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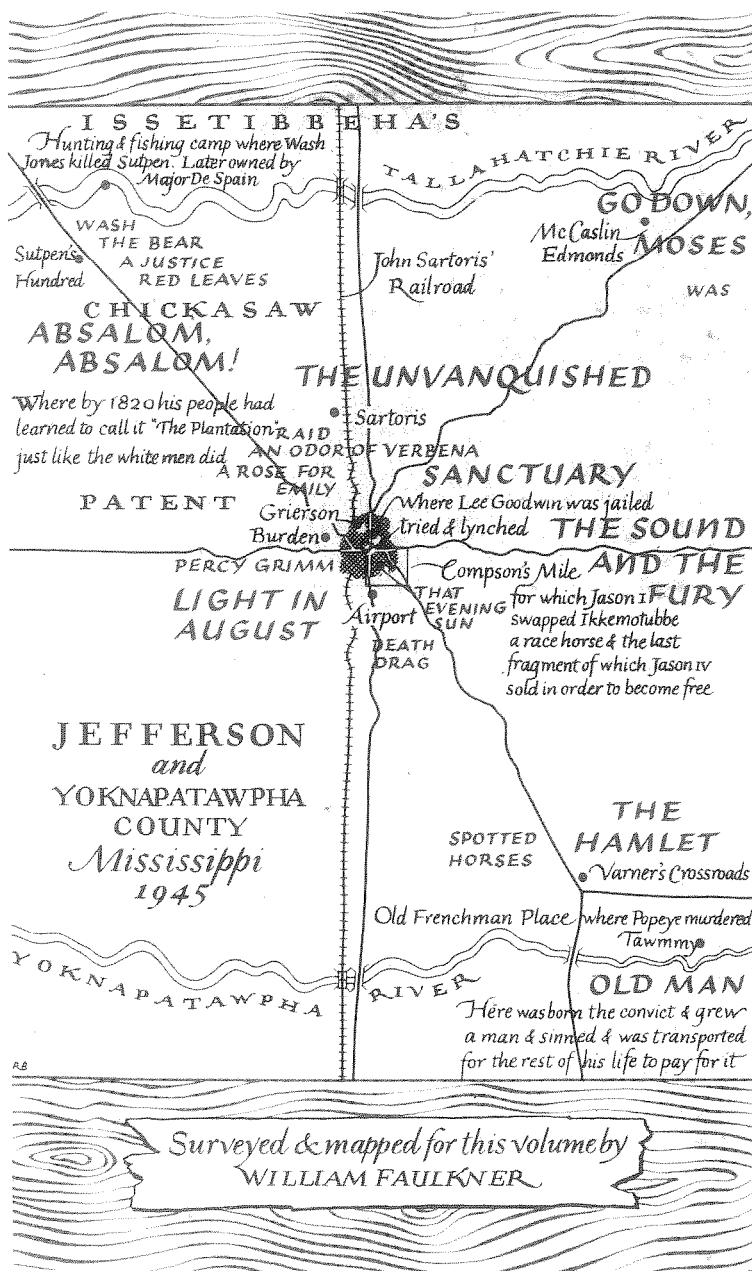
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Architecture and the Tangible Past: The Built Environment of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha

Thomas Hines



In 1982, somewhat exhausted from years of work on a book and museum show on the modernist architect Richard Neutra, I began to think about what I might do “just for fun” as a respite from my steady trade of architectural history. The diversion I wound up choosing was a systematic, though casual, re-reading of all of the work of William Faulkner, whom I had known as I was growing up in Oxford, Mississippi. I had read him then—because he was “there”—with great pleasure but with less than total comprehension. Now, in mature middle age, I would treat myself to a richer and more resonant reading of the work. But, as I began to read, I soon realized that as a son of the Calvinist work ethic, I could never do anything that vast just “for fun.” Almost furtively at first and then unabashedly, I found myself underlining the architecture passages. I was amazed at the extent of Faulkner’s treatment of architecture, and I began to have hazy, academic thoughts of getting “a nice little article” out of it to assuage my guilt for having so much fun. The result was a lecture at the annual Faulkner conference in Oxford and this essay on Faulkner’s literary architecture.

I dedicate this effort to my sunny California children, Tracy and Taylor, in the hope that it will help to remind them that they are also children of Yoknapatawpha.

1 Yoknapatawpha, from *The Portable Faulkner* (Viking, 1946).

Photographs by Thomas Hines except where noted

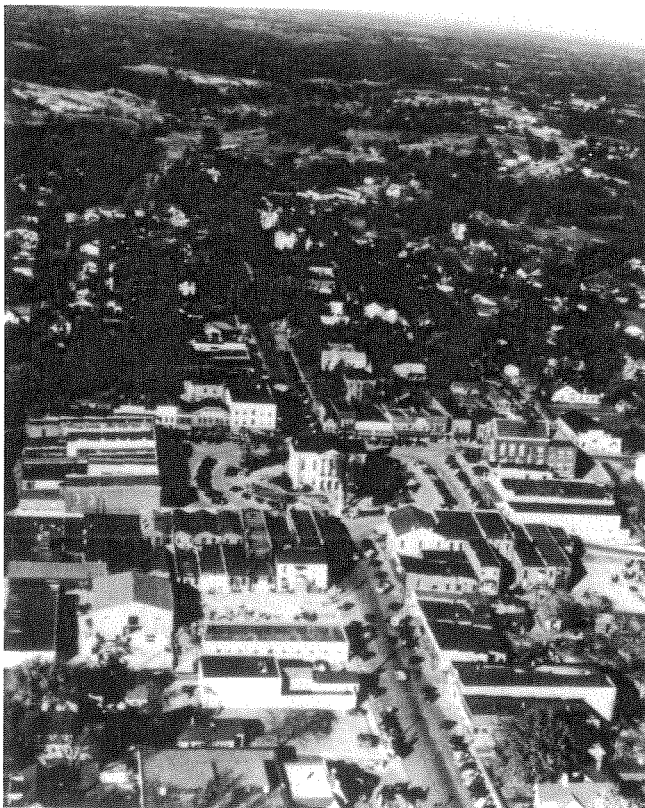
In William Faulkner's second novel, *Mosquitoes*, a character "leaned nearer to see the paper. It was a single sheet of a Sunday magazine section: a depressing looking article in small print about Romanesque architecture. . . . 'Are you interested in architecture?' she asked intently. . . . So many people waste their time over things like architecture and such. It's much better to be a part of life, don't you think . . . than to make your life barren through dedicating it to an improbable and ungrateful posterity. Don't you think so?' 'I hadn't thought about it,' Pete said cautiously.'"



2

But it is obvious that Faulkner *had* thought about it and that he believed that the art of architecture—like the art of literature—was indeed a “part of life” and *did* contribute to the culture and civilization of a not “ungrateful posterity.”

Architecture was important to Faulkner personally. He had a keen eye and sense for the form, structure, and meaning of buildings in his surroundings. And he used those elements of his Mississippi environment as the models for the architecture of his invented world: the town called “Jefferson” and the county of “Yoknapatawpha.”

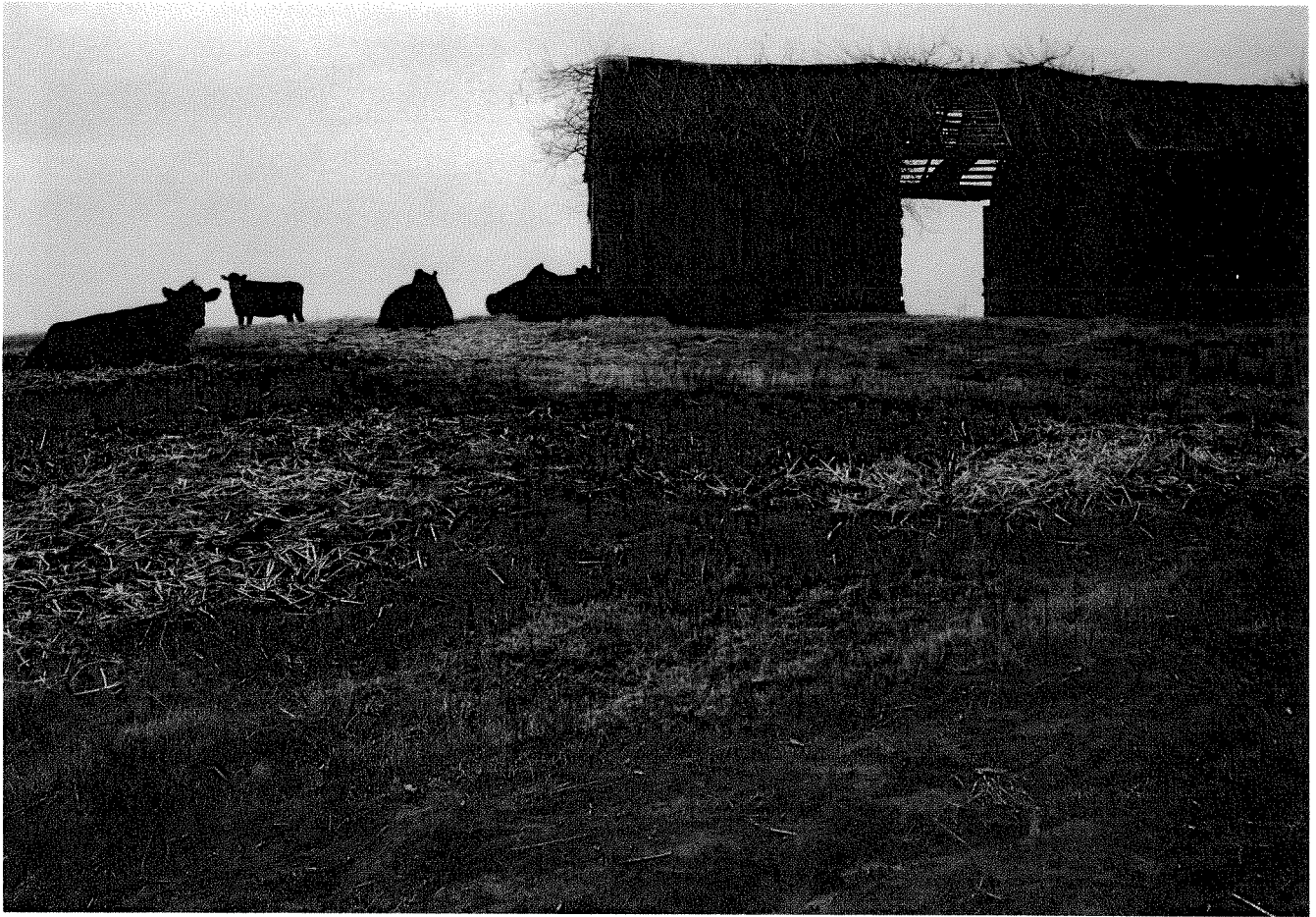


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Much has been said and written on the place of nature in Faulkner's work—the woods, the bear, the natural landscape—but relatively little has been done on Faulkner's almost equally great interest in the built

2 **Faulkner**, by J. R. Cofield, ca. 1930. Courtesy, Cofield Collection, Oxford, Mississippi.

3 **Aerial view of Oxford**, ca. 1945 (Philip Mullin; courtesy, Cofield Collection).



4

environment—the opposite of nature—as metaphor and symbol of larger issues, attitudes, and moods. Three of his novels have architectural titles: *Sanctuary*, *Pylon*, and *The Mansion*. *The Hamlet* and *The Town* have architectural implications; and the first, discarded title of both *Light in August* and *Absalom, Absalom* was *Dark House*. Numerous short stories have architectural titles or themes, and architects appear as characters throughout the stories and novels.

Faulkner's fellow Mississippian, Eudora Welty, observed that “place has a more lasting identity than we have . . . fiction depends for its life on place. Location is the cross-roads of circumstance.”² And of all the

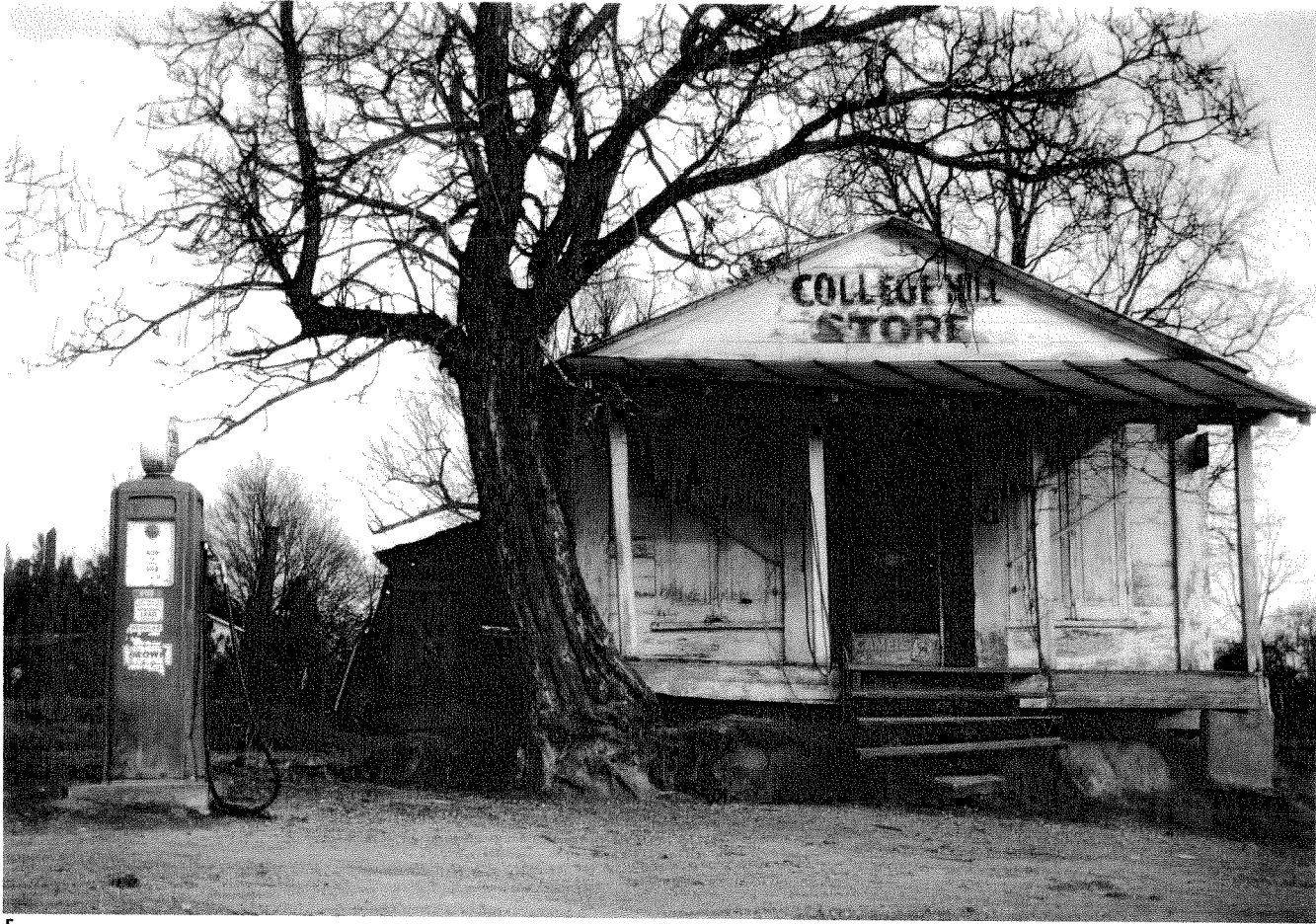
masters in the history of literature, Faulkner was one of the greatest in his ability to see, to evoke, to explicate, to use the details—as well as the essence—of the physical environment. In these gifts, he was equalled only by Flaubert, Hardy, Joyce, and Henry James. “It sometimes seems to me,” wrote Malcolm Cowley of Yoknapatawpha in his introduction to *The Portable Faulkner*, “that every house or hovel has been described in one of Faulkner’s novels.”³

Architectural historians have done reasonable justice to the certified “monuments” and to the great urban centers, but they have had more trouble getting at the smaller, more rural, more parochial places. Perhaps Faulkner and other writers

of fiction can, through their special kind of imaginative probing, help us to locate and explicate the sense and meaning, the smell and ambience of the more elusive architecture of the “Jeffersons” of the world.

Faulkner was born in 1897 in New Albany, Mississippi. His family then moved back to Ripley, the ancestral hometown, before they moved permanently to Oxford in the early twentieth century. Although Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha are composites of several north Mississippi towns and counties, Ripley and Oxford are the dominant prototypes. William went to school in Oxford, attended Ole Miss sporadically, and then ventured out, first to Canada during World War I, then to

4 “Dog-trot cabin,” Lafayette County, Mississippi.



5

New Orleans in the early 1920s, and then in 1925 to Europe, where he had the traditional *Wanderjahr*. Upon returning to America, Faulkner lived a while longer in New Orleans, where he was especially influenced by the older writer Sherwood Anderson, then living in the French Quarter. In the novel *Mosquitoes*, “outside the window, New Orleans, the vieux carré, brooded in a faintly tarnished languor, like an aging yet still beautiful courtesan in a smoke-filled room, avid yet weary too of ardent ways . . .” (pp. 10, 14).

Anderson recognized Faulkner’s talent, but he was not sure that the city was his metier. “You’re a country boy,” he told him, “and all you know is that little patch

up there in Mississippi where you started from.” And ultimately Faulkner himself realized that “my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and . . . that by sublimating the actual into the apocryphal, I would have complete liberty to use whatever talent I might have. . . .”⁴

“Primitive” architecture pervades Faulkner’s world, the buildings that elude and transcend chronology and reach from the earliest to the most recent times. Hard, tough structures, symbolic not only of the meanness of life for some, but also of the patience and persistence and endurance of the people who used them. In *As I Lay Dying*, the house was of “rough logs, from between which the chinking has long

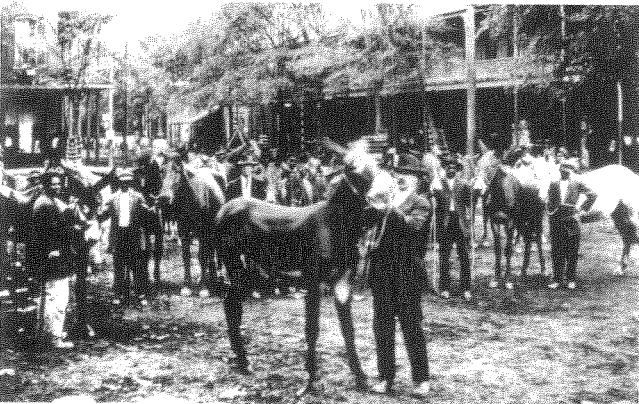
fallen. Square, with a broken roof set at a single pitch, it leans in empty and shimmering delapidation in the sunlight, a single broad window in two opposite walls giving on to the approaches of the path.”⁵

In *The Hamlet*, Mink Snopes, after he has murdered one of his neighbors, returns to such a house. “It was dusk. He emerged from the bottom and looked up the slope of his meager and sorry corn and saw it—the paintless two-room cabin with its open hallway between and a lean-to kitchen, which was not his, on which he paid rent but not taxes . . . just like the one he had been born in, which had not belonged to his father either.” Faulkner then juxtaposes Mink’s house to the

5 College Hill Store, Lafayette County, Mississippi.



6



7

6 Lafayette County Courthouse, Oxford, Mississippi (as rebuilt after Civil War).

7 Courthouse Square, Oxford, late nineteenth century (courtesy, Cofield Collection).

sprightlier environment of Jefferson, which Mink glimpses briefly upon being taken to jail, a richer world to which his brother, Flem, will gravitate at the end of the novel. The contrast is shattering. The surrey moved “now beneath an ordered overarch of sunshot trees tended lawns where children shrieked and played in small bright garments and the ladies sat rocking in the fresh dresses of afternoon and the men coming home from work turned into the neat painted gates toward plates of food and cups of coffee in the long beginning of twilight.”⁷⁶

Yet it is structures such as Mink’s that take us back to the actual beginnings of Jefferson, as described in the appendix to *The Sound and the Fury*: “a solid square mile of virgin North Mississippi dirt as truly angled as the four corners of a card-table top (forested then because these were the old days before 1833 when the stars fell and Jefferson, Mississippi was one long rambling onestorey mud-chinked log building housing the Chickasaw Agent and his tradingpost store.).”⁷⁷

They are similar, these primitive houses, to the stores in Faulkner’s work: social as well as commercial buildings, places to see and meet other people, to transact business, personal and commercial; important stages in Faulkner’s world,

of comings and goings and crucial transitions, and for the most rural people, a primitive window on a larger world. In the story “Barn Burning,” Faulkner evokes the penumbral attributes of buildings, especially the smells, much in the manner of Proust’s *Remembrance of Things Past*: “The store in which the Justice of the Peace’s court was sitting smelled of cheese. The boy, crouched on his nail keg at the back of the crowded room, knew he smelled cheese, and more. . . .”⁷⁸ In *The Hamlet*, we encounter a store’s “now deserted gallery, stained with tobacco and scarred with knives” (p. 83).

To his grandest characters, and to Faulkner himself, the most favored architecture was the neoclassical, especially the local version of the Greek Revival of the mid-nineteenth century, the symbol, even in decay, of the better impulses of Southern civilization. It recalled not only the glories of ancient Greece, but also the early nineteenth century Greek war of independence, which brought to America and the whole Western world a deference and passion for everything Greek.

The most important building in all of Faulkner’s work was the neoclassical Yoknapatawpha County courthouse, not only the symbol of law and justice, but spiritually, psychologically, architecturally, the center around which life revolves. In one story,

Faulkner called the building “a dream dreamed by Thucydides.” A crucial description in *Requiem for a Nun* links it to the Square surrounding it and to the larger town and county, one of many examples of Faulkner’s interest in urban design: “the courthouse came first . . . and with stakes and hanks of fishline, the architect laid out in a grove of oaks opposite the tavern and the store, the square and simple foundations, the irrevocable design not only of the courthouse but of the town too, telling them as much: ‘In fifty years you will be trying to change it in the name of what you will call progress. But you will fail . . . you will never be able to get away from it . . . a Square, the courthouse in its grove, the center; quadrangular around it, the stores, two-storey, the offices of the lawyers and doctors and dentists, the lodge rooms and auditoriums, above them; school and church and tavern and jail each in its ordered place; the four broad diverging avenues straight as plumb-lines in the four directions, becoming the network of roads and by-roads until the whole county would be covered with it. . . .’”

For the building itself, “eight disjointed marble columns were landed from an Italian ship at New Orleans, into a steamboat up the Mississippi to Vicksburg, and into a smaller steamboat up the Yazoo and Sunflower and Tallahatchie, to Ikkemo-



8 Old Shipp Place, Lafayette County, Mississippi, ca. 1850.



9

tubbe's old landing which Sutpen now owned, and thence the twelve miles by oxen into Jefferson: the 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 . . ." (p. 39).

Yet the greatest quantity of neoclassical buildings, and, next to the courthouse, the largest and finest, were the

Greek Revival houses of the Yoknapatawpha gentry, symbols for Faulkner of a quality of life and a quality of people he admired despite their flaws—and despite the flaws of the society that reared them, based upon slavery and a black-white caste system.

The most typical regional form of the neoclassical house was a nearly square rectangular box with a relatively small four-columned porch on one or more sides. Above the front door there was frequently another door leading on to a small balcony. Faulkner was especially intrigued with them in ruin, a symbol of social, cultural,

and spiritual decay. In *Sanctuary*, for example, "The house was a gutted ruin rising gaunt and stark out of a grove of unpruned cedar trees . . . a landmark known as the Old Frenchman place, built before the Civil War; a plantation house set in the middle of a tract of land; of cotton fields and gardens and lawns long since gone back to jungle, which the people of the neighborhood had been pulling down for firewood for fifty years or digging with secret and sporadic optimism for the gold which the builder was reputed to have buried somewhere about the place when Grant came through the county on his Vicksburg campaign."¹⁰

46 9 "Roanoak," home of William Faulkner, 1848, Oxford.



10



11

The building, the decay, and sometimes the destruction of these houses are crucial both to the plots and to the ambience of Faulkner's work—from the Old Frenchman Place in *Sanctuary* to similar houses in town of the Compson, Sartoris, and DeSpain families, to the house and plantation, "Sutpen's Hundred," in *Absalom, Absalom!* It is especially difficult to imagine that novel without the prominence Faulkner gave to Sutpen's house, the symbol for Thomas Sutpen of the status and security he craved and worked for, a status denied him earlier at another grand house when he had been asked by a haughty servant to go around to the back door.

Sutpen's Hundred survived the war but not its aftermath, its "rotting portico and scaling walls, not invaded, marked by no bullet or soldier's iron heel, but rather as though reserved for something more: some desolation more profound than ruin. . . ."¹¹

Architectural historians are frequently asked to demonstrate the effect of architecture on people. That is not easy, but in the story "Barn Burning," Faulkner helps us by suggesting the effects of a great house on someone who did *not* live in it: "Presently he could see the grove of oaks and cedars and the other flowering trees and shrubs where the house

would be, though not the house yet. They walked beside a fence massed with honeysuckle and Cherokee roses and came to a gate swinging open between two brick pillars, and now, beyond a sweep of drive, he saw the house for the first time and at that instant he forgot his father and the terror and despair both, and even when he remembered his father again . . . the terror and despair did not return. Because, for all the twelve movings, they had sojourned until now in a poor country, a land of small farms and fields and houses, and he had never seen a house like this before. 'Hit's big as a courthouse' he thought quietly, with a surge

10, 11 Ruins of Estes Place,
Panola County, Mississippi,
ca. 1850.



12

of peace and joy whose reason he could not have thought into words, being too young for that” (p. 10).

The Greek Revival architecture of Yoknapatawpha County was indeed the perfect setting for Faulkner’s Greek tragedies.

The neo-Gothic movement of the mid-nineteenth century was in one sense a revolt against the centuries-long domination of the neoclassical. Yet as another manifestation of Victorian Romanticism, it had much in common with its Greek Revival cousin. The Benbow house in *Sartoris* was one of several neo-Gothic buildings in Yoknapatawpha: “From

the gate, the cinder-packed drive rose in a grave curve between cedars . . . set out by an English architect of the ’40s who had built the house (with the minor concession of a veranda) in the funereal light Tudor which the young Victoria had sanctioned” and around which “even on the brightest days lay a resinous exhilarating gloom.”¹²

The finest public neo-Gothic building in Oxford is St. Peter’s Episcopal Church (1854–1860), attributed to Richard Upjohn, the architect of Trinity Church, New York. “There is a small Episcopal church in Jefferson,” Faulkner wrote in *The Town*, “built by slaves and

called the best, the finest . . . by the northern tourists who passed through Jefferson now with cameras, expecting—we don’t know why since they themselves had burned it and blown it up with dynamite in 1863—to find Jefferson much older or anyway older looking than it is and faulting us a little because it isn’t”—almost a recognition and premonition, on Faulkner’s part, of the fame Oxford had acquired and of the tourists it would draw because of him.¹³

St. Peter’s, Faulkner’s family church, also evoked this reverie in the story, “Knight’s Gambit”: “Then he was home: a paved street-crossing not very far from the house

12 Thompson-Chandler House, Oxford, ca. 1850.



13

he had been born in, and now he could see above the trees the water tank and the gold cross on the spire of the Episcopal church . . . his face pressed to the grimy glass as if he were eight years old, the train slowing . . . and there they were, seen as the child of eight sees them, with something of shock, set puny yet amazingly durable against the perspective of the vast . . . earth.”¹⁴

After the Civil War, even in the South following Reconstruction, people built buildings the same way they did business—with a grand, acquisitive, predatory zeal. This was the age of Thorstein Veblen’s *Conspicuous Consumption* and Vernon

Louis Parrington’s *Great Barbeque*. The architectural results were the styles of High Victorian Gothic, mansardic Second Empire, Queen Anne, and their local variants. Faulkner did not care for these styles. He used them to symbolize the varied anxieties of the postwar New South. The actual house of his own great-grandfather in Ripley reflected this state of mind, as did the home of Miss Emily Grierson in the memorable story, “A Rose for Emily,” in which, as the writer Elizabeth Spencer has noted, a sweet little old Southern lady poisoned her lover and “kept his corpse around as a playmate.”¹⁵ Miss Emily lived in “a big squarish frame house that

had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood, only Miss Emily’s house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps—an eyesore among eyesores.”¹⁶

Faulkner, the literary modernist, was least sympathetic to the Modern Movement in architecture, which proclaimed and celebrated the twentieth-century machine age. The only modern

13 *Airliewood*, Holly Springs, Mississippi, ca. 1845.

building that Faulkner portrayed sympathetically was, significantly, connected with aviation. The New Valois airport in the novel *Pylon* was “modernistic, spacious, suave, sonorous, and monastic,” the latter adjective a reference to its minimalist austerity. Its murals presented the “furious, still, and legendary tale” of man’s conquering of “the infinite and impervious air.”¹⁷ With the exception of the airplane, Faulkner professed to hate machines: the automobile, the radio, and television. Modern architecture, which he correctly associated with these, finally reached Oxford in a splendid City Hall of 1938 by James Canizaro, built in the then-shocking style of “WPA Moderne.” Faulkner, himself, detested it. He liked to use modernist images to suggest evil and hollowness. In *Sanctuary*, for example, Popeye “walked, his tight suit and stiff hat all angles, like a modernistic lampshade” (p. 6).

Faulkner seemed to regret not only the appearance of modernism, but even more the disappearance of the world it replaced. He was upset in the 1940s by the demolition of the second-floor porches around the Oxford Square and by the needless destruction of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. To protest the latter, he refused for years to enter the modern Kroger grocery store that replaced it.¹⁸ In *Requiem for a Nun*, he

mourned the losses: “Gone now from the fronts of the stores are the brick made of native clay in Sutpen’s architect’s old moulds, replaced now by sheets of glass taller than a man and longer than a wagon and team, pressed intact in Pittsburgh factories and framing interiors bathed now in one shadowless corpselare of fluorescent light . . .” (p. 210).

Exceptions to Faulkner’s antimodern bias seemed to lie only in airports and in his fascination with very tall buildings. In *The Sound and the Fury*, he wrote with apparent pleasure: “Father brought a watch charm from the Saint Louis Fair to Jason: a tiny opera glass into which you squinted with one eye and saw a skyscraper.”¹⁹

Indeed, he came closest to being seduced by modernism in the excitement of the traffic and the architecture of the city. In *Sanctuary*, and more particularly in a story called “Dull Tale,” he seemed to enjoy the modern, urban environment: “Where Madison Avenue joins Main Street, where the trolleys swing crashing and groaning down the hill at the clanging of bells which warn and consummate the change of light from red to green, Memphis is almost a city . . . At Main and Madison . . . where four tall buildings quarter their flanks and form an upended tunnel up which the diapason of traffic echoes as at the bottom of a well,

there is the restless life and movement of cities; the hurrying and purposeful going to-and-fro.”²⁰

Though in general he disliked and disapproved of modernist architecture, Faulkner took an even grimmer view of literally rendered antique reproductions, the sphere of the upstart, parvenu Snopeses. In *The Mansion*, he drolly described the Snopes’s renovation of the old DeSpain house, which, with all its new “colyums,” still “wouldn’t be as big as Mount Vernon . . . but then Mount Vernon was a thousand miles away so there wasn’t no chance of invidious or malicious eye to eye comparison.”²¹

Faulkner was less defensibly snobbish in his disdain for the subdivision of the old estates and the building of small, respectable tract houses for families of modest income, as in *Avent Acres*, *Oxford*. In *Requiem for a Nun*, we learn “there were new people in the town now, strangers, outlanders, living in new minute glasswalled houses set as neat and orderly and antiseptic as cribs in a nursery ward, in new subdivisions named Fairfield or Longwood or Halcyon Acres which had once been the lawn or backyard or kitchen garden of the old residencies . . .” (p. 215).

Yet the quintessential statement of Faulkner on architecture, on urban design, on the look and the layout of Jefferson, had come much

earlier in a single passage from *Sartoris*, a passage that takes us back to the Square and courthouse—the center, the navel of Yoknapatawpha: “They drove on and mounted the shady, gradual hill toward the square, and Horace looked about happily on familiar scenes” as “streets opened away beneath arches of green, shadier, with houses a little older and more imposing as they got away from the station’s vicinity; and pedestrians, usually dawdling Negro boys at this hour or old men bound townward after their naps, to spend the afternoon in sober futile absorptions.”

“The hill flattened away into the plateau on which the town proper had been built these hundred years and more ago, and the street became definitely urban presently with garages and small shops with merchants in shirt sleeves, and customers; the picture show with its lobby plastered with life episodic in colored, lithographed mutations. Then the square, with its unbroken low skyline of old weathered brick and fading dead names stubborn yet beneath scaling paint, and drifting Negroes in casual and careless O.D. garments . . . and country people in occasional khaki too; and the brisker urbanites weaving among their placid chewing unhaste and among the men in tilted chairs before the stores.”

“The courthouse was of brick too, with stone arches



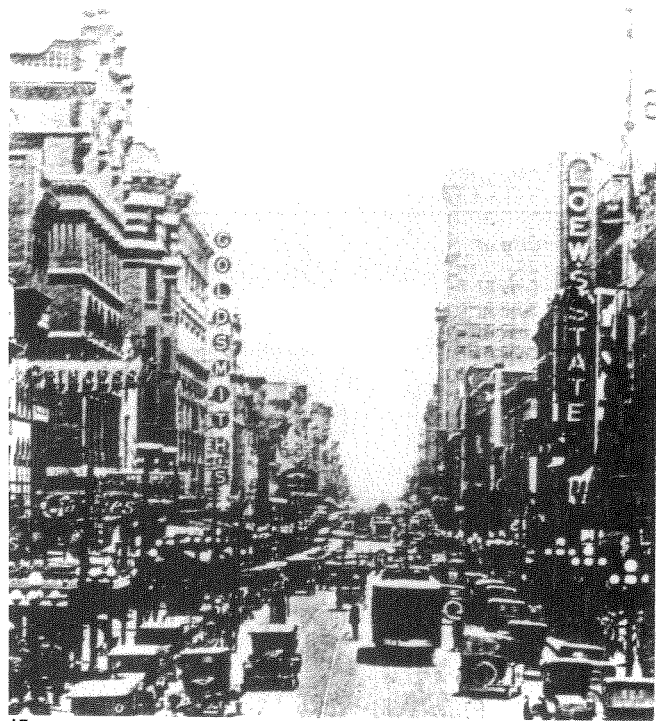
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16



17

14 City Hall, Oxford, 1938.

15 Home of Col. W. C. Faulkner, Ripley, Mississippi, ca. 1870 (collection of author).

16 Store fronts reflecting Confederate Monument, Oxford.

17 Main Street, Memphis, Tennessee, 1920s (courtesy, Cofield Collection).



18

18 Avent Acres, Oxford,
1940s–1950s.

rising among elms, and among the trees the monument of the Confederate soldier stood, his musket at order arms, shading his carven eyes with his stone hand. Beneath the porticoes of the courthouse and on benches about the green, the city fathers sat and talked . . .” (pp. 142–143).

For a writer as obsessed with time as Faulkner, the loss of time, the passage of time, the crisscross of time, the presence of the past in the present, architecture offered, if not a stopping of time or prolongation of time, at least a way of carrying through time, of projecting over time, a very tangible part of the past. Faulkner saw and used architecture as the tangible

past, the visible past. Buildings, Faulkner knew, were designed and constructed and observed and used by particular people in particular times, but he also knew that, if preserved and cared for, they could outlast the people who conceived them, outlast the generations that brought them into being, the generations for whom they stood as monuments and markers of identity. Faulkner was, of course, an architect of books, not of buildings, and he used words to do many of the same things. But he appreciated the fact that architecture and literature were very different art forms—in their tangible relationship to historical actuality.

Even the chaos of *The Sound and the Fury* ends in a final passage that suggests a kind of order, a suggestion rendered in architectural terms. Here, as elsewhere, Faulkner evoked, with words, the layers of connections between people and the built environment—relationships that cannot always be documented in visual representations. The passage centers on the Jefferson Square, based upon the Oxford Square, where, for most of the twentieth century, traffic has drifted generally to the right in a counter-clockwise direction. But in the early twentieth century, one could go to the left or to the right. Yet Benjy, the idiot son of the Compson family, had an aversion to the clockwise



19



20

19 North Lamar Street looking toward Courthouse, Oxford.

20 Stores, Federal Building, approaching Courthouse Square, Oxford.



21

21 Vegetable Market,
Courthouse Square, Oxford.

direction—a strong need for the anticlockwise course, a metaphor of Faulkner’s for Benjy’s problems with time: “They approached the square, where the Confederate soldier gazed with empty eyes beneath his marble hand into wind and weather. Luster . . . gave the impervious Queenie a cut with the switch . . . and swung her to the left at the monument. For an instant Ben sat in an utter hiatus. Then he bellowed. Bellow on bellow, his voice mounted, with scarce interval for breath . . . as Jason came jumping across the square and onto the step. ‘Don’t you know any better than to take him to the left?’ he said. ‘Yes, suh!’ Luster said. He took the reins and hit Queenie with the end of them . . . Ben’s voice roared and roared. Queenie moved again . . . and at once Ben hushed . . . and his eyes were empty and blue and serene again as cornice and facade flowed smoothly once more from left to right; post and tree, window and doorway, and signboard, each in its ordered place” (pp. 335–336).

Thus, in work after work, Faulkner answered resoundingly the question from *Mosquitoes* in asserting and demonstrating that architecture was not only “a part of life,” but an art that shaped and reflected its contours. And that in Jefferson, the town, it was surely among the things that

made up the quest for what Jefferson the man, Jefferson the architect, had called “the pursuit of happiness.”

Acknowledgments

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Notes

- 1 William Faulkner, *Mosquitoes* (New York: Boni and Live-right, 1927), pp. 106–107. All further references to this work appear in the text.
- 2 Eudora Welty, “Place in Fiction,” in *The Eye of the Story* (New York: Random House, 1978), pp. 118–119.
- 3 Malcolm Cowley, “Introduction,” in *The Portable Faulkner* (New York: Viking, 1951), p. 5. Since the completion of this essay, a noteworthy monograph by a literary scholar has appeared on this subject: William T. Ruzicka, *Faulkner’s Fictive Architecture: The Meaning of Place in the Yoknapatawpha Novels* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: UMI Press, 1987).
- 4 Joseph Blotner, *Faulkner: A Biography* (New York: Random House, 1974), pp. 415, 526.

- 5 Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying* (New York: Modern Library, 1946), p. 339.
- 6 Faulkner, *The Hamlet* (New York: Viking, 1956), pp. 219, 257. All further references to this work appear in the text. See also the analysis of these passages in Michael Millgate, *The Achievement of William Faulkner* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1978), pp. 192–193.
- 7 Faulkner, “1699–1945, The Compsons,” appendix to *The Portable Faulkner*, edited by Malcolm Cowley, p. 737.
- 8 Faulkner, “Barn Burning,” in *Collected Stories of William Faulkner* (New York: Random House, n.d.), p. 3. All further references to this work appear in the text.
- 9 Faulkner, *Requiem for a Nun* (New York: Vintage, 1975), p. 34. All further references to this work appear in the text.
- 10 Faulkner, *Sanctuary* (New York: Vintage, n.d.), pp. 7–8. All further references to this work appear in the text.
- 11 Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!* (New York: Vintage, 1972), p. 136.
- 12 Faulkner, *Sartoris* (New York: New American Library, 1964), p. 145. All further references to this work appear in the text.
- 13 Faulkner, *The Town* (New York: Vintage, 1961), p. 306.
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- 15 Elizabeth Spencer, “Emerging as a Writer in Faulkner’s Mississippi,” lecture at the “Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha” conference at the University of Mississippi, August 1982.
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