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Ruminating on the many virtues of black-eyed peas by Roy Blount, Jr. Barry Blitt I was thinking about writing a great column about the seasonal luckiness of black-eyed peas, when I logged on to the New York Times and found, regrettably, an obituary of Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor. I knew her a little bit, and loved her work. She dispensed spirited cultural wisdom on National Public Radio for thirty years, sang cutting-edge backup for Sun Ra, and told her life story in *Vibration Cooking*: Smart-Grosvenor wrote for the Times. After another couple of clicks, I discovered that she had gotten away with writing for the Times about that same search for black-eyed peas in Paris twice, the first time in 1964. And I thought, how lucky we are to have the Internet. Although I was up in Massachusetts at the moment, I was just rolling in Southern culture, happy as a dog in something richly odorous. And of course why has the world been so lucky as to have the Internet? And do you know who originated that tradition? When he was working for the East Texas or it may have been the Henderson County Chamber of Commerce, trying to publicize local products. You may well question that Elmore Sr. Well, you would have thought I had asked them to hucklebuck in Notre Dame, so uppity they were. A few minutes before I thought I would have to jump, voila! Well, yes they were good. To me, rice blands out the peas. I cut some baby bella mushrooms into chunks. Folks, that is a good combination. I am from Georgia. He is from Louisiana.

DOWNLOAD PDF ROY BLOUNT CRACKERS, INTERVIEW

Chapter 2 : Fish Food | End of the Line by Roy Blount, Jr. "Garden & Gun

Roy Blount, Jr. on the beauty of packaged peanut-butter crackers "Nabs" and why they're essential fuel for any fishing trip.

Getting to the bottom of bait and crackers by Roy Blount, Jr. Barry Blitt One thing about fishing, it simplifies breakfast. We have done it for thirty-nine years in a row. I doubt there are any fish now living among those we took out after in Not because we caught them all. But we have hauled in a lot of sea trout and reds and Spanish and rock bass a consensus favorite, for the eating and grouper and snapper and grunts and the occasional cobia, sheepshead, or drum. Seems odd, especially since their alternative name, skipjack, evokes the way they frisk around, in and out of the water, when hooked. Well, frisk is the wrong word. The ladyfish is not playing. The ladyfish is freaking out. Trying to shake that thing. A man gets the notion that his wife has drowned herself, so he calls for a dragging of the river, which involves an ominously leaping and hollering local family, the Malones. We have speculated that when a trout grows to fifteen inches, older fish give it the traditional talk: When a ladyfish gets on, we ritually curse, because "no fault of its own" it has too many bones, from our point of view, and its flesh is mushy. Maybe the name dates back to some sexist notion that a boat is no place for a lady. I mean getting down to commonly accepted basics. Gulp is the brand of soft artificial lure that has been our primary bait for a number of years now. It is famous for its stink. Essence of Gulp gets out into the water as soon as you cast your pearl-white-with-chartreuse-tail shrimp, or any other Gulp variation, out there. Gulps are catnip to fish, but lots of people feel, not only off the Florida Panhandle but also on the Internet, that Gulps are getting too soft. I can also say the juice [that Gulp comes packed in] is awful it accidentally got poured into my coconut water while rigging up. Five minutes later mullets was everywhere. It always works as chum with whatever you ate. What Doc was using for mullet bait before he discovered vanilla-soaked fatback was even less appetizing, to a person. But it was pretty basic. Mullet themselves are basic, and good eating. So are Nabs, especially to a basic fisherperson, out in the open air smelling like fish attractant. Nabs is what Nabisco used to call them. Today, Nabs are officially branded as Lance ToastChee.

Chapter 3 : Roy Blount Jr. - Wikipedia

An Interview with Roy Blount, Jr. A Murder, a Mystery and a Marriage Roy Blount, Jr. Reads: Crackers and One Fell Soup The Bookloft is proud to be Roy Blount.

Chapter 4 : Roy Blount Jr., books

Roy Blount Jr. is the author of twenty-three books. The first, About Three Bricks Shy of a Load, was expanded into About Three Bricks Shy and the Load Filled Up. It is often called one of the best sports books of all time.

Chapter 5 : Crackers - Roy Blount - Google Books

Books by Roy Blount Jr., One fell soup, or, I'm just a bug on the windshield of life, Long time leaving, I Am Puppy, Hear Me Yap, What men don't tell women, First Hubby, Robert E. Lee, Not exactly what I had in mind, Crackers.

Chapter 6 : Roy Blount Jr. | Open Library

Hall of Fame Honorees Roy Blount Jr. The author of Crackers: This Whole Many-Angled Thing of Jimmy, More Carters, Ominous Little Animals, Sad Singing Women, My Daddy, and Me was actually born in Indianapolis, Indiana, but Roy Blount Jr. grew up the son of Southern parents in Georgia.

Chapter 7 : sundance | The Last Refuge | Page 14

Roy Blount Jr. puts you in touch with possums, heterosexual dancing, people named Junior, a two-headed four-armed three-legged gospel-singing man, your feelings about the Carter administration. These specifics take you out into the depths.

Chapter 8 : Adventures in the Demme Monde | Esquire | September

He is the author of seventeen books, including Crackers (), About Three Bricks Shy of a Load (), Soupsongs & Webster's Ark (), Camels Are Easy, Comedy's Hard (), First Hubby (

Chapter 9 : Roy Blount Cooks Up Humor, Southern Style - tribunedigital-orlandosentinel

John Solomon writing for The Hill, presents an important article highlighting the current corruption within the DOJ and FBI that began under the Obama administration (Lynch/Comey) and continues today within the Trump administration (Sessions/Wray).