

Themes of the Month

The Stylistic Qualities of William Faulkner

By Juanita Bryant

Finding the short stories of Mr. Faulkner such an excellent source of wisdom and enjoyment, I regret not having become familiar with his talents long before this assignment. Having read completely only two short stories, "Go Down Moses" and "The Old People," it is upon these that I base my criticism.

The most striking aspect of the two stories was the seemingly interminable sentences, the repetition, and the author's tendency to be obscure. I feel that it is the combination of these characteristics that have led critics to refer to Faulkner as a master of a specific style. This style is projected in such a manner that the reader seems to be constantly caught in and drawn along as if in a current. Harvey Breit, whose criticism of William Faulkner was found in *The Atlantic Monthly*, feels too, that this stylistic triumph is similar to an imagestream. The reason for the length and elaborateness of the sentence structure and the steady literary emphasis, is that the reader must be powerfully hypnotized inward and downward to that imagestream.

After reading "The Old People," I was puzzled as to whether his skill in writing made the reader work. In his short stories, I feel it is his skill that fires one's imagination, and the reward which the reader receives at the completion of a story is well worth the trouble. Mr. Breit is on the opinion that in our increasingly specialized and complex world easy

writers are inadequate. Therefore the question is not whether Faulkner is difficult, but whether, in submitting to his imaginative order, one is repaid by an experience that is valuable.

Mr. Faulkner's brilliant, passages describing men, animals, or landscapes, such penetrating, even grotesque characterizations were prevalent in both stories. He has his description occurring quite frequently, often the same ones repeated, to give emphasis.

Mr. Faulkner's stories, those that I read especially, deal with social and moral themes most often in a southern locality. It was with some admiration that I observed that hate, prejudice, and degradation were either entirely missing or certainly were not dominant factors in his presentation of a story. In the story of "Go Down Moses," the whites on whom the story centered were people of good will and the Negro was characterized as a figure of immense dignity. This treatment of a difficult and current problem gives the reader the impression that this author is capable of presenting an objectional view of life in America. The authoritative critic considers Faulkner's talent a participative one. This is because he is writing from within his people, from within their dilemmas and aspirations. Mr. Faulkner appears to be morally and humanly associated with the world of affairs. The contacts he makes are no doubt responsible for the mature ideas projected in his writings. Faulkner's stories are expressions of truth, without being true, and reality, although they may not be read.

It was my opinion, before I had fully digested the stories that any are in Mr. Faulkner's work was formless. I believe it was the fact that I had just become acquainted with his lengthy, intricate sentence structure. I found that the critic, Mr. Breit was quite explicit in his defense of a statement of this sort against Mr. Faulkner. He stated that the charge of formlessness against Faulkner is the offspring of the alarmingly rich detail and munificence of the parts. The totality tends to vanish in the lavishness of the parts. It is a little like climbing a mountain. There are all sorts of hazards on the way and instantaneous rewards. When one makes the final ascent the view is all that one hoped for, more than he thought it would be. The view justifies the difficult ascent, it was made possible only through the climb.

I feel that William Faulkner is a superb storyteller. He can be a deep and continuous source of wisdom. To read Faulkner's work is to learn from him because he sees situations as they affect human beings. Mr. Breit states that this writer helps us to remember and to understand the human situation in its particularity; thus in its universality. He helps us to become more human.

No doubt short story enthusiasts will find Mr. Faulkner to live up to the praises of those critics who maintain that he is the greatest living American writer.

Conscience is that still small voice that tells you you're going to get caught.

Marilyn Whaley



By Marilyn Whaley
President of The Student Senate

Our Student Senate president hails from Portland, Oregon. Before coming to Bennett, she attended Williamette University in Salem, Oregon. While at Salem she served as secretary of the Freshman class and also held an office in her dormitory. During her junior year at Bennett she moved from Portland, Oregon to Raleigh, N. C., where she now resides.

While at Bennett Marilyn has participated in many activities. We shall always remember her in the role of "Pygmalion" during her sophomore year. Marilyn has varied interests and is quite a versatile individual.

She is a member of the following campus organizations: Senior Theater Guild, Sigma Rho Sigma, Social Science Seminar, Art Club, and the W.S.C.S. She also serves as president of Alpha Nu chapter of Kappa Phi a national methodist girls' club recently organized.

Marilyn plans to do recreational or religious work upon finishing Bennett. Our Student Senate President hopes that not a few students but all of the students will feel the importance of the student government and support it wholeheartedly as possible. It is your organization and can be up-held as long as you exemplify true school spirit that should exist on a college campus.



"Freshmen Once, Seniors Now!"

Themes of the Month

THE LONG RIDE
By Shako Yoshikane

All of a sudden, I was awakened by a loud voice calling, "First call to dinner!" I did not know how long I had slept, but when I turned my eyes towards the window, I observed the beauty of various objects within sight, as they reflected the rays of sunset. I, therefore, assumed from the position of the sun that I had slept for about one hour.

As I moved slightly from one sitting position to another, I disturbed the beautiful little candy box which, to my unawareness, had been placed beside me. I caught the box before it fell from my seat and read the piece of paper which was attached to it. The contents of the note read thus: "To the young Japanese girl. Good luck."

This gift reminded me of the earlier part of the same day when I had become homesick and cried, a kindly settled woman and her husband sat behind me, when they heard my sniffles they jumped up to comfort me.

"What is wrong?" the lady asked, "Why are you crying?"

"I am home sick," I replied.

"Why?" Where are you from?"

"I came over here from Japan to study in Greensboro," I answered.

Her husband, who spoke from behind me in a pleasant and assuring tone remarked, "Oh, that is really a wonderful thing to hear. You should not cry so hard. We understand things seem somewhat strange to you now, and you easily become homesick, but isn't it a very important idea to think like this, that

SENIOR "SEEN-ICS"

Greetings! And a hearty welcome to a scene from "Senior Seenics"—a peep into the life of the Senior Class. After having seen and talked with many members of the senior class, I have concluded that last summer was really very well spent. Whether the student vacationed at the beach, in the mountains, or at home; whether she worked, played, or rested, the senior Bennetite literally kept her blue book with her at all times and performed her duties with a cultured and gracious manner.

After such a summer as this, then, it is not unusual that this class should return to school with vim and vitality, assuming the leadership due a class of such distinction without losing any of their former simplicity and graciousness of character.

the globe is round and you are not going off the globe? Don't you see?"

I stopped crying to look up into this philosopher's face. He seemed so kind. His wife then patted my cheek and suggested that I take a nap so that I could feel better.

I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, while in my mind I kept repeating, "I am not going off the globe; my family is here with me." I felt so grateful to the man for his kind words, and with them in my mind, I finally fell asleep.

After I examined the candy box and its little note, I arose to thank the couple for their unselfish deed; but their seats were bare. The couple had gone without a word while I was asleep, but they had left behind them traces of consideration which I shall always keep in my heart.

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