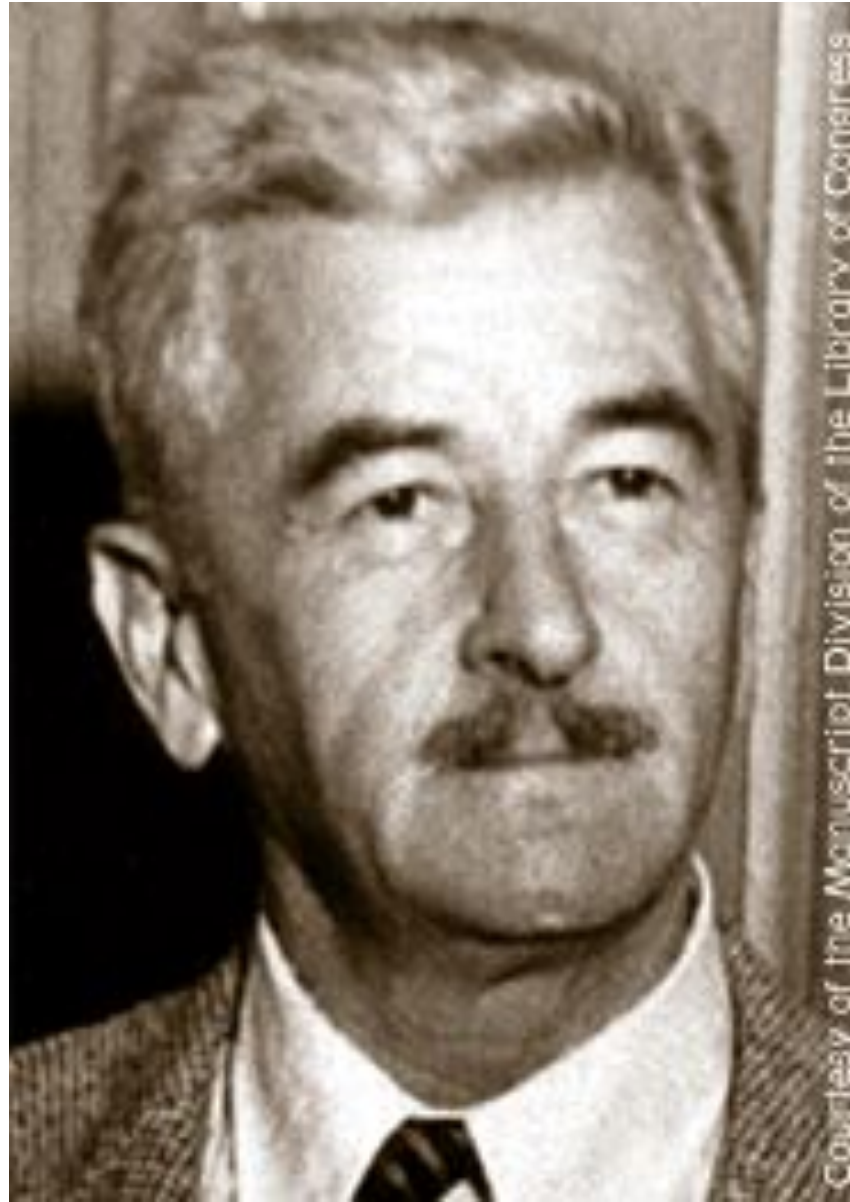
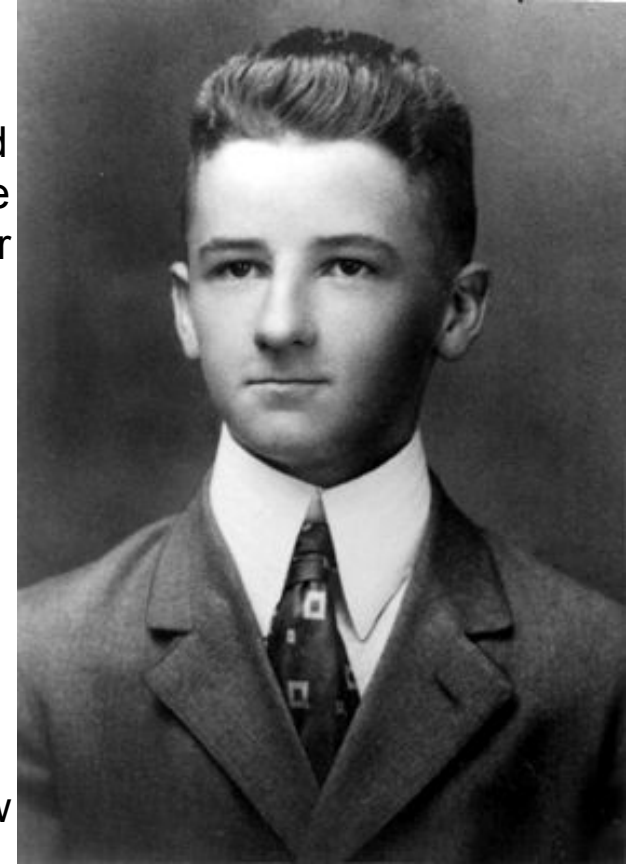


William Faulkner

1897-1962



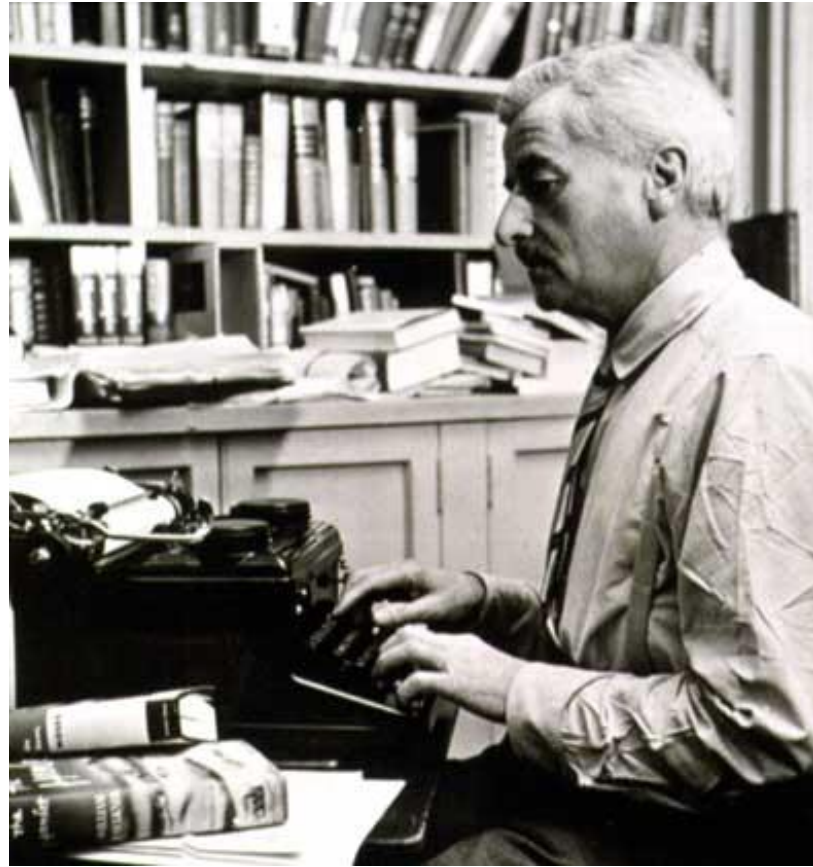
was born in New Albany, Mississippi, the first of four sons of Murry Cuthbert Falkner (August 17, 1870 – August 7, 1932) and Maud Butler (November 27, 1871 – October 19, 1960). He had three younger brothers: Murry Charles "Jack" Falkner (June 26, 1899 – December 24, 1975), author John Falkner (September 24, 1901 – March 28, 1963), and Dean Swift Falkner (August 15, 1907 – November 10, 1935). Soon after his first birthday, his family moved to [Ripley, Mississippi](#). Faulkner was born in New Albany, Mississippi, the first of four sons of Murry Cuthbert Falkner (August 17, 1870 – August 7, 1932) and Maud Butler (November 27, 1871 – October 19, 1960). He had three younger brothers: Murry Charles "Jack" Falkner (June 26, 1899 – December 24, 1975), author John Falkner (September 24, 1901 – March 28, 1963), and Dean Swift Falkner (August 15, 1907 – November 10, 1935). Soon after his first birthday, his family moved to Ripley, Mississippi, where his father worked as the treasurer for the family-owned Gulf & Chicago Railroad Company. Murry hoped to inherit the railroad from his father, John Wesley Thompson Falkner, but John had little confidence in Murry's ability to run a business and sold it for \$75,000. Following the sale of the railroad business, Murry became disappointed and planned a new start for his family by moving to Texas and becoming a rancher. Maud, however, disagreed with this proposition, and it was decided that they would move to [Oxford, Mississippi](#), where Murry's father owned several businesses, making it easy for Murry to find work. Thus,



His Permanent Record

<p>PARENTS OR GUARDIANS PLEASE READ</p> <p>If a pupil receives P, F, or M on any subject, it should be made a matter of immediate inquiry. Possibly it is to be attributed to lack of study, to too many outside engagements, irregularities in attendance or to some cause which may be removed.</p> <p>If parents would show their interest in the child and the school by occasional visits to the school it would prove a great source of inspiration and help to both pupil and teacher.</p> <p>Your hearty co-operation is solicited to the endeavor to secure the best development of your child.</p> <p><i>E. V. Bicknapp</i> Teacher</p>	<p>Oxford Graded Schools</p> <hr/> <p>MONTHLY, TERM AND ANNUAL REPORT</p> <p>of <i>William Falkner</i></p> <p><i>Seventh</i> Grade: _____ Dist. _____</p> <p>for the School Year <i>1911-1912</i></p> <p><i>Kitty H. Bogard</i> Teacher.</p>
<p>ESPECIALLY GOOD IN { _____</p> <p>ESPECIALLY POOR IN { _____</p>	<p>Parent or Guardian is requested to examine this report carefully, each page, and to acknowledge its receipt by signing below. Kindly return at once.</p> <p>SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN</p>
<p>CERTIFICATE OF PROMOTION</p> <p>I CERTIFY THAT <i>William Falkner</i></p> <p>IS ELIGIBLE TO PROMOTION TO <i>III</i> Grade</p> <p><i>Kitty Bogard</i> _____ TEACHER</p>	<p>SEPTEMBER <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>OCTOBER <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>NOVEMBER <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>DECEMBER <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>JANUARY <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>FEBRUARY <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>MARCH <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>APRIL <i>Mrs. M. C. Falkner</i></p> <p>MAY _____</p>





Faulkner in Hollywood



Faulkner on As I Lay Dying

I set out deliberately to write a tour-de-force. Before I ever put pen to paper and set down the first words I knew what the last word would be...Before I began I said, I am going to write a book by which, at a pinch, I can stand or fall if I never touch ink again.

25th Oct 1929

As I Lay Dying

Dan!

Jewel and I come up from the field, following the path in single file. ~~August watches us from the cotton house~~
~~corner~~ Although I am 15' tall and of lime, August watches us from the cotton house corner. Jewel's head
and broken straw hat a full head above my own.

The path runs straight as a plumb line, worn smooth and baked brick-red by July, between the green rows
of laid-by cotton, to the cotton house in the center of the field, where it turns and circles the cotton house at
45° right angles and so on in across the field again, worn so by feet in footstep ~~generations~~ precision.

The cotton house is of rough logs, from ~~between~~ where the chimney has fallen. Square, with a broken roof
set at a single pile's, it leans in empty and ~~empty~~ ~~shimmering~~ ~~empty~~ dizzy dilapidation in the sunlight,
a single big window in two opposite walls giving into the ~~path~~ openness of the path. When we reach
it I turn and follow the path which circles the house. Jewel, 15' tall behind me, looking straight ahead,
steps ~~on the~~ in a single stride than the window. Still staring straight ahead, his pale eyes like waves.

A reproduction of the first manuscript page of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*,
actual size (marginal note has been turned). By courtesy of Saxe Commins
of Random House

I don't care much for facts, am not much interested in them, you can't stand a fact up, you've got to prop it up, and when you move to one side a little and look at it from that angle, it's not thick enough to cast a shadow in that direction.

— William Faulkner

Requiem for a Nun

The past is never dead. It's not even past.

Nobel Acceptance Speech

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed — love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Julia K.W. Baker

[Referring to *The Sound and the Fury*] That novel, too difficult in technique to become popular, is one of the finest pieces of tragic writing yet done in America. It has its faults, but they are minor. Its merit is major, for it is a novel of terrific intensity. Mr. Faulkner's new novel, *As I Lay Dying*, is a worthy companion piece to *The Sound and the Fury*.

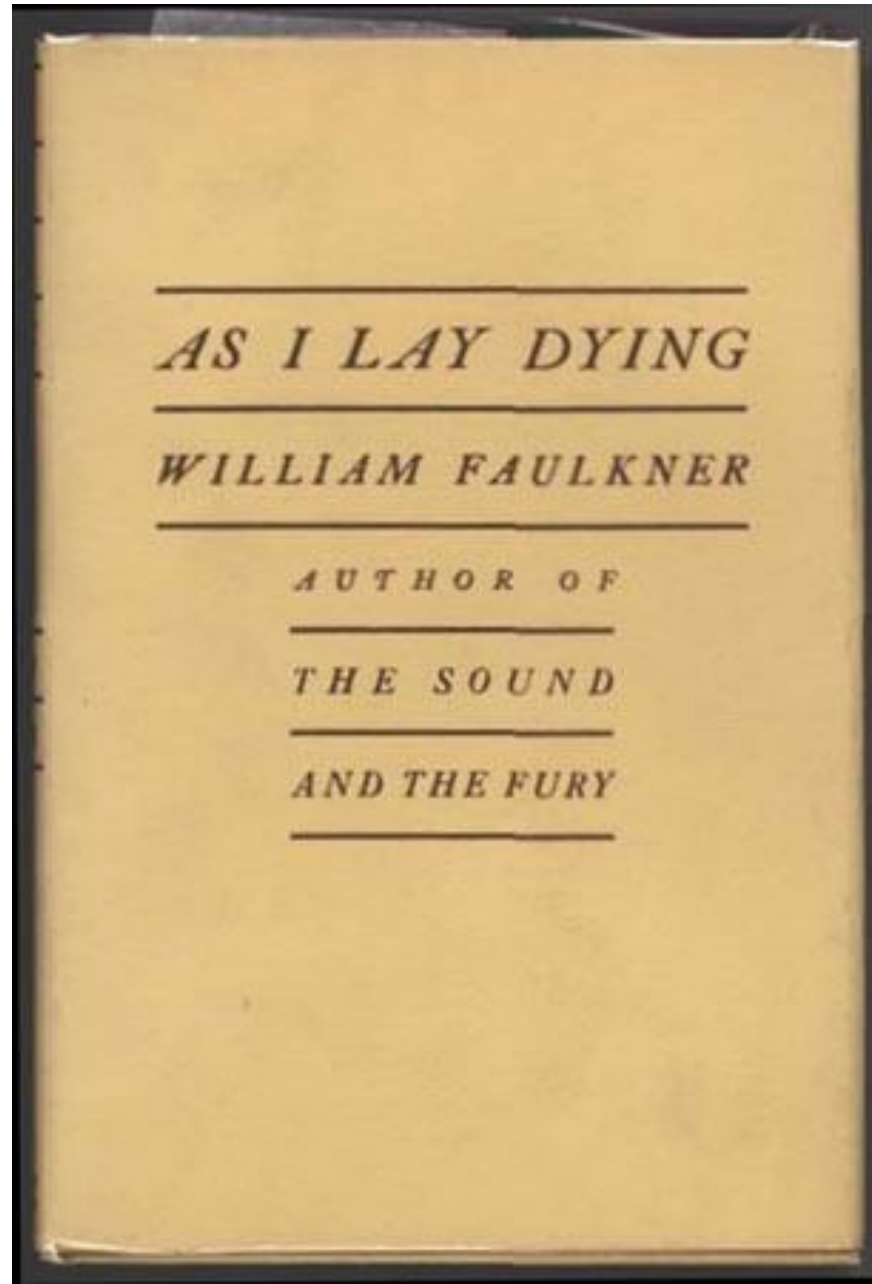
Clifton Fadiman

Frequently the intelligent reader can grasp the newer literary anarchies only by an effort of analytical attention so strained that it fatigues and dulls his emotions. He is so occupied in being a detective that by the time he has to his own satisfaction clarified the artist's intentions and technique he is too worn out to feel anything further. This is why the Joycean method of discontinuity has been entirely successful only when applied to materials of Joycean proportions. For it is obvious that if the theme is sufficiently profound, the characters sufficiently extraordinary, the plot sufficiently powerful, the reader is bound to absorb some of all this despite the strain on his attention. But if after an interval of puzzle-solving, it dawns upon him that the action and characters are minuscular, he is likely to throw the book away in irritation. This analysis has taken too long for the synthesis to be worth the trouble.

M.C. Dawson

The method Mr. Faulkner used in his last novel, *The Sound and the Fury*, is here greatly modified, so that though something of that extraordinary madness hangs like a red mist over it, the lines of demarcation are mercifully clear. This is a great concession and a boon to people who are ready to weep with exhaustion from the effort to interpret and absorb what might be called a sort of photographic mysticism. But even so it cannot be said that for such readers *As I Lay Dying* will prove much of a picnic. Parts of it are written with that tense, defiant obscureness, the self-sufficient dislocation of thought which withdraws itself from facile understanding; and other passages, clear in themselves, are absolutely unhinged from the point of view of the character whose mind they expose and whose impressionistic portrait they seem to contradict.

First Edition



AS I LAY DYING

WILLIAM FAULKNER

AUTHOR OF

THE SOUND

AND THE FURY
