

Gender and the great war: The case of Faulkner and Porter

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WITHIN WESTERN CULTURE, attitudes to gender and to war have long been linked. For men, war has meant a chance to confirm, or recreate, the traditional sense of manhood as courage and physical prowess, grace under pressure. With the men gone, war has meant a chance for women to act with unwonted independence and authority and thus to reshape traditional womanhood. But after wars end, though men sustain traditional manhood in peacetime, changes in women's traditional roles have not typically persisted. Carol Berkin and Clara Lovett point out that, despite the "remarkable fluidity of circumstances and the innovative quality" of wartime experience, traditional roles and structures are resilient, and egalitarian reform is fragile.¹

The First World War seems to challenge Berkin and Lovett's thesis. Not only did trench warfare and long distance weapons explode the tradition of masculine war heroism, but — even more interesting — combat experience replicated for many men what had been largely female experience.² Eric Leed, for example, explains how evolving defense strategies forced soldiers to confront the absence of clear boundaries, of territorial integrity. Such an absence typifies female experience, according to Nancy Chodorow.³ Other traditionally female experiences Leed describes include enforced passivity, entrapment within enclosed space, marginalization, and a rejection of hierarchy. Not only did soldiers undergo female experience; the

widespread feeling that the fathers had sent their sons to be killed further challenged identification with the patriarchy. One might expect that such men would use their war experience not to confirm but to question the meaning of gender. (Although Leed studies only the experience of European men, American men imaginatively and to some extent literally shared that experience.) Indeed, some did begin to question traditional gender-definitions. But only for a while, as we will see with Faulkner.

Women's experience in World War I suggests that it too might prove the exception, that for these women, wartime liberation might last. Even in the United States, women worked in the peace and preparedness movements, in industry, in relief agencies, as nurses, as yeomen in the Navy.⁴ Moreover, such expansions of traditional roles came at a time when the suffrage movement was in full force. And after the war came the apparent liberations of the Jazz Age. Yet after the war, in the United States, the percentage of women who worked outside the home returned to the prewar figure — 25% — and stayed there until 1940. Social norms generally continued, despite the flapper sensation, to prescribe “separate and segregated spheres of activities for men and women”; women's sphere remained “family, hearth, and home.”⁵ World War I may thus have been no exception at all, at least for Americans. The war fictions of southern modernists William Faulkner and Katherine Anne Porter can show us the struggle over gender, as it was triggered within the male and the female imagination by this war. Further, they suggest a way to understand the retreats — male and female — from gender redefinition.

Incurable fictionalists, both Faulkner and Porter changed their names and their pasts to create autobiographical personae. Those personae embedded their authors firmly within the traditional values of the southern patriarchal aristocracy.⁶ Porter identified herself as “the grandchild of a lost War,”⁷ just as Faulkner identified himself with his great-grandfather William Clark Falkner, the Old Colonel, a decorated hero of the Civil War. In other words, when the First World War began, both inevitably saw it through the lens of the Civil War. Recently devastated by Estelle Oldham's decision to marry another man, Faulkner enlisted (posing as an Englishman) in the RAF in Canada, apparently hoping either to die or to salvage his damaged

sense of manhood in the European air battle. When he failed to get there and probably even to fly solo, he invented another persona, this time a wounded war hero, a fiction he sustained for much of his life. Porter had by the time of the war left her first husband and gone alone to Chicago, where she worked (when she could) as an actress, and eventually to Denver, where she held a job as a newspaper reporter. Though no one has yet confirmed the story, Porter claimed that in Denver she fell in love with a handsome soldier (as a Civil War belle might have done); he died during the 1918 flu epidemic after nursing her back to health.

But however firmly they chose to embed themselves personally in traditional southern notions of gender, both Porter and Faulkner used the war in their stories and novels to question those very traditions, Faulkner primarily interrogating the southern gentleman and Porter the southern lady. It is in these stories (set in and written during a period of roughly twenty-two years, from 1918 to 1940) that we can also trace the processes through which they closed off their investigations of gender, though they did so for very different reasons, and in very different moods.

As Richard Milum has recently observed, Faulkner was deeply involved in the southern myth of heroic manhood, the cavalier ideal.⁸ According to that myth, the Civil War produced the South's *chevaliers*, cavalymen who brought to war and to love the art of chivalry. Because success in battle and in love meant success as a man, war and gender were intimately linked. Faulkner articulates his yearning for this ideal in the depiction of Civil War hero Bayard Sartoris in *Flags in the Dust*,⁹ a novel whose main action, set just after World War I, includes later Sartorises. The Civil War Bayard Sartoris, as one of Jeb Stuart's cavalymen, rides with them right into the heart of a Union camp — in search of coffee, a romantic flip of the nose at the Yankees. When a captured Union officer later taunts Stuart, saying that in this war "gentlemen" of this sort are as anachronistic as "anchovies," Bayard turns around and rides back, this time for anchovies. He is shot in the back by a cook. Though Bayard dies before he can prove his manhood in chivalric love as well as war, Jeb Stuart suggests that role. For Aunt Jenny (who tells Bayard's story) ends her narration by saying, "I danced a valse with [Jeb Stuart] in Baltimore in '58," and her voice was

proud and still as banners in the dust" (*FID*, 23).¹⁰

If the first Bayard Sartoris's story embodies the chivalric ideal, the story of the second Bayard, who fought in World War I, embodies its loss, as most commentators have agreed. Beyond *Flags in the Dust*, the conflict between the yearning for chivalry and the confrontation with modernity takes shape in a number of World War I stories. In "All the Dead Pilots," the first Bayard's horse has become a machine, a plane, and Jenny's oral narrative (in *Flags* the medium for the hero's survival) has also become a machine, specifically a camera. In "The Leg" and "Crevasse," the conflict focuses on gender: the romantic "valse" between gentleman and lady has become violent sexuality, both male and female.

"The Leg" opens before World War I on a boat on the Thames, from which George speaks, with words and gestures from Spenser, Milton, and Keats, to Everbe Corinthia, whom he sees as a pastoral maiden on shore. Later, George dies in the war; the narrator, Davy, George's friend on that boat, loses his leg and his sanity. Hallucinating, Davy begs George (by now dead) to find his leg and kill it. Meanwhile, Everbe's brother believes Davy has seduced Everbe, betrayed her, driven her mad, and finally caused her death; he comes to attack Davy in the hospital. Although Davy claims that he has been "lying in the hospital talking to George" all the time (*CS*, 841), the brother produces a photograph of Davy inscribed, obscenely, to Everbe Corinthia and showing on Davy's face a "quality vicious and outrageous and unappalled." Acknowledging his acts, Davy nevertheless blames them on his "leg." Quite evidently, the leg to Davy means his phallus; the story suggests that, severed by the war from pre-war civilized control (in a reversal of chivalric assumptions about battle), the phallus inevitably turns next against sexual chivalry, destroying instead of protecting the woman.

In "Crevasse," a party of soldiers, bearing wounded, cross the shell-pocked countryside until they come across the first of many "broad shallow depressions" that strangely bear "no traces of having been made by anything at all" (*CS*, 467). They fall into this natural, unmanmade cave; when the top collapses, the horrific odor of death comes out, and as they struggle to find an exit, they pass dead men standing up in uniform. Finding a hole, they scramble to escape,

pushing themselves out into the air and the light. Immediately some pray to the God of the fathers, in thanks at their escape from this tomb. It is no accident, though, that this subterranean crevasse is in “no man’s land”; it is woman’s territory, here imagined as a tomb-womb that turns against the romance of war, swallowing and destroying uniformed men, sucking live men in instead of birthing them out.

Judging by these stories, liberation from chivalric gender is a high risk process for both sexes. Elsewhere, Faulkner evolved a strategy that reduced the post-chivalric tension between the sexes by yoking them together — in one body. Experimenting with traditional ideas of masculinity in his war stories, Faulkner incorporated into his “new man” aspects of the female. In several instances, he grafts female sexual parts onto (for him) masculine images, such as the plane; in “Death Drag,” for example, the pregnant nose “big with engine” joins the phallic potential of the “rigid” propeller “poised and dynamic” (*CS*, 189).¹² Elsewhere, Faulkner makes his hero look girlish but act like a man, so as to add “feminine” characteristics such as innocence, beauty, and sensitivity to the courage of the cavalier. For example, Claude, the British child-soldier in “Turnabout,” looks “like a masquerading girl” (*CS*, 475). The American soldiers treat him with a contempt normally reserved for women in war; they say he belongs to a male auxiliary of the WACS, and, when he invites Captain Bogard to go with him on his own war mission, they send along a yellow silk sofa cushion, Japanese parasol, comb, and roll of toilet paper. The turnabout comes when Bogard learns that the boy’s apparently frivolous work is far more deadly than his own as a pilot. Bogard acknowledges the boy’s virility by sending him a case of Scotch. Claude is the new womanly man; he combines the beauty and innocence of a girl with the courage (and drinking capacity) of a cavalier.¹³

Faulkner also employs typically female psychological experience in his redefined man. As Gail Mortimer shows in *Faulkner’s Rhetoric of Loss*,¹⁴ borders and boundaries are normally critical to Faulkner’s imagination of individuated identity. Such an obsession is consistent not only with Nancy Chodorow’s observations about masculinity, but also with a culture (the South) rigidly defined by boundaries of race, class, and sex. Yet even in the chivalric story from *Flags in the Dust*,

Stuart's men and their horses merge their separate identities into one; on their horses, all the men become "a single centaur" (*FID*, 18). Another World War I story, "Ad Astra," takes as its theme the powers and terrors of borderlessness; in other stories ("Black Music," "Carcassonne") the border between man and animal disappears. Another typically female mode of experience, the non-hierarchical, appears in Faulkner's occasional assertion of brotherhood as an alternative to a patriarchal hierarchy that kills the sons; Captain Bogard in "Turn About," the central character in "Victory," and the sympathetic German in "Ad Astra" despise the "barbarism" of the "hierarchy" implied by the "word *father*" (*CS*, 417).

Perhaps inevitably, Faulkner's imagination played over the meaning not just of masculinity but of traditional female gender as well, creating physically boyish women and women who, like Aunt Jenny in *Flags* and Margaret Powers in *Soldier's Pay*, are heroic in wartime. But that movement released possibilities Faulkner was apparently unwilling to work through. For when he imagines a woman fully outside the patriarchy, the symmetry in his deconstruction of both genders breaks down. Whereas Faulkner's Hisland or Brotherland, with its exclusion of women¹⁵ and its incorporation and expropriation of the feminine, is an ideal to be found in war or on a hunt, Herland is for Faulkner a nightmare. For when women incorporate or expropriate or exclude the male, men lose control; most painfully, they lose authority — sole proprietorship — of the project in hand, namely the deconstruction of gender itself.

Again in *Flags in the Dust* we can find the paradigm: Narcissa Benbow Sartoris. When (the second) Bayard Sartoris returns from World War I he marries Narcissa. Yet, in part because she so loves her brother, the womanly Horace, Bayard is a "violation of the very depths of her nature." So when Bayard dies, Narcissa — like a lily after a gale, "untarnished save by the friction of its own petals" (*FID*, 431) — is sad but not sorry he is gone. The female separatism suggested in Faulkner's sexual imagery here (Narcissa implicitly prefers masturbation to heterosexual intercourse) is consistent with her sexual politics, as we will see momentarily; the bitter tone is Faulkner's own. For now Narcissa's project is to reinvent gender by changing the cavalier tradition. She names her son, not Johnny after his

father's brother who died a hero in the First World War, but Benbow, after her own family. Narcissa has exercised this authority (as crucial as all naming is in Faulkner) out of specifically female resistance. At first she admires Aunt Jenny Sartoris's "gallantry" and the "uncomplaining steadfastness of those unsung . . . women" of the Civil War; she prefers their style to the "fustian and useless glamor of the men that [the women's] was hidden by." Yet now she sees that even Jenny wants to make her "one of [the Sartorises]" and her son "just another rocket to glare for a moment in the sky, then die away" in the cavalier tradition. Thus in authoring her son, in naming him Benbow, Narcissa takes him and hence the future with her one step away from the traditional southern patriarchy; though still a patronymic, Benbow is her own.

But instead of having Narcissa withdraw into sole proprietorship of a fruitful Herland, Faulkner punishes her by placing her into a sterile and false "windless lilac dream, foster-dam of quietude and peace." Women in Faulkner are often connected with vases and jars; Narcissa is here a false Grecian urn, in contrast to Keats' "still unravished bride of quietness . . . [and] foster child of silence and slow time."¹⁶ Narcissa is the urn become bell jar, cousin of the crevasse; woman as passive destroyer. When she appears in *Sanctuary*, Faulkner tells us Narcissa is "living a life of serene vegetation like perpetual corn or wheat in a sheltered garden instead of a field."¹⁷ Her serenity now is explicitly called "stupidity" (*S*, 25, 102). And at her autonomous "worst" in "There Was a Queen," Narcissa sits with her son in a stream, suggesting incest; initiates calculated sex for money; and in effect kills Jenny by telling her that she has prostituted herself.

When Ben Wasson, and to some extent Faulkner, revised *Flags* for publication as *Sartoris*, they cut out much of the description of Narcissa's interiority and all of the one entirely autonomous woman, Joan. Along with similar cuts that (Michael Millgate has observed) Faulkner made in *Sanctuary*, such editorial decisions suggest the direction of the next stage of Faulkner's career, insofar as his fictions concerned themselves with gender.¹⁸ After *Flags in the Dust*, sexually or verbally assertive female characters who subvert or stand outside their patriarchal roles will, for Faulkner, be unbalanced. They include Emily Grierson, Elly, Joanna Burden, Temple Drake, Minnie Cooper, and

Mrs. Jim Gant. And the fullest expression of the new womanly man will be the doomed Quentin Compson. The project of reconstructing gender, for Faulkner, is over.

By contrast, it is with precisely the figure of a strong and autonomous woman that Katherine Anne Porter began her writing career. While Faulkner feared that figure, Porter saw her with admiration and hope as a matriarchal alternative to patriarchy. The figure appears in an unsigned sketch in the *Christian Science Monitor* in 1921 that Thomas F. Walsh has identified as Porter's. The sketch, called "Xochimilco," tells of Porter's trip to the Indian village of that name in Mexico.¹⁹ Through an examination of an earlier, still unpublished typescript, Walsh shows that Porter originally began with the image of a powerful goddess, Xochitl, and she titled this version "Children of Xochitl."²⁰ The predominant religious symbol within the Xochimilco community, Xochitl is the Aztec goddess of the earth and the patroness of women's art (Walsh, 185). "Of all the great women deities," wrote Porter, she has "... the most beneficent attributes." Her nourishing fruitfulness is evident in her connection with maguey, a plant the villagers grow, whose "juice is sucked from the plant" and which, when fermented, is "the color of milk" (Walsh, 186). Finally, as patroness of even the local Christian church, Xochitl has set "her powerful foot" into a "decaying and alien stronghold ... [the patriarchal church] to compete with usurping gods in caring for her strayed family" (Walsh, 184).

Life in Xochimilco is intoxicatingly sensuous and vital. Flowers — their textures, colors, smells — pervade Porter's scene (CSM, 10). The people, too, seem "'a natural and gracious part of the earth they live in such close communion with, entirely removed from contact with the artificial world'" (Walsh, 184). Natural productivity is matched by social; in this Theirland, men, women, and children happily work. Yet community is not identity. As Walsh points out, the people, like the boats they decorate, are as "varied as handwriting." (Walsh, 185). One might add that it is creation from within, rather than conflict with others, that permits individuation; in fact, Porter carefully includes an episode to demonstrate that competition and conflict, though potential, are resolved by a ritual of mutual deference.

Porter's Xochimilco is, in short, a remarkable vision of female

power. The goddess Xochitl nurtures a society where rigid borders — between nature and culture, individual and community, indoors and out, even male and female — virtually disappear. The result is not the chaos of lost identity but the rich pleasure of creativity and the ritual resolution of conflict.

Walsh finds in this sketch Porter's "unqualified hope" that the Mexican revolution would "reverse centuries of political and economic oppression" (Walsh, 183). Yet if this is so, he argues, her later stories show increasing pessimism as to its probability. In her downward path to wisdom, Porter finds (I will argue) that because war and revolution are themselves the fullest expressions of patriarchal values, they will infect and destroy those who use them as a means to a new world, including new gendering. In "Flowering Judas,"²¹ the chief revolutionary, Braggione, acts like his name. His self-indulgence, his arrogance, and his oppressive sexuality virtually immobilize Laura. Yet as his go-between, she delivers pills to a political prisoner that he uses to kill himself. Xochitl herself reappears in "Hacienda," but she has lost her place of life-giving power in the community. Walsh sees the story as Porter's rewriting of the goddess of life into a goddess of death (Walsh, 183). But the corruption and decay everywhere in "Hacienda" have less to do with a goddess of death than with what the narrator calls "man's confused veneration for, and terror of, the fertility of women and vegetation. . . ." (CS, 165). Veneration in "Hacienda" has given place to terror: a brother kills his sister; Dona Julia looks like an "exotic speaking doll" and her tiny feet "like a Chinese woman's." Patriarchy has won the victory. Xochitl, far from being the goddess of death, has veiled her face; these her later children cannot see her except through their own corrupted vision.

The pattern repeats itself in Porter's World War I story, "Pale Horse, Pale Rider." Miranda works as a newspaper reporter in Denver in 1918. As a member of the public world, she sees the corrupt fictions that sustain both war and traditional gender arrangements. Hucksters use lies and threats to coerce her into buying Liberty Bonds; between the acts of a play, salesmen present a show of war clichés and songs. When Miranda sees her colleague Towney knitting in the women's room, she assumes it is to cheer up some soldier. "Like hell," says Towney. "I'm making this for myself" (CS, 275). Yet when

Towney returns to the newsroom, she is "all open-faced glory and goodness, willing to sacrifice herself for her country," the traditional woman in war (CS, 286). In such a context, public language has lost its connection to truth. As a journalist, Miranda purveys the lies she despises, writing stories "advising other young women to knit and roll bandages and do without sugar and help win the war" (CS, 281).

Miranda privately believes that two fundamental truths, one about war and one about women, have produced the necessity for the patriarchy to fabricate patriotism and femininity. The truth about war is that fathers want to kill their sons. "The tom-cats try to eat the little tom-kittens, you know," she says (CS, 295). The truth about women is that, with the men away, they can be "dangerous." So "rows of young girls," like rows of soldiers, are "given something to keep their little minds out of mischief"; they roll bandages that will never reach a hospital. Yet Miranda keeps her integrity within her private world, where she thinks "To hell with this filthy war" (CS, 273). Although she is falling in love with Adam, a soldier on his way to the war, within that private relationship traditional gender roles are revised. Miranda's work schedule determines their meeting times; when they go out, she takes Adam to a play she is going to review; and when she falls ill, Adam nurses Miranda. As the two move beyond traditional gender roles, so they respond to the war-lies with irony. The war is "simply too good to be true," they say; "I laugh every time I think about it" (CS, 283).

But, ominously, in public they drop the irony. As Miranda writes lies in her work, the two join in the war songs "at the tops of their voices, grinning shamefacedly at each other once or twice" (CS, 294). The power of war, and the risks of such compromises as these, are evident in the effectiveness of the flu, seen as a metaphor for the insidious infiltration of war into civilian life. The flu "wounds" Miranda's body just as her false words wound her integrity. In this way Miranda becomes wholly an agent of the corruption she hates. Ill, she labels her German doctor a "Boche, a spy, a Hun" (CS, 309). Finally, what wounds her kills Adam: she passes the flu to him.

Yet there is one more chance for Miranda, if not for Adam. Close to death herself, she retains a "minute fiercely burning particle of being that knew itself alone, that relied upon nothing beyond itself for its

strength" (CS, 310). Trusting that still uncompromised and most private of selves, Miranda has a vision. The particle of being expands into a liminal image. Waves are lapping on sand; grasses are flowing in the wind; people are moving among one another like waves among waves, "alone but not solitary." Earth, air, water, people retain their integrity but experience a continuing process of contact along their "borders." The vision feels warm, peaceful, and rapturous to Miranda. But then she feels a chill: she must return, she feels, to the dead, those still in the actual world. To reenter that world, Miranda must, now self-consciously, reenter a lie. "There is nothing better than to be alive, everyone has agreed on that" (CS, 315), she thinks wryly. Thus "it will not do to betray the conspiracy and tamper with the courage of the living" by exposing the falsity of that convention. And the form of the lie that Miranda chooses is the lie of gender. Sitting in the hospital before the mirror, she writes down her needs: "One lipstick, medium, one ounce flask of Bois d'Hiver perfume, one pair of gray suede gauntlets without straps, two paris gray sheer stockings without clocks"; and she says to herself, this precursor to Plath, "Lazarus, come forth. Not unless you bring me my top hat and stick. . . . A jar of cold cream," she continues to write, "a box of apricot powder. . . ." (CS, 316). At the end of "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," the new way of loving and (as Walsh calls Miranda's vision) the new version of Xochitl disappear; only the public lies that sustain traditional gender and war survive.

In "The Leaning Tower" (c. 1940), Xochitl does not appear in any form at all, and the fatal connections between war and gender are unequivocal and explicit. Four young men of various nationalities live in a boarding house in Berlin; the widowed landlady's little souvenir tower of Pisa gives the story its name. The American painter Charles inadvertently destroys the (obviously phallic) leaning tower; it collapses at his touch. Thus when the landlady mends the tower in her nostalgia for both her husband and the past, there is a suggestion of the role of women in propping up the patriarchy, for the tower represents not only a man but a masculinized culture. Such a role for women becomes explicit in a scene at a local bar. Charles finds himself attracted to Lutte,²² a beautiful young German woman. But they dance together awkwardly. Only with the young German Hans von

Gehring does her "manner change completely." Hans wears a dueling scar on his face, emblem of the warrior and the patriarchy. Lutte kisses him "softly and continually and gently on his right cheek, her mouth meek and sweet, her eyes nearly closed. Over Hans' disfigured face came [a] look of full-fed pride, composed self-approval — of arrogance —" (CS, 490). It is Hans who argues against the "worthless feminine" influence and for "pure" masculine "power . . . to tell other people what to do, and above all what they may not do" (CS, 486). And it is Hans who insists that there will be another war, which this time Germany will win. Thus two German women, one in her nostalgia and one in her desire, will sustain what Miranda reconstructs, in her despair, at the end of "Pale Horse, Pale Rider": the fiction of traditional gender, which Porter connects to patriarchy and thus to war.

My reading of Faulkner's and Porter's war stories thus tends to confirm the thesis that wars shake up traditional structures, but only temporarily. Deeply disturbed by the wasteland of and after World War I, both Faulkner and Porter connect its horrors with the gender system, which rewards men who exploit hierarchy, conflict, and force, and suppresses the power of the female in both men and women. In some of his stories, Faulkner revises traditional manhood, trying to rescue the best of the chivalric dream by incorporating into it aspects of femaleness such as permeable boundaries, egalitarian community, and sensitivity to feeling. In some of her stories, Porter draws on ancient traditions of female experience and power in an effort to counter the destructiveness of patriarchal society with the creativity she imagines in a matriarchy. Yet both writers fail to sustain this exploration. It is a final and terrible irony that, whereas Faulkner turns away because of his apparent anxiety over the power of the autonomous female, Porter turns away because of her apparent conviction that female autonomy is in fact impossible in a patriarchally gendered world, a world that she feels is doomed not to learn from but to repeat the First World War.

Notes

1. Carol R. Berkin and Clara M. Lovett, eds. *Women, War, and Revolution* (New York: Holmes & Meier, 1980), p. 3.
2. Eric Leed in *No Man's Land: Combat and Identity in the First World War* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980) describes the experiences; Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar (NEH Summer Seminar, Davis, California, 1981) have made the connection to female experience.
3. Nancy Chodorow, *The Reproduction of Mothering: Psychoanalysis and the Sociology of Gender* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979).
4. See, for instance, Barbara J. Steinson, "'The Mother Half of Humanity': American Women in the Peace and Preparedness Movements in World War I," in Berkin and Lovett, pp. 259-276; William J. Breen, "Southern Women in the War: The North Carolina Woman's Committee, 1917-1919," *The North Carolina Historical Review*, LV (July, 1978), and "Black Women and the Great War: Mobilization and Reform in the South," *The Journal of Southern History* XLIV (August, 1978); Ida Clyde Clarke, *American Women and the World War* (New York: D. Appleton, 1918), on the work of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense; Eunice Dessez, *The First Enlisted Women, 1917-1918* (Philadelphia: Dorrance, 1955).
5. William H. Chafe, "The Paradox of Progress," in Jean E. Friedman and William G. Shade, *Our American Sisters: Women in American Life and Thought*, 2nd. ed. (Boston: Allyn and Bacon, 1976), pp. 386-87.
6. Biographical materials taken from: Joan Givner, *Katherine Anne Porter: A Life* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1982); Joseph Blotner, *Faulkner: A Biography* (New York: Random House, 1974); David Minter, *William Faulkner: His Life and Work* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins, 1980).
7. Katherine Anne Porter, "Portrait: Old South," in *The Collected Essays and Occasional Writings of Katherine Anne Porter* (New York: Delta, 1973), p. 160.
8. Richard A. Milum, "Continuity and Change: The Horse, the Automobile, and the Airplane in Faulkner's Fiction," in *Faulkner: The Unappeased Imagination, A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Glenn O. Carey (Troy, NY: Whitston, 1980), p. 158.
9. William Faulkner, *Flags in the Dust* (New York: Vintage, 1974). Subsequent references will appear in the text in parentheses.
10. The telling of the tale avoids its comic possibilities as it must in order to emphasize the romance and gallantry of risking all for a symbol of culture. Yet Faulkner seems to distance himself from the romantic power of the narration as well, suggesting a bemused or ironic view of its implications, a view that many critics have shared.
11. William Faulkner, *Collected Stories* (New York: Vintage, 1977). Subsequent references will appear in the text in parentheses.
12. This sort of androgyny is apparent elsewhere in Faulkner's fiction. David Minter points to Elmer's tubes of paint "'thick-bodied and female and at the same time phallic: hermaphroditic'" (Minter, 58).
13. Another example of this strategy appears in "Divorce in Naples."
14. Gail Mortimer, *Faulkner's Rhetoric of Loss* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1984).

15. Actual women don't fit into the Brotherland. When a woman comes between two men, destruction may ensue, as happens in "The Leg," "Divorce in Naples," "Honor," and "All the Dead Pilots." In *Flags* young Bayard thinks of his bedroom as the place where he slept not with either of his wives but with his twin brother John; the wives are latecomers and usurpers, presumably. Near the end of *Flags*, Bayard retreats to the MacCallum household and to Buddy's bed. At this hunting cabin, all the family members are males: they know how to take care of one another.
16. John Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn."
17. William Faulkner, *Sanctuary* (New York: Vintage, 1931), p. 103. Subsequent references will appear in the text in parentheses.
18. Michael Millgate, "Faulkner's First Trilogy: *Sartoris*, *Sanctuary*, and *Requiem for a Nun*," in *Fifty Years of Yoknapatawpha: Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha, 1979*, ed. Doreen Fowler and Ann J. Abadie (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1980), p. 92.
19. "Xochimilco," *Christian Science Monitor*, May 31, 1921, p. 10. Subsequent references will appear in the text in parentheses.
20. Thomas F. Walsh, "Xochitl: Katherine Anne Porter's Changing Goddess," *American Literature*, LII (May, 1980). Subsequent references will appear in the text in parentheses.
21. Katherine Anne Porter, *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter* (New York: Plume, 1970), p. 90. Subsequent references will appear in the text in parentheses.
22. In German, *lutte* means duct, pipe, tube, or drain; Porter may be suggesting a female complement to the tower and the dueling sword. Interestingly, the word in French means battle.