

P.

MEMORANDUM

Fill  
October

DATE: JULY 5, 1994

TO: PATTI SOLIS

FROM: ANN STOCK AS

RE: PEN/Faulkner Gala October 3, 1994

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I just received the attached from Barbara Pryor. Please handle ASAP. Last year they were put off for a long time and when they finally received a regret letter from Presidential Scheduling, it was sent to Congressman and Mrs. Pryor.

S

DAVID PRYOR  
ARKANSAS

RUSSELL SENATE OFFICE BUILDING  
WASHINGTON, DC 20510  
(202) 224-2353

ARKANSAS OFFICE  
3030 FEDERAL BUILDING  
LITTLE ROCK, AR 72201  
(501) 324-6336

## United States Senate

WASHINGTON, DC 20510-0402

COMMITTEES  
AGRICULTURE, NUTRITION, AND  
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GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS  
SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON AGING

June 29, 1994

The President and Mrs. Clinton  
The White House  
Washington, D.C. 20500  
Attention: Ann Stock

Dear Mr. President and Mrs. Clinton:

For the past several years, Barbara Pryor has had the opportunity to serve as a co-chair for the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction. This annual PEN/Faulkner gala celebration will be on Monday, October 3, 1994, at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. The program for this black-tie evening will include a reception and readings by various American writers followed by dinner.

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction each year honors the best published works of fiction by contemporary American writers. Named for William Faulkner, who used his Nobel Prize funds to support and encourage other writers, the PEN/Faulkner Award was founded by writers to honor their peers. Five nominees are selected by award judges who have read a wide selection of American fiction published annually. The designated winner receives \$7,500 and the other four writers \$2,500 each, at a ceremony held each fall at the Folger Shakespeare Library. Support for the award is raised by special events, gifts, grants, and proceeds from readings which are given by the authors.

Last year, I believe there was some confusion concerning your invitation. This is truly a wonderful event we think you would enjoy a great deal. Barbara and I would be honored for you to attend this year's event benefiting the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction.

Many thanks for your consideration.

Sincerely,

David

David Pryor

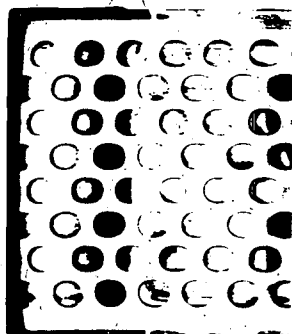
We think you would  
really like this evening -  
especially the readings by  
the authors. Roger Mudd is  
the M.C. Hope you'll look at it -



DAVID PRYOR  
ARKANSAS

dear Ann -

I visited with Carolyn  
Peachy and she suggested the  
letter about PEN/Faulkner.  
It's such a wonderful non-  
political event, I know the  
Clintons would enjoy it -  
Looking forward to our  
Burger lunch - Let's set it up!  
LOVE - BARBARA



### "Obsession"

The PEN Faulkner Award for Fiction Gala  
The Folger Shakespeare Library

\_\_\_\_ We would like to request \_\_\_\_ tickets for the Gala dinner at \$350  
per person. (The tax deductible portion of your contribution is \$300  
per ticket.)

\_\_\_\_ We will be unable to attend but wish to contribute \$ \_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

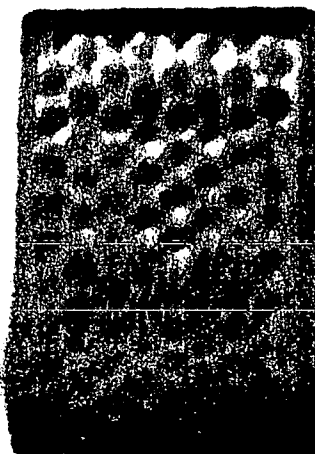
Telephone (daytime) \_\_\_\_\_ (evening) \_\_\_\_\_

Please make checks payable to the PEN Faulkner Gala. All contributions are  
tax deductible according to applicable Federal tax laws.

Please list guests on reverse side.

For further information call (202) 636-8745.

The PEN Faulkner Award for Fiction Gala  
11 Quincy Place, N.E.  
Washington, D.C. 20002



My Our guests will be



## PEN/FAULKNER

AWARD FOR FICTION

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction each year honors the best published works of fiction by contemporary American writers. Named for William Faulkner, who used his Nobel Prize funds to support and encourage other writers, the PEN/Faulkner Award was founded by writers to honor their peers. Award judges read widely among the books of American fiction published annually in order to select five nominees. The designated winner receives \$15,000 and the other four writers \$5,000 each, at a ceremony held each May at the Folger Shakespeare Library. Support of the award is raised by special events, gifts, grants and the proceeds from readings which are given by the authors for the award fund.

The PEN/Faulkner Foundation's activities of outreach to the Washington community include joint sponsorship with the D.C. Commission on the Arts and Humanities of the annual Larry Neal Awards for Washington writers, and the Writers in Schools Project. This project, funded by the D.C. Commission, the Eugene and Agnes E. Meyer Foundation, and the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, places noted authors in D.C. public high schools to discuss their writing with students who are studying their work.

Susan Mary Alsop  
Senator Max Baucus and  
Dr. Wanda Baucus  
Joan Bingham  
Senator and Mrs. Bill Bradley  
Rita Braver and Robert Barnett  
Constance and Thomas Bruce  
Ann Buchwald  
Senator and Mrs. Thad Cochran  
Catherine M. Conover  
Senator John C. Danforth  
Katharine Graham  
Mary and Donald E. Graham  
Meg Greenfield

Sally Danforth, Barbara Pryor, Susan Richards Shreve,  
Elizabeth Stevens, Roger L. Stevens  
Co-Chairmen

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Eden and Jerry Rafshoon  
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Wren and Tim Wirth  
Catherine Wyler and Richard Ryr

Sally Danforth, Barbara Pryor, Susan Richards Shreve,  
Elizabeth Stevens, Roger L. Stevens  
Co-Chairmen

The Benefit Committee

The Board of Directors

request the pleasure of your company at

**"Obsession"**

A Gala Celebration  
to benefit

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction

with readings by

Louis Begley David Bradley Robert Olen Butler Thomas Flanagan  
Ernest Gaines Barry Hannah Elizabeth Hardwick Maureen Howard Jayne Anne Phillips  
George Plimpton Francine Prose Vikram Seth Mary Lee Settle Ntozake Shange  
Elizabeth Spencer Scott Spencer Wendy Wasserstein

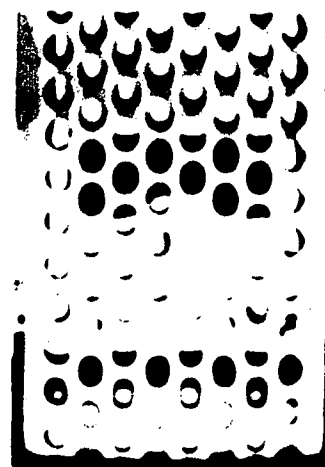
Master of Ceremonies  
Roger Mudd

Monday, October 4, 1993  
The Folger Shakespeare Library  
201 East Capitol Street, S.E.  
Washington, D.C.

d enclosed

This evening is made possible by Ford Motor Company

6:30 p.m. Reception  
7:30 p.m. Readings  
8:30 p.m. Dinner



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 tectural elements above columns.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

1533

On a strange beach under a broken sky.  
 O not departure, but a voyage done!  
 The bales stand on the stone; the anchor weeps

Its red rust downward, and the long vine creeps  
 Beside the salt herb, in the lengthening sun.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see.

25

1954

Night

The cold remote islands  
 And the blue estuaries  
 Where what breathes, breathes  
 The restless wind of the inlets,  
 And what drinks, drinks  
 The incoming tide;

5

Where shell and weed  
 Wait upon the salt wash of the sea,  
 And the clear nights of stars  
 Swing their lights westward  
 To set behind the land;

10

Where the pulse clinging to the rocks  
 Renews itself forever;  
 Where, again on cloudless nights,  
 The water reflects  
 The firmament's partial setting;

15

—O remember  
 In your narrowing dark hours  
 That more things move  
 Than blood in the heart.

20

1968

WILLIAM FAULKNER

1897-1962

William Faulkner was simultaneously the most original and the most assimilative writer of his day. In each of the novels he published between 1929 and 1936 it seemed as though fiction were being reinvented. He wrote about childhood, families, sex, race, obsessions, time, the past, his native South, and the modern world. He spoke in the voices of characters ranging from sages to children, criminals, the



book. He developed, beyond this piece, urgent, intense, highly rhetorical in an attempt to represent time. He went deep into the mind of the entire southern county and its people, their readers.

At Oxford, where his parents moved when he was a local legend: a colonel in the military, politician, writer, and public figure. He was born in 1899; Faulkner's grandfather and his father worked first for the business manager of the University of Mississippi. He loved to hunt, drink, and swap stories. He was intelligent, sensitive, and literary, was the favorite of four sons. In Faulkner's family, she was a high-spirited, independent woman. In 1907 she seems to have scarred the family. In *The Sound and the Fury* the grandmother's death and grandmother, like Faulkner's grand-

...cellent student, but he lost interest and dropped out of high school in 1915. In the year (1919–20) as a special student. In his early connections, various jobs were common and increasingly motivated to leave high school love, married someone in New Haven where his best friend was a law school; from there he enlisted in the army and went to Canada to train. World War I was when he returned to Oxford in 1918 with a war wound.

...black sheep of the family, drifting away from literary ambitions by writing poetry. He was a Victorian, and Edwardian modes of writing. He added. He published a volume of poetry. He went to New Orleans where, for a while, he met people: Sherwood Anderson was a friend; he encouraged Faulkner to write, and to use his region for material. He was in New Orleans, and Anderson died; it appeared in 1926. He also wrote *Double Dealer* and the newspaper. The experimental writing of James Joyce had his vision still further by a trip to Europe. He lived in Paris (but did not stay long), through Italy, France, and England. He wanted to settle down and begin his career. He was divorced and had returned to a ruined mansion, Rowan Oak, in Oxford. A daughter born in 1931 died in 1933.

...means intellectuals called *Mosquitos* to shape with his rejected novel *Flags* that appeared in 1929 as *Sartoris*. In

this work Faulkner focused on the interconnections between a prominent southern family and the local community: the Sartoris family as well as many other characters introduced were to appear in later works, and the region, renamed Yoknapatawpha County, was to become the locale of Faulkner's imaginative world. But the social and historical emphasis in *Sartoris* was not followed up in the works Faulkner wrote next. *The Sound and the Fury* (1929)—Faulkner's favorite novel—and *As I Lay Dying* (1930) were dramatically experimental attempts to represent the most private parts of an individual's life.

*The Sound and the Fury* tells a story of grief and loss. It is in four sections, each with a different narrator, each supplying a different piece of the plot. Three of the narrators are brothers: Benjy, the idiot; Quentin, the suicide; and Jason, the business failure. Each of them, for different reasons, mourns the loss of their sister Caddie. While the story moves out to the disintegration of the old southern family to which these brothers belong, its focus is on the private obsessions of the brothers, and it invents an entirely different style for each narrator. Only the last section, told from a traditionally omniscient point of view, provides a sequential narration; the other three jump freely in time and space. *As I Lay Dying* is a similar patchwork narrative, also focused on a loss, the death of a mother. The story moves forward in chronological time as the "poor white" family takes the body to the town of Jefferson for burial. Its narration is divided into fifty-nine sections of interior monologue by fifteen characters, each with a different perception of the action and a different way of relating to reality. The events of the journey are comic and horrifying, grotesque and poignant—but, lacking a narrator, the novel forces the reader to respond without the buffer of mediating commentary.

As might be imagined, neither of these astonishing books drew a very wide audience. At this time, however, Faulkner was also selling short stories to national magazines, stories which introduced and familiarized his techniques and his repeated cast of characters to a public that was then able to make better sense of his longer and more difficult works of fiction. But while Faulkner was waiting for this audience to develop, the income from sale of short fiction did not meet his financial needs; in a cynical mood he devised a sensational work about sex, gangsters, official corruption, and urban violence, called *Sanctuary*. Even in the toned-down version that he allowed to be published (after carrying out major revisions for which he bore the increased printer's costs himself), the novel was sordid enough to attract attention and make some money for him. It appeared in 1931, and took its place among a great deal of "hard-boiled" fiction which appeared in the decade, notably by such authors as Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. Another, more permanent means of earning money was writing for the movies. During four different intervals—from 1932 to 1937, 1942 to 1945, in 1951 and 1954—Faulkner spent time in Hollywood or on contract as a scriptwriter. He worked well with the director Howard Hawks, and wrote the scripts for two famous movies, an adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not* and an adaptation of Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep*, both starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

He continued to produce brilliant and inventive novels during these years. *Light in August* (1932) counterpointed a comic pastoral about the pregnant earth-mother figure Lena Grove with a grim tragedy about the embittered outcast Joe Christmas; it operates as individual psychology, social history, and universal commentary. *Absalom, Absalom!*, which followed in 1936, is thought by many to be Faulkner's masterpiece. The story of Thomas Sutpen, the ruthless would-be founder of a southern dynasty after the Civil War, is related by four different speakers, each trying to find "the meaning" of the story. The reader, observing how the story changes in each telling, comes to see that "meanings" are constructed by individuals—indeed that making stories is the human being's way of making meaning. *Absalom* is thus about an individual, about the South, and about itself as a work

of fiction. From its vantage point the reader can see that all of Faulkner's innovative fiction is about fiction itself; this self-referential ("reflexive") layer adds to the work but is never—as would be the case in much experimental American fiction written after World War II—the sole concern.

With the approach and then the outbreak of World War II, Faulkner's emphasis and his style changed. His work became more traditional and less difficult. If we think of Faulkner's work as having four focuses—the psychological, social, historical, and reflexive—we can say that the psychological and reflexive dropped away in his later phase. He began to write a series of books about the rise, in Yoknapatawpha County, of the poor-white family named Snopes—this family had appeared in earlier works (like *Barn Burning*)—and the simultaneous decline of the region's "aristocratic" families. *The Hamlet* (1940) was the first of three novels devoted to the Snopeses. Since all his works had been set in Yoknapatawpha County and were interconnected, the region and its people began to seem independent of any one book in which they appeared, and hence to exist in a real world.

Faulkner's national reputation received a significant boost from the publication in 1946 of an anthology of his writings, *The Portable Faulkner*, edited by the critic Malcolm Cowley. He already had a major reputation abroad, especially in France, where his work in translation was a powerful influence in the development of the French so-called "new novel" and its practitioners such as Michel Butor and Alain Robbe-Grillet. His anti-racist *Intruder in the Dust* (1948) occasioned the award of the Nobel Prize in 1950, his last and greatest honor. Though only fifty, Faulkner was feeling old and ready to accept the role of sage. He began to appear often on college campuses to lecture, give readings, or talk to students. He felt that he had spent a lifetime working in solitude, and he enjoyed the appreciative student audiences. His writing took on more of the air of an old-fashioned yarn; he dealt with more legendary and local color materials; he rounded out the Snopes saga with *The Town* (1957) and *The Mansion* (1959). At the age of sixty-five he died of a heart attack, brought on in part by heavy drinking.

## As I Lay Dying<sup>1</sup>

Darl

Jewel and I come up from the field, following the path in single file. Although I am fifteen feet ahead of him, anyone watching us from the cottonhouse can see Jewel's frayed and broken straw hat a full head above my own.

The path runs straight as a plumb-line, worn smooth by feet and baked brick-hard by July, between the green rows of laidby cotton,<sup>2</sup> to the cottonhouse in the center of the field, where it turns and circles the cottonhouse at four soft right angles and goes on across the field again, worn so by feet in fading precision.

The cottonhouse is of rough logs, from between which the chinking has long fallen. Square, with a broken roof set at a single pitch, it leans in empty and shimmering dilapidation in the sunlight, a single broad window in two opposite walls giving onto the approaches of the path. When we reach it I turn and follow the path which circles the house. Jewel, fifteen feet behind me,

1. The text of the novel is that established by Noel Polk (1985). For assistance with the footnotes, we are indebted to Joseph Blotnik's notes in William Faulk-

ner, *Novels 1930-1935* (1985).

2. Cultivated cotton crop, waiting to be picked.

looking straight ahead, straight ahead, his pale floor in four strides with overalls and endued with through the opposite wall the corner. In single file up the path toward the

Tull's wagon stands about the seat stanchion spring and takes the goat mount the path, beginning

When I reach the top fitting two of the boards as gold, like soft gold, of the adze blade: a good trestle, fitted along the squints along the edge of good carpenter. Addie in. It will give her comfort by the

of the adze.

So I saved out the eggs. We depend a lot on our after the possums and a hen-house quicker than more than Mr Tull the number of eggs would it was on my final say-ens, but I gave my pro get a good breed, because hogs pays in the long run to use the eggs ourselves when it was on my say about the cakes I thought to increase the net value saving the eggs out once. And that week they laid what we had engaged, that the flour and the so. So I baked yesterday, it turned out right well. I told me the lady had after all.

"She ought to take t  
"Well," I say, "I rec

## FAUCONNIER

peared in 1937. Farson is also the author of a number of readable, if pot-boiling, novels. Hospitals bulk large in his reminiscences, since his physical mishaps have been many.

**PRINCIPAL WORKS:** *Sailing Across Europe*, 1926; *Daphne's in Love*, 1927; *There's No End To It*, 1929; *Black Bread and Red Coffins* (English title: *Seeing Red: Today in Russia*) 1930; *The Way of a Transgressor*, 1935; *Transgressor in the Tropics*, 1937; *Story of a Lake*, 1938; *Fugitive Love*, 1939; *Behind God's Back*, 1941; *Bomber's Moon*, 1941.

**ABOUT:** Farson, N. *The Way of a Transgressor*; *Transgressor in the Tropics*, *Behind God's Back*.

**FAUCONNIER, HENRI**, French writer of travel books, writes (in English): "I have always held that, in art or literature,



what matters is not the man who works, but the man's work. The greatest writers are only great as writers and appear, in ordinary life, just as petty and foolish as anyone else. Perhaps more so. For no man can be universal, especially a specialist. "Now I am called upon to give an account of myself, not as a writer but as a man, which means confessing my many follies. A cruel task if you consider that, having written but little, I must have acted a good deal.

"To begin with, after studying for the law like a good boy, I suddenly absconded and found myself landed in a far-away foreign country with the idea of making a fortune out of nothing—which was absurd. Then, having made it, I decided that rubber, which had enriched me, could not but go on inflating forever—until it burst most sadly in my hands. When war came, I warred away with as much spirit as one can put into such a dismal occupation—because I hoped there would never be another war after that. And now, though it becomes quite clear that humanity is mad—especially the white part of it, to which I belong—here am I, in this tottering old world, still waiting for miracles.

"Still waiting for miracles . . . why not? Have I not seen a country which was practically nothing but virgin jungle absorb in a space of twenty years twenty centuries of civilization, with its roads and railroads and vast cities brimming with modern life? And is not another part of the world, looked

upon as civilized, receding just as fast into barbarism? What can be said to be possible or impossible, wise or unwise? Utopia, sooner or later, must come true. Humanity must arise some day to another ideal than that of being led like cattle, and fooled, and slaughtered.

"We shall not live to see the change. That is why we must take refuge in fiction. I tell myself many beautiful tales which I mean to write—but I often desist because, in the writing, their beauty fades."

\* \* \*

This sketch, it need hardly be added, was sent by M. Fauconnier (from Barbezieux, Charentes, France) before the French defeat by Hitler. Until the present war his permanent address was Radès, Tunisia. Barbezieux was his birthplace, and he studied law at Bordeaux, fifty miles South. His father died when he was twenty and he had to help bring up a large family of brothers and sisters. He went to Singapore in 1905 as assistant to a British rubber planter, and soon became a planter in his own right. After the First World War, in which he served throughout, he returned to Malaya until the collapse of the rubber boom, when he settled in Tunisia to write. *Malaisie* received the Goncourt Prize for 1930. Basil Davenport called it "an exquisite book." M. Fauconnier, a dark, slim man with a small moustache, is unmarried. He is a member of the Royal Society of Literature, in London.

**WORKS AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH:** *Malaisie* (in English: *The Soul of Malaya*) 1931.

**ABOUT:** Lalou, R. *Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine*; *Saturday Review of Literature* December 12, 1931; *Spectator* November 21, 1931.

**FAULKNER, WILLIAM** (September 25, 1897- ), American novelist, who sometimes spells his name Falkner, was born in New Albany, Miss.

Statements that he was born in Ripley, Miss., in October, 1897, are incorrect; both villages, however, are near Oxford, seat of the University of Mississippi, which has been his home since childhood. His father was Murry

C. Faulkner, owner of a livery stable but also treasurer of the university; his mother Maud (Butler) Faulkner. On both sides the family belonged to the wealthy and powerful



Southerners ruined by the Civil War and

reduced to genteel poverty. The oldest of four, he came a well-known writer, killed in 1935. He attended school, took some high school special courses in Mississippi. For the moment he was merely hung around, wrote bad verse, and Omar Khayyam. The First World War this lethargy. Fly, but he refused to go. He went to Toronto, Air Force, became a pilot, R.A.F. Biographical, France than France. He was sent to France, planes shot down in the second shock, Oxford until after.

He re-entered the service, got it off and on from the front. He was never graduated, was able to waive the graduation before he rolled student. He worked as a house painter, several university degrees, later as university lecturer, dismissed for immoral conduct. He loose ends again, he where he became a writer, through the work of the *Double Dealer*, "little" literary magazine, published work in the *zine*, in 1922. He New Orleans, and to a publisher on the Gulf Coast, not have to read, was accepted, and *Mosquitoes*, the first of them appeared. He left on a freighter, spent most of 1923 spent a few unhappy as a clerk in a hotel, both the city and the

Back in Oxford, carpenter, farmed, his first two novels received critical acclaim and wrote *The Sound and the Fury*, surprisingly, since Faulkner novels written of-consciousness style would look at it.

## FAULKNER

reduced to genteel poverty. William was the oldest of four brothers, one of whom became a well-known aviator before he was killed in 1935. After the fifth grade he attended school only desultorily, though he took some high school work and also some special courses at the University of Mississippi. For the most part, in his late teens, he merely hung around Oxford, read a great deal, wrote bad verse imitative of Swinburne and Omar Khayyám, and tried to find himself. The First World War woke him from this lethargy. Flying caught his imagination, but he refused to enlist with the "Yankees," so went to Toronto and joined the Canadian Air Force, becoming a lieutenant in the R.A.F. Biographers who say he got no nearer France than Toronto are mistaken. He was sent to France as an observer, had two planes shot down under him, was wounded in the second shooting, and did not return to Oxford until after the Armistice.

He re-entered the university, and attended it off and on from 1919 to 1921, though he was never graduated. As a veteran, he was able to waive the requirement of high school graduation before becoming a regularly enrolled student. In between times he worked as a house painter, painting the roofs of several university buildings. He served later as university postmaster, until he was dismissed for inattention to duty. Then, at loose ends again, he drifted to New Orleans, where he became a friend of Sherwood Anderson, through whom he came to the notice of the *Double Dealer*, one of the pioneers of "little" literary magazines. Faulkner's first published work was a poem in this magazine, in 1922. He wrote *Soldiers' Pay* in New Orleans, and Anderson recommended it to a publisher on condition that he would not have to read the manuscript first! It was accepted, and Faulkner started work on *Mosquitoes*, the background of which was the New Orleans Bohemia. Before either of them appeared, however, he had suddenly left on a freighter for Europe, where he spent most of 1925. He had previously spent a few unhappy months in New York as a clerk in a book-store, an utter misfit in both the city and the occupation.

Back in Oxford again, he worked as a carpenter, farmed, fished, and hunted, saw his first two novels through the press, received critical acclaim but not much money, and wrote *The Sound and the Fury*. Not surprisingly, since it is the first of the Faulkner novels written in his cryptic stream-of-consciousness style, at first no publisher would look at it. The long first section

consists of the sense-impressions of an idiot; there are two characters in it, man and woman, with the same name; and it is difficult to understand until after one has finished it. Discouraged but not daunted, he went to work on *Sartoris*, the first of his many novels centering loosely around the Sartoris (for which read Faulkner) family and the town of Jefferson (Oxford), Miss. The principal character, Colonel Sartoris, was a mingling of his grandfather and his great-grandfather and namesake, a pioneer railroad builder who was also author of a sentimental novel of the South, once popular, called *The White Rose of Memphis*. *Sartoris* was published in 1929, the same year that its author married Mrs. Estelle (Oldham) Franklin, a widow with two children. They now have a child of their own.

Unable to live by his writing, Faulkner took a job as night superintendent of a power plant. There, writing on an upturned wheelbarrow in the small hours of the morning, he revised *The Sound and the Fury*, and at the same time deliberately set about writing a pure horror story, aimed at the collection of royalties, which he called *Sanctuary*. After the establishment of his reputation by *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, he rewrote *Sanctuary* also, so that now it is part of the Jefferson cycle. It was the first of his novels to become popular. From that time on he has not had to worry about money; he was able to modernize his century-old house, to buy a private plane, to finance his brother's barnstorming career, and to travel where he pleased. Hollywood bought *Sanctuary* and turned it into a movie, and Faulkner was asked to assist in its filming. Since then he has spent much time in Hollywood, though on his own terms. (On one occasion he asked permission to do his writing "at home"; the studio consented, but when they tried to telephone him in Santa Monica one day, they discovered that he had meant "at home" in Mississippi, to which he had returned!)

He lives in Oxford for most of the time now, though he also has a thirty-five-acre farm in the hills. His mornings are given to writing, his afternoons to hunting, fishing, and conviviality. He takes his farming seriously, and even does his own brewing. Except among his intimates, he is silent and unsocial, and has even been called "insolent"; the fact is that his manner is the result of acute sensitiveness. In 1939 he won the first prize in the annual O. Henry Memorial Award. He writes his books by hand—a fine, unreadable hand—on the right-hand side

## FAURE

of legal-sized sheets of paper, reserving the left-hand side for corrections. He is slow and hesitant in his speech, much more eager to talk about farming or hunting than about literature, and completely uncritical of his own work. For example, he once told a college class that he had "never given the subject of form a single thought," whereas Conrad Aiken said that form was his constant preoccupation. His own comment on fiction-writing is: "If a story is in you, it has got to come out."

Faulkner's world is a nightmare realm, "darkly reflected through distorting lenses," as Anthony Buttitta put it. Inordinately imaginative, bitter, undisciplined, brilliant, and difficult, he is, as one critic remarked, "extraordinarily powerful but extremely uneven." Burton Rascoe gave him credit for sardonic humor and a comic sense, but it is the humor of the grotesque. He is the chronicler of decay, of viciousness, of perversion, of cruelty. Earle Birney said there were two Faulkners—"a stylized and morbid mystic attempting a sequence of novels on the scale of an epic," and "a sharp and brilliant narrator of short stories." Granville Hicks called his characters "twisted shapes in the chaotic wreckage of a mad world," and said that he was in the tradition, not of the high tragedy of John Webster and Robinson Jeffers, but of the "technical ingenuity" and horror of Poe and Ambrose Bierce: "it is too easy for him to produce shudders for him to bother to try to create tragedy." And all this is presented in what Aiken called "a strangely fluid and slippery and heavily mannered prose." In all his major novels, Faulkner has to be *re-read* to be comprehended, and in some cases only an acquaintance with all the novels makes for complete understanding of his intricate cross-narrative.

It is curious that this master of a complicated prose is in his verse flat and derivative, hardly more than what Bernard DeVoto called him—"a gifted amateur." But he cannot be dismissed so cavalierly as a novelist, even by those who dislike his grimness, his morbidity, and his wallowing in horror. He is in a way a minor Balzac of a sub-human world, no more obsessed with abnormality than was Dostoevsky, though completely lacking in the spiritual implications which are Dostoevsky's signature.

In appearance Faulkner is rather short, slender, with very black hair and moustache now beginning to gray, and "sharp-eyed as a gambler." He is never likely to conform to any rules, either as a person or as a writer;

he cannot be tamed into a drawing-room lion; he remains what he began—a child of the Deep South, a product of social disintegration and decay, who is also an authentic and powerful story-teller.

**PRINCIPAL WORKS:** *The Marble Faun* (poems) 1924; *Soldiers' Pay*, 1926; *Mosquitoes*, 1927; *Sartoris*, 1929; *The Sound and the Fury*, 1929; *As I Lay Dying*, 1930; *Sanctuary*, 1931; *These Thirteen* (short stories) 1931; *Idyll in the Desert*, 1931; *Light in August*, 1932; *A Green Bough* (poems) 1933; *Pylon*, 1933; *Absalom, Absalom!* 1936; *Unvanquished*, 1938; *Wild Palms*, 1939; *The Hamlet*, 1940; *Go Down Moses and Other Stories*, 1942.

**ABOUT:** Geismar, M. *Winters in Crisis*; *Atlantic Monthly* November 1939; *Bookman* September and December 1931; *Canadian Forum* June 1938; *Nuova Antologia* January 16, 1938; *Poetry* October 1933; *Saturday Review of Literature* May 21, 1938; *Sewanee Review* July 1932; *Time* January 23, 1939.

**FAURE, ÉLIE** (April 4, 1873-October 31, 1937), French art critic and historian, was born at Ste. Foy, Gironde, the son of Pierre.

Faure, a peasant grower of wine grapes. At fifteen he was sent to Paris, to the Lycée Henri IV. With his brother, he studied medicine at the University, and received his degree in 1899. Though he practised his profession, and was a surgeon for many years, his primary interest was always in art—as an amateur, not as a painter himself. From childhood pictures had entranced him, and he estimated the worth of his life at any period by the number of paintings he was able to see. All through his student days he haunted the Louvre as a relief from the dissecting room. He was married, to Suzanne Gilard, before he was twenty-one, and one of their two sons died in infancy. He described this period as "Boredom. Sickness. Death. Suffering. A precocious education in responsibility and unhappiness. I saw hardly any painting." The famous Dreyfus case was indirectly the cause of his salvation. An ardent *Dreyfusard*, through his championship of the accused officer, Faure met Zola and Anatole France, and through their influence he was appointed art critic of *L'Aurore*, the paper which had become Dreyfus' chief organ of defense.

Through these connections he met the artists he had admired, and he began his real career with the publication of a brochure on Velasquez in 1904. In 1905 he helped to found the Université Populaire, a school

of adult education: it was of his lectures there that his *History of Art*, appeal to study while he taught, gradually he evolved his style of life, which is his chief contribution to history and criticism of art. He considered a social expression of it primarily in its relation as a whole.

He served through the war as a surgeon, returning to his conclusion. Always a humanist, a close friend of the socialist leader Jean Jaurès, his theme expanded until he became an aesthetic philosopher rather than the narrow sense. How to issue brochures on including Corot, Cézanne, and he wrote introductory collections of prints, on ample being his essay on Diego Rivera well, and painted his picture in black-bearded, baldish manner, comically the "typical" Frenchman in Paris at sixty-four.

Montaigne, Shakespeare, he thought the type of the artist. He recognized, however, not intellect, which rules, but the aesthetic phenomenon, "as an artist creating incessantly, in a kind of lyricism." As his criticism easier, he began to collect and had some fine original the Impressionist and school. Travel was his in 1931 he spent a year on the course of which he returned to the States.

**WORKS AVAILABLE IN:** *Art*, 1921-30; (*Ancient Art*, 1922; *Renaissance Art*, 1923; *Spirit of the Forms*, 1930); 1923; *Napoleon*, 1924; *Dance*, 1926; *The Italian Renaissance*, Japan, 1930.

**ABOUT:** Ellis, H. *The American Historical Review* February 1922, August 1923; *Revue de France* December; *Revue de Littérature Comparée*.

**FAUSET, JESSIE RE** American Negro novelist, Philadelphia, Pa., and attended where she was the only her class. She gradu



D. Rivera

grave-digger, farmer, illustrator, Great Dane-breeder, type-designer, zylographer ("wood-engraver" to the uninitiated), friend, and general stimulator. In all these capacities he has been publicized; he has even attained legendary proportions.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, "Kent—the Writer," *Democrat*, 1937.

## WRITERS

Miss Lillian Hellman evidently knows the box where the fruitcake is hidden in the dramaturgic pantry, for she fills her plays with good, rich raisins and solid theatrical fare—a little indigestible, possibly, but awfully, awfully good.

ROBERT BENCHLEY, *The New Yorker*, December 23, 1939.

[Peter] Arnett became a soldier's reporter, following the Vietnamese troops into the paddies and jungles when few other journalists bothered. "He was like Kilroy," one of them recalls. "Wherever you went, Arnett was there."

MALCOLM W. BROWNE, "The Military vs. the Press," *New York Times Magazine*, March 3, 1991.

[It] isn't writing at all—it's typing.

TRUMAN CAPOTE, on Jack Kerouac, TV interview with David Susskind, "Open End," 1959.

[Jack Kerouac] was a man whose life was directed by what he felt under his skin, not inside his head.

ANN CHARTERS, *Kerouac*, 1973.

There in Oxford [Mississippi], [William] Faulkner performed a labor of imagination that has not been equaled in our time, and a double labor: first, to invent a Mississippi county that was like a mythical kingdom, but was complete and living in all its details; second, to make his story of Yoknapatawpha County stand as a parable or legend of all the Deep South.

MALCOLM COWLEY, *A Second Flowering*, 1973.

And one must bear in mind that with Langston Hughes Harlem is both place and symbol. When he depicts the hopes, the aspirations, the frustrations, and the deep-seated discontent of the New York ghetto, he is expressing the feelings of Negroes in black ghettos throughout America.

ARTHUR P. DAVIS, "The Harlem of Langston Hughes' Poetry," in Seymour L. Gross and John Edward Hardy, eds., *Images of the Negro in American Literature*, 1966.

It was the ponderous battering ram of his novels that opened the way through the genteel reticences of American nineteenth-century fiction for what seemed to me to be a truthful description of people's lives. Without [Theodore] Dreiser's treading out a path for naturalism none of us would have had a chance to publish even.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, *The Best Times*, 1966.

[e.e. cummings's] mind was essentially extemporaneous. His fits of poetic fury were like the maeloadic seizures described in Greek lyrics.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, *The Best Times*, 1966.

I exaggerate, but it did seem sometimes that wind, rain, work, and mockery were his tailors.

WALKER EVANS, on James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, 1941.

Like many born writers who are floating in the illusory amplitude of their youth, [James] Agee did a great deal of writing in the air. Often you had the impulse to gag him and tie a pen to his hand. That wasn't necessary; he was an exception among talking writers. He wrote—devotedly and incessantly.

WALKER EVANS, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, 1941.

Even those who call Mr. Faulkner our greatest literary sadist do not fully appreciate him, for it is not merely his characters who have to run the gauntlet but also his readers.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*, April 21, 1934.

Miss [Gertrude] Stein was a past master in making nothing happen very slowly.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The Selected Writings of Clifton Fadiman*, 1955.

As a matter of fact [Sherwood] Anderson is a man of practically no ideas—but he is one of the very best and finest writers in the English language today. God, he can write.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, letter to Maxwell Perkins, June 1, 1925.

[Theodore] Dreiser may be as great as Michelangelo, or Tolstoi or Wagner, or less great or more. When you are beside a mountain you can't see its relative importance.

FORD MADDOX FORD, "Portrait of Dreiser," in Alfred Kazin and Charles Shapiro, eds., *The Stature of Theodore Dreiser*, 1955.

Norman Mailer is one of the leading spectator sports in America.

MERV GRIFFIN, May, 1968, in Jack Newfield, *Bread and Roses Too*, 1971.

Charlie MacArthur wildest in the de come—the joker side straight for

HELEN HAYES, *On Reflection*

The wit was new often startling, had opened and glance into what for yourself.

LILLIAN HELLMAN, on D. O. Woman, 1969.

He's teaching me to box.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, 192 Baker, *Ernest Hemingway*

[Ezra] Pound's c to be. You don't loony bin. For him there.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, in York Post, January 24,

Old Corndrinkin

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, on Ernest Hemingway—A

Emerson, Long them all and all critics, humorists and like other sole, incomparable WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Henry Adams, s ALFRED KAZIN, *On Nat*

But if Mencken taken a whole monologists, e writing to mak only rallied all imposed his sl tion, but also b for high comed been too quick

ALFRED KAZIN, *On Nat*

He [Van Wyck] New York in 19 young America the great Victor ALFRED KAZIN, *On Nat*

## 112. HUMANKIND

11 Not in nature but in man is all the beauty and worth he sees. The world is very empty, and is indebted to this gilding, exalting soul for all its pride.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, 1841.

12 Let us treat men and women well; treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, "Experience," *Essays*, Second Series, 1844.

13 I like man, but not men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, entry written in March, 1846, *Journals*, 1909-1914.

14 I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Stockholm, Sweden, December 10, 1950.

15 There are only two kinds of people in the world that really count. One kind's wheat and the other kind's emeralds.

EDNA FERBER, *So Big*, 1924.

16 Mankind are very odd Creatures: One Half censure what they practice, the other half practice what they censure; the rest always say and do as they ought.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanack*, 1752.

17 Man is not an ox, who, when he had eaten his fill, lies down to chew the cud; he is the daughter of the horse-leech, who constantly asks for more.

HENRY GEORGE, *Progress and Poverty*, 1879.

18 Take mankind in general: they are vicious, their passions may be operated upon.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, in a speech at the Constitutional Convention, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 22, 1787.

19 One great error is that we suppose mankind more honest than they are.

Ibid.

20 Mankind are earthen jugs with spirits in them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, entry written in 1842, *Passages from the American Notebooks*, 1868.

21 Man is not made for defeat.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, *The Old Man and the Sea*, 1952.

22 The world is made up of a great mob, and nothing will influence it so much as the lash.

EDGAR WATSON HOWE, *Success Easier Than Failure*, 1917.

23 We are creatures of the moment; we live from one little space to another; and only one interest at a time fills these.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, 1890.

24 It is man who sanctifies a place, and it is work that sanctifies a man.

ELBERT HUBBARD, *The Roycroft Dictionary and Book of Epigrams*, 1923.

25 The history of the world shows that when a mean thing was done, man did it; when a good thing was done, man did it.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, in a speech in Pittsburgh, October 14, 1879.

26 Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

WASHINGTON IRVING, "Westminster Abbey," *The Sketch Books*, 1819-1820.

27 The concrete man has but one interest—to be right. That to him is the art of all arts, and all means are fair which help him to it.

WILLIAM JAMES, *The Sentiment of Rationality*, 1882.

28 In many respects man is the most ruthlessly ferocious of beasts. . . . We, the lineal representatives of the successful enactors of one scene of slaughter after another, must, whatever more pacific virtues we may also possess, still carry about with us, ready at any moment to burst into flame, the smouldering and sinister traits of character by

TO: Lissa  
FROM: Kathy  
DATE: 9-29-94  
RE: HRC/LULAC

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## **LEAGUE OF UNITED LATIN AMERICAN CITIZENS (LULAC)**

210,000 members nationwide (another source: over 100,000)

Nation's largest and oldest grass-roots Hispanic organization (65 years old)

Led the charge for parity in juries, schools, housing, the workplace and the political system

The real strength of LULAC has always been at its local councils

### LULAC projects:

- Project SER, the national job training program that funnels Hispanics into the workplace
- LULAC Educational Service Centers that provide counseling and scholarship funds to needy, college-bound students
- Project Amistad programs help Hispanic seniors

### LULAC's "issues":

- economic empowerment
- immigration
- education
- domestic policy
- economic development
- trade
- foreign affairs
- civil rights for all Americans

### LULAC's president, Belen Robles:

- first woman national president of LULAC
- two major areas she considers important for the org. are education and civil rights

- 1) wants to appoint an education committee that will develop a five year plan to improve Hispanics' dismal percentages in education: only 48% finish high school, only 10% finish college, and only about 1% get a post-graduate degree
- 2) wants to appoint a civil rights commission to develop an "activists' manual" to be distributed to the local councils that will provide guidelines on how to protest civil rights violations in the public and private sectors

### LULAC and health care:

- supports universal health care coverage
- Robles believes in the importance of preventative health care
- "Because of the way our health care system is currently

structured, we tend to react to catastrophic or serious illnesses and situations that in our opinion could be greatly reduced through preventative health care services," said Robles.

LULAC and the Clinton administration goals:

- supports universal health care coverage
- supports crime bill
- supports assault weapon ban

Friction between Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans within the organization.

Former president, Jose Velez, in serious trouble:

- involved in the largest investigation in the history of the INS
- indicted by a federal grand jury in Las Vegas, faces charges of conspiring with three Taiwanese businessmen, reputed to be members of the Asian organized crime group known as the Four Seas Traid, to smuggle Asians and Hispanics into the U.S.
- Velez's son, Peter, already has pleaded guilty to charges he aided in the \$5.6 million scheme to provide more than 5,600 immigrants with fraudulent documents

DAVID PRYOR  
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## READINGS

### GEORGE PLIMPTON MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Seventeen writers of excellence  
explore their first love.

### RITA MAE BROWN

Novelist, poet and screenwriter, Rita Mae Brown is the author of *Venus Envy*, *Bingo*, *Starting from Scratch: A Different Kind of Writer's Manual*, *High Hearts*, *Sudden Death*, *Southern Discomfort*, *Six of One*, *In Her Day*, *The Plain Brown Rapper*, *Songs to a Handsome Woman*, *Rubyfruit Jungle*, *The Hand That Cradles the Rock* and *Dolley*. She has co-written two mysteries with her cat, Sneaky Pie Brown, *Wish You Were Here* and *Rest in Pieces*. Ms. Brown is the recipient of the Literary Lion Award of the New York Public Library, and two Emmy Award nominations. Born in Hanover, Pennsylvania, she lives in Charlottesville, Virginia.

### CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Christopher Buckley created the *Yale Daily News Magazine* before serving as managing editor of *Esquire*, and chief speechwriter to Vice President George Bush. He now edits *Forbes FYI*. His first book, *Steaming to Bamboola*, is a nonfiction account of his three months on a tramp freighter. His novels are *The White House Mess*, *Wet Work* and *Thank You for Smoking*. Born in New York City, Mr. Buckley lives in Washington.

### THOMAS CAPLAN

Thomas Caplan, who was among the founders of the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction in Charlottesville, Virginia in 1980, is currently Vice President of the PEN/Faulkner Foundation. A native of Baltimore - and episodic inhabitant of other venues - he is the author of three novels: *Line of Chance*, *Parallelogram*, and a completed, though as yet untitled one set in contemporary England, to be published next year.

### JOHN CASEY

John Casey is the author of *Spartina*, winner of the 1989 National Book Award, *An American Romance*, runner up for the Ernest Hemingway Award, and *Testimony and Demeanor*, recipient of the Friends American Literature Award. Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, Mr. Casey is a former resident scholar at the American Academy in Rome. He has received a Guggenheim Fellowship and was a National Endowment for the Arts Fellow. Raised in Washington, D.C., Mr. Casey is a Professor of English Literature at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, where he lives.

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ELENA CASTEDO

Elena Castedo's novel *Paradise* was written in her adopted English and nominated for the 1990 National Book Award. When the book was to be published in her native Spanish, she was the self-translator. Born in Chile, she arrived in America on a summer scholarship, earning an MA from UCLA and a PhD from Harvard in Spanish literature. A member of the PEN/Faulkner Foundation Board, Ms. Castedo lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RITA DOVE

Rita Dove is Poet Laureate of the United States. She won the 1987 Pulitzer Prize for her book of poetry *Thomas & Beulah*. Her other works include the novel *Through the Ivory Gate*, a verse drama, *The Darker Face of the Earth*, and three books of poems, *The Yellow House on the Corner*, *Museum*, and *Grace Notes*, which won the Ohioana Award. Her collection of short stories *First Sunday* received the Callaloo Award. She is a former Fulbright Scholar. Ms. Dove was born and raised in Akron, Ohio, and lives in Charlottesville where she is Commonwealth Professor of English at the University of Virginia.

KAYE GIBBONS

Kaye Gibbons first novel, *Ellen Foster* was awarded the Sue Kaufman Prize of the American Academy and the Institute of Arts and Letters, and a special citation from the Ernest Hemingway Foundation. Her other novels are *A Virtuous Woman*, *Charms for The Easy Life* and *A Cure for Dreams*, for which she was awarded a PEN/Revson Fellowship. She has also received a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship and the *Chicago Tribune's* Heartland Prize. Ms. Gibbons was born in Nash County, North Carolina, and is a writer in residence at the Library of North Carolina State University.

ALLAN GURGANUS

Allan Gurganus is the author of *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*, winner of the Sue Kaufman Prize for First Fiction from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, and a collection of short stories, *White People*, which was nominated for the 1992 PEN/Faulkner Award. Named a Wallace Stegner Fellow at Stanford, he has subsequently taught writing at Duke and at the Iowa Writer's Workshop. He also has had a long association with Sarah Lawrence College. Mr. Gurganus has received two PEN Syndicated Fiction prizes, an Ingram Merrill Award and two grants from the National Endowment for the Arts. He was born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, and lives in New York City and Chapel Hill.

PETE HAMILL

Pete Hamill began his writing career as a night-side reporter for the *New York Post*. He is the author of *A Killing for Christ*, *Irrational Ravings*, *The Gift*, *Flesh and Blood*, *Loving Women*, and the story collections, *The Invisible City: A New York Sketchbook* and *Tokyo Sketches*. His most recent book is *A Drinking Life, A Memoir*. Mr. Hamill's screenplays include, *Doc*, *Badge 373*, *Liberty*, and *Neon Empire*. He is a columnist at *New York Newsday*. Born in Brooklyn, Mr. Hamill lives in Wallkill, New York.

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ALICE HOFFMAN

Alice Hoffman is the author of ten novels: *White Horses*, *Fortune's Daughter*, *Illumination Night*, *At Risk*, *Seventh Heaven*, *Turtle Moon*, and her most recent, *Second Nature*. She attended Adelphi University, received a scholarship to Stanford, and taught at State University at Stony Brook, New York. Ms. Hoffman grew up on Long Island and lives near Boston.

CHARLES JOHNSON

Charles Johnson's novel, *Middle Passage*, received the 1990 National Book Award. His short story collection *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* was nominated for the 1987 PEN/Faulkner Award. His other books include *Faith and the Good Thing*, *Oxherding Tale*, the anthology *Being and Race: Black Writing Since 1970*, and two collections of his drawings, *Black Humor* and *Half-Past Nation-Time*. Mr. Johnson is a 1983 Callaloo Creative Award winner, and a former Guggenheim Fellow. He received the Writers Guild Award for his PBS drama *Booker*. Born in Evanston, Illinois, Mr. Johnson lives in Seattle where he is Professor of English at the University of Washington.

WILLIAM KITREDGE

William Kittredge writes about the West. He is the author of two collections of stories, *The van Gogh Fields* and *We Are Not In This Together*. A co-editor of *The Last Best Place*, an anthology of works by Montana writers, Mr. Kittredge's latest book is *Hole in the Sky*, a memoir. Mr. Kittredge lives in Missoula, Montana where he is a professor at the University of Montana.

REGINALD MC KNIGHT

Reginald Mc Knight won the O. Henry Award and the *Kanyon Review* Award for Library Excellence for *The Kind of Light That Shines on Texas*, the title story of his second collection. He is the author of the novel *I Get On the Bus*. *Moustapha's Eclipse*, his first story collection, was awarded the Drue Heinz Literature Prize. A recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts Grant for Literature, Mr. McKnight taught at Carnegie Mellon University, and is currently teaching at the University of Maryland. Born in Furstenfeldbruck, Germany, he lives in Takoma Park.

CYNTHIA OZICK

Cynthia Ozick is the author of *Trust*, *The Pagan Rabbi and Other Stories*, *Bloodshed and Three Novellas*, *Levitation: Five Fictions*, *Art and Ardor: Essays*, *Metaphor and Memory: Essays*, *The Shawl*, *What Henry James Knew and Other Essays on Authors* and the play *Angel*. Her books *The Cannibal Galaxy* and *The Messiah of Stockholm* were both PEN/Faulkner Award nominations in 1984 and 1985. She is a recipient of the Mildred and Harold Strauss Living Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Rea Award for Short Stories, and a Guggenheim Fellowship. Ms. Ozick was born in New York City, and lives in New Rochelle.

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MONA SIMPSON

Mona Simpson's first novel *Anywhere But Here* has been translated into fourteen languages. Her second novel is *The Lost Father*. Her short fiction has appeared in *The Paris Review*, *Ploughshares*, *The Iowa Review* and *The North American Review*, and her stories have been included in *Best American Short Stories of 1986*, *The Pushcart Prize XI*, *Best of the Small Presses* and *20 Under 30*. Ms. Simpson is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Whiting Prize, and the Hodder Fellowship at Princeton University. She is a Bard Center Fellow and teacher at Bard College.

LEE SMITH

Lee Smith is the author of nine novels including *The Last Day the Dogbushes Bloomed*, *Something in the Wind*, *Fancy Strut*, *Black Mountain Breakdown*, *Cakewalk*, *Oral History*, *Family Linen*, *Fair and Tender Ladies*, *Me and My Baby View the Eclipse* and *The Devil's Dream*. She is a recipient of the 1991 Robert Penn Warren Prize for Fiction, the John Dos Passos Award, and two O. Henry Awards. Ms. Smith teaches at North Carolina State University in Chapel Hill, where she lives.

RICHARD WILEY

Winner of the 1987 PEN/Faulkner Award for *Soldiers in Hiding*, Richard Wiley is also the author of *Indigo*, *Fool's Gold* and *Festival for Three Thousand Maidens*. A Professor of English at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, Mr. Wiley has studied at Sofia University in Tokyo and the University of Iowa Writer's Workshop. Born in Fresno, California, he has lived and taught in Korea, Japan, Kenya and Nigeria.

The annually awarded PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction was established in 1980 by Mary Lee Settle and the PEN American Center to honor the best work of fiction published by an American writer in a calendar year. There is a monetary prize of \$7500 to the first place winner and prizes of \$2500 to each of four other nominees. This award is unusual in that it was founded as a way for writers to honor their peers.

PEN is the international writers' organization that sponsors the award. The PEN/Faulkner award is based on the prize William Faulkner created from his Nobel Prize money and on the now defunct National Book Awards. The NBA was replaced by the "industry dominated" American Book Awards and PEN decided to boycott the ABA on the grounds that they were too commercial. In place of the ABAs PEN created the PEN/ Faulkner awards.

PEN is an acronym for poets, playwrights, editors, essayists and novelists. For more description of PEN see enclosure.

"The judges are prepared - obliged, even - to celebrate artistic genius wherever they find it of course, but at its writerly heart this award belongs to the rebel, the iconoclast, the transformer." The winning themes are generally all-American. But the judges usually award eclectic styles. (By 1992, there was still no female winner of the award.)

At the PEN/Faulkner Awards the literary readings come first in the Folger's Reading Room and the reception comes afterward in the Great Hall.

Generally the nominees and winners read from the work for which they are being recognized.

depicting Washington's development as a leader; *Citizen Tom Paine* (1943), a fictional biography; *April Morning* (1961), a boy's view of the beginnings of battles; *The Crossing* (1971), about Washington crossing the Delaware; and *The Hessian* (1972), telling of an innocent drummer boy tried for an atrocity, a victim of war's passions. Other fiction includes *The Children* (1937), about New York slums; *The Last Frontier* ♦ (1941), treating an Indian campaign of 1878-79; *Freedom Road* (1944), about a Southern black who becomes a congressman during Reconstruction; *The American* (1946), the story of Altgeld; *Clarkton* (1947), about a mill strike; *My Glorious Brothers* (1948), about Israel's ancient freedom; *Spartacus* (1952), treating the Roman slave revolt; *Mosés, Prince of Egypt* (1958); *The Winston Affair* (1959), set in World War II; *Power* (1963), dealing with American labor during the days of a John L. Lewis-like figure; *Agrippa's Daughter* (1964); *Torquemada* (1966); a four-volume series set in San Francisco: *The Immigrants* (1977), *Second Generation* (1978), *The Establishment* (1979), and *The Legacy* (1981); and *Max* (1982), about the making of a Hollywood movie mogul. *The Naked God* (1957) is an account of his membership in the Communist party (1943-56), during which time he won a Stalin International Peace Prize (1953), wrote propagandistic works, and was ostracized in some quarters, including film studios, though novels of this period (e.g. *Spartacus*) were filmed after he left the Party. Fast's other writings include children's books, short stories, plays, biographies, and, under the pseudonym E.V. Cunningham, detective and police novels, but his greatest success has been as a historical novelist.

*Fatal Deception, The*, see Leicester.

*Father, The*; or, *American Shandyism*, comedy of manners by William Dunlap, ♦ produced and published in 1789. It was revised (1806) as *The Father of an Only Child*.

Mr. Racket is a young merchant whose neglected wife consoles herself with the attentions of Captain Haller's servant, Ranter, who masquerades as a British officer. Ranter hopes to marry Mrs. Racket's sister, Caroline Felton, in order to possess her fortune. Colonel Duncan, guardian of Caroline and Mrs. Racket, appears to rescue the girls from Ranter. He assents to the betrothal of Caroline to Haller, who turns out to be Duncan's long-lost son. In addition to the main characters, there are two comedy parts: Cartridge, Colonel Duncan's servant;

and the doctor, variously called Quiescent and Tattle.

*Father Abbey's Will*, see Seccomb, John.

*Father Abraham's Speech*, see Poor Richard's Almanack.

"Father, dear father," see Work, H.C.

**FATHERS**, SAM, character in the Yoknapatawpha saga by Faulkner, is the son of the Chickasaw chief Ikkemotubbe ♦ and a quadroon slave woman, and is himself a former slave. In "The Bear" ♦ he appears not only as a great hunter and the best of woodsmen but as one who conceives of nature as a sacrament that the young man Isaac must be prepared to receive.

**FAUGÈRES**, MARGARETTA, see Bleecker, Ann Eliza.

**FAULKNER** (originally FALKNER), WILLIAM [HARRISON] (1897-1962), grew up in Oxford, Miss., the great-grandson of William C. Falkner ♦ and a member of a family like that of the Sartoris clan in his novels centered on "Jefferson" in his mythical Yoknapatawpha County. ♦ After desultory education he joined the British Royal Air Force in Canada because he was too slight for U.S. requirements, but World War I ended before he was commissioned or saw service beyond training. Following the war he took some courses at the University of Mississippi and published *The Marble Faun* (1924), pastoral poems. Drifting to New Orleans, where he worked on a newspaper and also wrote the fiction collected in *New Orleans Sketches* (1958), he met Sherwood Anderson, who helped him publish *Soldiers' Pay* ♦ (1926), his first novel, about the homecoming of a dying soldier, in the vein of the "lost generation." Following a brief stay in Europe (1925), he issued *Mosquitoes* (1927), a satirical novel set in New Orleans, later the site of his minor novel *Pylon* (1935), about aviators at a Mardi Gras.

With the publication of *Sartoris* ♦ (1929) he found his own themes and setting, for it is the first novel in his long, loosely constructed Yoknapatawpha saga, whose themes include the decline of the Compson, ♦ Sartoris, ♦ Benbow, ♦ and McCaslin ♦ families; representatives of the Old South, and the rise of the unscrupulous Snopes ♦ family, which displaces them. The life of the region is treated from the days of Indian possession, through the pre-Civil War era, down to modern times. The saga of macabre violence

and antic comedy is written in baroque style and depicts it, which its subjects often achieve. *The Sound and the Fury* ♦ is a significant but decadent Comstockably structured story. As it reveals the psychological turmoil of a poor-white family on a mother. *Sanctuary* ♦ (1931) is ostensibly written to make a reworked before publication in *August* ♦ (1932), although it is a more balanced contrast of forces of life in its presentation involved in the relations between black and white. *Absalom, Absalom!* ♦ (1936) is an early 19th-century Jeffersonian downfall of the dynastic Colonel Sutpen. *The Unreliable* ♦ (1939) shows the effects of lives of a hillbilly convict and his mistress. *The Heat* ♦ (1940) is a volume of a trilogy, showing a depraved Snopes family. *In* ♦ (1941) is a more compassionate treatment of the concomitant growth of a white boy. *Requiem for a Nun* ♦ (1941) combines the treatment of the tortured redemption. *Fable* ♦ (1954, Pulitzer Prize) is the Passion of Christ set in an armistice and actual mutiny. *Town* ♦ (1957) carries on the theme of the Snopes and his coming. *Mansion* ♦ (1960) concludes the treatment of the family in the film. *The Reivers* ♦ (1962, Pulitzer Prize) is before the author's death a "reminiscence" of a boy's life in 1905. Many of the novel's themes appear in stories of the *Idyll in the Desert* (1931); *Dr. Martino* (1934); *G* ♦, including the symbolic *Knight's Gambit* (1949); *I* ♦ tales; and *Uncollected Stories* (1932) gathers early essays. *Bough* (1933) collects poems. *Early Prose and Poetry* (1934) and *Public Letters* (1965) and the original uncut text of *Sanctuary* ♦.

During the 1930s he was

## Faulkner

and antic comedy is written in a sensitive but often picaresque style and depicts its region as a microcosm in which its subjects often achieve mythic proportions. *The Sound and the Fury* ♦ (1929) introduces the significant but decadent Compson family in a remarkably structured story. As *I Lay Dying* ♦ (1930) reveals the psychological relationships of a subnormal poor-white family on a pilgrimage to bury their mother. *Sanctuary* ♦ (1931) is a sadistic horror story, ostensibly written to make money but carefully reworked before publication as a serious novel. *Light in August* ♦ (1932), although also filled with horrors, is a more balanced contrast of positive and negative modes of life in its presentation of violent adventures involved in the relations between men and women, black and white. *Absalom, Absalom!* ♦ (1936), set in early 19th-century Jefferson, shows the tragic downfall of the dynastic desires of the planter Colonel Sutpen. *The Unvanquished* ♦ (1938) uses rather short stories to create a novel about the batons family in the Civil War. *The Wild Palms* ♦ (1939) shows the effects of a Mississippi flood on the lives of a hillbilly convict and a New Orleans doctor and his mistress. *The Hamlet* ♦ (1940), the first volume of a trilogy, shows the rise to power of the depraved Snopes family. *Intruder in the Dust* ♦ (1948) is a more compassionate tale of a black man on trial and the concomitant growing moral awareness of a white boy. *Requiem for a Nun* (1951), a sequel to *Sanctuary*, combines the forms of play and novel to treat the tortured redemption of Temple Drake. *A Fable* ♦ (1954, Pulitzer Prize) is a lengthy parable of the Passion of Christ set in a framework of false justice and actual mutiny in World War I. *The Town* ♦ (1957) carries on the story of the white trash Flem Snopes and his coming to Jefferson, while *The Mansion* ♦ (1960) concludes the Snopes story by treating the family in the first half of the 20th century. *The Reivers* ♦ (1962, Pulitzer Prize), published just before the author's death, is an amusing fictive "reminiscence" of a boy's various misadventures in 1905. Many of the novels' characters, settings, and themes appear in stories collected in *These 13* (1931); *Level in the Desert* (1931); *Miss Zilphia Gant* (1932); *In Martino* (1934); *Go Down, Moses* (1942), including the symbolic novelette "The Bear" ♦; *Knight's Gambit* (1949); *Big Woods* (1955), hunting tales, and *Uncollected Stories* (1979). *Salmagundi* (1972) gathers early essays and poems, and *A Green Book* (1933) collects poems. Other works include *Early Prose and Poetry* (1962), *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters* (1965) and *Flags in the Dust* (1973), the original uncut text of *Sartoris*.

During the 1930s he was off and on in Hollywood

## Fay

as a script writer, but his works for film are not accounted as being of much consequence. Critical views stated while teaching in Japan, at the University of Virginia, and at West Point appear in *Faulkner at Nagano* (1956), *Faulkner in the University* (1959), and *Faulkner at West Point* (1964). Lesser works include posthumously published juvenilia, *Marionettes: A Play in One Act* (1975) and *Mayday* (1976), while *The Wishing Tree* (1967) is a book for children. *Selected Letters* appeared in 1977. For his literary accomplishments Faulkner was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1950 and in acceptance made a brief but important statement about his belief "that man will not merely endure: he will prevail . . . because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance" and "the writer's duty is to write about these things."

FAUSET, JESSIE REDMON (1882–1961), born in New Jersey of a long-established family of free blacks, was probably the first black woman to become a member of Phi Beta Kappa upon her graduation from Cornell (1905). After graduate study at the University of Pennsylvania and the Sorbonne she became a high-school teacher of French and Latin and an editor of DuBois's *The Crisis*, which she opened to new young writers of the Harlem Renaissance. She herself wrote four novels: *There Is Confusion* (1924), a love story concerning an educated black woman who wants to be a concert singer and a black man whom she helps in his fight to become a doctor; *Plum Bun* (1929), presenting two sisters, one who passes for white while living in Greenwich Village, where she has an unhappy love affair with a white man, the other, admitting her race and living affirmatively in Harlem; *The Chinnaberry Tree* (1931), another story about black women and the need for them to accept their heritage; and *Comedy: American Style* (1934), depicting an insecure, frustrated black woman.

FAWCETT, EDGAR (1847–1904), author of satirical novels and plays on New York society. Among them are the novel *Purple and Fine Linen* (1873) and such plays as *The False Friend* (1880), *Our First Families* (1880), and *Americans Abroad* (1881). *The Buntling Ball* (1884) is a verse play. He also wrote poetry typical of his era, such as *Songs of Doubt and Dream* (1891), and *Agnosticism and Other Essays* (1889).

FAY, THEODORE SEDGWICK (1807–98), editor of the *New-York Mirror* (1828–33), after 1837 held various diplomatic posts in England, Germany, and Switzerland. His early essays in the *Mirror* were collected in

FAULKNER  
Bios

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NE, FATHER.

**FAULKNER (FALKNER), WILLIAM CUTHBERT** (Sept. 25, 1897-July 6, 1962), writer, was born in New Albany, Miss., the son of Murry Cuthbert Falkner, a railroad employee, and of Maud Butler. When he was a little more than a year old, his parents moved to Ripley, Miss., where his great-grandfather, Colonel William Clark Falkner, principal developer of the Gulf and Chicago Railroad, had lived. Just before Falkner's fifth birthday the family moved to Oxford, seat of Lafayette County, Miss., and home of his grandfather, John Wesley Thompson Falkner. One of the town's most prominent citizens, he helped establish Murry Falkner in a series of businesses.  
In Oxford, Falkner absorbed regional and family lore that later enriched his fiction: prewar plantation history; local fighting in the War Between the States; and the career of his great-grandfather, "The Old Colonel," who had fought with distinction at the battle of First Manassas, raised a regiment of Partisan Rangers, prospered as a blockade runner, and after the war transformed the Ripley Railroad Company into the Gulf and Chicago. He also wrote several books, including the popular romance *The White Rose of Memphis*. As a schoolboy William Falkner told his teacher, "I want to be a writer like my great-granddaddy."  
Falkner entered the first grade in 1905 and showed himself bright enough to advance to the third grade at the beginning of the next year. Now called Billy, he was the leader of his three brothers in games and occasional devilment, and a loving and usually obedient son. By eighth grade Falkner was finding school boring and truancy attractive. Drawing and writing stories and poems was far more absorbing than class assignments. Maud Falkner, believing in his talent, had encouraged her son's reading. By late 1915 Falkner had dropped out of school.  
In the summer of 1914, he had shown his poetry to Phil Stone, an older friend. Stone talked modern literature to Falkner and loaned him books in vicarious satisfaction of his own strong literary bent and plunged into the nurturing of Falkner's talent. Falkner went bear hunting at Stone's father's camp and worked briefly and unhappily at his grandfather's bank.  
The recipient of many of Falkner's poems was Lida Estelle Oldham, a neighbor and university coed, but his dream of a life with her vanished when his lack of a profession and her family's pressure resulted in her marriage to Cornell Franklin, a lawyer, in April 1918.  
Early that month Falkner had gone to stay with Stone in New Haven. He found a job as a

ledger clerk with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. After unsuccessful attempts to enlist for flight training in the U.S. Army (he could not meet height and weight requirements), he was accepted by the Royal Air Force-Canada. Convinced he had to pass as British, he had invented an English background for himself and changed the spelling of his name to Faulkner. In July 1918 he began training but was discharged in December. He had not flown, but he had absorbed lore that would prove useful in his fiction.  
Faulkner returned home to a life of footloose roaming. His first published writing, a long pastoral poem, "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," appeared in the *New Republic* on Aug. 6, 1919, but further publication in national magazines eluded him for more than ten years. His outlets for poetry were now the *Oxford Eagle* and the university newspaper, *The Mississippian*. Over the next two years Faulkner published essays and reviews in the latter reflecting poetic tastes formed on Algernon Swinburne, A. E. Housman, and John Keats, and moderns such as Conrad Aiken and T. S. Eliot. In the fall of 1919 he entered the University of Mississippi as a special student. Although he did well in French and Spanish, he seemed more interested in The Marionettes, a drama club for which he wrote an unproduced experimental play. He was probably glad to use a university crackdown on fraternities (he was a Sigma Alpha Epsilon) as an excuse for withdrawing in November 1920. He now passed the time writing, doing odd jobs, and acting as assistant scoutmaster.  
In the fall of 1921, Faulkner accepted Mississippi writer Stark Young's invitation to visit him in New York City. There he worked as a bookstore clerk for Elizabeth Prall and tried unsuccessfully to place his work with New York editors. He returned home in December to become postmaster at the university, a job he performed unhappily and inefficiently until late 1924. He resigned after charges were brought by the postal inspector, including the correct allegation that he had worked on his own writing during business hours. In December of that year he published *The Marble Faun*, a cycle of pastoral poems, after Phil Stone had supplied the \$400 that the Four Seas Company charged for the first edition. Reviews and sales were scanty. Fire destroyed most of the copies, helping ultimately to make the book a collector's item.  
Planning an extended stay in Europe, Faulkner paused in New Orleans to visit Elizabeth Prall, now married to the writer Sherwood Anderson. The stay lengthened as Anderson en-

couraged Faulkner, who plunged into various kinds of work: stories and sketches for the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* and *The Double Dealer*, more poetry, and a novel he called *Mayday*. On Anderson's recommendation Faulkner sent it to Anderson's publisher and sailed for Europe on July 7 with architect and artist William Spratling. The two made their way from Genoa to Paris and settled on the Left Bank. By early September, when Spratling left for home, Faulkner was well into another novel, called *Elmer*. Although he still wrote poems, he had realized that his true métier was fiction, and *Elmer* showed the way he was experimenting with impressionistic, symbolic writing. He stored up more material on a short trip to England, and on walking tours in France, before he sailed for home in early December.  
Faulkner's novel *Mayday*, renamed *Soldiers' Pay*, was published in 1926. Although it was a rather derivative postwar wasteland story (that drew on his frustrated hopes as an RAF cadet and his brother Jack's experience as a wounded Marine), its verbal virtuosity and creative exuberance earned rather good notices for a first novel. He had earlier returned to New Orleans and moved in with Spratling. He wrote an introduction to a book of Spratling's drawings called *Sherwood Anderson and Other Famous Creoles*, which appeared in December 1926. Done in a spirit of fun, the book nonetheless offended Anderson and helped drive a wedge between him and Faulkner.  
Anderson's hurt could only have been deepened with the appearance of *Mosquitoes* (1927), in which Anderson was caricatured, it seemed to some, as the writer Dawson Fairchild. Dealing with dilettantes and litterateurs in the manner of Aldous Huxley, the book again showed Faulkner's versatility and fertility, but it fared less well than *Soldiers' Pay*.  
Anderson had advised Faulkner to mine his native Mississippi material. This he had done when he put aside a tale of a rapacious rural tribe called Snopes, in a fragment entitled "Father Abraham," (which he later used as a basis for his Snopes trilogy), and concentrated instead on a long chronicle-style novel named *Flags in the Dust*. The novel traced the Sartoris family, whose towering figure, Colonel John Sartoris, was based on Colonel William C. Falkner. Faulkner's publisher, Horace Liveright, rejected it. The much-revised text was rejected approximately a dozen times before Harcourt, Brace published it in a simpler form as *Sartoris* (1929).  
Faulkner's emotional life had grown as complicated as his literary fortunes. For more than

half a dozen years Estelle Oldham Franklin had returned periodically to Mississippi. Her marriage had not gone well, and gradually her relationship with her former sweetheart acquired a renewed, if altered, intensity. She divorced Franklin, and married Faulkner on June 20, 1929.

Early in 1928, Faulkner, despairing over the rejection of *Flags in the Dust*, had decided to write for himself, and not for any publisher's list. He began a novel first called *Twilight* that consisted of three first-person narratives (brothers: an idiot, a psychotic, and a neurotic) and a final narrative in the third person, all four focusing on their beautiful and tragic sister, Caddy Compson, and her doomed family. A spectacular novel employing stream of consciousness, mythic and biblical references, and a dense texture of symbolism, it reminded some readers of James Joyce and others of Feodor Dostoevsky. For those who had followed Faulkner's work, it represented a quantum leap forward. Harcourt, Brace refused the novel, but Harrison Smith took it for his new firm of Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith and published it as *The Sound and The Fury* (1929). Although it is chief among Faulkner's masterpieces, it did not sell.

By the spring of 1930, Faulkner had begun to crack the national magazine market with stories such as "A Rose for Emily." He aimed for the *Saturday Evening Post* but placed his work where he could, for his income was modest and unpredictable. He took a night job at the university power plant to supplement his income, and it was there that he wrote what he called a tour de force, entitled *As I Lay Dying* (1930). This time there were fifty-nine interior monologues as no fewer than fifteen narrators related events in the sickness, death, and burial journey of Addie Bundren as her family took her from their farm to the family plot in Jefferson, seat of Yoknapatawpha County. The brilliantly imaginative tale, in which spoken words were recorded with fidelity to dialect while inner thoughts were rendered with poetic virtuosity, was seen variously as a study of the capacity for heroism in ordinary folk or a bleak rendering of a bizarre world bereft of meaning. Faulkner was now transmuting his "little postage stamp of native soil" into his "apocryphal county"—a process like that accomplished by Honoré de Balzac, a writer he admired and with whom he would be compared.

By now Faulkner had achieved a voice that was uniquely his own. But his books still did not sell well enough to support him, his wife, his two

stepchildren, and the servants he gradually acquired, some as virtually inherited family dependents.

Always a man with a particular affinity for children, an inveterate maker of fairy stories and teller of tales, he was close to his stepchildren. He and his wife had a daughter in January 1931, but she lived for only nine days. Her death was one of the two greatest traumas of Faulkner's life. Ironically, his first commercial success came the next month with the publication of *Sanctuary*. Faulkner always said that he had written this novel to make money. He had begun it more than two years before, its bald outline taken from a tale he had heard in a nightclub of a girl raped with a blunt object by an impotent gangster and then sequestered in a brothel. He would say it was the most "horrific" story he could think of. Faulkner had always enjoyed murder mysteries, and he apparently conceived of this as a kind of three-in-one: a spectacular mystery-detective-gangster story, a commercially successful novel, and a work of art that would mirror the corruption of society at large in the lives of a limited number of people from different strata of society.

When Harrison Smith received the typescript, he shelved it for fear of prosecution. Later, with the increasing financial pressure brought on by the Great Depression, he had it set in type and sent the galleys to a surprised Faulkner, who was now horrified at what he called the cheap approach he had employed in treating his material. At Smith's insistence he agreed to publication, but only after extensive revisions. It was one of his most powerful books, but the horrors were unrelieved, often nearly side by side with some of his funniest and most poetically evocative writing. Unfortunately, Cape and Smith went into receivership before Faulkner could get \$6,000 due him.

*Sanctuary* was a watershed book that led to a watershed year. Other publishers began to approach Faulkner. He caught Hollywood's eye, and in early May 1932 he signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM) as a contract writer. He worked intermittently as a scenarist over the next twenty-two years, mostly for MGM, Twentieth Century-Fox, and Warner Brothers.

Faulkner's screenwriting earnings (as distinct from sales of his fiction to film makers) came to about \$150,000. It was money he desperately needed, but he resented having to go to California to work in a medium he never regarded as his. All of Faulkner's direct male ancestors had been heavy drinkers, and from his late teens he had been no exception. Hollywood exacerbated

this tendency (as did personal troubles and the exhaustion following the completion of a book). Although he could drink moderately and even abstain when he chose, for the rest of his life Faulkner was a "binge" drinker whose bouts were often protracted and could constitute the equivalent of at least one serious illness every year.

In 1932 the new firm of Harrison Smith and Robert Haas published *Light in August*, a long, powerful novel of social tensions in Yoknapatawpha County. Although dense-textured, it was not as difficult as *The Sound and the Fury*. It was experimental in a different way, contrapuntally telling the story of Lena Grove, a pregnant country girl seeking her lover, and Joe Christmas, a man who thinks he is part black and who meets his destiny through a fatal involvement with Joanna Burden, a spinster of abolitionist lineage, one of several characters isolated from the community by the strength of the past and their own psychodynamics. By now Faulkner had a national, if limited, audience; and though the power of the novel enhanced his standing with some, to others it was further evidence of his difficulty and propensity for violence and perversion. His reputation was higher in France, where he was regarded by critics as a modern master.

By early 1933 a new force had entered Faulkner's life. With some of the Hollywood money he bought an airplane and began taking flying lessons. Now he could live out some of the dreams that had led to the wounded-aviator pose he had assumed in New Orleans. A greater change in his life came with the birth of a daughter in June. His devotion to his craft sometimes seemed to make him oblivious to his family, but his love for his child was a constant all his life.

Although he published *A Green Bough*, his last book of verse, in 1933, and *Doctor Martino and Other Stories* in 1934, Faulkner took time for hunting and occasional flying. A trip to the dedication of New Orleans' Shushan Airport in 1934 gave him the material for *Pylon*, a novel of rootless barnstorming aviators published in 1935. Flying left its mark on his life in a different fashion that November. Faulkner gave his plane to his brother Dean, a commercial aviator. When Dean was killed in a crash, Faulkner blamed himself and suffered nightmares and feelings of guilt for years. He felt responsible for his brother's wife and the child she was expecting, as well as for his widowed mother.

Financial responsibilities forced a return to Hollywood that December. The separation

necessitated by his assignment at Twentieth Century-Fox exacerbated another problem that had been developing for some time. Estelle Faulkner found the pressure of financial need and the inconvenience of living in an antebellum home without plumbing or electricity difficult. Faulkner was often withdrawn and devoted to his work; she was a social woman with expensive tastes and little of the social activity she enjoyed. She drank too, and her problem was often as acute as her husband's. Faulkner began an affair with a studio secretary that continued intermittently for nearly thirty years. It was not his only one.

But even through his grief and scriptwriting Faulkner continued work on the long, complex, and often intractable novel he had called *Dark House*. After two short-story treatments of the material, he had approached the story of Thomas Sutpen within a dialectical framework provided by Quentin Compson, the second narrator in *The Sound and the Fury*, and his Harvard roommate Shreve McCannon. Faulkner said it was the story of a man who wanted sons and got too many of them. A self-made man who denied a part-black son because he did not fit the princely line he wanted to found, Sutpen brought about his own destruction and that of his line by his denial of human worth and dignity. An enormous body of criticism grew up about the novel. It was seen as an allegory of the South, as an exploration of the problem of how one can "know" history, and as an intricate psychological study of "the human heart in conflict with itself." To some critics this was his crowning masterwork. Published as *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936) by Random House (which had absorbed Smith and Haas), it further enhanced Faulkner's reputation but again failed to provide the financial security he hoped for.

Faulkner was still eking out a precarious existence with film work and short stories. He collected a group of the latter, reshaping and adding to them to form a Civil War novel called *The Unvanquished* (1938). It brought \$25,000 from MGM (more than either "Turn About" or *Sanctuary*) but it was never filmed. Faulkner bought a farm. He named it Greenfield Farm and installed his brother John and his family on it. Although his future assertions that he was "just a farmer" were reminiscent of his posing as wounded aviator and bohemian writer, Greenfield Farm satisfied a need he often felt.

In 1939, Faulkner was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, but *The Wild Palms*, which came out in January, was received with the usual mixture of admiration and puzz-

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zement. Technically it was another daring experiment. The contrapuntal stories of a convict disillusioned with love and anxious to return to the prison from which flood waters have temporarily released him, and a doctor who sacrifices career and liberty for love, were separated in time by ten years and in geography (at times) by half a continent. At once a critique of heedless romantic love and an evocation of the nuclear family, it was another novel that sold but modestly. Faulkner next collected another group of magazine stories, reshaped them, and added to them to make *The Hamlet* (1940).

Set in Frenchman's Bend, the novel mixed outrageous parody and bucolic comedy with the starkest treatment of soulless avarice as Flem Snopes conquered and prepared to move on to Jefferson. The structure was primarily chronological and the narration principally third-person, but Faulkner's exuberant rhetoric and mythic consciousness enriched the novel in a characteristic way. It revealed part of the essence of his gift: a self-styled "failed poet," he employed a rich poetic sensibility and technique in the service of prose fiction that was both realistic and symbolic.

Distracted more than ever by debts, Faulkner tried to change publishers. When America entered World War II, he sought a commission, without success. He had gathered stories that formed a narrative of the relations between black and white families in Yoknapatawpha County from slavery times to the present. The magazine versions had been, in the main, comic. He deepened them with compassion and a sense of the tragic realities of the South's racial dilemma. Rewriting material, Faulkner created a segment called "The Bear" that was essentially a novella. It described Ike McCaslin's growth and consecration to the big woods and his rejection of his family's plantation, built on the injustice of slavery. A ritual and mythic story, "The Bear" treated man's relation to nature and his depredations, dramatized in the story of the legendary bear Old Ben; the great dog Lion, who was finally able to bring it to bay; and the men, principally Sam Fathers (part Chickasaw king, part black slave), who would bring about Ben's inevitable death. Entitled *Go Down, Moses*, the book was published in May 1942, not quite lost in the furor of the war.

By mid-1942, Faulkner was back in Hollywood, struggling with various stories for several directors, doing his best as "script doctor" for Howard Hawks, who knew how to use Faulkner's fertility of invention. He hoped that a film partnership with Hawks would provide

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financial independence, but the project failed. With two other men he worked at a film treatment of an old idea: the reappearance of Christ and the repeated sacrifice in which he would become the Great War's Unknown Soldier. Desperately committed to the idea, he found it intractable. Only when Random House promised to advance money so he could write it in Mississippi, as a novel, was he able to leave California, in September 1945. Malcolm Cowley's edition of *The Portable Faulkner* for Viking Press brought his work renewed interest the next year, but his progress on the war novel he called *Who?* was painfully slow.

The dam was about to break. Turning from the big book to what he thought would be a short mystery story, Faulkner wrote *Intruder in the Dust* (1948), the tale of a black man jailed for murder who is aided in his struggle for exoneration by two adolescent boys and a courageous spinster. In the novel's growth it also became the story of the white boy's introduction to maturity and a commentary on racial prejudice that showed Faulkner's increasing awareness of and concern about contemporary tensions in the South. The screen rights were sold to MGM, and the book made money for Random House. At the age of fifty-one Faulkner had finally achieved financial security. On Nov. 23, 1948, he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

It was obviously a logical time for Random House to plan publication of Faulkner's short stories. In November 1949, *Knight's Gambit*, a series of cases solved by county attorney Gavin Stevens, who resembled Phil Stone in some ways and Faulkner in others, appeared. In August 1950, *Collected Stories of William Faulkner*, a massive volume that showed his range and mastery in this form, was brought out. In May 1950 the American Academy had awarded him the Howells Medal for Fiction. That November he received the 1949 Nobel Prize for literature. His plea that he was a farmer who needed to stay home with his crops availed him nothing. He gave in to family and governmental pressure, and after a desperate drinking bout he shakily boarded the plane for Stockholm with his daughter. His short acceptance speech on Dec. 10, 1950, seemed uncharacteristically optimistic to some: Man would not only endure, he said, he would prevail. But the speech enunciated the virtues his work had celebrated for a quarter of a century, and became the most quoted of all Nobel Prize speeches.

Still withdrawn and usually shy and taciturn, Faulkner was now a public man. The next half-

## Fa

dozen years were filled with activity. In 1951 he received the Nobel Award for *Collected Stories*. In 1952 he won the Pulitzer Prize for *Sanctuary*. In 1953 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Sound and the Fury*. In 1954 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1955 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1956 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1957 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1958 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1959 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1960 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1961 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1962 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1963 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1964 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1965 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1966 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1967 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1968 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1969 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1970 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1971 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1972 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1973 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1974 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1975 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1976 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1977 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1978 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1979 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1980 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1981 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1982 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1983 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1984 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1985 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1986 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1987 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1988 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1989 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1990 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1991 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1992 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1993 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1994 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1995 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1996 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1997 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1998 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 1999 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2000 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2001 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2002 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2003 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2004 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2005 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2006 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2007 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2008 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2009 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2010 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2011 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2012 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2013 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2014 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2015 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2016 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2017 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2018 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2019 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2020 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2021 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2022 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2023 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2024 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*. In 2025 he won the Nobel Prize for *The Waste Land*.

Faulkner had worked on the novel begun in Hollywood, and though it was nearly finished, he had to stop off work on it in late 1949. He asked his help on a picture. He went there by way of an early spring before the war. He could return to the States (1954) was a massive effort and death, set in the mutinies late in the war. His "magnum opus," only one of his books, won the 1954 Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize.

In spite of his complicity, Faulkner reluctant of cultural missions and an International Writer in 1954 in Brazil, and in 1955 that took him to Italy, France, England, worked in the People's Department mission trip came in 1961.

Faulkner became involved in the civil rights crisis and speaking in an attempt to establish a position as writer-in-residence in Virginia in 1957 and 1961.

During these years Faulkner wrote the Snopes trilogy with *Mansion* (1959). The tendency of Flem Snopes by his assumption of been Colonel Sartre showed a faith in Gavin Stevens and V. K. Ratliff structure Snopesism. Both novel narrators, but complex as that in *Town* showed a fallacious recapitulative *The* strength and beauty

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dozen years were filled with activities and honors. In 1951 he received the National Book Award for *Collected Stories* and the French Legion of Honor. He completed *Requiem for a Nun*, a play within a novel, that followed the life of Temple Drake in the years after her experiences in *Sanctuary*. In it he confronted again the problem of the human capacity for evil but concentrated as well on attempts to atone for that capacity and to find faith.

Faulkner had worked intermittently on the novel begun in Hollywood, now called *A Fable*, and though it was nearing completion, he broke off work on it in late 1953 when Howard Hawks asked his help on a picture to be filmed in Egypt. He went there by way of Europe, and it was early spring before the job was completed and he could return to the United States. *A Fable* (1954) was a massive retelling of Christ's passion and death, set in the French army during the mutinies late in World War I. He called it his "magnum opus," but it was also, he said, the only one of his books to derive from an idea. It won the 1954 National Book Award for fiction and the Pulitzer Prize.

In spite of his continuing preference for privacy, Faulkner reluctantly embarked on a series of cultural missions out of a sense of patriotism: an International Writers' Conference in August 1954 in Brazil, and a State Department trip in 1955 that took him to Japan, the Philippines, Italy, France, England, and Iceland. In 1956 he worked in the People-to-People Program, and six months later in 1957 he undertook a State Department mission to Greece. His last such trip came in 1961, a fortnight in Venezuela.

Faulkner became intensely concerned with the civil rights crisis in the mid-1950's, writing and speaking in an attempt to avert violence and establish a position for political moderates. He was writer-in-residence at the University of Virginia in 1957 and 1958.

During these years Faulkner completed the Snopes trilogy with *The Town* (1957) and *The Mansion* (1959). These novels traced the ascendancy of Flem Snopes in Jefferson, marked by his assumption of the presidency of what had been Colonel Sartoris's bank, but they also showed a faith in human possibility as lawyer Gavin Stevens and sewing-machine salesman V. K. Ratliff struggled against Snopes and Snopesism. Both novels used relays of first-person narrators, but the storytelling was not as complex as that in earlier works. Although *The Town* showed a falling off in power, much of the recapitulative *The Mansion* displayed the strength and beauty of Faulkner's best work. His

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last novel was *The Reivers*, published in June 1962. It was a mellow, retrospective, first-person tale with autobiographical elements, the story of a boy's loss of innocence and initiation into the adult world.

In April 1962, Faulkner and his family visited the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. The next month he went to New York to accept the Gold Medal for Fiction of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It had not been an easy year for him. An injury-prone horseman who in his career had suffered a fractured collarbone, ribs, and vertebrae, he had been reinjured in a fall in January. At Oxford, in mid-June, he was thrown once more. He treated himself until finally his family took him to a small private hospital in Byhalia, Miss., where he died of a heart attack.

[The largest and most important collection of Faulkner materials is in the University of Virginia Library. Other collections are at the University of Texas, the New York Public Library, the University of Mississippi, and Yale University. Writings by Faulkner not noted in the text are *Big Woods* (1955); *William Faulkner: Early Prose and Poetry*, ed. Carvel Collins (1962); *The Wishing Tree* (1964); *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters by William Faulkner*, ed. James B. Meriwether (1965); *William Faulkner: New Orleans Sketches*, ed. Carvel Collins (1968); *Mayday*, ed. Carvel Collins (1976); *The Marionettes*, ed. Noel Polk (1978); *Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner*, ed. Joseph Blotner (1979). For bibliographical and textual information see James B. Meriwether, *The Literary Career of William Faulkner*, rev. ed. (1971). Faulkner's comments on his life and work are in *William Faulkner in the University*, ed. Frederick L. Gwynn and Joseph Blotner (1959); *Faulkner at West Point*, ed. Joseph L. Fant and Robert Ashley (1964); *Lion in the Garden*, ed. James B. Meriwether and Michael Millgate (1968).

Memoirs of Faulkner include John B. Cullen and Floyd C. Watkins, *Old Times in the Faulkner Country* (1961); John Faulkner, *My Brother Bill* (1963); *William Faulkner of Oxford*, ed. James W. Webb and A. Wigfall Green (1965); Murry C. Falkner, *The Falkners of Mississippi* (1967); Meta Carpenter Wilde and Ori Borsten, *A Loving Gentleman* (1976). Biographical and autobiographical material is in Joseph Blotner, *Faulkner*, 2 vols. (1974); *Selected Letters of William Faulkner*, ed. Joseph Blotner (1977).

Faulkner criticism includes Olga Vickery, *The Novels of William Faulkner* (1959); Cleanth Brooks, *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (1963); Michael Millgate, *The Achievement of William Faulkner* (1966); *William Faulkner: Four Decades of Criticism*, ed. Linda Welshimer Wagner (1973); Warren Beck, *Faulkner: Essays* (1976); Cleanth Brooks, *William Faulkner: Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond* (1978). Also see Calvin S.

also the author of pot-boiling, nov-  
els in his reminis-  
cences have been

Across Europe,  
There's No End To  
The Coffins (English  
Russia) 1930; The  
Transgressor in the  
Lake, 1938; Fugitive  
Back, 1941; Bomber's

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upon as civilized, receding just as fast into barbarism? What can be said to be possible or impossible, wise or unwise? Utopia, sooner or later, must come true. Humanity must arise some day to another ideal than that of being led like cattle, and fooled, and slaughtered.

"We shall not live to see the change. That is why we must take refuge in fiction. I tell myself many beautiful tales which I mean to write—but I often desist because, in the writing, their beauty fades."

\* \* \*

This sketch, it need hardly be added, was sent by M. Fauconnier (from Barbezieux, Charentes, France) before the French defeat by Hitler. Until the present war his permanent address was Radès, Tunisia. Barbezieux was his birthplace, and he studied law at Bordeaux, fifty miles South. His father died when he was twenty and he had to help bring up a large family of brothers and sisters. He went to Singapore in 1905 as assistant to a British rubber planter, and soon became a planter in his own right. After the First World War, in which he served throughout, he returned to Malaya until the collapse of the rubber boom, when he settled in Tunisia to write. *Malaisie* received the Goncourt Prize for 1930. Basil Davenport called it "an exquisite book." M. Fauconnier, a dark, slim man with a small moustache, is unmarried. He is a member of the Royal Society of Literature, in London.

WORKS AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH: *Malaisie* (in English: *The Soul of Malaya*) 1931.

ABOUT: Lalou, R. *Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine*; *Saturday Review of Literature* December 12, 1931; *Spectator* November 21, 1931.

**FAULKNER, WILLIAM** (September 25, 1897- ), American novelist; who sometimes spells his name Falkner, was born in New Albany, Miss. Statements that he was born in Ripley, Miss., in October, 1897, are incorrect; both villages, however, are near Oxford, seat of the University of Mississippi, which has been his home since childhood. His father was Murry C. Faulkner, owner of a livery stable but also treasurer of the university; his mother Maud (Butler) Faulkner. On both sides the family belonged to the wealthy and powerful Southerners ruined by the Civil War and



reduced to genteel poverty. William was the oldest of four brothers, one of whom became a well-known aviator before he was killed in 1935. After the fifth grade he attended school only desultorily, though he took some high school work and also some special courses at the University of Mississippi. For the most part, in his late teens, he merely hung around Oxford, read a great deal, wrote bad verse imitative of Swinburne and Omar Khayyām, and tried to find himself. The First World War woke him from this lethargy. Flying caught his imagination, but he refused to enlist with the "Yankees," so went to Toronto and joined the Canadian Air Force, becoming a lieutenant in the R.A.F. Biographers who say he got no nearer France than Toronto are mistaken. He was sent to France as an observer, had two planes shot down under him, was wounded in the second shooting, and did not return to Oxford until after the Armistice.

He re-entered the university, and attended it off and on from 1919 to 1921, though he was never graduated. As a veteran, he was able to waive the requirement of high school graduation before becoming a regularly enrolled student. In between times he worked as a house painter, painting the roofs of several university buildings. He served later as university postmaster, until he was dismissed for inattention to duty. Then, at loose ends again, he drifted to New Orleans, where he became a friend of Sherwood Anderson, through whom he came to the notice of the *Double Dealer*, one of the pioneers of "little" literary magazines. Faulkner's first published work was a poem in this magazine, in 1922. He wrote *Soldiers' Pay* in New Orleans, and Anderson recommended it to a publisher on condition that he would not have to read the manuscript first! It was accepted, and Faulkner started work on *Mosquitoes*, the background of which was the New Orleans Bohemia. Before either of them appeared, however, he had suddenly left on a freighter for Europe, where he spent most of 1925. He had previously spent a few unhappy months in New York as a clerk in a book-store, an utter misfit in both the city and the occupation.

Back in Oxford again, he worked as a carpenter, farmed, fished, and hunted, saw his first two novels through the press, received critical acclaim but not much money, and wrote *The Sound and the Fury*. Not surprisingly, since it is the first of the Faulkner novels written in his cryptic stream-of-consciousness style, at first no publisher would look at it. The long first section

consists of the sense-impressions of an idiot; there are two characters in it, man and woman, with the same name; and it is difficult to understand until after one has finished it. Discouraged but not daunted, he went to work on *Sartoris*, the first of his many novels centering loosely around the Sartoris (for which read Faulkner) family and the town of Jefferson (Oxford), Miss. The principal character, Colonel Sartoris, was a mingling of his grandfather and his great-grandfather and namesake, a pioneer railroad builder who was also author of a sentimental novel of the South, once popular, called *The White Rose of Memphis*. *Sartoris* was published in 1929, the same year that its author married Mrs. Estelle (Oldham) Franklin, a widow with two children. They now have a child of their own.

Unable to live by his writing, Faulkner took a job as night superintendent of a power plant. There, writing on an upturned wheelbarrow in the small hours of the morning, he revised *The Sound and the Fury*, and at the same time deliberately set about writing a pure horror story, aimed at the collection of royalties, which he called *Sanctuary*. After the establishment of his reputation by *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, he rewrote *Sanctuary* also, so that now it is part of the Jefferson cycle. It was the first of his novels to become popular. From that time on he has not had to worry about money; he was able to modernize his century-old house, to buy a private plane, to finance his brother's barnstorming career, and to travel where he pleased. Hollywood bought *Sanctuary* and turned it into a movie, and Faulkner was asked to assist in its filming. Since then he has spent much time in Hollywood, though on his own terms. (On one occasion he asked permission to do his writing "at home"; the studio consented; but when they tried to telephone him in Santa Monica one day, they discovered that he had meant "at home" in Mississippi, to which he had returned!)

He lives in Oxford for most of the time now, though he also has a thirty-five-acre farm in the hills. His mornings are given to writing, his afternoons to hunting, fishing, and conviviality. He takes his farming seriously, and even does his own brewing. Except among his intimates, he is silent and unsocial, and has even been called "insolent"; the fact is that his manner is the result of acute sensitiveness. In 1939 he won the first prize in the annual O. Henry Memorial Award. He writes his books by hand—a fine, unreadable hand—on the right-hand side

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of legal-sized sheets of paper, reserving the left-hand side for corrections. He is slow and hesitant in his speech, much more eager to talk about farming or hunting than about literature, and completely uncritical of his own work. For example, he once told a college class that he had "never given the subject of form a single thought," whereas Conrad Aiken said that form was his constant preoccupation. His own comment on fiction-writing is: "If a story is in you, it has got to come out."

Faulkner's world is a nightmare realm, "darkly reflected through distorting lenses," as Anthony Buttrick put it. Inordinately imaginative, bitter, undisciplined, brilliant, and difficult, he is, as one critic remarked, "extraordinarily powerful but extremely uneven." Burton Rascoe gave him credit for sardonic humor and a comic sense, but it is the humor of the grotesque. He is the chronicler of decay, of viciousness, of perversion, of cruelty. Earle Birney said there were two Faulkners—"a stylized and morbid mystic attempting a sequence of novels on the scale of an epic," and "a sharp and brilliant narrator of short stories." Granville Hicks called his characters "twisted shapes in the chaotic wreckage of a mad world," and said that he was in the tradition, not of the high tragedy of John Webster and Robinson Jeffers, but of the "technical ingenuity" and horror of Poe and Ambrose Bierce: "it is too easy for him to produce shudders for him to bother to try to create tragedy." And all this is presented in what Aiken called "a strangely fluid and slippery and heavily mannered prose." In all his major novels, Faulkner has to be *re-read* to be comprehended, and in some cases only an acquaintance with all the novels makes for complete understanding of his intricate cross-narrative.

It is curious that this master of a complicated prose is in his verse flat and derivative, hardly more than what Bernard DeVoto called him—"a gifted amateur." But he cannot be dismissed so cavalierly as a novelist, even by those who dislike his grimness, his morbidity, and his wallowing in horror. He is in a way a minor Balzac of a sub-human world, no more obsessed with abnormality than was Dostoevsky, though completely lacking in the spiritual implications which are Dostoevsky's signature.

In appearance Faulkner is rather short, slender, with very black hair and moustache now beginning to gray, and "sharp-eyed as a gambler." He is never likely to conform to any rules, either as a person or as a writer;

he cannot be tamed into a drawing-room lion; he remains what he began—a child of the Deep South, a product of social disintegration and decay, who is also an authentic and powerful story-teller.

**PRINCIPAL WORKS:** *The Marble Faun* (poems) 1924; *Soldiers' Pay*, 1926; *Mosquitoes*, 1927; *Sartoris*, 1929; *The Sound and the Fury*, 1929; *As I Lay Dying*, 1930; *Sanctuary*, 1931; *These Thirteen* (short stories) 1931; *Idyll in the Desert*, 1931; *Light in August*, 1932; *A Green Bough* (poems) 1933; *Pylon*, 1933; *Absalom, Absalom!* 1936; *Unvanquished*, 1938; *Wild Palms*, 1939; *The Hamlet*, 1940; *Go Down Moses and Other Stories*, 1942.

**ABOUT:** Geismar, M. *Winters in Crisis*; *Atlantic Monthly* November 1939; *Bookman* September and December 1931; *Canadian Forum* June 1938; *Nuova Antologia* January 16, 1938; *Poetry* October 1933; *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 21, 1938; *Sewanee Review* July 1932; *Time* January 23, 1939.

**FAURE, ÉLIE** (April 4, 1873-October 31, 1937), French art critic and historian, was born at Ste. Foy, Gironde, the son of Pierre Faure, a peasant grower of wine grapes. At fifteen he was sent to Paris, to the Lycée Henri IV. With his brother, he studied medicine at the University, and received his degree in 1899. Though he practised his profession, and was a surgeon for many years, his primary interest was always in art—as an amateur, not as a painter himself. From childhood pictures had entranced him, and he estimated the worth of his life at any period by the number of paintings he was able to see. All through his student days he haunted the Louvre as a relief from the dissecting room. He was married, to Suzanne Gilard, before he was twenty-one, and one of their two sons died in infancy. He described this period as "Boredom. Sickness. Death. Suffering. A precocious education in responsibility and unhappiness. I saw hardly any painting." The famous Dreyfus case was indirectly the cause of his salvation. An ardent *Dreyfusard*, through his championship of the accused officer, Faure met Zola and Anatole France, and through their influence he was appointed art critic of *L'Aurore*, the paper which had become Dreyfus' chief organ of defense.

Through these connections he met the artists he had admired, and he began his real career with the publication of a brochure on Velasquez in 1904. In 1905 he helped to found the Université Populaire, a school

of adult education. Of his lectures there his *History of Art*, to study while he gradually he evolved life, which is his history and criticism considered a social of it primarily in as a whole.

He served through as a surgeon, returning his conclusion. Apathies, a close friend, a leader Jean theme expanded an aesthetic philosophy the narrow sense, to issue brochures, including Corot, Cézanne and he wrote into collections of primitive being his es Diego Rivera well painted his pictures black-bearded, bald comically the "typical in Paris at sixty-five. Montaigne, Shakespeare he thought the type. He recognized, however not intellect, which come to look upon aesthetic phenomena as an artist creating incessantly, in a kind and lyricism." As easier, he began to and had some fine the Impressionist school. Travel was in 1931 he spent a the course of which States.

**WORKS AVAILABLE:** *Art*, 1921-30 (Ancient 1922; Renaissance A Spirit of the Forms, 1923; Napoleon, 1924; 1926; The Italian Renaissance, 1930.

**ABOUT:** Ellis, H. *American Historical* February 1922, *Augure de France* December 1926; *Revue de Littérature*

**FAUSET, JESSIE** American Negro novelist, Philadelphia, Pa., and where she was in her class. She



D. Rivera

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Aurora, CO 80012  
Sandy Wheelchel, Dir.  
PH: (303)751-7844 FX: (303)751-8593  
**Founded:** 1937. **Members:** 4,000. **Staff:** 4. **Budget:** \$249,000. **Local Groups:** 15. Professional members must qualify by having: material paid and published in national or regional magazines; book issued on standard royalty basis; stage, movie, or television plays produced; associate membership is open to anyone seriously interested in creative writing. Offers home study course in magazine writing for members. **Libraries:** Type: reference. Holdings: 2,000; books. Subjects: writing. **Affiliated With:** Associated Business Writers of America. **Formerly:** (1993) National Writers Club. **Publications:** *Authorship*, bimonthly. Includes informational and instructional materials for writers, publishing industry news, obituaries, marketing, and computer columns. Price: included in membership dues; \$18.00/year for nonmembers. Circulation: 4,000. Advertising: accepted • *Flash Market News*, bimonthly • *Market Update*, bimonthly • *Professional Freelance Writers' Directory*, annual • Reports. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual conference • annual workshop • annual competition, for books, poems, articles, and short stories.

★10179★ NOMADS OF THE TIME STREAMS - INTERNATIONAL MICHAEL MOORCOCK APPRECIATION SOCIETY

PO Box 451048  
Atlanta, GA 30345  
Paul W. Cashman, Pres.  
PH: (404)634-3609  
**Founded:** 1988. **Members:** 175. **Staff:** 3. **Budget:** \$1,000. **Multinational.** Individuals in 9 countries. Promotes the works of British writer Michael Moorcock. Acts as a clearinghouse of news and information and as a contact point for Moorcock's fans. Encourages literacy. **Libraries:** Type: reference. Holdings: archival material. **Telecommunication Services:** CompuServe, 71520.3130, via Genie P: CASHMAN • electronic bulletin board, (404)292-8761 • electronic mail, BITNET, CORUM@uscN. **Publications:** *Megaflow Manifesto*, periodic. Magazine. Price: \$3.00/issue in the U.S.; \$4.00/issue outside the U.S. Circulation: 250. Advertising: not accepted. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual meeting - 1995 July 13-16, Atlanta, GA.

★10180★ PEN AMERICAN CENTER (PEN)

568 Broadway  
New York, NY 10012  
Karen Kennerly, Exec.Dir.  
PH: (212)334-1660 FX: (212)334-2181  
**Founded:** 1921. **Members:** 2,500. **Staff:** 12. **Regional Groups:** 4. Autonomous American center of international organization which seeks to "promote and maintain friendship and intellectual cooperation between people

of letters in all countries in the interests of literature, freedom of expression, and international goodwill. PEN stands for the principle of unhampered transmission of thought within each nation and between all nations and members pledge themselves to oppose any form of suppression of freedom of expression in the country and community to which they belong." The acronym PEN stands for poets, playwrights, editors, essayists, and novelists. Membership is by invitation to qualified writers, editors, and translators. Approximately 100 such autonomous centers in 60 countries are associated with the international organization. Bestows numerous awards. Sponsors writing competitions for prisoners in U.S. prisons. **Committees:** Censorship; Freedom to Write; PEN Emergency Fund for Writers; Translation; Writers-in-Prison.

**Publications:** *Grants and Awards Available to American Writers*, biennial • *Liberty Denied*. Studies the current rise of censorship in America. • Newsletter, quarterly • *PEN American Center: A History of the First Fifty Years* • *Prisoner Writing Information Bulletin*, periodic • *The World of Translation*. Compilation of 39 papers. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual international conference.

★10181★ PEN CENTER U.S.A. WEST (PCUSAW)

c/o Sherrill Britton  
672 S. Lafayette Park Pl., No. 41  
Los Angeles, CA 90057  
Sherrill Britton, Exec.Dir.  
PH: (213)365-8500 FX: (213)365-9616  
**Founded:** 1952. **Members:** 950. **Membership Dues:** \$55. **Staff:** 3. **Budget:** \$250,000. **Regional Groups:** 3. **State Groups:** 1. Poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists (PEN). Promotes freedom of expression nationally and internationally; works to effect the release of writers imprisoned because of their writings. Encourages awareness of the western U.S. as a vital literary and journalistic community. Conducts educational and charitable programs. **Awards:** PEN Center West Literary Award. **Frequency:** annual. **Type:** recognition. **Affiliated With:** International P.E.N. **Formerly:** (1989) International PEN - U.S. **Publications:** *Center*, quarterly. Magazine. Includes information on members and calendar of events. Price: included in membership dues. Advertising: accepted • *PEN Center U.S.A. West Membership Directory*, annual. **Conventions/Meetings:** semiannual congress • competition.

★10182★ P.E.N. CLUB OF PUERTO RICO (PENCPR)

Poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists (P.E.N.) united to promote mutual understanding and respect among countries; provide for the "unhampered transmission of thought" within and between nations; combat the suppression of freedom of expression; to oppose arbitrary censorship and the "evils" which often accompany a free press, such as deceptive publication and deliberate falsifications for political or personal gain. Holds book readings and presentations. Address unknown since 1994 edition. **Awards:** Type: recognition. Recipient: for literature. **Affiliated With:** International P.E.N. **Also Known As:** International P.E.N. - Puerto Rico. **Publications:** *Boletín Informativo* (in Spanish), quarterly. **Conventions/Meetings:** periodic conference.

★10183★ ROMANCE WRITERS OF AMERICA (RWA)

13700 Veterans Memorial Dr.,  
Ste. 315  
Houston, TX 77014  
Linda Fisher, Contact  
PH: (713)440-6885 FX: (713)440-7510  
**Founded:** 1980. **Members:** 7,000. **Budget:** \$130,000. **Regional Groups:** 6. **Local Groups:** 130. Writers, editors, and publishers of romance novels. Aims to support beginning, intermediate, and advanced romance writers; promotes recognition of the genre of romance writing as a serious literary form. Conducts workshops and individual manuscript consultations. **Awards:** Golden Heart Award. Type: recognition. Recipient: for best unpublished romance novel • RITA Award. Type: recognition. Recipient: for best published romance novel. **Computer Services:** database. **Telecommunication Services:** hotline, (713)440-8081. **Committees:** Awards; Editorial; Insurance; Professional Relations. **Affiliated With:** Council of Writers Organizations. **Publications:** *Pandora's Box*, bimonthly. Newsletter • *Romance Writers of America—Chapter President Bulletin Board*, monthly. Newsletter • *Romance Writers Report*, bimonthly. Magazine. **Conventions/Meetings:** annual conference • periodic regional meeting • competition.

# OBSESSION

This year's  
PEN/Faulkner  
Program

A GALA CELEBRATION OF  
THE PEN/FAULKNER  
AWARD FOR FICTION

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The Folger Shakespeare Library  
Washington, D.C.

October 4, 1993

*The writer's only responsibility is to his art. He will be completely ruthless if he is a good one. He has a dream. It anguishes him so much he must get rid of it. He has no peace until then. Everything goes by the board: honor, pride, decency, security, happiness, all to get the book written.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER

*The Paris Review* interview, 1959

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The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction each year honors the best published works of fiction by contemporary American writers. Named for William Faulkner, who used his Nobel Prize funds to support and encourage other writers, the PEN/Faulkner Award was founded by writers to honor their peers. Award judges read widely among the books of American fiction published annually in order to select five nominees. The designated winner receives \$15,000 and the other four writers \$5,000 each, at a ceremony held each May at the Folger Shakespeare Library. Support of the award is raised by special events, gifts, grants and the proceeds from the readings which are given by the authors for the award fund.

The PEN/Faulkner Foundation's outreach to the Washington community includes the Writers in Schools Project. This project, funded by the D.C. Commission on the Arts and Humanities, the Eugene and Agnes E. Meyer Foundation, and the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, places noted authors in D.C. public high schools to discuss their writing with students who are studying their work.

This evening is made possible by Ford Motor Company

# READINGS

ROGER MUDD,

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

*Seventeen writers of excellence  
explore their obsessions.*

LOUIS BEGLEY

Louis Begley, who was born in Stryj, Poland, in 1933, emigrated with his family to New York in 1948. His first novel, *Wartime Lies*—a semi-autobiographical account of his life in Nazi-occupied Europe—won the 1991 PEN/Hemingway Award, the *Irish Times*-Aer Lingus Book Prize, and the *Prix Médicis Étranger*. It also was nominated for the National Book Award, the National Book Critics Circle Award, and the Los Angeles Times Book Prize. His second novel is *The Man Who Was Late*. Mr. Begley, a senior partner in international law at Debevoise & Plimpton, is a member of the PEN/Faulkner Foundation Board and President of PEN American Center. He resides in New York City.

DAVID BRADLEY

David Bradley's second novel, *The Chaneyville Incident*, was the winner of the 1982 PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction. He is also the author of the novel, *South Street*. Born in Bedford, Pennsylvania, Mr. Bradley is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship and a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship. A reviewer of books for *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Los Angeles Times*, his articles and essays appear frequently in *Esquire*, *The Nation* and *The New York Times Magazine*. A professor of English at Temple University, Mr. Bradley lives in Philadelphia.

ROBERT OLEN BUTLER

Robert Olen Butler, who served with the U.S. Army in Vietnam in 1971 as an intelligence officer and interpreter, has written extensively about the aftermath of America's involvement in that conflict. He has published seven novels: *The Deuce*, *Wabash, On Distant Ground*, *Sun Dogs*, *Countrymen of Bones*, *The Alleys of Eden*, and the forthcoming *They Whisper*. His first collection of stories, *A Good Scent from a Strange Mountain*, won a Pulitzer Prize, a 1993 PEN/Faulkner award and the Richard and Linda Rosenthal Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Born in Granite City, Illinois, he lives in Lake Charles, Louisiana and teaches at McNeese State University.

THOMAS FLANAGAN

Thomas Flanagan's first novel, *The Year of the French*, an account of the ill-fated Irish uprising of 1798, won the National Book Critics Circle Award for fiction, as well as Gold Medals from both the American Irish Historical Society and the Eire Society. His second novel, *The Tenants of Time*, set in 19th-century Ireland, received a PEN/Faulkner award. Formerly a professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley, he now teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Born in Greenwich, Connecticut, Mr. Flanagan lives in Long Island, New York.

ERNEST GAINES

Ernest Gaines was born on a plantation in Point Coupee Parish near the town of New Road, Louisiana, which is the Bayonne of all his fictional works. His novels include *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, *Of Love and Dust*, *Catherine Carmier*, *Bloodline*, *A Long Day in November*, *In My Father's House*, *A Gathering of Old Men*, and most recently, *A Lesson Before Dying*. He divides his time between San Francisco and the University of Southwestern Louisiana in Lafayette, where he holds a visiting professorship in creative writing.

#### BARRY HANNAH

Barry Hannah grew up in Clinton, Mississippi. *Geronimo Rex*, his first novel, was awarded the William Faulkner Prize and was nominated for the National Book Award. *Airships*, a collection of his stories, won the Arnold Gingrich Short Fiction Award. He is also the author of *Nightwatchmen*, *Ray*, *The Tennis Handsome*, *Captain Maximus*, *Hey Jack!*, *Boomerang*, *Never Die* and *Bats Out of Hell*. Mr. Hannah has received a Guggenheim Fellowship and his achievements in fiction have been honored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He lives in Oxford, Mississippi, where he is Writer in Residence at the University.

#### ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Elizabeth Hardwick is a novelist, critic, essayist and editor, whose books include *Sleepless Nights*, *Seduction and Betrayal: Women and Literature*, *A View of My Own*, *The Simple Truth*, *The Ghostly Lover* and *The Selected Letters of William James*. She is a founder and advisory editor of *The New York Review of Books*. A native of Lexington, Kentucky, she has received a Guggenheim Fellowship and the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism. Ms. Hardwick, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, lives in New York City.

#### MAUREEN HOWARD

Maureen Howard is the author of *Natural History*, which won a 1993 PEN/Faulkner award. She also published five previous novels—*Not a Word About Nightingales*, *Bridgeport Bus*, *Before My Time*, *Grace Abounding*, and *Expensive Habits*. The latter two books also won PEN/Faulkner awards. She is the editor of *The Penguin Book of Contemporary American Essays*. Her memoir, *Facts of Life*, received the National Book Critics Circle Award for Nonfiction in 1978. Born and raised in Bridgeport, Connecticut, Ms. Howard has taught at Columbia, Princeton and Yale. The executive vice president of PEN American Center, she lives in New York City.

#### JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS

Jayne Ann Phillips' first novel, *Machine Dreams*, was chosen as one of the "Best Books of the Year" by *The New York Times* in 1984, was nominated for the National Book Critics Circle Award and was translated into fourteen languages. She is the author of three collections of short stories, *Sweethearts*, *Counting* and the widely anthologized *Black Tickets*, and the novel *Fast Lanes*. Ms. Phillips has won two Pushcart Prizes, the St. Lawrence Award for Fiction, the Sue Kaufman Prize from the American Academy of Arts and Letters and a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship in fiction. Born in West Virginia, she lives near Boston.

#### GEORGE PLIMPTON

George Plimpton, editor-in-chief of *The Paris Review* since 1953, is perhaps best known for his first-person accounts of an amateur sportsman attempting to perform at the professional level: *Out of My League* (baseball), *Paper Lion* (football), *The Bogey Man* (golf), *Shadow Box* (boxing), and *Open Net* (hockey). He also has co-edited *American Journal: The Times of Robert F. Kennedy*; *Edie: An American Biography*; and *D.V.* His first novel, *The Curious Case of Sidd Finch*, appeared in 1987. Mr. Plimpton was born in New York City where he lives.

#### FRANCINE PROSE

Francine Prose has written eight novels: *Animal Magnetism*, *Hungry Hearts*, *Marie Laveau*, *The Glorious Ones*, *Judah the Pious*, *Household Saints*, *Bigfoot Dreams* and *Primitive People*. She also has published two volumes of short stories, *Women and Children First* and *The Peacable Kingdom*. A native of Brooklyn, and a former teacher of creative writing at Harvard, Ms. Prose has written for *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic* and *The New York Times Book Review*. She lives in Dutchess County, New York.

#### VIKRAM SETH

Vikram Seth was born in 1952 in Calcutta. He trained at Oxford as an economist and has lived in California and China. Mr. Seth is the author of *The Golden Gate: A Novel in Verse*; *From Heaven Lake: Travels Through Sinkiang and Tibet* and four volumes of poetry, including his translations of Chinese verse, *Three Chinese Poets*. His most recent novel is *A Suitable Boy*. Mr. Seth lives in New Delhi.

#### MARY LEE SETTLE

Mary Lee Settle grew up in West Virginia and attended Sweetbriar College, which she left in the early years of World War II to enlist in the British Royal Air Force. Her war experience is the background of her memoir, *All The Brave Promises*. After the war, she stayed in England and masqueraded for a year as Mrs. Charles Palmer, "etiquette expert" for *Woman's Day*. A founder of the PEN/Faulkner Award, she is the author of *The Love Eaters*, *The Clam Shell*, *The Beulah Quintet*, *Turkish Reflections: A Biography of a Place*, *Charley Bland* and *Celebration*. In 1978, her novel *Blood Tie* won the National Book Award for Fiction. Ms. Settle lives in Charlottesville.

#### NTOZAKE SHANGE

Playwright, poet, lyricist and director, Ntozake Shange's play, *for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf*, won an Obie and Outer Critics Circle Award, and received nominations for the Tony, Grammy and Emmy Awards. Ms. Shange's poetry includes *The Love Space Demands: a continuous saga*; *Ridin' the Moon in Texas*; *A Daughter's Geography*; and *nappy edges*. She has written the novels *Betsey Brown* and *Sassafras*, *Cypress & Indigo* and the play *Boogie Woogie Landscapes*. Born in Trenton, Ms. Shange lives in Philadelphia.

#### ELIZABETH SPENCER

Elizabeth Spencer is the author of the novels *Fire in the Morning* and *The Light in the Piazza*. Her collections include *Jack of Diamonds and Other Stories*, *The Night Travellers* and *The Stories of Elizabeth Spencer*. Her stories have appeared in *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic*. Her work has received five O. Henry Prizes, the Pushcart Prize, and the Rosenthal Award and the Award of Merit Medal for the Short Story, both given by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Born in Carrollton, Mississippi, Ms. Spencer lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

#### SCOTT SPENCER

Novelist and screenwriter Scott Spencer is the author of five novels: *Last Night at the Brain Thieves Ball*, *Preservation Hall*, *Endless Love*, *Waking the Dead* and *Secret Anniversaries*. A judge for the 1993 PEN/Faulkner Award, Mr. Spencer is currently working on his latest novel, *Men in Black*, which is to be published next year. Born in Washington, D.C., Mr. Spencer grew up in Chicago and lives in Rhinebeck, New York.

#### WENDY WASSERSTEIN

Wendy Wasserstein's play *The Heidi Chronicles* won a Pulitzer Prize for drama, the Antoinette Perry Award, the Outer Critics Circle Award for Best Broadway Play of 1989, and the Susan Smith Blackburn Prize. Her other plays include *Any Woman Can't*, *Montpelier Pa-zazz*, *When Dinah Shore Ruled the Earth*, *Uncommon Women and Others*, *Isn't It Romantic*, and most recently, *The Sisters Rosensweig*, now on Broadway. The author of a collection of essays, *Bachelor Girls*, Ms. Wasserstein was born in Brooklyn and lives in New York.



# APPRECIATIONS

For the past four years, Ford has been pleased to support the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction Gala. This year is no exception.

The PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction is a tribute to American literary excellence. Our treasury of writings reflects our heritage, our beliefs and our aspirations. It helps to define who we are and what we wish to become. And it communicates to other cultures the values we embody and the principles that shape our lives.

The distinguished authors celebrated tonight occupy a special place in American literature. They are honored for their vision, their insight and their ability to articulate our substance in a unique and meaningful way.

"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," Shelley wrote early in the 1800s. More than a century and a half later, we continue to recognize the impact that literary artists have on our lives. Tonight's gala is a fitting tribute to the best among them, and Ford is proud to share once again in building this rich tradition.

Harold A. Poling  
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer  
Ford Motor Company

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The Board of Directors of the PEN/Faulkner Foundation and the Benefit Committee would like to express their grateful appreciation to Ford Motor Company for underwriting the Gala Celebration. Its support will assure a permanent place in American letters for the award.

In addition, we would like to thank the following individuals, corporations and foundations for their generous contributions to the success of this evening.

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13TH STORY of Level 3 printed in FULL format.

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March 3, 1992, Tuesday, Final Edition

The 2nd article has  
some interesting  
speech ideas.

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B6

LENGTH: 435 words

HEADLINE: Variety Marks PEN/Faulkner Nominees

SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: David Streitfeld, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

This year's nominees for the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction are the usual diverse lot: from the 10th novel by an acknowledged master to a first book, with stops in between.

"Mao II" by Don DeLillo, "Frog" by Stephen Dixon, "Extraordinary People" by Paul Gervais, "White People" by Allan Gurganus and "The Almanac Branch" by Bradford Morrow were selected from 261 novels and short-story collections published in this country last year.

The only thing they all have in common is the sex of their author, a matter of chance that nevertheless assures for the 13th year in a row the prestigious \$7,500 literary prize will be won by a man.

"The plain fact is, we read the books themselves and never thought about the sex of the writer, the color of the writer or the publisher's name," Doris Grumbach, one of the three judges, said yesterday. "These are the books that we liked best. It would be nice if there was a woman or a black or an Oriental but there isn't, and that's the way the cookie crumbles." "Frog," Dixon's fifth novel, was also a National Book Award nominee. It uses interrelated forms of fiction to tell a

family epic. "Mao II," DeLillo's 10th work, is about an isolated writer who enters the world of political violence. "White People" is a collection that came on the heels of Gurganus's enormously successful first novel, "Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All."

The two least known books on the list are "Extraordinary People," a first novel about a New England family by a visual artist who lives on a farm in Tuscany, and "The Almanac Branch," about a woman's struggle to find her own identity in a family of headstrong men. It's the second novel by Morrow, the founder and editor of the literary magazine Conjunctions.

"It was an interesting year," commented Grumbach, a longtime Washington writer who now lives most of the year in Maine. "There were a lot of books by extremely good writers, but this wasn't their year for a good book. On the other hand, there were quite a lot of good books by people whose names I wasn't familiar with."

The PEN/Faulkner Award was founded in 1980 as a way for fiction writers to honor their peers. This year's judges, in addition to Grumbach, are Richard

The Washington Post, March 3, 1992

Wiley and Joy Williams.

It's the third of the four major fiction awards to be announced each year, coming after the National Book Award and National Book Critics Circle prize and before the Pulitzer. The winner will be announced in early April, with an awards ceremony to follow at the Folger Shakespeare Library on May 16. Traditionally, all the nominees come to the event.

37TH STORY of Level 3 printed in FULL format.

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company  
The New York Times

March 18, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

SECTION: Section 7; Page 1, Column 1; Book Review Desk

LENGTH: 3169 words

HEADLINE: ONB READING 300 AMERICAN NOVELS

BODY:

This is, in essence, a defense of a judging bias. The occasion is this

SPEECH IDEAS

year's PEN/ Faulkner Awards, which I, along with fellow novelists Mary Gordon and David Bradley, am in the process of selecting. The pool is some 250-300 new books of American fiction, all published in 1983. It is our charge to choose five or six books of particular distinction, with a first prize for one of them. An impossible task of course and, at root, perhaps a political one.

I've never before read so many works of fiction

Robert Coover, whose most recent novel is "Spanking the Maid," teaches at Brown University. at once, much less all new ones from a single country. It's humbling just to see so much imaginative energy on display, even if most of it is soon to be pulped and forgotten. What it has taught me, as if I needed such a lesson, is a renewed appreciation of those few innovative narratives that break the molds, challenge the conventions. It's not simply their novelty, their declaration of personality; it runs deeper than that. And thinking about it has given me a way of approaching this massive, sometimes painful, assignment.

Perhaps all judges of literary prizes go through this: chasing some illusive subtext as a way of willing themselves through their mind-numbing task, hoping for some insight into the tribe's view of itself as a reward for so bruising their minds. That old cabalist pursuit of the hidden pattern. The encoded message.

It's dangerous, I know, to use any art form as a kind of keyhole into "something beyond" - into God's privy or society's secret cancers or "human nature," whatever. In one of the crime novels in this mountain of 1983 books now piled on my study floor, the photographer-hero ridicules those critics who pretend to see in his photographs such things as "a frontal attack against the assumptions of a technological society" or "a compendium of humanity's defeat at the hands of venture capital." When some guy, dragged to the gallery by his wife, remarks flatly, "I think he takes pictures to make a buck, and anything else is fringe," the photographer says, "I would've kissed the guy, but it might've ruined his perspective."

The author of this particular book is of course a manipulator of stereotypes out to make a buck, but he's right: Any art object treated as mere social documentation or inquiry is going to be misunderstood. Each art form has its own unique internal history, its own pattern of development, projected from within, much as DNA projects an organism. Some would even say that the great innovative artists are those who most wholly surrender to the demands of the evolving form - its servant, not its master. Each art form is an international self-generating technology of sorts, like that of microchips, video, lasers and bombs.

But that same photographer-hero, when pressed, admits, quoting a fellow artist, a great Depression Era photographer, that what he's really looking for

are "images whose meanings exceed the local circumstances that provide their occasion." He wants the world to "show" itself to him through his art. True, he wants to capture it intuitively, rather than talk about it, but still he wants revelation, interaction. It is hard to get away from this. Art lives in the world, and the world in it. This is especially true of fiction, which can't even speak unless the world speaks. Echoes are bound to be heard, from one to the other.

Structuralists believe that the relationship is even more profound than this, that art and society actually help to shape each other in their innermost configurations, even if unconsciously, and that therefore if you can perceive the inner structures of one, you can discover insights into the other. The theoretician Lucien Goldmann called this mirroring of artistic and social forms a "homology of structures." For all the rebellion and inventiveness of individual artists, their work as a whole, it is assumed, will necessarily reflect the political forms, social patterns and ideological beliefs of the tribe, else it will have no meaning at all.

FROM this perspective, this huge pile of books now spread all over my study floor like chips in a board game might be seen as a single chapter in the ongoing American mythology, processive and essentially anonymous, the individual authors dissolving - against their will, of course - into a single communal voice. Indeed, the very naming of all these individuals, and the attachment of those names to monetary exchange values, reflect powerful forces in our tribal world-view, having to do with the ideology of individualism, the icons of commerce and how they're made, the idealized patterns of a "significant" life.

Because the rise of the novel is coincident with the rise of the industrial mercantile democracies - and is itself obviously an industrial product, secular, "prosaic," and mass-produced - it is easy to see the novel as Hegel saw it, as "the epic of the middle-class world," a form somehow tied to the fate of that world, each sustaining and promoting the other, each at risk if the other should fall. If that's so, then, judging by most of the books on my floor, though pollution, missiles, corruption, unassimilated technology and banking crises may threaten it, the world of the industrial bourgeoisie is safe at least for another year from the American novel. If not necessarily the other way round.

For here we have all the themes and procedures familiar to us since "Pamela" - the emphasis on private lives and sentimental relationships, "character" as a theater for the defense and revision of the doctrine of individualism, "point of view" its metaphysical demonstration, space (or place) a kind of storage bin for artifacts (how we love our catalogues!), or else an artifact itself - exotic settings offered as new acquisitions for the consuming mind. Everything here from ancient Egypt to modern Pago Pago, from the toilettes of movie stars and duchesses to the sinkholes of bums and immigrants and the death seats of condemned criminals, from primitive post-apocalyptic burrows

to the magical land of outer space. It's a kind of voyeurism, which remains a dominant feature of this particular chapter of the American mythology. There seems to be a great unappeasable craving to see what cannot ordinarily be seen. Maybe it's just that if the whole world is privately owned, we have to sneak a peek to get a piece of it, possession being incomplete until we're privy to the vilest corners, the darkest secrets (incest and child- murder are big this year).

If frontal assaults on these structures are missing here, this multivolume book on my study floor does seem to reflect a number of adjustments being made in the tribal mythos. Family, for example, is still a central structural metaphor, but it is more complex than it used to be: There is a scattering of relatives and chapters like jump cuts in film, conjoined and severed at the same time. Familial arrangements (which are often the equivalent of "plot") are predictably unpredictable, as though principles from other disciplines - the principles of randomness, say, or relativity - were seeping in, not so much to undermine these structures as to restore their viability.

Homosexual love is finding its place in the world through the appropriation of the conventions of erotic heterosexual literature, including lush prose as a kind of seduction of the imagination. Traditional pornography, contrarily, now seems "dated," having lost its place perhaps to the home video cassette, though the fascination with death and orgasm persists, the erotic imagination of male writers increasingly beguiled, it would appear, by love's cruelty.

Women, in fiction as in life, seem to be taking hold of their lives as never before (the world of this particular group novel is literally chockablock with middle- aged ladies on the make), though they tend to discover, almost ritualistically, the same angst and fevers that plagued male heroes before them, as though the forms themselves might have them in thrall. One senses, as throughout this composite text, an aura of diminished hopes, reflected not least of all by the pervasive lack of formal ambition in the fictions themselves.

Vietnam, dread incubus of our communal nightmare, is being dragged forcibly, over and over again, into the harsh but conventional light of novelistic day: fiction as exorcism. The devil, however, usually turns out to be something more like Fate or "human nature" than ordinary political or military decisions. The enemy, with rare exception, is not so much another character as a metaphysical condition, and mere survival, as one might expect in this system, has achieved the status of maximum value. Vietnam literature, I should say, is coming to constitute a whole new genre, allied in many ways to that of horror, and it is projecting its own truth out into the world - that there are no heroes and no victories. Our great civilizing Myth of the American West, meanwhile, goes on being revised, celebrated, humanized, enlarged, narrowed, scorned, enshrined. It is popular now to take the Indian's point of view. Perhaps that's one way of absorbing and deflecting the experience of Vietnam.

But the dominant musical note in this community fiction is not yippee-ti-yi-yo or the slapping of leather, it is the sound of urban voices: city folk talking to each other. What there is of the pursuit of mystery in many of these books seems to be concentrated in the devout attention being paid to this tuneful discord. Mingled in are the sometimes embittered voices of the new waves of immigrants, the bitterness itself perhaps a characteristic of the genre.

THERE are other elements notable for their absence. The militarization of the world, for example, is not taking place in this group novel. You will not find much here about the economy or foreign policy or acid rain. The third world does not quite exist in it, except occasionally as a dangerously fractious source of raw material or a stage for American initiation rites. There is some sense of the impact of telecommunications and computerization (almost all writers have gone on-line with something by now after all), but few of these fictions seem shaped in any serious way by information or communication theory. Indeed, it is hard to find any ideas in most of them more current than Darwinism. Organized religions are here, but serve mainly as complications in secular plots, as though in tacit compliance with constitutional orthodoxy on this matter. They are still an obstacle now and then to an individual's "growing up," but may be making a comeback as a source of solace in the face of apocalypse and existentialist gloom.

It's likely, of course, that the particular set of fictions that has been preselected for us - only about 10 percent of the year's total - is distorting the overview. There aren't many so-called "genre novels" here, for example - westerns, romances, detective and spy novels, war stories, science fiction, fantasy and suspense - and some of these do at least incorporate current events, fashionable anxieties, and contemporary technology and theory, even if the forms the authors use remain paradoxically archaic, the language simplistic.

At times, indeed, the few popular novels that we do have - many of which we have had to ask for ourselves, publishers seemingly dubious about the literary merit of their own successes - seem so far removed from the majority of these texts both in "quality" and in subject matter as to suggest a completely different literature. Or if not a different literature, at least a different voice. It is as though not one but two world-views, two mythologies, one "popular," the other "serious," were operating concurrently upon our communal psyche.

Perhaps this has always been true. If, for example, you take apart that wonderfully generative fiction, *The Book of Genesis*, breaking it down into its various constituent "authors," as linguists have now been able to do, you will discover these separate traditions of popular and establishment literature; there they are found in the interlaced folkloric and "priestly" voices, the one superstitious, secular, action-oriented, and open-ended, the other carefully reasoned, authoritative, stylish, enclosed in the "truth." Though they often

seem to contradict each other, it is their coexistence in this text - the popular tradition sanctioning enlightenment, and vice versa - that gives it its ultimate power.

IN the folk tradition, which finds its modern incarnation in genre fiction, well-known formulaic tales are retold, over and over again, in new yet ever familiar shapes with an emphasis on entertainment, frequently invoking a "what-if" quality, the use of magic (read technology in some cases), exotic travel and other narratively interesting wish-fulfillment situations. Its characters, while often vivid, remain somehow generic, abstract, interchangeable. Invention is spent on plot complications, amusing eccentricities, evocations of the fabulous. One is reminded of the oral tradition, in which everything flows relentlessly forward to its climax, focusing on conflict and certain elemental themes, avoiding affectations of style, indeed anything "high-minded" that might slow it down or lose a reader, and so seeming even more anonymous in its authorship than the "serious" books on my floor.

These, contrarily, while using no less familiar forms, clearly seek to transcend mere storytelling, to reach past entertainment for its own sake into speculative and morally perplexing realms, projecting their complex characters into ironic and ambiguous situations. Critics praise these books for their vision, style, commitment, sensibility, honesty, their "intense realism." Hundreds of creative writing workshops, or cells, have been established across the country to perpetuate these ideals - a kind of literary creed - and indeed there are a startling number of quality short story collections here, many more than I would have expected, most of them obviously polished and in the end somewhat homogenized by one or another of these programs. This in spite of the fact that a characteristic peculiarity of these fictions is a conscious search for a personal "voice," a distinctive rhetorical and consistent vision.

Ultimately, of course, both of these voices are conservative. Both tend, through formal acquiescence, to extend the reign of the cultural establishment, even while challenging it now and then on the surface. The voice of the bourgeois novel, of "serious literature," moves its self-reflective heroes through problematic situations toward what is basically a confirmation of the accepted character-centered world-view, occasionally proposing or reflecting slight modulations, reinterpretations, new modes of acceptance. A corrupt father is embraced on his deathbed; the failure of a character is compensated for by the author's elegant style. The folkloric voice of genre fictions moves its exemplary heroes and heroines through a sequence of entertaining actions toward a system of punishments and rewards, in what is ultimately a harmonious world - or else its contrary, a disharmonious hell. What if eases the pain of what is.

The "serious" voice tends to be more profound, more poetic, more intellectually and emotionally complex, almost priestly in its honed and elegant revisions of the tribal mythos. The popular one tends to be livelier, more playful, even subversive to the established world-view at times, though in the

way folk art is always subversive - distrustful of all change, even that which has already taken place, nostalgic instead for a return to the old values of that simpler and happier past that lives on in the popular imagination. Which, of course, is the only place it has ever existed.

But occasionally - rarely - a third voice arises, radically at odds with the priestly and folk traditions alike, though often finding its materials in the latter and sharing with it a basic distrust of the establishment view of things. This voice typically rejects mere modifications in the evolving group mythos, further surface variations on sanctioned themes, and attacks instead the supporting structures themselves, the homologous forms. Whereupon something new enters the world - at least the world of literature, if not always the community beyond.

Though this voice is often thought of as disruptive, eccentric, even inaccessible (which is how some previous PEN/Faulkner Award winners have been viewed), it could easily be argued that it is true mainstream fiction, emerging from the very core of the evolving form, peculiarly alert to the decay in the social forms that embrace it, early signals of larger mutations to follow.

SOMETIMES this revolution of form seems almost accidental. Disparate elements are somehow juxtaposed, in art or life or both, creating a kind of dissonance, and an artist comes along who resolves that dissonance through the creation of a new form - a Chretien de Troyes, for example, who secularized the monkish appetite for allegory and raised fairy tale to an art form by enriching it with metaphor, design, fortuitous mistranslation and exegetical tomfoolery, thereby inventing the chivalric romance, a form that dominated the world for five centuries. Something similar might be said of Cervantes as well, who brought an end to the tradition of chivalric romance by submitting its artifices to the realities of the picares and conquistadors of his day. Or of that eclectic "Redactor" of Genesis, for that matter, who pressed the folk and priestly voice of his tribe into a contiguous relationship so profound that I myself am still affected by it, 20-some centuries later.

At other times - as with Ovid or Kafka or Joyce - this new form is clearly the conscious invention of a creative artist, pursuing his own peculiar, even mischievous, vision with the intransigence of a seer or an assassin. For these writers, the ossified ideologies of the world, imbedded in the communal imagination, block vision, and as artists they respond not by criticism from without but by confrontation from within. In effect, in mythopoeic dialogue, they challenge these old forms to change or die.

And it seems to me that it is this sort of artist - whether intuitive or intellectual - that the PEN/ Faulkner Award in its brief life has sought to honor. It is not surprising to me that its selections have sometimes seemed

outside the "tradition." Its judges are prepared - obliged, even - to celebrate artistic genius wherever they find it of course, but at its writerly heart this award belongs to the rebel, the iconoclast, the transformer. The mainstream.B

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SECTION: NEWS; Pg. 20; ZONE: C; OVERNIGHT

LENGTH: 627 words

HEADLINE: Literary giants help South rise again at gala

BYLINE: By Michael Kilian, Chicago Tribune

DATELINE: WASHINGTON

BODY:

Devote America's most glittering literary evening of the year to readings by famous authors of writing that conveys "a sense of place," and where do you think most of these authors are going to hail from?

If you guessed the South, you're not only right, but can also probably spell Yoknapatawpha, the legendary fictional Mississippi County used by novelist William Faulkner as the setting of so many of his richly southern tales.

The evening was Monday night's Pen/Faulkner Award for Fiction gala dinner at Washington's venerable Folger Library, and of the 16 literary giants who strode to the podium to talk or read about their sense of place in writing, fully seven were from the South: Eudora Welty, the grand dame of American letters; novelist/historian Shelby Foote, star of the recently concluded public television series "The Civil War;" Blanche Boyd, National Public Radio essayist and author of "Nerves;" National Book Award nominee Ellen Douglas; African American Writers Guild President Marita Golden; Larry "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" King; and Kentuckian Bobbie Ann Mason, author of "In Country."

New York was represented by the ubiquitous Norman Mailer; naturalist/novelist Peter Matthiessen, who talked about the beauties of the Hudson River Valley though his best-selling novel "Killing Mr. Watson" is about the Florida Everglades; and young Jay "Bright Lights, Big City," McInerney, who with a straight face spoke on the poetic beauties of New York City.

Pittsburgh was represented by John Edgar Wideman, author of "The Philadelphia Fire;" Los Angeles by Geoffrey "The Duke of Deception" Wolfe; and even Poland had a spokesman in Jerzy Kosinski. But absolutely no one was there to represent the Midwest, let alone wax rhapsodic about the Gary, Ind., steel mills at dusk. The closest they came was Wolfe, who recounted a train trip he had once taken through Minnesota, though he devoted most of the journey to reading a book by F. Scott Fitzgerald about Long Island.

The bearded Foote, looking every inch the Southern literary gentleman, was perhaps in the finest fettle of the group, invoking his fellow Mississippian Faulkner, whom he said, "would have run barefoot over broken glass to avoid a gathering like this," and who he said "wrote about the South because that was what he knew; any place else would require research, which he could not abide at all."

In her movingly simple remarks, Boyd said she had left her native Charleston, S.C., in the 1960s because she felt her fellow white southerners were on the wrong side of the civil rights struggle. She subsequently returned because she found in her travels that there were only two places in the country, "Charleston, and not Charleston . . . home, and not home."

King said that the rough, rural Texas he'd grown up in had disappeared, and that now "Southern California collides with Georgia on a great slab of concrete." He warned, "Any place that runs out of its myths and legends runs the risk of ending up New Jersey."

McInerney confessed he was from New Jersey.

In an earlier chat, Foote said the fame that's come his way from the Civil War series "has driven me stark, staring mad," and that he's even received phone calls from women proposing marriage, offers that he said, "I could burn through in a hurry just by arranging to meet the ladies."

He said he'd received some complaints from fellow southerners that the PBS series was unfair to the South, "though I think it's the fairest treatment the South's ever received on television."

He said producer Ken Burns "knew from the beginning that the closer he got to the truth, the better the program would be - and that if anything untrue got in, it would stain all around it."

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May 16, 1988, Monday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B1

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HEADLINE: Boyle Takes The Prize;  
PEN/Faulkner Honors 'World's End' Novelist

BYLINE: Charles Trueheart, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

Literary Washington's high society tipped its hat Saturday night to another wave of talented writers, foremost among them this year the theatrical T. Coraghessan Boyle.

As winner -- for his third novel, "World's End" -- of this year's PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction, announced on April 20, Boyle was honored in a clubbishly good-natured evening of writerly performance and literary chitchat, all amid the august surroundings of the Folger Shakespeare Library on Capitol Hill. So too were Boyle's fellow nominees Cynthia Ozick, Alice McDermott, Laurence Thornton and Richard Bausch.

Russell Banks, the novelist, served as one of the judges of the \$ 5,000 prize and wrote four of the five award citations. Standing before a crowd of 250, he called Boyle "a major creative force in American fiction today," listed the five "all-American themes" that "World's End" contains (race, place, family, sex and class), and remarked that it read like a collaboration between Nathanael West and William Faulkner.

Then Boyle, standing a tall and skinny 6-3, had the ladies and gentlemen in party dress reeling and wheezing in delight at his variety-revue rendition of a West Coast PR guy trying to help Ayatollah Khomeini improve his eccentric image.

For eight years now, the award ceremonies have been a favorite spring rite among people who read books, write books, write about books and talk about books in modern Washington. And PEN/Faulkner has been eclectic enough in its choices to receive almost any kind of writer with respect and interest (although it happens that no woman has won the prize).

But for sheer spectacle, the presence of such an unconventional and entertaining figure as Boyle was said to be unprecedented, if not universally adored, by those on hand Saturday night.

Boyle affects a haircut that leaves his apricot-colored fuzz in a pelt high on his skull, wears a metal clip in one ear and speaks in a deceptively drowsy monotone. To receive this literary prize, he donned a gray suit, blue and red athletic shoes, a black T-shirt with a cryptic design on the front, and a necklace of blue plastic beads tied around his long bare throat.

After his routine, in which he mimicked the brisk patter of a Los Angeles hustler trying to talk the imam out of wearing a towel on his head and a

bathrobe all day, Boyle shuffled amiably among the tables laid out with catered chow, shaking hands with the guests, signing books thrust his way, talking willingly about himself.

His favorite recent bit of publicity, he said, was in The Boston Globe, which ran Boyle's photograph with a caption that read: "T. Coraghessan Boyle: Brilliant, brutal."

"Man, that's it!" exclaimed Boyle with joy, rocking back on his rubber heels, "'Brilliant, brutal.' That's my epitaph!"

At least as large and persistent a knot of people stood around Richard Bausch, whose latest book of short stories, "Spirits," was the local popular-vote runner-up for this year's PEN/Faulkner.

"Richard is a first-rate maker of tales. He risks writing about emotion," declared Susan Richards Shreve, the Washington novelist who serves as president of PEN/Faulkner, from under her black straw hat.

Though the two other judges, novelists Robb Forman Dew and Jamaica Kincaid, did not attend the ceremonies, Dew took the time to write the official citation for Bausch's book.

"Throughout this collection," she said, "there is always the acknowledgment of those dark corners of the soul, an acknowledgment of the fact that anyone may blunder into chaos at the outer edges." And yet, Dew wrote, "one comes away from this book with a cautious hopefulness, an odd sense of solace."

National Public Radio's Susan Stamberg, as husky-voiced master of ceremonies, said Bausch "has become PEN/Faulkner's favorite bridesmaid." As he heard this while sitting at the head of the room beside her, the red-haired Fairfax novelist was stony-faced, as who would not be after being twice nominated and twice denied?

But when he rose to the microphone to begin his reading, Bausch turned droll. "It's always a pleasure," he said to giggles of relief, "to be nominated for the PEN/Faulkner Award."

Bausch's reading from "The Man Who Knew Belle Starr" and Boyle's ayatollah riff bracketed the ceremonies. Cynthia Ozick ("The Messiah of Stockholm") and Alice McDermott ("That Night") could not attend by reason of Bryn Mawr commencement address and the imminent birth of a child, respectively; Myra Sklarew, recently departed from Washington to run the Yaddo writers colony, read from Ozick's book.

Laurence Thornton was on hand to hear his novel of political and metaphysical intrigue, "Imagining Argentina," cited for summoning to mind "Kundera's remembered Prague or Coetzee's unnamed South Africa or, dare one say it, Corporate America's advertised America." Thornton proceeded to read the beguiling opening pages of the book.

Reversing the usual order of big public feeds, at PEN/Faulkner, literary readings come first in the Folger's Reading Room, and eating and drinking and palaver come later, next door in the Great Hall. There, broad glass cases protecting priceless manuscripts and artifacts found themselves useful as surfaces for platefuls of pasta, pa<sup>^</sup>te and spanakopita.

Novelist Robert Stone led a decent showing of the rest of the board of directors. The likes of Michael Beschloss, Hodding Carter, William Warner, E. Ethelbert Miller, Kate Lehrer and, from New York, Putnam's editor Faith Sale were still awake and standing after a more intimate (60 guests) private soiree the night before at former congressman Jim Jones' Capitol Hill town house, and a four-hour board meeting that morning.

In one corner Washington lawyer-agent Ron Goldfarb was rubbing shoulders with a regular attender from out-of-town, Mitchel Levitas, editor of The New York Times Book Review, who volunteered his admiration for the informality and writerliness of the PEN/Faulkner Award ceremony. Standing not far away, USA Today book critic Robert Wilson conversed with novelist-newsman Jim Lehrer, Roger Mudd and Amanda Vaill, Boyle's editor at Viking. Spotted here and there around the room were Washington writers Alan Cheuse (one of next year's judges), Doris Grumbach, Mollie Dickenson and Elizabeth Benedict. Carrying the flag of the institution that administers PEN/Faulkner year-round, the Folger Library's director, Werner Gundersheimer, told a story about discovering Boyle's work from a bookstall proprietor in South Hadley, Mass.; buying up all his books, in first editions, on the spot; and hearing his wife declare, when he confessed what he had done, "This isn't like you, Werner."

An hour into the socializing, people were still talking about Boyle's animated performance.

Some veterans of PEN/Faulkner thought it was an informal rule that the nominees and winners should read from the work for which they're being recognized, as Boyle did not. Others thought it was a refreshing break from the usual serious fare at these occasions, and said he "teared up" he laughed so hard.

One newcomer thought the ayatollah-bashing was "too crude for Washington, but it might work in L.A." One of the PEN/Faulkner also-rans said the story was "perishable." And still others thought it was off-key, verging on racist, spoofery of religious customs. Yet an Iranian in the room pronounced herself

entertained by Boyle and his reading.

Throughout the evening, busy in a corner, representatives of the Bookstall in Potomac looked tired after selling out their entire provision of Boyle's books, and of Bausch's, and nearly all of Thornton's.

By night's end, almost everyone who had come to the Folger was clutching a copy or a short stack of brand-new books to take home and read.

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HEADLINE: Literary License;  
Authors Frolic at PEN Award Ceremony

BYLINE: By Curt Supplee

DATELINE: CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.

BODY:

The moment was sliding into symbolism.

David Bradley had just won the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction Saturday night, and was approaching the podium in the Rotunda at the University of Virginia. Above him was the vast domed radiance of Thomas Jefferson's architecture, before him a silent constellation of literary lights: judges Walker Percy, John Hawkes and Wesley Brown, prize organizer Mary Lee Settle, fellow nominees Robert Stone, Richard Bausch, Marilynne Robinson and Mark Helprin, and over 100 envoys from the world of contemporary letters, including publisher-author Robert Giroux and O.B. Hardison of the Folger Library.

In this austere and elegant room, designed by a slave owner, the 31-year-old black author--whose novel, "The Chaneyville Incident," follows five generations of a black family's odyssey from slavery to Vietnam--was about to give his acceptance speech. The air was thick with purport.

But Bradley, a compact, balding figure with bottle-bottom glasses and a rough-thatched beard of Old Testament proportions, peered out over the throng and immediately disarmed the solemnity. After talking for two days with his fellow nominees, he said, "I do feel a little strange" being chosen above them.

"But I'm going to keep the big check anyway." He thanked the organizers, read briefly from his book, and then paused ominously. "And now," he intoned into the eager hush, "in the immortal words of Ray Charles . . . let's go get stoned!"

It was a sentiment widely shared during the weekend gathering, and fervently acted upon directly after the restrained brevity of the ceremony. Mary Lee Settle, head of the southern chapter of PEN, the international writers' organization that sponsors the award, opened the event by tracing its history from two antecedents: the prize William Faulkner created from his Nobel Prize money; and the now-defunct National Book Awards. The PEN/Faulkner prize arose when the NBA was replaced by the industry-dominated American Book Awards, but represents, Settle said, no animosity toward the Association of American Publishers, whom she thanked "for 30 years they did not interfere" with the NBA selection process and "protected" the judges from criticism by commercial interests.

Short citations were read for each of the six finalists. Bausch's "Take Me Back" was called "a seamless, perfectly wrought novel" in which the author's control was "exhilarating"; Stone's "A Flag for Sunrise" was deemed "a brilliant meditation on our best and worst intentions as a nation"; and Bradley was lauded for having "fashioned a tale of how the past is commemorated in ritual and keeps a hold on our lives." After each citation Hardison, an author himself who said he was there "as an attendant lord to swell a pageant," gave checks for \$1,000 to all the nominees except Donald Barthelme, who failed to attend. Richard Gilman, head of the PEN American Center in New York, presented the Award for Fiction and Hardison handed Bradley a \$5,000 check.

"The best part of this whole thing," Bradley said afterward, relenting momentarily from his buoyant sarcasm, "has been hanging out" with the other writers, "drinking and telling lies." Many of them met for the first time on Friday—either at their hotels (agog at the sumptuous antebellum aura of his, Bradley said, "They asked me if I wanted anything, and I said, 'Yeah—I want a slave!'"), or at the evening reception given by university president Frank Hereford and his wife, Ann, at their home. It was the first of many opportunities to irrigate the imagination during two days of mutual autographing, story-swapping, ribald jokes and general acclimatization to the white-columned ambiance, as bourbon gushed like tap water and the nominees' sharp accents scuffed at the lustrous southern consonants of local worthies.

The honors touched each author differently. Bausch, who teaches at George Mason University and proved the most zealously gregarious of the nominees, at times seemed bemused by his success: "I just shook hands with Walker Percy! I just kissed Mary Lee Settle on the cheek!" Marilynne Robinson, the author of "Housekeeping" who arrived with her husband from Northampton, Mass., said, "This is the first thing I've ever written and I'm just flattened by the attention it's getting," although "I'm looking forward to the time when they'll quit

calling me a 'young writer.' "

Stone, deeply tanned from a year teaching at U.C.L.A., was less enthused, and kept to the perimeter of most gatherings. But then his new novel has had considerable commercial success, and is nominated for an American Book Award, to be given later this month. "Yeah, I've had a good run with it," he said, "but I got on The New York Times best-seller list by mistake. There was a computer error and they told me about it afterward. But I sold a lot of books that I otherwise wouldn't have sold."

Helprin, 35, a product of Harvard, Princeton and Oxford, arrived from his home in Brooklyn. An earnest man with carefully parted hair and horn-rim glasses ("My mother says she's proud of me because I look like George Will"), Helprin said, "This is the first prize I ever won in my life." It's surprising, since the author of "Ellis Island and Other Stories" is something of an intellectual dynamo: He just completed a 1,500-page novel about "an Irish burglar in New York and his horse," while also finishing a PhD dissertation on European defense strategies and plotting a run for New York State Assembly. His only worry about the award is that "I detest writing for an elite. I'm ridiculously egalitarian."

Bradley, who teaches at Temple University in Philadelphia, had some qualms himself. "I'm a perfectionist and I'm worried about it making me a little sloppy." But, he says, "the truth is in the typewriter."

The judges agreed. Settle said that one of the "built-in safeguards" of the award is that among the three judges, "there is always one representative of experimental writing, one traditional novelist, and one tough Young Turk, thank God, to watch us all." But all three found most of the 265 books they examined to be disappointing and poorly written. Walker Percy, a gray and courtly eminence, said, "So many of them were bad. I hear people say how hard it is to get novels published these days," but judging from the entries, "I find it hard to believe that anybody had any trouble." The breakdown: "I would say that 200 were bad, 20 were good and 10 were first-rate." Wesley Brown, author of "Tragic Magic," agreed. Although "we have different tastes" all put a premium on stories that "took risks," thus eliminating "a lot of genre books, spy novels and detective stories, which were limited in what they set out to do." He had urged Bradley's book on the other two judges, neither of whom had read it early on.

John Hawkes, whose latest novel, "Virginie," will be published by Harper & Row next month, discerned a "new American realism" with "insistence on concrete detail" and applauded a trend toward novels like Bausch's in which "a full measure of the ordinary is very important." But he said, "the general quality was not good," and "the majority of books simply really aren't serious," and didn't "exemplify minds concerned with language."

What does it augur for the future of the American novel? "I can't say," said Percy, "that I feel too hopeful."

GRAPHIC: Picture 1, Richard Gilman presenting PEN/Faulkner award to David Bradley, by UPI; Picture 2, David Bradley after award, by AP  
Proprietary to the United Press International 1982

April 10, 1982, Saturday, AM cycle

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LENGTH: 331 words

HEADLINE: Bradley Wins Pen/Faulkner Award

DATELINE: CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.

BODY:

Novelist David Bradley of Philadelphia, was named Saturday night the second winner of the Pen/Faulkner Award for Fiction for his work, "The Chaneyville Incident."

The \$5,000 award for the best work of fiction published in 1981 by an American writer.

Bradley's novel was among six nominated for the award, which is named for the international writers' group and American author William Faulkner.

The competition was judged by writers Wesley Brown, John Hawkes and Walker Percy. The judges' citation for the book, published by Harper & Row, commends the author for his "ambitious" work.

"'The Chaneyville Incident' explores the powerful claim of ritual in our lives. In this novel, ritual takes the form of someone telling a story that forces a man to abandon his formal understanding of the world in order to come to terms with his own past," the citation said.

"David Bradley's novel is ambitious in scope and daring in conception; and most impressive of all, it realizes the promise of just about every risk he takes," the citation said.

The other nominees, each of whom won \$1,000, were "Sixty Stories," by Donald Barthelme; "Take Me Back," by Richard Bausch; "Ellis Island & Other Stories," By Mark Helprin; "Housekeeping," by Marilynne Robinson; and "A Flag For Sunrise," By Robert Stone.

The board of advisors for the award were writers Ann Beattie, Vance Bourjaily, Shirley Hazzard, Bernard Malamud and Grace Paley.

The Pen/Faulkner award for fiction is sponsored by Pen American Center and Pen South. It is described as the only national literary prize that is judged, administered and largely funded by writers.

Pen is an international organization of poets, playwrights, essayists and novelists. The south region is based at the university. The winner of last year's award was Walter Abish, for "How German Is It."

"The Chaynesville Incident" is the Philadelphia author's second published novel. "South Street" was published in 1975.

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New York Writer Getting PEN/Faulkner Award

BYLINE: By Albin Krebs and Robert Thomas

BODY:

The first annual PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction will be presented today to Walter Abish, a Vienna-born writer who now lives in New York and lectures at Columbia University.

His novel "How German Is It" was chosen as the best American novel of 1980 over four other nominees, including "A Confederacy of Dunces," by the late John Kennedy Toole, which this week won the Pulitzer Prize in fiction.

Mr. Abish's novel, published by New Directions, never made a bestseller list but, said the judges' citation, it "helps keep the American novel alive in its time."

"The prose of this novel," it adds, "is as cold as snow in a storm, and as driven." It deals with a young German's effort to reconcile the modern, democratic Germany with its heritage.

The 50-year-old novelist, who became an American citizen in 1960, spent much of his childhood in Shanghai and has served in the Israeli Army. He was recently

awarded a Guggenheim fellowship.

The \$2,000 award, named for William Faulkner, will be presented to Mr. Abish today in the rotunda of the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. It is sponsored by the American Center of PEN, an international organization of poets, playwrights, essayists, editors and novelists, and PEN South.

The PEN/Faulkner award was established last year shortly after PEN voted a boycott of the American Book Awards, on the ground that they were "too commercial."