

within existence. Nonbeing is omnipresent and produces anxiety even where an immediate threat of death is absent. It stands behind the experience that we are driven, together with everything else, from the past toward the future without a moment of time which does not vanish immediately. It stands behind the insecurity and homelessness of our social and individual existence. It stands behind the attacks on our power of being in body and soul by weakness, disease, and accidents. In all these forms fate actualizes itself, and through them the anxiety of nonbeing takes hold of us. We try to transform the anxiety into fear and to meet courageously the objects in which the threat is embodied. We succeed partly, but somehow we are aware of the fact that it is not these objects with which we struggle that produce the anxiety but the human situation as such. Out of this the question arises: Is there a courage to be, a courage to affirm oneself in spite of the threat against man's ontic self-affirmation? (CT 45)

Here courage is the self-affirmation of being in spite of the fact of nonbeing which must be rooted in the power of being that is greater than the power of oneself:

Courage always includes a risk, it is always threatened by nonbeing, whether the risk of losing oneself and becoming a thing within the whole of things or of losing one's world in an empty self-relatedness. Courage needs the power of being, a power transcending the non-being which is experienced in the anxiety of fate and death, which is present in the anxiety of emptiness and meaninglessness, which is effective in the anxiety of guilt and condemnation. The courage which takes this threefold anxiety into itself must be rooted in the power of being that is greater than the power of oneself and the power of one's world. (CT 155)

It is faith that makes the basis of the courage to be:

Faith is not an opinion but a state. It is the state of being grasped by the power of being which transcends everything that is and in which everything that is participates. He who is grasped by this power is able to affirm himself because he knows that he is affirmed by the power of being-itself. . . . faith is the basis of the courage to be. (CT 173)

Back to the novel, the three Compson brothers do not have the courage to accept Caddy, symbolic of human finitude, as she is. Their decisive fault lies in their not having of faith. Each of them is so preoccupied with his own concerns that he leaves no room for the others' needs in his mind. In other words they are not humble enough to admit the being that is greater than the power of his own self. Though Quentin calls the name of Jesus "Yes Jesus O good man Jesus O that good man" (SF 146), for him "God would be canaille too in Boston in Massachusetts" (SF 95). Jason "thinking nothing whatever of God one way or the other" (PF 716) never thinks of God in any sense whatever.

It is in Dilsey's section, whose setting is on Easter Sunday, that time regains its meaning. It is here that we enter into a proper notion of time as reality. With her inner serenity, her faith, and her understanding, Dilsey has an undistorted view of reality. And of all the characters she alone can perceive and respond to the needs of others. It is she that exemplifies a realistic living in the face of everyday futile events. She toils heavily up and down the stairs in responding to Mrs. Compson's unceasing demands and takes care of the children devotedly. One hears her saying "Give him [Benjy] a flower to hold. . . . That what he wanting" (SF 7); "I'm coming just as fast as I can" (SF 25); "Don't you bother your head about her [Miss Quentin]. . . I raised all of them and I reckon I can raise one more. Hush now. Les him get to sleep if he will" (SF 25); "All right, here I is. I'll fill hit soon ez I git some hot water" (SF 230); "Gwine git Benjy dressed en bring him down to de kitchen, what he won't wake Jason en Quentin" (SF 233); "I'll tend to dat too," "I can't do but one thing at a time" (SF 233); "All right. Only you keep him away fum de house. I done stood all I kin" (SF 246); "Hush, now . . . Hush. Dilsey got you" (SF 273); "You's de Lawd's chile, anyway. En I be His'n too, fo long, praise Jesus. Here" (SF 274).