

moral right to the reader's attention. And in *Daniel Deronda*, structurally much simpler than *Middlemarch*, he detects a tension between the novelist's palpable intentions and the ambiguity of the novel itself. In the concluding chapter, a consideration of Trollope, the key word is "eccentricity" both in the sense that Trollope is fascinated by his characters' idiosyncrasies and in the further sense that, since Trollope's novels are less coherent than those discussed earlier, apparent protagonists tend to get shunted from the center of the novel.

The underlying point of this book is beyond dispute: we must not oversimplify the structures of these novels when we read or teach them. Beyond this, however, the success of Garrett's argument depends on its language. While there are many fresh insights, the book's larger themes are not so much new as expressed in a new language. We are offered a different way of talking about the switching narrators in *Bleak House* and the theme of community in *Middlemarch* for example, but I am not sure how much further the vocabulary in itself takes our understanding of these books. Some readers will no doubt find that Garrett's approach through this language will yield substantial dividends; others will find it (and Garrett's fondness for "developmental," "interrelationship," and circumlocutions like "vocational opportunity") frustrating and liable to smother the very vitality and exuberance which the book sets out to discuss.

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William Faulkner: A Life on Paper
Jackson, Miss.; University of Mississippi Press, 1980. Pp. 125.
\$5.00.

This is the book of a T.V. life of Faulkner produced by the Mississippi Center for Educational Television. It was shown under the same title on the Public Broadcasting Service on December 17, 1979, and again on August 11, 1980, and seems to have been a rare treat for those (unlike this reviewer) having access to PBS.

The film succeeds as book, too. About half is print. A narrator (Raymond Burr in the film) unobtrusively guides us through the plot of Faulkner's life, allowing its drama to be recalled in passages from the novels, letters, interviews, and by a cast of fifty or so characters who knew Faulkner at home in Oxford, in Hollywood, and in the literary-academic world. Chief among the witnesses from home are Faulkner's daughter, Jill Faulkner Summers, and Emily Whitehurst Stone, the wife of Faulkner's best friend, Phil Stone. Apparently this is the first time that Mrs. Summers has spoken publicly of her father, and she does so with candor and with compassionate objectivity about his drinking bouts. Mrs. Stone is rich in anecdote about the Falkner family and Faulkner. Howard Hawks, Lauren Bacall, and Sam Marx recall the Hollywood years. And from the literary and academic worlds we hear from Robert Penn Warren, Malcolm Cowley, Joseph Blotner, Carvel Collins, Stephen Longstreet, and Tennessee Williams.

The other half is image: a hundred and thirty frame enlargements from the film reproduced in T.V. format and stilled upon the page. These show us the contributors, scenes of actual Mississippi and of Yoknapatawpha (these latter being somewhat blurred, a bit "like looking into an aquarium" as Faulkner wrote of Jackson Square in *Mosquitoes*), and Faulkner himself at all ages and in his many roles as wanderer, aviator, husband and father, writer, Nobel laureate, equestrian, Southern gentleman. The Beardsleysque cartoons of W. C. Handy and his band, and of Faulkner falling upon Phil Stone's neck after the shattering separation from Estelle Oldham, reproduce very well and remind us of Faulkner's energy and humor in another form, as well as his gift for line.

The editor has selected wisely and achieved a fine balance. There is no sentimentality or nostalgia, here, nor, thankfully, any staryeyed manufacture into cult-figure (of Art or the South) of an eminently charismatic man. What comes through, strongly, is the unique blend of roguish and deeply-caring humanity that was the man who wrote the novels: who did so, because it was fun to write and a good way to earn a living; who nonetheless struggled to make the novels right. Howard Hawks, Mrs. Stone, and Jean Stein speak of Faulkner's exceptional listening power: clearly he was a writer after James's heart.

Faulkner would surely have enjoyed this multifaceted reminiscence through image and word, which succeeds remarkably in not breaching his treasured privacy, and which might be a draft of a novel by him. Obviously no substitute for Joseph Blotner's monumental 1850 page life *Faulkner* (1974), the film-into-book nevertheless makes a delightfully portable companion to that, and of course to the incomparable novels. Robert Penn Warren remarks at the end, "I think a person who wants to be human should read Faulkner" (p. 122). This book excites us to do so and deserves to be widely and prominently available in college and school bookstores and libraries.

If a further appetizer is needed, there is a priceless anecdote (not in Blotner) from Stephen Longstreet about his novel *Stallion*

Road and his collaboration with Faulkner over the screenplay: "We wrote another one. He didn't put his name on it. Maybe you've seen the damn thing—it's on late hour television. We were promised Bogart and Bacall as stars of the picture. We ended up with Ronald Reagan and Alexis Smith. And the picture is really a rather bad picture. New York critics said, 'If you're a horse, you will like this picture.' So Faulkner sent a telegram to Ronald Reagan saying, 'My horse didn't like it'" (p. 90).

Perhaps it's also time to listen to Faulkner's Nobel Prize acceptance speech again, and certainly we must hope it is required reading and listening in the White House.

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