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THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER

& Yoknapatawpha Review

Vol. XVII, No. 4

October–December 1997

Curating the Quiet At Rowan Oak

By CYNTHIA SHEARER

"What is it like?" I am often asked. "Taking care of Faulkner's house."

"Every day is different," I usually shrug. Rowan Oak is a singular kind of paradise to care for. The whole truth is, many hands take care of Rowan Oak.

I wish Faulkner could have known Isaiah McGuirt and Alvin Smith, the two men who have, in virtual solitude, kept the grounds looking like paradise over the last twenty years. He would have liked their quiet ways and he would have been interested in their lives, their families, their stories. Mr. Isaiah is retired now. The sight of Mr. Smith reading his Bible through his gold spectacles, on his lunch hour in his blue Chevrolet, is its own kind of unexplainable verity.

The old verities? I do believe I found two others besides courage and honor, in the kitchen at Rowan Oak. One is a simple white enamel dish-pan with a

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Centennial Salute At U. of Michigan

The centennial of Faulkner's birth on Sept. 25 is being celebrated at the University of Michigan through an exhibit and a two-day conference.

The Sept. 25–Nov. 22 exhibit, presented by the Special Collections Library, includes displays of first and variant editions; photos, drawings, and writings documenting Faulkner's life; screenplays and posters concerning his work in Hollywood; and studies of his popularity and publishing history as seen through dust jackets and paperback editions. Most of the items in the exhibit are drawn from the extensive Irwin T. and Shirley Holtzman Faulkner Collection.

The conference, to be held Nov. 7–8, will feature lectures and presentations by Faulkner scholars including Robert Hamblin, director of the Center for Faulkner Studies at Southeast Missouri State University; Arthur Kinney of the University of Massachusetts; William Boozer, editor of *The Faulkner Newsletter*; and Engelsina Pareslegina, librarian at the Gorky Institute of World Literature in Moscow. Topics will include Faulkner's "families," trends in Faulkner teaching and collecting, and Faulkner's place in world literature.

Maud Butler Falkner Exhibit



MAUD BUTLER FALKNER painting depicts Caroline Barr Clark (Mammy Callie) seated in the yard of the Falkner home on Oxford's South 11th Street, holding baby Dean Faulkner. Other Faulkner grandchildren and pets are at play nearby, while a neighbor boy mows the lawn.

Faulkner's Mother Gets Her Own "Hoorahs" in First Art Exhibit

(Written in tribute to Maud Butler Falkner and her son, William Faulkner, on the 100th anniversary of his birth [September 25, 1897]. The following is an expanded version of the tribute originally published in *Southern Living*, September 1997, and is used here by permission.)

By DEAN FAULKNER WELLS

Shortly after my grandmother, Maud Butler Falkner, died on Oct. 16, 1960, *Time* ran a brief obituary notice announcing that the mother of Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner was dead in Oxford, Mississippi, at age 88.

My grandmother, whom I called Nanny, would have loved seeing her name in *Time* magazine. This token recognition, though belated, would have confirmed what she always knew, that she was a person of note. If only it had been a cover story about her art.

For years she had followed the career of the American primitive artist Grandma Moses, who became an overnight sensation in the art world when she was "discovered" at age 76 in 1938. The following year MOMA staged an exhibition of her work.

By that time, Nanny had been painting for over thirty years. (Her earliest dated painting is 1903.) She was not given to jealousy, did not envy the financial or social status of others. But the continued success of her nemesis, Grandma Moses, rankled her entire being, all 4'8" and 89 pounds of her.

This summer Nanny received her due as an artist with a posthumous showing of her work at the University of Mississippi's Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference, honoring her and her son, William, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

For Nanny it is a personal victory, proof that, as she often remarked, "Grandma Moses is not the only old-lady painter in the world."

Maud Butler was born on Nov. 27, 1871, the only daughter of Charlie and Lelia Dean Swift Butler. From her mother she inherited a diminutive stature and dark eyes as well as the artistic talent that she would pass on to her four sons. In 1890 Lelia won a scholarship to study art in Italy. Though she did not

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Faulkner at 100

Centennial Year Faulkner Homage Is Worldwide

By WILLIAM BOOZER

His father couldn't understand why he wrote things like *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* instead of mysteries, the father obviously unaware that there was mystery enough in what the son actually was writing.

His mother said leave him alone, that he writes what he has to write.

Stockholm in time awarded him a Nobel Prize for a body of work that critics have called the greatest burst of creativity in American literature—five masterpieces during a span of seven years between the ages of 32 and 39, plus 21 other books.

For years without honor at home in Oxford, Miss., as is the custom with prophets, he was called "Count No 'Count" for "putting on airs" when he returned after World War I wearing pilot wings he had trained for but not earned, the war having ended before he got to it.

This is his centennial year, and things are different now for William Faulkner.

His Rowan Oak home in Oxford is a major literary shrine today.

The University of Mississippi this summer hosted the 24th annual Faulkner Conference, drawing a record attendance of more than 350 from 40 states and from France, Germany, Norway, The Netherlands, Spain, Portugal, Canada, South Korea and Japan.

And on Sept. 25, the date on which Faulkner was born in 1897, they unveiled and dedicated a bronze statue of him in Oxford.

The homage is worldwide, with observances of the 100th anniversary of Faulkner's birth being staged in colleges and universities, public libraries, in New Albany, Miss., his birthplace, and in France, England, Beijing, Venice, Moscow, and at Tbilisi in the Republic of Georgia.

As for the statue, the bronze was sculpted by William N. Beckwith of Taylor, Miss., south of Oxford, where Temple Drake got off that train on which she should have stayed.

Widely reported was the brouhaha

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Curating the Quiet at Rowan Oak

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red rim. The other is a single white crockery plate, the kind a sharecropper might eat out of.

All it takes is a quiet afternoon and it's easy to understand those baroque, oceanic sentences Faulkner wrote. Out of that silence he was writing his own music. The silence of the place is a huge rare *artifact*.

In spring, numbers of visitors increase along with flowers, each part of the earth's thaw. Daffodils first, then the wisteria, then the pink dogwoods and redbuds. Yellow schoolbuses pull up to the big wooden farm-gates and empty out schoolchildren in droves. Then the irises, then everything else orchestrates itself symphonically – magnolias, climbing roses, gardenias, altheas, day lilies. In the visitor's register, somebody from Arkabutla proudly will sign his name underneath names from Moscow, London, Capetown, Paris.

Then comes that famous light in August, and a few little curled leaves on the porches, and before you know it, there's a brief, intense riot of colored leaves, complete with waves of retirees from the Midwest on bus trips, and New York photographers on the phone who would like to know precisely on what day the color will be most intense.

I feel a kind of piquant regret at times that Faulkner, lover of animals and children that he was, is not around to see who visits his house and his woods – and the circumstances. I know of at least one prominent man in this town who, as a boy, once ran away from home for the afternoon and found refuge in the woods. A prominent woman confessed to me that during a very difficult time in her life, she sat a few hours in solitude on the porch, as dusk turned into dark, getting her bearings, understanding some things about her ability to endure and prevail.

Sometimes the visitor is a little boy dressed in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, suffering to have his picture taken. One time it was an attorney from the West Coast who said he had wanted to come there to think about changes he needed to make in his life.

Sometimes I can look out the window and see Faulkner's niece Dean quietly walking her dogs, Shakespeare and Murphy. Sometimes it's Bandit, a little Jack Russell terrier who belongs to Glenn and Sharon Hunt. He looks suspiciously like the little fyce dogs in the famous Cartier-Bresson photos of Faulkner. Last summer a black mama cat found shelter for a few weeks in the barn.

One night there were some clandestine lovers: ladybugs in the smoke detector in Victoria's bedroom at two in the morning, which caused the alarm to go off. Such events cause the Oxford Fire Department (and yours truly) to barrel down Lamar Avenue quickly, not knowing quite what we will find when we get there. The City of Oxford has given the house a priority rating. If you want to get technical, you could interpret this to mean that Chief McDonald and Ronnie Mills and the other tough hombres sweating in those hot, heavy suits would have to answer an alarm at Faulkner's house first, even if one of their own houses were on fire, so abiding is the local faith in the value of Faulkner's home.

This year a pair of crows made a prominent nest high in one of the red cedars in front. Every afternoon about two o'clock they began what sounded like dyspeptic crow commentary on the visitors filing past below ...ack ...ack ...ack.

After the slow cold rains in November and December, the crisp football weekends bring Winnebagos up along Old Taylor Road in a kind of hippo ballet. The place settles into a silvery winter. The grounds go dormant, and the land *sleeps*, just like he said it did. In that sleep of winter, Rowan Oak gets visited by spectacular solitaires. On some January days, the visitor's register should read like this:

1 white-spotted fawn,

1 river-guide from Montana who conversed with brilliance about Faulkner's work for Two Solid Hours,

1 furnace-man who re-lit the pilot light,

1 obstinate survivalist mouse, unfazed by the fax line through his tiny door:

In past winters we changed the record-keeping system over to one that more closely approaches museum standards, recording the presence of every artifact.



Cynthia Shearer

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER
& Yoknapatawpha Review

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Editor

Dean Faulkner Wells
and Lawrence Wells

Publishers

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Some register on the emotional richter scale like a kick from a horse, such as his selective service application for World War II, and his flight maps. There is a funny postcard of rube cowboys somebody took the trouble to go all the way to Spotted Horses, Wyoming, to mail to him: "Bill: The Texan went and quit on me. Will you take the job? F. Snopes."

One of the most poignant remnants of his presence is a receipt for the purchase of sweetmeal from the Lafayette County co-op, a few months before he died, to be fed to a certain fractious horse.

It is also moving to read old university files, such as the minutes of the initial discussions between the university and Mrs. Faulkner: "It was Mrs. Faulkner's wish that nothing be done that would appear commercial or mercenary. It was suggested that postal cards and informational material might be prepared and sold but not on the grounds – not at this time anyway."

The list of those who have helped Rowan Oak in various ways is long: *Dorothy Oldham, Porter Fortune, Jim Webb, Gerald Walton, George Street, Tommy Etheridge, Dorothy Crosby, John Leslie, Gerald Turner, Howard Bahr, Evans Harrington, Don and Mary Ann Fruge, Keith Fudge, Ann Abadie, Bill Ferris, Trent Lott, Thad Cochran, Pat Lamar, Paul Hale, John Grisham, Tom Wacaster, Robert Khayat*. It goes on and on. Dr. Webb filed away wallpaper and textile samples, like messages stuffed into bottles, for the future, when the university would be able to afford complete restoration. Those samples, along with some photographs, will form the basis of the next restoration.

Mr. Neil Jeffries, the New Orleans structural engineer who participated in the original restoration, graced us with a visit last November, though he is retired. He walked slowly and deliberately through the house, often with his hands touching the walls like a phrenologist of old buildings. He surveyed the effects of an estimated million-and-a-half pairs of visitors' feet in the 18 years since he'd studied the house. He pronounced the house in quite good condition, but explained to us how the front of the house is showing signs of crowd stress, and made recommendations about what we could do to relieve it.

Many hands have touched the house, caring for it. Mr. Faulkner would have really liked the two university painters, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Conner. Though they had access to heavy sanding machines used for the coliseum floor, they chose to sand the floors by hand, commenting often on the satisfaction it gave them to be working on old beautiful wood. Bobby Daniels once told my husband, when he was tiling our kitchen floor, that Mr. Faulkner was known to get his tools and work along with carpenters sometimes.

Elliot Lumber Company, Smith Building Supply, Grantham Construction, Abbie Cullen, James Fitchett, Marty Inman, Joe Symonds, Steve Mauldin, Bo Evans, Ron Byrd. Some of those hands have touched our own homes, too. Am I leaving anyone out?

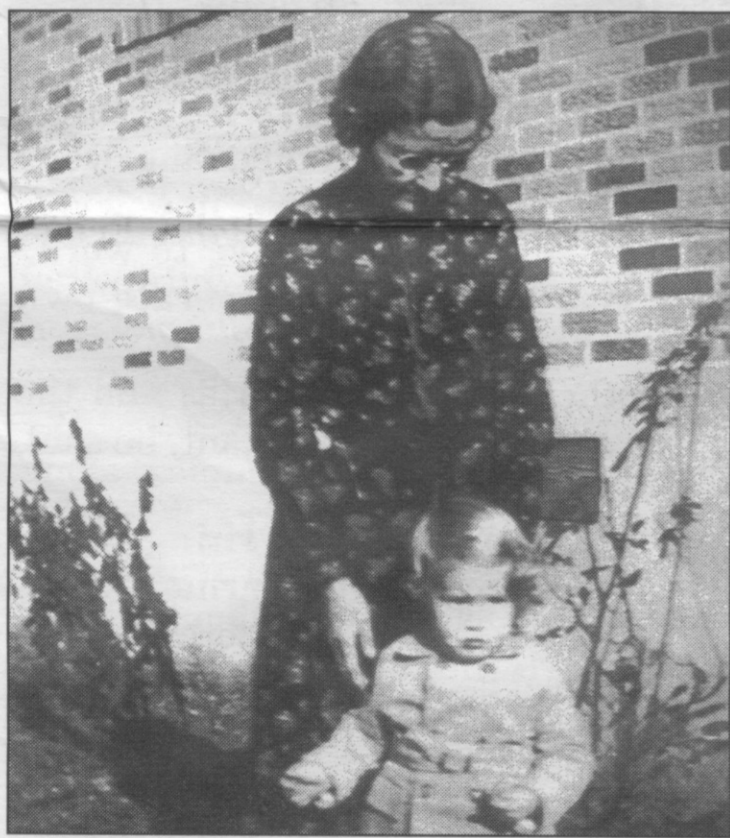
One pair of hands that made an extreme kind of sacrifice for Rowan Oak belonged to a Southern Studies student from Virginia named Christopher Fullerton, who was the assistant curator. Chris had the instincts of a real museum professional in that he intuited the way objects inspire a kind of historic karma. If you protect the object, you protect the karma it holds. He marveled at aluminum ice-trays, canasta score sheets, 78 rpm records. On the morning in 1994, we all awakened to the sounds of hundred-year-old trees snapping like pretzels under their burdens of ice. I couldn't get my car out of my driveway.

Chris and his girlfriend Lisa walked all the way from their rented house on Williams Street to check on Rowan Oak because the roof in Faulkner's office had begun to leak the night before. He phoned me to say he thought he should move everything out of the room, and I could hear trees snapping in the background like gunshots. About an hour later, he phoned back to say that the



Time Out for Group Photo at Rowan Oak

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LOOKING IN THE CAMERA in top photo are Maud Butler Falkner and grandchildren Chooky (center) and Jimmy, Jill Faulkner (front left) and Dean Faulkner. The basket of fruit is one of many still life paintings done by Miss Maud over many years. Pictured below are Miss Maud and Dean, along with a painting of young Dean by her beloved Nanny.

Ninth Annual *Jack Daniel's* *Faux Faulkner Contest*

*Win a trip for two to Oxford and six days in Faulkner country.**

All you need do is write the *best* bad Faulkner, no longer than 500 words, drawing on Faulkner's style, themes or plots. Each entry must be typed and double-spaced. Entries in the ninth annual contest are being received until Feb. 1, 1998. Contest sponsored by Jack Daniel's Distillery, the University of Mississippi's Department of English and Center for the Study of Southern Culture, and Yoknapatawpha Press and its *Faulkner Newsletter*. Contestants grant publication rights to Yoknapatawpha Press and *FN*, and the right to release entries to other media. Send entries to *The Faulkner Newsletter*, P.O. Box 248, Oxford, MS 38655.

*Winner gets two round-trip air fares to Memphis, transportation to Oxford, and complimentary registration at the 1998 Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference at Ole Miss.

Miss Maud's Art Exhibit

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accept it, painting, drawing and sculpting (in any medium from clay to kitchen soap to butter) were an integral part of her life.

Nanny was never far from her easel, set up in the northeast corner of the dining room where the light was best. She worked conscientiously three or four hours every day of the week in pastels, watercolors or oils. She took pride in stretching her own canvases and when she decided they were too costly she used other materials. Any and all flat surfaces were fair game: broken window shades, cut into squares and tacked up on her easel, make-do canvases, the cabinet doors of her kitchen safe, on which she painted florals, changing the flowers from moss roses to violets to black-eyed susans according to the seasons. She "borrowed" a rusty Coca Cola stand from a filling station and gave it new life as a fire screen with lavender irises on a black background.

She amused us grandchildren by painting pictures on the bottoms of our glasses, rewards for drinking our milk at mealtimes. To entertain us at lunch, she sketched illustrations for an on-going saga about a steamboat that traveled to Africa, Europe, and the Amazon, and served as troop transport in WWII.

She painted for pleasure and for profit, priding herself after her husband Murry's death on being "a self-supporting artist," perhaps intentionally unaware of the household bills mysteriously paid by an unidentified benefactor (her son William). Of the hundreds of florals she painted, magnolias were the most popular. One prominent patron was actress Elizabeth Patterson. She and Nanny had become friends during the 1949 filming of "Intruder in the Dust," in which Patterson played the role of Miss Haversham. The next year Patterson used a color photograph of Nanny's painting of a fully opened magnolia on a red background as Christmas cards. Nanny was thrilled.

She painted family portraits, several different poses at different ages, of her sons and grandchildren. She also painted portraits on commission, usually charging around \$200, working from photographs, not sittings, and endured severe attacks of nerves when presenting portraits for her patrons' approval. For \$25 she decorated wedding invitations with watercolors of rose-covered cottages and mailboxes bearing the newlyweds' names. She painted countless landscapes of Lafayette County (Miss.) scenes, as well as copying the Old Masters, whose works she sometimes "improved."

For example, if a Degas ballet dancer's pink dress did not suit her fancy, Nanny painted it red. She transformed the owl perched on the shoulder of Frans Hals' "Witch of Harlem" into a crow—or, once, a truly extraordinary parrot. Her favorite classic model for improvement was "Emblems of Peace." For her son, Jack, she added law journals, a flight log book, an aerial map and a pouch of Bull Durham tobacco. Her son William's novels formed the background for another, which also featured his pipe and riding crop. For someone interested in piano, she might substitute sheet music and a metronome. Whether an Audubon or a Rembrandt, each copy bore her distinctive "MFalkner" signature, with the name of the original artist *underneath* hers.

When other inspirations or commissions were not forthcoming, she would have at her "rogues gallery," the pre-Civil war portraits of Faulkner family members which hung in her living room. I can remember wandering into the living room on a given day and looking at the familiar painting of a great-great aunt with her hair drawn back severely in a bun, wearing a high-necked black gown with long sleeves. The next day that same great-aunt was wearing a daringly lowcut red dress, her hair down, the little girl standing beside her transformed from a blonde tom-boy with braids into a formally dressed little girl with long, lavish curls. Nanny never said a word.

Her hands were rarely idle. In the late 'Forties and early 'Fifties, she began painting ceramic figurines ordered from a catalog—seated ladies in bouffant dresses and upswept hair working on needlepoint, or little boys in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suits. She also hooked rugs and throughout two World Wars knitted untold pairs of woolen socks, vests and scarves. In the dark of Oxford's Lyric Theatre I remember hearing the click of her knitting needles. Once during WWII, we were watching Movietone News about the invasion of Sicily. Nanny's son Jack Falkner was an intelligence liaison officer assigned to a regiment of British Gurkhas. Nanny suddenly cried out, "That's my Jackie, stop the film!" The projectionist ran the footage over and over, Jack wading ashore, automatic pistol in hand, retreating backwards at fullspeed to the landing boat, then forward into the fray—until Nanny had seen enough. She never dropped a stitch.

Those hands kept me busy as well. When I was married for the first time, she insisted that we hemstitch and monogram a dozen sets of bed linens and pillow cases. I daresay I was the only bride in Mississippi in the late 'Fifties with bed linens monogrammed by her grandmother and herself.

When painting classes were offered at the Mary Buie Museum in Oxford, Nanny was the first to sign up. The aspiring artists met several mornings a week, from nine until noon. Whenever I spent the summer with Nanny she took me with her. We would leave home in plenty of time to walk up University Avenue, paint boxes in hand. Some days there were models, other days still life arrangements. As the only child present, I did not have to be told to be quiet. I

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Curating the Quiet at Rowan Oak

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300 books and the typewriter and the bed and the deer antlers and the little calendar that says "Elliot Lumber Company - July - 1962" were all safely on the other side of the house. "I think we better get out of here now," he said. "This is getting a little scary."

Chris went on to become the curator of the Birmingham Barons' old baseball diamond, which he was very good at. One day last spring, he was killed in a car accident in downtown Birmingham.

This is a requiem for him. Because of him, visitors can still see Faulkner's office as it was when Faulkner was there.

In summer, a cross-section of humanity files through, as if taking a Rorschach test that actually reveals more about humanity than it does about Faulkner. You hear the door creak open, you step into the foyer, and there someone is, possibly awestruck and speechless. Others begin speaking immediately, possibly, "out of curiosity for a fallen monument:"

- *Did he have enough money to pay for his own funeral?... Did he and Hemingway get along?... Where's the gift shop?... Did he write The Grapes of Wrath?... I had to read that in school.... He really added on lots of rooms, didn't he?... Where did he keep his slaves?*

That last question was from a very young German university student. I'll confess there have been times when I am glad he isn't there to hear.

But then there was the day that a French couple, a German couple and two Japanese men stood for about an hour in the foyer talking about history, about war, about defeated cultures, about genocide, about blame. Faulkner would have been keenly interested in that conversation.

Normally visitors only view the rooms from the hallways, but occasionally circumstances necessitate something different. One day a terminally ill young woman had said that she wanted to see Faulkner's house before she died. We opened every door for her. She walked around the house touching objects softly as if she did not want to forget them.

Another day, I was talking to a bus of senior citizens from Illinois, telling them about how the land had been deeded to an Indian first, then to an Irishman, how the house escaped punitive burning by the Union troops in 1864.

- *Where were they from?* somebody interrupted.

- *Well, they were from Illinois,* I answered. Sheepish looks and laughter all around. They started calling themselves "the Illinois Regiment." After they had gone, the door creaked open again.

Indians. The Choctaw Band, up from Philadelphia to dance that night. So I began the story again, how the land was owned first by an Indian, then an Irishman ... and I could hardly get through it, wondering what Faulkner would have made of it all, waves of descendants of the same ghosts he imagined, passing through this house.

Maybe he was right about time, in the way that Einstein was right about time. Our understanding of it is basically primitive. That night I saw the littlest Choctaw boy dancing his heart out. Only that Faulknerian word *avatar* can describe it: *the littlest avatar, in innocence, not knowing or caring or perhaps just not having been told he is an avatar, danced.*

Maybe Rowan Oak itself has become an avatar. It is one of the few places left in America where you can walk onto hallowed ground, and not be pressed into buying commemorative refrigerator magnets. The majority of visitors leave saying, "Keep this place just like it is."

A man in a wheelchair accosted me once, pointing to the "handicapped ramp" on the side and said adamantly, "You all should never have done that." He felt that his right to have access to the house was superseded by the right to see the porch as it was when Faulkner lived there.

We have some tough decisions ahead of us about stewardship of Faulkner's place. Tourists pump dollars into local coffers, true. Some, after their little ten-minute hit of AAA-endorsed "culture," leave behind burning cigarette butts, dirty diapers and items which shall remain unmentioned. They also exponentially increase levels of carbon monoxide in the air.

This was brought home to me when I saw a large charter tour bus idle its engine for half an hour with its nether end pointed in the direction of next door, where Jeff and Isabella Watt's babies were playing. We now ask bus drivers to turn the engines off. The future will force the issue: what becomes of a quiet residential neighborhood when countless travel guides urge tourists to stop off there?

One of the most important artifacts that we can protect and conserve at Rowan Oak is the quiet. Faulkner left us more than a house with a lot of rooms. He left behind an America with lots of new rooms added on, large mental spaces carpentered by himself, where it is possible for citizens of anywhere to deliberate on the old questions of time and eternity and what causes humanity to harm itself. The house is simply a point of departure into those realms.

Happy one-hundredth birthday, Mr. Faulkner.

Thank you for making the books.

Wish you were here.

Cynthia Shearer is the curator at Rowan Oak and author of the novel The Wonder Book of the Air. Her article appeared originally in the July 24-30 issue of Oxford Town, and is reprinted here by permission.

Faulkner's World

Faulkner at 100

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in Oxford over the cutting of a magnolia tree to make way for the statue in front of City Hall. Opposition in the family to putting Faulkner on public display continued, but there his likeness sits today, on a bench in front of City Hall.

So it goes in a place immortalized as Yoknapatawpha County by a Mississippi man who wanted everyone to believe that he was just a dirt farmer who wrote stories on the side. He wrote like he did, said he, because he couldn't write like Shakespeare and Shelley, calling himself a failed poet.

M. Thomas Inge of Randolph-Macon College, in an article in the October issue of *American Studies International*, writes that more criticism, commentary, and scholarship has been written about Faulkner than any other major North American writer of the 20th century. Inge cites more than 500 books about Faulkner or his work, and more than 700 doctoral dissertations so far.

He was the most private of men. Responding to a publisher who had asked for a biographical account from the then relatively unknown writer, Faulkner wrote: "Born male and single at early age in Mississippi. Quit school after five years in seventh grade... Met man named Sherwood Anderson. Said, 'Why not write novels? Maybe won't have to work.' Did. Age 32. Own and operate own typewriter."

In other words, the stories and the books are what are important, he said, not who wrote them.

Thanks anyway for writing them, Mr. Faulkner. In the vernacular of your time and place and forevermore, you did real good.

フォークナーの世界 —そのルーツ—



依藤 道夫 著

成美堂

NEW IN FAULKNER STUDIES from Japan is *The World of William Faulkner - its Root*, by Michio Yorifuji. Gracing the front of the dust jacket is a color photo of Walter Place in Holly Springs, said to be one of four Mississippi towns on which Faulkner drew for his Jefferson - the others being Ripley, New Albany and Oxford. Professor Yorifuji teaches at Tsuru University in Tsuru, Japan. *The World of William Faulkner* is published in Tokyo by Seibido Publishing Co., at ¥3,605 (\$33).

Miss Maud's Art Exhibit

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painted right along with the rest of the ladies.

Maud Falkner would be thrilled and proud that her first-ever art exhibit, entitled simply "Miss Maud," is being held through October 5, at the University of Mississippi's Skipwith Museum, adjacent to the old Mary Buie Museum where she once attended classes. Throughout her lifetime she sustained our family members with her unstinting pride in our accomplishments whether they were straight A's on a report card, a blue ribbon in a horse show, flying solo in an airplane, or winning a Nobel Prize. Her ultimate accolade was always the same: "Hoorah for you!" This time, at long last, she can say, "Hoorah for me!"

Dean Faulkner Wells is the daughter of Maud Falkner's youngest son, Dean Swift Faulkner. She lives in Oxford, where she is co-publisher of The Faulkner Newsletter.

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