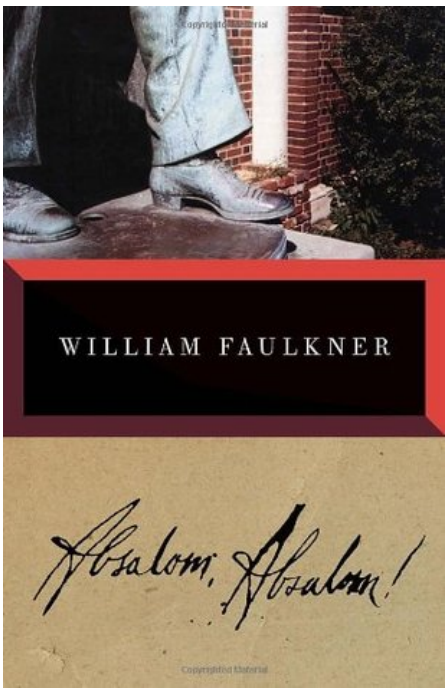

Absalom, Absalom!

William Faulkner

Absalom, Absalom!

William Faulkner

Absalom, Absalom! William Faulkner
Published in 1936, Absalom, Absalom! is considered by many to be William Faulkner's masterpiece. Although the novel's complex and fragmented structure poses considerable difficulty to readers, the book's literary merits place it squarely in the ranks of America's finest novels. The story concerns Thomas Sutpen, a poor man who finds wealth and then marries into a respectable family. His ambition and extreme need for control bring about his ruin and the ruin of his family. Sutpen's story is told by several narrators, allowing the reader to observe variations in the saga as it is recounted by different speakers. This unusual technique spotlights one of the novel's central questions: To what extent can people know the truth about the past?

(from bookrags.com)

Absalom, Absalom! Details

Date	:	Published January 30th 1991 by Vintage (first published 1936)
ISBN	:	9780679732181
Author	:	William Faulkner
Format	:	Paperback 320 pages
Genre	:	Classics, Fiction, Literature, American

From Reader Review Absalom, Absalom! for online ebook

Ted says

The most difficult novel by Faulkner that I've read. Loved it anyway. Or maybe loved it because of that? Whatever. I'll be reading it again sometime, should be interesting to how I react to it half a century or so after the first read.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

622. Absalom, Absalom!, William Faulkner (1897 - 1962)
Absalom, Absalom! is a novel by the American author William Faulkner, first published in 1936. Taking place before, during, and after the Civil War, it is a story about three families of the American South, with a focus on the life of Thomas Sutpen.
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Tom says

I like to think that Faulkner, were he alive, would've broken an empty bourbon bottle over the head of JRR Tolkien, and spit some tobacco juice on JK Rowling for their candy-ass prose and their contributions to increasing the laziness of readers everywhere. I further like to think that after he wrote,

". . . and opposite Quentin, Miss Coldfield in the eternal black which she had worn for forty-three years now, whether for sister, father, or nothusband none knew, sitting so bolt upright in the straight hard chair that was so tall for her that her legs hung straight and rigid as if she had iron shinbones and ankles, clear of the floor with that air of impotent and static rage like children's feet, and talking in that grim haggard amazed voice until at last listening would renege and hearing-sense self-confound and the long-dead object of her impotent yet indomitable frustration would appear, as though by outraged recapitulation evoked, quiet inattentive and harmless, out of the biding and dreamy and victorious dust. Her voice would not cease, it would just vanish."

That he put down his pen, flicked his cigarette butt in the air, and said, "top that Hemingway you fucking

insecure little fuck!"

Though perhaps I have a romanticized version of him.

Mike Puma says

Maybe you cannot know when you first approach a novel to reread if it will live up to your recollection or sink like dead weight. Maybe it won't do either—maybe it will just hover in that No Man's Land between the title you added to your favorite list in 2010 and the one you plod through, ever so slowly, in 2012. Maybe, it will haunt you.

First time around, this one sailed—stream of consciousness, no problem—convoluted, page-long sentences, bring 'em on. There's a problem with multiple narrators? I don't think so. Second time around though, no stunning surprises to keep the pages turning; the language of racism begins to feel gratuitous, painful (yeah, yeah, I know, it was reflective of the times and attitudes of Civil War-era South, blah, blah, blah). Still. For a Blue State liberal, some words become tiresome, painful. What was contextually acceptable the first time around, is more oppressive the second time.

In any case, I've retained that rating from the first read which was entirely pleasurable, while adding this cautionary moan regarding the second read. There's a balance to be had, I suppose, but this time I was on the down side of the scale.

On a more pleasant note, rereading this and feeling as if I had to write something, I dug out Javier Marías' Written Lives, a lovely book I will finish sooner or later, and reread the brief essay on Faulkner. I found it interesting that Faulkner was a clothes horse, fashionista in his youth—rendering him, perhaps, his own model for Charles Bon, who in turn becomes a model for Henry Sutpen. Apparently, Faulkner was also not a huge fan of people—hovering, talking, wanting something—I can relate.

If you're approaching AA for the first time, have fun with it, read it as quickly as you can. If you're reading this for some other reason—an assignment or some other 'on purpose' obligation—look out. All the best, y'all.

Nathan says

I would marry this book if our proud nation didn't define marriage as being only between a man and a woman.

Richard says

Have you ever looked at one of Picasso's abstract females? You know the ones I mean. The woman has a head in which the prominently jutting nose splits the face into two sections with violently contrasting

colours. Other body parts, hugely disproportionate, seem to bulge and dangle everywhere. You contemplate it for a while, shake your perfectly symmetrical head, put your elegantly tapered fingers pensively to your shapely chin, and think, "There's a human being in there somewhere. I can see all the body parts. But why does it look so incredibly bizarre?"

Well, that's sort of how I felt reading this novel. If I had to sum it up in one phrase it would be: Convoluted, convoluted!

Mind you, I wouldn't want to dissuade anyone from trying this. I'm told by those in the ~~nose~~ know that it's much better on a second reading. If I went back to the Picasso, maybe all those skewed arms and legs and, well, you know, other things would shift around and suddenly look like a regular human being. And if I go back to the Faulkner, maybe all those characters, fragments, flashbacks, rehashings, and long drawn out italicized monologues will shift around and suddenly make sense like a regular novel.

I don't know, though, whether I'll ever go back. But that's just me.

AC says

Rereading this was definitely the right decision. On a second reading, a book that had been knotty and confusing, became crystal clear -- perfectly constructed... as Faulkner proved actually to be holding all of the threads firmly within in his hands.

The book IS constructed like an onion, with Faulkner skillfully pulling apart layer by layer (-- all the passages about Quentin and Shreeve around the table are mere narrative interludes, intended merely to allow the reader to regather himself before beginning the assault on the next section, and should be read as such --) with its remarkable turnaround, a peripeteia of character more than of plot!, and its chilling and profound conclusion.

Many books peter out 20 or 50 pages before the end. This one SEEMED to, but, in fact, does not. It climaxes at 80%, yes... but the anticlimax -- the final assault on the peak occurs on the final page. A work of genius, and a modernist book of great achievement.

Now I feel ready to begin the Snopes trilogy - a portion of which (The Long Hot Summer) I read twice on a long, hot, non-stop bus trip from New York to LA... close to 40 years ago.

I began reading fiction in 2011, after a... 30? year hiatus... and one of the principle reasons for taking it up again (apart from the fact that I had essentially finished what I had, for a long time, been doing) was that I regretted that I had never really read much Faulkner.

I began by reading the usual ones -- Sound/Fury & As I Lay Dying -- and, frankly, was disappointed.

Until I got to Absalom, Absalom!

It so captured me, that I read it in a rush -- and so now, planning to go and read some later Faulkner (the

Snopes Trilogy). I've decided to start be rereading Absalom, Absalom!

My reading has gotten much, much better since then -- my speed has improved, certainly -- and I can now read in a week or two (depending on external forces) what took me a month or two to finish three years ago.

Of course, with term on -- there are a LOT of external forces... more than I can discuss in a polite forum... but so it goes...

[What can I say? The book feels like a masterpiece. That is, having read it..., I feel like I hardly know it.

LIght years beyond Sound & Fury and As I Lay Dying... there, I had the feeling that the story was often but a function of the language -- here - everything -- the brilliant language, the originality, the intensity, the intelligence, the *structure* of the plot... and its very amorphousness -- everything is subordinated to the central theme(s).]

Megan Baxter says

Its incredibly tempting to start this review with one long run-on sentence, with plenty of punctuation, but no periods, and particularly not apostrophes when youre dealing with words like "dont," but I find refraining from apostrophes incredibly difficult and everything I've written just looks wrong (but this is a hypnotic writing style after you've - dammit! - read it for a while, and to me, sounds like a horse's - I give up! - gallop, although I did find it slightly irritating that every single narrator (there are at least four) has exactly the same long sentences and cadence, which does seem to strain credulity, yet once you get sucked into the writing, it's hard to extricate yourself.)

Note: The rest of this review has been withdrawn due to the recent changes in Goodreads policy and enforcement. You can read why I came to this decision here.

In the meantime, you can read the entire review at Smorgasbook

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Jason Koivu says

An enigmatic, nameless nightmare crawls silently out of the southern swamps and declares itself gentry. With stark and horrible inevitability, it creates its legacy in the same image as the mud from which it came, black, masked, impenetrable, yet reaching into a horror-stricken and helpless community to entwine a bride like a leviathan of the Mississippi marsh, drawing her back into its antebellum lair, she not wholly unwillingly. Mystery and strength entice no matter how shadowy and undignified, and sometimes even more so because of the shadow.

This story, these dark images are delivered in the beautiful southern dialect with a power and mastery few possess, and that Faulkner possessed in spades. It is a small-scale story of the old South versus the new and those caught in the middle. It is the struggle to cling to a glorious and decaying past, a struggle to infiltrate an

unwilling society that is a mere ghost of itself and a struggle to survive the clash between the two.

Michael says

This book was a difficult but rewarding read. One reward is I can now begin to understand what everyone thinks they mean when they call another novel “Faulknerian”. I had some taste from short stories assigned in a college lit class, and even with that small dose I felt the temptation to use Cliff Notes to help understand his rich Southern Gothic brew. But I am more receptive now to appreciate a tale chock full of allusions, twisted motivations, and revelations about the sins of racism, class struggle, and the binding ties of family. I marvel at putting a foot into a sentence like stepping onto thin ice fearful of drowning in rivers of past and future, sentences that can bind you like quicksand, open a door to the Garden of Eden or Armageddon, or work like a magic loom to form a tapestry out of threads drawn from many sources.

Very soon in the narrative, the reader gets the skeleton of the saga of family called Sutpen full of mysterious tragedies. The reader’s quest through the rest of the book is to achieve some kind of understanding of what and why these events have happened. Your avatar on this journey is a cipher of a character named Quentin from a point in time 60 plus years later. He has little interest in the story at first, but he gets hooked on the mysteries as he learns of his grandfather’s involvement with the Sutpen patriarch and slowly gets different versions and pieces of the puzzle from a few key characters involved with the tale.

A man named Thomas Sutpen arrives in a rural Mississippi town in the 1830s with a wagon full of “wild” slaves, somehow wangles 100 square miles of land out of some Indians, and spends several years in isolation building a mansion. Through marriage with a local woman and some credit gained from a businessman, he makes a family and a successful plantation. When his son Henry is at college in nearby Oxford, he brings an aristocratic friend home on holiday, a New Orleans man named Charles Bon. The mother targets him for marriage to the daughter, Judith. Sutpen opposes the marriage, and a dispute with Henry over the issue leads to Henry running away for several years. The Civil War intervenes. When Henry and Charles return after the war with marriage still in the plans, some dispute leads to Henry killing Charles. Henry’s fleeing as a criminal effectively ruins Sutpen’s dream of a dynasty.

For quite awhile, it feels like wading through molasses to get an angle on the truth about Sutpen, who gets tagged as an “ogre” or “demon” be some contributors to his story. Looking backward through so much time at a self-made man who shared so little about himself, so much of what we get as a reader is projection, speculation, and conflicting judgments from biased narrators. I am so used to narrative in either in past or present tense, but I have never lived through a whole book so filled with subjunctive and pluperfect tense, so much “should of”, “could of”, “would of” (and plenty of “must have” to boot). It worked some magic on me, drawing me into contributing to the storytelling, proving that history and memory are construction. Even a letter from someone’s direct experience can feel imbued with threads of Shakespearean tragedy, mythic proportions, poetic overlays, and quantum uncertainty and can push the English language into flights and forms never imagined before. Here Rosa Coldfield recounts her reactions upon arriving on the scene where Bon has been killed, realizing she had dreams of love for him herself:

How I ran, fled, up the stairs and found no grieving widowed bride but Judith standing before the closed

door to that chamber …and if there had been grief or anguish she had put them away… I stopped in running's midstride again though my body, blind unsentient barrow of deluded clay and breath, still advanced. …That's what I found. Perhaps it's what I expected, knew …Perhaps I couldn't even have wanted more than that, couldn't have accepted less, who even at nineteen must have known that living is one constant and perpetual instant when the arras-veil before what-is-to-be hangs docile and even glad to the lightest naked thrust if we had dared, were brave enough (not wise enough: no wisdom needed here) to make the rending gash. Or perhaps it is no lack of courage either: not cowardice which will not face that sickness somewhere at the prime foundation of this factual scheme from which the prisoner soul, miasmal-distillant, wroils ever upward sunward, tugs its tenuous prisoner arteries and veins and prisoning in turn that spark, that dream which, as the globy and complete instant of its freedom mirrors and repeats (repeats? creates, reduces to a fragile evanescent iridescent sphere) all of space and time and massy earth, relicts the seething and anonymous miasmal mass which in all the years of time has taught itself no boon of death but only how to recreate, renew, and dies, is gone, vanished: nothing—but is that true wisdom which can comprehend that there is a might-have-been which is more true than truth, from which the dreamer, waking, says not 'Did I but dream?' but rather says, indicts high heaven's very self with:'Why did I wake since waking I shall never sleep again?'
Once there was—Do you mark how the wisteria, sun-impacted on this wall here, distills and penetrates this room as though (light-unimpeded) by secret and attritive progress from mote to mote of obscurity's myriad components? That is the substance of remembering—sense, sight, smell: the muscles with which we see and hear and feel—not mind, not thought: there is no such thing as memory: the brain recalls just what the muscles grope for: no more, no less: and its resultant sum is usually incorrect and false and worthy only of the name of dream.

It is now clear to me that no one else can be Faulknerian. However, a few pervasive themes that he worked with can conjoin in others' work (e.g. Cormac McCarthy) which can evoke the application of such a label:
--"The past is never dead. It's not even past" (from "Requiem for a Nun")
--"The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children" (from Exodus)
--Everything is connected
--The rich are not really any better off than the poor
--A person's life can be like a myth, and the memories of those who intersect such a life can diverge and yet be as true or real as the events in that life
--There is evil without God and the devil
--Free will may involve accepting fate, but you likely will have trouble recognizing it
--The burden of slavery and aristocracy of the South is a hard row to hoe

I had enough of a challenge over persuading myself I should read this book to press it on other readers. You may surprise yourself with unexpected pleasures if you take up such a challenge yourself.

Jill says

i feel like i'm supposed to give this a higher rating, and maybe the next time i read it i will. it was a dense and thorny thicket, and i flogged myself through it with the conviction that it must be good for me, since it's faulkner, and faulkner is good for us -- and while i still believe that it was good for me i can't claim that i loved it. i read more out of a sense of obligation than desire, which is not usually the most productive motivation to read a novel. sentence for sentence, it is virtuosic. really, utterly astonishing: there were moments of breathlessness, i must confess. what he does with language is stunning. the core story, a family

tragedy designed to epitomize the degradation and fall of the american south, is examined from multiple angles, retold from multiple perspectives as the novel unfolds, but it's cryptic and complicated in a way that shut me out ... i guess the problem is that i had a hard time seeing the forest for the trees. the characters are of mythic proportion who speak in epic gothic faulknerian prose, and theirs is a tragedy of incest, miscegenation, bone-deep racism, desecration, and the structure is nonlinear and intricate ... and it was hard to sustain committed interest. i stuck with it for the sentences and gleaned a sense of the story. honestly, somewhere toward the middle, i had to read an online plot summary to string it together. one day, when i'm smarter, i'll read it again.

Perry says

"You can't understand it. You would have to be born there."
Absalom, Absalom!, Quentin Compson (referencing the South)
[revised 5/9/17]

The story of Thomas Sutpen, a poor white man born into poverty in West Virginia who arrives in north Mississippi in 1830 with a few slaves and a French architect, buy 100 square miles of land from a Native American tribe which he calls the "Sutpen Hundred" and builds a gaudy mansion. He plans to become rich and create a family dynasty. By the early 1860s, he has a son Henry and a daughter Judith. Henry strikes up a close friendship with Charles Bon, a guy 10 years his senior, while attending the University of Mississippi. Upon bringing him home, Henry and Judith begin the quiet cha-cha and become engaged before Henry and Charles go off to join the Confederate Army and fight in the Civil War.

Private Sutpen's commanding officer, Colonel Angus

Sutpen discovers out that Charles is his son born from an earlier marriage in the French West Indies to the plantation owner's daughter, who he abandons after learning that she was a Creole (mixed race). He tells Judith she cannot marry Charles because he's her half-brother and is part black.

Best not to give away any more, other than to say the novel details the sordid rise and fall of the bizarre and mad Sutpen family and, allegorically, the South, and also that the title refers to King David's beloved third son Absalom who rebelled against the Kingdom of Israel and was killed by David's commander Joab.

> "...surely there is something in madness, even the demoniac, which Satan flees, aghast at his own handiwork, and which God looks on in pity..." *Absalom, Absalom!*

The complex, fractured narrative makes for a tough read. The story is told in flashbacks, mostly by Quentin Compson to his Harvard roomie, and through the narratives of Rosa Coldfield of her knowledge and remembrances of the events and of Quentin's dad and granddad. The onion is gradually peeled by the disclosure of events, in a non-chronological order and according to the biases and attitudes of the narrators, such that the reader reconstructs the truth through different narrators. For example, Miss Coldfield was the sister-in-law of Sutpen, and despised him, so her memory is slanted and her digressions unbearably long. In fact, this novel contains, at least at one time according to Guinness Book of World Records, the "Longest Sentence in Literature," a sentence 1,288 words long. Moreover, I had a really difficult time suspending my disbelief that Miss Rosa Coldfield or Quentin had a lexicon along the lines of a philosophy professor at Harvard.

A panel of Southern lit scholars and writers voted this the best Southern novel of all time (Oxford Am., 8/27/09). I cannot disagree; when I read it a few years back I was lost for about half the novel, at a time when I didn't have the time to look up half the words in Webster's and spend a month reading a 320 page novel. I can give you a better idea if I ever have time to read it again.

Nickolas the Kid says

Ποιος χαρακτηρισμ?ς ταιρι?ζει περισσ?τερο σε αυτ? το βιβλ?ο;;; … Αριστο?ργημα; Κομψοτ?χνημα; Μαγικ?; Υπ?ροχο; Ανυπ?ρβλητο;
Μ?λλον ?λα τα παραπ?νω μαζ? και ?σως κ?τι ακ?μα… Ο Φ?κνερ μ?σα απ? ?ναν μονοκ?μματο και μακρ?συρτο τρ?πο γραφ?ς (σαν να προσπαθε? να χωρ?σει ?λο τον κ?σμο σε μια πρ?ταση) μας δ?νει την ιστορ?α του Τ?μας Σ?τπεν και της καταραμ?νης γενι?ς του…

Η ιστορ?α του Σ?τπεν και των γ?νων του παρουσι?ζεται μ?σα απ? το οπτικ? πρ?σμα διαφ?ρων αφηγητ?ν, οι οπο?οι με τον ?ναν ? τον ?λλον τρ?πο συνδ?ονται με την οικογ?νεια και τον β?ο των μελ?ν της. Ο Φ?κνερ μας αποδεικν?ει πως καμια ιστορ?α δεν μπορε? να ειπωθε? μ?νο με ?ναν τρ?πο. Μ?σα απ? τον δαιδαλ?δη τρ?πο γραφ?ς και τους μονολ?γους των αφηγητ?ν ο αναγν?στης χ?νεται αν?μεσα στα γεγον?τα και ο Φ?κνερ απαιτε? την απ?λυτη προσ?λωσ? μας. Ο Κου?ντιν και ο συμφοιτητ?ς του Σρηβ προσπαθο?ν να συμπληρ?σουν το ημιτελ?ς παζλ των διαφ?ρων αφηγητ?ν και ο συγγραφ?ας με μια ευφυ?στατη αφηγηματικ? σ?λληψη μας β?ζει μ?σα στην ?δια την ιστορ?α και μας φ?ρνει ?σο πιο κοντ? γ?νεται στον καταραμ?νο Σ?πτεν…

Κατ? τα ?λλα ο Φ?κνερ φα?νεται πως ?χει επηρεαστε? βαθ?τατα απ? το αρχα?ο δρ?μα, παρ?λο που ο τ?τλος του παραπ?μπει σε βιβλικ? πρ?σωπα και μυθοπλασ?ες. Ο φιλ?δοξος Σ?τπεν διαπρ?ττει ?βρη και β?βαια μετ? απ? αυτ? ο ?διος και η γενι? του θα δεχτο?ν την τιμωρ?α. ?πως ακριβ?ς στο αρχα?ο δρ?μα (Οιδ?πους, Αγαμ?μνων κλπ κλπ). Ο τραγικ?ς ?ρωας θα κερδ?σει τα π?ντα αλλ? και θα χ?σει τα π?ντα… Θα αν?βει στο ζεν?θ και θα καταλ?ξει στο ναδ?ρ αποδεικν?οντας πως καν?νας δεν γλυτ?νει απ? την ν?μεση που ακολουθε? την ?βρη.. .

Αν και η ?λη ιστορ?α εκτυλ?σσεται την εποχ? του εμφυλ?ου πολ?μου της Αμερικ?ς, ο Φ?κνερ δεν φα?νεται να εστι?ζει στον ?διο τον π?λεμο αλλ? στις συνθ?κες που επικρατο?σαν στις ΗΠΑ πριν, κατ? την δι?ρκεια και μετ? το τ?λος αυτο?. Οι φυλετικ?ς διακρ?σεις και η καταγωγ? των ηρ?ων πα?ζουν καταλυτικ? ρ?λο στην εξ?λιξη της ιστορ?ας. Καθ?ς η ιστορ?α προχωρ?ει βλ?πουμε την αγ?πη των Νοτ?ων για τον τ?πο τους αλλ? και την προσκ?ληση τους σε ?να «λανθ?νοντα» ρατσισμ? ο οπο?ος τους κρατ?ει π?σω και αποτρ?πει κ?θε εξ?λιξη αυτ?ν (χαρακτηριστικ? η μελλοντολογ?α του Σρηβ για την καθολικ? και παγκ?σμια επικρ?τηση της μα?ρης φυλ?ς)…

ΥΓ1: Το βιβλ?ο το αγ?πησα ακ?μη περισσ?τερο μιας και οι ρ?ζες του ?ργου βρ?σκονται στην γοτθικ? λογοτεχν?α. Η ?νοδος και η πτ?ση του ο?κου των Σ?τπεν, το «φ?ντασμα» του σπιτιο?, το σκοτειν? ο?κημα ε?ναι χαρακτηριστικ? της γοτθικ?ς γραφ?ς… Επ?σης ?να ακ?μα χαρακτηριστικ? ε?ναι οι αμαρτ?ες (απληστ?α, ρατσισμ?ς, εκδ?κηση) που βασαν?ζουν και κατατρ?χουν τους χαρακτ?ρες της ιστορ?ας.. Η αρχικ? ονομασ?α του βιβλ?ου σ?μφωνα με τον Φ?κνερ, θα ?ταν «Ο σκοτειν?ς Ο?κος»…

ΥΓ2: Η συναν?γνωση στην ΛτΒ ?ταν απολαυστικ?!!!!!! Μια απ? τις καλ?τερες που ?χω π?ρει μ?ρος!!! Προσωπικ? θεωρ? ?τι ?ταν ο βασικ?ς λ?γος που κατ?φερα να περ?σω μ?σα απ? τα δ?σβατα μονοπ?τια αυτο? του βιβλ?ου…

Lawyer says

Absalom, Absalom!--*William Faulkner's Novel of the Death of the Old South*

Considered by many Faulkner scholars to be his masterpiece, Absalom, Absalom! was read by goodreads group "On the Southern Literary Trail" in April, 2012.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son! **Second Samuel, 18:33, King James Version**

Interestingly enough, Absalom, Absalom! and Gone with the Wind were both published in 1936. Both were novels of the Old South. However, while Margaret Mitchell chose to romanticize that society, William Faulkner removed any element of fanciful romance from the story revolving around the rise and fall of Thomas Sutpen, a man with a design to found a patriarchal dynasty, but who lost everything in his attempt to do.

Faulkner originally titled his novel, "Dark House," but as he wrote his complex story adopted the story of King David and his son Absalom as a more appropriate fit with the figure of Thomas Sutpen and his family. This was a novel that Faulkner struggled with through false starts, interruptions with his work as a screenwriter for Howard Hawks, and the death of his younger brother Dean who died in a plane crash in 1935. Further, his initial submissions to his publisher were returned to him as being confusing and incapable of being understood.

Faulkner's premise for Sutpen's story is no one person is capable of knowing what truth is. History is an amalgam of documentation, memory, and the telling of it. One lawyer colleague of mine has as his motto, "Perception is reality." For the reader of "Absalom, Absalom!" it is quite similar to being a member of a jury, listening to the testimony of multiple witnesses, weighing their demeanor, their testimony, their biases and prejudices, viewing the exhibits, and ultimately, as a group determining what is the truth of the case tried before them.

Faulkner had his characters and story in mind. His problem was how to tell the story of Thomas Sutpen and the lives of his children which occurred in the past by characters in the ostensible present of the novel. Among his working papers was a flow chart showing the sources of information and the basis of how his characters knew what they did. At the top was Thomas Sutpen, originally named Charles. From Sutpen, a line flowed to Rosa Colfield, who would be Sutpen's sister-in-law. Another line flowed to the right to General Compson, his only apparent friend, to his son Quentin Compson II. In the center at the bottom of the working page is Quentin Compson III, whom we originally meet in The Sound and the Fury. Quentin is linked to Sutpen by his direct connection to Rosa Colfield who tells the story from her perspective, and from information passed down to him by his grandfather and father. Quentin emerges as the central thread from whom we learn the "evidence" of the case of Thomas Sutpen. Then, in a masterstroke of structure, Faulkner provides the reader with Quentin's Harvard roommate, Shreve McCannon, an outsider, a Canadian, who provides questions and his own interpretation of the information Quentin provides him.

In essence, Faulkner's structure is much akin to eating an artichoke, peeling the delicate leaves from it, nipping the tender flesh from the base of the leaves, until we reach the unveiled heart, the ultimate delicacy, or in literary terms, what the reader discerns to be the truth.

Thomas Sutpen appears in Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi, in 1833. He is a mystery. He is a man without a past, without a lineage. Nor is he forthcoming about where he has come from, or the source of his wealth that allows him to purchase one hundred square miles of land from Old Chickasaw Chief Ikkemotubbe. With him, Sutpen has a band of wild negro slaves who speak in a language unknown to the inhabitant's of Jefferson. Sutpen also carries with him a French architect who will design and direct the building of Sutpen's big house.

This information is provided by Rosa Colfield, the sister of Ellen, whom Sutpen courts in peremptory fashion. Referring to Sutpen as man-horse-demon, Rosa reveals her biases and prejudices against Sutpen. For it develops that prior to her death, Ellen had put the responsibility of protecting her children, Judith and Henry, when she is no longer alive. Sutpen will curtly propose to Rosa to become his second wife, but she will leave after being insulted by Sutpen for reasons that will be made considerably later in the novel.

Not only is reading "Absalom" a bit like dining on an artichoke, it is also very much like peeling an onion, layer after layer. Through Grandfather and Father Compson we learn that Sutpen had come from the mountains of western Virginia, from a poverty stricken family. Sutpen is turned away from a Tidewater Virginian's front door by a slave. This rejection will deepen Sutpen's desire to be as rich as any man. Sutpen becomes an overseer on a Haitian plantation. He puts down a slave revolt. He is awarded for bravery by being given the plantation owner's daughter in marriage. However, he puts her aside upon discovering that her complexion is not the result of a Spanish mother, but a black descendant. Not only does Sutpen put her aside, but his son by her. The thought of a marriage of miscegenation does not fit in with Sutpen's design to be landed gentry in Northern Mississippi.

Sutpen's downfall is foreshadowed by the appearance of Charles Bon, enrolled as a student in law at the infant College, Oxford. Bon becomes fast friends with Henry, who idolizes the elegant older man from New Orleans. That Bon meets Judith during a visit to Sutpen's plantation is inevitable. Sutpen's wife, Ellen, considers Bon to be Judith's future husband. However, it would appear that Bon has more desire for Henry than Judith. The homoerotic electricity of the relationship is palpable, though neither man ever indicates the occurrence of a sexual act.

The coming Civil war prevents resolution of Bon's relationship with Judith. Henry and Bon join the University Grays formed at Oxford and head to war, with the belief that all the South held that defeat was impossible. Sutpen also went to war as a General. His bravery is never at question. However, as a result of a talk with Henry regarding Bon, Henry repudiates his position as heir to the Sutpen holdings. Nevertheless, although he say he does not believe what his father has told him about Bon, which is never directly revealed to the reader, Henry hope that the war will resolve the issue of Bon's marriage to Judith. Perhaps the war will remove one or both of them, making any confrontation unnecessary. But it does not.

Is Charles Bon the son of Thomas Sutpen? How will Henry resolve the propriety of Bon's marriage to Judith since the war left them both survivors? And what of Thomas Sutpen's fate? What will come of Sutpen's One Hundred when it becomes part of a conquered nation? What secrets do Thomas Sutpen's house still hold that Rosa Colfield demands that Quentin ride with her to that dark house before he leaves the South to become a student at Harvard?

"Absalom, Absalom!" is Faulkner's pivotal novel of the death of the Old South. In it he leaves no doubt that

he considered slavery to be the institution that condemned it and destroyed it. Shreve McCannon, the outsider, the neutral observer, the Canadian, astutely observes that the descendants of those that once held no freedom would rule the hemisphere.

Faulkner's opinion of "Absalom, Absalom!" was, "I think it's the best novel yet written by an American." Random House, headed by Bennet Cerf, was excited by the novel, stating on the jacket that it was Faulkner's most "important and ambitious contribution to American literature." The novel was released October 26, 1936.

Typical of literary criticism of the time, Faulkner remained their favorite whipping boy. Clifton Fadiman, writing for *The New Yorker*/ said the novel was consistently boring, that he didn't know why Faulkner wrote it, and that he didn't understand it. Harold Strauss, writing for the New York Times said that "its unreadable prose should be left to those who like puzzles." Faulkner's Early Literary Reputation In America by O.B. Emerson, UMI Research Press, Ann Arbor, Michigan (1984)

What the critics of the 1930s did not recognize was that Faulkner had discovered modernist techniques already used by Woolf, Conrad, Kafka, and Joyce. Today, typical analysis of "Absalom" is that its sole competitors in contemporary American literature are Dreiser's An American Tragedy and Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby. William Faulkner: American Writer: A Biography, Frederick R. Karl, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, New York, New York, 1989, page 582.

I'd say Karl is right. And as for prose for people who like puzzles, think of peeling all those leaves off that artichoke. That succulent heart, dipped into drawn butter is worth the work.

Lucas says

I was nearly stammering when I finished it. It is a text so thick, so full of beauty that to describe it at all is daunting.

first of all, Faulkner is always doing things like this:
“He was a barracks filled with stubborn back-looking ghosts still recovering, even forty-three years afterward, from the fever which had cured the disease, waking from the fever without even knowing that it had been the fever itself which they had fought against and not the sickness, looking with stubborn recalcitrance backward beyond the fever and into the disease with actual regret, weak from the fever yet free of the disease and not even aware that the freedom was that of impotence.”

He keeps doing THAT. It isn't even a great example, as I don't have the book (borrowed to read) on hand to find a really knock-you-down passage.

Alright, review, gather your facilities!

This narrative is relentless, it is a constantly roiling spiral, one that keeps picking up and dropping off details and elements as it grows wider. There is a submission to the narrative that must occur, similar, but much more difficult, to the submission required to get through the opening 50-60 pages of As I Lay Dying, except that this one takes about 200 pages to settle in fully, and instead of confusion, every moment of the reading is

stunning and engaging up until that point, then after crossing into the rhythm and cadence and gaining fuller comprehension you are suddenly frightfully stuck with Quentin in the devastating heart of the South and Sutpen and Quentin and Caddy and the war and so many other pieces of this mosaic, this vast terrible mosaic Faulkner is finally able to fully articulate.

Sutpen is the disease, he holds himself up as a mirror to his contemporaries without conscience, they in turn are disgusted by him, his nudity, his wild niggers, his windowless mansion, yet they are fascinated by him, Sutpen is kept close, nearly from the start in one capacity or another to his southern gentlemen counterparts.

Yet, this is a love story, as Salinger wrote in Franny and Zooey "pure and complicated" And in a sense I think that is the most important part, that these multi-page sentences, the spiraling plot, the description and re-description and re-description again of the very air surrounding the events of the story are the closest I have ever seen to being wholly purely, truly, complicated. It's as if his layering and re-layering and re-re-layering and his endlessly unfolding and stacking metaphors are the ONLY way for Quentin, and for us, the readers, to understand the South, and to understand Quentin's desperate self-loathing and destructiveness, and Caddy, and Henry and Bon and Judith and etc...

Then elements of the story that connect with the lineage of Agamemnon are also fascinating and incredible, and I don't really understand most of them, so I recommend coming in better prepared then I was.

I would only recommend this to someone who has read at least 3 other faulkners - I did As I lay Dying, Sound and the Fury Unvanquished then this one. I think Sound and the Fury is necessary BEFORE Absalom. I will be going on to read the rest now...god help me.

Jeffrey Keeten says

The picture above was used on the first edition dust jacket published in 1936 by Random House. It is the image I had in my mind of Sutpen's Hundred the plantation built by Thomas Sutpen. The hundred stands for a 100 square miles, the geographic size of the plantation. 100 square miles of land is equivalent to 64,000 acres. In other words it is a **BIG PLACE**. The gist of all this is that Thomas Sutpen built himself an empire. These plantations were so large that it required an unbelievable amount of human labor to keep them productive. Mechanical invention had not advanced enough to provide the machines that the plantation owners needed to work such a large tract of land. When you own more land than you can work and there is not a labor pool available to sustain your industry...what do you do?

Well, we know what they did, but what should they have done? Around 1800 when cotton became king is when the demand for slaves escalated exponentially. The potato famine in Ireland happened in 1845 which brought thousands of displaced Irish to the United States, but this wave of immigration came too late to keep the South from becoming too economically dependent on slavery. Now I'm not advocating turning the Irish immigrants or the Chinese immigrants who followed into slaves, but wouldn't it have been a better solution for our history if those plantation owners had adopted the flawed, but still better than slavery, system of tenant farmers?

Eventually technology would have caught up with the needs of large land owners which would have freed up the tenement farmers for the industrial work that made the North so strong. Maybe the availability of that

labor pool would have encouraged manufacturing in the South. Some of the better tenement farmers would have become land owners themselves as plantations fell out of the hands of Southern aristocratic families due to the untimely death of a patriarch or because of mismanagement. Not a perfect world, but a better world and maybe, just maybe we would have avoided a costly Civil War for which the South to this day has never fully recovered.

But then would Southern literature be the same?

I have a grudging respect for Thomas Sutpen. As a boy he was asked to deliver a message to a wealthy plantation owner in Virginia. He watched the plantation owner lying in a hammock with his shoes off while a slave fanned him. Thomas was asked to go to the backdoor to deliver his message. He will never forget the slight. He lays awake at night thinking about what he can do about it. He does a stint in the West Indies and comes back to the United States, specifically Mississippi, with blacks speaking a strange language. **"He wasn't even a gentleman. He came here with a horse and two pistols and a name which nobody ever heard before, knew for certain was his own anymore than the horse was his own or even the pistols, seeking some place to hide himself.**

Quentin Compson is the thread that sews the plot together. As Rosie Coldfield and his father and a host of other people tell him stories about Yoknapatawpha County his head becomes filled with a convoluted history of his birthplace. "*Quentin had grown up with that; the mere names were interchangeable and almost myriad. His childhood was full of them; his very body was an empty hall echoing with sonorous defeated names; he was a being, an entity, he was a commonwealth."*

Quentin spends more time with Rosie Coldfield than he really wants to, but she has memories that he needs to hear to fill in the gaps of the story in his head. *"Quentin....sitting in the buggy beside the implacable doll-sized old woman clutching her cotton umbrella, smelling the heat-distilled old woman=flesh, the heat-distilled camphor in the old fold-creases of the shawl, feeling exactly like an electric bulb blood and skin since the buggy disturbed not enough air to cool him with motion, created not enough motion within him to make his skin sweat."*

The families who have lived in this county in Mississippi for generations are also the same people who regarded this new comer, Thomas Sutpen, with bemusement. When he successfully rooked a drunken Indian out of some land they clucked about that, but then as he continued to gain influence and wealth, building a comfortable living out of nothing; they started to worry. This opportunity had been there for them their whole lives, but it took a man with daring from outside the county to see the potential (or have the immorality to make it happen). He took a wife descended from a good family and the community showed their disapproval by not showing up to the wedding. Undaunted, barely noticing that the community had turned against him, Thomas Sutpen forged forward siring a son and a daughter and building the life for himself he had coveted as a boy in Virginia.

The Civil War happens. Almost every able man is called up to serve. Thomas's son Henry is away from school and has become friends with Charles Bon who because of the encouragement of his mother has, at the advanced age of 28, decided to go back to school. He meets up with Henry and as the plot advances we find out that Charles Bon is Henry's half brother. Charles becomes engaged to Henry's sister Judith and of course she is also his half sister. As you might expect this causes much consternation in the family.

I really didn't think that Charles loved Judith. *"It was not Judith who was the object of Bon's love or of Henry's solicitude. She was just the blank shape, the empty vessel in which each of them strove to preserve, not the illusion of himself nor his illusion of the other but what each conceived the other to believe him to be-*

the man and the youth, seducer and seduced who had known one another, seduced and been seduced, victimised in turn each by the other, conquerer vanquished by his own strength, vanquished conquering by his own weakness." I think he saw Judith as the only way of achieving his own birthright. (view spoiler)

The story is much larger than what I've touched on here. The book is riddled with incredible passages that would balloon this review up to megalithic proportions if I were to share them all with you. The layers of the story are frustrating and magnificent. I equate this book to going to a family reunion and spending time with a great aunt, an uncle, and a grandparent and asking them each the same question. The story is told with lots of repetitiousness because the narrators know a lot of the same information; and yet, from each storyteller is gleaned a few more nuggets because each person who is solicited for the story has a unique perspective and is in possession of different pieces of the life puzzle.

I had moments where I wanted to deconstruct this story, strain out all the redundant information and write this story out in a linear fashion, but then it wouldn't be a masterpiece. It would just be another book telling a story about a slice of Southern history. By writing this book, this way, Faulkner not only preserved a piece of Southern history, but also preserved the tradition of Southern oral storytelling.

I found that I read this book best late at night after my family was in bed and the only sound that I could hear were the goldfish coming up for air in our fish tank. I would always begin reading intending to only read a chapter, but once I landed in Jefferson, Mississippi I was soon caught up in the intricacies of the writer's web. I found myself reading chapter after chapter as if Faulkner's hand was giving me a gentle push to continue.

"Well, Kernel, they kilt us but they aint whupped us yit air they?"

I know this book is difficult, but my suggestion is to find a quiet place, while reading this book, so that you can achieve almost a zen like focus. If you can relax enough you might find yourself sitting on the porch with Quentin and hearing the Southern cadences of the voices of the people narrating this tale. Sometimes we all just need to let people tell us a story.

Bonus points to those that can actually smell the "wistaria".

If you wish to see more of my most recent book and movie reviews, visit http://www.jeffreykeeten.com
I also have a Facebook blogger page at:https://www.facebook.com/JeffreyKeeten

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Renato Magalhães Rocha says

Starting to read *Absalom, Absalom!* might feel, at first, like walking into your friends having an important conversation but, because you missed the first half of it, you can't tell whom it's about and why they sound so absorbed by it - and they're so concentrated that they can't and won't listen to you requesting that they please start over. All you can do is try to make sense of the clues and signs you're able to grasp and try to figure out for yourself - at least for the time being - bits of the narrative. Of course, you could also excuse

yourself and give them some privacy - but you'd be missing out on a great book.

Like the making of a pearl: mollusks depositing calcium carbonate in concentric layers, as a defense mechanism, against a potentially threatening irritant (such as a parasite inside the shell, or even a grain of sand in rare cases), isolating it from their mantle folds. That's how I like to imagine William Faulkner wrote this novel: he idealized the plot and his characters, and then realized something tragic would have to happen to them that would be their demise - the threatening irritant: a crime - and instead of telling his tale conventionally, he slowly protected and isolated it with layers and layers of different perspectives from various unreliable narrators. In how many different ways can the same story be told? Can each one of these (co)exist on their own?

There are mainly four people - Rosa Coldfield, father and son Jason and Quentin Compson and Shreve McCannon, the latter's roommate - in this quest of trying to understand and ultimately make sense of what they've heard about the events that took place over the course of a century, as the fates of the Sutpen, Coldfield and Bon families are encapsulated from the 1800's until the early 1900's.

Each one of these four voices - which at some point are all narrators of the story - have some knowledge of what happened in certain periods of time. Part of that knowledge, though, is pure guessing or interpretations based on their own points of view, and so it's up to us - who are reading a story from someone who's heard of a story from others - to be careful as to what we can assume as fact or merely personal conclusion. While Miss Rosa, who's emotionally involved and was a living part of the tragedy, fuels her narrative with sentimentality and bias, Mr. Compson relies on a hear-and-say account, since he's heard it all from his own father; Quentin and Shreve approach the subject more objectively - in black and white, ironically one might say considering this particular book -, just summarizing all the information they'd obtained from several sources, while still trying to attribute what were the underlying reasons in all of the character's actions.

The novel's plot is basically about the rise and fall of Thomas Sutpen, a poor white man who has a project for his life since he was a teenager: to have a big mansion, a family and heirs to carry out his name. Arriving in Jefferson, Mississippi, he is able to obtain some land and through the course of a few years, builds up his sumptuous mansion. The next step is to find a wife: Ellen Coldfield, a local woman, whom he marries and gives him two children: Henry and Judith. It all seems to be working accordingly to his plans until Henry, who's now in the University, brings home for Christmas his fellow student and best friend Charles Bon, whom Ellen Coldfield hopes will marry her daughter. The simple possibility of this wedding brings drastic consequences to the lives of the three families, and only through analyzing their past we can begin to comprehend why an unexpected killing took place and how that altered Sutpen's schemes and how he felt he would have to try again.

Completing the merits of the book, Faulkner gives us beautiful and interesting analogies, long Proustian sentences and uses a lot of visual elements to portray the character's feelings, and he's still able to assign unique ways in which all of his storytellers can express themselves and stand on their own as singular voices. Not in all passages appears to be an obvious narrator, but through paying attention to detail and getting acquainted with their manners, it'll be easier to identify whose voice it is you hear.

Rating: while the story is in fact very interesting and keeps you curious until the end to find out what really happened to the families involved and begging for a reliable narrator who will just lay out all the cards for you, the innovations in style and the narratives Faulkner employed here are what really grabbed my attention and impressed me the most. I found *Absalom, Absalom!* so well crafted and written that I just couldn't help but wonder more than a couple of times "how did he ever idealized something like this?" For that: 5 stars, no less.

Sandra says

Come si fa a commentarlo? Avevo letto Luce d’agosto, epico, grandioso, biblico. Molto meno ostico rispetto ad “ Assalonne, Assalonne!”, un romanzo che obbliga a non distrarti, a fare la massima attenzione ai salti temporali che portano a spasso avanti e indietro nel tempo, che ti costringe a leggere senza prendere respiro i periodi lunghissimi inframezzati di incisi e di parentesi su parentesi, con una scrittura ricchissima, lirica, vorticosa, che avvolge il lettore come il cobra viene incantato dal fachiro, ed ogni volta torni indietro a rileggere, ogni volta cerchi di individuare chi sia il narratore, di chi sia il punto di vista da cui la storia è narrata, e poi ti ritrovi a rileggere dello stesso personaggio e delle medesime vicende che già lo scrittore aveva anticipato pagine prima…. Insomma,è stata una grandissima fatica leggerlo, compensata dalla stupenda sensazione alla fine, quella di aver letto un capolavoro.
Alla fine è chiaro: è il sangue l’elemento che lega ogni personaggio della saga dei Sutpen, il sangue malato che si trasmette geneticamente a partire da Tomas Sutpen, capostitpite venuto dalle montagne della Virginia da una misera famiglia di origini anglo-scozzesi ed arriva nel Mississippi con un solo scopo, creare una stirpe che riproduca il suo sangue immacolato. Attraverso le vicende di Tomas Sutpen, su cui incombe un senso di tragica fatalità, e della sua famiglia, dei figli Henry e Judith, dell’enigmatico Charles Bon, che solo nel finale si scoprirà come uno dei personaggi più tragici, quello che mi ha ricordato il Joe Christmas di Luce d’agosto, nel cui sangue i diversi geni che lo compongono trasportano anche una ridda di emozioni contrastanti, viviamo le passioni palpitanti e violente di personaggi che si stagliano indimenticabili, quali i protagonisti della tragedia greca, destinati alla sconfitta, perché il sangue che scorre nelle vene della stirpe dei Sutpen è un sangue guasto, ormai putrefatto, dissoltosi così come si è dissolto il vecchio mondo, quello del Sud degli Stati Uniti, dopo la tragica guerra di secessione.
Un libro sterminato, non catalogabile, di cui si può egualmente dire “bellissimo” come “ma chi me l’ha fatto fare”; senza dubbio un’opera d’arte grandiosa.

°°°·.°·..·°¯°·._.· ????Ροζουλ? Εωσφ?ρος ·._.·°¯°·.·° .·°°★·.·´¯`·.★ ?????? ???????? ??????? Ταμετο?ρο Αμ says

?να παραμ?θι με Διονυσιακ? πνε?μα και ακαθ?ριστο προορισμ?.
Τ?σο ακαθ?ριστο, πολ?πλοκο και πυκν? στο π?ρασμα του που στην αρχ? δημιουργε? δ?ος και μετ? σε τρομ?ζει.
Ε?ναι μια καθαρ? αρχαιοελληνικ? τραγωδ?α τοποθετημ?νη στην καρδι? του Αμερικανικο? ν?του με το π?ρασμα του εμφυλ?ου.
Οι πρωταγωνιστ?ς ουσι?δεις και ασυμβ?βαστοι συνειδησιακ?,υποφ?ρουν,βασαν?ζονται,ταπειν?νονται και κρ?νονται μ?σα σε απανωτ?ς εκρ?ξεις ορθολογισμο?.

Παραπα?ουν.
Αυτ? τα πλ?σματα για τα οπο?α γρ?φει με διφορο?μενη μαεστρ?α ο συγγραφ?ας υπερβα?νουν την κοιν? αντ?ληψη.

?σως μ?σα σε αυτ? την επιβλητικ? εναλλαγ? λυρισμο? και αφ?γησης να ?χασα την κρισιμ?τητα και την μεγαλοπρ?πεια των πρ?ξεων τους και δεν κατ?φερα να τους προσεγγ?σω πλ?ρως.

Δεν τους ?φησα απο απροσεξ?α ?σως,να ακουμπ?σουν την καρδι? μου. Να με κυριε?σουν, να με συνεπ?ρουν. Μου γ?ρισαν την πλ?τη εντοπ?ζοντας μου μια προσληπτικ? ανικαν?τητα για τα ανε?πωτα.

Αντιλ?φθηκα μια εναρμ?νιση στοιχε?ων που παραπ?μπουν στην ?νωση λογικ?ς και συναισθ?ματος.

?νιωσα την συν?παρξη-μ?σα σε ψυχ?ς που καθ?ριζαν τη δημιουργ?α- π?νου,π?θους,πολιτισμο? και πρωτ?γονης φ?σης. Το θα?μα της αρχαι?τητας. Το μεγαλει?δες δρ?μα τους. Ως εκε?.

Οι πρ?ξεις τους απ?λυτα οριακ?ς αν?μεσα στην ονειροπ?ληση και την πραγματικ?τητα, ειναι εξαντλητικ?ς,φοβερ?ς και επικ?νδυνες. Μαται?δοξες. Αν?λγητες.
Αιωρο?νται χορε?οντας με Διονυσιακ? ο?στρο αν?μεσα στο καλ? και το κακ?. Στην αρετ? και την ευτ?λεια. Στο φως και το σκοτ?δι. Φα?νονται οικ?ες και ανθρ?πινες κοιν?ς πρ?ξεις μα δεν ε?ναι...?χουν κ?νητρα γενετ?σια κρυφ? και τρομακτικ?.
Δρομολογημ?να στον μοναδικ? προορισμ? τους. Την τραγωδ?α. Την αντιστρ?τευση της παρ?ρμησης.

Ο αναγν?στης δεν θα νι?σει ο?κτο ο?τε συμπ?νοια. Το δρ?μα που υπερβα?νει τους πρωταγωνιστ?ς ε?ναι η κατ?ληξη της εμπειρ?ας που δι?λεξαν να ζ?σουν.
Το αξ?ζουν... Το υπερασπ?ζονται. Το διαχειρ?ζονται. ?σως και να οδηγο?νται στην π?ρινη κ?θαρση οικειοθελ?ς.

Συνομωτο?ν με το μοιρα?ο. Γεννο?ν τον μυστικισμ?. Εμποδ?ζουν τη λογικ? και εκπορθο?ν τη φαντασ?α μας που μ?νει απροστ?τευτη σε κ?θε λογ?ς επ?θεση.

Ο Φ?κνερ ορμ?ει. Δαγκ?νει. Αιφνιδι?ζει και αποτελει?νει το θ?μα του με δηλητηρι?δεις λογοτεχνικ?ς και εξαντλητικ?ς διαδικασ?ες.
Γρ?φει μια πυκν? λογοτεχνικ? αγων?α και την ταρ?ζει εναλλακτικ? απο υπαρξιακ? εξ?ντληση και επιδιωκ?μενη απορ?α.

Ω! Αβεσσαλ?μ Αβεσσαλ?μ γιατ? να σε διαβ?σω νηφ?λια; (ρητορικ? ερ?τηση).

Καλ? αν?γνωση.
?πειρους ασπασμο?ς!

Darwin8u says

“That is the substance of remembering—sense, sight, smell: the muscles with which we see and hear and feel not mind, not thought: there is no such thing as memory: the brain recalls just what the muscles grope for: no more, no less; and its resultant sum is usually incorrect and false and worthy only of the name of dream.”
? William Faulkner, Absalom, Absalom!

As I Lay Dying and The Sound and the Fury are probably more important, and perhaps more influential

overall. However, as novels, I prefer Light in August and Absalom, Absalom!. In many ways this novel, for me, belongs next to Moby-Dick; or, The Whale, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, the Great Gatsby, and a handful of other as some of the greatest written art America has ever produced. It captures, without over-doing it, issues of race, class, the American Dream, the South, family, memory, etc., all packed inside a nearly perfect novel that slowly unwinds and unwraps through multiple, unreliable narrators. I will need to come back to this review. I may also need to come back to this novel. It is that good.
