

she appeared to pause" (S 31); "She ran into the kitchen" (S 33); "She ran right off the porch, into the weeds, and sped on. She ran to the road and down it for fifty yards in the darkness, then without a break she whirled and ran back to the house and sprang onto the porch and crouched against the door just as someone came up the hill" (S 43); "She entered the house and sped up the hall" (S 59); "Then she began to run, snatching her feet up almost before they touched the earth" (S 61); "Then suddenly she ran upside down in a rushing interval; she could see her legs still running in space, and she struck lightly and solidly on her back and lay still" (S 62). Temple always seen to be running is symbolic of the directionlessness of her life in an empty frenzy. She keeps avoiding making any sort of real human commitment to the world. Temple, whose very name underlines the irony, is herself a desecrated vessel. We may say her sanctuary is a Memphis brothel.

Our chief concern is whether Faulkner suggests any possibility for Temple to be saved. Considering the situation further, one finds the world of *Sanctuary* is the world envisioned by Temple as she lies in her sanctuary, the dark Memphis whore-house, which "was full of sounds. Indistinguishable, remote, they came in to her with a quality of awakening, resurgence, as though the house itself had been asleep, rousing itself with dark . . ." with "spent ghosts of voluptuous gestures and dead lusts" (S 105). There Temple is not happy at all. So often she struggles; "Temple began to struggle" (S 62); "She began to struggle" (S 64) with her tightening expression as if "she were bound to a church steeple. She grinned at him, her mouth warped over the rigid, placative porcelain of her grimace" (S 107-8); "She lay motionless, her palms lifted, her flesh beneath the envelope of her loins cringing rearward in furious disintegration like frightened people in a crowd" (S 108); "Temple entered the dining-room from the kitchen, her face fixed in a cringing, placative expression" (S 42). With the "hopeless expression of a child" (S 95) she identifies herself with Miss Reba's two woolly, shapeless dogs:

She thought of them [the dogs], woolly, shapeless; savage, petulant, spoiled, the flatulent monotony of their sheltered lives snatched up without warning by an incomprehensible moment of terror and fear of bodily annihilation at the very hands which symbolized by ordinary licensed tranquility of their lives. (S 105)

Temple thought of the dogs again, thought of them crouching against the wall under the bed in that rigid fury of terror and despair. (S 107)

Also in the following passage we could see the recognition of her own isolated situation and her loss of identity. "A bell rang faintly and shrilly somewhere" indicates that unconsciously she hears an alarm bell against her crucial situation:

She thought about half-past-ten-oclock in the morning. Sunday morning, and the couples strolling toward church. She remembered it was still Sunday, the same Sunday, looking at the fading peaceful gesture of the clock. Maybe it was half-past-ten this morning, that half-past-ten-oclock. Then I'm not here, she thought. This is not me. . . .

She rose and crossed the room quietly. She watched the clock face, but although she could see a warped turmoil of faint light and shadow in geometric miniature swinging across it, she could not see herself. . . .

There was still a light in the room. She found that she was hearing her watch; had been hearing it for some time. She discovered that the house was full of noise, seeping into the room muffled and indistinguishable, as though from a distance. A bell rang faintly and shrilly somewhere; someone mounted the stairs in a swishing garment. The feet went on past the door and moured another stair and ceased. She listened to the watch. A car started beneath the window with a grind of gears; again the faint bell rang, shrill and prolonged. She found that the faint light yet in the room was from a street lamp. Then she realised that it was night and that the darkness beyond was full of the sound of the city. (S 103)