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Editor's Note: The following articles, evolving from a 1990 SCMLA session, are guest-edited by Michael P. Dean, of The University of Mississippi.

LIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS: CHANGE IN THE
WRITINGS OF MARK TWAIN, LAFCADIO HEARN,
WILLIAM FAULKNER, AND WALKER PERCY

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New Orleans has served as a creative mecca for writers and artists since its early days because it is uniquely unAmerican and exotic. A brief survey of the country suggests that there is some kind of energy operating in an obvious way in the eastern, midwestern, and western cities. Somehow, this energy appears as a progressive and often pragmatic spirit evident in individuals as well as institutions. According to Howard Mumford Jones in *The Age of Energy*, the American Civil War became the vehicle that ultimately separated the agrarian interests from the industrial interests and created the factory-and-product image by which the world has come to know the United States through much of this century.¹

This productive activity that the country values so highly has its roots deep in the Calvinist work ethic of seventeenth century New England. Secular work closely aligned to religious beliefs created an intense environment, one that dissipated over time because of slowly rising materialism. So it is not surprising that after its sons came South for the Civil War that interest in this very different region rose, and editors of eastern magazines and presses were placing stories and images before an eager public. In this spirit, Alfred Kazin observes that "The hallmark of Southern writing was open resistance to the illusion of unlimited progress."²

New Orleans offered the most provocative and unorthodox visions for reader and traveller alike. Here was a city at the end of one of the great rivers of the world and at the gate of Central and South America. Its citizens came from Spain, France, Africa, and the Caribbean. People from other distant places could be found there because of its

port. Tropical flowers, plants, and trees gave the atmosphere a lush and foreign aspect especially in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The weather was humid and warm, a sensuous combination. The architecture suggested a distant world in time and place. Roman Catholicism, practiced by most of the inhabitants, reflected intriguing elements: the past, the sacred, the profane, and the mysterious. The presence of Voodoo further distinguished local experience. A native music and cuisine completed the picture of an intoxicating, dream-like reality.

Writers for years have used travel as a catalyst to engage the senses and inspire the imagination. The history of English literature records the peripatetic romantic poets Shelley, Byron, and Keats, whose experiences in Italy marked their imaginations and affected their poetry. Travel alone can benefit a writer, just as at its simplest the movement from writing at the kitchen table amid the swirl of domestic activity to a quiet attic desk can increase artistic productivity. The place of travel can make substantial differences in the writer and the writing whether it be during gestation or birth, especially when the place is a palimpsest of life and art. For the English it was Italy, a place well behind the edge of raw change. For Americans in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century, the place was Paris, then the center of art and letters. For writers on this side of the Atlantic, Paris was not only far away, but it was costly getting there. New Orleans, so well publicized by the local color stories and the tales of returning veterans, seemed distant enough, and yet, close enough.

The literary tradition in New Orleans includes large numbers of visiting American writers, some coming for extended stays. Often the city allowed them to get outside themselves as a means of distinguishing their own artistic voices. Four among the many literary arrivals are Lafcadio Hearn and Mark Twain, who came in the nineteenth century, and William Faulkner and Walker Percy, who visited in the twentieth century. The sensuous atmosphere of the city certainly had its way with them, for New Orleans served as a catalyst to change them and their work. Specifically, their works from and after their presences in the city reflect the ministering touch of the tropical light characteristic of the climate and environment, a force that penetrates the surface of setting and character.

Earlier, Nathaniel Hawthorne in *The House of the Seven Gables* had recognized the presence and power of light as part of the creative energy when he wrote, "There is a wonderful insight in heaven's broad and simple sunshine. . . . While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth

that no painter would ever venture upon.”³ About another writer, Carol Schloss comments that “[Photographs] provided the light by which [he] understood his own creativity, his own humanity, and his lack of it.”⁴ If photographs with their indirect presence of light can affect the creative self, then it is not difficult to realize the impact the light of the sun might have on a writer. The soft morning and evening light with its Mediterranean glow against the pastel and white structures of New Orleans contrasts with the bright, almost hard light of noon. In the evening the moonlight and lamp light struggle for distinction in an intensely humid atmosphere that nearly refracts them into liquid shapes. This visually charged and exotic environment pressed its fingers into the clays of Twain, Hearn, Faulkner, and Percy.

From 1857 through 1861, Mark Twain trained and worked as a pilot aboard riverboats on the Mississippi. His travels took him to New Orleans, the first instance of travel to a place distinctively foreign to his experience. His earlier travel to New York certainly whetted his appetite for the possibilities of dramatically different places. He saw New Orleans as the edge of an exotic world and went there with the youthful intention of departing it for older and newer worlds; Twain records this notion in *Life on the Mississippi*:

I was in Cincinnati, and I set to work to map out a new career. I had been reading about the recent exploration of the Amazon by an expedition sent out by our government. It was said the expedition, owing to difficulties, had not thoroughly explored a part of the country lying about the headwaters, some four thousand miles from the mouth of the river. It was only about fifteen hundred miles from Cincinnati to New Orleans, where I could doubtless get a ship. I had thirty dollars left; I would go and complete the exploration of the Amazon.⁵

By the time Twain had departed Louisville, he had changed his plans from exploring the Amazon to piloting the Mississippi. As Twain recalls his youth, the prose has a dream-like quality. He recaptures the sense of excitement and adventure that he no doubt felt, but concurrent with this voyage and the many subsequent ones comes a more analytic language learned from the pilots, especially his mentor Horace Bixby. Twain observes, “Now when I had mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something,

too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry had gone out of the majestic river! I still kept in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me."⁶ Leo Marx comments that Twain fell under the same influences that evoked the majestic landscapes during his time.⁷

Twain's descriptions of New Orleans reflect the ambivalence of the acquired vision, one dominated by a reality not always observable and one tinged with the romanticism of the adventurer-story teller. His description of salt warehouses mixed with a fairy tale metaphor reveals this tendency:

The old brick salt warehouses clustered at the upper end of the city looked as they had always looked: warehouses which had a kind of Aladdin's lamp experience, however, since I had seen them: for when the war broke out the proprietor went to bed one night leaving them packed with thousands of bags of vulgar salt, worth a couple of dollars a sack, and got up in the morning and found his mountain of salt turned into a mountain of gold, so to speak, so suddenly and to so dizzy a height had the war news sent up the price of the article.⁸

Twain's views are sometimes markedly real: "The dust, waste-paper-littered, was still deep in the streets; the deep troughlike gutters along the curbstones were still half full of reposeful water with a dusty surface."⁹ And then from another aspect there is this lyrical display: "The finest thing we saw on our whole Mississippi trip, we saw as we approached New Orleans in the steam-tug. This was the curving frontage of the Crescent City lit up with the white glare of five miles of electric lights. It was a wonderful sight and very beautiful."¹⁰

The way one sees mattered to Twain. Another passage from *Life on the Mississippi* describing his seeing New Orleans through George Washington Cable's eyes suggests this and reinforces that double aspect of what is seen: "And you have a vivid sense as of unseen or dimly seen things --vivid, and yet fitful and darkling; you glimpse salient features, but lose the fine shades or catch them imperfectly through the vision of the imagination."¹¹

New Orleans both attracted and repelled Twain, and it is easy to find frequent evidence of his responses to the conditions, environment, and structures he observed there. The above ground tombs not only

gave him a fine opportunity to criticize local architecture, but they haunted him for many years as frequent allusions reveal. The city did not send Twain off to the Amazon, but it did whet his appetite for world-wide travels and gave him a frame in which to deal with the many exotic places he would visit. The alertness of a young man starting to discover the texture of his world has much to do with Twain's response to the light in New Orleans, even the spectacle of night light along the river, a scene that presented him with nearly constant lights flickering in the moving facets of the river's surface.

Another writer who came to New Orleans from Cincinnati was Lafcadio Hearn. Already a seasoned traveller, he spent his early years on the island of Santa Maura (Leucadia) in the Ionian Sea. He travelled to Ireland, England, and France for his education before coming to Cincinnati. There he developed a reputation as a particularly descriptive newspaper reporter with a specialty in writing powerful accounts of murder scenes. Although he had considerable success in this northern city, his vacationing in New Orleans during 1877 turned out to be his departure from Cincinnati. Yone Noguchi observed, "His Greek temperament and French culture became frost-bitten in the North."¹² In New Orleans Hearn continued his newspaper career with positions on the *Item* and later the *Times-Democrat*.

A matter of some relevance is how a childhood accident damaged Hearn's left eye with the result that his right eye enlarged over the years. How Hearn saw things was important to him as the titles of some of his prose sketches indicate: "What Is Light?" "As If Painted by Lightning," and "Light's Swiftmess." A fellow journalist described him "laboring" in poor light in the early hours of the morning to finish a piece of writing.¹³ A letter from Hearn, vacationing at Grand Isle, to Dr. Rudolph Matas offers very particular mention of the light: "At half past four I rise to bathe and to view the birth of the morning--the advent of the light, its blossoming." In the same correspondence, he also comments on the "beautiful topaz eye" of a garter snake.¹⁴ One should note the focus on a single eye of the serpent. All evidence from his prose suggests that he had some distortions in his vision that ultimately contributed to his having a nearly unique narrative style, one closely related to the painting styles of the Impressionists, a feature of which is, indeed, the play of light on a surface.

In New Orleans and at Grand Isle, Hearn found a light similar to that in the Mediterranean. His Creole sketches reflect his particular awareness of that element. In "Voices of the Dawn," he cites "the first liquid gold of sunrise."¹⁵ Hearn seems taken with color as a force

controlling if not influencing the environment. In "The Dawn of Carnival," he describes "blue day [putting] out at once the trembling tapers of the stars and the lights of the great ball."¹⁶ His novel *Chita* forms a tour de force of color and light. Below the marshlands he sees "the grand blaze of blue open water," "green knolls," "yellow white shells," and the "dawn redden[ing] up through a violet east." Hearn's use of color and light has a philosophical side, and the author intrudes upon the narrator of *Chita* by comparing the Gulf light with that of a West Indian sky, but he elaborates and makes distinctions:

And yet there is a tenderness of tint, a caress of color, in these Gulf days which is not of the Antilles--a spiritually, as of eternal tropical spring. It must have been to even such a sky that Xenophanes lifted up his eyes of old when he vowed the infinite blue was God;--it was indeed under such a sky that DeSoto named the vastest and grandest of Southern havens *Espiritu Santo* --the Bay of the Holy Ghost. There is something unutterable in this bright gulf air that compels awe--something vital, something holy, something pantheistic.¹⁷

Closely related to Hearn's interest in light and his disfigurement is his concern with gothic images, aberrations, and eccentricities. A Cincinnati colleague described Hearn as "the little, misshapen, repulsive looking creature [who] did great things."¹⁸ In coming to New Orleans Hearn seemed to revel in the variety of persons and his sketches begun in Cincinnati become less formal, with the narrator less detached. His descriptions in Cincinnati had been selective, so that the scenes of murders he recorded leaned to the dramatic. His descriptions in New Orleans continued to be selective, a technique that fosters distortion of images, but they also began to reveal impressionistic qualities. In "The Last of the Voodooos," Hearn pays particular attention to the pattern of ritual scars identifying Jean Montanet as a Senegalese prince. He dramatized the pirates stripping the dead victims of the hurricane in *Chita* : "Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe; but the delicate bone snaps easily: your oyster knife can sever the tendon."¹⁹ From such a narrowly focused event, Hearn shifts without effort to a broad, romantic canvas as the pirates flee: "Suddenly a long mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all: there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away."²⁰ One of the earliest writers to pay attention to the cuisine of the city, Hearn departed New Orleans after a decade for

Martinique, an island he described as a younger, fresher New Orleans and a place with an intense display of morning and evening light.

When William Faulkner came to New Orleans in 1925 from the hill country of northeastern Mississippi, he found in his own words that "New Orleans, the vieux carre, brooded in a faintly tarnished languor like an ageing yet still beautiful courtesan in a smokefilled room, avid yet weary too of ardent ways."²¹ This sensuous atmosphere stood in contrast to the august town of Oxford--where he lived--centered on a courthouse square with a Confederate monument surrounded by brick and wooden buildings little more than two stories high on each side. Oxford had enough history and myth to inspire a youngster's imagination but not enough appeal to keep him home.

Already Faulkner had travelled to Canada for training in the Royal Canadian Air Force and he had gone to New York, where he worked in Elizabeth Prall Anderson's bookstore. The Civil War and World War I continued to influence him, and he was struggling to leave the romanticism of Keats and Housman for Eliot and Modernism. So in this state he came to New Orleans, like the young Twain, to board a ship for foreign travel. After a six months stay in the city, he boarded a ship for a half year's sojourn in Europe. On his return he resided in New Orleans much of the time through late 1926. Faulkner was fortunate to find similar though not as intense literary support in the Sherwood Andersons and the *Double Dealer* group that he had earlier experienced with his fellow townsman Ben Wasson.

Something happened to Faulkner in New Orleans that affected his writing. Joseph Blotner portrays Faulkner in his biography as a writer experiencing intense growth;²² Panthea Reid Broughton argues that New Orleans freed him from the rural, provincial life of his youth;²³ and James Watson observes that it was the place where Faulkner learned "to use words."²⁴ All three have recognized in varying aspects the metamorphosis that Faulkner as a writer underwent while in the city. Yet all one has to do is examine a poem like "Lilacs," written before his arrival about 1918 and published in the *Double Dealer* in 1925 to see the writer groping and failing to break from an archaic romantic voice: "The dawn herself could not more beauty wear / Than you midst other women crowned in grace."²⁵ On the verso of one manuscript page of this poem Faulkner juxtaposed drawings of World War I airplanes with Pan and a nymph.²⁶ The awkwardness is still present in his 1924 sonnet "New Orleans," the source of his courtesan image for New Orleans sketches and *Mosquitoes*.

Not only did Faulkner begin to move into writing fiction during his New Orleans years with the sketches published in the *Times-Picayune* and his first two novels *Soldier's Pay* and *Mosquitoes*, but he began to find his own voice and vision. In the World War I novel *Soldier's Pay*, Faulkner, conscious of the light, begins to point the way toward the direct, long winding sentences of his later prose:

Outside the station in the twilight the city broke sharply its skyline against the winter evening and lights were shimmering birds on motionless golden wings, bell notes in arrested flight; ugly everywhere beneath a rumored retreating magic of color.²⁷

The long sentence suggests an inward search or at the very least the beginning of one, with the later result of his many layered fictions. In this passage the emphasis on light and contrasting images complements the extended, probing sentence. Faulkner creates a cinematic effect of the images in the continuity he gives them. When he writes "a rumored retreating magic of color," he reveals a growing self confidence.

The tension between romance and reality continues in *Mosquitoes*, as Faulkner reveals the sensuous atmosphere folding about him to give him another birth, this time as an artist. The passages evoke Hearn's impressionism:

The violet dusk held in soft suspension lights slow as bellstrokes, Jackson Square was now a green and quiet lake in which abode lights round as jellyfish, feathering with silver mimosa and pomegranate and hibiscus beneath which lantana and cannas bled and bled. Pontalba and cathedral were cut from black paper and pasted on a green sky; above them taller palms were fixed in black and soundless explosions.²⁸

* * * *

Two ferry boats passed and repassed like a pair of golden swans in a barren cycle of courtship. The shore and the river curved away in a dark embracing slumber to where a bank of tiny lights flickered and trembled, bodiless and far away.²⁹

Visually the texts overwhelm the reader and suggest that Faulkner was having an intense experience himself. Watson has already called attention to Faulkner's having written that Cezanne "dipped his brush in light."³⁰ The profusion of light and color in a liquid coherence reflects the humid environment somehow becoming static in the image of the silhouette-like Pontalba, Cathedral, and palms black against the green sky. Even the hard line of the river succumbs to the "tiny lights."

By 1935, after Faulkner had published *The Sound and the Fury* and nearly finished writing *Absalom, Absalom!*,¹ he had truly become more closely aligned with the disengaged and alienated Modernism of Eliot. Faulkner's novel *Pylon* reflects the shift as he goes back to New Orleans after the arrival of the airplane and the building of an airport. In this passage, indicative of the expanded visual vocabulary and power gained in New Orleans, Faulkner uses a reporter to describe the city framed in the windows of a speeding taxicab:

[He could] still see the city, the glare of it, no further away; if he were moving, regardless at what traffic speed and in what loneliness, so was it paralleling him. He was not escaping it; symbolic and encompassing, it outlay all gasoline spanned distances and all clock or sun stipulated destinations. It would be there--the eternal smell of the coffee the sugar the hemp sweating slow iron plates above the forked deliberate brown water and lost lost lost all ultimate blue of latitude and horizon . . . tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow; not only not to hope, not even to wait: just to endure.³¹

With his citation of the empty blue sky, the allusion to Shakespeare's "petty pace," and the use of the phrase "to endure" that would become part of his Nobel Address fifteen years later, Faulkner reveals himself at mid-passage in the context of a changed New Orleans, and a changed self.

To this New Orleans-in-the-Modern-condition came another traveller from Mississippi, Walker Percy, who was reared in Greenville, the center of the storied Delta country. For Delta residents New Orleans has traditionally been a familiar place for shopping and entertainment, so for Percy it did not have the entangling allure that overwhelmed Hearn and Faulkner. Percy was married in New Orleans in 1946³² and lived in an uptown neighborhood for a time. It was here that he

converted from the Baptist faith to Roman Catholicism. If his personal life changed through his experiences here, one can say with confidence that his artistic life also shifted. His early training in science and medicine expanded through the intense reading and thinking occasioned some years before during a sustained illness to include philosophy, theology, and language. In New Orleans Percy began his literary career. Linda Hobson observes that he was working on a 1,100 page novel, *The Charthouse*, and another called *The Gramercy*, both of which were never published.³³ In 1950 he moved to nearby Covington; shorter works, including articles and reviews, began to appear in print. Percy did not enter the national literary scene until 1961 when Knopf published his novel *The Moviegoer*.

The Moviegoer brings him back to New Orleans, although it is obvious that in the intervening years he had never been physically that far away. Percy places the old social and family structures at odds with the need to change. There is, indeed, some question about breaking out of old molds to live a life. Binx Bolling, the central character, calls this process of avoiding the despair and everydayness of modern life the "search." In this word Percy brings together his scientific and humanistic concerns for the first time in a major publication.

Like Hearn, Percy contemplated the nature of New Orleans and its metaphorical possibilities. In an essay published later Percy discussed the image of the city as an island.³⁴ In *The Moviegoer* he develops an extraordinary example of self-consciousness through Binx's need to see the city in the films and to focus upon himself more clearly in that context; he calls this "certification."³⁵ Percy's having known the city intimately makes the novel work both as story and as essay, especially his knowledge of the class structure from the old line families in the Garden District to middle class and working ones in Gentilly.

The light of the city touched Percy, too. In uptown the sky and its light are not visible because of the great trees--he is almost allegorical in this distinction, but in Gentilly there is light--a supreme irony, perhaps, given its middle class milieu:

Evening is the best time in Gentilly. There are not so many trees and the buildings are low and the world is all sky. The sky is a deep bright ocean full of light and life. A mare's tail of cirrus cloud stands in high from the Gulf. High above the lake a broken vee of ibises points for the marshes; they go suddenly white as they fly into the tilting salient of sunlight.³⁶

If search is another word for quest, then to some extent the romantic imagery in this passage has an explanation, a writer opening up the possibilities of trees, sky, clouds, light, and birds, in effect opening himself.

Sixteen years later Percy came back to New Orleans in the 1977 novel *Lancelot*. He moved from a search to a confession with the subject and treatment being considerably darker and more hard edged, but not without humor:

New Orleans! Not a bad place to spend a year in prison-- except in summer. Imagine being locked up in Birmingham or Memphis. What is it I can smell, even from here, as if the city had a soul and the soul exhaled an effluvium all its own? I can't quite name it. A certain vital decay? A lively fetor? Whenever I think of New Orleans away from New Orleans, I think of rotting fish on the sidewalk and good times inside.³⁷

For Percy New Orleans remained a fertile part of his literary imagination, a barometer of change, a place, a world, where redemption was possible because of the bright sky above the dark trees and the affirmation in *Lancelot's* "yes" at the close of the novel.³⁸

Mark Twain, Lafcadio Hearn, William Faulkner, and Walker Percy found New Orleans to be an ambivalent muse, with eyes moving slowly enough to reflect an image with some precision and yet fast enough to remind them that she was of a changing world. The city seems to have had more of an appeal to and an effect on writers in their youth or those in the beginnings of their careers. For most writers it has been a place of finding their voices and visions before moving on to the rest of their lives and literary careers, in effect, a digression from the energy and superficial intensity of American culture. Twain went on to fiction and the patterns of light and dark that chart the course of *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Hearn, after seeking the tropical light of the Caribbean, ultimately journeyed to Japan where he found personal acceptance and developed a simpler, more direct prose style under the influence of Japanese writing. Faulkner returned to Oxford and Lafayette County, made them his own in the fictional Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha, and wrote fiction with intense visual images like those in *The Sound and the Fury*. Percy from his Covington home seemed to have found an environment that allowed him to reach beyond it for

the stories that sprang from his ideas and for the conflicts that lay between the light and the dark. In the light that all experienced, the light in New Orleans, these writers learned how to see into themselves, the light entering their writing and providing vision for their readers.

Notes

1 Howard Mumford Jones, *The Age of Energy: Varieties of American Experience, 1865-1915* (New York, 1971), pp. 102-104.

2 Alfred Kazin, *A Writer's America: Landscape in Literature* (New York, 1988), p. 143.

3 Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The House of the Seven Gables* (New York, 1950), p. 93.

4 Carol Schloss, *In Visible Light: Photography and the American Writer, 1840-1910* (New York, 1987), p. 15.

5 Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi* (New York, 1917), p. 38.

6 Twain, p. 78.

7 Leo Marx, *The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America* (New York, 1964), p. 322.

8 Twain, pp. 339-340.

9 Twain, p. 340.

10 Twain, pp. 403-404.

11 Twain, p. 355.

12 Yone Noguchi, quoted in Yoshinobu Hakutani, "Lafcadio Hearn," in *American Short Story Writers: Dictionary of Literary Biography*, ed. Bobby Ellen Kimbel (Detroit, 1989), p. 222.

13 John Kendall, "Lafcadio Hearn in New Orleans," *Double Dealer*, 3 (May 1922), 235.

14 Lafcadio Hearn, Letter to Dr. Rudolph Matas, 11 July 1886, in Lafcadio Hearn Collection, Tulane University Library, New Orleans.

15 Lafcadio Hearn, *The Selected Writings of Lafcadio Hearn*, ed. Henry Goodman (New York, 1971), p. 268.

- 16 Hearn, p. 264.
- 17 Hearn, p. 141.
- 18 Kendall, p. 235.
- 19 Hearn, p. 153.
- 20 Hearn, p. 153.
- 21 William Faulkner, *Mosquitoes* (New York, 1970), p. 10.
- 22 Joseph Blotner, *Faulkner: A Biography* (New York, 1984), pp. 126-147.
- 23 Panthea Reid Broughton, "Faulkner's Cubist Novels," in *A Cosmos of My Own*, ed. Doreen Fowler and Ann Abadie (Jackson, 1981), pp. 59-94.
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- 25 Judith L. Sensibar, *The Origins of Faulkner's Art* (Austin, 1984), p. 68.
- 26 Louis Daniel Brodsky, *Selections from the William Faulkner Collection of Louis Daniel Brodsky: A Descriptive Catalogue*, ed. Robert W. Hamblin (Charlottesville, 1979), p. 28.
- 27 William Faulkner, *Soldier's Pay* (New York, 1970), p. 22.
- 28 Faulkner, *Mosquitoes*, pp. 14-15.
- 29 Faulkner, *Mosquitoes*, p. 53.
- 30 Watson, p. 57.
- 31 William Faulkner, *Pylon* (New York, 1967), pp. 170-171.
- 32 John Edward Hardy, *The Fiction of Walker Percy* (Urbana and Chicago, 1981), p. 3.
- 33 Linda Hobson, *Understanding Walker Percy* (Columbia, S. C., 1988), p. 6.
- 34 Walker Percy, "New Orleans, Mon Amour," *Harpers*, September 1968, p. 80.
- 35 Walker Percy, *The Moviegoer* (New York, 1961), p. 63.

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³⁶ Percy, *The Moviegoer*, p. 73.

³⁷ Walker Percy, *Lancelot* (New York, 1977), p. 22.

³⁸ Percy, *Lancelot*, p. 257.