Two men face each other at a spring. The hatless man carries a book, the hatted man a gun. As the hatless man drinks, he beholds his own "myriad reflection" in the water; the hatted man, his face resembling that of a "wax doll set too near a hot fire and forgotten," observes him intently (Sanctuary 181-182). The men regard each other across the water for two solid hours.

This opening setpiece of William Faulkner's Sanctuary not only establishes the novel's primary set of doubles, the lawyer Horace Benbow and the gangster Popeye, but it also introduces its central motifs of mirrored vision and fire. If the scene's taut prose tells us we are reading a crime novel in the vein of Dashiell Hammett, the mobile point of view invokes the camera eye.

Sanctuary's doubles do not end with Benbow and Popeye, but encompass Benbow and the ingenue, Temple Drake; Temple and the bootlegger Lee Goodwin's wife, Ruby Lamar; Ruby and Horace's sister, Narcissa. Such doubling is but one of many traits that Sanctuary shares with film noir. Sanctuary's duplications multiply via the web of intertextual relations that surrounds it. Let us imagine the novel and its intertexts arranged like placards around Popeye's pool, our vantage point resting behind the published version of Sanctuary. Next to us, somewhat obscured by the published novel's shadow, lies the earlier, unpublished version, with its stronger emphasis on Benbow. Stationed slightly to our right are Night Bird and The College Widow, two film treatments that Faulkner wrote in 1932, early in his tenure at MGM, which feature a character similar to Temple. Further along the bank lies Paramount's 1933 film adapta-

1Numerous critics have noted that Benbow and Popeye are doubles or alter egos: see Noel Polk (23), Peter Lurie (30), Andrew J. Wilson (446), and John T. Irwin, who uses this scene to develop his reading of the novel via the Narcissus myth (545).

2Compare Faulkner's description of Popeye to Hammett's introduction of Sam Spade in The Maltese Falcon: "Samuel Spade's jaw was long and bony, his chin a jutting v under the more flexible v of his mouth. His nostrils curved to make another, smaller v. His yellow-grey eyes were horizontal" (391). David Seed, who reminds us that Faulkner had a copy of The Maltese Falcon in his library, analyzes the cinematic elements in Sanctuary's opening scene (125, 113).

3Film noir's many doubles range from self-divided protagonists such as Out of the Past's Jeff Markham/ Bailey, who seeks to leave behind his life as an urban detective for bucolic Bridgeport, and look-alikes such as Hollow Triumph's gangster John Muller and the psychiatrist Bartok, whom Muller murders and replaces, to Walter Neff's impersonation of his murder victim in Double Indemnity.
tion, *The Story of Temple Drake*. Lining the opposite bank are the many films noir that share *Sanctuary*’s themes and whose visual devices and characters may have sprung partly from its murky depths. On the left, as we circle back toward our spot, reposes *Requiem for a Nun*, the sequel to *Sanctuary* that was apparently influenced by the very films *Sanctuary* inspired. Next to it is the 1961 film *Sanctuary*, which combines the two novels through flashbacks and awkward condensation. In what follows, I argue that these intertexts yield a set of reflecting and refracting surfaces that illuminate Faulkner’s novel which, in turn, adumbrates film noir’s themes and style.4 Scrutinizing *Sanctuary*, its progeny and siblings, via noir’s dark mirror enables us to evaluate the novel’s impact and perceive the prismatic light noir sheds on their shared themes: the infernal force of public opinion, the strangling grasp of gender roles, the reach and limitations of legal and carceral institutions, and the power of the past over the present.

**PANE**

I define film noir as a large group of American crime films released between 1944 and 1959. Set mostly in contemporary cities, these movies often employ a shadowy mise-en-scène to dramatize a pessimistic, even fatalistic world view.5 Many critics interpret noir as a theater where the anxieties of the post-World War II era were played out.6 Yet *Sanctuary*, which appeared more than ten years before film noir emerged, presages its style and sensibility. For example, film noir is identified with low-key lighting and diagrammatic shadows.7 Certain scenes in *Sanctuary*, such as Temple Drake’s awakening at the Old Frenchman place “with narrow bars of sunlight falling across her face like the tines of a golden fork,” literally foreshadow film noir, where ubiquitous barred lighting effects indicate entrapment (239).8

Entrapment is, indeed, one of noir’s prominent themes. In the noir universe, one mistake dooms a character to a future of apprehension, incarceration, and violent death. So grim and unrelenting are they that one feels as if he/she has entered what Foster Hirsch calls “someone else’s nightmare” (115). *Sanctuary* shares this nightmarish quality, as well as noir’s pervasive depic-

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4For reasons of space, I do not discuss the unpublished version of *Sanctuary* or the turgid Tony Richardson film adaptation. Full texts of *Night Bird* and *The College Widow* appear in *Faulkner’s MGM Screenplays* (Kawin 32-33, 40-53).
5Standard definitions of film noir appear in Paul Schrader and Dale E. Ewing, Jr. Film historians disagree, however, about whether noir is a style, a genre, a movement, or simply a retrospective label for diverse films that were at the time called melodramas. Steve Neale even calls the entire category of film noir “incoherent” (174).
6For a more detailed discussion of these themes in film noir, see Mark Osteen (1-4, 11-18).
7See Janey Place and Lowell Peterson for an influential treatment of noir visual style.
8*Sanctuary*’s structure and style are “cinematic”: the constant switches between Benbow’s and Temple’s activities resemble movie cross-cutting; the scenes at the bootleggers’ camp offer various point-of-view shots; Faulkner’s surveys of the town square appear as pans, tilts, and overhead shots; expressionistic effects punctuate Temple’s confession to Benbow.
tion of a prison-like society policed by the prying eyes of ordinary people. In *Sanctuary*, as in film noir, citizens monitor and punish violations of conventional gender roles, both applaud and abhor gangsters and murderers, and seek scapegoats for their own outlaw impulses. The world of *Sanctuary* and film noir epitomizes Michel Foucault's description of the "carceral society," where a pervasive penal mentality targets not just the criminal but any departure from the norm, and where punishments are directed "at all the potentially guilty" (304, 108). *Requiem for a Nun* stresses this diagnosis more strongly, and even Paramount's sanitized adaptation of *Sanctuary* shows citizens training judgmental gazes upon all who violate convention, coercing them "by means of observation" (Foucault 170).

As several critics have noted, eyes are everywhere in *Sanctuary*: Faulkner's narrator constantly draws attention to characters' eyes, and the novel's sexual and moral violations are heralded—indeed, invoked—by vicious staring. Limiting ourselves to scenes set at the Old Frenchman place, we note that Pop-eye's eyes are compared to "rubber knobs" (182); Ruby's eyes are described as "cold" (187); Temple's eyes reflect Goodwin's face "like peas in two inkwells" (231); the mentally disabled Tommy's eyes are said to glow twice in a single paragraph (249); and the aged Pap cannot see at all. His blindness is merely the most obvious instance of the novel's many elided, blocked, or deflected gazes; its recurrent symbols of "windows, doors, stairs, curtains, [and] veils" thus imply incomplete vision (Polk 32). For instance, at the bootleggers' camp, Temple is unable to see much of what goes on around her, and Faulkner discreetly averts his (and our) gaze when the novel's most sensational event—Popeye's rape of Temple with a corncob—is imminent. It is as if the author concurs with Benbow, who states that "there's a corruption about even looking upon evil, even by accident" (268). He fails to understand that evil already exists in the lookers and that, as Wilson remarks, looking *itself* is evil, especially when the gaze is judgmental or prurient, as is virtually every one directed at Temple Drake (446).

*Sanctuary* is also a novel of mirrors and reflections, the first appearing in the opening scene. When a character gazes at someone else, he or she usually sees a debased or idealized version of him/herself. These visual motifs are inextricably linked to the novel's portrayal of the blindness of the justice system, the objectification and oppression of women, and the public's ambivalence about outlaws. Prying eyes become the instruments to enact legal and sexual judgments. Mirroring devices, with attendant suggestions of condemnation and hypocrisy, pervade the noir canon as well. Hence, a title such as *The Dark Mirror* (Robert Siodmak's film about twins, one of them evil) fits movies and scenes as different as Fritz Lang's *The Woman in the Window*, in which a professor becomes enthralled with a woman in a portrait, then kills the real woman's lover...
in a mirror-filled room, and the legendary climax of Orson Welles's *The Lady From Shanghai*, in which Rita Hayworth's Elsa Bannister is shot (along with a dizzying array of reflections) in a carnival hall of mirrors. In these visual-thematic terms, *Sanctuary* is not just a film; it's a film noir.

**Match**

Even in 1931, Faulkner's Popeye struck some readers as a stereotype, and he was doubtless meant to be one. Taciturn and hair-trigger, he remorselessly kills Tommy and later, his own sexual surrogate, Red, and is never afforded an inner life. Elizabeth Binggeli thus poses a question asked by many: is Popeye "a slapstick cartoon, an allegory of modernity, an anti-hero, or an abstract distillation of evil?" (88). Other questions emerge as well: Why is he constantly referred to as black though he is racially white? And why is he disabled and sexually impotent? My answer to the last two questions is that Popeye is "noired"—that is, transmuted into a surrogate black man—by being ascribed traits stereotypically associated with African Americans, such as sexual aggressiveness, intellectual disability, and impulsiveness. Popeye's "blackness" betrays his function as the white bourgeois community's bête noir.

Peter Lurie notes that Faulkner fixates so much on Popeye's parts and accouterments—eyes, hat, hair, cigarette, suit—that he seems less a "full characterization than a function," or, I would add, a set of fetishes (33). One prominent accessory is the humble match. Early in the novel, for example, there is a good deal of business involving Popeye's cigarettes and matches (212, 226). Later, Miss Reba tells of catching Clarence Snopes spying on Temple through a keyhole; behind him, Popeye silently strikes a match and holds it to Snopes's nape until it burns him (324). After Temple's unsuccessful attempt to run off with Red, Popeye drives away lighting a cigarette, his match flipping "like a dying star in miniature, sucked with the profile into darkness by the rush of their passing" (346). He is even built like a match, with an arm "no larger than a child's, dead and hard and light as a stick (338). Other characters confirm the association: staring at Ruby's eerie infant, Benbow thinks of Popeye as a "black presence lying upon the house like the shadow of something no larger than a match falling monstrous" (262). The final chap-

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11 Lurie argues that Popeye was likely based on fictional (and filmic) gangsters such as *Little Caesar's* Rico Bandello (34-35).
12 Deborah Barker answers: Popeye is a proxy for the mythic black male rapist (127). In *Requiem for a Nun*, we learn from Gavin Stevens that Popeye's surname is Vitelli, an Italian name that might indicate a dark complexion (144).
13 In *Nightmare Alley*, I argue that film noir's white musicians are similarly noired by their association with jazz, and hence endowed with sexual perversions, emotional instability, and drug abuse that were stereotypically associated with African Americans (155-69).
14 This scene is remarkable for staging multiple layers of objectified looking: Snopes, gazing at Temple, is observed by Popeye, who is observed by Minnie, who then tells the story to Miss Reba. Popeye, of course, is himself a voyeur who gets pleasure from watching Red have intercourse with Temple.
ter, which tells of Popeye's pyromaniac grandmother's burning of their house with a single match, may explain this affiliation with fire-starters (391).

Disabled (perhaps from congenital syphilis) and utterly without empathy, Popeye is a prototype for film noir's many psychopaths. Their shared features suggest not merely that they are drawn from the same pool of criminal traits, but that Sanctuary's match may have kindled these filmmakers' imaginations. Noir's criminals are no longer the American strivers portrayed in classic gangster movies such as Scarface and Little Caesar, but, like Popeye, damaged haters of the human race. For example, in Ida Lupino's tense 1953 film noir The Hitch-Hiker, deranged killer Emmett Myers, afflicted with a disfigured eye, abducts two regular Joes out on a fishing trip. Myers recalls, "When I was born they took one look at this puss of mine and told me to get lost. . . . I didn't need any of 'em. Got what I wanted my own way. If you got the knowhow and a few bucks in your pocket, you can buy anything or anybody. 'Specially if you got 'em at the point of a gun." Popeye might echo this manifesto. Like him, Myers is a figure from a bad dream, the epitome of everything grotesque, enigmatic, and menacing.

Another match is Sam Wild (Lawrence Tierney), the remorseless thug in Robert Wise's 1947 Born to Kill. On the run from a murder he committed in Reno, Wild woos both San Francisco heiress Georgia Staples (Audrey Long) and her foster sister, Helen Brent (Claire Trevor). Although Wild's early life is not mentioned, the title indicates that, like Popeye, he has been destined for violence since infancy. From Helen we learn that Wild too follows "every mad whim that enters [his] brain," slaying the Reno man out of jealousy; later he knocks off his sycophantic buddy Marty for merely talking to Helen. Her feelings for Sam likewise resemble Temple's for Popeye or Red: he is a symbol of "excitement and depravity," a "corruptness" that she craves. So does Horace Benbow.

**SHRIMP**

During his brief sojourn at the Old Frenchman place, Benbow logorrheically relates his marital problems to the uncaring denizens. A moment of crisis occurred as he fetched shrimp for his wife's weekly Friday dinner: viewing himself remove the shrimp box from the train, he thought, "Here lies Horace Benbow in a fading series of small stinking spots on a Mississippi sidewalk" (191). Though oppressed by his routine and the knowledge of his wife's first marriage, he is most tortured by his unconsummated sexual attraction to his stepdaughter, Little Belle. He recalls arguing with her about boyfriends, then embracing her; a mirror located behind her and another behind him made the pair appear to be cut into pieces and sharing body parts (189). Watching himself watch her watch him, he realized that Little Belle was only pretending to be contrite. Now when he gazes into a mirror, he sees a shrimp—a shattered man wearing, in effect, his stepdaughter's head.
After learning that Temple was present during Tommy’s murder, Benbow examines a photo of Little Belle, imagining her with a lover (294). The next morning, at the Oxford train station, he reads bathroom graffiti about Temple while fingering his unlit pipe (298). The masturbatory implications and Benbow’s conflation of Temple with Little Belle are obvious, as is the suggestion that he lacks Popeye’s heat. Later, after Benbow has heard Temple recount the tale of her rape and abduction, he takes up Little Belle’s photo, and her face seems to dissolve, “leaving upon his eye a soft and fading aftermath of invitation and voluptuous promise” (333). The combination of sexual arousal, guilt, and shock makes him physically ill: he leans “upon his braced arms while the shucks set up a terrific uproar beneath her thighs,” and “watched something black and furious go roaring out of her pale body” (333). Vomiting up black coffee, Benbow is briefly transformed into Temple/Little Belle, while invoking the presence of Popeye. Both men avidly desire a female they cannot physically possess, and for both, perusal stands in for penetration.\(^{15}\) While facing Popeye in the novel’s opening scene, Benbow noted that he smelled “like that black stuff that ran out of Bovary’s mouth” at her death (184). Now Benbow becomes Madame Bovary—married to a despised spouse and in love with an unattainable ideal.

But Emma Benbow is effective neither as lawyer nor as detective. Benbow’s prize witness, found by someone else, perjures herself, and Benbow’s client is lynched. Identifying Benbow as he runs toward the fire behind the jail, the rioters threaten to do to him “what he [the rapist] did to [Temple]” (384). Behind the fire, then, lurks Popeye, Benbow’s match. As the jail burns, Benbow hears only a “voice of fury like in a dream, roaring silently out of a peaceful void” (384). This scene is ready-made for film: all sound muted but for a lone piano, a slow motion shot of Benbow’s horrified face is superimposed over the flames, followed by a crane swooping to an overhead shot of him lying, shrimp-like, in the town square. At the novel’s end, he returns, tail tucked, to his marital jail, the last words he hears being his wife’s reminder to lock the back door. For Benbow as for Popeye—and, as I suggest later, for the characters in *Requiem for a Nun*—the world is a prison cell, one built not by the hands of legal authorities but by citizens who have internalized the carceral gaze and turn it outward, even toward lawyers.

Too ensnared by narcissism to do what is necessary, Benbow betrays what Wilson calls a “voyeuristic fascination with the underworld”: his disgust for Popeye barely cloaks a burning desire to be Popeye (453). This desire is shared by many noir lawyers. A prime example is Cleve Marshall, of Robert Siodmak’s *The File on Thelma Jordon*. Like Benbow, Cleve (Wendell Corey) is trapped in a bad marriage. Thelma (Barbara Stanwyck) lures him into an affair and then into abetting her murder of her rich aunt. Turning himself into “Mr. X,” Cleve

\(^{15}\)Irwin finds here evidence that Benbow is living the myth of “Narcissa,” an alternate version of the Narcissus story in which the youth falls in love with a female image of him/herself (560). Polk also notes that the black vomit “identifies him specifically with Popeye” (20).
hides evidence, then arranges to serve as prosecutor at Thelma's trial. As in *Sanctuary*, that case pivots on a woman's testimony, but Thelma never takes the stand. After her acquittal, she confesses her guilt to Cleve, but swears she was coerced into the crime by her Popeye-like husband, Tony. Afterward, a contrite Thelma burns Tony with their car's cigarette lighter, causing a wreck that kills him. As she expires, she tells Cleve that her whole life has been a struggle between her good and bad sides and wonders whether "they could just let half of me die." Part femme fatale and part victim, Thelma doubles Temple Drake, just as Cleve Marshall mirrors Horace Benbow—a shrimp who seeks to enlarge himself through ill-conceived heroics.

The wrong-man plot driving *Sanctuary* also shows up in many films noir, and forms the premise of *The People against O'Hara*, in which attorney James Curtayne (Spencer Tracy) defends Jimmy O'Hara, framed for a murder he did not commit. As in *Sanctuary*, the case is complicated when a witness perjures himself and implicates O'Hara. Like Benbow, Curtayne has significant personal problems that interfere with his work. A recovering alcoholic, he falls off the wagon during the case (which he loses), much to the dismay of his adult daughter, Ginny, with whom he has an intimate (albeit non-sexual) relationship. Though engaged to a nice young man, she has delayed marriage for fear of what might happen to her father. Curtayne does not drool over photos of Ginny, but their quasi-incestuous relationship mirrors that of Benbow and Little Belle. Curtayne is no shrimp, however: he is killed during a daring, successful attempt to trap the real murderer.

Horace Benbow thus represents a noir type: the lawyer-investigator tangled in conflicting feelings about justice and tortured by illicit sexual longings. Which side is he on? He does not know. He sees two reflections in the mirror: the man he is and the man (or woman) he desires to be but cannot become. Both Faulkner and film noir reveal how confused notions of masculinity impel their characters' schemes and trip them up. Straddling the law, these men typify Foucault's description of those who have internalized the carceral judgment: each has "become the principle of his own subjection" (203).

"THEIR EYES LIKE KNIVES"

*Double Indemnity*’s Walter Neff gets an eyeful when he visits Phyllis Dietrichson’s home to sell auto insurance; seeing her dressed only in a towel, he expresses concern that she's "not fully covered." Of course, Phyllis intends to draw Neff's eyes to her anklet and what is above it, for she aims to entice him into murdering her husband. She exemplifies that most notorious noir stereotype, the alluring but lethal dame who exercises power over males.16 Is Temple Drake a femme fatale? Some critics believe so. For example, Richard Gray writes that

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16Julie Grossman has recently shown that the femme fatale is less prevalent in film noir than is commonly believed (5). I also demonstrate that the female screenwriters, producers, and directors who helped to create film noir presented a diverse gallery of female characters (Osteen 184-219).
by the end of Sanctuary, Temple has “become a femme fatale [sic] as well as a victim; [a woman] who seems to be one of those weaving the web of evil as well as one of those caught in its embrace” (262).\(^{17}\) Wherein does her evil lie? This college freshman is raped, kidnapped, held in a brothel, and forced to have sex with another man while her rapist ogles them. She is then asked to testify against the man she knows has killed at least two people, one of them before her very eyes. Is she wicked because she commits perjury to avoid being killed? Is she bad because she does not try harder to escape from Miss Reba’s whorehouse, aware that it is already too late to avoid opprobrium? Or do these attributions of evil reflect the same prudish self-righteousness that Faulkner anatomizes?

Perhaps it is not surprising that readers want to paint Temple black, since Faulkner’s narrator focuses frequently on her body and places her at the center of attention wherever she goes (Lurie 39). During the college dance, everyone stares at Temple, while her own eyes gaze “blankly right and left,” remaining “cool, predatory, and discreet” (198). At the bootleggers’ camp, she becomes the target of every hostile stare—including that of Goodwin’s wife, Ruby, who is both jealous and protective of the younger woman. The men’s penetrating leers objectify and terrify her. Addicted to the shallow frisson she feels from attracting male eyes, Temple fails to grasp that here it is the lookers, not their object, who hold the power; she has become the principle of her own subjection. Thus she is conflicted when the men fight over her, just as she is caught between her awareness of adult sexuality and her previously sheltered life. Yet there is no mistaking the result: as she drives away with Popeye after her rape, she is bleeding profusely from the vagina, her face a “small, dead-colored mask” (251).

Yet Temple is as obsessed with her appearance as the men are. After Popeye, on the drive to Memphis, stops her scream with a slap, she reaches for the most comforting object she can find: her compact (274). After reaching Reba’s brothel, she catches a glimpse of herself in her room’s “dim mirror,” where she appears as a “pale shadow moving in the uttermost profundity of shadow” (281). Like her room clock’s missing hand, the old Temple has been erased, the clock marking the new self’s development as it becomes “mirror-like,” before changing to a “crystal ball” that, oddly, looks toward the past (283-84). She imagines herself back at her dorm preparing for a dance, the other female students cornering her, “their eyes like knives until you could almost watch her flesh where the eyes were touching it” (284). For Temple, to stare is to stab—no matter who wields the weapon.

She tells Benbow that during her rape she imagined becoming a boy (striking a match to reveal her physical alteration), then pictured herself wearing a chastity belt, complete with a spike with which she would “jab” the menacing male (328-29). Hearing Popeye rustling around, she challenged him—“Touch...

\(^{17}\)See also Scott Yarbrough (57). Dianne Luce Cox outlines the prevailing view: “if she is a victim, she was a victim waiting for Popeye to happen to her” (106). Critics such as Barker, Caroline Garnier, and Maggie Gordon have challenged this conventional wisdom.
me. Touch me! You’re a coward if you don’t”—in an effort to end the ordeal (330). She then envisioned herself as a veiled bride in a coffin, then as a gray-haired schoolteacher with “spectacles” that made the “little black thing” before her grow smaller and smaller (331). As penetration commenced, she thought, “I’m a man now” (331). This bizarre confession, which later elicits Benbow’s emetic spasms (and which mirrors his own imagined gender switch), evinces trauma-induced dissociation, even as it documents a brave attempt at self-protection. Yet Temple’s words also seem designed to shock him: afterward, she gazes at herself in the mirror, studying her image as she smokes a cigarette. With words and cigarettes she seeks to appropriate Benbow’s and Popeye’s phalluses.

In her starring role as Popeye’s captured moll, she mocks him for his impotence, and after he roughs her up, again regards her reflection in a bathroom mirror (340). Minutes later she is calling him “daddy” and pleading with him to “give it” to her; she then throws herself at Red, Popeye’s sexual surrogate, in an apparent froth of sexual desire (342-45).\footnote{Cox claims that Temple is faking her passion for Red so that he will take her away from Popeye (118). But the narrator states that she “sat in a floating swoon of... erotic longing, thinking of Red’s body,” and feels “long shuddering waves of physical desire” for him (343). Since she is alone with these feelings, they seem to be genuine, even if she is quite drunk.} Whether or not her desire for the men is partly feigned, it is clear that Temple has learned that her body gives her power. Yet her seduction of Red merely gets him killed and does nothing to free her from Popeye; thus, though Temple can attract those knife-like eyes, she cannot transform them into her own weapons. She has only a mirror, not a blade.

Does she change the mirror into a knife? Fleetingly, and with Benbow’s tools—words—rather than with Popeye’s. Arriving at Goodwin’s trial in a black hat, she plays femme fatale for the gawking throng. As such, she must undergo a sacrificial rite. While she prevaricates on the witness stand, her eyes go “to the back of the room and becom[e] fixed there”; the District Attorney catches her gaze, holds it, then lifts “the stained corn-cob before her eyes” (379). Goodwin is convicted because Temple steals those stabbing eyes and turns them against him. Yet many critics have been unable to penetrate her mask, or even to comprehend why she lies.\footnote{Yarbrough provides a useful summary of critics’ views (61).} But her choice is clear: save herself or save Goodwin (Cox 120). If she implicates Popeye, she will likely be his next victim (fear of Popeye is, after all, why Goodwin will not testify in his own defense). Nevertheless, her words are impotent to free her from patriarchal control: as she exits the courtroom beside her father, she cringes in “shrinking and rapt abasement” (380). Temple merely swaps one prison cell for a slightly more comfortable one whose warden is a judge. She has committed no crime, yet must be punished by censorious citizens who have internalized the carceral society’s panoptic gaze; those judges are everywhere (Foucault 304). In the epilogue set in Luxembourg Gardens amidst the affluent
and decrepit, she yawns and opens her compact to reveal a face “sullen and discontented and sad”—the face of a bored, aging debutante, perhaps, but not that of a femme fatale (398).

Most film noir femmes fatales are older women whose sullenness and discontentment are the fruit of years of criminality and deception. Temple is more akin to a different noir type: the respectable woman seduced by a tough male criminal—a type we have already met in *Born to Kill*. Another example appears in Anthony Mann’s *Raw Deal*. Its female narrator, Pat Regan (Claire Trevor), relates how she aided the prison break of her lover, Joe Sullivan (Dennis O’Keefe). Having been framed by mobster Rick Coyle (Raymond Burr), Joe seeks vengeance, so (in order to take her car) he and Pat abduct Ann (Marsha Hunt), a legal assistant who befriended him while he was in prison. But Ann becomes more than a hostage when she and Joe fall in love. As is typical of film noir, the two women represent two sides of the male protagonist. Ann, whom Pat sneeringly dubs “Miss Law and Order,” stands for the youthful Joe who earned a medal for saving eight people from a fire; Pat represents the prison-hardened Sullivan on fire for vengeance. “I got to wonder what happened to that kid,” says Ann. “Maybe he got burned,” Joe snarls.

Joe does get burned in the film’s conclusion, while battling Rick who, like Popeye, is constantly associated with heat: he threatens his minions with a lighter, and flings hot coals in the face of a woman who laughs at the wrong time. Near the end, Joe breaks into Rick’s house as the latter is lighting candles. A fire starts, and the two men fight in front of the roaring flames until Joe pushes Rick through a burning window, only to die himself. Ann’s relationship with Joe, the film’s multiple abductions, and the fire motif all refract *Sanctuary*, as does *Raw Deal*’s suggestion that Joe was already slated for prison when he was born in the slum called Corkscrew Alley.

Another looking glass is furnished by Ida Lupino’s *Outrage*. It too depicts—for the first time in the Production Code era—a rape and its aftermath. Like Temple Drake, its victim, young Ann Walton (Mala Powers), is stigmatized: women gape, gossip, and giggle as she passes, and at work innocuous sounds—the drumming of fingernails, the stamping of papers—drive her to distraction until she explodes: “Go on, take a good look!” She soon comes under the protection of a Benbow figure named Bruce Ferguson (Tod Andrews), a minister who provides paternalistic guidance. After she overreacts to a man’s aggressive advances by clubbing him with a wrench, Ann is arrested. Unlike Temple, however, she is not allowed to speak at her hearing; Ferguson speaks for her. The judge orders her to obtain psychiatric treatment and return to the father from whom she fled. Like Temple, then, Ann is raped more than once—first by the perpetrator, then by the piercing eyes of fellow citizens—before being remanded to patriarchal control. Both women are victims of a carceral society that exercises punitive power through vision. Refracted by *Outrage*, *Sanctuary*’s exposure of the sexist
ideologies that perpetuate rape and prompt victim-blaming becomes more striking. These beams flow in both directions: Sanctuary may have shaped film noir, while the films enrich our understanding of Faulkner’s characters and concerns.

PEANUTS

There is more than one outrage in Sanctuary: in addition to its rape and abduction, the novel climaxes with a lynching. The mob’s outrage ferments in the same town square where, earlier, farmers shopped while gawking at Tommy’s corpse (256-57). A dead body is just another attraction, little different from new shoes or peppermint jawbreakers. The convicted Goodwin becomes the latest wonder: people flock “to see, to look at the jail and the barred window” (382). A few men even wish they had done what Goodwin (actually Popeye) did—but without a corncob. In Sanctuary, then, to look is to lynch. These citizens burn to kill Goodwin less to serve justice than to generate a more dynamic conclusion to the spectacle they are making and viewing. Popeye, the match-striker and murderer, thus seems to be acting through the mob as they set a fire behind the jail and lynch Goodwin, thereby obviating any chance he will be implicated in Temple’s rape or Tommy’s murder.

Lynching is also the subject of Fritz Lang’s 1935 film Fury. In it, protagonist Joe Wilson (Spencer Tracy) is mistakenly identified as a kidnaper, partly because the salted peanuts on which he habitually snacks are linked to salt found on the ransom note. Several sequences display townsmen inflating this slim evidence into proof of Wilson’s guilt, with the males seeking heroic stature by loudly condemning the accused. Egged on by alcohol and self-importance, the mob marches to the jail. One rabble-rouser even mocks the lawman by singing, “There’s Popeye, the sheriff man.” Storming the jailhouse but unable to reach Wilson in his cell, the horde sets it on fire. As it burns, we hear only the crackling of the fire, while close-ups display people laughing and eating, enthralled as if they are watching a movie. But they are not merely watching it: they are starring in it. During their trial for murder, the district attorney shows a newsreel of the lynchers in action, and they are convicted on this evidence before the living Wilson finally comes forward. In an early scene in Fury, a barber declares, “people get funny impulses. If you resist ‘em, you’re sane. If you don’t, you’re on your way to the nuthouse or the pen” — or to the jailhouse to murder an innocent man. Fury thus not only shares Sanctuary’s lynching and kidnapping plot elements but it also dramatizes Faulkner’s insight that ordinary people use extra-legal methods to purge their punitive and prurient desires.

In the searing 1950 film noir Try and Get Me!, poor schlub Howard Tyler (Frank Lovejoy) is lynched along with his psychopathic partner, Jerry Slocum —Fury comes too early to be classified as a film noir, but it is certainly a forerunner, not only because of its tone, style, and subject, but also because Lang went on to direct iconic noirs such as Scarlet Street and The Big Heat. Indeed, his fatalistic sensibility typifies film noir.
(Lloyd Bridges) for the murder of Donald Miller, a young heir. Unemployed and emasculated, Howard becomes entranced by the slick Slocum's promises of the easy money to be gained by stickups. Growing sick of crimes that yield peanuts, Slocum schemes to kidnap Miller for ransom. But when the plan goes foul, a panicked Slocum clubs Miller to death with a rock. After the traumatized (and married) Howard admits his involvement to a frightened woman he has dated, his neighbors, inflamed by columnist Gil Stanton's calls for swift justice, break into the jail, killing Tyler and Slocum. Though his guilt is undeniable, we come to sympathize with the hapless Howard, for the film shows that Stanton and his editor, who amp up their coverage of the crime to sell more papers, are equally culpable. As in Sanctuary, self-righteous people project their evil upon a mirror-image and then murder a murderer. A visiting professor provides the (unnecessary) moral, one that also applies to Popeye: "if a man becomes a criminal, sometimes his environment is defective. If only we begin early enough, with a child," we might halt the cycle of violence.

**Flick**

Faulkner evokes similar sentiments by recounting Popeye's life story in Sanctuary's final chapter. This pocket biography manages to evoke some pity for a man whose childhood is a template for criminality. Diminutive, developmentally delayed (he does not learn to walk and talk until age four), abandoned by his father and neglected by his mother, Popeye is left in the care of his pyromaniac grandmother, a person so deranged that his mother will not keep matches in the house (389-90). But after cadging one from a cop, Grandma burns down their house. The injured boy—despite a "delicate" stomach and an undisclosed physical problem that renders him impotent—survives (392). But the damage has been done: young Vitelli displays the lack of empathy (shown by torturing birds) typical of psychopaths. As John Bassett observes, Popeye too is a "betrayed child" (102).

Perhaps his near-death experience implanted a need to reenact the trauma; following his arrest, Popeye's hands "flick a small flame out of thin air," as if striking a match (393). After he is convicted of a murder he did not commit, his greatest concern is not his impending death, but his shaving kit and cigarettes (395). As he abides in the shadow of the gallows, the narrator scans him cinematically, tilting upward the length of his body, starting with his feet, taking in his "thin, black legs" and torso, moving to the "hat slanted across his averted face," and coming to rest on the inevitable "cigarette in one small hand" (396). Even in death Popeye remains largely a collection of fetishes, tallying his final days by burning marks on the cell wall and filling them with butts. It does not matter whether Popeye is guilty; what matters is that he be seen accepting punishment so as to ratify the carceral regime, in which everyone is being watched all the time. Hence, his final words concern not his eternal soul but his appearance: "Fix my hair, Jack" (398). His last match is flicked by someone else.
Gray remarks that *Sanctuary*’s readers are invited to observe “an enclosure built out of mirrors” (270). We have seen how these mirrors proliferate. Benbow reflects Popeye, who reflects Temple, all three recapitulated by numerous characters in film noir. Temple, in turn, mirrors Benbow, who is redoubled by the gallery of noir lawyers. The novel’s lynching scene is replicated in contemporary and later crime films. These looking-glasses replicate and refract Faulkner’s vision of a society fascinated with crime and sexual violence but whose citizens punish, with their eyes and matches, those who enact those desires. The mirrors multiply further in Faulkner’s own cinematic writings and in the first film adaptation of *Sanctuary*.

**TOAST**

Before Paramount turned *Sanctuary* into *The Story of Temple Drake*, Faulkner had signed a screenwriting contract with MGM. Among the first scripts he wrote was *The College Widow*, which he expanded from a brief treatment entitled *Night Bird*. Both versions gaze simultaneously backward and forward, showing Faulkner reworking *Sanctuary*’s raw material and anticipating film noir’s atmosphere and details.

The two MGM treatments are virtually the same, though the later version fleshes out the characters and expands the action. In *Night Bird*, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a professor at a small-town college loves an undergraduate boy. Her parents forbid their marriage, so she begins dating other men, learning sexual “technique” (32). She begins secretly meeting a handsome older man, and soon runs off with him to the city. In the wake of their clandestine weekend, she returns home frightened of him, but he will not leave her alone and begins to “haunt” her. Terrified, she flees with her college lover, marries him, and becomes pregnant with his child. One day she discovers that the older man has followed her and is watching their house. Crazed with fear, she seems to “hear, feel, the man creeping from room to room, ... drawing nearer all the time” (33); she opens the door and sees him in silhouette (a noirish touch). When he touches her, she screams, and her husband shoots the intruder to death. The woman faints, miscarryes her baby, and remains ill for some time. Once cleared of wrongdoing, the husband informs her that he wants a divorce, and she returns to her hometown. Now in her late twenties, the woman begins to date college boys and then townies. The citizens are so scandalized that her father is asked to resign. To save his job, she agrees to leave town, and before long becomes an urban “night bird”—a woman who “consorts with equivocal people ... at parties in bachelor hotels and such” (33). Spotting her ex-husband and his pregnant new wife at a night club one evening, she offers a toast: “To the mother of my child” (33). Curtain.

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21 The College Widow script is dated May 26, 1932, so Night Bird was completed earlier. Night Bird covers only a couple of pages, and The College Widow is a thirteen-page “treatment” consisting of only 49 shots.

22 Gray calls them “shadowy mirror images” of each other, noting that both illustrate “the noir narrative,” though he does not really show how (259, 260).
The College Widow gives the protagonist a name—Mary Lee Blair—and supplies more detail and context. Mary Lee's college boyfriend, Robert, is implicated in a cheating scandal. When her father learns of it, he prohibits their planned marriage, so Mary Lee, seeking other prospects, spots a "dangerous and fascinating" older man at a dance and is drawn to him "like a bird charmed by a snake"; even Mary Lee's father senses his "strange and ruthless force" (44, 49). As in Night Bird, she eventually flees with her former boyfriend. A year later, married to Robert, Mary thinks of the previous year's events as "a bad dream"—"someone else's nightmare," as film noir would have it (49). The remainder of the story unfolds as in Night Bird, except that it is Mary Lee, not her husband, who asks for the divorce after he kills the stranger (51). This treatment too ends with a toast—"to the mother of my son"—offered by Mary Lee when she sees Robert and his new wife at a party (53).

The treatment's dangerous, persistent older man is a version of Popeye and Bruce Kawin notes that Mary Lee's "self-centeredness, her willingness to manipulate others for her own ends, her experience as a flirt, and her frightened vulnerability" mirror Temple Drake's traits (35). Kawin writes that "it is intriguing to imagine the film noir that might have been made from this treatment," and indeed Mary Lee resembles noir's femmes fatales more than Temple does (36). The story's dead child also foreshadows a common noir plot device, while presaging the murdered infant in Sanctuary's sequel, Requiem for a Nun, and the mysterious stranger adumbrates those homines fatales—I have discussed. Perhaps more significantly, these treatments dramatize a theme prominent in both film noir and the works of William Faulkner: the presence of the past. In this regard particularly, Night Bird and The College Widow are films noirs avant la lettre, lifting a drinking and a looking glass to movies that had not yet been born, even as they reveal Faulkner's obsession with what seems to be a work permanently in progress.

CLOCHE

The "most notorious vice film of 1933." That is how Thomas Doherty describes The Story of Temple Drake, the Paramount adaptation of Sanctuary (108). Although the film, scripted by Oliver H. P. Garrett, erases the lynching, cleans out the cobs, and spruces up Benbow, the ads played up its sensational aspects, warning viewers to keep "Aunt Minnie" away from theaters where it was showing (qtd. in Doherty 108). A so-called "pre-Code" film, The Story of Temple Drake includes content that would not have been permitted two years later; William Everson even argues that it was the film most responsible for triggering the Production Code crackdown that followed (qtd. in Kawin 31). It

23Dead or lost children serve as plot devices in several films noir, including The Damned Don't Cry, Caught, and Mildred Pierce. Intriguingly, they seem to appear only in noirs with female protagonists.
24Binggeli provides an enlightening history of the Hays Office's response to various script versions of the film, and lists the ways that The Story of Temple Drake violates Code restrictions (91-92); Doherty notes
cannot be considered a film noir, since it appeared more than ten years before the earliest films to be later identified as such. Rather, it blends two subgenres that flourished in pre-Code Hollywood: the so-called “fallen woman” and “bad girl” cycles. According to Doherty, the former depicts its female protagonist as a “victim of economic or romantic circumstances, forced to make a desperate choice when buffeted by hard times and bad men,” whereas the latter portrays the woman as a “calculating agent of her moral decline and financial ascent who treats sex like any other business transaction” (131). However we classify it, *The Story of Temple Drake* presents another refracting surface through which to scrutinize *Sanctuary*, another pane through which Faulkner’s themes of gendered judgment and sexual hypocrisy stand out starkly.

Much of the film is blanketed in noirish shadows, created when cinematographer Karl Struss hid lights on the floor to send illumination upward, or trained them at extreme angles to cast shadows on one side of a face or body. These effects anticipate film noir, as does Struss’s decision to employ absolute darkness in night scenes (Barker 135-36). Early in the film, for example, after Temple (Miriam Hopkins) frees herself from importunate suitor Toddy Gowan (Gowan Stevens revised), she turns out the lights but encounters her grand-daddy, the judge. Preparing to chastise her, he is easily dissuaded by Temple’s request that he unhook her dress. Light from Temple’s left creates a shadow on the right side of her face so that it seems split in half, while throughout the sequence her light-colored dress virtually glows, suggesting a purity the shadows belie.

A few minutes later, we see her with her other suitor, Stephen (not Horace) Benbow (William Gargan), a man as upright and solid as an heirloom credenza. To him she admits her dual nature. “It’s something inside me,” she says. “It’s like there were two mes,” one of which says “yes, yes, quick, don’t let me get away,” while the other does not know what it wants. “All I know is I hate it,” she concludes. As she utters these words, Temple is backlit, her face shadowed while her hair gleams. Struss’s lighting illustrates her ambivalence. Is she is a good girl who wants to be bad, or a bad girl who wishes she were good? As the bathroom graffiti read by Benbow has it, “Temple Drake is just a fake / She wants to eat and have her cake.” The good/bad woman is, as we have seen, a staple of film noir: viz Thelma Jordon, who admits to a similar self-division.

In scenes at the Old Frenchman place, Struss and director Stephen Roberts accent Gothic effects such as torrential thunderstorms and a decaying mansion. As Temple enters the ancient house, the director cuts to close-ups of the men’s leering faces, then to the passed-out Gowan. Ruby (Florence Eldridge) lectures that the film represents a “model of pre-Code immorality” (117-18). In fact, the Production Code did exist in 1933, but enforcement was desultory (8). Thus, so-called “pre-Code” pictures antedate not the Code, but its harsh enforcement. Even laxly enforced, however, the Code affected preproduction decisions: an early MPPDA reader of *Sanctuary* opined that a movie version was “utterly unthinkable” (qtd. in Binggeli 89). The film was rarely shown after 1936, “when it was declared Class 1 and thus withdrawn from circulation” (Ramsey 16).

See also Place and Peterson.
Temple: “Now you’re satisfied. You got ‘em all fightin’ over ya.” Is Temple a flirt who gets in over her head? Or does she truly desire the dark side? She does not know. But everyone else knows—or thinks they do. As Foucault remarks of the carceral society, “the judges of normality are present everywhere” (304). Thus, one of the Drakes’ African-American servants comments, while ironing Temple’s underthings, “if he [the judge] done her laundry, he’d know more about that child.” Her hands dissolve into Aunt Jenny’s knitting hands as she tells Benbow that Temple, like all the Drakes, has a “wild streak.” After Temple is abducted, a montage sequence displays men and women gossiping about her, ending with a woman dishing that Temple took her party dress with her because she “didn’t have nothin’ else on when she ran away!” Toddy Gowan also knows Temple and complains that she is the kind of woman who will “fire a man up, then ‘poof,’ put him out.”

These metaphors are not the film’s only references to fire. Although lynching flames never ignite, the Popeye figure, played by Jack La Rue and phallically renamed Trigger, retains both his “dark” ethnicity and his association with smoke and flames. The filmmakers further noir him through black clothing and lighting effects. For example, at the old mansion, he usually appears alone in the frame, shot so that his cigarette casts a shadow on his face, or is pictured as a silhouette, boxed by a door or window. In a scene about thirty minutes into the film, he enters Temple’s room, a hatted silhouette enveloped in smoke. After he closes the door, the only light comes from the tip of his cigarette. In the corncrib sequence, he stands, cigarette in mouth, scored by diagonally striped shadows. The camera takes Temple’s low-angle point of view as he approaches ominously, his eyes popping. She screams. Blackout. Corn-cob? Trigger doesn’t need no stinking corncob! In the next scene Trigger and a zonked-out Temple pass Ruby in his convertible: Temple has been converted. Reba’s brothel, nominally transformed to a boarding house, becomes Temple’s residence, but it is clear from the compositions—she is usually placed between Trigger and Reba—that she is a prisoner.

When clean-cut Stephen Benbow confronts Trigger and a black-lingerie-clad Temple, he asks, “Are you . . . . Did he?” Yes and yes. She avers that she wanted to come and wishes to stay. “You’re just angry because I preferred him to you,” she vamps, explaining to Trigger that Benbow “used to be kind of crazy about me and he’s just a little bit jealous.” Smoking louchely, she kisses Trigger on the mouth, then lies that she and Trigger were at Reba’s at the time of Tommy’s murder. She seems indeed to have become a femme fatale, a woman who

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26The montage concludes with a shot of a black cat—an obvious editorial reference to the catty chatter, presented in the style of Eisensteinian montage. A similar sequence occurs in Fury with gossiping citizens exaggerating the skimpy evidence against Joe Wilson; this one ends not with a cat but with clucking hens.

27In an early version of the script, the character was named “Mex” (Binggeli 104). Harold Bloom states that he “recall[s] Faulkner’s observation somewhere that his Popeye, in the movies, ought to be played by Mickey Mouse” (7).

28A few scattered cobs in the scene’s background are the only allusion to Popeye’s tool. The rough cut contained a shot of corncobs after the rape, but it was eventually deleted.
has looked upon evil and decided that “excitement and depravity” were for her. That’s what Trigger believes, congratulating himself as she dons a tight dress and a fetching white cloche. But suddenly Temple changes her tune: blowing off Benbow was just an act, and now she plans to take her leave. An astonished Trigger slaps her, snatches her hat, and then pushes her onto the bed where he left his pistol. As he stubs out his smoke, we hear a gunshot. He falls down, dead: Temple has killed him. Unfortunately, he is still clutching her cloche, which seems to glow in the dark, and she must pry apart his dead fingers to get it back. In retrieving the cloche, an obvious vaginal symbol, Temple in effect reverses the rape, taking something from “inside” his body, as if she were rewinding her sexual violation. This is the first stage in the ritual of humiliation and purgation she will complete in court. But her reputation is not as readily restored as her cloche, for she remains noired by her association with Trigger. Like her underthings, her headwear bespeaks her character: in the trial scene, she sports a black hat.

Now Benbow must induce Temple to testify against Trigger and save Goodwin. He implores Temple to testify, invoking “all that is good and fine” in her “to stand up and take your medicine.” She refuses, but he calls her to the stand anyway, where he appeals to her heritage as a Drake, a family known for self-sacrifice: “You’re a woman, but you’re still a Drake. You want to act like one, don’t you?” She does not yield. But as he is about to withdraw in defeat, she admits that Trigger attacked her and killed Tommy and that she shot Trigger. Her speech ostensibly restores narrative and moral order, as if Temple Drake has found the goodness within. Here the film’s title gains an additional layer of meaning: it does not merely tell her story, but also affords Temple a chance to tell her own story, to purify and redeem herself through language. In the film’s final shot she is carried off in Benbow’s arms—a revirginized human sacrifice. Unlike Thelma Jordon or Ann Walton, Temple speaks for herself. Yet she remains mute when asked if she accompanied Trigger strictly “as a prisoner.” Hence, while the film gives Temple and Benbow a shower and restores normative sexuality, it does not entirely strip her of guilt.

The film’s Temple is both a victim “forced to make a desperate choice,” and “a calculating agent of her moral decline” who treats sex as a business transaction (Doherty 131)—it is a fallen girl/bad woman film. Miriam Hopkins strikes a fine balance between temptress and belle, vacillating from naughtiness to petulance to strength. Her performance reminds us that Temple too is an actress, the center of attention in every scene and the focus of citizens’ thoughts and eyes. Viewers’ gazes are invoked frequently, particularly during the scenes at the old mansion, where we become the rubes ogling Hopkins as she prances before us in tight, skimpy clothing. Later, in the trial scenes, the camera transforms us into jurors assessing her guilt along with her thespian skills. The mirror, in short, reflects us—her ravishers, her jurors and, finally, her judges. We are the punitive authorities in the panopticon. Fortunately for
us, her testimony gives us an out: through her sacrifice we are cleansed, our knife-like eyes dulled once again.

*The Story of Temple Drake* serves as a looking glass for *Sanctuary* and for its viewers. Its omissions enable the book's cruxes to emerge more clearly: Temple Drake's efforts to craft a bruised self by performing the bad girl role, and her role as scapegoat for "normal" citizens' perversities, as well as the nature of Popeye's evil (is it the rape itself that most affronts us or only the instrument with which is it executed?). The earnest Stephen silhouettes the pathologies of Horace Benbow, as well as his fascinating complexity, all the more plainly. Ultimately, *The Story of Temple Drake* trains its spotlight on viewers who, like Temple's townsfolk and the movie executives who deemed *Sanctuary* a marketable property, tsk-tsk its tawdriness yet cannot tear their eyes from it.

**Lock**

Faulkner fashioned *Sanctuary's* last reflecting pane with *Requiem for a Nun*, published in 1951 and set eight years after the first novel. Its odd structure—three long prose prefaces tracing the history of Jefferson's courthouse and jail and the founding of Jackson alternating with stilted theatrical scenes set in the present—seems designed to provide historical context for a contemporary moral dilemma. Temple, who has married Gowan and borne two children, now explains (some might say over-explains) her actions in *Sanctuary*. She admits to a wickedness so horrible that it provoked her African-American nanny, Nancy Mannigoe, to smother Temple's second child for reasons that may be righteous or depraved or simply incoherent. *Requiem for a Nun*, moreover, seems to have been influenced by film noir—by the same films that *Sanctuary* helped to bring into being—as well as by *The Story of Temple Drake*. Although *Requiem for a Nun* is not a successful novel, it nonetheless underscores film noir's anatomy of America as a carceral society and its pervasive theme that the past never dies.

Temple and Gowan are here, but what of Horace Benbow? He has been transmogrified into Gavin Stevens, the Sherlockian sleuth and know-it-all of the *Knight's Gambit* stories, *Intruder in the Dust*, and other novels. Stevens even utters some of Benbow's words. For example, while Temple tells the story of her abduction, she attributes to Stevens the lines about looking on evil that Benbow spoke (RN 129; S 268). Described as a "sort of bucolic Cincinnatus, champion not so much of truth as of justice, or of justice as he sees it, constantly involving himself, often for no pay, in affairs of equity and passion," Stevens is Horace Benbow shorn of neuroses (RN 49-50). Yet his motives to induce Temple to confess complicity with her baby's death are unclear. He does not...

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29E. Pauline Degenfelder outlines three circumstances that *Requiem for a Nun* shares with *The Story of Temple Drake*: "murder as a preventive measure, confession before familial and legal representatives, and trial as a means of self-discovery and absolution" (552). As I have noted, these situations appear in many films noir as well.

30See also Bassett (187) and Irwin (544, 562-63). The latter also provides a list of the characters' shared traits and relationships.
believe that her appeals to the governor will result in a pardon for Nancy or that her confession will realize the creed that Nancy (apparently) dies to prove: that “little children . . . shall be intact, unanguished, untorn, unterrified” (RN 211). Rather, he declares that Temple's confession will be good for her soul—redeem her, in the Christian sense. As H. Collin Messer comments, Stevens is a “lawyer turned inquisitor turned priest” (14), a man whose self-righteousness may be more dangerous than Horace Benbow's naivete and snarled sexuality.

Stevens seems to understand neither Temple nor Popeye, whom he describes as a “little black thing with an Italian name, like a neat and only slightly deformed cockroach: a hybrid, sexually incapable . . . a gourmet, a sybarite, centuries, perhaps hemispheres before his time” (140, 146). Who? This Popeye, notes Hugh Ruppersburg, is someone “who simply never existed” (137), a goblin Stevens has conjured up to embody his private notions of decadence. But although the “original” Popeye is absent, he lingers in his cigarettes. Thus as Temple recalls attending Nancy's trial, she fumbles for a lighter, and as she speaks, the cigarette bobs in her mouth (81). She smokes compulsively throughout Act I, Scene 3 until she broaches the question of her self-division: is she Temple Drake or Mrs Gowan Stevens? At this moment she stubs out her cigarette, as if to punctuate her recognition that Temple Drake is irrevocably Popeye's moll but that Mrs Stevens might become someone else (85). Similarly, as she prepares to confess to the governor in Act II, she smokes nervously. When she finishes confessing, the cigarettes vanish, as if she has banished Popeye's diabolical presence along with his smokes.

Stevens wants the truth from Temple Drake, not from Mrs Stevens, since the latter was not present at the bootleggers' camp or at Miss Reba's bordello. He encourages her to acknowledge that she “liked evil,” that she could have walked away from the bootleggers, could have escaped from Miss Reba's, but instead chose “the murderer” (135, 139). She replies that she was indeed a prisoner, despite the fur coat that Popeye purchased for her, but was not content simply to admire herself in the mirror; no, she had to “do what us sporting girls call fall in love”—not with Popeye, but with Red (144). She even wrote erotic letters to him. The rest of the story circles these letters: Red’s brother, Pete, planned to use them to blackmail her, but they instead became the vehicle for a second scandalous affair. Temple fell for Pete, and the two planned to run away.31 In a flashback scene, Temple holds a lighter to the letters before abruptly turning and kissing Pete (177-78). That act prompts Nancy to smother Temple's infant, perhaps in a misguided effort to save her (already moribund) marriage, or perhaps to prevent the child from being abandoned. This time it is not Temple but her child and her confidante who are sacrificed. Yet neither Nancy's action nor Stevens's forced confession makes much sense, even if we accept the Christian ethos on which they are based.32

31The stage directions tell us that Pete "looks exactly like a youthful city detective in a tough moving picture," thus pointing to Faulkner's familiarity with film noir types (RN 174).
32According to Barbara Ladd, the dramatic portion "evokes the Christian promise of personal salvation
The division between Temple Drake and Mrs Stevens seems to owe its origin less to Sanctuary than to The Story of Temple Drake, where Temple so explicitly frames her self-division. As we have seen, her affair with a psychopathic gangster is reenacted in many films noir, and her explanations echo those films more than they do Sanctuary, where her motives remain vexed. Most significantly, Temple's attempt to distance herself from a disreputable past invokes the quests of numerous film noir women (and men). In Murder, My Sweet, former "dancer" Velma Valento hides her seamy past by becoming wealthy matron Helen Grayle, murdering several people to protect her secret. In No Man of Her Own, Helen Ferguson impersonates wealthy heiress Patrice Harkness to give her baby a brighter future, only to see her lie exposed when a former lover shows up to blackmail her. The Damned Don't Cry's working-class wife, Ethel Whitehead, attaches herself to a gangster, remaking herself as rich matron Lorna Hansen Forbes, only to end where she began.

When Mrs Stevens announces, "Temple Drake is dead," Gavin Stevens counters, "The past is never dead. It's not even past" (RN 92). These famous words summarize the quintessential film noir theme. For Temple, as for noir protagonists, the past is "a promissory note with a trick clause" (RN 162). But the trick is on them—on the women cited above; on Jeff Bailey (Out of the Past), who fails to erase his criminal history by changing his name and settling in a small town; on Swede Anderson of The Killers, who assumes a new identity but eventually pays with his life for double-crossing a heist gang; on Act of Violence's Frank Enley, punished for his wartime betrayal when a fellow ex-POW hunts him down. In this regard Requiem for a Nun's Temple Drake is a film noir character through and through.

But what of those lengthy prose preludes? Are they not tangential to film noir? No. In these sections Faulkner dramatizes what we have seen to be a key noir concept: the intimate relationship between civilization and incarceration. The first prelude, which depicts the origins of Jefferson, centers on the founding of its jail. Finding that they have no way to hold a gang of bandits they have captured, the early settlers send for a massive lock. These "[f]ifteen pounds of useless iron" (RN 8) are hauled a thousand miles to become a symbol of civil society, for upon the lock rests the meaning of the courthouse, that "protector of the weak, judicature and curb of the passions and lusts, repository and guardian of the aspirations and the hopes" (40), the repository also of those the community deems dangerous—people like Lee Goodwin and Temple Drake. There is no county seat without a courthouse, no courthouse without a jail, and no jail without a lock. Hence, Faulkner demonstrates that one finds the true history of a town not in its written records, but in the walls of its jail, where prisoners inscribe their life stories and dreams. And not only criminals. Just before the Civil War, the jail becomes the home of a man named Farmer, whose daughter Cecilia scratches her name and the date on a window pane (229). A little...
later, after the courthouse is burned down (preposterously foreshadowing the conclusion of *Sanctuary*), Cecilia is taken away by a man she barely knows, her marriage as much an abduction as Temple's kidnaping. Temple reenacts—or presages—Cecilia's fate.

Faulkner renders Jefferson as a model of Foucault's carceral society, where prosecutions occur not to deter crime but "to maintain the punitive mechanisms and their functions," and where authorities' surveillance and control are designed to create "docile bodies" who have internalized the law's disciplinary functions (Foucault 24, 25, 135). The historical reality of the soul, which Foucault describes as another name for "the prison of the body," is, he argues, born "out of methods of punishment, supervision and constraint" (30, 29). These ideas become particularly resonant in light of Temple's sense that Stevens wants her to confess "for the good of my soul" (RN 90): all attempts to cleanse Temple's soul are really efforts to control her body. Thus Stephen Benbow carries the drained Temple from the courtroom; thus Judge Drake oversees his daughter at Luxembourg Gardens; thus Gavin Stevens induces Mrs Stevens to admit her illicit sexual urges. It is no accident that the final action in *Requiem for a Nun* is the locking of a cell door. Those judgmental, prurient eyes are no longer knives; they are now keys that fit fifteen-pound locks. Nor is Temple the only prisoner; Benbow too is a docile body, and even Popeye is ultimately captured by the judiciary that could not contain his grandmother. One might argue, contrarily, that these all-powerful carceral institutions did not manage to stop lynchings. Are they regressive outbursts in which an earlier regime, dominated by spectacle, briefly replaces the reign of surveillance? Not really: most lynchings were executed with the tacit approval of legal authorities; rather than a form of protest, they were extra-legal manifestations of the carceral mentality in which citizens employed their own prurient eyes to penetrate and punish violators. The lynchings in *Sanctuary* and film noir dramatize how citizens channel their own outlaw impulses into rituals of blood sacrifice.

Foucault's premises find ample expression in film noir. Curtis Bernhardt's *High Wall*, for example, traces how amnesiac war veteran Steven Kenet (Robert Taylor) is stripped of his identity as a pilot, disciplined by legal and medical authorities, forced to confess his involvement in his wife's murder (of which he is innocent), and ultimately turned into a compliant father and husband—of a psychiatrist! Even more to the point is *Caged*, in which young, naive Marie Allen (Eleanor Parker), given a fifteen-year prison sentence for abetting her husband's hold-up, is gradually robbed by the penal system of her freedom, her privacy, her dignity and hope, and even of her newborn baby. Despite Marie's brave resistance, she is eventually broken down and reshaped into a hardened criminal. Both films suggest not merely that prisons and mental hospitals are horrible places, but that "civilization" is itself a prison—particularly for women and the disabled. The *Sanctuary* texts concur: Popeye is executed by the state.

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33Kelly Lynch Reames reads *Requiem for a Nun* along somewhat similar lines.
for a crime he did not commit; the Temple figures are consigned to the control of father (Sanctuary) or lover (The Story of Temple Drake), or left in limbo (Requiem for a Nun). Requiem for a Nun confirms the first novel’s implication that sanctuaries are often nothing more than jails; more disturbingly, it reveals that physical prisons can be burned down, but those erected within human minds are more difficult to destroy.

My introduction framed Sanctuary amidst numerous intertextual mirrors. It may be more proper to say that Sanctuary is itself a prismatic mirror whose myriad light bounces ceaselessly from its cinematic adaptations to later crime films, to its own sequels, and, ultimately, back to us. For Sanctuary and its dark mirrors may finally tell us less about Popeye, Benbow, and Temple Drake than about readers and viewers so fascinated by its sensational events that we cannot stop replicating them.

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