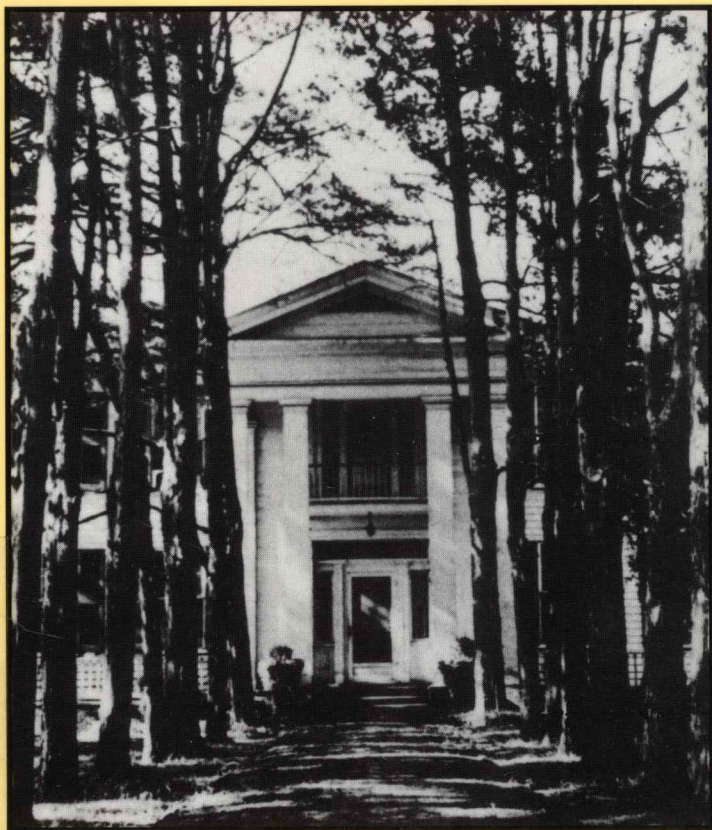


THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WILLIAM FAULKNER



EDITED BY DAVID MINTER

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

SECOND EDITION

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

William Faulkner
THE SOUND
AND THE FURY

AN AUTHORITATIVE TEXT
BACKGROUNDS AND CONTEXTS
CRITICISM
Second Edition

Edited by
DAVID MINTER
RICE UNIVERSITY

W · W · NORTON & COMPANY *New York · London*

This title is printed on permanent paper containing 30 percent
post-consumer waste recycled fiber.

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Printed in the United States of America.

The text of this book is composed in Electra
with the display set in Bernhard Modern
Composition by Vail
Manufacturing by Maple-Vail
Book design by Antonina Krass

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Faulkner, William, 1897–1962.

The sound and the fury : an authoritative text, backgrounds, and context
criticism / edited by David Minter. — 2nd ed.

p. cm. — (A Norton critical edition)

Includes bibliographical references (p.).

1. Faulkner, William, 1897–1962. Sound and the fury. I. Title.

PS3511.A86S7 1994

813'.52—dc20

93-5785

ISBN 0-393-96481-7

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10110
www.wwnorton.com

W. W. Norton & Company Ltd., Castle House, 75/76 Wells Street,
London W1T 3QT

Preface to the Second Edition

The Sound and the Fury, William Faulkner's fourth novel, was published on October 7, 1929. Over the next several months, as the stock market lurched toward panic and then collapse, reviewers responded to its strange surface and structure with puzzlement, scorn, and praise. Writing for the *Nation*, Clifton Fadiman described Faulkner's themes and characters as too "trivial" to justify "the enormous and complex craftsmanship expended on them." Writing for *Hound and Horn*, Dudley Fitts criticized Faulkner for using "deliberate obscurity" and "considerable incoherence" to shroud "melodrama." On November 30, a month after Winfield Townley Scott had assured readers of the *Providence Sunday Journal* that they had nothing to worry about (it was a "tiresome" novel, he wrote, full of "sound and fury—signifying nothing"), Howard Rockey warned readers of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that *The Sound and the Fury* might drive them "to apply for admission to the nearest insane asylum."

On balance, however, the reviews were favorable. Lyle Saxon, writing for the *New York Herald Tribune*, called *The Sound and the Fury* "a great book"; Basil Davenport, for the *Saturday Review*, described it as "original and impressive"; and Henry Nash Smith, for the *Southwest Review*, described it as disclosing "unguessed possibilities . . . of provincial life without loss of universality." One early reader, Evelyn Scott, whose long novel *The Wave* was also published in 1929, called it a "unique and distinguished" contribution "to the permanent literature of fiction"—and in the process anticipated the special role that artists (Conrad Aiken, Albert Camus, Jean-Paul Sartre, Ralph Ellison, Eudora Welty, Robert Penn Warren) would play in making Faulkner's greatness visible to us.

Unlike the reviews, sales of *The Sound and the Fury* spoke with a single voice. A first printing of nearly 1800 copies was supplemented by two smaller printings, triggered mainly by the brief notoriety of *Sanctuary* (1931), Faulkner's sixth novel. A total of just over 3300 copies satisfied American readers for fifteen years. By the time the novel was reprinted in 1946, it had been out of print for several years, as had other Faulkner books.

Over the last fifty years, a remarkable revival of interest has established Faulkner as a major literary figure and *The Sound and the Fury*, the

most written about of all his novels, as a classic of modern literature. In this process of cultural assimilation, publishers as well as scholars have played a major role. Letters and interviews have been published, as have two versions of an "Introduction" that Faulkner wrote for *The Sound and the Fury* in 1933. We now have a veritable mountain of criticism on Faulkner's fiction. On *The Sound and the Fury* alone there is an abundance.

For this Norton Critical Edition, I have organized selected works under three rubrics. In "Backgrounds" I include the Appendix that Faulkner wrote in 1945 and sometimes referred to as a fifth telling of his story; his map of Yoknapatawpha County; selected letters written around the time of the composition and publication of *The Sound and the Fury*; a brief excerpt from a memoir by Faulkner's friend Ben Wasson, who played an important role in preparing the novel for publication; two versions of an "Introduction" to the novel that Faulkner wrote in 1933; and brief excerpts from several of his interviews. In "Cultural and Historical Contexts" I include provocative excerpts from four works that help to situate Faulkner's fiction in the history and culture of the American South and of the United States. And in "Criticism" I include a wide range of assessments of *The Sound and the Fury*, the first written in 1939, the last in 1992. Together these works reflect the remarkable changes that have taken place in our responses to the novel over the last several decades. In addition I include a selected Bibliography that covers critical discussions from 1929 to 1992.

For the inquisitive reader, to whom this edition of *The Sound and the Fury* is addressed, these varied materials should prove useful. Especially for new readers, however, the place to begin is with the novel itself, mindful that a part of its remarkable achievement lies in its success in teaching readers how to read it. In the process by which a work like *The Sound and the Fury* begins as a puzzling text and becomes an established classic, there is loss as well as gain, particularly if we assume that we have succeeded in domesticating its radical newness. What follows, therefore, before the "Backgrounds" and the historical and critical discussions, is the text of *The Sound and the Fury*, as established by Noel Polk in 1984 and revised slightly in 1987. This text follows Faulkner's original intent as closely as scrupulous scholarship can follow it, and it is presented here with annotation intended to supplement desk dictionaries. It is my hope that readers using this edition of *The Sound and the Fury*, especially new readers, will submit themselves to its strange force, remembering that works of literature enrich our lives by stretching our capacities for thought and feeling.

Finally, I want to acknowledge the assistance of the late Barry Wade and Carol Bemis of W. W. Norton; of Alan Clark, Marie Nitschke, Eric Nitschke, Lee Pederson, Jo Taylor, Floyd Watkins, and Sally Wolff of Emory University; of Matthew Santirocco of the University of Pennsyl-

vania; and of Caroline Minter and Louise Penner of Rice University. I also owe a special debt to Calvin Brown's *A Glossary of Faulkner's South*, which has been of great value in preparing the notes to the text.

My part in preparing the first edition of this work I dedicated to my son, Christopher, as he began his college career. My part in preparing this edition I dedicate to my daughter, Frances, as she nears the end of hers.

Editor's Note[†]

This new edition of *The Sound and the Fury* is based upon a comparison of Faulkner's holograph manuscript, the carbon typescript (both documents in the Faulkner Collection of the Alderman Library at the University of Virginia), and the 1929 Cape & Smith first edition. Every effort has been made to produce a text which conforms to Faulkner's "final intentions" for the novel; unfortunately, the relationships among the extant manuscript and the printed materials and the little we know about the circumstances of editing, proofreading, and publication make it impossible to reconstruct in all cases exactly what those "final intentions" were. That is, there are numerous differences between the carbon typescript and the first edition; but since neither the setting copy (the typescript actually sent to the editor and compositor) nor any set of galleys has been preserved, there is no way to determine with certainty whether any single variant is the result of Faulkner's changes on typescript or galleys, of an editor's intervention at any point in the publishing process, or of a compositor's errors in setting type. In general, this edition reproduces the text of the carbon typescript unless there was compelling reason to accept any reading from the 1929 edition. Faulkner's holograph manuscript has been consulted regularly to help solve textual problems.

There is not enough space here to provide a complete textual apparatus for this novel. The tables appended are intended merely to record, for the interested reader, a highly selective sampling of some of the more significant variations among the present text, the carbon typescript, and the first edition. Table A records differences between the present text and the 1929 first edition; Table B, differences between this text and the carbon typescript. Both tables are keyed to page and line numbers of the present text. The reading to the left of the bracket is the reading of the new edition; in Table A, the reading to the right of the bracket is that of the 1929 text; in Table B, of the carbon typescript.

[†] By Noel Polk, who prepared the current text.

TABLE A

Differences between the present text and the 1929 Cape & Smith first edition:

6.25	Are you. Are you.] Are you.	68.16	the new text; each ¶ begins flush left.]
14.24	Open] "Open	68.41	home.] home in Mississippi.
14.25	Versh.] Versh."	69.10	healing] heading
14.25	Spread] "Spread	73.20	unitarial] Unitarian
14.25	floor. [floor."	91.14-	[No ¶ indentation here;
14.26	Now] "Now	100.9	each ¶ begins flush left.]
14.26	feet.] feet."	93.11	to the house [The new edition restores this line to the text; omitted in the first edition.]
15.26	stooped] stopped	109.43	Harvard] Harvard like Quentin
17.33	You] "You	109.43	ground] ground like Father
17.36	Quentin.] Quentin."	115.41	dope.] coca-cola.
17.37	Didn't] "Didn't	119.32	Father's] Father's funeral
17.38	on.] on."	112.47-	your name. You'd be
24.28	Didn't he didn't he] Didn't he	123.2	better off if you were down there] you
47.1	said] said, Quentin,	146.18	shot] coca-cola
50.8	folded] wrapped	156.32	both of them] Caddy and Quentin
50.31-	students. They'll think	173.20	kin do dat] gwine preach today
32	you go to Harvard.] students.	174.4	shaling] shading
52.40	"Maybe you want a tailor's goose," the clerk said. "They] The clerk said, "These		
54.33-	<i>still. My bowels moved for thee.] still.</i>		
57.17	<i>Jason] Jason a position in the bank.</i>		
62.12	and Versh] Versh said		
66.6-	[No ¶ indentations in		

TABLE B

Differences between the present text and the carbon typescript:

5.1	What] Versh, what		puffed his face. The
5.2	for, Versh."] for."		candles went away.] He
6.32	Jason] Mr. Jason		blew out the candles.
35.13-	him." She set the cake	53.29	window.] window,
14	on the table.] him."		thinking that if she had
35.39	He leaned down and		just been a boy she'd

- have invented windows
 you could raise easily
 instead of fine names
 for the cars.
- 55.9– and through my coat
 10 touched the letters I had
 written.] and touched
 the letters through my
 coat
- 61.20– his black hand, in the
 21 sun.] the sun, in his
 dark hand.
- 61.30 boy."] boy. Whatever it
 is, Marcus Lafayette I
 had forgotten about
 that. He told me once
- that his name used to
 be Marcus something
 else, but when they
 moved away and he
 went to school and
 became an American,
 he says, his name got
 changed to Marcus
 Lafayette, in honor of
 France and America,
 he said Listenbee
 will value it for the
 giver's sake and sight
 unseen, I thanks you."
- 62.12 and Versh] Versh

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The Text of
THE SOUND
AND THE FURY

This new edition of *The Sound and the Fury* is the first corrected version of the book to appear in paperback since the book was originally published in 1929. The text is based on a comparison—under the direction of Noel Polk—of the first edition and Faulkner's original manuscript and carbon typescript.

—*Publisher's Note to the 1984 Random House edition*

April Seventh, 1928.

Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. They were coming toward where the flag was and I went along the fence. Luster was hunting in the grass by the flower tree. They took the flag out, and they were hitting. Then they put the flag back and they went to the table, and he hit and the other hit. Then they went on, and I went along the fence. Luster came away from the flower tree and we went along the fence and they stopped and we stopped and I looked through the fence while Luster was hunting in the grass.

"Here, caddie." He hit. They went away across the pasture. I held to the fence and watched them going away.

"Listen at you, now." Luster said. "Aint you something, thirty three years old, going on that way. After I done went all the way to town to buy you that cake. Hush up that moaning. Aint you going to help me find that quarter so I can go to the show tonight."

They were hitting little, across the pasture. I went back along the fence to where the flag was. It flapped on the bright grass and the trees.

"Come on." Luster said. "We done looked there. They aint no more coming right now. Les go down to the branch and find that quarter before them niggers finds it."

It was red, flapping on the pasture. Then there was a bird slanting and tilting on it. Luster threw. The flag flapped on the bright grass and the trees. I held to the fence.

"Shut up that moaning." Luster said. "I cant make them come if they aint coming, can I. If you dont hush up, mammy aint going to have no birthday for you. If you dont hush, you know what I going to do. I going to eat that cake all up. Eat them candles, too. Eat all them thirty three candles. Come on, les go down to the branch. I got to find my quarter. Maybe we can find one of they balls. Here. Here they is. Way over yonder. See." He came to the fence and pointed his arm. "See them. They aint coming back here no more. Come on."

We went along the fence and came to the garden fence, where our shadows were. My shadow was higher than Luster's on the fence. We came to the broken place and went through it.

"Wait a minute." Luster said. "You snagged on that nail again. Cant you never crawl through here without snagging on that nail."

Caddy uncaught me and we crawled through. Uncle Maury said to not let anybody see us, so we better stoop over, Caddy said. Stoop over, Benjy. Like this, see. We stooped over and crossed the garden, where the flowers rasped and rattled against us. The ground was hard. We climbed the fence, where the pigs were grunting and snuffing. I expect they're sorry because one of them got killed today, Caddy said. The ground was hard, churned and knotted.

Keep your hands in your pockets, Caddy said. Or they'll get froze. You dont want your hands froze on Christmas, do you.

"It's too cold out there." Versh said. "You dont want to go out doors."

"What is it now." Mother said.

"He want to go out doors." Versh said.

"Let him go." Uncle Maury said.

"It's too cold." Mother said. "He'd better stay in. Benjamin. Stop that, now."

"It wont hurt him." Uncle Maury said.

"You, Benjamin." Mother said. "If you dont be good, you'll have to go to the kitchen."

"Mammy say keep him out the kitchen today." Versh said. "She say she got all that cooking to get done."

"Let him go, Caroline." Uncle Maury said. "You'll worry yourself sick over him."

"I know it." Mother said. "It's a judgment on me. I sometimes wonder."

"I know, I know." Uncle Maury said. "You must keep your strength up. I'll make you a toddy."

"It just upsets me that much more." Mother said. "Dont you know it does."

"You'll feel better." Uncle Maury said. "Wrap him up good, boy, and take him out for a while."

Uncle Maury went away. Versh went away.

"Please hush." Mother said. "We're trying to get you out as fast as we can. I dont want you to get sick."

Versh put my overshoes and overcoat on and we took my cap and went out. Uncle Maury was putting the bottle away in the sideboard in the diningroom.

"Keep him out about half an hour, boy." Uncle Maury said. "Keep him in the yard, now."

"Yes, sir." Versh said. "We dont never let him get off the place."

We went out doors. The sun was cold and bright.

"Where you heading for." Versh said. "You dont think you going to town, does you." We went through the rattling leaves. The gate was cold. "You better keep them hands in your pockets." Versh said. "You get them froze onto that gate, then what you do. Whyn't you wait for them in the house." He put my hands into my pockets. I could hear him rattling in the leaves. I could smell the cold. The gate was cold.

"Here some hickeynuts. Whooy. Git up that tree. Look here at this squirl, Benjy."

I couldn't feel the gate at all, but I could smell the bright cold.

"You better put them hands back in your pockets."

Caddy was walking. Then she was running, her booksatchel swinging and jouncing behind her.

"Hello, Benjy." Caddy said. She opened the gate and came in and stooped down. Caddy smelled like leaves. "Did you come to meet me." she said. "Did you come to meet Caddy. What did you let him get his hands so cold for, Versh."

"I told him to keep them in his pockets." Versh said. "Holding on to that ahun gate."

"Did you come to meet Caddy." she said, rubbing my hands. "What is it. What are you trying to tell Caddy." Caddy smelled like trees and like when she says we were asleep.

What are you moaning about, Luster said. You can watch them again when we get to the branch. Here. Here's you a jimson weed. He gave me the flower. We went through the fence, into the lot.

"What is it." Caddy said. "What are you trying to tell Caddy. Did they send him out, Versh."

"Couldn't keep him in." Versh said. "He kept on until they let him go and he come right straight down here, looking through the gate."

"What is it." Caddy said. "Did you think it would be Christmas when I came home from school. Is that what you thought. Christmas is the day after tomorrow. Santy Claus, Benjy. Santy Claus. Come on, let's run to the house and get warm." She took my hand and we ran through the bright rustling leaves. We ran up the steps and out of the bright cold, into the dark cold. Uncle Maury was putting the bottle back in the sideboard. He called Caddy. Caddy said,

"Take him in to the fire, Versh. Go with Versh." she said. "I'll come in a minute."

We went to the fire. Mother said,

"Is he cold, Versh."

"Nome." Versh said.

"Take his overcoat and overshoes off." Mother said. "How many times do I have to tell you not to bring him into the house with his overshoes on."

"Yessum." Versh said. "Hold still, now." He took my overshoes off and unbuttoned my coat. Caddy said,

"Wait, Versh. Cant he go out again, Mother. I want him to go with me."

"You'd better leave him here." Uncle Maury said. "He's been out enough today."

"I think you'd both better stay in." Mother said. "It's getting colder, Dilsey says."

"Oh, Mother." Caddy said.

"Nonsense." Uncle Maury said. "She's been in school all day. She needs the fresh air. Run along, Candace."

"Let him go, Mother." Caddy said. "Please. You know he'll cry."

"Then why did you mention it before him." Mother said. "Why did you come in here. To give him some excuse to worry me again. You've