portraying it only in terms of bestiality, Faulkner is held by the historical southern myth as surely as that great-grandfather of his, whose "White Rose of Memphis" would now find itself blooming from such strange soil. The great-grandson is perhaps the greater romanticist. For while his ancestor delineated the graces of an age which never quite existed, Faulkner is caught by one which now can never possibly exist. And we may now say that Faulkner's characters never grow up because there is no world for them to grow up into.

—*Maxwell Geismar* (1942), in "*Writ-*
.. *ers in Crisis*" *(Houghton Mifflin).*

IN HIS Nobel Prize address Faulkner drove home the lesson that just as he is more than a writer about vice and violence, so he is more than a Southern writer. He dares talk as few people do these days, of universal truths, proclaiming that it is universality he has fought for. And it is universality, or at any rate something of broad and enduring significance, that he has achieved. But he has achieved it by way of the South. What he knows of the human heart he learned in the South. And in rendering what he knows he has given a picture of the South. It is a picture, I suppose, that has caused more than one Southerner to flinch, but it contains much good as well as much evil, and we can begin to see now that the good predominates.

—*Granville Hicks* (1961), *in* Georgia Review.

WHEREIN his special gift is most brilliantly shown, what he can make come alive most vividly, is an experience—just that, an experience which the reader feels as if it were his own, independent of the person in the book it is attached to, who is there only to give it a locality. There is no feeling necessarily of sympathy with the character or even of understanding him, but only of being oneself put through that suspense, that terror, that remorse.

—*Edith Hamilton* (1952), *in* The Saturday Review.

LIKE DICKENS, Faulkner is primarily . . . a sentimental writer; not a writer with the occasional vice of sentimentality, but one whose basic mode of experience is sentimental, in an age when the serious "alienated" writer emblazons antisentimentality on his coat of arms. In a writer whose very method is self-indulgence, that sentimentality becomes sometimes downright embarrassing, as in the stories of World War II, . . . "Two Soldiers," etc., in which the soupiest clichés of self-sacrifice and endurance are shamelessly worked; he is not above

National Book Award Address

NEW YORK CITY, *January 25, 1955.*

BY ARTIST I mean of course everyone who has tried to create something which was not here before him, with no other tools and material than the uncommerciable ones of the human spirit; who has tried to carve, no matter how crudely, on the wall of that final oblivion, in the tongue of the human spirit, "Kilroy was here."

That is primarily, and I think in its essence, all that we ever really tried to do. And I believe we will all agree that we failed. That what we made never quite matched and never will match the shape, the dream of perfection which we inherited and which drove us and will continue to drive us, even after each failure, until anguish frees us and the hand falls still at last.

Maybe it's just as well that we are doomed to fail, since, as long as we do fail and the hand continues to hold blood, we will try again; where, if we ever did attain the dream, match the shape, scale that ultimate peak of perfection, nothing would remain but to jump off the other side of it into suicide. Which would not only deprive us of our American right to existence, not only inalienable but harmless too, since by our standards, in our culture, the pursuit of art is a peaceful hobby like breeding Dalmations, it would leave refuse in the form of, at best indigence and at worst downright crime resulting from unexhausted energy, to be scavenged and removed and disposed of. While this way, constantly and steadily occupied by, obsessed with, immersed in trying to do the impossible, faced always with the failure which we decline to recognize and accept, we stay out of trouble, keep out of the way of the practical and busy people who carry the burden of America.

So all are happy—the giants of industry and commerce, the manipulators for profit or power of the mass emotions called government, who carry the tremendous load of geopolitical solvency, the two of which conjoined are America; and the harmless breeders of the spotted dogs (unharmed too, protected, immune in the inalienable right to exhibit our dogs to one another for acclaim, and even to the public too; defended in our right to collect from them at the rate of five or ten dollars for the special signed editions, and even in the thousands to special fanciers named Picasso or Matisse).

Then something like this happens—like this, here, this afternoon; not just once and not even just once a year. Then that anguished breeder discovers that not only his fellow breeders, who must support their mutual vocation in a sort of mutual desperate defensive confederation, but other people, people whom he had considered outsiders, also hold that what he is doing is valid. And not only scattered individauls who hold his doings valid, but enough of them to confederate in their turn, for no mutual benefit of profit or defense but simply because they also believe it is not only valid but important that man should write on that wall "Man was here also A.D. 1953 or '54 or '55," and so go on record like this this afternoon.

To tell not the individual artist but the world, the time itself, that what he did is valid. That even failure is worthwhile and admirable, provided only that the failure is splendid enough, the dream splendid enough, unattainable enough yet forever valuable enough, since it was of perfection.

So when this happens to him (or to one of his fellows; it doesn't matter which one, since all share the validation of the mutual devotion) the thought occurs that perhaps one of the things wrong with our country is success. That there is too much success in it. Success is too easy. In our country a young man can gain it with no more than a little industry. He can gain it so quickly and easily that he has not had time to learn the humility to handle it with, or even to discover, realize that he will need humility.

—WILLIAM FAULKNER.

the crassest "happy endings," stage-managing creakily the fullfillments that we had hoped for against all logic and probability. . . . We are inclined to believe, if we accept the stereotypes, that the grotesque in Dickens is almost exclusively comic, while the same element in Faulkner is invariably horrible. But Dickens has won increasing recognition as a sober exploiter of irrational evil, and attempts have been made to establish Faulkner as a humorist. There are various kinds of humor in Faulkner, the most common "pure" form being the bargaining story, with the climax of the trickster tricked. But precisely as in Dickens, there is no clear line between the horrible and the funny; it is all what we would call in our newest vocabulary "the absurd."

—*Leslie Fiedler* (1950), *in* Commentary

FAULKNER'S INABILITY to achieve moral depth in his portraiture of young women clearly indicates a major failing as a novelist. It is an instance where his reliance on the folk imagination, fruitful though it usually is, plays him false. But even as it leads to a tedious sameness and predictability of characterization, the distrust of women serves a symbolic function in the unfolding of his work. Women are this-worldly sex, the childbearers who chain men to possessions and embody the indestructible urge to racial survival. As the personification of the reality principle, they contrive to perpetuate the species no matter what dreams or destruction men indulge in. Faulkner's men, like Melville's, are happiest when they "get away," escaping to the woods for a few weeks of female-less companionship. His women are happiest—or, since Faulkner might say that to them happiness does not matter, they are most content—when men are subdued to their social tasks.

Nature and society, freedom and women, form the opening terms of Faulkner's moral dialectic. It is this inescapable clash between polar elements of human experience that releases much of the Faulkner drama and the violence accompanying the drama. Far from relishing violence for its own sake, Faulkner is a fastidious romantic who shrinks from all that is malformed and vicious; the horror into which his books erupt is a sign of over-reaction, of nerves torn loose. As it flames into violence, this conflict between the dream evoked by nature and the reality personified by society gives rise to Faulkner's moral position, his distinctive way of looking upon life.

—Irving Howe, in "William Faulkner: A Critical Study." Copyright, 1952, by Irving Howe. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

Books by William Faulkner

	TITLE	ORIGINAL PUBLISHER	CURRENT PUBLISHER
1924	"The Marble Faun" (poetry)	Four Seas Co.	out of print
1926	"Soldiers' Pay"	Boni & Liveright	Liveright, New American Library*
1927	"Mosquitoes"	Boni & Liveright	Liveright, Dell*
1929	"Sartoris"	Harcourt, Brace	Random House, New American Library*
1929	"The Sound and the Fury"	Cape & Smith†	Vintage*, New American Library*, Modern Library
1930	"As I Lay Dying"	Cape & Smith	Modern Library* (with "The Sound and the Fury")
1931	"Sanctuary"	Cape & Smith	Modern Library, New American Library* (with "Requiem for a Nun")
1931	"Idyll in the Desert"	Random House	out of print
1931	"These Thirteen" (stories)	Cape & Smith	out of print
1932	"Miss Zilphia Gant"	Book Club of Texas	out of print
1932	"Light in August"	Smith & Haas‡	Modern Library
1932	"Salmagundi"	Casanova Press	out of print
1932	"This Earth, a Poem"	Equinox Cooperative Press	out of print
1933	"A Green Bough"	Smith & Haas	out of print
1934	"Dr. Martino & Other Stories"	Smith & Haas	out of print
1935	"Pylon"	Smith & Haas	New American Library*
1936	"Absalom, Absalom!"	Random House	Modern Library
1938	"The Unvanquished"	Random House	New American Library*
1939	"The Wild Palms"	Random House	Random House, New American Library*
1940	"The Hamlet"	Random House	Random House, Vintage*
1942	"Go Down Moses, and Other Stories"	Random House	Random House, Modern Library
1948	"Intruder in the Dust"	Random House	Random House, New American Library*
1949	"Knight's Gambit"	Random House	Random House, New American Library*
1950	"Collected Stories of William Faulkner"	Random House	Random House
1951	"Requiem for a Nun"	Random House	Random House, New American Library* (with "Sanctuary")
1953	"Mirrors of Chartres Street"	Faulkner Studies, University of Minn.	out of print
1954	"A Fable"	Random House	Random House
1955	"Big Woods"	Random House	Random House
1957	"The Town"	Random House	Random House, Vintage*
1958	"Uncle Willy and Other Stories"	Chatto, Great Britain	out of print
1958	"Three Famous Short Novels" ("Spotted Horse," "Old Man," "The Bear")	Random House	Random House, Vintage*
1958	"New Orleans Sketches"	Rutgers University Press	Rutgers, Evergreen*
1959	"The Mansion"	Random House	Random House
1961	"Selected Short Stories"	Modern Library	Modern Library
1962	"The Reivers"	Random House	Random House

*Paperback †Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith ‡Harrison Smith & Robert Haas

Manner of Speaking

ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART: I think I may boast that I am the only man on my block married to a woman known to have fallen on her bustle while doing the twist at the Whitney Museum, and therein, thereunder, or at least thereabout hangs a tale.

The occasion of these happy high jinks in the normally sedate art world (well, sometimes sedate, and normally so in a museum) was the Whitney's cork-popping, dance, and exhibition of recent acquisitions for the Friends of the Museum. For the evening, the ground floor of the Whitney became the Happy Cabaret, the champagne flowing free and the band swinging. And should anyone doubt that the calm cool halls of the Whitney can give off so happy a lilt on its festive night, let it be recorded among the minor documents of the Archives of American Art that the same party last year went far toward baffling even the New York Fire Department. This was told me by that good man and good scholar, Lloyd Goodrich, who is the Whitney museum's director.

As above, the party (last year's, that is) was swinging high, and the sounds of revelry by night were spilling out into the stillness of West 54th Street when a fireman walked in on an inspection tour. The conversation went about as follows:

FIREMAN (When Mr. Goodrich was finally located): You in charge here?
GOODRICH: Well, in a way, yes.
FIREMAN: What's this place?
GOODRICH: The Whitney Museum.
FIREMAN: Whitney, huh? You gotta license?
GOODRICH: What sort of license?
FIREMAN: You got no cabaret license?
GOODRICH: This is a private gathering.
FIREMAN: You got no cabaret license?
GOODRICH: As I say, this is a private gathering.
FIREMAN: How come ya serving drinks?
GOODRICH: Let's say it's expected.
FIREMAN: You got no liquor license?
GOODRICH: We are not selling drinks. This is a private gathering.
FIREMAN: Private, huh? What you say this place is?
GOODRICH: The Whitney Museum of American Art.
FIREMAN: (Consulting his clip-board): Whitney . . . Whitney. . . . I got El Morocco. I got 21. I got a lot of them. But I got no Whitney here.
GOODRICH: This is not a night club. It's the Whitney Museum.
FIREMAN: Museum, huh? How long ya been in business.
GOODRICH: Since about 1914.
FIREMAN: 1914 huh? And you got no license all that time?
GOODRICH: This is an annual party for the Friends of the Museum, a once-a-year private gathering.
FIREMAN: Once a year, huh? I better have a look around.
GOODRICH: Have some champagne.
FIREMAN: Champagne, huh? Don't mind if I do. (Glass is brought and he drinks.) 1914, huh? Beats me why you ain't on the list.
GOODRICH: Let me get you a refill. (Hands fresh glass.)
FIREMAN: Yeah, thanks. Mud in yer eye. (Drinks. Looks around.) Nice place ya got here.

AND THE ARCHIVES THEMSELVES: Having submitted this note for the archives, let me take the occasion to note that there actually is a project and an organization called the Archives of American Art whose purpose it is to gather in one place all the documents, original or in reproduction, art scholars of the future will need for their studies in American art. A leading spirit and tireless worker in the project is Mr. Lawrence Fleischman of Detroit, who is also an active member of the advisory committee undertaking the restoration of the art and furnishings of the White House.

Mr. Fleischman has found a happy passion in combining an interest in the travel business with art philanthropy. To my knowledge he is never to be met without some new plans for a conducted tour, the profits of which go to the Archives. The current plan is for an eighteen-day flying tour to the museums of Spain, and the enrollment fee is $1,060, $500 of which will be a contribution to the Archives and deductible. It's just my luck that I am booked solid and nose-to-nose for a lecture tour in October and can't go, but my wife, having allowed me to pull her back onto her feet and having shrugged and shimmied all her incidentals back into place, has announced that she is on her way.

The two of us had a high introduction to Mr. Fleischman's way with a tour when we cruised to the Caribbean in February with the American Cultural Association, another marriage of travel and the arts, in which Mr. Fleischman was joined by Harold Love and Leonard Kasle, two other Detroiters, and certainly among the best company to be found on or above the high seas. (Second, that is, to their wives, who are every bit as charming but who have the unfair advantage of being prettier than their husbands.) I can't put my hand on Lawrence Fleischman's address at the moment, but if anyone is interested in the tour I shall be happy to act as his mail drop. (I've *got* the address: it's just that I never can find anything on this desk. Someone keeps messing it up.)

The next project of the American Cultural Association is a Mississippi river-boat cruise from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back sometime next April or May. As usual, the cruise will include all the normal fun and games of a tourist jaunt, plus a series of lectures by experts in the various arts, plus a traveling show of American paintings.

PLUS A FOOTNOTE: I was in Kansas City, shortly after the Whitney festivities, taping a TV program with Thomas Hart Benton and was surprised to have him point out in one of his paintings (The Jealous Lover) the face of Jackson Pollock (the harmonica player in lower center). "A nice fellow with a real gift for color," Benton said. He was obviously being noncommittal and I could not resist pushing him a litle further. How did Benton feel about Pollock's painting?

His reply self-evidently belongs in the archives that Mr. Fleischman is helping to build and will inevitably fall into many an art historian's footnotes in time to come.

"I," said Benton, "don't believe in dripping paint onto a canvas and then hanging it up to get acquainted with it."

—JOHN CIARDI.

Landscape, Deer Season

By Barbara Howes

SNORTING his pleasure in the dying sun,
The buck surveys his commodious estate,
Not sighting the red nostrils of the gun
Until too late.

He is alone. His body stands stock-still,
Then like a monument it falls to earth;
While the blood-red target-sun, over our hill,
Topples to death.