comeback victory against the Ed Orgeron and Brent Schaeffer show. I haven't forgotten how miserable last season's Egg Bowl made me feel. Sure, that debacle allowed us to fire the buffoon running our team and hire a coach who has a 9-1 all time record against the Bulldogs, but that did not, for me at least, make the loss sting any less.

Friday begins a long streak of dominance against Mississippi State. Don't do yourself a disservice and miss it.

If you've still yet to decide upon whether or not to attend the Egg bowl and are reading this, allow me make your decision for you: go.

"But I'm gonna be hungover from Thanksgiving." "I live 4 hours away." "I've got family in town." "Kickoff is at 11:30."

Whatever, I don't care. I'm a busy guy. I've got stuff to do, family to greet, and sweet potatoes to chow on as well. But, guess what, the Egg Bowl is on just after Thanksgiving. This shouldn't be a new development in your life. This didn't just spring up on you last-minute.

Pack the Vaught, stay until the last note of "From Dixie With Love" is played, be loud, get rowdy, and send these seniors to their bowl game knowing that we, the fans, are with them all the way.

Read more Red Solo Cup at redsolocup.blogspot.com.

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TV

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Bat Out of Hell

Barry Hannah Interview ...continued from page one.

What is your attraction to French writers?

A couple of books of Gide's and all of Camus really got to me, still do. I was all the way into Existentialism through *The Stranger* and *The Plague*. The singular act that defined you draws me in. Camus smashed into a tree and died in '60, when I was a college sophomore. I felt French, I took French courses. My entire European experience is one trip to Ireland and many to Paris. I was already there before I got there, down with Hemingway in the '20s and much stirred by the rich but simple style of the French.



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For me, the most intriguing and interesting book by Barry Hannah is the 1993 collection *Bats Out of Hell*. Can you describe this period of writing?

I don't mind discussing the process of this book because it was written at a blistering pace right after my father died. I believe his spirit inhabited me. He was a good man, honest and funny, snappy dresser. I simply couldn't quit writing stories for a year and a half. I hope the reader shares the brutal and gentle joys as I did writing it.

Airships is deemed by many to be your most successful book. Explain what it was like and what was going on in your mind when you were writing this set of stories.

Much awful tragedy along with sublime fellowship on the tennis courts at Clemson and U of Alabama. My worst drinking years in Tuscaloosa. Dissolution of marriage, fired, headed west to make my fortune in movies, as described above. But I was on the way to a very sweet time at Iowa, which saved my honor, brought me the means to support my children and get some pride back.

Are there any contemporary writers whom you respect?

McCarthy, Ford, Denis Johnson, several of our Grisham writers. Knight, Franklin, and Watson certainly. Phillip Roth keeps the hits coming. What a man!

What impact do you think you've had on American literature?

It's impossible for me to know this.

Fishing seems to play a part in much of your work. Do you or have you ever hunted?

Gave up hunting at fifteen. I wasn't going to eat what I shot and stupid bloodlust became apparent to me with my 12 gauge auto.

How do you feel about the novels you've written?

I feel that I gave every one the best I had at the time. I'd like to rewrite my second book, *Nightwatchmen*, because I wrote it under hurried circumstance on the heels of my first book. It had no editing, and with just a few changes on the order of less=more it could be a fine book, I think.

Have you ever written poetry to any great degree?

In college for the campus lit mag. My regard for poetry remains high, undiminished. I was lucky to see and hear Jim Dickey, Richard Hugo, and Robert Lowell read. Good readers are rare, but I've seen football jocks moved to tears by an especially good reading of Dickey's.

Did you know Kurt Vonnegut? Who are some of the most famous writers you've known over the years?

Never met Vonnegut but am a huge admirer. I believe I'm living among some great fiction greats but none of us knows who's going to last in the highest realms of fiction. You're too busy with your own stuff to judge.

Do you feel literature has become more "artsy" or less so?

"Artsy" remains a permanent danger in every age, I'd think. You want idealized conversation and to quickly forget the concept "literature" in any good thing you pick up.

What do you think of interviews?

I love the interviews of the few I deeply admire. My own are redundant agonies I do only for friends and money. Or major fame. Let's not leave out the infantile vanity to ham it up on a big stage we all have.

To your mind, what is the future of fiction writing? For that matter, what is the future of literature in this age of advanced technology?

Remains the same weight and crypto magic of a gem. The line of black on white, performed naturally and with great acumen is a joy, silent, that launches into space the techno's celebrants can't match. It is the soul, the prayer that might even have souls.

If you were on your death bed, what would you finally say to aspiring young writers?

Please. But I'd say now, having been close or on the deathbed briefly, THAT WE'RE ALL BUSY DYING. Cut the crap, get to work. But not unless you love writing deeply, feel the angst of vacuum without it.

Why do you write? Further, why should anyone write? Is literary writing a dying art form, or is it just now being fully realized?

Not dying but curiously unadventurous right now. The Scots and Welsh are taking the lead. Oh, of course, Australians. Friend Rich Branagan of Tasmania is as good as it gets. Reminds me, I

left out Marilyn Robinson, a gal of much quiet power. Had the pleasure of working with her in Iowa. Why did I forget Robert Stone? The straight ahead classic read into exotic madness. Our Conrad, no doubt.

There is a traditional notion that a writer must be alcoholic, or strung out on drugs, or insane to be any good, to be great. What are your views on this assumption?

None of those assumptions are any good. As a mentor, I've seen too

much booze and drugs among erstwhile writers who only talk a good game and never get down to the struggling pleasure at hand.

What is your favorite book by Barry Hannah?

I'd have to go with the last, *Yonder*. And the one I'm finishing right now, *The Happy Sickness*. As mentioned, I like them all but would do some major tinkering with *Nightwatchmen*.

Do you like to teach writing? Can writing be taught, more importantly, perhaps, should it be taught?

I do like to teach, but not too much. My job is to coach the protégé into discovering a confident and assertive voice of his/her own. Yes, when there's talent. Zero otherwise.

Do you ever read philosophy?

Yes, but by way of its weave into works of art and history. Never finished an actual book of philosophy by anybody.

Do you consider yourself an experimental or avant-garde writer? You have been called post-modern, how do you respond to this?

Avant-garde is the medal I'd seek. Post-modern is just a measurement of generations, sometimes wars. The new interest in Mid-Eastern and Indian works is happy and healthy, especially for us narrow chauvinists unconscious that

whole attitudes of existence exist beyond our democracy-and our presidential run-offs, which are in fact "last liar standing." The possible choice between some sub-Bushite or Hillary Clinton is sickening to any sentient patriot.

What would you like your last words to the world to be?

Refuse to have a bad day. Life is a river, not a ladder (borrowed from Jim Harrison, who borrowed it from an Indian sage).

**"WE'RE ALL BUSY DYING.
Cut the crap, get to
work. But not unless
you love writing
deeply, feel the angst
of vacuum without it."**



Housing Crisis Looms Larger on Mississippi's Gulf Coast as Those "Bigger & Better" Promises Fade

THE MAGIC WAND MENTALITY

Immediately following Katrina's enormously devastating landfall along the Mississippi Gulf Coast, plenty of fancy statements relating to "bigger and better" were made by government officials of all sorts. Those statements were providing hope of a fair and timely recovery and rebuilding process to ALL who had lost so much. Those statements were projected in bold official voices for all to hear. Where are those voices now?

DEADLINE for REMOVAL OF MEMA COTTAGES : March 31

In September Governor Haley Barbour appointed Gerald Blessey as Coast Housing Director to help solve the ongoing Katrina housing crisis. Blessey and others have been begging coastal city governments to extend the deadline for removal of the MEMA (Mississippi Emergency Management Association) cottages to allow people more time to rebuild or find affordable rentals.

Part of the crux is, there is no truly affordable housing. That is basically an unrealized necessity perpetuated by zoning czars and not-in-my-neighborhood home owners who were fortunate enough not to have completely lost their home or who have rebuilt because of their better rung position on the financial or social ladder. There are 1,026 cottages in Hancock County, about 3,200 travel trailers and mobile homes in use, and 800 people in hotels.

The MEMA cottages, which reflect a traditional shotgun style of coastal housing, first came into play only last year as a viable option for temporary housing to replace the constricting and formaldehyde-ridden FEMA trailers. Councilmen and citizens in various communities have slammed the cottages as being little more than another form of trailers and that they belong in trailer parks.



A MEMA Cottage on Mississippi's Gulf Coast.

Blessey met with the Bay St. Louis City Council on November 17. Once again the council made it clear that it does not like the cottages nor does it want them to remain within traditional housing neighborhoods. One councilman's concern was that the MEMA removal rules for the cottage time line are continually trying to be changed as each deadline approaches. Another councilman said he didn't see any need for the cottages! Councilmen wanted Blessey to tell them how to explain to worried citizens that a MEMA cottage is going to be next door to their "real home" and that it will reduce their property value "because someone needs a home."

According to my source in Waveland, at a November 19 meeting "cottages were supposed to be discussed and voted on. Instead, they tabled it indefinitely with no discussion permitted." It appears that the city wants the deadline to pass and that will mean MEMA will come in and move the cottages out. With no extension of the March deadline, my source's parent will not be able to finish their new house on the land where the family home had stood for sixty years.

The "rules" currently affecting people in MEMA cottages need to be changed. Thinking outside of this contrived Katrina "recovery" box needs to happen now. Stop slamming and tabling issues that people are so dependent upon in order to get back their lives.

The prejudicial, narrow-minded, selfish, control-freak, holier-than-thou citizens, rule makers, and zoning czars have had



their way for too long. Their so-called "thinking" and "planning" have been only for the high-rung ladder people. They have forced "rules" upon the neediest of people to try to contain them in certain areas and in certain conditions.

In order for fair and equitable housing solutions to come into play, "those people" need to have a serious attitude adjustment. I would challenge them to go have a Thanksgiving and Christmas sit-down with the people who have no real place to call "home." Explain to them what the real truth of "recovery and rebuilding" is. Explain to them why it has taken this long to make them feel like they'll never have a home again. Explain to them why you have your life back and they don't. Explain to them why you ignore basic ethics and moral principals when it comes to recovery issues for Katrina victims: the interconnected values of affordable housing, community preservation, economic and environmental justice, and human rights (Steps Coalition - Biloxi). Explain why Gov. Barbour "fixed it" so that HUD money for low income housing could be diverted for other projects. Explain why Louisiana, which was lambasted so hard, has spent 53% of its funds to assist lower-income storm victims compared to Mississippi's 13% spent on low and moderate income households. Explain why Mississippi's Small Rental Assistance Program is too small and why there is an affordable apartment complex shortfall. Explain to them exactly what entails the "bigger and better" dictum touted to ALL on August 30, 2005! EXPLAIN!

Hurricane Katrina: Is Mississippi Building Back Better Than Before? - August 2008 Report Card <http://www.stepscoalition.org>
Mississippi Center for Justice - www.mscenterforjustice.org

Gara Gillentine is an artist & writer living in Oxford, Mississippi.



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I am the Jeffery Dahmer of pretty red apples

by D. Luke Johnson

As a boy I eat red delicious apples
shiny and polished
seductive and rounded
I take my little paring knife

Do you see the steel?

Feel the steel.

Touch it.

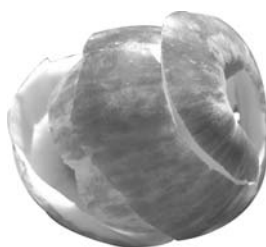
Touch it!

and slice
off a patch of flesh

*You like that don't you,
Don't You! Oh look
At that sweet juice
Running down your curves!*

Soon the apple is
Bare and pale
moist and glowing,
missing its stem

*Scream, bitch!
Scream!*



I devour the apple till
it is anorexic and
the seeded core remains,
beginning to brown

*Oh, your flesh...so...
saccharine! My, my,
you are delicious!
Perfect
to the last bite!*

I toss the wrinkled
core into the trash
nestled between the
leftover chicken and pasta
Mother made over a week ago.

*Keep crying, Bitch. You
won't be getting your
curves back! They now lie
in my gullet. Mmm, Mmm, Mmm,
is that not good?*

My dad prefers granny smith apples
in eighths
on a plate and salted. **TV**

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KNOW YOUR BARTENDER

Nominate your favorite: thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net

Name: Phil Landers
Your Bar: Ajax Diner:
Tuesday, Thursday,
Friday, and Saturday.
Hometown: Houston,
Texas

In your experience,
what is the most
common reason to
have a drink? No
reason not to have a
drink

What do you prefer on
the rocks? Bourbon

What are your special-
ties? Shots?

Early alcohol experi-
ence: Throwing up
over my friends balcony

Most famous customer you've served: Peyton Manning
Who would you most like to have a drink with?
Chris Farley

What's your jam, lately? Kings of Leon or Grape

Favorite movie: Sandlot

Favorite sport & team: Baseball - Rebels

What are you reading? The Chris Farley Show

Who's your favorite Rebel, and do you really go 18
mph, ever? Stephen Head - Never

Where's your favorite spot to sip? Anywhere that
bartenders are friendly

What's the best band you've ever seen in Oxford?
North Mississippi Allstars

What do you like best about living here? Everything

What's the funniest thing you've seen in your bar lately?
This questionnaire

Where would you be if you weren't behind a bar?
In front of one



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the **Local Voice**
and Charles Hale present...



This fall, TLV writer **Charles Hale** has been teaching creative writing to a group of 10th grade students at **Oxford High School**. We thought it would be fun to turn their writing assignment into a short fiction contest and publish the top three stories. Acting as judges, Charles Hale, TLV editor **Nature Humphries**, TLV writer **Sarah Reddick**, and Square Books General Manager **Lyn Roberts**, each voted on their favorites. However, since there were so many fantastic stories, we had a hard time narrowing it down to just three. Publisher **Newt Rayburn** acted as tiebreaker, and we decided that two more stories would be chosen as Honorable Mentions.

We will publish the three finalists in three consecutive issues of TLV. Obviously Charles' students are a very talented group and we hope that you enjoy reading their stories.

Top Three Finalists:

Devin Cook, "Life, Evanescent";
Dan Mossing, "Leon's Pie," Issue 68, Nov. 26th;
Molly Neff, "The Violinist," Issue 69, Dec. 11th.
(Finalists will be published in alphabetical order)

Honorable Mention:

Mary Bryan Barksdale, "The Fifty-Second";
Charlotte Brewer, "Hunger."

Dan Mossing



What was the inspiration for your short story? Late at night while procrastinating writing it, I was hungry and decided to have some yogurt. I saw a few tasty-looking green apples, so I decided to put them into the yogurt along with some granola. By this point, I was feeling pretty psyched about this whole idea. I poured a layer of yogurt into my bowl, then a layer of apple slices, arranging them symmetrically around the bowl, sprinkled some granola, then added another three layers: yogurt, apple slices, and granola. It was really a big bowl, and I looked forward to enjoying it. But after eating one spoonful, I found it wasn't nearly as good as I'd hoped. I now had a big bowl of o.k. yogurt mixture and a story idea.

What are some of your hobbies/pastimes? Playing the bassoon, listening to music, and swimming.

Where do you like to hang out in Oxford? The Turner Center.

Favorite book/author: *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald

List three of your favorite bands: The Strokes, Franz Ferdinand, and Daft Punk; but I usually listen more to jazz and classical.

Tell us one funny story about Mr. Hale: Once, Mr. Hale was skateboarding down a hill to class and he fell and scraped his arms up. Several years later, he used this as an excuse to make us talk about creative writing.

"Leon's Pie"

by Dan Mossing

Leon loved flour like he despised his life. As he reached his stubby fingers into the snowy mound he had created on his cheap green, grime-crusted kitchen counter, he relished in the soothing sensation that caressed his palms, like wearing a glove of silken ice. Extracting his dry, powder-coated hands from the luscious mountain of flour, he hoisted the asymmetrical globe of dough off the counter high above his head and proceeded to pour his day's frustration into crushing the recalcitrant clump.

He had awoken today, as any other day, to the dull red squeals of his alarm clock, the shrill staccato tones battering his half-dreaming ears like a slave driver flogging him into submission. After yielding to the incessant howls by arising from his cramped, rocklike mattress, he irritably clicked the irksome device off. With a lukewarm shower under a sputtering, anemic drizzle, he was ready for another day. Stepping out into the frigid bathroom onto a bone-numbing ceramic floor, he picked up the still-damp towel he had flung to the floor in a heap the previous morning and dried his body as best as was possible.

Now Leon smoothed and pinched the moist, pale golden slap of dough to conform the glass pie-dish he had selected for this magnum opus. Flattening out the creases and irregularities, he had soon created a perfectly rounded crust, which radiated that unmistakable aroma of the soon-to-be-delicious. Now Leon would select the perfect medium to paint his culinary vision, a task he undertook not frivolously. Scouring his barren, overcrowded refrigerator for a filling worthy of this creative feat, he was at first disappointed. Then, in the manner of Archimedes, he felt his eyes spring to the subject of his quest: a modest, plastic carton, its humility belying the ruby-red treasures that lay within. A dozen or more fresh, beguilingly succulent strawberries, their tender flesh so corpulent that they threatened to burst at any moment, consecrating the sagging cardboard boxes that surrounded them with ambrosial, scarlet nectar. He carefully plucked these from their unworthy throne atop two cartons of eggs with scarcely controlled eagerness. Producing a knife and cutting board from a nearby drawer, he gingerly sliced the sumptuous fruits into chips, dropping each one reverently in turn into his crust. Sighing at the sweet air wafting up towards his rather bulbous nose, Leon reveled, just for this moment, in the self-satisfied ecstasy of invention before returning to his forage for ingredients.

For breakfast that morning, as part of a routine that had almost become ritual in the two-and-a-half years of his enslavement at Apartment 102, he sat down to his rickety wooden table and ingested two bowls of flavorless, colorless Cheerios, letting the insipid rings of whole grain wash along his tongue. He particularly took pleasure in drifting back to sleep at the table halfway through each bowl, so that he only tasted the too-crunchy early bites and the too-soggy last bites. Upon slurping the last dregs of his morning repast, he set the bowls precariously at the summit of a mountain of dishes in his sink. He sluggishly dressed in a gray shirt and olive tie and descended to the floor of the building, using the stairs because the elevator on his floor was perpetually out of order (and secretly also because the stairwell's lighting was gloomier). Upon reaching the large, re-brown doors of his apartment building, the paint peeled off in all but a few surviving islands above eye level, he strode out into the biting air, realized he had forgotten his moth-eaten brown coat, and after a moment's hesitation continued to walk. As he boarded his subway train from the dreary, dripping underground station to spend the following half hour trapped in a pestilent dungeon with fellow oppressed martyrs of



collage by Becky Long

urbanization, he made a great show of displaying his suffering, his jerky movements back and forth punctuated by the unrelieved chattering of his teeth.

At long last, Leon's creation was nearly complete. By some miracle of fate, he had amassed all the ingredients he had envisioned for this work. To accompany the vivid strawberries he had managed to procure several plump, shining peaches with sun-like flesh, a carton of swollen, sapphire blueberries, and a bag of fragrant granola. He poured all of these liberally into the pie and stirred them with a rubber spatula he had last used as a backscratcher. Savoring their scent and beauty, he could see the end in sight. After placing the final slab of dough levelly atop his masterpiece, he painstakingly molded it into the ceiling of his pie and cut six slender slits in the surface. His mouth watered almost uncontrollably as he set the pie upon the oven rack and started the gas for the oven, holding his hands close to the grates at the top so that he could share in its heat.

Now Leon would select the perfect medium to paint his culinary vision, a task he undertook not frivolously.

That day, his work had been much as monotonous as it always was. He was employed as an accountant for a small, lethargic firm that supplied straws and utensils to restaurants. When Leon imagined conversations with real people, he usually described his work as "a bit boring," and shared an affluent, socialite laugh with his invented compatriots. After seven and a half hours in which he achieved a dull cramp in his fingers from typing, a headache from squinting at tiny figures on gray pieces of paper, an ink-stain on his tie, and a drool stain on his collar, he had banged his head against the concrete wall adjacent to his desk a new record of twelve separate times. He kept a running tally on the kitschy, cat-themed calendar by his desk. On the subway train back to his neighborhood, he found himself immersed in contemplation. How long would life continue like this? He knew not everyone took such perverse pleasure in suffering. Once long ago, he had read somewhere, there were people who not just subsisted, but thrived, created, produced. He stood up, and upon boldly crossing the threshold into his deteriorating apartment building, determined on a whim to take the rarely functional elevator. After holding his breath for the entire journey up to his particularly dingy floor, he was

pleasantly surprised to find that he had not been trapped in the claustrophobic elevator for eternity. Walking down the long, drably carpeted hallway to his apartment, he decided that today he would display his newfound independence by baking an audacious pie, following no one's recipe but his own.

As the sublime odor of his completed pie reached his nose, he hastily donned a thick red oven mitt, pristine as when he had received it for Christmas two years earlier, snatched the pie from the oven, and placed it down on the counter in front of him. Exercising every ounce of his self control upon viewing the steam escaping from the pie's slits, he managed to walk away from the pie long enough to retrieve a container of whipped cream from the chaos of his refrigerator. After spreading the rest of the container of luscious cream across the surface of the pie, he used his knife to cut himself a large slice of the godly food. Picking up the wedge whole and setting it down on a blue plastic floral plate, he used a fork to scoop out a piece of his hard-earned pie, bringing it to his gaping mouth slowly, expectantly.

It wasn't nearly as good as he had hoped.

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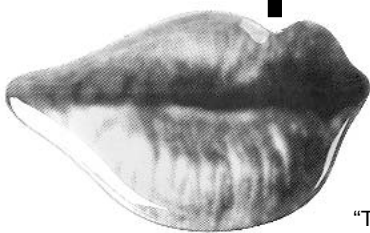
DID YOU KNOW?

Mississippi State won the Egg Bowl in 1976 and 1977 but had to forfeit the wins due to NCAA violations.



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Bad Lips!



- sport
- verb (past tense)
- date
- item in your kitchen
- number
- winning score of a football game
- adjective
- "ing" verb
- something you find on a football field
- something you do when your team wins (plural)
- something you do when your team loses (plural)
- plural noun
- past tense verb
- coveted item
- item used in a game
- adjective
- adjective
- sport
- funny-looking thing
- same date as #3

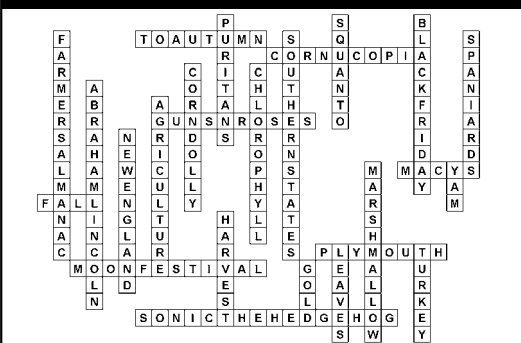


BAD LIPS is a game you can play alone or with friends! Below is a passage with blank spaces where words are left out. To the left is a list of what type of words you should fill into each numbered blank. Ask a friend to give you words to fill in, or pick words yourself (be sure not to read the passage first) then read out loud the resulting paragraph, which is sure to be hilarious. Email your results to thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net and we will enter you in a drawing for a free (and cool!) Local Voice T-Shirt. See if you can guess what the original piece is from.

The History of "The Egg Bowl"

"The Battle of the Golden Egg" (or Egg Bowl) is an annual _____ 1. game between the MSU Bulldogs and the Ole Miss Rebels. The two teams have _____ each other since 1901, but the first "Egg Bowl" was in _____. 2. While it is called a "_____" 4., the game is not a postseason game, but rather a regular season Southeastern Conference game for both teams as they are both SEC members in the West Division. Up until 1926, Ole Miss had claimed only _____ wins in the previous 5. meetings of the teams. When Ole Miss beat what was then known as Mississippi A&M College _____, the fans were _____, _____ 6. 7. 8. the field, some trying to tear the _____ down. A&M fans did not take well to the _____, and _____ broke out all over the field. Some 10. 11. A&M fans defended the goal posts with _____, and several injuries 12. were reported. Students _____ then that such an incident should not happen again. The result was the "Golden Egg," a _____ to cool the 14. heat of battle. The trophy consists of a large _____-shaped brass 15. piece mounted to a _____ base. The footballs used in the 1920s were 16. considerably more _____ and _____ than those in use today and 17. 18. similar to the balls still used in _____. 19. The trophy thus, to modern eyes, more resembles a _____ than a football. The awarding of the 20. "Golden Egg" was instituted in _____ by joint agreement between the 21. two schools student bodies.

The Local Voice Crossword Solution from issue #67



The Local Voice Word Search Secret Message Solution from issue #67

"Join *The Local Voice* Facebook group and get daily updates on specials at local restaurants and bars and the scoop on Oxford nightlife."

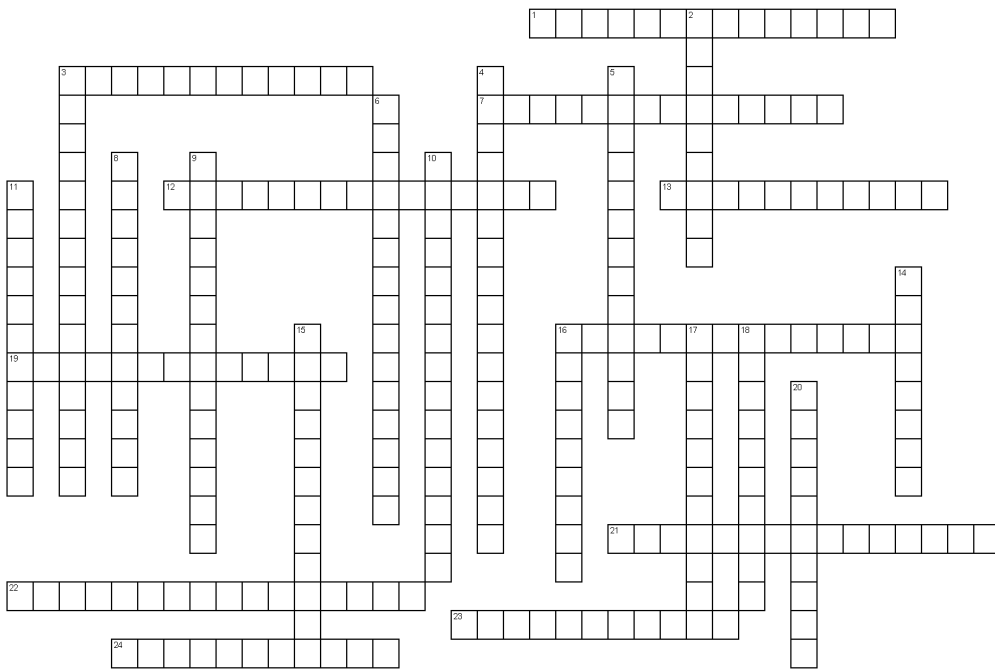
Solve *The Local Voice* Crossword, Word Search, or Bad Lips puzzles in this issue, let us know your answers, and you could be the next winner of a cool *Local Voice* T-Shirt!

email your answers to thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net

the Local Voice Crossword Puzzle

Puzzle #52 - © 2008

Fill out this puzzle and email it to thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net or send it to The Local Voice, PO Box 443, Oxford, Mississippi 38655 and you'll be entered into a monthly drawing for a FREE Local Voice T-Shirt! The clues in this Crossword Puzzle list the title of a literary work, the answer will be the name of the writer or poet.



Famous Writers

ACROSS

- 1 *No Country for Old Men*
- 3 *North Toward Home, My Dog Skip*
- 7 reclusive poet who wrote nearly 1800 poems in her lifetime
- 12 *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*
- 13 *On the Road*
- 16 *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, The Rum Diary*
- 19 "A Supermarket in California," "Sunflower Sutra"
- 21 *Women, Hollywood, Pulp*
- 22 *Naked Lunch*
- 23 *The Bell Jar*
- 24 *Delta Wedding, Losing Battles*

DOWN

- 2 *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
- 3 *Absalom, Absalom!*
- 4 *A Streetcar Named Desire*
- 5 "Spirits of the Dead," "The Bells"
- 6 "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?"
- 8 *Slaughterhouse-Five*
- 9 *Laughing to Keep from Crying*
- 10 *Wise Blood, A Good Man is Hard to Find*
- 11 *Geronimo Rex, Yonder Stands Your Orphan*
- 14 *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*
- 15 *Breakfast at Tiffany's, In Cold Blood*
- 16 *To Kill a Mockingbird*
- 17 "After Apple-Picking," "The Road Not Taken"
- 18 *A Feast of Snakes*
- 20 *Joe, Big, Bad Love*

the Local Voice Word Search Puzzle

Puzzle #38 - © 2008

Can you find the words in this puzzle? Find them all and then discover the **hidden message** by reading the unused letters from left to right, top to bottom. Email the message to thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net and we'll enter you in a monthly drawing for a free (and cool) Local Voice T-shirt!

Some Holiday Reading Suggestions

Airships
The Raven
On the Road
No Country for Old Men
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
A Streetcar Named Desire
Absalom, Absalom
Women
Naked Lunch
The Heart is a Lonely Hunter
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas
Slaughterhouse Five
A Feast of Snakes
Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
To Kill a Mockingbird
Losing Battles
Good Country People
Breakfast at Tiffany's
Daddy
Joe
Howl
Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening
My Dog Skip
The Weary Blues

T A H S E L O C A E L V O I C E W E B S I T E H A S B
E D E A N U P D A T L E D T G N I N E V E O I N C L Y
O V U G D E A N C O M P M U N I T Y L F T O R U M S W
N E O E C H E C O K U S O O U T O O N H L I N E A N O
E N D V P O S T Y C O U R E N E S W E S S A N D E V N
F T E S O N T H E R O A D N P I T W S Y A T W W W D S
L U O A T T H A E J L U O C N Y E A N L V O A I C S A
E R E L D O T N F O E T N G K A R A R T L S X P F P N
W E J N K D T R H E M N B T R Z F T Y Q T J R W J I O
O S R I Q D J N N F A A X Y R F P R N R K M X Q M H S
V O T G J R Y T L M T S B W I Y H B E U D K P L B S D
E F R N J T H L R T X L T T P C F E W N O W J X L R O
R H C I M W K T L W U K T O N I T O E Y Z C M N Y I O
T U L H N T D E T E Y A Y U F C K V R N W L D B F A W
H C R T E L S J S T T C L C A S A S K O T J K O T P Y
E K K A M Q R Z G S J D X R T R N Q G M L L W J O R B
C L B O O M Z F A X E L N F E T Y A W O P D L B M G G
U E V L W R B F B K P A D H W X Z M K V D G M K Y L N
C B N D P L K K A M M F T L M L X N O E K Y J E M V I
K E N N G A R N D E Z R V N Q K N T H L S K M Q N T P
O R D A E T J R D A Y M R X Q V N O M K A C M B R Q P
O R T R F R J D M R D R D Y L R W M O L A S B A C J O
S Y B A Z L E F D Q T D R V X L V R Q R N C B W R J T
N F Z E R S Z Y N K J P Y T B B K L W L K Q M A F H S
E I L F I E V I F E S U O H R E T H G U A L S T F B Q
S N K R T H E H E A R T I S A L O N E L Y H U N T E R
T N E N T T O K I L L A M O C K I N G B I R D B X G H

COOK OF THE HOUSE

Nominate a cook: thelocalvoice@thelocalvoice.net

Name: John Barnett
Position & Restaurant: Cook of the House at Panini
Hometown: Holly Springs
Early cooking: Making cookies with my mom, fried chicken with my grandmother at age five.
Who is your favorite cook/chef? Giada de Laurentis



What kitchen tool/utensil could you not live without? Calphalon chef's knife and a glass of wine.
What is the best thing about your job? Working with great people
What is your favorite flavor combo? Tomato, basil, olive oil
Three items in your fridge: Beer, water, cayenne peppers from my garden
Where do you get your best recipe ideas? Mom
What is the best meal you've ever eaten? Fresh oysters and pinot grigio on the Boston Harbor
Personal specialties: Rare seared tuna over spring greens with carrot-ginger dressing and grilled salmon with pineapple salsa
Favorite Midnight snack: Snickers and Doritos
Favorite Kitchen Music: Iron Maiden at work, Miles Davis at home
Who would you most like to cook for and what would you prepare? Our Lord and Savior Scott Stapp-communion wine and sacrament wafers.
What herbs do you grow in your own garden? Rosemary, basil, sage, dill.
Where do you like to dine in Oxford? City Grocery and Yocona River Inn. Oh, and Panini!

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the Local Voice

FREE #68

READ AT
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VOLUME

November 26-
December 11,
2008

In this issue:

BARRY HANNAH

interview by Louis Bourgeois

plus Local Fiction, Sports, Travel,
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Fun, Food and more inside!!



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Rocket 88



Chaffie

FRI 12/5



MON 12/1



Balance Jazz Trio



Americana/Jam
from South Carolina

THU
12/11

driven train



WED
12/3



Caroline Herring

FRI 12/12 "The Juke-Joint Duo"

Cedric Burnside + Lightnin' Malcom



CANCELLED TODD SNIDER
TO BE RESCHEDULED
FOR APRIL

SAT 12/13

Hayes Carll

Country/Folk/Americana from Houston, TX



Coming Attractions at Proud Larry's: Charlie Mars December 19th, Sanders Bolke, Aaron Hall, & John Black December 21st