

December 2022

Silent Horror: The Complexity, Monstrosity, and Ubiquity of Evil in Faulkner's Sanctuary

Bronwyn M. Gray
Liberty University, bmgray3@liberty.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.liberty.edu/elevol6iss2>



Part of the [Literature in English, North America Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gray, Bronwyn M.. 2022. "Silent Horror: The Complexity, Monstrosity, and Ubiquity of Evil in Faulkner's Sanctuary." *Eleutheria* 6, (2). <https://digitalcommons.liberty.edu/elevol6iss2>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Rawlings School of Divinity at Scholars Crossing. It has been accepted for inclusion in Eleutheria by an authorized editor of Scholars Crossing. For more information, please contact scholarlycommunications@liberty.edu.

Silent Horror: The Complexity, Monstrosity, and Ubiquity of Evil in Faulkner's Sanctuary

Abstract

In a culture of moral relativism, Faulkner's novel *Sanctuary* shocks us with an ancient perspective on the nature of man. Not only is the villain Popeye evil, the "good guy" is infected as well, and this is seen through Faulkner's comparison of our hero Horace with Popeye, parallels drawn between Horace's festering desire for his stepdaughter and Popeye's lust for his rape victim Temple Drake. But it is not only the adult men who are at fault. Temple Drake herself is shown to be in the throes between childlike innocence (temple) and evil desire (drake, meaning dragon or serpent). Perhaps worst of all is the hypocrisy of the minor religious figures. At its heart, *Sanctuary* is an in-depth and devastating study of moral evil, and it reveals evil's complexity. This is something worth examining no matter how frightening for the humility, empathy, wisdom, and grace that can be evoked from realizing the potential to be a villain is within us all.

Keywords

Sanctuary, evil, desire, sexuality

Cover Page Footnote

Bronwyn Gray has five years of high school teaching experience. She is an English graduate student at Liberty University. She has a bachelor's degree in Biblical studies and education and a TESL certificate. She has taught in Cambodia, India, Canada, and the U.S.A. Her primary passion is to know Jesus Christ.

It is difficult to write a paper on the complexity, monstrosity, and ubiquity of evil, much less an entire novel. Evil haunts us. It is not a mindless topic one discusses with strangers to pass the time while standing in line at the grocery store, and if one attempts to do such a thing, something seems deeply wrong about treating such a formidable reality with triviality. Evil, after all, is not mindless but heartless and heartbreaking, soul-crushing, nation-razing, its images perpetually disturbing—which is why a popular response to its presence is to feign ignorance. And yet, at the same time, in a twisted, unspeakably tragic way, evil is what it means to be human. It is the air that is breathed; it is inescapable, and its commonality does not lessen the pain and guilt it invokes. Perhaps this is why William Faulkner could so easily write his 1931 novel, *Sanctuary*--because the South in which he grew up was evil, and he knew it. Cleanth Brooks writes that the very purpose of Faulkner's novel is to elicit horror in his readers at the existence of pure evil—not in some alien force or another race or even in the devil himself—but more terrorizing, in themselves.ⁱ And this is what I will endeavor to demonstrate, that Faulkner shocks us in *Sanctuary* with the truth that not only are all steeped in corruption, but the characters we especially hope and long to be righteous and pure are a complex mix of good and evil. There are no “good” and “bad” guys. If the conflict is with moral evil, there can be no hero, and there can be no victory.

Sanctuary is disconcerting, not only for “saying a sexual horror that cannot be said,”ⁱⁱ but for the way Faulkner cleverly refuses to conform to our character expectations. The poor innocent, beautiful girl is not completely innocent after all, but the ex-murderer and bootlegger is? Carson writes, “Faulkner does not simply give us inversions of traditional roles...Parallels between characters surface throughout the story, rendering any tidy taxonomy of heroes and villains or good guys and bad guys problematic. It becomes impossible to judge anyone as a purely good or purely evil character.”ⁱⁱⁱ For way too long authors and movie producers have been propagating a cheapened vision of reality—one which titillates and guarantees the masses as committed consumers—but tragically fails to account for the complexities of life and individual persons all in a fallen world. *Sanctuary* challenges cliché happy endings and the deep-seated belief that humanity is inherently morally upright by unapologetically and diligently presenting “the evil, the injustice, the tears”^{iv} of his chief characters. We will examine this dichotomy of good and evil in Temple Drake and Horace Benbow.

In Temple, her pitiable childlikeness and her ravenous, selfish sexual appetite are witnessed. The question will be discussed from whence this evil has

come: were the seeds there before and the horrific circumstances merely what was needed to raise the evil to the surface, or did the trauma of being raped with a cornucopia, kidnapped, and forced to perform sex with a stranger for the entertainment of an abuser cause a reciprocation of evil within? How much is Temple a product of her circumstances—of what was done against her and what was done to her all her life as a Southern Belle, the woman of virtue and linchpin symbol of society's security and order? In Horace Benbow too, we will see both his attempts at courage and goodness and his wrestling with the whisper of Belle's flesh.^v Frighteningly, we will also observe the ways in which our closest hero-representative is like Popeye, Faulkner's embodiment of the very principle of evil.^{vi} As it turns out, everyone is implicated in the hideous madness of evil that is hated, feared, and loved. As Aleksander Solzhenitsyn writes, "If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds and it were necessary only to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being."^{vii}

Temple Drake. Just as many are bewildered about what to think of *Sanctuary* as a whole, many are bewildered over *Sanctuary's* central figure: the young and beautiful Temple Drake. Indeed, much of the bewilderment about the novel stems from confusion over how to interpret Temple's behavior. Some writers strongly condemn her as a coquette who basically desires to be raped. Concerning Temple and Red at the Grotto Night Club, Everett writes that the scene reveals "the corruption which has been latent in her all the time" and that as the novel progresses, the sad and simple truth becomes clearer and clearer: Temple enjoys the degradation.^{viii} But perhaps this strong condemnation of Temple's character discloses forgetfulness about her youth and childlike innocence that, in addition to corruption, Faulkner makes manifest. Through an analysis of Temple's childlikeness and culpability in Popeye's schemes and an examination of the extent to which Temple was influenced by her culture, some of the complexity and nuances of evil will be put on display.

Temple is but a girl of seventeen at the beginning of the story, of which Faulkner reminds us twice,^{ix} and she turns eighteen before the court case at the end of the novel^x ---revealing incredulously that the traumatic, scarring, and transformative events of her life all took place in less than a year while she was still legally considered a child. Throughout the story, Faulkner intentionally reminds us that she is still an adolescent, no matter how grown-up she may look. One instance is at the Old Frenchman Place, where Temple finds solace by clinging to the box where Ruby's baby lies, much like a little girl would find comfort in hugging a doll. Faulkner writes, "Running, she passed him—a dim,

spraddled figure standing at the edge of the porch—and ran on into the kitchen and darted into the corner behind the stove. Crouching she drew the box out and drew it before her. Her hand touched the child’s face, then she flung her arms around the box, clutching it, staring across it at the pale door and trying to pray.”^{xi} In this context, Temple has just screamed for fright of strange sounds she hears in the strange, dilapidated house filled with strange, hungry men. Her behavior of clinging to the box, staring at the entryway through which what she fears could emerge, and repeated prayerful declarations that her father is a judge—all these demonstrate the coping mechanisms of an immature young woman—one who has never mingled with lower-class people, let alone been on a bootlegger’s property! It is true that Temple has not been the best good girl. She tells Ruby she’s on college probation for slipping out at night because “she just had to.”^{xii} However, Temple’s quick surrender to fear in Ruby’s kitchen when she and Gowan have only just arrived and the men have not yet attempted to hurt her, is a reminder that she is still but a child who is facing a truly precarious situation for perhaps the very first time in her short life.

Temple thinks about what she would be doing if she were at college and imagines her “father sitting on the porch at home, his feet on the rail, watching a negro mow the lawn.”^{xiii} At the foreboding Old Frenchman Place, she projects “herself on to the baby...in place of her absent father, protecting herself with Ruby’s baby.”^{xiv} “If bad man hurts Temple, *us*’ll tell the governor’s soldiers, wont *us*?” Temple wails as she lifts the child to her face (emphasis, mine).^{xv} Just as Ruby’s baby is vulnerable and sickly, Temple is acutely aware of her own helplessness and nearness to death. “He’s going to die. Poor little baby,” she whispers^{xvi} speaking not of the baby’s coming doom but her own.^{xvii} Temple’s behaviour toward Ruby’s baby shows her childlikeness, and there are yet more examples. As Diane Cox observes in “A Measure of Innocence: *Sanctuary*’s Temple Drake,”

“(S)he (Temple) is so out of her element she begins looking for sanctuary, and this search lasts until the end of the novel. In this world Temple is an infant, and her desire for protection is nowhere more painfully obvious than when she takes an army canteen, a vessel suggesting her absent mother but endowed with the protective aspects of her father, to bed with her, or when she projects her fear on Ruby’s baby mothering it to console herself: ‘Now, now; Temple’s got it...I’m not afraid.’”^{xviii}

Temple, like the baby, is boxed in. "... Temple may be the Sanctuary and this may be the story of the ravaging of the sanctuary."^{xxix} If this is true, perhaps Temple is more a victim than many writers have reckoned her to be. When Temple screams, "Something is happening to me! Something is happening to me!" in reference to the rape about to transpire, Kirchdorfer points out that this indirectness and detachment is a kind of protective mechanism.^{xx} Yes, Temple could have escaped from the Old Frenchman Place. She was certainly told to do so several times. But Temple, though possessing some audacity, had been spoiled and sheltered her entire life by her affluent father and four older brothers. The prospect of trekking the miles alone to recover her home was not just frightening—she had no category for even thinking to do such a thing when up until this point, she had been largely dependent on others in making decisions and on men in particular—like a good Southern belle should be. The fact that Temple tries hard to imagine herself as having male anatomy the fearful night at the Old Frenchman Place, playing a kind of pretend game with herself—is another example of her youth, and even the "Catch me if you can" flightiness she exhibits by showing herself to boys/men and then fleeing to arouse their excitement, posing like an animal to hunt, could be argued to be a sign of her childlikeness—a girl just shy of marriageable age, seeking to manage her sexual desires in the only way she knew to do as a "boxed in" judge's daughter.

While talking with Ruby in the kitchen, she reveals her naivety at never having encountered men from the lower class and always having previously been with young town boys who respected the boundaries her class—and father—gave her. "You've never seen a real man," Ruby tells her. "You don't know what it is to be wanted by a real man."^{xxxi} "Daddy's little girl" was now separated from her Daddy. Faulkner reminds us that Temple is still in the process of growing up, "a small childish figure no longer quite a child, not yet quite a woman,"^{xxxii} and an additional way he does this is by the words and figurative expressions he chooses for Temple. For example, she is compared to a kitten,^{xxxiii} an infant,^{xxxiv} an eight or ten-year-old,^{xxxv} and a toy.^{xxxvi} When Temple is reconciled with her father at the end of the novel, a paradoxically warm scene in the Luxembourg Gardens is depicted—women knitting, men playing croquet, and children shouting and sailing toy boats.^{xxxvii} Faulkner seems to invoke Temple's innocence once again—reminding his readership that this is the scene in which Temple belongs.

On the opposing side of those sympathetic with Temple's youth and naivety are those who argue for Temple's depravity. Once again, we have Everett making it clear that Temple should elicit no pity in us:

“Ruby has a clear insight into the moral weakness of Temple Drake and she does not mind words in exposing it. She condemns the love of sham in which Temple glories. Temple has no respect for the truth so long as she can keep up appearances; that she is in reality a slattern (as Ruby labels her) is inconsequential if she can pretend to be a lady... Temple Drake’s suffering is not tragedy, because she is deceitful at the beginning of the novel and she is deceitful at the end.”^{xxxviii}

Others describe Temple as an “affluent socialite with an inclination toward vice”^{xxxix} who is said to exemplify “the darkness that exists in all of us when planted in the wrong environments, and the caustic nature of corruption.”^{xxx} Most scholars, however, do not take such a strong stance either for or against Temple’s innocence. As Leachman wisely informs us, the complexity of Temple’s condition is evident in her very name, for “Temple” refers to a holy place, a sanctuary, while “Drake” refers to a dragon or serpent, symbols for deception and the devil himself.^{xxxi} Indeed, a closer inspection of Sanctuary gives evidence for both Temple’s goodness (in her childlike innocence) and inherent and perpetuated evil.^{xxxii}

When we are first introduced to Temple, she is running and vanishing “in a swirling glitter upon a glittering swirl of music, with her high delicate head and her *bold painted mouth*... her eyes blankly right and left looking, cool, *predatory* and discreet” (emphasis, mine).^{xxxiii} Throughout the book, she is described as in movement; Ruby assesses Temple’s type: “All running but not too fast.”^{xxxiv} We also see moments sprinkled throughout the book in which Temple cares for her physical appearance. This is not the first time her mouth is boldly painted. Even while in the car with her kidnapper, Temple applies make-up and while in her room at Miss Reba’s brothel. According to McCurry, Temple’s sexuality is one way she seeks to control her environment, so even while bleeding from her violent introduction to sex and speeding down the highway with a black stranger, she powders her face, rouges her mouth, and straightens her hat,^{xxxv} in this instance, not to seduce, but to maintain some semblance of control and identity. This has been Temple Drake: the gorgeous, the pampered, the privileged young lady. Temple’s make-up in Miss Reba’s brothel when Horace interviews her is different though. Still the rouge mouth, but this time it has been “painted into a savage cupid’s bow” and she has “two spots of rouge on her cheekbones.”^{xxxvi} She looks the part of a woman at the brothel, and this was by choice.

Among the town boys of Temple’s hometown of Jefferson, Temple has a reputation for being a flirt. Twice it is noted that Temple’s name had been

scrawled on the boys' bathroom wall. This is the "predatory" in Faulkner's description. Temple likes boys. In our first encounter with Temple, she is taking a risk by going on a date with a college gentleman named Gowan Stevens. Up until her arrival at the home and "underground" liquor business of Lee Goodwin, her sanctuary has rested in the affluence of her family, primarily her father, a highly respected judge. The "escape card" of her high status had presented her with the opportunity of baiting men with her body and banter only to "pull out" at the last second. In this way, Temple used her sexual appeal to control and exercise power over men. But this way of acting does not hold at the Old Frenchman Place because Goodwin's house doesn't operate by the same rules. Temple's class—and even her father's position—means nothing because she is beyond she and her father's jurisdiction. Popeye, Van, and even Goodwin do not care about the consequences of raping Temple: they are already in trouble with the law. They also do not "give a damn" about ruining their prospects—if they cared about their reputation among the self-righteous middle and upper class, they wouldn't be selling liquor during the Prohibition for a living. Goodwin is already an outsider from the religious townsfolk for being an ex-murderer from his days as a soldier and for cohabiting with Ruby. These men do not care about impressing anyone, and so Temple is foolish to hope they won't touch her because they care about good order, decency, and propriety. No, these lower-class men are brazen in their wickedness in a way perhaps desirable contrasted with the middle and upper-class men of the South who do everything they can to scapegoat and hypocritically feign their own righteousness. And what is more, these men are men, not the seventeen to twenty-something boys Temple has known. They are older, presumably sexually experienced, and "rough men."

Temple's behavior at the Old Frenchman Place is perplexing because most readers know that the right thing for Temple to do would be to follow Ruby's advice and escape as fast and as soon as possible,^{xxxvii} and yet she doesn't do it. At different points during the first night and the next day, Ruby tells her to leave, the older, experienced woman even offers her assistance; and one could make a convincing case that Temple could have persuaded Tommy to assist her in an escapade as well, and yet, Temple doesn't make a single attempt to leave. Temple is clearly aware that the place and the men are dangerous, she is told so, and Temple's fear indicates that she knows. A case could be made for her innocence, as aforementioned, that when one is under pressure, in new circumstances, etc., one does not normally act rationally. But a case has also been made that her hesitation to leave the Old Frenchman Place and even the fact that she makes

no attempts at escape throughout her captivity with Popeye, points readers to a greatly disturbing possibility—that Temple is “subconsciously excited about the prospect of her own rape.”^{xxxviii}

The young lady likes thrills; she likes to tantalize—her dating history is proof of this. Is it accurate to assume that in temptation and peril, a person’s common characteristics change? And secondly, when people know the right thing to do, is it true to life that they always do it? Based on prior knowledge of Temple, it makes sense that she did not run away. For the first time in her life, she is around dangerous men—men who are freer to have sex with her and men with whom she is freer to have sex. McCarry writes, “Temple cannot resist the intoxicating brew of panic and arousal she feels at the prospect of engaging with rough men. She wants danger; without fully understanding what danger is. She is partially eager for corruption and possesses an idealized concept of violation while also fearing it.”^{xxxix} McCarry is portraying a spiritual battle common to mankind, even similar to that of the Apostle Paul, who wrote that he was “of the flesh, sold under sin” and that he did not understand his own actions because he did not do what he wanted but what he hated.^{xl} Perhaps this is why Jesus prayed from the cross, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”^{xli} There is a mystery and complexity to evil often forgotten in which both real agency and choice exist alongside the reality that people somewhat lose their agency, ensnared in an addiction, habit, or vice, partly or largely because they are the product of their upbringing and culture.

As the judge’s only daughter, Temple had a reputation to maintain, and she knew, as a good Southern belle, she had to be just that—good—to uphold the good name not only of her father and four older brothers but of her society as well that expected her to be pure, clean, subdued, and non-sexual. Being in a different environment where her old position holds no weight could be interpreted ironically as both a blessing and a curse. Now sexually, it appears she is freer to experiment and then later put the blame on her rapist and kidnapper to save face. “Her fascination with violence holds her immobile. For only by becoming a victim of violence can she participate in Ruby’s world without losing her position in her own.”^{xlii} Temple’s curiosity kills her, for the secret is, though she delights to play with men’s hearts, she also possesses sexual desires for more than just gazes and teasing. Now at last, there is a lockless door and an opportunity for fulfillment.

In the Old Frenchman Place, Temple cannot stay still. She keeps running out to where the men are, presumably to be seen by them. Then she hides—but not that well. “Temple’s experience in the Old Frenchman Place is one of

simultaneous terror and semi-conscious fascination with corruption. She by turns attempts to seduce the men present and run away from them.”^{xliii} And later, it is written: “Temple, unable to decide between her world in Jefferson and the exciting danger of the old Frenchman Place, spends the evening in cowering fear and flirtation.”^{xliiv} This is Temple’s first experience of any place as dangerous, and she is without anyone who will make the right choice for her. Gowan is drunk most of the time while there and then leaves her in a tragedy of both outrageous irresponsibility and shameful cowardice. Though Ruby and Tommy are willing to assist, it is up to Temple to will the first move to real safety—off Goodwin’s property!

Temple’s dilemma is seen in the fact that though she tries hard to “think” her vagina into becoming a penis, she also cries to Popeye, “Come on! Touch me!” when he approaches her. “Temple’s rape releases her from the obligation of virginity. She understands that she can now engage in the seedy sub-culture of the old Frenchman Place without the guilt of having chosen sexual immorality.”^{xlv} And at the same time, we do not want to paint too positive of a picture—as if Temple was enjoying every minute of her chosen victimization. While Temple does refuse every opportunity presented to escape and seems to enjoy thinking of herself in the role of ‘victim-prisoner’—as seen in the way she relishes to tell the story of her rape and abduction to Horace,^{xlvi} Temple wails for the pain of her first real (though abnormal) engagement in sexual intercourse and must be treated by a doctor. Though she calls Popeye “Daddy,” he is not anything like a father-figure, nor a loving husband. He does buy her expensive clothing and physically provides for her needs, but he is more like a pimp, tightly covering and thus hurting her mouth with his hand on the way to the dance at the bar in Memphis, controlling her through alcohol and sex with Red—a younger, sexually capable man. Temple experiences all that the underworld has to offer her, and she is addicted though often miserable and trapped—and woe of woes! --partly by her own deluded and torn heart. Killing herself, she continues to play along. Her game has higher stakes now.

Besides Temple’s refusal to run away from the Old Frenchman Place and from various moments when she had the chance with Popeye, like at the gas station, or when left alone at Miss Reba’s, Temple’s corruption is perhaps best seen thus far in the chronology of the story when she risks Red’s life to satiate her lechery. Though she knows the brutality Popeye is capable of, having seen him kill Tommy firsthand, she essentially leads him to Red, although Popeye expressly told her he’d kill Red if Temple were to see him again. Temple does not love Red. At the Grotto Night Club where she meets him, all she is

thinking about is his body. Her obsession is so fierce that she is willing to put his life in dire danger just to see him again. To her credit, she was hoping to escape with Red and leave Popeye forever, and she does think highly of Red—that he is courageous, a real man, who can route Popeye, but her hazardous and foolish plan --and astonishingly lewd behavior—at the night club reveal a Temple far from holy and undeniably to some degree culpable for Red’s death.

The depiction of Temple’s physical response to Red is described in corpse-like terms. Temple has become like Popeye, imitating his desire for her in her sexual desperation for Red.

“she felt long shuddering waves of physical desire going over her, draining the color from her mouth, drawing her eyeballs back into her skull in a shuddering swoon.... When he touched her, she sprang like a bow, hurling herself upon him, her mouth gaped and ugly like that of a dying fish as she writhed her loins against him.”^{xlvii}

Comparing the above description with Popeye’s longing for Temple in Miss Reba’s brothel, one notices the tone is the same. Mad, animalistic fervor, for Popeye attributed to that of a whinnying horse, is the overall feel of the petrifying scene. Just how Faulkner paints a Temple who is despicable, the ugliest we ever see her, the picture of Popeye is hellish, “his bluish lips protruding” and “the saliva drooling between his fingers.”^{xlviii} Temple’s abominable “sexual awakening” is teaching her to imitate her new father.

Since her first rape, Temple has been living for sex. She does not have school, real friends, or family to converse with. Her main pleasure besides eating and sleeping and wearing the new clothes from Popeye is sex. Her voracious appetite for sexual ecstasy with Red is shocking. She is like a little child given 24/7 access to an unlimited supply of candy: she cannot control her “introduction” to the world of sex—her sexual desires have enslaved her. Access to these sexual experiences rapidly overpowers her, and yet Temple still has some agency and retains responsibility for her choices and responses—even in the underworld. About the scene with Red at the bar Leachman insightfully writes,

“Faulkner here presents Temple’s sexuality as bleak and lifeless, her lustful movements recalling an animal in the last throes of death and concomitantly a human corpse, already rotting. Thus, Temple’s encounter with Red places her in the same position of victimhood she occupied in the corncrib with Popeye: as a corpse or a dying fish, Temple’s role remains utterly passive. Yet here Faulkner combines this language of powerlessness with language of agency—Temple’s springing and hurling

and writhing-foreshadowing Temple's culpability in Red's death, which in fact comes only moments after this encounter. Clearly Temple is no merely innocent debutante. Undoubtedly a victim of masculine sexual violence, she is also a desiring female subject who refuses to be reduced to an easily consumable product. She chooses instead to claim agency for herself, even if that agency takes the form of repeating her trauma, this time as both aggressor and victim. Temple Drake's ambiguous blood-evidence of both victimization and lustful vengeance-indicates that her character, like her name, is both sacred and sinister, benevolent and brutal, passive and aggressive.^{xlx}

Sanctuary could be called the tale of the victim become victimizer. The final act in which her fate is sealed is seen in the court case when Temple condemns an innocent man to death. Goodwin is lynched for killing Tommy when Temple knows full well that Popeye is the one who killed him and Goodwin is innocent. Goodwin is burned to death, and it is unclear, but Ruby and her child very well could have been too, or if not, they will inevitably suffer from losing husband and father, and not having a good way to raise an income in a Christian town that hates them. Ruby may even have to revert to her old work of prostitution. Temple's participation in Popeye's nefarious affair led to the death of at least two innocent men—Red and Goodwin—and one could also make a case that Temple had a hand in the death of Tommy and possibly Ruby and her baby as well. McCarry writes of Temple, "The war in her heart is settled, and she has finally finished running the line between good and evil. Without passion, or motive, or incentive she reveals her complete corruption by allowing an innocent man to die."^l It is abundantly clear by this point in the courtroom that Temple is no longer fighting within herself, teetering between good and evil. She has chosen. Though returned to her real Daddy's safe arms, she is not the same. The Drake has won, and though that predatory look had always been there, it is evident by the end of the book that something in Temple has died.

The question is, how much of Temple's death was society's fault? Yesharim writes, "If a man is allured by the things of this world and is estranged from his Creator, it is not he alone who is corrupted, but the whole world is corrupted with him."^{li} Had society enabled Temple's death by, from an early age, forcing her into a mold of Christian neo-Victorian womanhood that suffocated her, tempting her unnecessarily to rebel? On why *Sanctuary* and Temple Drake's character was so disturbing for readers, Kristeva writes, "It is thus not lack of cleanliness or health that causes abjection but what disturbs identity, system, order. What does not respect borders, positions, rules. The in-between, the

ambiguous, the composite.”^{lii} Leachman continues, “Faulkner thus disturbs the Southern symbolic order in which women are pure and men righteous by allowing Temple to become such an ‘ambiguous’ and ‘composite’ figure before the eyes of the horrified Horace... Faulkner invites his readers to reexamine the ‘identity, system, order’ that they know to exist in the South.”^{liii} As aforementioned, one of the strengths of *Sanctuary* is its shock value—not only in its graphic content but in the way Faulkner upsets and flips our ingrained character expectations upside down. In the South, the high-class young lady was the one all the Yankees fought for. She was the perfect little country homemaker, and though very much under the thumb of all white men of the same class, she was a symbol of great power in all Southern towns, representing security, the family, and all the South held dear. In *Sanctuary*, Faulkner attempts to shake this foundation.

Everett had written that *Sanctuary* “is an invective against society and partially against women,”^{liv} and this is true in several ways. One way, as Kristeva and Leachman inform us, is in the strong criticism of the Southern woman. During the 1920s that Faulkner had himself just lived through, the “Flapper” woman of the North had entered the national stage. She was the “New Woman,” aggressive and corrupt, “whose blood articulates female sexual agency”; the blood of the Old South’s virtuous belle, in contrast, stands for her (presumed) purity.^{lv} Temple and Faulkner knew about both of these types of women. Fujie continues the contrast,

“Considered side by side, the flapper and the Southern lady make for a striking contrast. Whereas the flapper, flouting convention, maneuvers between and across boundaries, the Southern lady stands at the ‘core of a region’s self-definition’ (Jones, Tomorrow 4) and the impacted center of what Diane Roberts describes as a rigid ‘interlocking system of class, gender, and race relations.’ Carefully separated from, and elevated above, blacks and poor whites, the white lady embodies a power and ascendancy that is in no sense invested in herself; rather, as a symbol of the south, she reinforces the hegemony of the white men upon whom she is expected to rely not only for support, but for protection against the alleged bestial lust of the black men cast as the primary threat to her integrity, and to the integrity of the social order she embodies (Roberts, Southern Womanhood 13). If sacred womanhood’s sexual and racial purity can tolerate no pollution as a ‘vessel or a garden or a statue beautiful and silent, eternally inspiring and eternally still’ (Jones, Tomorrow 4), the Southern lady is untouchable, yes, but also unmoved, outwardly still and serene because

she is free from all sexual desire—in short, the antithesis of the flapper who, set in motion by the new sexuality, rose to prominence in the national consciousness of the 1920s.”^{lvi}

One of the ironies in the above statement is that the people from whom Temple needs protection are not black men but white. Two of the only non-white people mentioned in the book are victims of a white man’s violence, both times over a woman: Tommy and the man Goodwin killed when working as a soldier in the Philippines.

Faulkner’s description of Temple’s grotesque “coming of age” in which she is not just sexually acted upon but clearly acts and reacts as well, is a severe critique against his own society that possessed a negative view of sexuality in general and especially of sexual desire and expressiveness in women. Arguably, without a mother or any sisters and presumably with a busy father, Temple did not know how to act as a sexual creature. Pre-Popeye, she did what was acceptable—what was unwise but what she could make a pass for “cute” and “harmless.” Once the social mores she depended on were gone, she operated from the base and human sexual desires within her in the absence of any set of convictions or moral/spiritual understanding. Ordinarily though, Temple was supposed to repress any sexual urges. Even in marriage, the Southern picture was of a pure woman and, in contrast to the passionate bride in the Song of Solomon, the pure woman of the South did not have any sexual desires. Faulkner’s Temple and the young women of his other novels, while not fitting this Southern ideal, also did not embody the flapper of the North. Caught in the throes of two worlds with two very opposing views of sexuality, one for which sexuality was non-existent and the other, alive and bursting at the seams, the emerging woman was hapless. In contrast to the liberation and empowerment of the glamourized flapper, Faulkner’s women were “often as much at the mercy of their own sexuality as...at the hands of the men who attempt to route or contain it...Faulkner’s young woman struggles at the confluences of forces that impinge upon her, often with terrible urgency, both from without and from within.”^{lvii} While free from her father’s disapproval, Temple is not free. She is not the autonomous young lady with bobbed hair and a short skirt, cigarette in hand, tapping her foot to jazz music. She is left with no option of sexually expressing herself save by imitating the patterns set by Popeye. She attempts to resist masculine sexual power by claiming it as her own,^{lviii} and the result is fleeting moments of pleasure, more chaos, and more hardening and hollowness.

Words fail to adequately capture the horror Temple has experienced. Her rape and the subsequent events are atrocious and not entirely her fault. “Temple Drake, whose Southern womanhood positions her for many critics as representative of the South as a whole, is marked by her gender and victimhood as one of the most marginalized and powerless characters in the novel.”^{lix} The purpose of this essay is not to scapegoat the child and poor young woman caught in a system/culture that protects their women from sexual predators because they themselves might need them for sexual gratification.^{lx} Part of the purpose of this essay is to wrestle with the complexity of evil that is so well presented in *Sanctuary*. The sanctuary has been ravaged, something indeed has been lost, never to be found, damaged, never to be repaired, and yet, in *Sanctuary* we see strong evidence that from the Southern perspective, if “pure southern womanhood” is the sanctuary, that “object” has always been lost because it has never existed.^{lxi}

Evil is hardly ever a one-man job. This has been known since the Garden of Eden when Eve reached for what was forbidden while Adam stood passively by. There are layers to evil. There is deception. In *Sanctuary*, Temple lucidly both suffers and perpetuates violence.^{lxii} It is not one or the other—it is *both and*. “For Faulkner, Temple is not virtuous or depraved; as her dual name suggests, she is neither and both. Likewise, Faulkner implies, the South is not merely idyllic or grotesque; it is neither and both, too. Temple embodies this... Through her, Faulkner constructs a South that... is much more complex than either side is willing to allow.”^{lxiii} The distress and disconcertment Temple causes is an indictment against the entire culture of the South, even as “Temple’s rape is a special outrage to the communal order: the very mythos of the community is at stake.”^{lxiv} The “very mythos of the community is at stake” in that Temple, the renowned judge’s daughter’s purity is on the line. Her innocence must be affirmed and defended, for the townsfolk to feel secure in their perspective on life. Faulkner is seeking to undo this to demonstrate that something precious beyond the cultural mythos of the South has been at stake for a very long time. Carson writes, “Temple’s unexpected, inappropriate behavior is not the enigma it has too often been made out to be... it is ... a key to understanding Faulkner’s vision of evil.”^{lxv} And this evil is seen in other characters too—all of them. “With the revelation of Temple’s inner grossness, Faulkner dams the society which praises appearance above honesty, the environment which values the façade of respectability more than justice and truth.”^{lxvi} No other place is this witnessed more clearly than in the final court scene when “it is only by ‘fulfill

[ing] her script' that Temple can finally escape the 'truth' of law, order, and justice in the South... Temple's performance in the courtroom is nothing more than that--a performance, a sleight of hand enacted in order to reflect back to the audience/jurors the violence inherent in a system that can so dehumanize a woman as to reduce her to an animal, in this case a parrot.^{lxvii} Temple must conform to the system and play her part as the "damsel in distress." If she risks erring on the side of truth, the personal cost of social ostracism, the shame for sinning against society's frame of reference, may be too heavy a weight for her slender body. Opening up a crack to the power and light of truth endangers her with greater possible exposure, and Temple would rather die than her real father know of the pleasure she took in darkness. I am not excusing Temple for lying in court and effectively sentencing Goodwin to the flames, but I am attempting to show how personal and societal evil intermix. Temple is condemned along with the rest of her society who demonstrate that they are only eager for truth, justice, and goodness when it fits with their preconceived notions—when it doesn't challenge them personally to truth, justice, and goodness.

Horace Benbow is distinct, a splash of grey on a wide and towering canvas of thick black, and yet, simultaneously, he is perhaps the deepest, darkest stroke of all. In the following analysis of his character, we will witness the monstrosity of evil precisely because of its existence alongside Horace's good qualities. Though not understood by his sister Narcissa, Horace leaves his wife after ten years of marriage because of a secret burgeoned affection for his stepdaughter who is now a college student. Instead of acting on his feelings, he runs from the source of his temptation. In contrast to almost all the other characters in the novel, Horace repeatedly makes moves toward what is right, regardless of how it looks to family or outside society. He is not "back and forth" like Temple, or at least not in most things. Horace is never seen engaging in sexual immorality, nor repeated drunken outbursts. In fact, he speaks against alcohol.^{lxviii} He responds with abhorrence to the evil he encounters, like the hypocrisy of Baptist women who successfully have a poor unbelieving woman expelled from the town hotel^{lxix} and Gowan's cowardice at abandoning Temple in the Old Frenchman Place.^{lxx} What he does in most of the novel is work doggedly, risking his reputation and that of his sister's to help Goodwin, Ruby, and her baby in an attempt to expiate the guilt he feels for leaving his wife and loving his stepdaughter.

Benbow tells Ruby that he doesn't need to be paid for all the weeks and money he has spent seeking to help prove Goodwin's innocence.^{lxxi} Benbow cleaned up his childhood home with the intention of having Ruby and her child stay in it while he worked on the case and Goodwin was in jail. To honor his sister's wishes, Benbow then had Ruby and the child set up at a hotel for weeks, the bill of which he paid. Ruby is not used to men being kind for nothing and, in

her confusion, thought Benbow wanted payment in terms of sex because she had already told him she did not have monetary remuneration. Benbow replies, "...You know it's not that. But can't you see that perhaps a man might do something just because he knew it was right, necessary to the harmony of things that it be done?"^{lxxii} And that is just what makes Horace distinct. This is what causes him to be different—throughout the novel, despite his depressing personal circumstances, the stinky, leaky shrimp he carries home every Friday for his apathetic wife and the frustrating paradox of unfulfilled desire when he looks at Little Belle, Horace is surprisingly optimistic—hopeful for the future of mankind, for the great things: justice, goodness, and truth. Despite all the darkness he has had to work with his forty-three years, several of those as a lawyer, he does his due diligence and goes into the case for Goodwin confident of a good win. From his conversation with Ruby the night before, it does not appear he even fathoms the possibility of defeat. After all, he has the truth on his side. "You've got the law, justice, civilization,"^{lxxiii} he tells Goodwin when Goodwin asks him what his chances are at vindication. And when Horace's painfully narcissistic sister, Narcissa, asks with exasperation why on earth he would ever consider helping people like Ruby and Goodwin, "who are not his people," Horace replies, "I cannot stand idly by and see injustice."^{lxxiv} Our picture of Horace in *Sanctuary* is that the truth is black and white, yes and no, not both, and, not a repulsive mixture. And this is what makes his secret affection for his seventeen-year-old stepdaughter so torturous for him: he embodies the exact contradiction he loathes.

Horace has a stepdaughter the same age as Temple. Like Temple, she is a beautiful girl, pictured in a little white dress. Horace has watched her grow up the past decade, and at some point, perhaps he himself does not know when, he began to fantasize about her. And at some point, perhaps he himself does not know when, perhaps it matches with the starting point of his fantasies, Horace's marriage with the "big" Belle grows cold. There is proof of this in the fact that he left his wife and in the way she greets him at the end of the book when he returns. "I came back," Horace said. She looked at him across the magazine. "Did you lock the back door?" she said.^{lxxv} Horace has been gone for months, and perhaps Belle suspected his return, but she could not guarantee it. Why not a kiss or some other indication that they are husband and wife, not just roommates who had a disagreement? The way *Sanctuary* ends for Horace is bleak. Though he left his empty marriage to escape burning passion for the forbidden at the beginning of the novel, in the end, he returns still in love with Little Belle perhaps more than ever. Very quickly upon his arrival home, he calls Little Belle, and it seems just to hear the sound of her voice.^{lxxvi} Though we want Horace to fulfill our ache, our heart cry for a hero who will swoop down like a superhero or ride in like a cowboy and rescue us from all that is frightening, as we read of his personal battle

with perversion, we recognize that this man cannot be the hero we need; in fact, he tries, and the outcome was ashes—further destruction.

Horace is the best character in the story. He does, as listed earlier, exemplify someone who seeks to do the right thing simply because it is so. But there is a way he feeds his lust and that is by keeping a photograph of his stepdaughter on him. From an outsider's perspective, this is fine, but Faulkner's readers know, Horace harbors this to perpetuate his incestuous fantasies. One of the most horrifying points in *Sanctuary* is after our favorite lawyer has heard the story of Temple's rape and later is gazing at the photo of Little Belle. Suddenly, he is overwhelmed with nausea, and he races to the bathroom to vomit into the toilet, overtaken with the intermingling of desire and guilt, with the reflection of himself as Temple's rapist—he is Popeye—“Daddy,” only his sexual prey is not Temple but his own daughter. Kean-Temple, writing about the loud thrusting of the shucks Horace hears as he vomits, compares the shucks' relentless beating with the guilty conscience of the murderer in “The Tell-Tale Heart.”

“Faulkner uses these sounds to allow the reader to hear the knocking in Benbow's consciousness that alerts him to his own sexual desire. He becomes aware of his desire for Little Belle but wishes to repress and forget it. The pounding and whispery noises work on his mind, recalling for him the nasty rape of Temple. The methodical and sexual movements these sounds recreate speak of a sexual drive that is almost uncontrollable. These sounds work much like the sounds in Poe's story “The Tell-Tale Heart,” in which the guilty protagonist hears the beating of a dead man's heart so loudly in his own head that he confesses to murdering the man. In the beginning of Poe's story, the protagonist hears the heart only faintly, like a whisper, but in the end, the pounding becomes so fierce that the narrator admits his guilt. Similarly, Benbow hears these noises and realizes that Popeye's desire for Temple mirrors his own desire for Little Belle.”^{lxxvii}

Horror of horrors! “Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?” cries the Apostle Paul.^{lxxviii} If the best character in our novel is weighed down by so great a sin, what hope is there for anyone else? As Proverbs 20:6 states, “Many a man proclaims his own steadfast love, but a faithful man who can find?”^{lxxix} Faulkner masterfully exposes to view the truth there is not a lot of difference between the “villain” and the “hero.” Carson adds, “Although

Popeye acts out upon Temple that which Horace only fantasizes about doing to Little Belle, ‘Horace’s voyeurism...may be seen in a sense to reflect a different sort of impotence than Popeye’s, an emotional and moral paralysis that makes him and Popeye doubles of one another.’^{lxxx}

This was the story within *Sanctuary* that both the 1933 and 1961 film versions of *Sanctuary* could not bear to tell-- even Pre-Code Hollywood.^{lxxxi} This was the nightmare that compelled Horace to leave home because he did not want it to come true, and yet—he did. And the implications of this principle are greatly disturbing for readers from 1931 to today. Like the “hero” of our story, Horace Benbow, the sounds of *Sanctuary* may reverberate mournfully and hollowly throughout our consciousness because we do not want to face the reality of our own desires... “William Rossky discusses the eeriness...in reference to nightmarish reality. He claims that it is not ‘far wrong to describe the whole experience of agonized, stifled and unresolved terror in the novel as a kind of long, soundless scream.’^{lxxxii} This is the silent horror of *Sanctuary*: it is the realization that evil is not just a presence outside one needs to combat but that perhaps the worst enemy of all is within. “Better for me if I were to die tonight,” Horace thinks.^{lxxxiii}

What is even worse about Horace’s mission in Jefferson is that in the end—he loses, signifying his personal failure to further distinguish himself from Popeye, to prove to himself that he is the opposite of that monster by successfully establishing justice and declaring truth for Goodwin, Ruby, her baby, and even Temple. Once again, the complexity of evil is portrayed in the way Horace’s sister smothers and controls him, and the way really the whole of society was working against Horace even as he nearly died trying to fight for its spiritual wellbeing. Carson is right when he wrote: “If we view Horace as a mere weakling, we fail to receive the novel’s message about the horrifying nature of evil.”^{lxxxiv} Horace is no weakling, and yet the fact that he is not, and evil has him in its grasp, highlights how unstoppable the force of evil is.

Evil is heartless, but it is not mindless. Horace thinks that “it is upon the instant that we realize, admit, that there is a logical pattern to evil, that we die.”^{lxxxv} The child Temple and our hero Horace both desired to experience great evil. And yet, there is an unavoidable mystery to evil and a sense in which it possesses us, we do not possess and control it. The murderer and narrator of Poe’s “The Imp of the Perverse” describes the perverseness that compelled him to kill an old man in cold blood:

“...through its promptings we act, for the reason that we should not. In theory, no reason can be more unreasonable; but, in fact, there is none

more strong. With certain minds, under certain conditions, it becomes absolutely irresistible. I am not more certain that I breathe, than that the assurance of the wrong or error of any action is often the unconquerable force which impels us, and alone impels us to its prosecution. Nor will this overwhelming tendency to do wrong for the wrong's sake, admit of analysis, or resolution into ulterior elements. It is a radical, a primitive impulse—elementary.^{lxxxvi}

There is a complexity to evil that goes way beyond the scope of *Sanctuary* and all novels and essays in the world. It is the troubling paradox of why, in Paradise, Eve bit the fruit, why we reject the good and embrace the bad knowing the lethal consequences, how it is that one can be both victim and victimizer, how it is that real goodness exists alongside such suffering and senseless evil, and how it is that we find both goodness and evil in every sphere of all societies on earth. And what is worse concerning evil is that its prevalence does not diminish the outrage that it deserves. No matter how common, evil is always a tragedy. The Holocaust should always be remembered. There is a reason rape victims work through years of counseling. Evil devastates, steals, and betrays, and whole societies can live by it in a kind of fog—which is what Faulkner attempts to uncover in *Sanctuary*--that not only is evil complex, and monstrous, it is ubiquitous—it is in all of us, in our best characters, our most beautiful, our most protected. “The moral thrust of the novel is only fully comprehended when the reader sees the similarity between characters of all classes is meant to apply universally, reader included,” Carson writes.^{lxxxvii}

And that is where Faulkner leaves us. We close the last page, and perhaps, like Horace, our only motivation now is to go give up our life. What is the point? How can we fight? Perhaps we hate Faulkner for shattering our dream world of humanity's goodness, of our own goodness. Like the folks of Jefferson, we would rather close our eyes and believe in Temple's angelic virtue than face the whore living in all of us. That is the reason the horror is silent. In our self-righteousness, we dare not confess our evil; we live our days blaming others, doing the best we can to prove we are not the villain, and struggling alone-- still the nightmare returns. Carson has more words for us: “*Sanctuary*...serves as a reminder...that when everyone is implicated in evil, the only means of transcendence and redemption must come from beyond humanity.”^{lxxxviii}

Perhaps there is a purpose for spring. Maybe there is a holy God who can save us all, but He certainly cannot be human, for there is no hope for man in man.

“Therefore, justice is far from us,
and righteousness does not overtake us;
we hope for light, and behold, darkness,
and for brightness, but we walk in gloom.

¹⁰ We grope for the wall like the blind;
we grope like those who have no eyes;
we stumble at noon as in the twilight,
among those in full vigor we are like dead men.

¹¹ We all growl like bears;
we moan and moan like doves;
we hope for justice, but there is none;
for salvation, but it is far from us.

¹² For our transgressions are multiplied before you,
and our sins testify against us;
for our transgressions are with us,
and we know our iniquities:

¹³ transgressing, and denying the LORD,
and turning back from following our God,
speaking oppression and revolt,
conceiving and uttering from the heart lying words.

¹⁴ Justice is turned back,
and righteousness stands far away;
for truth has stumbled in the public squares,
and uprightness cannot enter.

¹⁵ Truth is lacking,
and he who departs from evil makes himself a prey.^{”lxxxix}

NOTES

ⁱ Brooks, “Discovery of Evil,” 2.

ⁱⁱ Dore

ⁱⁱⁱ Carson

^{iv} Faulkner 221

^v Florence

^{vi} Forter—Matthews, 97

^{vii} Solzhenitsyn.

^{viii} Everett 80

^{ix} Faulkner 69, 87

-
- x Faulkner 285
xi Faulkner 51
xii Faulkner 57
xiii Faulkner 51
xiv Kirchdorfer
xv Faulkner 56
xvi Faulkner 62-63
xvii Kirchdorfer
xviii Cox 109
xix Everett 82
xx Kirchdorfer
xxi Faulkner 59
xxii Faulkner 89
xxiii Faulkner 52
xxiv Faulkner 59
xxv Faulkner 69
xxvi Faulkner 69
xxvii Faulkner 316
xxviii 79-80
xxix McCurry
xxx McCurry
xxxi Leachman
xxxii Carson
xxxiii Faulkner 29,
xxxiv 61
xxxv Faulkner 138
xxxvi Faulkner 214
xxxvii Faulkner 54
xxxviii Vichery as qtd in McCurry
xxxix McCurry
xl Romans 7:14-15
xli Luke 23:34
xlii Vichery as qtd in McCurry
xliii McCurry
xliv McCurry
xlv McCurry
xlvi McCurry
xlvii Faulkner 237-38
xlviii 159
xlix Leachman
l McCurry
li Plantinga
lii Kristeva 4
liii Leachman
liv Everett 77
lv Leachman
lvi as qtd in Matthews 113
lvii Fujie as qtd in Matthews 116
lviii Leachman 11
lix Leachman

lx	298
lxi	Leachman
lxii	Leachman
lxiii	Leachman 9
lxiv	Carson
lxv	Carson
lxvi	Everett
lxvii	Leachman
lxviii	166.
lxix	Faulkner 181
lxx	Faulkner 165
lxxi	Faulkner 280
lxxii	Faulkner 275
lxxiii	132
lxxiv	119
lxxv	299
lxxvi	Kean-Temple
lxxvii	Kean-Temple 448
lxxviii	Romans 7:24
lxxix	Proverbs 20:6
lxxx	Carson 16
lxxxi	264
lxxxii	449
lxxxiii	221
lxxxiv	Carson
lxxxv	221
lxxxvi	Poe 272
lxxxvii	Poe 272
lxxxviii	Carson
lxxxix	Isaiah 59:9-15

Bibliography

Carson, Jordan. “‘YOU’D ALMOST THINK THERE WAS SOME PURPOSE TO IT’: SCAPEGOATING IN WILLIAM FAULKNER’S ‘SANCTUARY.’” *Religion & Literature* 48, no. 2 (2016): 79–107.
<http://www.jstor.org/stable/26377482>.

Cox Luce, Dianne. “A Measure of Innocence: Sanctuary’s Temple Drake.” *William Faulkner: Six Decades of Criticism*. Ed. Linda Wagner-Martin. East Lansing: Michigan State UP, 2002. 105–26. Print.

Dore, Florence W. “Free Speech and Exposure: Obscenity, the Phallus, and William Faulkner’s ‘Sanctuary.’” *Narrative* 9, no. 1 (2001): 78–99.
<http://www.jstor.org/stable/20107230>.

Everett, Walter K. *Faulkner's Art and Characters*. Woodbury, N.Y.: Barron's Educational Series, Inc, 1969.

Faulkner, William. *Sanctuary*. London: Vintage Digital, 2013.

KEANE-TEMPLE, REBECCA. "The Sounds of 'Sanctuary': Horace Benbow's Consciousness." *The Mississippi Quarterly* 50, no. 3 (1997): 445–50.
<http://www.jstor.org/stable/26476256>.

Kirchdorfer, Ulf. "Temple Drake and the Baby in William Faulkner's Sanctuary." *ANQ: A Quarterly Journal of Short Articles, Notes and Reviews* 28, no. 2 (2015): 132–32. <https://doi.org/10.1080/0895769X.2015.1052363>.

Leachman, Julianna. "Faulkner's Dirty Little Secret: I Am Temple Drake." *The Faulkner Journal*; Orlando Vol. 27. Iss,2., (Fall 2013): 3-22, 91.
<http://ezproxy.liberty.edu/login?url=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.proquest.com%2Fscholarly-journals%2Ffaulkners-dirty-little-secret-i-am-temple-drake%2Fdocview%2F1713972896%2Fse-2%3Faccountid%3D12085>

Matthews, John T. *The New Cambridge Companion to William Faulkner*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 2015. Chapter 6. "Faulkner and Trauma: On Sanctuary's Originality" by Greg Forter.

Matthews, John T., ed. *William Faulkner in Context*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 2015. Accessed December 5, 2021. ProQuest Ebook Central.

Chapter 10, Modern Sexuality by Kristin Fujie.

Chapter 22, Reading Faulkner: Empathy, distance, Tehran by Michael Kreyling.

McCurry, Carly. "William Faulkner's Sanctuary: The Original Sin of Temple Drake," *Odyssey*.

06/28/2017, <https://www.theodysseyonline.com/sanctuary-original-sin-temple-drake>

Plantinga, Cornelius. *Not the Way It's Supposed to Be : A Breviary of Sin*. Chicago: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1996. Accessed December 9, 2021. ProQuest Ebook Central.

Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr Isaevich. *The Gulag Archipelago, 1918-1956 : an Experiment in Literary Investigation* First Edition. New York: Harper & Row, 1974.