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Dean Faulkner Wells

William Pratt

Barry Hannah

Larry Brown

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THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER

& Yoknapatawpha Review

Vol. XVIII, No. 1

January–March 1998

A Checklist

New Studies Of Faulkner, Morrison

Studies of Faulkner and Toni Morrison, along with Daniel J. Singal's William Faulkner: The Making of a Modernist, are among features of the new Checklist:

Bacall, Lauren. Bacall, in an interview by Dotson Rader in *Parade* magazine, May 18, 1997 ("Be Open to Whatever Happens"), has nice things to say about Faulkner. "William Faulkner once wrote something to me that I thought was great," Bacall said. "I adored him. He was a shy, kind of tortured, sweet, fascinating man, so over the years I saw him a lot. When he won the Nobel Prize for literature, he made the most beautiful speech, and he sent me a copy of it. He wrote a dedication, something like, 'To Lauren Bacall, who was not satisfied with just being a pretty face, but rather who decided to prevail.' Notice he didn't write 'survive.' Everybody's a survivor."

(Continued Page 4)

Evans Harrington Remembered as Teacher, Friend

Evans Harrington, professor emeritus of English at the University of Mississippi, died in Oxford December 1 of cancer. He was 72.

Professor Harrington was widely recognized for his insight into Faulkner studies and in creative writing. Himself a writer whose published work includes four novels and numerous short stories, Harrington taught three generations at Ole Miss, served there as chairman of the English Department, and was founding director of the annual Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha Conference.

Included along with the novels and stories among his published works were articles and essays in scholarly journals, two musicals, and a play.

He was a Navy veteran of World War II. He was a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, Common Cause, the American Forum, and the Yoknapatawpha Arts Council.

Joining in tributes to Harrington in the *Oxford Eagle* were Oxford author and Ole Miss writer-in-residence

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Sculptor and Friend



SCULPTOR WILLIAM N. BECKWITH of Taylor, Miss., sees to the placement of his bronze of Faulkner in front of the Oxford City Hall. Dedication of the statue was a highlight of Faulkner's hometown observance in September of the author's centennial.

- Photo by Bruce Newman, *The Oxford Eagle*

Faulkner's Niece Gets Advance Viewing of Statue of Her Pappy

By DEAN FAULKNER WELLS

On the 24th of September, the day before last fall's official unveiling and dedication of Pappy's statue, sculptor Bill Beckwith invited my husband Larry and me to meet him at City Hall for a private viewing. The statue was scheduled to be mounted into place before dawn the following morning. Larry and I had been planning to get up early and be on the Square at 4:00 a.m. when it was brought out.

The statue had been stored in the basement along with the city's Christmas decorations for a week. Bill met us in the parking lot at 2:30 on the afternoon of the 24th. It had been raining all day.

Beckwith led us into the storage area. The statue sat covered with canvas except for one rather arrogant foot peeking out from under the tarpaulin. Bill carefully removed the canvas and the three of us stood in silence.

In an inexplicable way, it was like saying goodbye all over again. We stood speaking in whispers when the physical plant manager came into the storage room, keys jangling, and noted that the rain had let up. He barked orders into a cellular phone, then told Beckwith, "We're moving him now. Let's go."

Three inmates from the city jail appeared in their bright orange prison uniforms with "Property of Oxford - Lafayette County" stencilled on them. They helped push the bronze statue on its trolley. Pappy weighed five hundred pounds and the bench five hundred. We watched as they rolled the low trolley out of the basement and toward a portable ramp set up on the steps. The statue began to pick up speed. Beckwith and the inmates struggled to keep it under control.

One of the inmates to whom I had given a cigarette glanced around and complained, "This muh-fuh is heavy."

With the sculptor himself helping to push the trolley uphill, Pappy was moved up the sidewalk massively, heavily, majestically, as if we were hauling not only Pappy but Ike and Boon, Aunt Jenny and Granny Millard, Temple and Eula and Chick, Dilsey and Luster, Abner and Flem and Montgomery Ward and I.O., Colonel Sartoris Snopes and Major DeSpain, Miss Emily, Benjy, Jackson and Longstreet Fentry, the fyce and the bear.

The sun was shining.

As we rounded the corner, a small crowd began to gather to watch the statue

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Signed Volumes

Miami University Receives Mac Reed's Prized Collection

By WILLIAM PRATT

OXFORD, Ohio—The Mac Reed William Faulkner Collection was dedicated by Dean Judith A. Sessions at the spring meeting of the Friends of Miami University Libraries here last March. The collection consists of eight presentation copies of novels inscribed and signed by Faulkner to his friend Mac Reed, a partner in the Gathright-Reed Drugstore on Courthouse Square in Oxford, Miss.

The collection was acquired from Reed's daughters, Kitty Reed Costikyan of Chicago and Carolyn Reed of Oxford, Miss.

Included in the signed collection are first editions of *The Hamlet*, *The Town*, *The Mansion*, *A Fable*, *The Reivers*, and *Go Down, Moses*; a second printing of *Intruder in the Dust*; and a 1937 Sun Dial printing of *Soldiers' Pay*.

The copy of *A Fable* contains a memorable inscription, "To Mac Reed, old friend, by dam. Bill Faulkner, 21 Nov. '54." As was Faulkner's custom in signing his books for friends, the short inscriptions read "With best regards," "from his friend," or simply, "from Bill." The copy of *The Hamlet* is inscribed "With best wishes of the season," and dated "Xmas 1940." Also as was his custom, Faulkner signed again and provided the place and date on the title pages.

The books were part of a major exhibit of Faulkner materials displayed during the spring and summer in Walter Havighurst Special Collections in King Library on the Miami University campus. Other items on exhibit include an inscribed copy of *Sanctuary* given by Mac Reed to this writer; that copy will eventually become part of the Mac Reed Faulkner Collection.

The special Faulkner exhibit was open to the public through the summer terms of 1997. Also on display was a rare loose-leaf collection of photographs of the Civil War put together by MGM after it purchased movie rights to Faulkner's novel, *The Unvanquished*, in 1938, in preparation for a film that was never made.

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Quiet, Please

By BARRY HANNAH

There are two ways for a writer to be obscure, it seems to me. One is to hardly ever be found. The other is to be buried by distinction and comment. The second is the fate of Faulkner. One wins too many prizes and is as surely written off as those who are barely visible. The effusive commentary on Shakespeare through four centuries has driven as many readers away from him, I would venture, as it has attracted, if those readers are like me. The crowd has him—all that noise, all those suckers concentric in walls about him—and he's not for you. You go off petulant, adoring your failures and the dimly lit minor geniuses you have discovered yourself. Because it is quieter and more personal here in the bad motel of your choice, where you settle into,



say, Jim Thompson.

Here in Oxford the statue of the man by sculptor William Beckwith has found its seat after much haggling between city and family.

Hannah

Faulkner's daughter Jill has expressed doubt that Faulkner would have wanted a statue at all. There is a certain obscenity in casting a man who had very little public life outside the writing of a few letters to the editor—you can sense him kicking and screaming, hauled out of the depths of his home Rowan Oak—permanently in front of a City Hall. Yet Faulkner attracts tourists and money to this town. The filming of *Intruder in the Dust* here in 1948 gave the town its first notice that Faulkner might be something more than the stunned deadbeat out at the old Shegog place. Then the Nobel. Then the conferences and the noise. For some, Faulkner was the music of a great organ out of a belltower.

But the actual voice of Faulkner was quiet, breathy and almost effeminate. I was astounded by this voice when I first heard him reading *As I Lay Dying* on record. "But he's doing it all wrong," I thought. "The very creator knows not what he has done." There was also a prevailing sense that Faulkner did not want to even be reading for a record, that this recording was a sort of revenge on commercial expectations.

I never met him and am glad I didn't. I knew he was a genius when I was a college sophomore in the sixties and picked up *The Sound and the Fury*. That rushing current, not just style, that boiling river with spangled images floating by. His country. *Yockny patapha*. Chickasaw Indian for "slow river runs through flat land." Slow but always the current, and an

Berriault Stories Win PEN/Faulkner Award

Gina Berriault's collection of short stories, *Women in Their Beds* is the winner of the 1997 PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction.

The PEN/Faulkner Award is the largest annual juried prize for fiction in the United States. The winner receives \$15,000.

Women in Their Beds (Counterpoint) is a collection of 35 short stories. In the book's title story, an unsure actress watches as wrenching changes take place, row upon row, bed upon bed, in the women's ward of a hospital where she fills in as a social worker.

Women in Their Beds was also awarded this year's National Book Critics Circle award.

almost angry search for meaning. "Here, son," my father said holding up *The Sound and the Fury* from his chair in the den of our home, "old Faulkner's got a barn running down the hill. Now what the hell sense is that?" My dad had known Faulkner only as a bum in the post office at Ole Miss in the twenties but put off reading him until retirement, a not uncommon story in Mississippi. Waiting for the quiet and until the man can be your own. But dad agreed, after a couple more books: "Old Faulkner's something all right, son. He's something." He never read another book by Faulkner. It was too heavy. Too many voices. Others reported about drunken visits to Faulkner's home, where he might be blithely pissing off his front porch or hanging naked in a magnolia, but I didn't want to see Faulkner in street clothes or nude. I knew he wouldn't even be there, somehow. He had nothing to say to me, nor I to him.

Yet I eventually came to live here to be next to the ghost (perhaps that of my father as a young sophomore at Ole Miss as well as that of Faulkner himself). Faulkner whose tomb I drive past every other day on the way to the park for tennis. I came for the unlikely ghost of Faulkner, still writing somehow in the coal room of the University power plant, in pencil on a tablet, on the overturned wheelbarrow, in eight mere weeks his imperishable *As I Lay Dying*. That is what, I tell myself and my students, that is the real stuff, the highest mark, and always the news. The quiet, the harried obscurity, the short man from an impoverished and whipped state, coal dust around his feet, the scorn outside.

There will never be a statue of the real stuff. You've got to try to form it in your own quiet head.

This appreciation of Faulkner on the recent centennial of his birth appeared in Liberation, the French daily newspaper, and is used here by permission of the author. Hannah, whose latest collection of stories is High Lonesome, is writer-in-residence at the University of Mississippi.



Evans Harrington

Evans Harrington Remembered

(From Page 1)

Barry Hannah and author Willie Morris.

"He was enthusiastic without all the academic claptrap," said Hannah, a longtime friend and fishing companion. "I don't know of a better reader, literary man, and uncommon gentleman."

"Evans truly loved literature," Morris wrote. "He touched countless lives with his love of writing. Among my countless memories of him I cherish our private drives through Oxford and Lafayette County as he charted for me the physical and human landmarks of William Faulkner's work.

"Evans adored Faulkner's epic words, and passed along to me and so many others his passion for Mr. Bill's example. Evans was a tremendous teacher and he never compromised."

Professor Harrington's influence among young writers will continue to be felt at Ole Miss through the Evans Harrington Creative Writing Scholarship Fund, which awards \$1,000 a year to promising young writers in fiction and poetry. The family has asked that any memorials be made to that fund, in care of the University of Mississippi, University, MS 38677.

THE FAULKNER NEWSLETTER
& Yoknapatawpha Review

William Boozer

Editor

Dean Faulkner Wells
and Lawrence Wells

Publishers

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Letter to Editor

I have read and enjoyed the *Faulkner Newsletter* for years. The *Newsletter* reinforces my sense that I'm part of a community of Faulkner readers and scholars and keeps me current with respect to developments in the field. It also heralds the Faux-season for me each year, reminding me that it's time to pick up my pen and produce a proliferation of sonorous sentences and wacky words. The fact that the home of the *Newsletter* is Faulkner's own South permits me to think/believe/hope that the scent of wisteria and the grit of Yoknapatawpha dust has somehow found its way into the very folds of the *Newsletter's* pages. I'm a proud possessor of the *Collected Issues of the Faulkner Newsletter*, and I appreciate the energy and effort that has sustained this publication year after year.

Wendy Goldberg
Palo Alto, Calif.

(Wendy Goldberg, a Stanford University lecturer in writing and critical thinking, won the 1997 Jack Daniel's Faux Faulkner Contest with "Dyin' to Lie Down" [FN, July-September 1997]. Prior to the year's 8th annual contest, Goldberg had been a semi-finalist three times.)

"A William Faulkner newsletter could easily be absolutely dreadful and pretentious. It is, in your hands, readable plus being lively and informative..."

—Ben Wasson

"Faulkner Newsletter just arrived and I want to tell you what a fine job you've done with it. Difficult to do but you certainly did it!"

—Carvel Collins

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On the Square in Oxford



FAULKNER IS DEPICTED engaged in a favorite pastime of people-watching on the Square in Oxford in a 1947 photo by Kitty Reed, snapped from inside her father's Gathright-Reed Drugstore. (Photo courtesy Kitty Reed Costikyan and William Pratt.)

Miami University Gets Mac Reed Collection

(From Page 1)

Speaker at the March dedication was William Boozer of Nashville, editor of *The Faulkner Newsletter*, who presented slides and commentary on "Collecting Faulkner" at the Art Museum following the spring meeting of the Friends of the Libraries. Boozer offered items from his collection, including some rare photographs of Faulkner, to be exhibited the evening of his talk. A screening of *The Reivers* was given on the night of March 27, with commentary by Kitty Reed Costikyan's husband, Andrew Costikyan, a cinematographer who contributed special effects photography to the film, under the direction of Mark Rydell.

Miami University owns a life-sketch of Faulkner made by Murray Goldsborough, whose oil paintings of Faulkner adorn libraries at the University of Virginia and the University of Mississippi, where substantial collections of Faulkner books and manuscripts are kept. A letter signed by the artist states that Faulkner himself thought the sketch "a remarkable likeness." The sketch was seen in the Faulkner exhibit in the Miami Library, along with a photograph taken in 1947 by Kitty Reed Costikyan through the window of her father's drugstore, a profile of William Faulkner in his characteristic pose, smoking his pipe while he leaned against the window and looked out on the Courthouse and Square of Oxford.

(William Pratt is professor of English at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and a nephew of the late William McNeil (Mac) Reed. It was Professor Pratt, 1996-97 president of the Friends of Miami University Libraries, who brought the Mac Reed Faulkner Collection to the attention of the Friends organization.)

Chair of Faulkner Studies Is Funded

An anonymous donor has given the University of Mississippi \$660,000 to fund a Chair of Faulkner Studies in the College of Liberal Arts, Ole Miss Chancellor Robert C. Khayat has announced.

"We are thrilled to receive this generous gift," said Chancellor Khayat. "The donor expressed wishes to strengthen the heart of the University, which is the College of Liberal Arts and the library. Since William Faulkner — the greatest writer of the 20th century — lived in Oxford, I think it is most appropriate to have a chair in his name at this University.

"This gift to the Faulkner Chair is another indication that our alumni and friends are committed to assuring the excellence of our academic programs."

A professorship was first established on the Oxford campus to pay tribute to Faulkner with proceeds from the estate of Mary H. Howry, whose grandfather, Judge James Moorman Howry, was a co-founder of the University. Dr. Donald M. Kartiganer joined the University faculty in 1991 as the first holder of the Howry Professorship in Faulkner Studies in the Department of English.

Another major gift to the Howry-Faulkner Professorship came from the Otilie Schillig Trust under the direction of James T. Baird, trustee. Otilie Schillig was one of the daughters of Stephen Schillig, a founder of the Port Gibson Oil Works in 1882.

"A Faulkner Chair is especially valuable, given the central role that the study of William Faulkner and his work enjoys within the University," said Dr. Dale Abadie, dean of the College of Liberal Arts. "Over the years, the Department of English has developed a strong reputation in Southern literature and for the last 20 years the University has led the way in the study of the American South. It is fitting that an endowed Chair of Faulkner Studies should be housed within the University of Mississippi, where it will serve as a linchpin for an important area studies program and, at the same time, provide continuing recognition of the area's preeminent author."

Faulkner Honored for Greatness That Holds Up a Standard For Young Writers Everywhere

(Excerpted here are remarks by author Larry Brown of Oxford at the William Faulkner Centennial Celebration in Fulton Chapel at the University of Mississippi last September 25.)

By LARRY BROWN

It's sometimes hard to remember an actual reading experience when this much time has passed, but I knew when I was 16 years old that I had never seen anything like "The Bear." There was so much in there that touched me: the brooding wilderness and what it looked like, the quest for one dog that could bay and hold the great bear until the men could arrive with the guns, the steady encroaching of civilization into the wild place that the boy Ike McCaslin knew like the back of his hand, and the irrevocable changing of the landscape by what man calls progress, which to me then and still is now the saddest part of that story.

And just imagine, I thought: a man made up that story. I probably can't honestly say that I appreciated the story on the level I now appreciate it. Back then I had never written any stories or books of my own. I simply loved reading, loved a good story, loved to go to another world through pages and leave this one behind.

To me the true test of a piece of writing is a story that does not die in the mind, that is never forgotten, and the characters in the story are like people you have met in your life, who will be friends until like the preacher says death do you part.

That story lives on in my mind and Ike McCaslin still walks those woods, and the bear still roams, and the dogs still follow him.

I said earlier that he made it up, but that was not totally accurate. He had to know what a pack of hounds sounds like when they're all funneling down a ridge with a leaping buck ahead of them, and their cries and howls are echoing up and down the length of the woods, and he had to know about the buck's warm breath coming cloudlike into the cold air, and how incredibly fast he comes, and how hard it is to hit him on the run. He had to know about the fellowship of men in the woods, cooking and eating and drinking and playing cards in deer camp, and how quickly dark comes at the edge of a black slough in a river bottom when the dogs' voices are fading, going out of hearing.

It was about a simpler time of horses and mules and wagons, a time before bulldozers and four-wheelers invaded into the deepest reaches of the forest and stilled the cries of those Indian Hens. It was written like a legend or a myth and to me it is a legend and a myth, able to stir in a 46-year-old man the same feelings it invoked in a 16-year-old boy, timeless and not lessened or diminished by a span as long or as short as 30 years.

Since that time I've read the story again and again, and it never fails to hold a certain wonder for me, and in a large part because "The Bear" compelled me to start reading his other books, his other works, the stories and the novels that are known throughout the world.

In later years they became more than just great books to read; they became tools for learning how to create my own characters and settings. They taught me that the little touches are important in fiction, the slash of a cold rain on the face or the warble of a bird sitting on a springtime branch. They taught me determination and perseverance, to keep on writing in the face of constant failure.

His work is the solid proof of what one man can do as a writer if he is deeply committed to his craft and is willing to spend those thousands of days and nights alone with the work. He continues to hold up a standard for young writers everywhere, a greatness to aspire to, because every young writer has to have hope, has to have somebody to look up to

I thank him deeply for what he has done, and on this day, like everybody else in town today, I wish him a Happy Birthday.

Free Index

In celebration of the 100th anniversary of William Faulkner's birth, *The Faulkner Newsletter* would like to offer all subscribers a complimentary copy of the 1994 Index to the first 54 issues, published in the separately bound *Collected Issues* (August 1994). In U.S. or Canada send a self-addressed 9 x 12-inch manila envelope with 55 cents in U.S. postage stamps (overseas, send check or money order in the amount of \$1.50 to cover air mail postage), and we'll mail you your free Index (a \$12.50 value).

Studies of Faulkner, Morrison

(From Page 1)

Everyone wants to stay alive. What's the alternative? See, I prefer to prevail."

Brown, SJ, Joseph A. "A Cheer for the Weary Traveler: Toni Morrison, William Faulkner, and History." *The Mississippi Quarterly*, Vol. XLIX, No. 4 (Fall 1996), pp. 709-726. The essay is a part of a special issue of *MissQ* on "History and the African-American Voice," Donna Haisty Winchell, guest editor. Calling Morrison's *Song of Solomon* "her definitive meditation on history," Winchell writes in her Introduction that Father Brown, "by showing how situations in [*Song of Solomon*] are conscious variations on material in Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!*, builds a convincing case for his belief that the two novels offer two different views of history." In contrast to the tragic view of history in *Absalom, Absalom!* is the reverent one in *Song of Solomon*, Winchell goes on, and "in contrast to Quentin Compson's destructive encounters with the past are Milkman Dead's liberating ones."

Chappell, Charles. *Detective Dupin Reads William Faulkner: Solutions to Six Yoknapatawpha Mysteries*. Bethesda, MD: International Scholars Publications, 1997. In a novel approach for reading and understanding Faulkner's work, Professor Chappell, who teaches English at Hendrix College, has a fictional trio of literary sleuths tackle such "cases" as "The Furtive Memphis Lawyer in *Sanctuary*," and "Quentin Compson's Suicide Site in *The Sound and the Fury*." Chappell's insightful Holmesian narrator is Dr. Archibald Fulmer Watkins, an Arkansas ophthalmologist, whose premise is that a principal challenge in reading *Sanctuary* is "that of discovering all of the pieces of the narrative puzzle and then figuratively fitting them together so that they make sense. *Sanctuary* is similar to a traditional detective novel in that the readers of the book must attempt to participate in the solution to a mystery, or to several interlocking mysteries... Faulkner rarely supplies us with all of the facts that we need in order...to draw plausible conclusions." Watkins' fellow detectives are Caesar Augustus Dupree, a retired Memphis policeman and literary descendant of Edgar Allan Poe, Cesar Auguste Dupin, and Dr. Peter Edward Prefont, an English professor with a doctorate from Indiana University. Prefont comes to Dr. Watkins for treatment. He is losing sleep over unanswered questions from a Faulkner seminar for which he is not fully prepared. Watkins and Dupree help Prefont solve these "mysteries" with copious references to standard critical texts and scholarly articles. 363 pp. \$54.95.

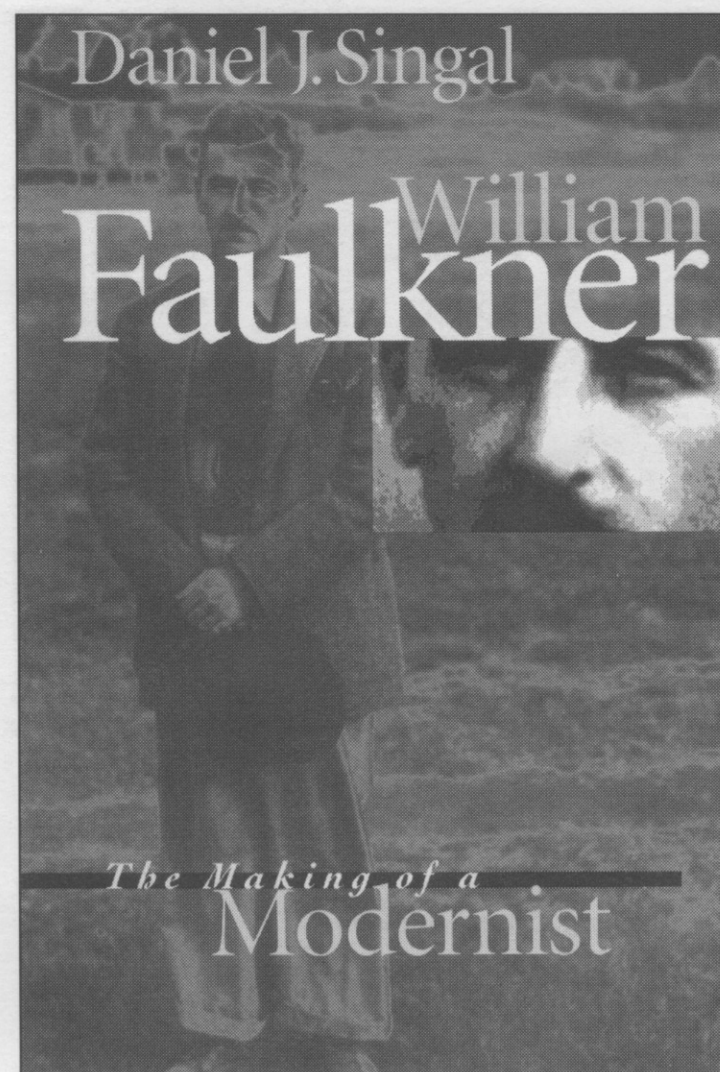
Faulkner, William. "The Homesick Letters of William Faulkner." Introduced by M. Thomas Inge. *The Oxford American*, Issue No. 18 (1997). Published here are 10 of 39 letters written by Faulkner during the 1940s

and 1950s to his wife, their daughter, and other family members. The 39 letters were recently acquired by the University of Virginia library. Four of the 10 letters from Hollywood now published for the first time in *The Oxford American* were written in November 1942, with the other six written mainly from the spring of 1944. Also featured in the 18th issue of the magazine are essays and articles on Faulkner by Padgett Powell, Donald Kartiganer, Diane Roberts, Randall Curb, Bern Keating and Oxford American editor Marc Smirnoff, interviews with Joseph Blotner, Shelby Foote and Howard Bahr, a 21 November 1948 letter from Vladimir Nabokov to Edmund Wilson critical of *Light in August* ("The book's pseudo-religious rhythm I simply cannot stand—a phony gloom..."), and a review by Fred Hobson of Daniel J. Singal's *William Faulkner: The Making of a Modernist*. *The Oxford American* is published in Oxford by John Grisham.

Godden, Richard. *Fictions of Labor: William Faulkner and the South's Long Revolution*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997. Published by the distinguished Cambridge Studies in American Literature and Culture, edited by Eric Sundquist, *Fictions of Labor* is an examination of Faulkner's representation of the structural paradoxes of labor dependency in the southern economy from the antebellum period through the New Deal. Using close textual analysis and historical contextualization, Godden looks at ways in which Faulkner's work rests on deeply submerged anxieties about the legacy of violently coercive relations in the American South. Richard Godden is Reader in American Studies at the University of Keele. His essays have appeared in *The Faulkner Journal*, *Literature and History* and *Journal of American Studies*. 288 pp. \$59.95.

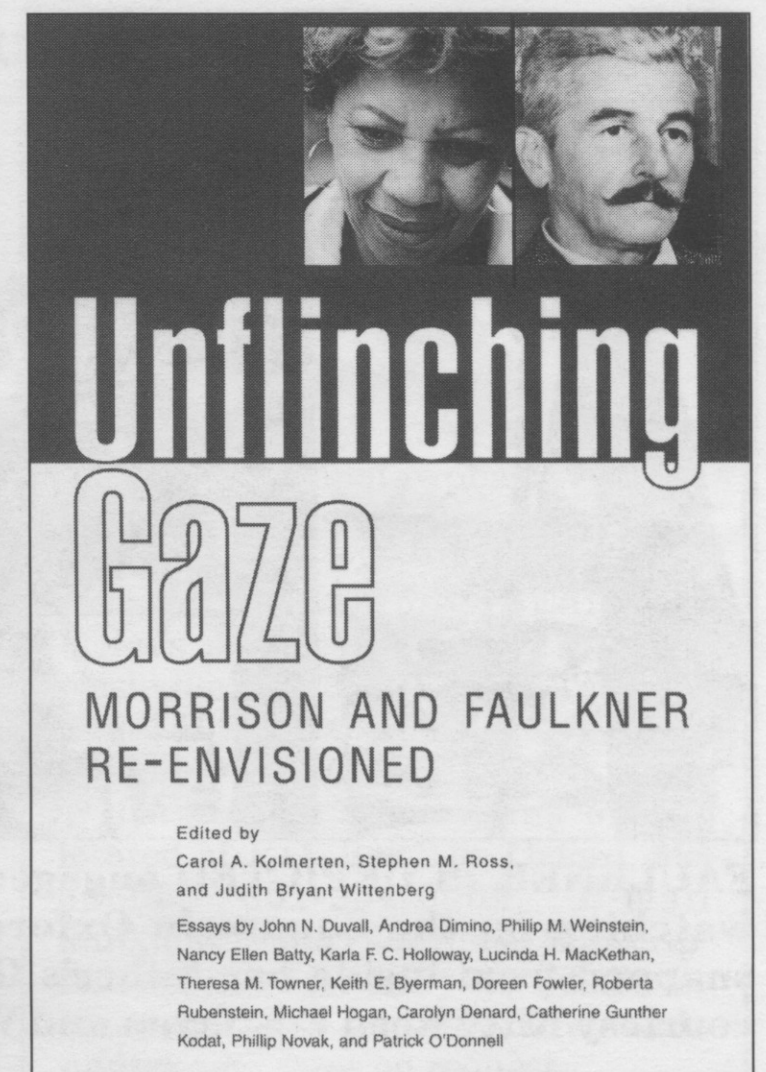
Singal, Daniel J. *William Faulkner: The Making of a Modernist*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. Major new study of Faulkner, published on the Sept. 25, 1997, centennial of the author's birth. "Perhaps no other major American writer would struggle as hard as Faulkner did to become a Modernist, fighting to overcome the claims of family and region," Singal writes. "His career would be spent gathering up the fragments of myth and culture that had been bequeathed to him in order to recast them into a workable identity that could withstand the new conditions of twentieth-century life and perhaps offer the possibility of heroic action. As with all Modernist quests, his struggle would fall short of success, but out of it would also come his greatest art." 357 pp. \$29.95.

Teaching Faulkner, Number 11 (Spring, Summer 1997). Robert W. Hamblin, editor; Charles A. Peek,



associate editor. Published by the Center for Faulkner Studies, South-east Missouri State University. Articles by Janice A. Powell, Robert Henningsen, and Rosemary Bradford Grant.

Unflinching Gaze: Morrison and Faulkner Re-Envisioned. Edited by Carol A. Kolmerten, Stephen M. Ross, and Judith Bryant Wittenberg. University Press of Mississippi, 1997. Essays by John N. Duvall, Carolyn Denard, Andrea Dimino, Philip M. Weinstein, Nancy Ellen Batty, Karla F.C. Holloway, Lucinda H. MacKethan, Theresa M. Towner, Keith E. Byerman, Doreen Fowler, Roberta Rubenstein, Michael Hogan, Catherine Gunther Kodat, Phillip Novak and Patrick O'Donnell. The original essays "explore the resonant intertextual relationship between the fiction of William Faulkner and Toni Morrison," the editors write. "Although the two writers are



separated by a generation as well as by differences of race, gender, and regional origin, a close critical examination of the creative dialogue between their oeuvres is both timely and appropriate." xv + 248 pp. \$45 cloth; \$18 softcover.

Dain Photos

The traveling exhibit, "Faulkner's World: The Photographs of Martin J. Dain," is available for a minimal charge to organizations in Appalachian states and in Mississippi, thanks to grants from the Mississippi Humanities Council and the Appalachian Regional Commission. For an informational flyer on the exhibit, contact Angela E. Griffin, Center for the Study of Southern Culture, University of Mississippi, e-mail at aegriffi@olemiss.edu, telephone 601-232-5743.

Advance Viewing of Statue (From Page 1)

still hidden under canvas and its escort of convicts in orange uniforms. A shopkeeper on the Square, thinking to get a laugh, shouted, "What's the matter? Is he drunk again?" Then he saw that there were family members present and began to mumble apologies. He needn't have apologized on Pappy's account. Some things never change.

I thought of what Irwin Shaw once said: "When you're dead, they've got you!"

The statue was positioned over the bolts set in concrete, in front of City Hall, then lowered into place. The convicts were allowed to take a cigarette break, while the sculptor accepted congratulations from those who had stopped to watch. A TV cameraman appeared and began filming. Amid all this activity I quietly said my goodbyes and turned away.

There Pappy sits, facing, as he once wrote of his own ancestor, the Old Colonel, the ramparts of infinity, destined to share his park bench with anyone who presumes to join him.

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