

should notice that Benjy's idiocy is at least human enough because he does have affections for Caddy. In his memory Benjy embraces Caddy, the only person that loves him, in the center of his world. The three things Benjy loves most, the pasture, the fire, and sleep are associated with her. Benjy never wants Caddy to change, and he begins to cry when he finds she no longer smells like trees. She has to wash off her perfume in order to reassure him. All Benjy knows is that he is happy when Caddy smells the way she always does. She must remain intact with the smell of trees throughout Benjy's section, as Benjy keeps saying, "She smelled like trees. She smelled like trees" (*SF* 55). However Benjy most expects of Caddy the one thing she cannot give him, for his expectation is based on his complete ignorance of time. Truly as Faulkner comments, "that this idiot had no sense of time. That what happened to him ten years ago was yesterday" (*FU* 94). Hence, in Benjy's section the simultaneity of time is noticeable, and it is extremely difficult to rearrange it into chronological order. He stands at the gate waiting for Caddy in 1928, because he has been standing there and waiting for her since 1902. The many years that he has waited in vain are not existent to him at all. To him, time is not a continuation. It is an instant. There was no yesterday and no tomorrow, for it all is now to him. He cannot distinguish between what was and what will be.

This section is in April 7, 1928, which is Holy Saturday before Easter Sunday. It is also Benjy's thirty-third birthday. All of these facts have a certain symbolic meaning. April is a month of life and growth. In this month of rebirth, Benjy is conscious only of death, since many of the things he remembers are connected with funerals and deaths. It is the month that the thirty-three year old Christ was crucified, and the Saturday between the Friday of his crucifixion and the Sunday of his resurrection is considered to be the darkest day in history. Thus as there is no time concept for Benjy, in Benjy's section which occurred on Saturday, April 7, when Christ is buried, Time as Christ is nullified.

The entire section of Part II is told by Quentin, from his view-point on the day he commits suicide. In contrast to Benjy, who is oblivious of time, Quentin is obsessed with it, as is indicated at the beginning of his section: "When the shadow of the sash appeared on the curtains it was between seven and eight o'clock and then I was in time again" (*SF* 64). His obsession with time is suggested by his sense of being a ghost and his identification with young men of the past. Quentin is living in a twilight world: "twilight . . . that quality of light as if time really had stopped for a while" (*SF* 145). In the long stream of consciousness his obsession with time comes out in many ways. By tearing off the hands of his watch, Quentin hopes to transcend time. But he cannot remove himself from time. He constantly hears his own watch ticking even though it has no hands. And in the midst of all these connections with time, Quentin is constantly remembering various comments that his father made about life:

Father said a man is the sum of his misfortunes. One day you'd think misfortune would get tired, but then time is your misfortune Father said. A gull on an invisible wire attached through space dragged. You carry the symbol of your frustration into eternity. Then the wings are bigger Father said only who can play a harp. (*SF* 88-89)

Man the sum of his climatic experiences Father said. Man the sum of what have you. A problem in impure properties carried tediously to an unvarying nil: stalemate of dust and desire. (*SF* 105)

Father was teaching us that all men are just accumulations dolls stuffed with sawdust swept up from the trash heaps where all previous dolls have been thrown away the sawdust flowing from what wound in what side that not for me died not. (*SF* 150)

It is apparent that Quentin has been brought up under Mr. Compson's influence. Mr. Compson sees things quite clearly. However he has lost his ideals because he would not accept the guilt of the South. The South was deprived any ideal for the reason of self-righteousness. He believes that no significant values exist in life and that time cures all things by annihilating them. Life is a gamble with the dark diceman, in which "no battle is ever won . . . The field only reveals to man his won folly and despair, and victory is an illusion of philosophers