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An Interview With

BEN WASSON

Interviewed by Charlotte Capers

November 1, 1977

Greenville, Mississippi

MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY

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Capers: And one reason that it didn't record the first time is that I did not punch the little red button which says "record." So, let me announce that this is Charlotte Capers punching the little red button. Now, here we go. I would like for Mary to announce herself here for a few minutes, so we'll get a real family atmosphere at this interview.

Wilkinson: This is Ben Wasson's sister, Mary Wilkinson. I know him too well to talk! I went to school with Charlotte's father at Columbia Institute, and knew Charlotte when she was four years old. And she's still cute!

Capers: This is why I do this work. Thank you very much! This is Charlotte Capers.

Wasson: They know it by now!

Capers: They know it by now, but I'm an egomaniac - in the home of Ben Wasson, as we have previously announced, in Greenville, November 1, 1977. Ben Wasson is a native Mississippian whose contribution to the cultural life of Mississippi has been great. In his own right, Mr. Wasson has been a novelist.

Wasson: Say Ben.

Capers: All right, I'm going to say Ben from now on. Ben is a novelist, he is a critic, he is a dramatist. He is a friend, has been a friend of a great many of Mississippi's literary



giants, and he now continues to exert a very benign cultural influence in the Mississippi Delta region, where his column appears regularly in the Delta Democrat Times. Ben, is that fairly accurate?

Wasson: That's correct. The title of the column, incidentally, is "The Time Has Come," which, as you probably know, comes from Alice in Wonderland.

Capers: "To speak of many things."

Wasson: "To speak of many things." It gives me leeway in writing about what I care to.

Capers: I think that's great. How many of your readers, do you think, know about Alice in Wonderland?

Wasson: All two of my readers, I think, probably know about Alice in Wonderland, because every now and then when I get desperate for a column I quote where I got the column; so, by now, I've hit them over the head with the title enough.

Capers: Yes, well, it's a very good title. We were speaking at lunch about a good many things, and I would like you to repeat, if you don't mind, what you told me about the publication of Flags in the Dust, and your relationship to the original book from which it was derived; or, rather, explain the whole situation, if you will - the Faulkner book.

Wasson: Faulkner wrote me a letter soon after I went to New York; and I was living at that time in a tiny apartment.



Capers: At what date?

Wasson: 1929, I believe, is the correct date, year. I was living in a tiny apartment in a ratty old building immediately across the street from the Provincetown Playhouse. I thought I was living splendidly, because I was living in the heart of the Village, which I thought was the most glamorous place in the world! Faulkner, while I was there, wrote me a letter saying that he had finished the manuscript of his third novel, the title of which was Flags in the Dust; and he said that, inasmuch as he didn't have the money to pay for the postage in trying to get it sold to another publisher and Liveright had turned it down considering it no good - would I try to peddle it for him in New York. I consented to do it, though at that time I was about as hard up financially as Bill was.

Capers: Excuse me, you were writing yourself at the time, were you not, pursuing your own literary career in New York?

Wasson: At this time I was writing the manuscript for what I hoped would be a published novel. It was called "The Devil Beats His Wife." Faulkner was happy that I would undertake to sell the manuscript. After submitting it to some large number of publishers - the exact number I forget, and from time to time in discussing this matter I confess to having named different periods of time that it took to sell it, but I do think it was



around seven or eight submissions - among the people I submitted it to, incidentally, was Herschel Brickell, who was an eminent literary figure in New York.

Capers: A Mississippian.

Wasson: A Mississippian, he was from Jackson - Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Capers: Yes.

Wasson: And was very kind to southerners when they came to New York.

Capers: What was his exact position? He was a literary critic.

Wasson: He was a literary critic. He ran the book department for the New York Evening Post - or the New York Post, it may have been called at that time. And he also was an editor of the North American Review, one of the most eminent publications of that day and time, and considered one of the leading authorities on contemporary books. Incidentally, he befriended very early Miss Eudora Welty, of Jackson, Mississippi.

Capers: She is very fond of him.

Wasson: She expressed her gratitude later to him by dedicating one of her books, which was published by the Levee Press of Greenville, to him. It was called ---

Capers: Music from Spain.

Wasson: Music from Spain, a lovely little book which I'll tell you about later on.

Capers: We want to talk about that later, yes.

Wasson: But, anyway, ultimately I did leave the book with Harrison Smith, who was---

Capers: Did Herschel Brickell help you with Faulkner's book at all?

Wasson: Herschel helped me to the extent that he gave me letters of introduction to editors where I could take the book, because I didn't know many of them at that time, I'd been there such a short time. But in submitting the manuscript to Smith at Harcourt, Brace and Company, of which he was then the editor ---

Capers: Now, what Smith was this?

Wasson: Harrison Smith.

Capers: Harrison Smith.

Wasson: But he asked me who had written it, and I told him about Faulkner. He said well, he'd report on it very soon, which I had asked him to do. I left shortly thereafter - I told him, as I told him - to go to Woodstock to work on my own manuscript. He wrote me and asked me to come in to see him on a certain Monday. Then the letter was followed quickly by another saying not to come that Monday, he'd forgotten that it was Labor Day, and to come the Tuesday following. So, I did go down to see him on the Tuesday following, and the first thing he said to me, said, "Say, fellow, this is a very good book you've written, manuscript you've written." And I said, "Well, I didn't do it." He said, "Well, the name of authorship was lost here in the office somewhere, who did write it?" And I said, "William



Faulkner." He said, "I want, very much, to do this book as it is, but Alfred Harcourt, one of the partners in the firm said no, that he - as good as it is, he felt that it needs editing." He said, "Would you come back and talk to him about it?" I did, I went and talked to Harcourt about it. The upshot of this meeting was that he said, "I believe that you can edit this book, but I don't believe that Faulkner can. I think he's the kind of writer who can't touch his own books, cut them in particular, which this book needs." I consented to do it, and he said, "We'll pay you fifty dollars for doing it." Well, I almost fainted, because I didn't know there was that much money in the world!

Capers: 1929.

Wasson: This was 1929. But I took on the job, wrote Faulkner, and told him. He said, "Go ahead with your cutting." Well, the next thing I knew, there was a letter from Faulkner saying, "Arriving in New York. Meet me." So, I went down to the Pennsylvania Station to meet him on the date when he was supposed to arrive. And I will never forget his arrival there, because he had a dirty old raincoat on and he had his golf bag. I don't know where he thought he was going to play golf.

Capers: I wonder, I wonder!

Wasson: Central Park, probably, but, anyway, the first word he said to me was, "It surely was nice of you, Bud, to meet me at the



depot." But I took him on down to my place in the Village,
and ---

Capers: What was the address of your place?

Wasson: 146 McDougall Street.

Capers: McDougall Street.

Wasson: But Faulkner found a place nearby then. It's a strange fact that I never asked or knew where Faulkner lived. I did know that it was nearby, somewhere near Sheridan Square, but I never called on him. I think it was a small, undoubtedly raffish, hotel, but that's where he stayed. He came to my apartment every day, checked in, reported the news and I reported the news to him. He never bothered me about cutting the manuscript, you know.

Capers: He didn't want to see it?

Wasson: He didn't want to have anything - "That's your job, go ahead and do it." Well, I did, and I'll skip and say that the editors at Harcourt, Brace were delighted with the manuscript, and Faulkner was given a big advance, which I had demanded, this being my first job, more or less, as a literary agent.

Capers: Yes.

Wasson: And he got \$300.00, and we thought that was mighty, mighty fine. And so we celebrated, and I think we celebrated too much, because his money was stolen.

Capers: His \$300.00?



Wasson: His \$300.00 was stolen, and he had to go back to Hal Smith, who was very kind to him, and get some more money so he could get home when he left! In the meantime, we had a very good time in New York together. Lyle Saxon was the king at the time, for the literary figures in the village, and we hung out there. And Bill Spratling, who was an early friend of Faulkner's ----

Capers: Did Faulkner already know Lyle Saxon from New Orleans?

Wasson: Yes, of course.

Capers: He was an old friend.

Wasson: He was an old friend, as was Bill Spratling, who also hung around Lyle's place a good deal.

Capers: Now, what did Bill Spratling do?

Wasson: Bill Spratling, at that time, was living in Mexico, and painting. It was prior to the time that he started his fabulous tin business, tin and silver business, at which he made a fortune.

Capers: In Mexico?

Wasson: In Mexico, yes.

Capers: I didn't know about that.

Wasson: At Taxco, Mexico, where he was living when he was killed down there in an automobile wreck. But, anyway, that's the story of the publication of Flags in the Dust, which we had decided to rename Sartoris. Who had made that decision, I don't



recall, whether Bill made the decision, Hal Smith made it or I made it.

Capers: Yes. Well, let me ask you something about pronunciation. You say Sar-TO-ris, and I go to seminars and people say SAR-toris. Is Sar-TO-ris what Faulkner thought it was?

Wasson: As I recall, Faulkner called it Sar-TO-ris.

Capers: Sar-TO-ris.

Wasson: Yes.

Capers: And what did Faulkner call, and what did you call, his mythical county?

Wasson: I called it Yokno - I would stumble over it now!

Capers: Well, go ahead, because, you know, it's called so many different things.

Wasson: I don't - I'm sad to confess my plate doesn't fit as well as it should, so if you hear clicking noises----

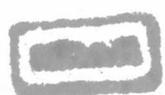
Capers: Well, don't worry about your plate! Clicking's got nothing to do with Yokno----

Wasson: Don't think I play castanets, too, because I don't!

Capers: Try it again!

Wasson: Yoknapatawpha.

Capers: Well, that's interesting; because that's one thing about oral history, this is heard. Did he discuss - I'm going to get back to the novel, I'm getting off the track a little, but I wonder when you were in school together----



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Wasson: At Ole Miss.

Capers: Yes, at Ole Miss. Was this framework of the county in his mind, and did he ever discuss it with you?

Wasson: No, at that time. Because Faulkner - he never discussed it with me because he wasn't, as far as I knew, interested only in writing verse.

Capers: Oh, yes, The Marble Faun.

Wasson: Marble Faun, of course, which he wrote a year or two - he was writing on it at that time. It appeared, finally, in different form from what it originally was. But it was only after he went to New Orleans and became a protege of Sherwood Anderson, who was very good to him and made him write a certain period of time every day that he was there, and didn't allow him to take a drink of whiskey or anything else, except, possibly, an occasional glass of beer.

Capers: Let's get back to New York, if you don't mind, because I think the eventual fate of Sartoris is of interest to us; because we do want to correct some mistakes in the foreword of the most recently printed Flags in the Dust. Would you comment on that, please?

Wasson: Flags in the Dust was published as it was originally written by Bill from his manuscript, which he left behind and which he had kept intact. He was always deeply devoted and believed in the value of Flags in the Dust in its original lengthy form.



He never objected to my cutting or criticized what I'd done, but I knew that deep in his heart he loved the first version, and he had put his faith in what he had done in that book, and regretted very much, I know, to have it cut. But he did. When it was brought out again, there was an introduction written which had many errors in fact in it. I regretted and felt that this was unnecessary, because much that was in error could have been corrected by me, since I was the only person living who knew the facts, and would have been glad to.

Capers: Well, who printed it this time?

Wasson: It was printed by Random House.

Capers: Random House, and who was the editor?

Wasson: The editor of the introduction was a man named Douglas Day. I never met him.

Capers: And he did not try to check with you at all?

Wasson: He did not try to check with me at all, which I thought was rather foolish, because I could have given him the truth about the---

Capers: What mistakes did he make?

Wasson: He made - off the top of my head, such as the top of my head is - I don't recall exactly, I could go back and check myself exactly, but remember that it was from 1929 to 1970 something that this happened, and it's hard for me - or anyone else, I believe - to recall ---



- Capers: Or for anyone. That would be impossible, to do that accurately. I just wondered if there was some glaring error that came to mind. But there were a great many inaccuracies in the introduction.
- Wasson: Faulkner students, and there are many of them who are very excellent, have related ---
- Capers: In spots.
- Wasson: In spots, the differences.
- Capers: Yes.
- Wasson: Incidentally, speaking of that, I was talking with Carvel Collins, who is at present engaged in writing what I believe will be the definitive Faulkner biography, William Faulkner biography.
- Capers: Well, now, he's been working on that all his life.
- Wasson: He has been working on it all of his life.
- Capers: He's been in the Department of Archives and History working on that when I was director of the Department, many times. That's how I knew ---
- Wasson: And I wish to hell he would finish it, because I won't be alive if he doesn't, and I want to read it!
- Capers: Nobody's going to be alive if he doesn't!
- Wasson: Nobody, Charlotte, you're perfectly correct, nobody's going to be around.
- Capers: Because he really has been slow with it. And Blotner came out, and I think maybe it should have been Collins.



Wasson: Well, perhaps, except that Blotner has so much more than Collins has - Collins has so much more than Blotner has.

Capers: That's what I'm saying.

Wasson: But I was going to say that Faulkner, when he showed me the manuscript, after I'd finished the job of cutting Flags in the Dust into Sartoris, he threw a manuscript in an envelope on my bed, which occupied the whole room, and said - you'll pardon my language, I'm using Faulkner's language ---

Capers: Go ahead!

Wasson: "Read this, Bud, it's a real son of a bitch." I opened it and saw that it was a manuscript, the title of which was The Sound and the Fury, by William Faulkner. He left, and said, "Go on and read it, I'm anxious to hear what you think about it." Well, I did read it that night, sat up very late reading it, and knew that for the first time in my life I had come in contact with a real genius, because as you know, as anyone who can read knows, it's ---

Capers: That's his great work.

Wasson: It's a great, great work. But in discussion it the next morning, we talked about the ---

Capers: Did you read it all in one reading?

Wasson: In one reading. I confessed to him the difficulties, naturally, of the first section, the idiot Benjy section, and he said, "You know, I'd give anything in the world if I could



have this printed the way I would like for it to be printed - in different color types for the different periods of time in Benjy's mind." I mentioned this in a long distance conversation only the other night with Carvel Collins who said, "No, that's not possible. Do you know that there are seventeen different periods of time?" I said, "Well, Carvel, I seem to recall that Faulkner said there were seven times." He said, "Further, seventeen different colors and shades of color would be impossible for a reader. And Faulkner, I do know," this is Collins again, said Faulkner wanted no break of any kind in the idiot's flow of - straight through, which would be the way an idiot would do it.

Capers: Stream of ---

Wasson: I had to have second thoughts. I'm still not sure of the number of periods in Benjy's mind, but I can understand the validity of not wanting the colors to distract from the flow in the soliloquy.

Capers: Yes. Do you think Faulkner really wanted it done in the different colors? He ---

Wsson: Faulkner definitely said that; and later, through Random House after a conversation I had with Bennett Cerf and reported what Bill had said about wanting it, Bennett arranged with a printing outfit in San Francisco - which was supposed to be the best of its kind at that time - to have this done. The



contract was drawn, I approved it, Faulkner approved it delightedly, I believe an advance was given on it, or money paid for it, but nothing ever came of it. The publisher, or printer, confessed to the difficulty involved and didn't feel he could do it.

Capers: Yes. Well, that would be a terrific thing to undertake from a printing point of view, terrible. All right, Ben, now you've had a brief rest - although you have not rested, you've continued to talk during your silent period. I don't even remember where we're at! But I want to say, ask you, I do have an intelligent question, and that is, during this time beginning with the publication of Sartoris, and then you went on to represent William Faulkner as his agent from that time?

Wasson: No, a period of time elapsed, because I became associated with Harrison Smith when he parted company with Alf Harcourt, with Harcourt and Brace, and formed his own publishing house with Jonathan Cape of England. It was a sort of "hands across the sea" publishing house, and we published the best literary figures that belonged in the Cape stable in London, England, and published the best that Hal was able to acquire on this side. And one of the first books that he acquired was The Sound and the Fury, which Hal had not read but took my word that it was a great novel; and Harcourt, who had the first refusal on it turned it down, saying they didn't think it was



publishable and would sell. I left Hal after a year or so as his editor and became the literary manager for the American Play Company under the leadership of Leland Heyward, who was one of the most noted agents in history, I suppose.

Capers: He was.

Wasson: And a terrific human being.

Capers: Did you like him?

Wasson: I liked him. Anybody who knew Leland was bound to like him, he was such a vital person.

Capers: What do you think about his little girl's book?

Wasson: One of his little girls recently wrote a book. What was it called?

Capers: I don't know.

Wasson: Anyway, called "Something [Haywire] Heyward."

Capers: Yes.

Wasson: Anyway, it was a very successful book. I had never met her because she was a child of his ---

Capers: Margaret Sullavan.

Wasson: Fifteenth - Margaret Sullavan, yes, one of his many beautiful wives.

Capers: She seems to have said everything that was terrible in their life at home, and everything was very bad, apparently.

Wasson: But a very excellent book, incidentally, and is being, so I've heard, made into a movie.



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Capers: Yes.

Wasson: Ought to make a very vital movie.

Capers: Yes. But you thought Heyward the man was a very nice man.

Wasson: He was not only nice - that's the wrong adjective for him, that's the wrong word for him, but he was one of the most vital human beings I've ever known in my life.

Capers: He was attractive.

Wasson: He was attractive. He was attractive to women, he was attractive to men, he was one of the first people who would sign all his letters and telegrams to men "love and kisses" and that sort of person.

Capers: Yes. A warm person.

Wasson: A warm person; and a real nitwit, but a genius, as an agent in any medium, except literature. He made no pretenses about handling writers. He had a nose for writers, he could tell when one was good. I know that he brought to my attention one of the best writers I handled at that time, Dashiell Hammett, whose "Thin Man" I sold also with as much difficulty as Faulkner's Sartoris.

Capers: You did sell The Thin Man? To whom?

Wasson: It was refused first by Cosmopolitan that had an option on it, had paid something like \$5,000 against \$30,000, I think. They refused it. I then sent it to the Saturday Evening Post, and all the weeklies of the time: Collier's, and so forth. None



of them bought it. I finally sold it as what we call a one-shot, all in one cut, but in one issue of the magazine, The Blue Book Magazine; and, of course, the rest is literary history.

Capers: It's literary history. Was he involved with Lillian Hellman at this time?

Wasson: It was just about this time that he met Lillian Hellman, I think.

Capers: And they were lovers till he died.

Wasson: They were lovers till he died, and she took care of him after his prison sentence. He was involved with the communistic thing at that time.

Capers: Well, she was, too, wasn't she?

Wasson: She was, too, but she wasn't imprisoned or found guilty or anything. He was, because he refused to squeal on people.

(Tape Interruption)

Capers: I'm trying to get your literary career in some chronological order, and you were a literary agent as well as a publisher as well as - what was your capacity for the American Play what? You represented writers for the American Play Company?

Wasson: That is correct, except that I did not represent playwrights. Leland usually represented - a girl named Miriam Howell represented the writers, among whom was Jack Kirkland. I brought them - at my suggestion, I had suggested to Jack Kirkland, who



was a very close friend of mine, that he dramatize Tobacco Road. Leland Heyward said, when I told him that said, "You're out of your mind even more than usual, if that's possible!" I did, and as you recall - or, perhaps, you don't - it went on to be one of the most terrific successes in stage theater history.

Capers: Yes. So how long - that would be about - I'm into your New York career now. You were both in New York from 1929 until when? Approximately.

Wasson: In the early '30s. At that time, of course, the Depression had

come along and things got bad in every way in New York, and I was very much in love with a young Hollywood actress and decided it was time for me to haul - I mean, for me to leave and go on out to California to see her, and I did.

(End of Side One)

Claudette Colbert, who was at that time a pretty high-powered star, motion picture star, said that she'd like very much to meet Faulkner who was a notorious literary figure after his Sanctuary, infamous Sanctuary came out.

Capers: When did Sanctuary come chronologically in his writings? You said Soldier's Pay was his first book?

Wasson: First novel.

Capers: First novel.

Wasson: His first book was The Marble Faun.



Capers: The Marble Faun; and his first novel was Soldier's Pay.

Wasson: Followed by Mosquitoes.

Capers: Mosquitoes and ----

Wasson: Sartoris.

Capers: Sartoris. And when did The Sound and the Fury come along, after Sanctuary?

Wasson: It came along before Sanctuary.

Capers: Before Sanctuary; but nobody had paid too much attention until - I mean, the general public was not aware of Faulkner until Sanctuary, is that correct?

Wasson: Then he became famous - but infamous!

Capers: Oh, yes! Well, it was pretty rough!

Wasson: Sanctuary was pretty rugged stuff.

Capers: It was rough!

Wasson: I know that Harrison Smith called me and said, "I may go to jail when I publish this book, but I'm going to publish it." And he did, of course.

Capers: But he didn't really publish it because it had great literary merit, did he, he just thought it would sell.

Wasson: But he thought it had, for that type of book, much better writing merit and ability than most books of that type would have. He recognized the value of the technical side of the thing alone, if nothing else; and, the story was a very deeply compassionate story. Even though Faulkner said at a later



time in an introduction to the Modern Library edition of Sanctuary, which he wrote in my office at the American Play Company, that he wrote it to make money, that is partially true on it.

Capers: All right. Let's get back to you and Hollywood and Faulkner. So Claudette Colbert said she wanted to meet William Faulkner.

Wasson: Oh, yes. Claudette said one day, "I'd like very much to meet Mr. Faulkner." She said, "Why not come over to my house and bring him with you." And I did. Faulkner was delighted.

Capers: Now, what was your capacity in Hollywood? You went out there to see and be with your girl.

Wasson: I was a literary agent.

Capers: You were a literary agent in Hollywood.

Wasson: That's right, with Charlie Feldman who was a well-known agent in Hollywood at that time; and so I took Bill over and he was delighted, because he always thought - as any man in his right mind - that she had the prettiest legs in the world. So we went out there and he said something about - he asked Claudette if she liked to play tennis. She said no, she didn't but she could arrange a game for him. Her neighbor who was Zazu Pitts loved to play tennis and had a court, which she didn't; and so she called Zazu Pitts up and arranged the game and we walked across the yard into Zazu's house. I'm sorry that you don't know Zazu Pitts, probably don't even remember her ----



Capers: Yes, I do, I think she's wonderful.

Wasson: But she was an "oh, my!" kind of girl, limp wrists, and she and Faulkner on a tennis court playing together was a riotous thing to behold!

Capers: I'll bet! Well, Faulkner, what did Faulkner look like about this time? If you were a young man, which you were, or these young women in Hollywood, what would you think when you saw him? As I see his pictures, he was not very prepossessing looking.

Wasson: That's exactly the correct word, adjective, to use - unprepossessing. He wasn't, but there was a quality about him that was so alert and so vital that if anyone met him, they knew that they were confronted with a real person there.

Capers: With somebody! He was a slight, short ----

Wasson: Short and stocky, rather not heavily built but staunchly built - is the only adjective that comes near describing him. Later on, he fattened up somewhat, but as a youth he was quite slender - in his Ole Miss days.

Capers: Well, his pictures are attractive.

Wasson: Well, he looks - early, those first pictures of him - almost poetic in the tradition of poets at that time.

Capers: Yes. So, then, he was in Hollywood writing some of his stories for the screen.

Wasson: Not his stories.



Capers: Not his stories at all, other people's.

Wasson: Not his stories, other stories. He was just making adaptations for the screen of anything the studio assigned him to do.

Capers: And this is the 1930s.

Wasson: This is the 1930s, which he continued to do so up until possibly the '40s, I'm not sure of the exact date.

Capers: It seems to me that he was at Ole Miss sometime during the 1930s and he was married.

Wasson: Oh, he married in 1930, very early.

Capers: Because I was at Ole Miss in 1934, and I went to SAE dances and he was, of all things, a chaperone. I can remember going down the line.

Wasson: With Estelle?

Capers: I presume. I was a student and I didn't know. Nobody in Oxford, at that time, thought anything much of him, if you will remember.

Wasson: Except that he had married into a prominent family, a well-known girl there.

Capers: Well, I'm sure that's true.

Wasson: And after her marriage and her return to United States from Shanghai, China, where she was married to Cornell Franklin, and they had begat - to use a good, old-fashioned term - two children, a boy and a girl, first the girl and then a boy.



Malcolm Franklin was the boy

Capers: And he's still living.

Wasson: He's still living - barely.

Capers: I understand he's not at all well.

Wasson: He's quite sick; and his sister died, Cho-Cho. And Cho-Cho was named Cho-Cho by her Japanese nurse. And Cho-Cho, incidentally, as you probably know with your great store of knowledge of languages that Cho-Cho means butterfly.

Capers: Poor butterfly.

Wasson: Yes.

Capers: Cho-Cho San.

Wasson: Cho-Cho.

Capers: Well, that's very interesting, and I do, I just kind of fit that in because I remember that to me this man meant nothing except at that time, schoolgirls had Sanctuary and hid it under their pillow because it was a dirty book. I understand little boys hide dirty things under the mattress, but little girls hide them under the pillow.

Wasson: I don't know whether little boys hide anything anymore!

Capers: I don't think little girls do, either, now! But then the feeling in Oxford was that he was, as people now say anyone is "way out," that he was just kind of nuts!

Wasson: As a matter of fact, they didn't consider he was so much nuts as no good, because he was known in college at the time - I

