

My Life in the South

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 3

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SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- The South is, and isn't, what you think it is
- I ended up there for reasons I won't go into
- Most photos are from my iPhone
- I learned to love to eat out here.

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The Bearded One Goes to Greenville!

I drove to Greenville, South Carolina every weekend from Red Clay. Greenville is everything Red Clay was not, which is a lot. It has a great downtown area with shops and restaurants on a cool, tree lined street. On Saturday morning the main street would be blocked off for the overpriced farmer market featuring live music and a clearly fixed fruit and vegetable price scheme, which I bought anyway.

Live music for any random reason was encouraged. Falls Park the nicest downtown park I have ever been to was one of the many additional drawing cards. Add to this a minor Boson Red Sox team playing in a little mini-Fenway, and I was in heaven.

The only thing I would say was

lacking was an extensive cheese selection. I did miss all the little cheese makers at the Madison, Wisconsin farmers market, especially the Blue Cheeses, but I was not freezing my ass off in winter and shoveling all that white shit so I got over it.

If you get a chance to move to Greenville, take it. But make sure it is GreenVILLE, not Greenwood, Greenboro, or Greenfield. Look for the VILLE.

I suspect all the local yokels had some town naming contest in the 17th century, and just like we are buried with girls named Ashley and Jennifer, somehow this poor state was buried in Green-somethings.

If you want to know more about naming conventions, check out the book "Freakanomics".



Ashley Judd and Lauren Holly



Shopping for Wine on Sunday!

Like much of the South, stocking up on liquor on Saturday is very, very important, since it can be rather dry on Sundays because the Southern people are a temperate type and hate me.

Greenville saved my liver on many a Sunday by at least selling beer and wine on Sunday. One

shop even had cigars for really, really cheap prices.

Most of the time I would load up on the booze at Trader Joe's because it really was the cheapest. My liver is pretty shot now but at least I did not spend a fortune doing it.

I also like their salsa.



Falls Park Exploding with Fun for the Whole Family

Prepare to Be Dazzled!

Falls Park is one of the great treasures of South Carolina. For the tourist visiting the area, the park offers a lovely afternoon stroll near the shops and the restaurants of downtown Greenville.

For the long term resident, the Park offers frequent festival fun, a relaxing venue to picnic, and a backdrop for blushing brides to have their wedding day photographs taken.

On many weekends a dance company of exotic strippers will entertain children of all ages. Performing magic tricks and carnal tricks, these whacky ladies will leave a smile on the face of children, while helping Dad, and sometimes Mom, relax after a long hard work week.

When the fireworks really get going there is no telling what will explode!

So bring a picnic basket, some dollar bills, and a condom or two to Falls Park!



During the day...

By Day the Falls over a spectacular example of South Carolina's beautiful up-country, and an extraordinary example of a community project to preserve that beauty.

You are encouraged to take all the pictures you want, and to stay out of the water because while the park is gorgeous, the river that flows through it goes through some pretty suspicious areas to get here, and is contaminated with feces.

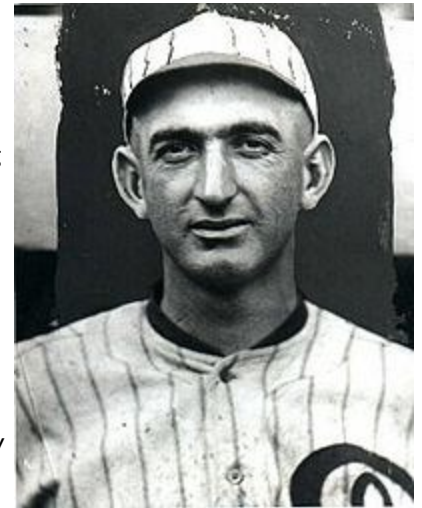


Shoeless Joe Jackson and the Red Sox

Who doesn't love a cheater? BASEBALL doesn't love a cheater, even when wrongfully accused! Joe Jackson is remembered usually as part of the Chicago Black Sox big mean cheater scandal back in the early 20th century. Some heart-broken kid, when hearing Joe was one of those accused of throwing the World Series for a Bookie's bribe, said to Joe "Say it ain't so Joe", and then Joe punched him out (I just made the punch part up). But Joe is still loved in Greenville, SC where he is from originally.

Sometime after he went home to Jesus, they built a museum for him and a pretty cool statue near the ballpark. The ball park itself is a sweet little copy of Fenway, and that makes sense since a single A Red Sox team plays there. On a plane ride back to Chicago once I heard a Chicago person describing it to another passenger as being like Wrigley Field. What a dumb ass, obviously a Cubs fan. He talked to the poor passenger through the whole flight. Must

have sucked the high teat if you asked me. I wanted to turn around and just kill the guy. Then he started talking about how smart he was with his finances, and some right wing talk show he liked. A guy like this must have a special little woman at home, waiting for him, while locked in the basement, probably shoeless, like Joe.



The Farmers Market and other Food.



I really like Farmers Markets, and Greenville has a fine one. They block of the main street, and all the farmers come in sell their whole-some produce. There is a nice bluegrass band, and some nice produce as is to expected. Things that are a little different are the farm raised fish and these nasty muscadine grapes that they all like to eat. When you fist bite into them they do not seem so bad, but then the slight after taste of shit sets in and they get sort of gross. And look at

the picture of them on this page. They look like some reptile balls waiting to be breaded and fried, and then called some kind of oyster to make you forget you are eating some critters nads. This led to a new personal rule for me to not eat things that look like skinned balls and taste like shit.



Raw bovine testicles in an Italian market

What is scary about this is the Muscadine industry is growing! I

Bob Jones University: Great Art, no Whoopee making!



Bob Jones University is named after a guy whose name was Bob Jones. He was an educator, a Christian Preacher, a racist, and into art and presumably had boring sex life. How do I know this? For started, he has a whole university named after him. His University also has a really good Art Museum. Blacks were not admitted to the University until the mid 1970's, and the student handbook is absolutely hilarious. Go to their website, and get a look at the student handbook, especially the social life guidelines. Be prepared to laugh

your eyeballs out. The dating rules only are worth the visit. It is also worth noting that mixed groups of brothers, sisters, or first cousins may go to public places in Greenville, without a chaperone! But that is about it. Check it out...the part on leotards is even funnier.

And do NOT get caught smoking cigarettes, as it detracts from your Chirstlikeness and earns you a ton of demerits.

Oh, and lastly NO DANCING! None of that Satan boogie at **BJ** University, because it could lead to...naughtiness.



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Closing Comments

This is my third installment of “My Life in The South” and there maybe only two, perhaps 3, more, so savor this like the succulent treat it is.

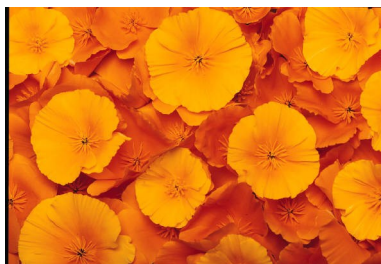
This particular one is about Greenville, which explains all the comments and pictures about Greenville.

At some point it sounds from what I have read that the city of Greenville was not doing very well, but somehow pulled itself together. The collapse of textiles, later to be replaced by other industries, was a shocking but not fatal blow. In fact, it could be argued it was quite a refreshing blow, knocking these slow moving southern bastards into some kind of action.

What they accomplished in Greenville is really amazing. The city is vibrant at least in the areas I went, and it is centered around the main street and

the streets adjacent to it.

I would like to thank Ashley Judd and Lauren Holly for appearing in this bulletin. I know who Ashley is primarily though her acting and not being the fat Judd. Lauren if I recall was on a TV show called Picket Fences. For me the most memorable scene in that show was when a boy



I have no idea where this image came from but am too lazy to change it.

was having a wet dream, and it featured Lauren Holly's character disrobing in front of him.

There are a surprising number of photo-shopped nude and compromising position photos of the two widely available on the internet. Check them out and you can be like me, staring at the internet for hours each day, whipping through a veritable plethora of porn sites, while being shocked and appalled.

Lastly, I would like to thank the secret League of Extraordinary Southern Bastards (the LES-B's), for all the fun I have made at their expense. I could have done all this without all of you.

Cordially,

The Bearded One