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Vol. 21, No. 3 (2001)

Allan Kolsky

Catherine Dupree

Christine Smith

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THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER

& Yoknapatawpha Review

Vol. XXI, No. 3

July-September 2001

A Checklist

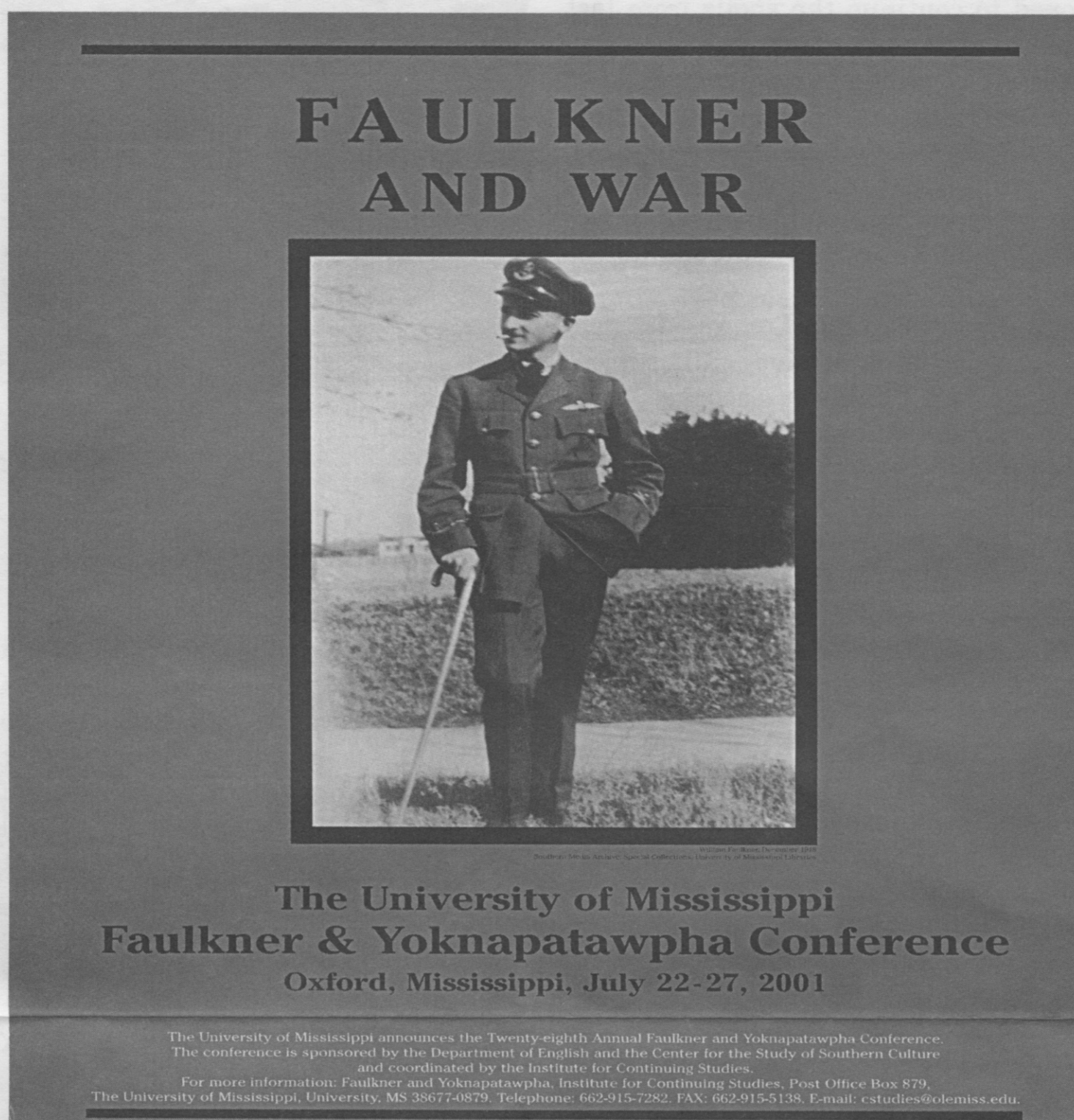
New Volume Announced In F&Y Series

An announcement of another forthcoming title in the *Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Series* from the University Press of Mississippi and Robert Ashford Little's look back at having grown up in Oxford make up the newsletter's current Checklist:

Faulkner in America. Joseph R. Urgo and Ann J. Abadie, eds. Announced by University Press of Mississippi for publication in November is this collection of papers read at the 1998 Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi. Ten essays in this newest volume in the Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Series examine "the exchange between William Faulkner the writer and his national affiliation," exploring questions regarding Faulkner's place in American literature, and his standing and esteem in literary studies. Contributors are Richard Godden, Catherine Gunther Kodat, Kathryn B. McKee, Peter Nicolaison, Charles A. Peek, Noel Polk, Hortense J. Spillers, Joseph R. Urgo, Linda Wagner-Martin, and Charles Reagan Wilson. 248 pp. (approx.), \$46 cloth, \$22 paper.

Little, Robert Ashford, as told to T.E. Simmons. "Growing Up with Mr. Faulkner." *Oxford American Magazine*, May/June 2001. Little, whose parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ashford Hunter Little, were friends of the Faulkners from the late 1920s, recalls having grown up a neighbor and friend. He elaborates on accounts in Faulkner biographies of Faulkner in his sailboat, the Ring Dove, and the building and launching of the Minmagary, both at nearby Sardis Reservoir. "During the Depression no one in Oxford seemed to have a lot of money, but somehow William Faulkner lived as though he did," Little tells Simmons. "He managed to accumulate a big house, a horse, an airplane, and he went hunting a lot; but the truth in those days—I was told years later—was that he owed money to 'damn near everyone in town.' . . .

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A PHOTOGRAPH of a 21-year-old William Faulkner, back home in Oxford from the big war that ended before he got to it, adorns the poster for this year's July 22-27 Faulkner & Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi. As seen, the theme for the 28th annual conference will be "Faulkner and War." Faulkner enrolled as a cadet in the Royal Air Force in July 1918 and began cadet training in Toronto. He is pictured here, back home in Oxford in December 1918, wearing wings he hadn't had time to earn and posing in a newly-purchased uniform of an R.A.F. Lieutenant, a rank he never attained. He also was not suffering from injuries received in crashing a plane, and was not wearing a steel plate in his head, other items of fiction that in time would be corrected.

Remembering Faulkner

Two Visits Recalled With This "Outrageous, Interesting" Man

Fred A. Woodress, a retired professor of journalism at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, recall two visits with Faulkner at Rowan Oak in the 1940s and the recent experience of looking back on those visits in a commentary for *National Public Radio* which aired on March 2 of this year.

By FRED A. WOODRESS

For several years I have been trying without success to interest some publication in recognizing the anniversary of the February 25, 1926, publication by Boni and Liveright of William Faulkner's first novel, *Soldiers' Pay*.

For 2001, the 75th anniversary, I took a different approach—radio. I had recently made my radio commentary debut at WBST, the local National Public Radio Station at Ball State University in Muncie, with a historical piece about the many parallels between the 1824 Jackson-Adams election dispute and the 2000 Bush-Gore one.

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Faux Faulkner

Allan Kolsky Wins 2001 Competition

Allan Kolsky, a runnerup in the 2000 Faux Faulkner Contest, kept pounding away at his word processor, and his third attempt, "The (Auto) Pound and the Jury—Or—Quentin Gets His First Parking Ticket," has earned him first prize in 2001. Kolsky, 37, is a professional clarinetist and music instructor at the University of New Orleans. He began reading Faulkner in high school. His favorite Faulkner novel is *The Hamlet*.

His interest in Faulkner began as an undergraduate at Temple University and continued to grow during graduate school at DePaul. "As a college student," writes Kolsky, "I began writing long, annoying letters to my friends in the parodied styles of different authors: Hemingway, Faulkner, Shakespeare or Nabokov. (I considered this funny, but I'm not sure how my friends really felt about it). I entered the very first Faux Faulkner competition in 1990 and was disappointed when I didn't get anywhere with it. Last year, I saw the contest announced in *Hemispheres* magazine and decided I should give it another shot."

For his subject this year, Kolsky chose "one of my favorite passages in all of American literature: the ending of Quentin's section of *The Sound and the Fury*. In writing the parody, I first tried to think of some paltry offense which Quentin could blow out of all proportion. I wanted him to experience a ludicrous moral and existential crisis over something completely trivial—and getting a parking ticket seemed about right. Faulkner's Quentin is not a character who likes to do things the easy way—I think he's a young man who is very enamored with ritual, symbolism and irony (breaking his grandfather's watch, stepping in his own shadow, or brushing his teeth before killing himself). So it seemed to me that if Quentin needed to dispose of a parking ticket, he wouldn't be able to just rip it up or throw it away. He would need to hold some elaborate little ceremony for the parking ticket."

First runner-up honors went to Catherine Dupree, last year's winner,

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Allan Kolsky, Catherine Dupree, Christine Smith Are Top Winners Of 2001 Faux Faulkner Contest

(From Page 1)

who submitted her entry, "Count Re-Count," under a pseudonym (whether shyly or slyly has yet to be determined), and freely admits that "greed" pushed her to tote the bale of parody again. "I hoped to continue the spoils from last year," she says. "I also can't resist Mississippi in the summertime."

Dupree notes that Faulkner's style "lends itself to parody." She structured her narrative around particular words in the Faulkner lexicon. "It's terribly satisfying," she says, "to spend the afternoon looking up words like *circumambient*, *catafalque* and *shibboleth*." She chose the Florida ballot recount for her repeat entry because "Faulkner would have appreciated the ridiculousness of the recount debacle. Plus, when the Count Re-Count/Count No Count similarity dawned on me, I realized the story had to be told."

When she won the contest last year, Dupree was working in Los Angeles as a freelance journalist. Now she is about to earn an M.A. in Journalism from Boston University, where she continued studying Faulkner's works. "This spring, I took a marvelous seminar in Southern Literature (from Uncle Remus to Jean Toomer to Erskine Caldwell to Faulkner) taught by John T. Matthews—the Faulkner guru at BU," she says. "I had the dubious honor of reading Faulkner through a postcolonial / lit crit lens. But what grist for the mill! The class further entrenched my abiding adoration for Faulkner."

Christine Smith, a librarian from Colorado and a graduate of the Metropolitan State College of Denver, was second runner-up with "Fathersearch.com," a computer-age portrait of Lena Grove.

Smith has entered the Faux Faulkner Contest twice before, having first read about it in Associated Press articles. This year she decided to re-enter after her children pressed her to do so. "My children take an interest in my Faux Faulkner participation," Smith says. "They asked me in November if I had done my most recent Faux Faulkner. I told them I was still fiddling with ideas. They said, 'You must involve the Internet in your parody.' As soon as they said that, I had an image in my mind of Lena Grove, from *Light in August*, using the Internet in her determination to track down Lucas Burch."

The contest drew entries from Faux Faulknerians in 26 states. The semi-finalists were judged by authors George Plimpton, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Roy Blount Jr., Barry Hannah and John Berendt. The contest is co-sponsored by *Hemispheres*, the United Airlines in-flight magazine, the University of Mississippi's Center for the Study of Southern Culture, and Yoknapatawpha Press and *The Faulkner Newsletter*.

On July 22, Kolsky will read his winning parody at the opening ceremonies of the 28th Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at the University of Mississippi. His musical training has made him especially appreciate the rhythms and phonetics of Faulkner's prose. "I think he valued words like *doom*, *somnolent*, *ubiquitous*, *implacable* and *inscrutable* as much for their musical qualities as for their dictionary definitions," Kolsky says. "He combined these words into both short and long sentences that often follow certain characteristic grammatical patterns, or rhythms. He also made peculiar use of punctuation, capitalization and italics. In short, his writing makes an unmistakable kind of music, which perfectly evokes his overall vision of a decaying and decadent South."

Presented here are the Faux Faulkner 2001 winning entries:

The (Auto) Pound and the Jury

— Or —

Quentin Gets His First Parking Ticket

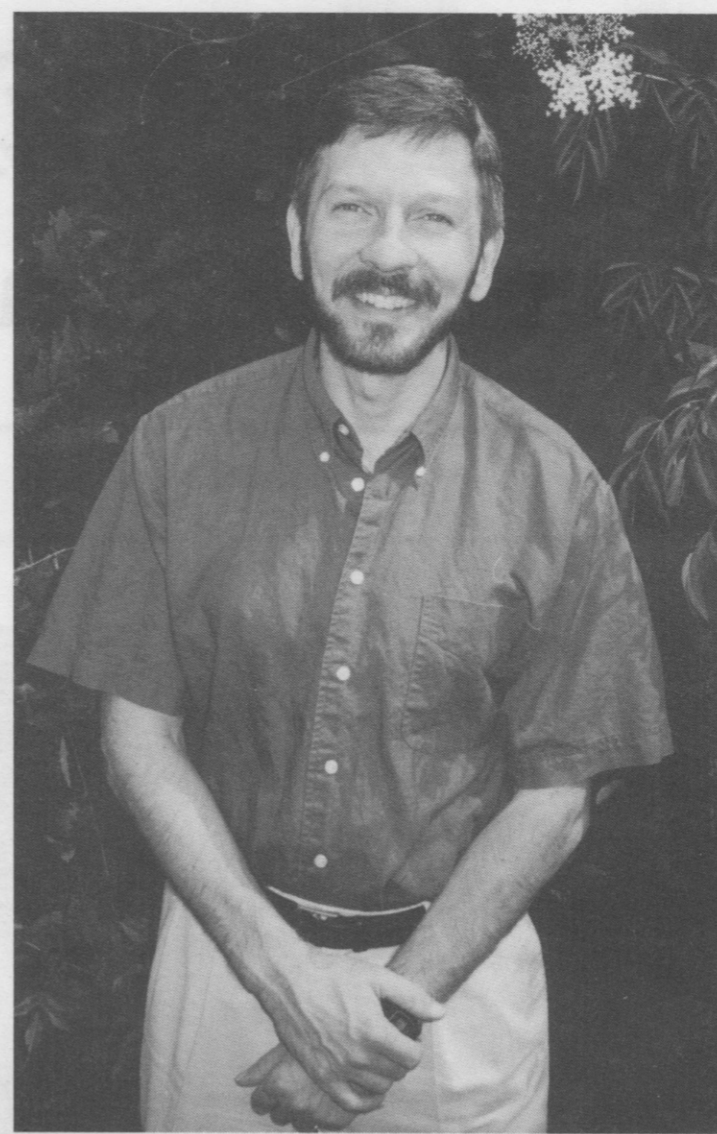
By ALLAN KOLSKY

March 8, 1910

For the fifth time in as many minutes, the bright shapes slowly passed us through the somnolent dust, each moving left to right, each in its ordered place. As we (once again) passed beneath the grim and merciless statue of the confederate soldier (that still unravish'd sentinel of quietude, his implacable marble hand forever shading the inscrutable carven eyes) our hearts sank a little deeper, not because we now realized that our quest was futile, but because it always had been, because we now seemed doomed forever to circle this postage stamp of land like slow planets orbiting some inescapable star.

"Well well well," said Ratliff, "I reckon thats the fifth time weve been around this square and I still aint seen no parkin space. Why dont you just pull-up in

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Allan Kolsky

Faulkner Ranks No. 8 In "Who's Hot"

William Faulkner scored eighth among the 25 most popular authors worldwide in a 1997-98 study by the National Association of Scholars that ranked authors by the number of course catalog citations at 25 liberal arts colleges, according to a recent report in the *New York Times*.

Shakespeare was Number One, followed in descending order by Chaucer, Jane Austen, John Milton, Virginia Woolf, Toni Morrison, Henry James, then Faulkner.

Next, in the order named, were T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Herman Melville, Charles Dickens, Emily Dickinson, Thomas Hardy, Walt Whitman, William Wordsworth, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Blake, John Donne, George Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Zora Neale Hurston, Samuel Johnson, Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift.

Faulkner failed to make the list in a similar study done for 1964-65.

The "Who's Hot" lists for the years noted are contained in an Emily Eakin report, "More Ado (Yawn) About Great Books," in the Education Life section of the *Times* for April 8, 2001.

Checklist

(From Page 1)

Mr. Bill knew me from the day I was born, but my first recollection of him was at his daughter Jill's third birthday party. It must have been about 1936. I was five years old. I remember Mr. Bill that day because he paid attention to me, took the time to say hello, addressed me by name, asked if I was having a good time . . . Children will always remember an adult who speaks to them in an interested and kindly manner. It was a friendship that lasted until his death."

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER
& Yoknapatawpha Review

Dean Faulkner Wells
and Lawrence Wells
Publishers

William Boozer
Editor

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Quotable Quote

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTES – Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R

is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter stands for another. In this sample, A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

4-16 CRYPTOQUOTE

XY (XYATBOHGP) HGZ

BYRYJ UBIHB SINZY G

H I J L S X G S A T O X S Z Y B L S X Y

J Y G L Y J S I S X Y L T Q S T I B G J P .

– H T K K T G A E G N K U B Y J

NEVER KNOWN TO USE A WORD THAT MIGHT SEND THE READER TO THE DICTIONARY. - WILLIAM FAULKNER (HEMINGWAY)

LOOK WHAT HAPPENED when Dean Faulkner Wells, Faulkner's niece and co-publisher of *The Faulkner Newsletter* with husband Lawrence Wells, worked a Daily Cryptoquote in the *Oxford Eagle* recently. The quote of the day is "He [Hemingway] was never known to use a word that might send the reader to the dictionary—William Faulkner." Another version of the quote is found in a statement Faulkner made when meeting a class at the University of Mississippi in the spring of 1947, where he was quoted as saying Hemingway "has never used a word where the reader might check his usage by a dictionary" (*Lion in the Garden*, James B. Meriwether and Michael Millgate, eds, Random House, 1968, p.58).

Yoknapatawpha, Images and Voices

two identical four-column porticoes, one on the north and one on the south, each with its balcony of wrought-iron New Orleans grillwork, on one of which — the south one — in 1861 Sartoris would stand in the first Confederate uniform the town had ever seen, while in the Square below the Richmond mustering officer enrolled and swore in the regiment which Sartoris as its colonel would take to Virginia ... and from both of which each May and November for a hundred years, bailiffs ... would cry without inflection or punctuation either 'oyes oyes honorable circuit court of yoknapatawpha county come all and ye shall be heard'



SHOWN HERE is a view of a balcony of the Lafayette County Courthouse in Oxford, Mississippi. In nearby Holly Springs the balconies of the Marshall County Courthouse, which Faulkner was also interested in, have a similar design, but neither courthouse had balconies until they were remodeled after the Civil War. The photo is from George G. Stewart's portfolio "Yoknapatawpha, Images and Voices," a photographic study of existing places and objects in Lafayette, Tippah and adjoining counties that were definite or possible sources for Faulkner's fictional world. The quotation used above is from *Requiem for a Nun*, Library of America's *Novels 1942-1954*, p.53. (See *Faulkner Newsletter* for April-June 2001 for the first in a series of selections from the Stewart portfolio.)

Two Visits Recalled

(From Page 1)

News director Bob Papper and commentary coordinator Marcus Jackman liked my Faulkner idea, made some copy suggestions, then taped my piece for broadcast.

Next, I approached National Public Radio. They liked the idea, but asked me to add several minutes to the one minute twenty second commentary.

What a learning experience!

I went through many rewrites to perfect the copy for NPR and faxed many versions to their Washington studios. My contact, assistant editor Darcy Bacon, did some Faulkner research of her own, suggesting a line I liked: "He once said he was just a farmer who liked to tell stories."

NPR approved the script I would read, but the rewriting continued even into the studio, on the day they connected me to NPR in Washington and put earphones on me. They taped several versions, then Darcy said, "Okay and thanks, we'll let you know." Even after writing the piece and recording it, I didn't know if it would be aired.

On the last day of that week I gave up and left home for an errand. When I returned at 5:15 p.m. my wife Anne met me at the door. "Fred, they called a few minutes ago and said you will be on at 5:30," she said.

NPR commentator Linda Wertheimer noted the 75th anniversary of *Soldiers' Pay*, saying it was inspired by Faulkner's World War I service in the Royal Canadian Air Force. She introduced me with, "It was another war that brought Private Fred Woodress to Oxford, Mississippi, for an afternoon with Faulkner."

Here is my original introduction that was shortened to save time:

"I left the Tenth Armored Division for the Army Specialized Training Program STAR classification unit at the University of Mississippi in late 1943. While the Army decided where to send us, professors had to keep us busy with classes, but no textbooks, no exams, no assignments. A popular professor named Silver [James Silver] regaled us with stories about Oxford's most outrageous and interesting citizen—William Faulkner.

"I had never heard of him. Most of his books were out of print at the time. Silver said Ole Miss administrators were upset with the author's references to

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Allan Kolsky, Catherine Dupree, Christine Smith Are Top Winners

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front of that fire hydrant—its only for a minute, anyhow."

And now the musty smell of old leather—the thick, bound books containing what Father once called the sum total of mans ignorance: *ceteris paribus* and *tempus fugit* and *caveat emptor* too, and Oliver Wendell Holmes with Saint Francis himself, who never had a parking ticket and first thing lets kill all the lawyers and i father i have committed grand theft auto and he this looks more like a parking ticket to me and i but are they not the same and he you would take a perfectly common automotive error, an inevitable consequence of operating a motor vehicle and you would make it monstrous and i but it IS monstrous and he its only fifteen dollars, its not exactly the end of the world and i but i have still failed and he arbitrary lines delimiting segments of tarmac, the sum total of mans folly reduced to lines drawn *ceteris paribus* on some cosmic concrete chalkboard and i but did you ever get one and he of course and i how many times and he you want me to Count—NoCount would ever satisfy you and i but dont you believe in sin and he sin quentin was a term coined by those without courage to describe the actions of those who did indeed possess it and i but then our lives are just and he our lives are just so many tiny clumsy sandcastles before the godless oceans angry tide.

I took the ashtray from the table and I placed it on the floor. Then I realized that I had forgotten the gasoline and so I had to open the cabinet and take the can and remove the cap. The gasoline stung my nostrils as I poured it into the ashtray. I replaced the cap and I put the can back in its cabinet. I placed the parking ticket in the ashtray and I soaked it well with the gasoline. Then I remembered that I needed a match, but my hand had already found the matchbook in my pocket, and so I didnt have to open the cabinet any more.

Count Re-Count

By CATHERINE DUPREE
(a.k.a. C.A. O'Connell)

Through the door, between the shadows, you could hear them counting. In the dying sunlight of this weary November, hours after the election that didn't elect but enraged and rallied a nation, they counted votes for the Tennessean (known for grandiose claims of technological invention and rigid stone-faced stoic immobility) and the Texan (known for stumbling over winding syllables of foreign-scrambled names), who both claim political blood and legacy that grant in unbroken perpetuity from father to son an inalienable right to power and privilege, not as the father on his deathbed wills the dry-goods store to his eldest boy, but as the dauphin *because of his name* will be king. And just days before, after the men and women who stood on the slanted, dusty floors of airless schoolhouses, behind cheap curtains of makeshift voting booths, pricked the boxes from the ballots (the ballots themselves infinitely perplexing as men and women voted for one but meant to vote for another), and released dog-eared chads that floated to the floor on the static air like dust motes in a beam of dull, yellow light, and after the omniscient but fallible networks proclaimed a victor (a President), and after he vouchsafed the victory of his Republican challenger (and because he believed this vouchsafe premature), the Tennessean reneged his concession. *Because he wanted a recount! Because each believed the other lost and maybe the people believe that too!* And so the expensive Potomac lawyers with French cuffs and partisan shibboleths arrive on the former colony (as their Spanish predecessors arrived with plunder in their shining eyes) to count (re-count) the votes (not-votes). In air-conditioned offices not far from the ancient silver sawgrass plains where Seminoles crouched between mangrove and cypress in halcyon predial tranquility until the conquistadors arrived in their fetid galleons, the Potomac lawyers swollen with bombast proclaim the cardinal essence of that last worthless chad hanging pregnant from the last battered and confusing ballot. And when the counting (re-counting) is complete, one man, once elected, is cursed with impotency that will denigrate the pabulum of Presidential decree to mere mouth-movements of a cipher doomed because he was not-elected, because he is president and not-president at the same time. *Because the ballots were flawed! Because they elected one but meant to elect another!* And maybe it doesn't matter but it's something. Because pricking a chad would make someone president and not pricking a chad would make someone not. One action behind a curtain would make a man *President*, like the oldentime *Be Light*. And President is at least something that is because it can be remembered, because it leaves a mark even if only as castrated estate taxes or bulldozed Northwest virgin forests or any irrevocable and intransigent decision, like a pebble dropped in a millpond produces concentric circles, each one fainter than the last but still there: each dying circle never dead but a watery ghost of the original, ancient, ineradicable one.

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Visits Recalled

(From Page 3)

the university in his novel, *Sanctuary*, so I borrowed a copy to read, sharing the juicer passages with fellow soldiers in our dormitory.

"One day in 1944, the boredom of waiting for assignment was too much. I cut class and walked downtown to the Green Fern restaurant. As a lone customer, I talked to the lady who served me.

"My professor told us some funny stories about this local writer, Faulkner," I said. "He must be quite a character. I sure would like to meet him." The lady asked me a lot of questions about my life. Something I said must have resonated with her. She laughed, then introduced herself. "I'm Estelle Faulkner, his wife. I don't work here. I'm just helping out a friend. You go up and see Billy, tell him I sent you."

Linda Wertheimer cued my taped comments "Fred Woodress has this memory of an afternoon smoking and rocking on the Faulkners' front porch."

"I walked along the tree-lined roadway, surprised at my good fortune," I recalled. "Faulkner's stately home, called Rowan Oak, stood at the end of the road. I knocked on the front door. A kindly faced man of medium height with a droopy mustache and lively eyes met me. He suggested we sit in rockers on the front porch.

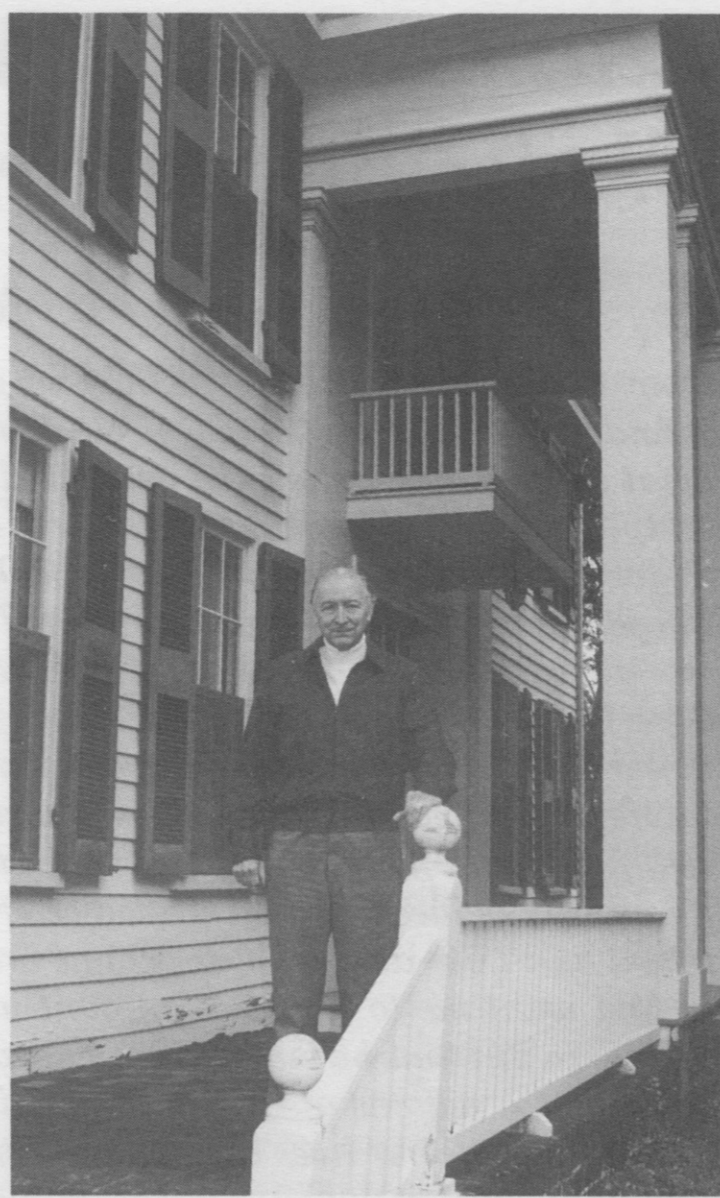
"He offered me a cigarette and we lit our smokes with a kitchen match. While we rocked, his dogs kept nuzzling us. 'I'm dog pore,' he chuckled. He asked about my life in the military, perhaps remembering his days during the last war that inspired *Soldiers' Pay*.

"As a 21-year-old with some journalism experience in St. Louis and Ohio, I asked for advice. Faulkner thought carefully, then advised in his soft southern accent. 'Travel as much as you can, learn about everything and read, especially the classics.' I later learned that this icon in American literature, the winner of the 1949 Nobel Prize, was largely self-taught. He was both a high school and college dropout. He once said he was just a farmer who liked to tell stories.

"To this Missouri boy, Faulkner's South became the moss-covered trees, the hound dogs on a warm winter day. Rocking on the front porch of Faulkner's beautiful home is a memory permanently etched on my brain.

"It wasn't the last time I saw him. I returned in the fall of 1948 after wartime service overseas with Patton's 87th Infantry Division and graduation from Antioch. Faulkner's novel, *Intruder in the Dust* was published that year, and his other works had been collected in a portable edition.

"He was in the side yard supervising the butchering of two large hogs, but he and his wife invited me into the parlor. He was always interested in seeing young people and former soldiers."



FRED A. WOODRESS is pictured on a return to Rowan Oak on the front "porch" where he smoked and chatted with Faulkner during a visit in 1943. Woodress is the author of three books, eight plays and numerous newspaper and magazine articles. He writes about that 1943 visit with Faulkner and a second one, in 1948, in a recently-completed self-help memoir titled *Answer Opportunity's Knock*.

Faux Faulkner Winner Gets An Autograph

(Allan Kolsky of New Orleans, this year's winner of the Faux Faulkner contest with "The (Auto) Pound and the Jury—Or—Quentin Gets His First Parking Ticket" and a runnerup in the contest last year with "William Faulkner Recites the Pledge of Allegiance," writes to The Faulkner Newsletter of an interesting experience on a recent return flight home from New York.)

I must tell you about a bizarre Faux Faulkner experience en route home recently from a visit to New York. The airline had called my hotel to say that my direct flight to New Orleans had been cancelled, but that they had rebooked me on a route through Atlanta.

For that flight, they assigned me a window seat toward the back of the plane. I sat down and pulled out a copy of *As I Lay Dying* to read on the flight. A gentleman took the aisle seat, and just before we left the gate, a college student sat down in the middle seat, between us.

About half an hour into the flight, I noticed that the college student was also reading *As I Lay Dying*. I showed him my copy, and we laughed at the coincidence that we both happened to be reading the same book. We talked about the book for awhile, and about Faulkner in general, and then I couldn't help bragging about winning the competition.

Allan Kolsky, Catherine Dupree, Christine Smith Are Top Winners

(From Page 3)

Fathersearch.com

By CHRISTINE SMITH

Sitting in front of her keyboard, watching the flashing signal on the screen, Letta thinks, "I have come a fur piece." Pondering *although I have not found him yet I am on my way. I have tracked him down through twelve search lists, and I am about to find his e-mail and tell him the good news.*

With the click of the mouse on the send icon, her e-mail rockets out *passing through the various cables and phone lines, the bombardment of electrons, protons, neutrons, quantum physics needing no explanation it just is souls becoming orbits planets comets no need to materialize into being, thoughts searching, connecting, meeting, jarring one another in hopes of a hit, with so many millions billions of thoughts and offers of hope: Lucasburch@augustlight.com*

And the message comes back negative. The screen suggests *Bbunch@augustlight.com* and she thinks they got the name wrong but it must be him it must be him. Droplets of sweat fall onto her extended belly as the Yoknapatawpha County sun mingles with the verdant and fecund flora at the zenith of the day, culminating in dissolving the invisible territorial line that separates Mississippi from Alabama, that separates Letta from her intended, Lucas Burch. But this new era, this new medium, will dispel the archaic problem of physical distance over time.

Sensation experiences before reality witnesses. This apotheosis of the new millennium pulls lives together in their private quests for unity, *wishing* that ephemeral hope will appear, will create itself from the sheer magnitude of hope anguish curiosity and maybe mere boredom, too, that the search itself becomes an apparition floating at breakneck speed through the cables and the wires to the live human at the other end, that compilation of flesh, veins, blood, fluid, muscles, nerves, perspiration, hair, skin, and the pain, too, the carefully guarded hopes and fears and dreams and desires

The electronic electricity zapping through souls communication and longing and desire for human compatibility, of the biological clock clicking away from bodies, propelling them towards the future with the promise of this unborn child when

To: Letta@languidsouls.net

From: Piercegrime@posse.com

Re: Search list

Ms. Letta, I regret to inform you that Fathersearch.com is infringing under certain copyright laws and therefore must be abandoned. However, I note that your techniques show intuitive genius and I would like to offer you a job. Stock options and working conditions to die for may make you unable to turn down this offer.

Consider working with the top minds in the country, hell, **in the world**, dressed in your favorite attire. Please respond ASAP.

Letta made her way to her destination, but by the time she arrived in Seattle, the company had collapsed in bankruptcy. Letta's employment prospects were now as empty as the vacuous glance of a masticating bovine. As she sat at the espresso bar drinking her double mocha non-fat vanilla latte, Letta thought, reflecting, "My, my. A body does get around."

At that point, the gentleman sitting in the aisle seat said, "Excuse me, are you talking about the Faux Faulkner competition? I'm one of the judges."

It was John Berendt, on his way to Savannah!

I had a copy of *The Faulkner Newsletter* from last year (the one

with my "Pledge of Allegiance" parody) with me. Berendt was kind enough to autograph it for me. He wrote: "For Allan Kolsky—Congratulations on being a Faux Faulknerian. All the best. John Berendt. Seat 29C."

— Allan Kolsky

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER
& Yoknapatawpha Review

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