

1509 Johnson Ave. W  
Oxford, Ms. 38655  
July 19, 82

Dear Stuart:

Here's the piece from Maximum Ned, no longer Hey Joe. I think it goes as is. I gave Silverman something else from it, 10 pages of fine writing for \$500, and he called up to want more volume. I'm inclined to agree with you about Steve, and it had better come out as an ACLU money-raiser and not just his little book or I will raise hell.

The air is clear with you and I like it like that. The only caution I have in matters of finance is that I don't want to be Eudora Welty on the dole at sixty-five and my kids asking what became of all the money he should've made.

I was with Jimmy Buffet and TomMcGuane and my sweetie and their sweeties in Mobile Bay for Jimmy's parents' 40th anniversary, and it was fine to be among the rich on that pier in Daphne. I even snorted a bit of toot, which was clean and merry enough and did not make me want to drink. Thing about coke is I can't afford it until I'm a rock star, and really the price isn't worth it. This was free but somebody told me what it cost and I staggered.

The music you sent made my week, picked up my heart. With such friends as you, I might never have the big humbling urge to drink ever again. Biggest thing I've got to fight is the nostalgia for the wild man in my thirties that I was and the fact that booze, unfortunately, will clear the lane for some real writing now and then.

Buffet's coming up and stay with me for the Faulkner Conference August 1-6 or some of those days. Come over if you want. I would offer my place except for the room, but maybe a motel wouldn't kill you. I love them when my girl's there, and she goes down for Dixie, and we tear hell out of the sheets, leaving the horror of waste for the Negroes.

All best,  
*Bar*  
Barry Hannah

Oh yes: please send me a Xerox of  
this back.