

Differences between Japan and the United States: Interpreting Faulkner's Statement on Time

Ryuichi Yamaguchi

Abstract

ウィリアム・フォークナーが「時間」について行なった発言で、日本では全く誤解されて、しかも学会では通説として定着しているものがある。原因としては、日本のフォークナー学の伝統の遺産とか、抽象的概念を好む日本人のメンタリティーなどが考えられるが、筆者としては、原文の英文を日本語に置き換えて、内容を日本語で理解しようとしたために、日本語特有のニュアンスが一人歩きしだしたのではないかと疑っている。即ち、“There is no such thing as ...”を「……などというものは無い」と、あたかも普遍的真理の表現のように訳し、“was”を「過去にあったもの」という実体としてではなく、「過去」という概念ないしはカテゴリーとして抽象的に解釈することに原因があると考えられる。その問題の英文とは、次のものである。

“There is no such thing as was—only is. If was existed there would be no grief or sorrow.”

- ・日本で通説になっている訳 「「過去」などというものは無い——あるのは「現在」だけだ。もし「過去」（という概念）があれば、われわれは悲嘆に暮れなくてもすんだのに」。
- ・筆者の訳 「「過去にあったもの」はもう存在していない——あるのは「現在あるもの」だけだ。もし「過去にあったもの」が今あったなら、われわれは悲嘆に暮れなくてもすんだのに」。

即ち、通説は「過去は喪失されないで、現在に包含されている」という立場をとり、筆者は「過去は喪失されて、現在から切り離されている」という立場をとる。

本稿の目的は、この英文が日本とアメリカの学者の間でどのように異なって解釈されているかを検証し、さらにそれぞれの解釈が、フォークナーの主要作品に対してどのように妥当性をもつかを検証することである。取り上げられた解釈は、次の人たちのものである。小野清之、花岡秀、山口隆一、Frederick J. Hoffman, Panthea Reid Broughton, Cleanth Brooks, Gail L. Mortimer,

John T. Matthews, Warwick Wadlington, André Bleikasten, Ineke Bockting, Robert Dale Parker, Carolyn Norman Slaughter, Olga Scherer, Michael Millgate, Noel Polk, Olga W. Vickery, George C. Bedell, Arthur Geffen, Patricia Tobin, Louis D. Rubin, Jr.。取り上げられた作品は、次のものである。*Soldiers' Pay*, *Flags in the Dust*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, *Light in August*, *Absalom, Absalom!*, *Requiem for a Nun*。

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“There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*. If *was* existed there would be no grief or sorrow.”¹⁾ This may be the most frequently quoted statement of William Faulkner’s philosophy outside of his Nobel Prize acceptance speech. It is an important statement to Faulkner readers because time, the past, loss, and nostalgia are themes that recur throughout his work. To cope with Faulkner seriously is to confront a great variety of attitudes toward time and the past, “*was*” and “*is*”, including grief and sorrow. The quoted passage thus springs to mind irresistibly when readers ponder Faulkner’s fictional treatment of time. Presumably, when readers use it, they know exactly what it means.

Yet there seems to be room for disagreement as to Faulkner’s precise meaning in this statement. The ambiguity is located in the word “*was*.” Should “*was*” be understood as a concept or category, approximately equivalent to “the past”? Or should it be understood as “the things of the past”—in other words, the conditions, events, people, and objects that existed in the past?

To clarify the statement, it seems sensible to consider its context within Faulkner’s more general philosophy of time. It is at least plausible that in some way, Faulkner had in mind the philosophy of Henri Bergson, with which he had long been familiar.²⁾ But which aspect of Bergson’s philosophy of time was Faulkner thinking of: the inclusiveness of the present, or the constant flux of motion and change which is life? To answer that question with confidence is to solve the riddle. If Faulkner was thinking of the all-encompassing present, then “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” means that there is no such concept as the past, because the present contains everything. If, on the other hand, Faulkner was thinking of change and motion, then “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” means that the things of the past are gone, having been carried away by “the dark, harsh flowing of time.”³⁾

What, then, does the immediate context of the statement reveal? The sentence immediately preceding “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” reads as follows: “The fact that I have moved my characters around in time successfully, at least in my own estimation, proves to me my own theory that time is a fluid condition which has no existence except in the momentary avatars of individual people.”⁴⁾ American readers are not entirely unanimous on the interpretation of this sentence in conjunction with the next two. Frederick J. Hoffman, one of the earliest to attempt an explication, wrote that “The most important use of time in Faulkner is the ... movement of it—largely in the consciousness of his characters ... from [the Civil War] through the Recent Past to the Present. This movement is reciprocal ... , so that there is much shifting back and forth ... in what he calls ‘the momentary avatars of individual people.’”⁵⁾ Thus the recent past, which Hoffman labels “*Was*,” is accessible to the characters in some sense; but still, they have to move into it from the present. They cannot get there by remaining consciously engaged in the present.⁶⁾

In a Bergsonian interpretation, Panthea Reid Broughton examines the passage beginning “time is a fluid condition” and ending “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*.” She concludes that Faulkner means that “To see time in discrete units of past, present, and future (or *was*, *is*, and *will be*) is ... to distort and deny actuality.”⁷⁾ Depending on what Faulkner meant by “avatars,” however, Broughton may have ignored the implications of the existence of time only in the individual consciousness. If time exists only as individuals experience it, then there is no wrong way to think about it—no way to distort its actuality. It has no independent actuality.

In a quest for clarity, it is worthwhile to consult Cleanth Brooks. Brooks interprets the problem statement as follows: “What Faulkner seems to have meant by time’s fluidity was that it [time] has ‘no existence’ except as it is experienced in the consciousness of individual human beings. In writing ‘There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*,’ Faulkner jumps ahead to another point: we experience the pastness of the past ... only in a present moment of consciousness.” In the present, according to Brooks’s reading, we notice that the past is no longer present.⁸⁾

Gail L. Mortimer, interpreting Faulkner’s fictional treatment of “is” and “was” with reference to Bergson, writes: “in the ostensibly simple distinction between ‘is’ and ‘was,’ we find much of the poignancy of Faulkner’s thought. The word ‘was’ becomes evidence that something no longer exists which once did exist.”⁹⁾ In other words, for Mortimer, “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” would mean that, in the course of life’s motion, the things of the past are now gone. In this informal opinion poll, then, critics seem honestly divided as to Faulkner’s meaning.

The situation is somewhat different in Japan. Here, partly for linguistic reasons, it has been assumed that “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” can mean only that, as Kiyoyuki Ono puts it, “the present and the past cannot be divided.”¹⁰⁾ The emphasis, then, despite the title of Ono’s essay, seems to be on Bergson’s concept of an all-encompassing present. Instead of referring to the statement about the avatars, Ono bases his interpretation of “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” on the remark Faulkner made in an entirely different interview four years earlier that “There is only the present moment, in which I include the past and the future, and that is eternity.”¹¹⁾ He gets from “Life Is Motion” to the all-encompassing present by appealing to Bergson’s insistence on the indivisibility of a motion or change in progress. Yet, in Ono’s own terms, if there is any motion or change from “one immobility to another,” some difference between the two states of immobility must exist.¹²⁾ Furthermore, it must exist in the form of an irreversible and qualitative difference between before and after, or was and is. In other words, in the most basic of ways, the present and the past manifestly are divided. This is a practical fact which Lena Grove understands with great clarity when, advanced in pregnancy, she climbs out her bedroom window for the last time: “‘If it had been this hard to do before, I reckon I would not be doing it now.’”¹³⁾

Shigeru Hanaoka, who is Ono’s disciple, flatly insists that “There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*” cannot mean that what is past is gone. Hanaoka’s statement refers to the use of the quote in the context of the chapter on *Soldiers’ Pay* in Ryuichi Yamaguchi’s *Faulkner Shishin no Reisho—Zenki Shosetsu Gun no Humor*. Presumably Hanaoka relies on Ono’s authority. At any rate, in his own book *William Faulkner Tanpenshu: Kuukan Koozoo wo Megutte*, Hanaoka reproduces Ono’s interpretation, including his basis in the same two quotes from four years apart, yoked together by main force. For his part, having identified the theme of *Soldiers’ Pay* as the collapse of Victorian values as a result of World War I,

Yamaguchi notes that in this novel, the War and the Armistice have each severed the continuum of time. He explains that the situation of *Soldiers' Pay* dramatizes the point that "There is no such thing as *was*," in other words, that the things of the past are gone.¹⁴⁾

In fact, in an essay entitled "Life Is Motion," contrary to Hanaoka, Ono relates the collapse of values to the disjointedness of time, and identifies both with Faulkner's themes: "But once traditional morals and values have collapsed, existence gradually comes to assume a weird and ominous air ... one is carried away purposelessly by the fleeting moment and loses a sense of continuity Faulkner's view that life is motion, posed at a time when the social order is crumbling, can be regarded as an important element in his search for the continuity of time"¹⁵⁾ Ono does not refer to *Soldiers' Pay* in this passage, although it could have illustrated his point quite precisely.

As for the second sentence in Faulkner's famous statement, Hanaoka maintains that "If *was* existed there would be no grief or sorrow" proves that "There is no such thing as *was*" cannot be a comment on loss. Perhaps because of the limited space available to him, Hanaoka does not explain his contention, much less attempt to support it. But, based on the choice of quotes in his book, his reasoning probably runs approximately as follows. If the past is fully encompassed in the present, then everything that ever was still is. In that case, the source of all grief and sorrow is the fact that nothing is ever finished or gone. Try as we might, we can never forget or lose anything. If it were possible to lose or forget things—if the present were fully insulated from the past—there would be no grief or sorrow. Faulkner's characters, then, suffer because they cannot get rid of the things of the past.¹⁶⁾

Perhaps the best test of the conflicting Bergsonian views of Faulkner's meaning is the fiction itself. If Hanaoka's implicit claim is correct, then the fiction should demonstrate both that the past is fully encompassed in the present, and that forgetfulness is bliss. But does it? Let us begin by examining the second sentence: "If *was* existed there would be no grief or sorrow."

In *Soldiers' Pay*, the Rector imparts to Gilligan the "unbearable" truth that "The saddest thing about love, Joe, is that not only the love cannot last forever, but even the heartbreak is soon forgotten."¹⁷⁾ For the actual amnesiacs in *Soldiers' Pay*, the results are mixed. Donald Mahon is merely apathetic, living in suspended animation until he can recover his memory and identity, integrate and complete his life, and die. He is not happy; he is not even really alive; he is only "waiting" (*SP*, p. 150, l. 15). Donald's comic double, Januarius Jones, can forget his troubles in the beauty of a moonlit spring evening, but as a matter of fact his troubles amount to nothing more than a minor beating from Gilligan. Forgetfulness in *Soldiers' Pay* is either sad, pathological, or trivial, not felicitous.

In *The Sound and the Fury*, Quentin's deepest fear is that time, which has already robbed him of Caddy, will eventually rob him of his grief as well. As Mr. Compson puts it, "you cannot bear to think that someday it will no longer hurt you like this."¹⁸⁾ Quentin would much prefer to think that Caddy's fall will hurt him forever. But throughout his section of the novel, Quentin obsessively recalls his father's statements about the erosive action of time. Quentin's grandfather's watch is "the mausoleum of all hope and desire" (*SF*, p. 76, ll. 5–6), which will bring Quentin "the reducto absurdum of all human experience" (*SF*, p. 76, ll. 7–8). Quentin learns from Mr. Compson "That Christ was not crucified: he was worn away by a minute clicking of little wheels" (*SF*, p. 77, ll. 10–11). Time, it seems, can negate the significance of even Christ's suffering. Memory offers no remedy: "That's sad too people cannot do anything that dreadful they cannot do anything very dreadful at all they cannot even remember

tomorrow what seemed dreadful today" (*SF*, p. 80, ll. 2–5). As Quentin keeps repeating in horror "temporary" (*SF*, p. 177, l. 20; p. 178, ll. 3–4, 19, 21), Mr. Compson adds, "it is hard believing to think that a love or a sorrow is a bond purchased without design and which matures willynilly and is recalled without warning to be replaced by whatever issue the gods happen to be floating at the time" (*SF*, p. 178, ll. 4–8). Finally, Mr. Compson confirms Quentin's worst fears about the irrecoverability of what "was": "was the saddest word of all there is nothing else in the world its not despair until time its not even time until it was" (*SF*, p. 178, ll. 22–24). To Quentin, the loss of his grief would be the greatest imaginable calamity. Forgetfulness—the loss of loss—is loss compounded, not recovered. Quentin's suicide is his response to the suspicion that time will ease—in other words, steal—his pain.¹⁹⁾

In *Absalom, Absalom!*, forgetfulness is imagined by Quentin and Shreve as a property of life in both heaven and hell. In Quentin's idea of Sutpen's and Wash's afterlife, the two greybeards forget Wash's pathetic granddaughter Milly, but remember the War: "*They mought have kilt us, but they aint whupped us yit, air they?*"²⁰⁾ Later, Quentin and Shreve imagine Henry describing life for the Sutpens in hell: "*And we will all be together in torment and so we will not need to remember love and fornication, and maybe in torment you cannot even remember why you are there. And if we cannot remember all this, it cant be much torment.*" (*AA*, p. 363, ll. 23–27). However, Mr. Compson assumes that heaven for the principals in the Sutpen story will depend not only on their memory, but on the continuation of the attitudes they held in life: "*It will do no harm to hope ... that the one cannot escape the censure which no doubt he deserves, that the other no longer lack the commiseration which let us hope (while we are hoping) that they have longed for, if only for the reason that they are about to receive it whether they will or no*" (*AA*, p. 394, ll. 17–23). To Mr. Compson here, heaven depends on the Sutpens' and Rosa's memory to resolve the conflicts that their earthly lives had left unfinished.

It begins to appear that other ideas of time than Bergson's all-encompassing present may be expressed in Faulkner's fiction. Granted, the Rector, Mr. Compson, and Quentin cannot be accepted without reservation as Faulkner's spokesmen, but surely they may be accepted as commentators on the sources of their own pain.

Suppose, then, that, as this paper contends, "There is no such thing as *was*" means that the things of the past are no longer available. Of course the traces and consequences of past phenomena and events still exist in the present. But the past is not fully encompassed in the present. If it were, there could be neither motion nor change in life. In this prosaic view, the sources of grief and sorrow are the loss of people and things that can never be recovered, and the consequences of actions that can never be reversed. If "was" existed—if those events and phenomena were still contained in the present—there would be no grief or sorrow. As it is, in the course of life's motion, people experience loss, and indeed they do grieve.

Bergson himself understood this very well. After all, he only maintained that the past, the present, and the future are mutually permeable, not that they are undifferentiated. The fault lies not in Bergson, but in the insistence that "There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*" removes the past as a concept, not only from Faulkner's philosophy, but perforce from his fiction as well. The fault lies in using Faulkner's earlier statement that "There is only the present moment, in which I include both the past and the future, and that is eternity" as a gloss on "There is no such thing as *was*." And the fault lies in using these two statements in conjunction as the one all-sufficient magical key to Faulkner's fictional techniques,

style, and themes. To do so is to place a far greater burden on the logic and significance of these statements than they can possibly sustain. In essence, it reduces the whole of Faulkner's fiction, in all its diversity, density, and complexity, to two sound bites. A reader who is loyal to both Faulkner and Bergson may be better served by some other proof-text. One might well keep in mind Faulkner's good-humored caveat to Simon Claxton: "I'm liable to say anything on these occasions, and often contradict myself."²¹⁾

In that case, is it possible to salvage "There is no such thing as *was*" for any interpretive purpose? It is, in a limited way, if we take the simple-minded view of this statement as a comment on loss. There is a case to be made for such an interpretation, particularly in the context of Faulkner's earlier novels. In *Soldiers' Pay*, the entire pre-war system of values is blasted out of existence by the war: its ideals, its verities, its manners and customs. The things that were true, the promises that were made, even the bodies and minds that were whole before the war, all belong to "was." They no longer exist in the present, as the Rector acknowledges repeatedly in reference to his mutilated, blind, amnesiac son: "This was Donald, my son. He is dead" (*SP*, p. 252, ll. 12, 20–21, 31–32; p. 259, l. 12).

In *Flags in the Dust*, the radiant world of "de ole times," with its Choctaw medicine, its mules and molasses, its preposterous gallantry, is fading gradually into the irrecoverable past.²²⁾ Against this general background of loss, Young Bayard's agony at his failure to keep Johnny from flying to his death "on that damn Camel" (*FD*, p. 46, l. 22) only underscores the point: the past is irretrievable. Indeed, if one may trust Faulkner's comments on writing *Flags in the Dust*, it was the dread of losing "the world which for some reason I believe should not pass utterly out of the memory of man" that led him into Yoknapatawpha in the first place.²³⁾

In *The Sound and the Fury*, the source of the Compson brothers' pain is that they cannot return to the innocent, untroubled past before Damuddy was sick, when Caddy still smelled like trees, before Mrs. Compson had taken to her bed and Mr. Compson to his decanter. To Quentin, the only solution to the problem of "was" is to become it: "The peaceullest words. Peaceullest words. *Non fui. Sum. Fui. Non sum* I was. I am not" (*SF*, p. 174, ll. 12–13, 15).

In *As I Lay Dying*, Vardaman's famous conclusion that "My mother is a fish" is the result of his effort to cope with Addie's death by recovering the moment when it occurred.²⁴⁾ He remembers the instant of transformation from mother to corpse: "I was there. I saw when it did not be her. I saw" (*AILD*, p. 66, l. 26). He tries by magic to return to that moment when "it [the fish] wasn't and she was" (*AILD*, p. 67, l. 1). He recognizes that even now she is no longer present, and that time is carrying her ever farther away: "And now she is getting so far ahead I cannot catch her" (*AILD*, p. 53, ll. 7–8). There is no such thing as was: Addie's corpse has ceased to be Addie. Addie belongs to the past, not to the present. "She went away" (*AILD*, p. 66, l. 16).²⁵⁾

As the Bundrens begin their journey, Vardaman seeks reassurance from Darl about his mother. In response to Darl's assertion that "Jewel's mother is a horse" (*AILD*, p. 101, l. 5), Vardaman worries that his mother "will have to be a horse, too" (*AILD*, p. 101, l. 8). He asks Darl, "Then what is your ma, Darl?" (*AILD*, p. 101, l. 13). Darl's answer summarizes the relation between was and is: "I haven't got ere one Because if I had one, it is *was*. And if it is was, it cant be *is*. Can it?" (*AILD*, p. 101, ll. 14–15). Of course Darl has more on his mind than simply responding to Vardaman. He hints at his own motherlessness with the words "if I had one." He eventually proceeds with a characteristic assertion

of his own nonexistence. Still, whether he means to do so or not, Darl straightens out Vardaman on one crucial issue: Addie Bundren's children do not have a mother. She is was, so she cannot be is. She does not exist any more. There is no such thing as was.²⁶⁾

In *Absalom, Absalom!*, the ripples of the past are inescapably present. The career of Thomas Sutpen is at once the most elusive and the most powerful reality of the novel. Its consequences torment Sutpen's survivors and reluctant heirs. But they are equally tormented by their powerlessness to affect Sutpen. Quentin and Shreve can travel back in time (by whatever mysterious means) to Sutpen's tent on the fateful night when he reveals to Henry the secret of Bon's maternal ancestry. But they cannot advise Sutpen to acknowledge Bon in order to save his design; neither can they prevent Henry from shooting Bon. Quentin can even touch, hold, and read Bon's letter to Judith. But the letter is available to read because Judith believes it is more durable than a tombstone: "it would be at least a scratch, something, something that might make a mark on something that *was* once for the reason that it can die someday, while the block of stone cant be *is* because it never can become *was* because it cant ever die or perish"²⁷⁾ (AA, p. 131, ll. 22–26). To Judith, immortality is nonexistence. Only that which can die, that which eventually can become was, ever really exists in the first place. In Judith's terms, something that "*was*" is a thing that is remembered to have existed once, and known not to exist now.²⁷⁾

In the letter itself, Quentin reads the following lines from Bon: "*Because what WAS is one thing, and now it is not because it is dead, it died in 1861, and therefore ... what IS is something else again because it was not even alive then*" (AA, p. 135, ll. 3–4, 29–30). What WAS—the Union, slavery, Sutpen's Hundred, Henry's and Bon's intense friendship—is one thing. What IS—a long and bloody war, emancipation, Sutpen's impending ruin, Henry's determination to kill Bon rather than let a partly-black man marry Judith—is something else again. The one set belongs to the irrecoverable past, the other to the uncertain present and future.

In situation, theme, and mood, Faulkner's earlier novels permit the interpretation of "There is no such thing as *was*" as, approximately, "That which belongs to the past is gone." The recognition, and the pain, of loss in these novels is the result of the inaccessibility of the things of the past. "If *was* existed there would be no grief or sorrow." If the things of the past were fully present, there need be no mourning for lost things or regret for past actions. In fact, as Michael Millgate observes, "The overall movement and pressure of each novel ... work inexorably to enforce what was perhaps Faulkner's single most fundamental belief—that life was motion, that, like it or not, there was no way of retrieving the past, restoring lost environments, winning the irremediable battles—that it was even truer in temporal than in geographical terms that one could not go home again."²⁸⁾

Hitherto this paper has carefully evaded a more fundamental question about Faulkner's fictional treatment of time. Suppose Faulkner had something more in mind when he wrote than trying to prove Bergson's philosophy in fiction? Suppose that, as Cleanth Brooks suggests, Faulkner had contemplated such matters as the nature of time and the essence of life even before he read Bergson?²⁹⁾ That might begin to account for the variety and complexity—and perhaps even the outright contradictions—of Faulkner's fictional treatment of time. After all, Faulkner said on various occasions, both that the essence of life is motion and change, and that the present encompasses the past, the future, and eternity. He said at various times both that "*What WAS is one thing, and now it is not*" (AA, p. 135, l. 3), and that "The past is never dead. It's not even past."³⁰⁾ Faulkner created Benjy Compson, the pathetic victim of

undifferentiated time. He created two Quentins, one the victim of the irrecoverable past, the other the victim of the undead, irreversible past. He created Gail Hightower, the ecstatic observer of a nightly recurring past. He created Lena Grove, who measures time geographically: “Here we aint been coming from Alabama but two months, and now it’s already Tennessee” (*LiA*, p. 507, ll. 14–16). He created Dilsey, who “seed de beginnin, en now I sees de endin” (*SF*, p. 297, ll. 28–29), apparently sees eternity in the same vision, and yet does not confuse them. Do these contradictions not detract from Faulkner’s philosophical profundity? Do they not represent a defect in his artistic vision?

To ask these questions is to misunderstand the nature of fiction. However sincerely Faulkner may have believed in Bergson’s philosophy of time, he was not bound to devote his entire fictional discourse to it. As an artist, he was under no obligation either to write only what he believed, or to believe everything he wrote. As an artist, he was free to employ both Bergsonian concepts—motion and change, on the one hand, and an all-encompassing present, on the other—as well as other imaginable concepts of time that might have nothing to do with Bergson. Faulkner was a creator of fictions, not of philosophical treatises or studies in logic. And his fictions owe their richness and complexity largely to Faulkner’s stubborn refusal to be a strictly consistent proponent of any single orthodoxy.³¹⁾

Notes

- 1) Interview with Jean Stein vanden Heuvel, 1956, *Lion in the Garden: Interviews with William Faulkner, 1926–1962*, ed. James B. Meriwether and Michael Millgate (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1980), p. 255.
- 2) On Faulkner’s reading of Bergson, see Daniel Joseph Singal, *William Faulkner: The Making of a Modernist* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1997), p. 44.
- 3) The quoted phrase is from William Faulkner, “An Introduction to *The Sound and the Fury* (I),” Arthur F. Kinney, ed., *Critical Essays on William Faulkner: The Compson Family* (Boston: G. K. Hall & Co., 1982), p. 72.
- 4) Interview with Jean Stein vanden Heuvel, *Lion in the Garden*, p. 255.
- 5) Frederick J. Hoffman, *William Faulkner*, second edition, revised (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1966), p. 25.
- 6) *Ibid.*, p. 24.
- 7) Panthea Reid Broughton, *William Faulkner: The Abstract and the Actual* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1974), p. 110.
- 8) Cleanth Brooks, *William Faulkner: Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1978), pp. 252–253.
- 9) Gail L. Mortimer, *Faulkner’s Rhetoric of Loss: A Study in Perception and Meaning* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1983), p. 74.
- 10) Kiyoyuki Ono, “Life Is Motion: An Aspect of William Faulkner’s Style,” Kenzaburo Ohashi and Kiyoyuki Ono, comps., *Faulkner Studies in Japan*, ed. Thomas L. McHaney (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1985), p. 41.
- 11) Interview with Loïc Bouvard, 1952, *Lion in the Garden*, p. 70; Ono, “Life Is Motion,” p. 41.
- 12) Ono, “Life Is Motion,” p. 31.
- 13) William Faulkner, *Light in August: The Corrected Text*, Vintage International edition (New York: Vintage Books, 1990), p. 6, ll. 20–21.
- 14) See Shigeru Hanaoka, “Hitotsu no Onaji Renzu wo Tooshite Sakuhin Kara Nani ga Miete Kuru no ka wo Shiko,” *Shuukan Dokushojin*, April 9, 1999, p. 5; Shigeru Hanaoka, *William Faulkner Tanpenshu: Kuukan Koozoo wo Megutte* (Kyoto: Yamaguchi Shoten, 1994), p. 38; and Ryuichi Yamaguchi, *Faulkner Shishin no Reisho—Zenki Shosetsu Gun no Humor* (Tokyo: The Eihosha Limited, 1999), p. 22.
- 15) Ono, “Life Is Motion,” p. 30.

- 16) Hanaoka, "Renzu."
- 17) William Faulkner, *Soldiers' Pay* (New York: Liveright, 1997), p. 314, ll. 8, 3–5.
- 18) William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury: The Corrected Text* (New York: Vintage International, 1990), p. 177, ll. 20–22.
- 19) On Quentin's dread of losing his grief, see Cleanth Brooks, *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*, Louisiana Paperback edition (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1990), p. 333; Broughton, *Abstract and Actual*, pp. 114–115; John T. Matthews, "The Sound and the Fury": *Faulkner and the Lost Cause* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1991), pp. 52–53; Warwick Wadlington, *Reading Faulknerian Tragedy* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1987), p. 73; and especially André Bleikasten, *The Ink of Melancholy: Faulkner's Novels from "The Sound and the Fury" to "Light in August"* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1990), pp. 93–100.
- 20) William Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!: The Corrected Text*, Modern Library edition (New York: Random House, 1993), p. 194, ll. 25–26.
- 21) For Bergson's understanding of loss, see Mortimer, *Rhetoric of Loss*, p. 73. On the immanence—not the full presence—of the past and the future in the present, see Broughton, *Abstract and Actual*, pp. 46–47, and Ono, "Life Is Motion," p. 41. For the phrase quoted in the body, see Interview with Simon Claxton, 1962, *Lion in the Garden*, p. 276.
- 22) William Faulkner, *Flags in the Dust*, ed. Douglas Day (New York: Vintage Books, 1974), p. 419, l. 28.
- 23) William Faulkner, "On the Composition of *Sartoris*," Arthur F. Kinney, ed., *Critical Essays on William Faulkner: The Sartoris Family* (Boston: G. K. Hall & Co., 1985), p. 120.
- 24) William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying: The Corrected Text*, Vintage International edition (New York: Vintage Books, 1990), p. 84, l. 2.
- 25) On Vardaman's efforts to recover "the world of the past, when his mother was still alive," see Ineke Bockting, *Character and Personality in the Novels of William Faulkner: A Study in Psychostylistics* (Lanham, MD: University Press of America, 1995), pp. 127–128.
- 26) On Darl's recognition of Addie's nonexistence in the present, see especially Robert Dale Parker, *Faulkner and the Novelistic Imagination* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985), p. 26; on Addie's corpse as, in "Darl's language, the 'is' of a 'was,'" see Bleikasten, *Ink*, p. 169.
- 27) For a Bergsonian analysis of Judith's statement, which makes precisely this point, see Carolyn Norman Slaughter, "Fluid Cradle of Events (Time)," *The Faulkner Journal* VI: 2 (Spring 1991), pp. 76–77. Also, on Judith's use of "is" and "was," see Olga Scherer, "A Polyphonic Insert: Charles's Letter to Judith," Michel Gresset and Noel Polk, eds., *Intertextuality in Faulkner* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1985), especially p. 172.
- 28) Michael Millgate, *Faulkner's Place* (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1997), p. 8.
- 29) For this suggestion, see Brooks, *Toward Yoknapatawpha*, pp. 256–257.
- 30) William Faulkner, *Requiem for a Nun*, Vintage Books edition (New York: Vintage Books, 1975), p. 80, l. 15. But see Noel Polk, *Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun": A Critical Study* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981), pp. 54–61, for a thoughtful inquiry into whether Faulkner himself really believed this statement.
- 31) For a few examples of various concepts of time in Faulkner's fiction, see Olga W. Vickery, *The Novels of William Faulkner: A Critical Interpretation*, Revised edition (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1964), pp. 255–265; George C. Bedell, *Kierkegaard and Faulkner: Modalities of Existence* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1972), pp. 184–228; Arthur Geffen, "Profane Time, Sacred Time, and Confederate Time in *The Sound and the Fury*," *Studies in American Fiction* 2:2 (Autumn 1974), pp. 175–197; and Patricia Tobin, "The Time of Myth and History in *Absalom, Absalom!*," Louis J. Budd and Edwin H. Cady, eds., *On Faulkner: The Best from "American Literature"* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1989), pp. 73–91. On the hazards of reading Faulkner with a philosophical or ideological program already in mind, see André Bleikasten, "Faulkner and the New Ideologues," Donald M. Kartiganer and Ann J. Abadie, eds., *Faulkner and Ideology: Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha, 1992* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1995), p. 18: "Faulkner's finest novels are his fiercest, and they all refuse to serve ideological certitudes"; and Louis D. Rubin, Jr., "William Faulkner: Why, the Very *Ideal!*," *ibid.*, p. 350: "To the extent that we become so enamored of any particular theory ... that we ... begin trying to manhandle the novel so that it will fit more tidily into an intellectual schematization, we deny the very premises upon which our professional engagement is founded."