

THE MAN WHO KNEW WILLIAM FAULKNER

w.e. and mrs. e and the toad and ray sat at the table and tried to talk, but the piano player of the saloon at the hotel stater played every request with a lot of pedal, so that "the yellow rose of texas," and "jambalaya," and "a rainy night in georgia," and a lot of other songs that the cowboys there asked to hear, ended up sounding about the same — loud.

w.e. kept looking over at the piano player, as if he'd have shot him had he been a gunfighter, a hundred years before.

then the piano player took a break and it was nice and quiet, so. w.e. said, "when I went down to oxford, to see faulkner, I asked him if there was a good restaurant in town. he said, 'sure. there's a good one down at the end of this street, on the right.'" and I said, 'is the food any good?' 'no,' he said, 'but they'll turn the music down, if you ask them.'"

THE MAN WITH A BAD HABIT

We were out at Mr. Pete's place in the middle of Navajo Land and Mr. Pete and Sam and I stood beside the pickup truck and talked about what the Hopis would do next about the land dispute.

It was about a hundred miles or so to the next cigarette machine, but we'd brought a supply along.

Sam took out a cigarette and I took one out and we lit up.

Then I looked over at Mr. Pete and he was patting his shirt pockets, as if he'd left his cigarettes behind.

So I said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Pete, I didn't know you smoked." And I gave him a cigarette and lit it for him.