

# Faulkner Newsletter and Yoknapatawpha Review

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## Vol. 12, No. 3 (1992)

Michael A. Crivello


Wendy Goldberg

William Vlach

W. Kenneth Holditch

M. Thomas Inge

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# THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER

## & Yoknapatawpha Review

Vol. XII, No 3

July-September 1992

### A Checklist

## New Printings For Faulkner In Japan, China

*The Cape Rock*, Vol. 26, No. 2 (Fall 1991). This issue of the poetry journal published twice yearly at Southeast Missouri State University is illustrated with black-and-white photos of Faulkner's Rowan Oak home, Oxford and the Ole Miss campus, and Faulkner country by Carl E. Lindgren of Courtland, Miss. Single issues are available at \$3 from the journal at Southeast Missouri State, Cape Girardeau, Mo. 63701.

Casey, Roger N. "Faulkner's Alien Augury." *Notes on Mississippi Writers*, Vol. XXIV, No. 1 (January 1992).

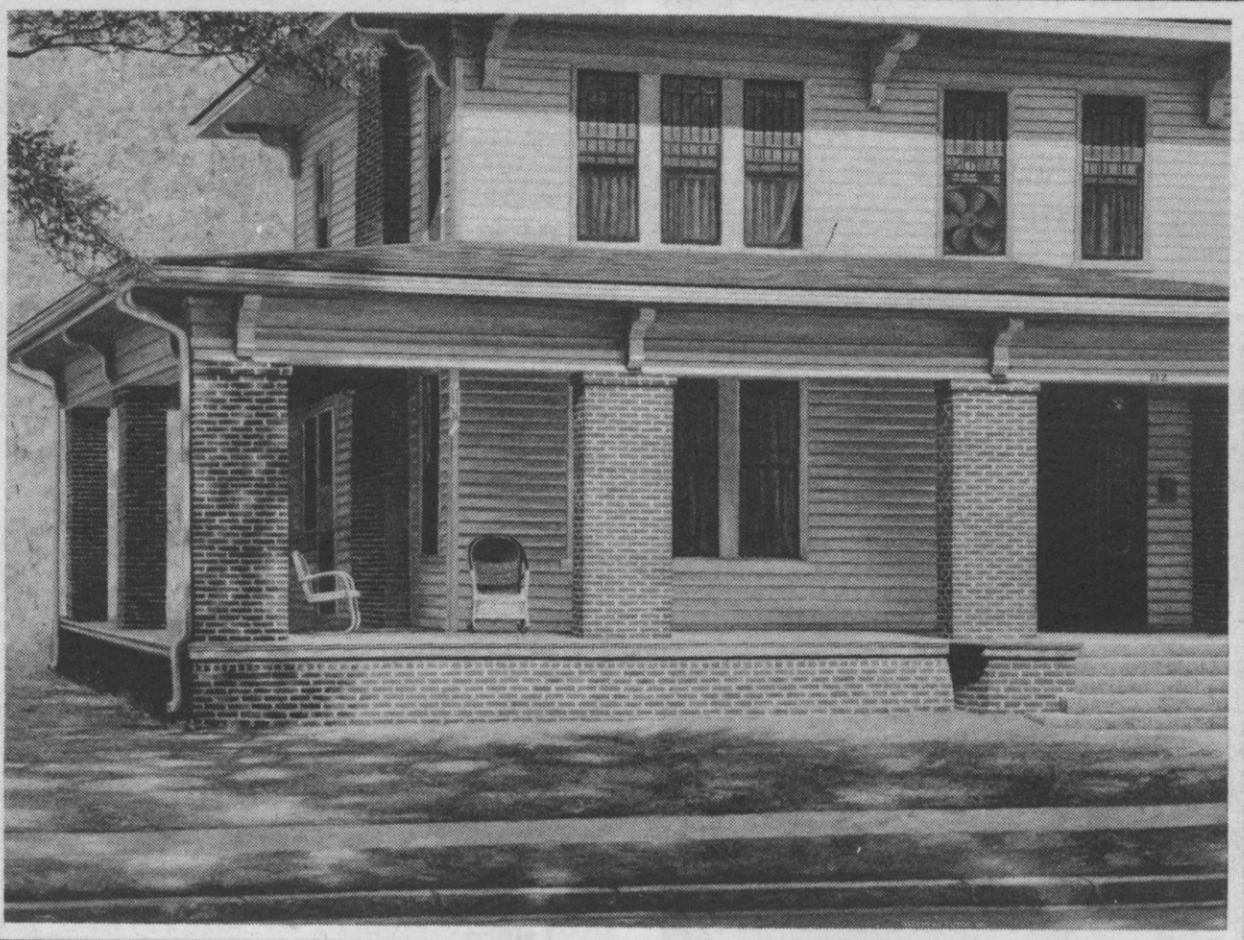
*The Faulkner Journal*, Vol. V, No. 1 (Fall 1989; published Spring 1992). John T. Matthews, ed. Featured in this issue are essays and notes by Pamela E. Knights, Irene Gammel, Philip Cohen, Daniel Ferrer, Gerald W. Walton, Donald P. Duclos and Arthur F. Kinney, and an interview with Malcolm Cowley by Charles A. Peek. Subscriptions at \$9 a year (two general issues, or special double issue) should be sent to Managing Editor Dawn Trouard, Department of English, University of Akron, Akron, Ohio 44325-1906.

Faulkner volume, *Nobel Prize Winning Authors' Works*. Beijing: Lijiang Publishing House, 1991. Included in the collection, translated by Li Wenjun and others, are *As I Lay Dying*, *The Unvanquished*, and "Delta Autumn." An Appendix includes excerpts from Michel Gresset's *Faulkner Chronology*, translated by Tao Jie, and Faulkner's Nobel Prize acceptance speech, the Nobel presentation speech by Gustaf Hellstrom, Jean Stein's *Paris Review* interview, an essay by Maurice Coindreau on translating Faulkner, and Faulkner's "On Sherwood Anderson," "His Name was Pete," "On Albert Camus," and "On Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*." Tao Jie, professor and vice chair of the Department of English at Peking University in Beijing, reports that the volume was published both in hardcover and in paper in a first printing of 4,400 copies that quickly sold out. The volume is now in second printing, Tao Jie writes, "an indication that, despite his obscure style, Faulkner is getting more and more popular in China." 545 pp.

Faulkner, William. *Sanctuary*. Translated by Kenzaburo Ohashi. Tokyo: Fuzambo Publishing Co., 1992. *Sanctuary* is the 24th volume in the

(Continued Page 2)

FAULKNER  
AND  
IDEOLOGY



GLENNRAY LUTOR Illustration © 1991  
Oil on canvas 30 x 40 inches  
Patricia Young Collection

The University of Mississippi  
Faulkner & Yoknapatawpha Conference  
Oxford, Mississippi, August 2-7, 1992

The University of Mississippi announces the Nineteenth Annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference. The conference is sponsored by the Department of English and the Center for the Study of Southern Culture, The University of Mississippi, University, MS 38677, 601/232-5993.

## "Faulkner & Ideology" Theme Of 1992 Faulkner Conference

Scholars in literature from France, England and Russia will be among the speakers examining the topic of "Faulkner and Ideology" at the 1992 Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference in August at the University of Mississippi.

The 19th annual symposium August 2-7 will again feature tours of Faulkner country, exhibits, and film presentations, along with group discussions and papers read by scholars distinguished in Faulkner studies.

The conference will open on Sunday, August 2 with a reception at University Museums and viewing of a "Faulkner, Family, and Friends" exhibition.

Next on the agenda is announcement on the lawn at Faulkner's Rowan Oak home of winners of the third annual *American Way Faux Faulkner* Contest. The "Best of Bad Faulkner" competition is cosponsored by the Ole Miss Department of English and Center for the Study of Southern Culture and Yoknapatawpha Press and its *Faulkner Newsletter*.

Conference participants will then move across Old Taylor Road to the home of Dr. and Mrs. M. B. Howorth Jr. for a buffet supper that is a traditional Faulkner Conference first-day event, followed by an autograph party at Square Books.

Other program features will again include "Voices of Yoknapatawpha," dramatic readings from Faulkner's novels and stories; group discussions by Faulkner family members and friends; a slide presentation by J. M. Faulkner; sessions on "Teaching Faulkner"; an exhibit of Faulkner books, manuscripts, photographs and memorabilia at John Davis Williams Library; a University Press of Mississippi-sponsored exhibit of Faulkner-related books published by university presses throughout the U.S.; films relating to the author's life and work; a Wednesday, August 5 picnic at Rowan Oak, and a closing banquet on

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### Faux Faulkner

## Michael Crivello Wins 1992 Contest On Third Try With Yugo Down, Moses

Michael Crivello of Flower Mound, Texas has won the 1992 American Way Faux Faulkner Contest with "Yugo Down, Moses," in which Edsel Amway Snopes is the ultimate used car salesman.

Crivello's classic "A Wal-Mart for Jefferson" was second runner-up in the inaugural Faux Faulkner contest and his "IgNobel Prize Acceptance Speech" made the top ten last year. "I'm doomed to enter again and again," he complains.

Wendy Goldberg, an English instructor at Stanford, takes first honorable mention with her "Midnight Colloquy" between Shriell McCannon and Quotin' Compson. A graduate of Harvard/Radcliffe, Ms. Goldberg is completing a doctoral dissertation on Faulkner. She is originally from Newton, Mass.

Second honorable mention goes to William Vlach, a clinical psychologist in San Francisco, for his "Address Upon Receiving the Nobel Prize for Cooking." Dr. Vlach took first place in the 1989 Bad Dashiell Hammett Contest but says he would rather come in third in Faux Faulkner: "It's definitely the pinnacle of my career."

The top three 1992 Faux Faulkner entries were selected by judges Wallace Stegner, Willie Morris and Barry Hannah from more than 700 entries from the United States and abroad.

Michael Crivello teaches English at Lewisville High School ("Home of the Fighting Farmers...be sure to put that in!") in a suburb of Dallas. A longtime participant in the Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi, he readily admits to having "aimlessly shaped and shamelessly aped" the words of his better.

Crivello will read his winning entry on the lawn at Rowan Oak Sunday afternoon, August 2, as part of opening-day festivities at the 1992 Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi.

Here is his winning entry, followed (pursued chased haunted hounded hard-pressed) by those of Goldberg and Vlach:

(Continued Page 2)



# Michael Crivello, Wendy Goldberg And William Vlach Are Winners

(From Page 1)

## Yugo Down, Moses

By MICHAEL CRIVELLO

Perhaps it wasn't that they wouldn't run, for they would for a while but poorly and fitfully, and he knew that it wasn't that he had bought one of them from him, he who had brought them to town and parcelled off part of his dealership with its lights neon and o'erarching that glowed into the night, the four old familiar blue letters 'Ford' now transcended by four foreign letters drawing moths and men insomnolent to gaze at something not assembled by the sons of immigrants in Flint or Dearborn but slap-welded tenuously in Kragujevac by the sons of Tito to be toted to American towns myriad where auto mechanics myriad too would scoff, "You bought what?" But that was not it either, for it was more. More too than the townsman who suggested he use it to haul his golf clubs but then he thought of his caddie gone and abnegated by his own volition, not merely denied but rescinded from providing the pity (at his iron shots) and pride (at pointing out, "Wrong club, sir") and compassion (at his balls sliced and parabolic doomed to drown in water hazards: "Hush. Looking for them ain't going to do no good. They're gone.") no never instead of his caddie—yet buying one, perhaps driven by that furious economic necessity and yes vanity too (His sister said, "When I test-drove one, I died") to purchase a car that would wait patiently the thirty-six months and a day to throw a piston rod out of warranty after which he would tow it to him, Edsel Amway Snopes, whose Augean lot now no longer penned in the now-gone foreign anomalies whose air still seemed to hang over the unvanquished Fords as if they now had been waxed with some kind of cheese foreign and musty; he who would turn his tin-thin profile away sneering, "Warranty? Sure I reckon you can write that closed-down home office of those Jugoslavs. That is, if you can find a typewriter that'll type without using any vowels." No it wasn't that the warranty was now just a paper curiosity, a thread far from cable-strong that if followed would not lead out of the labyrinth of knobs negligent and fan belts faulty and door handles dangling and epicene but rather to a smiling bureaucrat in Dubrovnik smirking, "That E. A. Snopes surely could peddle those useless *sranja*." But more it was that he would have to haul it defunctive to his yard and view it as an empty vessel like the old Roman's now rotted and rusted and rusticated and reclaimed by the primeval cane and festooning cypress transmogrified into the panoply of the slow and sad detritus of man's abject dreams of time and mobility with its guerdon now guano gyves that accreted on the now slowly fading nameplate once-chrome: *Yugo*.

## Midnight Colloquy: Shrill McCannon and Quotin' Compson

By WENDY GOLDBERG

Shrill said: "If you would just stop talking, Quotin': if you would just stop talking; would eschew the spoken word, abjure articulation, long enough to eat the sandwich, the tuna fish sandwich, that has lain on the table beneath Rosebud's letter (or does it have to be grits for you, oil fried grits, to let you know who you are and that you are and that you are a man?) you might feel better; if you would just stop talking—could you please stop talking?—if you would relinquish the right to say, sacrifice the sound of your own voice, long enough to take the shower, the purifying shower, that has cried out to be taken for eight weeks running (or does it have to be a bath for you, in an old oaken bucket, with worn hands soaping and sudsing your body and Mississippi moonshine cleansing your soul?) you would probably smell better too."

*He sounds just like father.*

"Because you sound like an idiot. You tell tales full of sound and fury that signify not a whit, that sound asinine, asinine! Or maybe it's not that: maybe it's not that at all; maybe you are not an idiot pure and simple and uncorrupted, the noble remnant of two weak strains, but rather an idiot-savant, a hobbled genius, a visionary moron, wise enough (and strong enough too) to tell those tales over and over (and over) that you know will drive me mad so that you might inherit this room, attain suzerainty over this small kingdom, and reign, like he who came out of nowhere, what's his name—Toomuch Shuteye?"

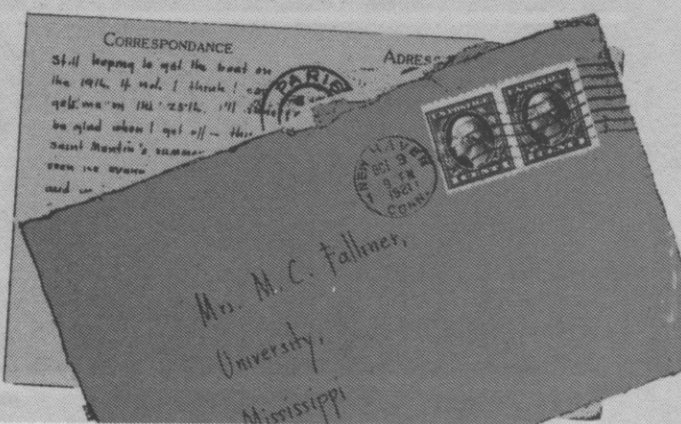
*"Thomas Shutpen."*

"Toomuch Shuteye. Allrightallright. Who came out of nowhere and tamed the wilderness and built a big house. That's just fine; only who will teach you to talk like a Hearvahd man if I am sick or gone? Or maybe you can't help yourself—maybe this trying to say and trying to say is an inherited predisposition, a family fungus, a passion and pollution passed on from generation to generation, from the time the first Compson dug himself out of the primordial slime and opened his mouth to shout out a shibboleth (never to close it—his mouth—again till the day when he didn't have the choice anymore) to the present—what with you and Chatty Caddy and Jabbering Jason roaming the world, telling anyone who will listen (and many who won't) what they may not want to know about or could not understand even if they wanted to know it—which they don't. Say, I bet your own father, the Lord Logorrhea (votary of verbiage, crowned king of cant) could shoehorn more syllables into a single word, could wedge more words into a solitary sentence, than the wiley old wordwitch, the aged Scheherazade, the antique Aunt Rosebud herself: who could cram more sentences into a clotted paragraph,

## THINKING OF HOME

### WILLIAM FAULKNER'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER AND FATHER 1918-1925

EDITED BY JAMES G. WATSON



**THINKING OF HOME**, edited by James G. Watson, professor of English at the University of Tulsa, is new from W.W. Norton (\$22.95). "Essential for understanding Faulkner," Noel Polk writes in a jacket blurb, "and a good read for everybody." (See *FN Checklist*, Vol. XII, No. 2, April-June 1992.)

could pack more paragraphs into a stuffed speech, than a missionary preaching to a cannibal king, knowing full well (this missionary, this fated pioneer) that to stop talking is to start toasting.

"There's just one more thing, Quotin'. I need to know. Are they all like you back there in Yak—"

"Yok—"

"Yak—"

"Yok—"

"Yak— Yakety-yak— Yak-na-pa-talk-pha County?"

## Address Upon Receiving the Nobel Prize for Cooking

By WILLIAM VLACH

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my wok—a life's wok in the agony and sweat of the human kitchen, not for the gory and least of all for the fat, but to create out of the materials of animal meat something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust, or in thirst depending on how much salt was used. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin, perhaps a good Gamay Beaujolais.

Our cuisine today is a general and universal travesty so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirits. There is only one question: When will I cook a good gumbo? Because of this, the young man or woman cooking today has forgotten the problems of chopping fruits and vegetables which alone can make good cooking because only that is worth cooking about, worth the gory and the sweat.

He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to cook with cheap red wine; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his kitchen for anything but the old varietals and truths of the hearth, the old universal vinos lacking which any

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER  
& Yoknapatawpha Review

William Boozer

Editor

Dean Faulkner Wells  
and Lawrence Wells

Publishers

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## Checklist (From Page 1)

projected 27-volume *Collected Works* of Faulkner being published in Japanese. 359 pp. Boxed.

*Teaching Faulkner*, No. 1 (Spring 1992). Robert W. Hamblin, ed., Charles A. Peek, associate ed. Published by the Center for Faulkner Studies, Southeast Missouri State University. The newsletter, published twice annually, is an outgrowth of "Teaching Faulkner" sessions conducted at the annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi since 1989 by Hamblin and now by Hamblin and Peek. Subscriptions are \$5 a year, and may be sent to the Center for Faulkner Studies, Southeast Missouri State University, Cape Girardeau, Mo. 63701.

meal is ephemeral and doomed—red, white, and not a blush in sight. Until he does so he labors under a curse. He cooks not of love, but of dago red, of brunches in which nobody eats anything of value, of dinners without hope and worst of all without a cabernet. His eating eats on no universal bones. He cooks not of the heart but of the flatulent.

Until he relearns these things he will cook as though he stood alone and watched the end of spam. I decline to accept the end of spam. It is easy enough to say that spam is immortal simply because it will endure; that when the last ding dong of doom has clanged, that even then there will be one more piece of meat: that of the puny inexhaustible shelf life. I refuse to accept this. I believe that spam will not merely endure: it will prevail. It is immortal, not because it alone among animal fats has an inexhaustible inability to decay, but because it has a smell, an odor capable of disgust and nausea and abhorrence. The cook's, the chef's, duty is to cook these things. It is his privilege to help spam endure by serving it, by reminding the eating public of spam's pungency and palatability and refinement and finesse and savoriness and zest and delicacy which have been the glory of its past. The chef's recipe need not merely be the record of spam, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help spam endure and prevail.



## Faulkner's Pirate's Alley Home is Now Faulkner House Books



WILLIAM FAULKNER would be amazed at the manner in which Rosemary James and Joseph J. DeSalvo Jr. have transformed 624 Pirate's Alley in New Orleans into Faulkner House Books. The address was Faulkner's home for six months in 1925, and it's there that he wrote *Soldiers' Pay*.

### Faulkner Conference (From Page 1)

Friday, August 7 at St. Peter's Episcopal Church.

Speakers announced by conference sponsors at this writing are:

Nicolai Anastasiev, Moscow State University; Martha Banta, University of California, Los Angeles; Andre Bleikasten, University of Strasbourg, France; Robert H. Brinkmeyer Jr., University of Mississippi; Sergei Chakovsky, Gorky Institute of World Literature, Moscow; Thadious M. Davis, Brown University; Richard Gray, reader in the Department of Literature, University of Essex, England; Evans Harrington, professor emeritus, University of Mississippi, and director of the Faulkner Conference since its inception in 1974; Anne Goodwyn Jones, University of Florida; Richard King, reader at University of Nottingham, England; Maya Koreneva, Gorky Institute of World Literature; Glenn Meeter and James M. Mellard, both of Northern Illinois University; J. Hillis Miller, University of California, Irvine; Ted Ownby, University of Mississippi; Julia Palievsky, Moscow State University; Noel Polk, University of Southern Mississippi; and Louis D. Rubin Jr., professor emeritus, University of North Carolina and founder and president of Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill.

Registration fee for the conference is \$150 for students, \$175 for Friends of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture, and \$200 for other participants. Full particulars on the conference may be obtained from the Center, University, Miss. 38677, telephone (601) 232-5993.

### Fourth Annual

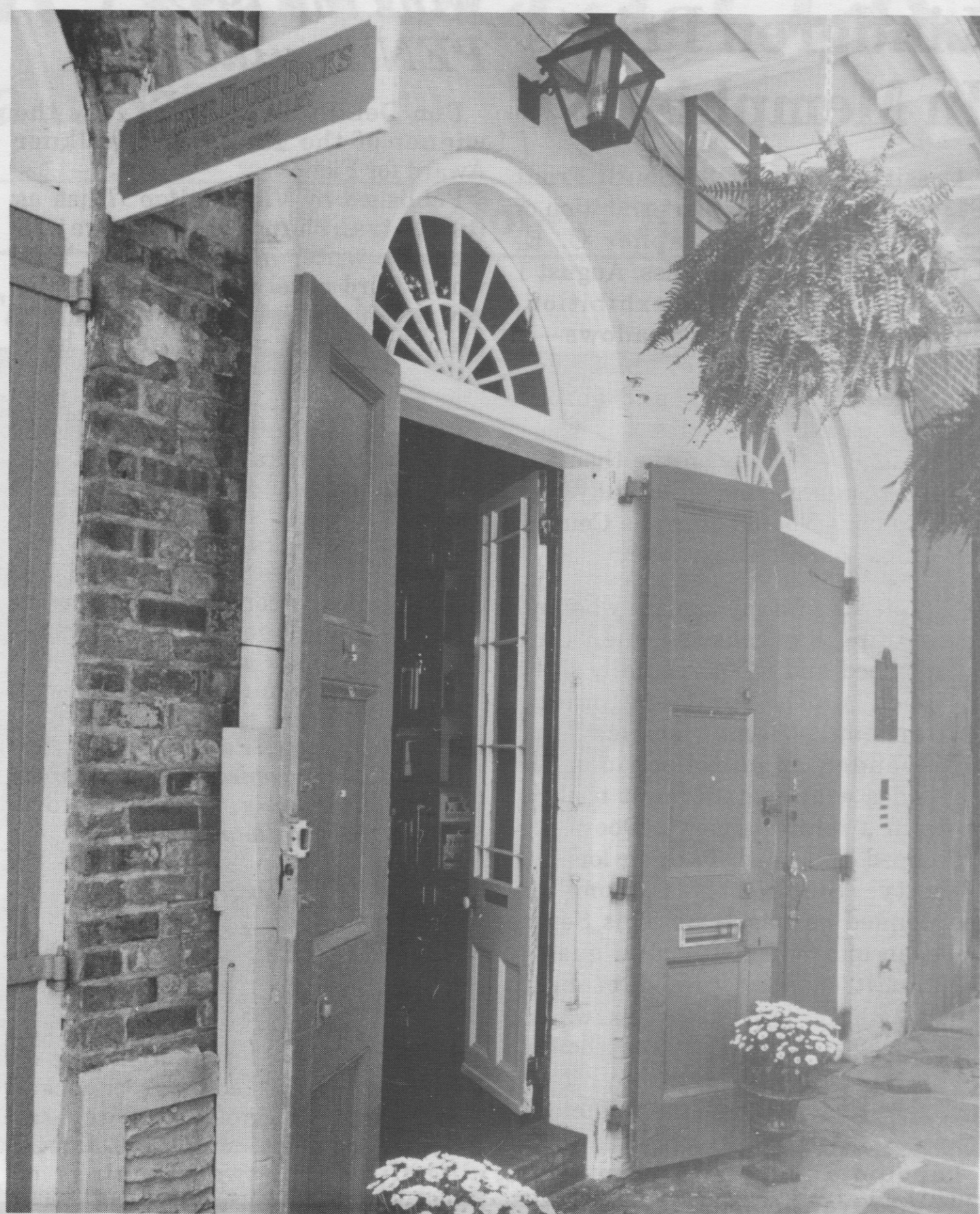
## American Way

## Faux Faulkner Contest

Win an 11-day vacation for two—five days in the Bahamas or Hawaii or just about anywhere else in the U.S. you want to go, plus six days in Faulkner country.\*

All you need do is write the *best bad* Faulkner, 250 to 500 words, drawing on Faulkner's style, themes or plots. Each entry must be typed and double-spaced. Entries in the fourth annual contest are being received until Feb. 1, 1993. Contest sponsored by American Airlines' *American Way* magazine, the University of Mississippi's Department of English and Center for the Study of Southern Culture, and Yoknapatawpha Press and its *Faulkner Newsletter*. Contestants grant publication rights to *American Way*, Yoknapatawpha Press and *FN*, and the right to release entries to other media. Send entries to *The Faulkner Newsletter*, P.O. Box 248, Oxford, MS 38655.

\*Winner gets two round-trip tickets to any American Airlines destination in the continental U.S., Hawaii or the Bahamas. Plus travel to Oxford and complimentary registration at the 1993 Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at Ole Miss.



## Place Where the Novels Began Is Now Faulkner House Books

By W. KENNETH HOLDITCH

A bookstore, given the value and significance of what is housed within, should be inviting and comfortable, as well as having a distinct personality of its own. On all these counts, Faulkner House Books in New Orleans measures up to that standard and more.

In early March 1925, when Faulkner rented a room from the artist and professor of architecture William Spratling, the four-story building in Pirate's Alley was undoubtedly rundown, as was most of the French Quarter at the time. It suited the budding novelist, however, quite well indeed, as he indicated in a letter to his mother in which he described his room as "nice" and the narrow street stretching beside St. Louis Cathedral "the best place in New Orleans in which to live."

During his six months on the ground floor of the building, Faulkner wrote his first novel, *Soldiers' Pay*, as well as several of the "New Orleans Sketches."

Three years ago Rosemary James, a former journalist and television newscaster who now manages her own public relations consulting firm, and her husband Joseph J. DeSalvo Jr., attorney for Louisiana Land and Exploration, purchased the property. They proceeded to restore the house and return to it the warmth and gracious charm which must have characterized it during the Golden Age of New Orleans before the Civil War. Today 624 Pirate's Alley is one of the most beautiful architectural showcases in the city, drawing admiring glances from locals and tourists alike. Joe and Rosemary live in elegant comfort on the second, third, and fourth floors with their standard poodle, Lulu, "the dog that owns a book store."

Lulu's bookstore, where she often holds court, occupies the room on the ground floor where Faulkner actually lived and wrote. In "New Orleans Sketches" and *Mosquitoes*, he refers specifically to events that occurred in and around the building. It is appropriate, then, that a feature of the store is a remarkable collection of rare Faulkner first editions, limited editions, and memorabilia, as well as standard trade editions of all his work.

What drew the DeSalvos to invest their money, time, and energy in their renovative labor of love was the Faulkner association. A longtime fan and student of the author's work, Joe is also interested in work by and about Samuel Johnson and Napoleon, both generously represented in the shop. Rosemary saw in the house what for most would have seemed an insurmountable challenge, and the striking results of her efforts offer clear evidence of her genius at restoration and decoration.

(Continued Page 4)



## Exhibit of Lindgren Prints In Memphis

Cossitt Gallery at 33 South Front St., Memphis will host an exhibition of 25 prints by photographer C. E. Lindgren of Courtland, Miss. August 1 - September 30. The exhibition, entitled "Passing Shadows—A Southern Perspective," has been shown across the U.S. and abroad during the past three years.

The display focuses on the theme of Southern scenery and specifically that of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. According to the photographer:

"I prefer to aim my camera when all breathing has ceased—when time has ebbed and it's perpetually three o'clock on a summer Sunday afternoon. Some scenes are suspended at mid-afternoon for decades while others burst back to life in a minute or two. Doors are propped half open. Parking lots are empty. Smoke rises from an untended garbage can. This South has an indisputable timeless quality about it. A cage vine smothered barn, a brightly painted Volkswagen bus, a glistening white courthouse, or a bay mare flipping her tail, occupy a single moment. Timeless, however, does not imply static. Languid Sunday afternoons give way to frantic weekday activity. Yesterday's barnyard turns into today's three-bedroom brick home, and another moment is gone (unless, of course, a camera records it)."

Lindgren holds five college and university degrees, an honorary doctorate, seven international fellowships and is the author of more than 50 journal and magazine articles. He formerly served as lecturer of photography at the University of Mississippi. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts (London).

## Faulkner House Books (From Page 3)

The couple have founded the Pirate's Alley Faulkner Society, a non-profit organization which sponsors an annual program and birthday party to honor Faulkner and other writers, and readings by authors, including so far Willie Morris, Elizabeth Spencer, Joan Williams, Barry Hannah, Sheilah Bosworth and Beth Henley.

The Pirate's Alley Society publishes a bimonthly newsletter and has set up an annual contest in which cash prizes and a "Faulkner Medal" will be awarded in the categories of novel, novella, and short story.

For details on the contest, the newsletter, or rare and current books available write Faulkner House, 624 Pirate's Alley, New Orleans 70116.

Faulkner House Books offers not only an impressive selection of books by southerners, including Eudora Welty and Tennessee Williams, but also a wide range of American, English, and Continental literature as well. Store hours are 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., seven days a week. Browsing in the store offers Faulknerians an opportunity to visit the very room where the author began his career as a novelist and, with a little imagination, to feel that his spirit still hovers about it. (Rosemary swears to having smelled the aroma of a pipe on several occasions, even though no smokers were in the house.) Such an outlet for literature is surely the best tribute that could be paid to an author.

(W. Kenneth Holditch is research professor of English at the University of New Orleans and is publisher and editor of the Tennessee Williams Journal.)

## DeLillo's Mao II Wins the 1992 PEN/Faulkner

Don DeLillo's novel *Mao II* is the winner of the 1992 PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction.

Published by Viking, *Mao II* has as its central character Bill Gray, a reclusive writer in upstate New York whose third novel is being perpetually rewritten and who is drawn into a plan to free a writer being held hostage in Beirut.

In selecting the winner of the 12th annual PEN/Faulkner, judges Doris Grumbach, Richard Wiley and Joy Williams considered more than 250 novels and short story collections by American writers published in the U.S. in 1991. DeLillo received his \$7,500 award in ceremonies in May at Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington.

Four other nominated writers who received \$2,500 each are Stephen Dixon for *Frog*, Paul Gervais for *Extraordinary People*, Allan Gurganus for *White People*, and Bradford Morrow for *The Almanac Branch*.

## Nine Titles Auctioned At Swann Galleries

A first edition, first printing of *Mosquitoes*, in the red on green jacket featuring the mosquito design, brought top dollar of \$1,540 among nine titles and two groupings of Faulkner works auctioned last December at Swann Galleries in New York. The copy had some splitting along spine panel folds, with a few edges "skillfully reinforced on verso."

These other first editions (each with defects noted in Swann's catalogue, except for *The Reivers*) brought the prices noted:

*Light in August*, \$825; *A Fable* (signed, numbered, in slipcase), \$440; *The Reivers* (signed, numbered), \$440; *As I Lay Dying*, \$302; *Absalom, Absalom!*, \$132; *This Earth*, \$121; *Soldiers' Pay*, \$110; and an unjacketed *Mosquitoes*, \$88.

## Dan Beard, Boy Scouts, & Faulkner

By M. THOMAS INGE

Although William Faulkner was himself a member of the Boy Scouts of America and was for a time a scoutmaster in Oxford, it appears that the interest was not reciprocated. Neither Daniel Carter Beard, famous illustrator and founder of the Boy Scouts of America, nor Faulkner's fellow Mississippi scouts seemed aware of his fictional Yoknapatawpha County. At least this is a conclusion we can draw on the basis of correspondence found in the Beard papers on deposit in the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress.

While doing research on Beard, I recently came across an undated letter from the Yocona Council, Boy Scouts of America, Tupelo, Miss., addressed to Beard, who was known as an expert on Native American languages:

Dear Uncle Dan:

Please use the enclosed addressed envelope and tell me what Yokonepatawapha means. We discovered the names (sic) on a copy of an old platt map. The stream now bears the name Yocona. It is probably of Choctaw origin.

Thank you in advance for your kindness.

Cordially yours,

James F. Asbury  
Scout Executive

Beard scribbled a note on the letter in pencil, "Could not find the name in Choctaw dictionary," and his secretary made this reply in a letter dated September 6, 1935:

Dear James:

We are very sorry that we cannot explain to you the meaning of the word Yokonepatawapha.

We were unable to find the name in the Choctaw dictionary.

Yours truly,

Secretary to Daniel Beard

If either Asbury or Beard had read Faulkner, they would not have been so easily stumped.

LANDSCAPES  
OF  
YOKNAPATAWPHA  
By  
C.E. Lindgren, FRSA  
International  
Exhibition  
Photographer

601-563-7554

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