Between 1929 and 1936 William Faulkner published novels about childhood, families, sex, race, obsession, time, the past, his native South, and the modern world. He invented voices for characters ranging from sages to children, cranks, crooks, the insane, even the dead—sometimes all within one book. He developed beyond this ventriloquist's quartet, his own unmappable narrative voice, regal, intense, highly rhetorical. He experimented with narrative chronology and with techniques for representing mind and memory. He invented an entire southern county and wrote its history.

He was a native Mississippian, born about 1906, Oxford, where his parents moved when he was about five. His great-grandfather had been a local legend: a colonel in the Civil War, lawyer, railroad builder, politician, writer, revivalist, and public figure white in color. Faulkner family takes him back to the body of a town for Jefferson. It is divided into the old antebellum houses by families, each with a different perception of the past and a different way of telling it. Their family's adventures and misadventures on the road are comic, tragic, grotesque, absurd, and deeply moving.

Neither these books nor his early short stories were very popular. Sanctuary, a sensational novel about sex, gangsters, official corruption, and urban violence, attracted considerable attention, however. It appeared in 1931, and took its place in the large amount of hard-boiled fiction that appeared in the decade, notably by such authors as Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. Deeply. Faulkner, and around 1935, a group of young artists, and writers, formed the Rehearsal Club, the Big Sleep, the most famous of phases, was published in 1931, both starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

He continued to produce brilliant and innovative novels during these years. Light in August (1932) countered the comic pastoral about the pregnant earth-mother figure Lanza Grover with a grim tragedy about the enshrined innocent Chris. A woman may or may not be racially mixed; it intermediated individual psychology and cultural pathology. Absalom, Absalom, which followed in 1936, is thought to be by Faulkner's masterpiece. The story of Thomas Sutpen, who would create a dynasty of the same name, is one of the most famous Faulkner novels, and was written in the same time as his earlier works. He also published in 1936. He was born in New Orleans magazine The Big Sleep and the newspaper The Times Picayune. He learned about the experimental writing of James Joyce and the ideas of Sigmund Freud. After a trip to Europe at the end of the year, he returned to Oxford. In 1929 he married Estelle Oldham, who had been divorced and had returned to Oxford with her two children. They bought a raised mantel. Rowan Oak, in 1930 and began to restore it to its antebellum appearance. A daughter born in 1931 died of infancy; a second daughter, Jill, was born in 1933. Faulkner's second novel won a satire on New Orleans intellectuals called Mosquito (1927). His more typical subject matter emerged with his rejected novel in the Dust Bowl, and the shortened version of it 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 appeared in later works, and the region, renowned for its impoverished culture, was the locale of Faulkner's imaginative world.

The social and historical emphasis in Sartoris was not directly followed up in the works of Faulkner were next. The Sound and the Fury (1929)—Faulkner's favorite novel—and As I Lay Dying (1930) were dramatically experimental attempts to articulate the inexpressible aspects of individual psychology. The Sound and the Fury has 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, moyozs 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 voice for each character, more iron, untame, highly rhetorical. He told from a traditionally omniscient point of view, provides a sequential narra-
And so next morning he was gone again, then he come back and told us to get hitched up and ready to take out and he would meet us and when they was gone he said,

"I dont reckon you got no more money."

"Peabody just give me enough to pay the hotel with," I said. "We dont need nothing else, do we?"

"No," pa said; "no. We dont need nothing." He stood there, not looking at me.

"If it's something we got to have, I reckon maybe Peabody," I said.

"No," he said; "it aint nothing else. You all wait for me at the corner."

So Jewell got the team and come for me and they fixed me a pellet in the wagon and we drove across the square to the corner where pa said, and we was waiting there in the wagon, with Dewey Delli and Vardaman eating bananas, who we see them coming up the street. Pa was coming along with that kind of daresome and hangdog look all at once like when he has been up to something he knows ma aint going to like, carrying a grip in his hand, and Jewell says,

"Who's that?"

Then we see it wasn't the grip that made him look different; it was his face, and Jewel says, "He got them teeth."

It was a fact. It made him look a foot taller, kind of holding his head up, hangdog and proud too, and then we see her behind him, carrying the other grip—a kind of duck-shaped woman all dressed up, with them kind of hard-looking pop eyes like she was daring er a man to say nothing. And there we set watching them, with Dewey Delli's and Vardaman's mouth half open and half-et bananas in their hands and her coming around from behind pa, looking at us like she dared er a man. And then I see that the grip she was carrying was one of them little graphophones. It was for a fact, all shut up as pretty as a picture, and everyone a new record would come from the mail order and us setting in the house in the winter, listening to it, I would think what a shame Darl couldn't be to enjoy it too. But it is better so for him. This world is not his world; this life is his life.

"It's Cash and Jewel and Vardaman and Dewey Delli," pa says, kind of hangdog and proud too, with his teeth and all, even if he wouldn't look at us. "Meet Mrs Bundren," he says.

The store in which the Justice of the Peace's court was sitting smelled of cheese. The boy, crouched on his nail log at the back of the crowded room, knew he smelled cheese, and more: from where he sat he could see the ranked shelves close-packed with the solid, squar, dynamic shapes of tin cans whose labels his stomach read, not from the lettering which meant nothing to his mind but from the scarlet devils and the silver curve of fish—this, the cheese which he knew he smelled and the hermetic meat which his intestines believed he smelled coming in intermittent gusts momentarily and brief between the other constant one, the smell and sense just a little of fear
because mostly of despair and grief, the old force pull of blood. He could not see the table where the Justice sat and before which his father and his father's enemy (our enemy he thought in that despair; ours' mine and him both! He's my father!) stood, but he could hear them, the two of them that is, because his father had said no word yet.

"But what proof have you, Mr. Harris?"

"I told you. The hog got into my corn. I caught it up and sent it back to him. He had no fence that would hold it. I told him so, warned him. The next time I put the hog in my pen. When he came to get it I gave him enough wire to patch up his pen. The next time I put the hog up and kept it. I rode down to his house and saw the wire. I gave him still rolled on to the spool in his yard. I told him he could have the hog when he paid me a dollar a pound fee.

That evening a nigger came with the dollar and got the hog. He was a strange nigger. He said, 'He say to tell you wood and hay kin burn.' I said, 'What?' 'That what he say to tell you,' the nigger said. 'Wood and hay kin burn.' That night my barn burned. I got the stock out but I lost the barn."

"Where is the nigger? Have you got him?"

"He was a strange nigger, I tell you. I don't know where he become of."

"But that's not proof. Don't you see that's not proof?"

"Get that boy up here. He knows." For a moment the boy thought that the man meant his older brother until Harris said, "Not him. The little one. The boy."

The boy and, crouching, small for his age, small and wiry like his father, in patched and faded clothes, roughly, collarless, grey man in spectacles, beckoning him. He felt no floor under his bare feet; he seemed to walk beneath the palpable weight of the grinning turning faces. His father, still in his black Sunday coat donned not for the trial but for the moving, did not even look at him. He aims for me to lie, he thought, again with that frantic, grief and despair. And I will have to do hit.

"What's your name?" the Justice said.

"Colonel Sartoris Snopes," the boy whispered.

"Hey?" the Justice said. "Talk louder. Colonel Sartoris? I reckon anybody named for Colonel Sartoris in this country can't help but tell the truth, can't they?" The boy said nothing. Enemy! Enemy! he thought; for a moment he could not even see, could not see that the Justice's face was kindly nor discern that his voice was troubled when he spoke to the man named Harris: "Do you want me to question this boy?" He could hear, and during those subseque
t long seconds while there was absolutely no sound in the crowded lit
tle room save that of quiet and instant breathing as it was as if he had swung outward at the end of a grape vine, and at the top of the swing had been caught in a prolonged instant of mesmerized gravity, weightless in time.

"No!" Harris said violently, explosively. "Damnation! Send him out of here! Now!" Here, the fluid world, rushed beneath him again, the voices com-

1. The boy is named for Colonel Sartoris, a leading citizen of Jefferson and the leading man that Faulkner based on his hometown of Oxford, Mississippi, and officer in the Confederate Army. The Snopes are a poor white family from the same area. Both famil-
ies appear in other works by Faulkner.
The wagon went on. He did not know where they were going. None of them ever did or ever asked, because it was always somewhere, always a house or a store, a place to wait for them a day or two or three days away. Likely his father had already arranged to make a crop on another farm before he . . . Again he had to stop himself. He (the father) always did. There was something about his willfulness and independence and courage when the advantage was at least neutral which impressed strangers, as if they got from his latest ravings foreboding not so much a sense of dependability as a feeling that his ferocious conviction in the rightness of his own actions would be of advantage to all whose interest lay with him.

That night they camped in a grove of oaks and beeches where a spring ran. The nights were still and cold and they had a fire against it, of a pile lifted from a nearby fence and cut into lengths—a small fire, neat, rigid almost, a shoved fire; such fires were his father’s habit and comfort always, even in freezing weather. Older, the boy might have remarked this and wondered why not a big one; why should a man who had not only seen the waste and vacillation of war, but who had in his blood an inherent nosselous proclivity with material not his own, have burned everything in sight? Then he might have gone a step farther and thought that that was the reason: that niggard blase was the living fruit of nights passed during those four years in the woods hiding from all men, blue or gray, with his strings of horses (captured horses, he called them). And older still, he might have divined the true reason that the element of fire spoke to some deep mainspring of his father’s being, as the element of steel or of powder spoke to claw men, as the one weapon for the preservation of integrity, else breath were not worth the breathing, and hence to be regarded with respect and used with discretion.

But he did not think this now and he wrote those same niggard blases all his life. He merely ate his supper beside it and was already half asleep over his iron plate when his father called him, and once more he followed the still back, the stiff and ruthless limp, up the slope and on to the still starlit road where, turning, he could see his father against the stars but without face or depth—a shape black, flat, and bloodless as though cut from tin in the iron folds of the freight coat which had not been made for him, the voice harsh like tin and without heat like tin.

"You was fising to tell us. You would have told him," he didn’t answer. His father struck him with the flat of his hand on the side of the head, hard but without heat, exactly as he had struck the two-stools at the store, exactly as he would strike either of them with any stick in order to kill a horse fly his voice still without heat or anger: "You’re getting to be a man. You got to learn to stick to your own blood or you ain’t going to have any blood to stick to you. Do you think either of them, any man tomorrow this morning, wouldn’t? Don’t you know all they wanted was a chance to get at me because they knew I had beat them? Eh? Later, twenty later years, he was to tell himself, ‘If I had said they wanted only truth, justice, he would have hit me again.’ But now he thought of something. He was not crying. He just stood there.

‘Answer me,’ his father said.

‘Yes,’ he whispered. His father turnned.

‘Get on to bed. We’ll be in town tomorrow.’

To-morrow they were there. In the early afternoon the wagon stopped before a painless two-room house identical almost with the dozen others it had stopped before in the boy’s ten years, and again, as on the other dozen occasion, his mother got down the back of the wagon, although his two sisters and his father and brother had not moved.

‘Likely him ain’t fitten for horses,’ one of the sisters said.

‘Nevertheless, it will and you’ll buy it like it,’ his father said. ‘Get out of them chairs and help your Ma unload.’

The two sisters got down, big, bowing, in a flutter of cheap ribbons; one of them drew from the jumbled wood a bed a blanket from the other a worn brown. His father handed the reins to the older son and began to climb stiffly over the wheel. ‘When they get unloaded, take the teams to the barn and feed them.’ Then he said, and as first the boy thought he was still speaking to his brother: ‘Come with me.’

‘Me?’ he said.

‘Yes,’ his father said. ‘Yes.’

‘Abrith,’ his mother said. His father pawed and looked back—the harsh level stare beneath the shaggy, graying, irascible brow. ‘I reckon I’ll have a word with the man that ains to begin to mornow own- ing me body and soul for the past eight months.’

They went back up the road. A week ago—or before last night, that is—he would have asked where they were going, but his father had struck him before last night never before had he passed afterward to explain why; it was as if the blow and the following calm, outrageous voice still rang, repercussing, divulging nothing to him save the terrible handicap of being young of the light way of his few years, just heavy enough to prevent his surmounting fear of the world as it seemed to be ordered but not heavy enough to keep him foamed solid in it, or resist it and try to change the course of its events.

Presently he could see the grove of oak and elms and the other flowering trees and shrubs where the house would be, though not the house yet. They walked beside a fence fenced with honeysuckle and Cherokee roses and came to a gate swinging open between two brick pillars, and beyond a sweep of drive, he saw the house for the first time and at that instant he forgot his father and his terror and despair both, and even when, as he remembered his father again (who had not stopped the perpetual staccato did not restrain him). "For all the twelve mornings, they had been in this poor country, a land of small farms and fields and houses, and he had never seen a house like this before, Hi’s big as a country man of thought quietly, with a sense of peace and joy whose reason he could not have thought it would take, being too young for that. They are safe here. People whose lives are a part of this peace and dignity are beyond his own, but Gerdu was going to be a part of it. The idea of being part of it, of being part of it."

But no he stood not in the brush. He went to the house.
Two hours later the boy was chopping wood behind the house within which his mother and aunt and the two girls, he knew that; even at this distance and muffled by walls the flat broad voices of the two girls emanated an incorrigible idle inertia were setting up the stove to prepare a meal, when he heard the headless round in theNegro youth following on a fat hay carriage horse—a subdued, angry face vanishing, still at full gallop, beyond the corner of the house where his father and brother were sitting in the two tilted chairs; and a moment later, almost before he could have put the axe down, he heard the hooves again and watched the sorrel man go back over the road where he had been against that other blonde perfection, imperious to neither, the amorous man's face at his shoulder.

"Go on," the father said. "Pick it up." The two sisters stood, beamed, leathen; stooping, they preserved an incredible expansa of pale cloth and a flutter of tawdry ribbons.

If I thought enough of a rug to have to git hit all the way from France I wouldn't keep it where folks coming in would have to stomp on it," the first said. They raised the rug.

"Abner," the mother said. "Let me do it." "You go back and git dinner," his father said. "I'll tend to this."

From the woodland through the rest of the afternoon the boy watched them, the rug spread flat in the dust beside the hotting wash-pot, the two sisters stooping over it that profound and leathen reluctance while the father stood over them in turn, implacable and grim, driving them though never raising his voice again. They could naught the handsome meal they were using; he saw his mother come to the door once and look toward them with an expression not anxious now but very like despair; he saw his father turn, and he fell to with the axe and saw free from the corner of his eye the father raise from the ground a flatish fragment of field stone and examine it and return to the pot, and this time his mother actually spoke. "Abner, Abner. Please don't. Please, Abner.

Then he was done too. It was dust; the whoop-poor-wills had nearly begun. He could smell coffee from the room where they would presently eat the cold food remaining from the mid-afternoon meal, while when he entered the house he realized they were having coffee pragmatically because there was a fire on the hearth, before which the rug now lay spread over the backs of the two chairs. The tracks of his father's foot were gone. Where they had been were now long, water-cloudy scoriations resembling the spindly course of a lilliputian mowing machine.

It still hung there while they ate the cold food and then went to bed, scattered without order or claim up and down the floor. Very and white, ain't it?" he said. "That's sweet. Nigger sweet. Maybe it ain't white enough yet to suit him. Maybe he wants to mix some white sweet with it."
toward him, fast, stopping as suddenly. "You done the best you could!" he cried. "If he wanted hit done different and if he want and if you how? He won't get no thirty bushels! He won't get none! We'll gather hit and hide it! I kin watch . . ."

"Did you put the cutter back in that straight stock like I told you?"

"No, sir," he said.

"Then go do it."

That was Wednesday. During the rest of that week he worked steadily, at what was within his scope and some which was beyond it, with an industry that did not need to be driven nor even commanded twice; he had this from his mother, with the difference that some at least of what he liked and do, such as splitting wood with the half-size ax which his mother and aunt had earned, or saved money somehow, to present him with at Christmas. In company with the two older women and one of the younger ones, even one of the sisters), he built pens for the shoat and the cow which were a part of his father's contract with the landlord, and one afternoon, his father being absent, gone somewhere on one of the mules, he went to the field. They were running a middle holler now, his brother holding the plow straight while he handled the reins, and walking beside the straining mule, the rich black soil heaving cool and damp against his bare ankles, his thoughts now a part of the drink itself, in the darkness from his father's shoulders, struck the angle of wall and floor with a sound unceasingly loud, thunderous, then the foot again, unsullied and uneternal, a light came on in the house and the boy sat, tense, breathing steadily and quietly and just a little fast, though the foot itself did not increase its beat at all, descending the steps now; now the boy could see him.

"Don't you want to ride now?" he whispered. "We kin both ride now," the light within the house altering now, flaring up and sinking. He's coming down the stairs now, he thought. He had already ridden the mule up beside the house block; presently his father was up behind him and he doubled the reins over and slashed the mule across the neck, but before the animal could begin to trot the hard, thin arm came round him, the hard, knotted hand jerking the mule back to a walk.

In the first red rays of the sun they were in the lot, putting plow gear on the mule. This time the serrel mare was in the lot before he heard it all, the rider colorless and even bearded, trembling, speaking in a shaking tone, as the woman in the house had done, his father merely looking up once before stepping again to the same he was buckling, so that the man on the mare spoke to his stooping back:

"You must realize you've ruined that rug. Wasn't there anybody here, any of your women . . ." he ceased, shaking, the boy watching him, the older brother leaning now in the stable door, chewing, blinking slowly and steadily at nothing apparently. "It cost a hundred dollars. But you never had a hun-
dred dollars. You never will. So I'm going to charge you twenty bushels of corn against your crop. I'll add it in your contract and when you come to the commis-

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sary you can sign it. That won't keep Mrs. de Spain quiet but maybe it will teach you to wipe your feet off before you enter her house again.

Then he was gone. His father, who still had not spoken or even looked up again, was now just adjusting the log-der head in the frame.

"Papa," he said. His father looked at him—the inscrutable face, the shaggy beard beneath which the eyes glinted suddenly. "What you want me to do?"

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"Do that and this rug was burned too!"

"Does anybody here claim it was?" his father said. "Go back to the wagon.

But he did not, he merely retreated to the rear of the room, crouded as that other had been, but not to sit down this time, but to stay standing against his father and cried at the Justice: "He ain't done it! He ain't burnt . . ."

"Go back to the wagon," his father said.

"Burnt?" the Justice said. "Do I stand this rug was burned too!"

"Can anybody here claim it was?" his father said. "Go back to the wagon.

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He brought the me to the me and said, "We'll try the tracks washed out of it. I washed the tracks out and took the rug back to him."

"But you didn't drag the rug back to him in the same condition it was in before you made the tracks on it?"

His father did not answer, and now for perhaps half a minute there was no sound at all that of breathing, the faint, steady suspicion of complete and instant listening.

"You decline to answer that, Mr. Snopes?" Again his father did not answer. "I'm going to find against you, Mr. Snopes. I'm going to find that you were responsible for the injury to Major de Spain's rug and hold you liable for it. But twenty bushels of corn seems a little high for a man in your circumstances to have to pay. Major de Spain claims it costs a hundred dollars. Octo-

ber corn will be worth about fifty cents. I figure that if Major de Spain can stand a ninety-five-dollar loss on some rug you can stand a five-dollar loss you haven't earned yet. I hold you in damages to Major de Spain to the amount of ten bushels of corn over and above your contract with him, to be paid to him out of your crop at gathering time. Court adjourned."

It had taken no time hardly, the morning was but half begun. He thought they would return home and perhaps back to the field, since they were late, far behind all other farmers. He thought the father, with the older brother to follow with it, and crossed the road toward the blacksmith shop opposite, pressing on after his father, overtaking him, speaking, whispering up at the harp, calm face beneath the weathered hat: "He won't git no ten bushels neither. He won't git one. We..." until his father glanced for an instant down at him, the face absolutely calm, the gnarled eyebrows tangled above the cold eyes, the voice almost pleasant, almost gentle.

You think so? Well, well, we'll wait till October anyway.

The matter of the wagon—the setting of a spoke or two and the tightening of the tires—did not take long either, the business of the tires accomplished by driving the wagon into the spring branch behind the shop and letting it stand there, the mules nuzzling into the water from time to time, and the boy on the seat with the idle reins, looking up the slope and through the sycamore tunnel of the shed where the slow hammer rang and where his father sat on an upturned cypress bolt, easily, either talking or listening, still sitting there when the boy brought the dripping wagon up out of the branch and hauled it before the door.

"Take them on to the shade and hitch," his father said. He did so and returned. His father and the smith and a third man squatting on his heels inside the door were talking, about crops and animals; the boy, squatting too in the ammoniacal dust and hoof-pawing and scales of rust, heard his father tell a long and unhurried story out of paradise. He had never met his brother even when he had been a professional horsetrader. And then his father came up beside him where he stood before a tattered last year's circus poster on the other side of the stove. He was long and quiet at the scarlet horses, the incredible poisonings and convolutions of tulle and tights and the painted leers of comedians, and said "It's time to eat."

But not at home. Squatting beside his brother against the front wall, be watched his father emerge from the store and produce from a paper sack a segment of cheese and divide it carefully and deliberately into three with his pocket knife and produce crackers from the same sack. The boy turned a little and looked at the three bushel sacks of corn in the storehouse, empty but for a fiery hotel of grain dust and a slight musty smell, he turned his glance to the door where his father was waiting.

ted on the gallery and ate, slowly, without talking; then in the store again, they drank from a tin dipper tepid water smelling of the cedar bucket and of living beech trees. And still they did not go home. It was a horse lot this time, a tall rail fence upon and along which men stood and sat and out of which one by one horses were led, to be walked and trotted and then cantered back and forth along the road while the slow swapping and buying went on and in the sun began to slant westward, they—the three of them—watching and listening, the older brother with his muddy eyes and his steady, inevitable tobacco, the father commenting now and then on certain of the animals, to no one in par-

It was after sundown when they reached home. They ate supper by lamb-light, then, sitting on the doorstep, the boy watched the night fully accom-

plish, listening to the whippoorwill and the frogs, when he heard his mother's voice: "Almar! No! Oh, God! Oh, God! Almar!" and he rose, whirled, and saw the altered light through the door where a candle stub now burned in a bottle neck on the table and his father, still in the hat and coat, at once formal and burlesque as then directed carefully for some shabby, five-gallon kerosene can from which it had been filled, while the mother tugged at his arm until he shifted it and she quickly blew it out in the con-

five-gallon kerosene, emptying the reservoir of the lamp back into the five-gallon kerosene can from which it had been filled, while the mother tugged at his arm until he shifted it and she quickly blew it out in the con-

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sitting with spread heavy flinths in the two chairs over the cold hearth, and to where his mother and aunt sat side by side on the bed, the aunt’s arms about his mother’s shoulders.

"Hold him," the father said. The aunt made a startled movement. "Not yet," the father said. "Let go. I want to see you do it." His mother took him by the wrist. "You’ll hold him better than that. If he gets loose don’t you know what he is going to do? He will go up yonder." He jerked his head toward the road. "I’d better be in the house." "I’ll hold him," his mother whispered.

"See you do then." Then his father was gone, the stiff foot heavy and measured upon the hearth, carrying with him. Then he began to struggle. His mother caught him in both arms, he jiggling and wriggling at these. He would be stronger in the end, he knew that. But he held his time to wait for it. "Letem go!" he cried. "Don’t want to have to you now!"

"Let him go!" the aunt said. "If he don’t go, before God, I am going there myself!"

"Don’t you see I can’t!" his mother cried. "Sarly! Sarly! No! No! Help me, Lizzie!"

Then he was free. His aunt grasped at him but it was too late. He whirled, running, his mother stumbling forward on to her knees behind him, crying to the nearest sister: "Catch him! Ne! Catch him!" But that was too late too, the sisters—sisters were twins, born at the same time, yet either of them now gave the impression of being, as accompanying, somewhat more of weight and brawn in this the family not yet having begun to rise from the chair, her head, face, alone merely turned, preoccupying to him in the flying instant an astonishment embracing of young female features untroubled by any surprise ever, wanting only an expression of bonne conscience. Then he was out of the room, out of the house, in the dark of the dirt road and the heavy richness under his running feet, reaching the gate at last and turning in, running, his heart and lungs drumming, on up the drive toward the lighted house, the lighted door. He did not know, he bustled for breath, incapable for the moment of speech: he saw the astonishment of the Negro in the linen jacket without knowing when the Negro had appeared.

"De Spirit!" he cried. "De Spirit!" Then he saw the white man too emerging from a white door down the hall. "Barn!" he cried. "Barn!"

"What?" the white man said. "Barn?"

"Barn!" the boy cried. "Barn!"

"Catch him!" the white man shouted.

But it was too late. This too. The Negro grasped his shirt, but the entire sleeve, rotten with washing, carried away, and he was out that door too and in the drive again, and had actually never ceased to run while he was screaming into the white man’s face.

Behind him the white man was shouting. "My horse! Fetch my horse!" and he thought for an instant of cutting across the park and climbing the fence into the road, but he did not know the park nor how the high wire-meshed fence might be still he dared not risk it. So he ran on down the drive, blood and breath ebbing, presently he was in the road again though he could not see it. He could not hear either: the galloping mare was almost upon him before he heard her, and even then he held his course, as if the very urgency of his wild grief and woe must in a moment more find wings, waiting until the utmost instant to haul himself aside and into the weed-choked roadside ditch as the horse shuddered past him on, for an instant in furious silhouette against the stars, the tranquil early summer dawn sky between them.

At breakfast he was silent and weary; his eyes were hollow, listless. He was too late, the long, swelling roar incredible and soundless, blotting the stars, and he springing up out of the road again, running again. Now it was too late; yet still running even after he had heard the shot and, an instant later, two shots, passing now without knowing he had ceased to run, crying "Pap! Pap!": running again before he knew he had begun to run, starting, tripping over something and scrabbling up again without ceasing to run, looking backward over his shoulder at the glare as he got up, running on among the invisible trees, panting, sobbing, "Father! Father!"

At midnight he was sitting on the crest of a hill. He did not know it was midnight and he did not know how far he had come. But there was no place behind him now and he sat now, his back toward who he had called home for four days anyhow, his face toward the dark woods which he would enter when breath was strong again, small, shuddering steadily in the chill darkness, hugging himself into the remainder of his thin, rotten shirt, the grief and despair now his terror and fear but just grief and despair. Father. His father, he thought; "he was brave! he cried suddenly, aloud but not loud, no more than a whisper. "He was! He was! He was in the war! He was in Colonel Sur-"tort’s car!" not knowing that his father had gone to that war a private in the fine old European sense, wearing no uniform, admitting the authority of and giving fidelity to no man or army or flag, going to war as Malbrook’s himself did, for honey, it meant nothing and less than nothing to him if it were once enemy or his own.

The show constellation wheeled up, it would be dawn and then sun-up while he would be hungry. But that was no longer now he was only cold, and walking would cure that, this breathing was easier now and he decided to get up and go on, and then he found that he had been asleep because he knew it was almost dawn, the sight almost over. He could tell that from the whoop whoopies. They were everywhere now among the dark trees below him, constant and reflected and ceaseless, so that, as the instant for giving over to the day began, he would walk through the interval at all between them. He got up. He was a little stiff, but walking would cure that too as it would the cold, and soon there was the sun. He went down on the hill toward the dark woods within which the liquid ul- fer voices of the birds called unceasing—the rapid and urgent beating of the urgent and quaking heart of the late spring night. He did not look back.