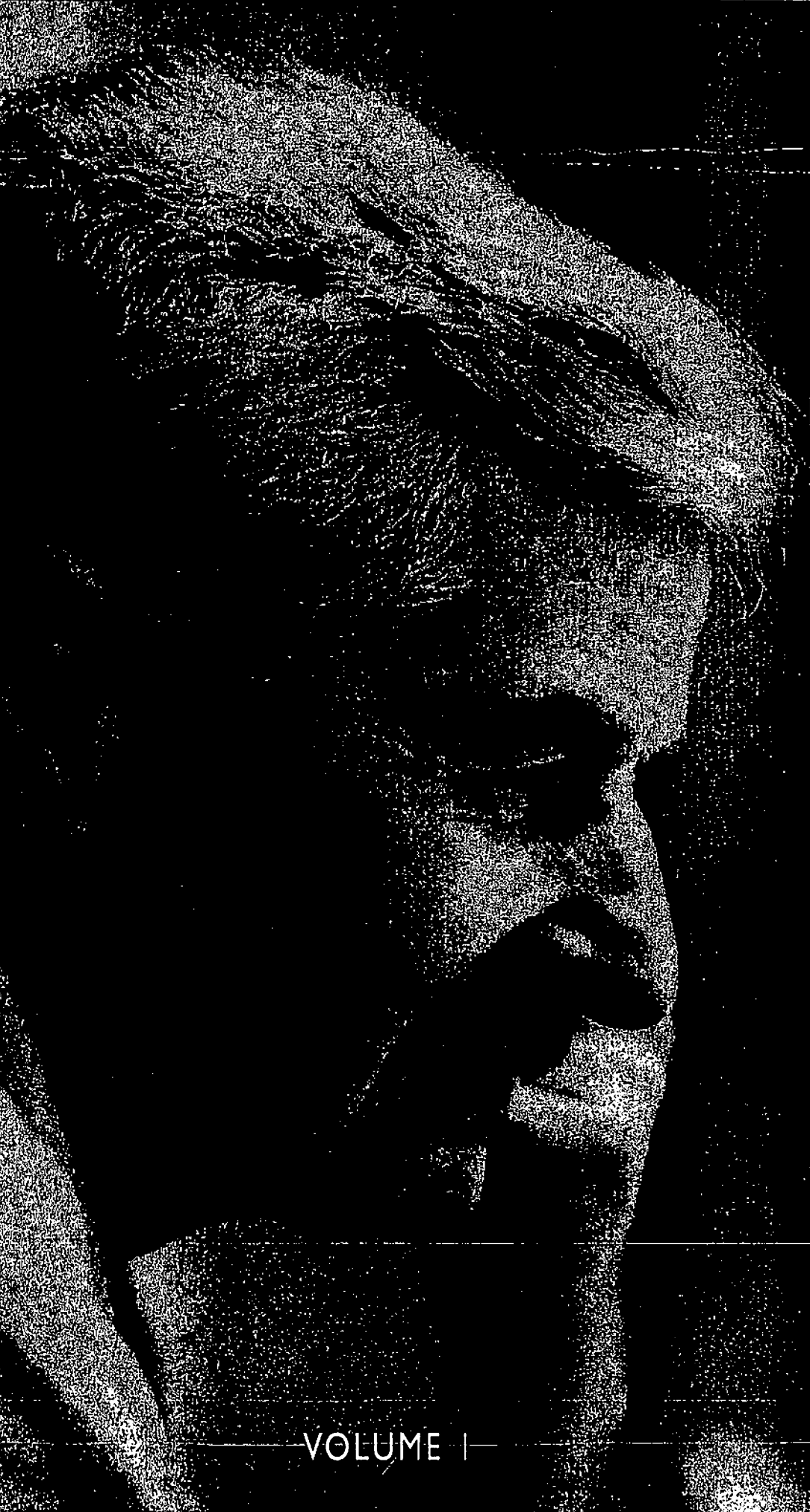


SANCTUARY



VOLUME I

Études Faulkneriennes

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SANCTUARY AND BAD TASTE

Robert Dale PARKER

In Cleanth Brooks' classic account, *Sanctuary* is about the "discovery of evil."¹ Brooks and Robert Penn Warren use the same phrase to explain Hemingway's "The Killers" (1927), another late twenties tale of gangsters and murder, and the "discovery of evil" has congealed into a commonplace of *Sanctuary* criticism. Moreover, as Brooks puts it, without staking out any critical distance from the claim, for Faulkner "the male's discovery of evil and reality is bound up with his discovery of the true nature of woman."² To Brooks, apparently, there is such a thing as evil per se, and such a thing as true nature. In his essentializing view, evil — and women — equal nature. By contrast, as a critic of my own time just as Brooks was a critic of his time, I would like to suggest that "evil" is a mystifying category, cultural rather than natural. We call upon it to explain our world, but because it is contingent rather than inherent, it tacitly defers the explanations it seems to provide and substitutes in their place a mesmerizing evasion.

Bad taste differs from evil, for the word "bad" takes on another resonance when we connect it to taste. We can recognize taste as enormously variable, both personally and culturally (see, for example, Bourdieu and Smith),³ without much taking up a temptation to moralize the variations. When we join "bad" to "taste," the compound can turn an ironic eye onto aesthetic judgment. Faulkner may sneer at Virgil and Fonzo's imitation leather suitcases, Gowan's bragging, Popeye's tight suit and his Ed Pinaud lotion, Temple's savagely painted lips, or Miss Reba's oversize rings and the yapping dogs that she decorates with pink and blue ribbons and names after herself and her

dear-departed Mr. Binford, but all those characters take pride in their taste and aesthetic choices, for aesthetic value, more obviously than evil, is contingent rather than inherent.

And so this essay will be an exercise in taste and an exploration of the novel as an exercise in taste. Let me say right off: I think *Sanctuary* is in bad taste. I think it took bad taste to write it, and it takes bad taste to ask our students to read it.⁴ Perhaps nowhere is bad taste more deplored than in France, or so at least Americans like to believe. Perhaps that is also why no one appreciates bad taste more than the French, as Americans also like to believe, typically citing the French delight in the films of Jerry Lewis, but perhaps we could also cite the French taste for Faulkner on both counts, good taste and bad taste, and also good taste in bad taste.

Part of what's tricky here, in other words, is to distinguish when bad taste is good taste and when good taste is sanctimonious bad taste. Horace's good taste is sanctimonious. "I cannot stand idly by and see injustice —" he says pompously, leading Miss Jenny to interrupt him: "You wont ever catch up with injustice, Horace" (119). Later, she makes the same point in another tone when she responds to his moral superiority by asking "Well, what are you going to do about it? Start some kind of roach campaign?" (166). We would miss the point, therefore, if we got on our high horses and said to our students, as if wagging our fingers, that they should not read *Sanctuary*, in part because that would make them want to read it more, and because it would reduce the novel to its calculated fascination with its own luridness. On the other hand, the novel has often been defended as a critique

of the bad taste it revels in. Such an argument justifies the fascination with evil by reading it as a moralizing exposure of evil, and in the process misses the novel's fun. To expose evil — from my socially poststructuralist perspective, as opposed to Brooks's more new critical perspective — is not to say, with Brooks, "There it is!" but rather to study where it comes from socially and how we might unravel or interrupt it in social terms. When we seize on metaphysical explanations like the discovery of evil, I would like to suggest that we turn to them as a sanctuary from and deferral of broader social analyses. They help keep other questions off our cognitive map, not only questions about literature's reflection of the social world — of prohibition, bootlegging, alcoholism, gangsterism, and the big business and cool murder that they foster — but also questions about literature's intervention in the social world, its role as a commodity and an actor in the ongoing negotiations between mass taste and elite taste, and as a molder of attitudes on all the topics that traditional critics might see literature as merely reflecting. For *Sanctuary*, that includes social assumptions about rape. One of those would be the assumption that, since *Sanctuary* is only a novel, it would be bad taste — in effect, one of Miss Jenny's roach campaigns — to take it seriously as a story of rape.

Yet as we know, *Sanctuary* is sometimes also a comic novel. The combination of comedy and rape, indeed, makes for much of the novel's disturbing and beguiling bad taste. I shall try to distinguish between bad taste in the novel and the novel's bad taste, but part of my point is that such a distinction is not always possible. When Faulkner makes fun of Miss Reba's friends Miss Lorraine and Miss Myrtle for their eagerness to get all the juicy details about how Popeye turned Red into Temple, it is not easy to distinguish their lurid indifference to Temple from Faulkner's scornful sense that middle- or post-middle-aged feminine desire, especially in single women (he calls Lorraine a "spinster" [256]), is somehow trivial and laughable, just as it is easy enough to get drawn into his laughter, given the way it works with taken-for-granted norms and interpellates us into

those norms through its pleasure in its own humor, a welcome defense against the story of Red, Popeye, and Temple that Faulkner uses this comical scene to reveal. By contrast, I am much less conflicted about saying that in this novel about violation, perhaps the greatest violation is the interpellation into the common sense, the ideologically overdetermined assumption, that a Temple Drake, freshly raped and torn by Popeye's corn cob, would then enjoy being raped by Red and go cringing after him for more. It is one thing for the novel to critique the gendered hierarchies of power and desire, as represented by Popeye's raping Temple and by all the other men in the novel who try to rape Temple or who later joke about the rape. It is another thing for it to reproduce and intensify those hierarchies with its all-too-routine, misogynist fantasies about feminine desire — reading feminine desire as silly for Miss Lorraine and Miss Myrtle, as "evil" for Temple, or as earthily seductive for Ruby, who likes her men to be "real men," which she seems to define as men who will kill each other over "other" women and then beat her if she objects.⁵

Such ideological fantasies reproduce themselves in part by denying their status as fantasy and ideology. Thus *Sanctuary* tries desperately to reproduce in itself and in its readers the unreflected-upon assumption that feminine desire comes in a tiny grid of possibilities, a grid so comprehensible that men can contain it with the discovery (à la Brooks) that it is — to replay the same examples — silly (Lorraine and Myrtle), mystifyingly evil (Temple after the rape), or sycophantic to masculine fantasies of power (Ruby). Those may seem like three very different options, but they have in common the structure that none of them requires the continuous renegotiation of unstable categories and exchanges that shapes the blurry routines of daily sexual politics and pleasures.

Clarence Snopes, the grotesque embodiment of bad taste, keeps following Horace Benbow, the man of good taste, like the bad smell of his wife's shrimp; while Horace's step-daughter Little Belle embodies the forbidden bad taste that Horace himself cannot keep from following. Like a bad conscience, Clarence

keeps reminding Horace of the violated Temple whose violation acts out the fantasies about Little Belle that Horace's good taste would rather repress.

Sanctuary introduces Clarence as an overgrown Snopesian rodent, a genius of bad taste in his spilling flesh, his soiled clothes, his unctuous flattery and chumminess, and his boundary-crossing gaze, gestures, and touch :

The man in the soiled hat entered, taking a cigar from his breast pocket. He came down the aisle swiftly, looking at Horace.... The train jolted again. The man flung his hand out and caught the back of the seat facing Horace.

"Aint this Judge Benbow?" he said. Horace looked up into a vast, puffy face without any mark of age or thought whatever — a majestic sweep of flesh on either side of a small blunt nose...., as though the Creator had completed his joke by lighting the munificent expenditure of putty with something originally intended for some weak, acquisitive creature like a squirrel or a rat. "Dont I address Judge Benbow?" he said, offering his hand....

"Oh," Horace said, "yes. Thanks," he said, "but I'm afraid you anticipate a little. Hope, rather."

The other waved the cigar, the other hand, palm-up, the third finger discolored faintly at the base of a huge ring, in Horace's face. Horace shook it and freed his hand.... "May I set down?" he said, already shoving at Horace's knee with his leg. He flung the overcoat — a shoddy blue garment with a greasy velvet collar — on the seat and sat down as the train stopped. "Yes, sir, I'm always glad to see any of the boys, any time." He leaned across Horace.... "Course, you aint in my county no longer, but what I say a man's friends is his friends, ... whether he can do anything for me or not." ... His light gray suit had been pressed but not cleaned. (173-74)

When Clarence shakes his hand, Horace reacts as if he shook the hand of one of those roaches that live beneath Miss Jenny's contempt. Here in the fragile

sanctuary of Horace's train seat, Clarence invades not only Horace's space, cleanliness, aesthetic distance, and class privilege, but also his sense of moral superiority. Clarence's flattery may be transparent when he calls Horace "Judge Benbow," and his politician's readiness for log-rolling and back-scratching may be transparent when he calls Horace his friend and slides in that Horace is a friend whether he can do something for him or not, but to Horace the most offensive part of Clarence's performance may be that, transparent or not, Clarence reads Horace perfectly. Horace is the novel's self-appointed Judge and would-be arbiter of Justice, and before the scene ends, Horace seeks out the repellent Clarence to dicker for information about Temple, knowing that Clarence will read his gesture as the opening gambit in a potential deal. Thus, when Clarence peers up the aisle and sees Horace, his searching gaze becomes a less sinister version of what Michel Gresset has called Popeye's "optical rape" of Horace in the novel's opening scene⁶. It is no wonder that Horace later offends hospitality to block Clarence from entering his house, making him stand outside and sit on the steps to talk (203-206).

Like Horace, Miss Reba, who tells her friends that she tries to "run a respectable house" and "aint going to have [it] turned into no French joint" (255, 258), doesn't want Clarence to invade her house. To her he is "just a cheap, vulgar man, honey" (209), comically underlining that Clarence evokes bad taste even to bad taste, and especially for his bad taste in whorehouses. When Faulkner wrote and then rewrote *Sanctuary* in 1929 and 1930, he was moving towards a series of fictions that cast a scouring gaze on his culture's fascination with miscegenation and miscegenation taboos (including "Elly," "Dry September," *Light in August*, *Absalom, Absalom!*, and *Go Down, Moses*). *Sanctuary* has not generally been linked to that preoccupation, and yet *Sanctuary* makes the boundary-crossing Clarence an object of fun for breaking the cross-racial sexual taboo that was emerging as one of Faulkner's characteristic obsessions.

Clarence reads the racist taboo against so-called miscegenation with fascinated disinterest, and both

sides of that paradox between fascination and disinterest make their negotiations with Faulknerian bad taste. Clarence steers Virgil and Fonzo away from Miss Reba's because, as he later puts it, her "place" is "Higher'n Monte Carlo" (208). "They crossed a street of negro stores and theatres," crossing into a middle-class, urban black world left mostly invisible in Faulkner's fiction and here quickly left behind, reduced to a path to the whorehouse. "Them's niggers," Virgil objects. "'Course they're niggers," Clarence responds. "But see this?" he waved a bank note in his cousin's face. "This stuff is color-blind" (199). Clarence worries about price, not race, a rare disinterest in Faulkner's fiction (for comparison, we might think of the white prostitute who horrifies Joe Christmas by her indifference when Joe announces that he is part black). Even so, Clarence sticks to his preference with a fascination that belies his disinterest, dragging along Virgil and Fonzo and repeatedly pestering Horace about the advantages of the cheaper establishment (208, 261). "Where," he tells Horace, "a man can do just whatever he is big enough to do" (261). Horace, of course, would never do there just whatever he is big enough to do, because whatever Horace wants to do — and that's part of what he's trying to figure out — he can only imagine doing it with white women. Horace is not "color-blind," to use Clarence's term, and neither is the novel, for it takes Clarence's color-blind indifference to race and his obsession with cheapness (a cheapness that for Clarence and Faulkner may condense with and displace blackness) and sets them up as targets of ridicule. From the start, however much Faulkner the fastidious aristocrat *manqué* may share Horace's disgust at Clarence, Faulkner the writer practically chortles with glee in describing Clarence's relentless bad taste, his soiled hat, waving hands, oversize ring, "imitation ruby stud" (186), greasy collar, oily manners, and anti-semitism. In this novel, the miscegenation taboo is anything but the object of hysteria it becomes in so many other Faulknerian fictions. *Sanctuary* is not color-blind — far from it. But it sees color-blindness as mere comical bad taste, as funny.

The miscegenation hysteria creeps in though, and stealthily, through Popeye and Temple, in particular through Temple's and the novel's image of Popeye as "that black man." When I teach *Sanctuary*, I warn students ahead of time not to get distracted by the book's confusing habit of referring to Popeye as "that black man," since he is a white man who wears black clothes. I feel uneasy saying that, because it seems like an effort to repress metaphor. But there it is, plain as his pistol: Popeye is white, and the novel never goes on to make capital out of his metaphorical blackness. Indeed, unlike many of the novels we associate with Faulkner, *Sanctuary* has little to do with black people and less to do with race relations. Certainly, if we are new critics looking for thematic and formal centers around which a series of organizing ambiguities and tensions resolve into an organic balance, then race relations do not figure very largely in *Sanctuary*. But as a non-new critic, I am intrigued by the metaphor of Popeye as "black" precisely because the novel represses the desire to follow through on whatever connections that metaphor could suggest and yet doggedly keeps repeating it.⁷ Horace thinks that Popeye "smells black," but then deflects the racial reference by comparing the odor to "that black stuff that ran out of Bovary's mouth" (7). In revising the novel, Faulkner seems to have tried to fend off questions about Popeye's race or at least to forestall the almost inevitable confusion by making Tommy clarify, early in the novel and even in italics, that Popeye is white: "I be dog if he aint the skeeriest durn white man I ever see," Tommy said" (19). But then follow seven references to Popeye as black. Temple calls him "that black man" twice (42, 49), and the narrator refers to his "black gaze" (97). Horace calls him "that little black man" (109), and the narrator, summarizing Horace's thoughts, refers twice to Popeye's "black presence" (121). Finally, in the lately added material of the last chapter, the narrator includes "black" in a row of adjectives for Popeye (309). Yet clearly, Popeye is white. Despite his taste for black clothes, it is in terrible taste — given the shape of American racial politics — to take so heinous a white character and keep insisting on him as black. And given the context of

Popeye's rape of Temple and Temple's repeated references to him as black, this compulsion to blacken Popeye inverts Clarence's comically tasteless indifference and color-blindness and paints it with the scandalized face of suppressed racist hysteria.⁸

Faulkner picks up the cue when Temple recounts her story — or parts of her story, at least — to Horace and Miss Reba. As she remembers Popeye's "nasty little cold hand, fiddling around" her breast (74, 218), Temple recalls running through a series of fantasized strategies to deter Popeye and the other would-be rapists, ranging from a wish for a medieval chastity belt (as she puts it, "if I just had that French thing" [218]) to a wish to transform into an asexual teacher and finally into a man, all to protect her body from Popeye's probing hand and the probing penis that it figures.⁹ "[T]hen I was a teacher in school and it was a little black thing like a nigger boy, kind of. . . . Then. . . I was an old man, with a long white beard, and then the little black man got littler and littler" (219-20). So long as Temple sees Popeye as potent, she imagines him as somehow black. But after she sees his impotence, the novel never has her call him black again.

Which takes us, by a circuitously Faulknerian route, to Horace's fixation on Little Belle, because when Horace hears Temple's account of what happened at the Old Frenchman place, he identifies Temple with Little Belle, culminating in his horrific fantasy of Little Belle's violation and in his own disgusted vomiting. In his involuntary fantasy, Horace condenses Temple's story of the violating black man and his own disgust at Popeye's blackly Bovary-esque stink, together with his forbidden desire for Little Belle and his therefore resisted identification with the despoiling Popeye, no less so because he also abhors Popeye and recognizes him as his illiterate, under-world opposite. Envisioning Little Belle in a fantastic replay of Temple's rape scenario, he includes in that fantasy that "she watched something black and furious go roaring out of her pale body. She was bound naked on her back on a flat car moving at speed through a black tunnel, the blackness streaming in rigid threads overhead, a roar of iron wheels in her

ears" (223). Like Temple, Horace reads sexual violence as black and condenses the taboo of incestuous desire with the taboo of cross-racial sexuality (anticipating *Absalom, Absalom!* and *Go Down, Moses*), which he can only imagine as violent.

Along with all these condensed displacements of racist hate and his self-hating disgust, Horace also condenses the image of a train, the site of the rape fantasy he projects onto his step-daughter. With stunning bad taste, Horace himself conversationally introduces the bad taste and worse than bad taste of his attraction to Little Belle. He recalls to the bootleggers the scene that catapulted him into running off from Little Belle and her mother. It seems that Little Belle has met her latest beau in the same way that Horace later runs into Clarence — on a train.

"'But on a train, honey,' I said. . . . 'You dont soil your slippers. . . . But on the train, I'm disgusted. . . .'"

"'You're a fine one to talk about finding things on the train! . . . Shrimp! Shrimp!'"

"'He's crazy,' the woman said, motionless inside the door. . . ."

"Then she was saying 'No! No!' and me holding her and she clinging to me. 'I didn't mean that! Horace! Horace!' And. . . then I saw her face in the mirror. There was a mirror behind her and another behind me, and she was watching herself in the one behind me, forgetting about the other one in which I could see her face, see her watching the back of my head with pure dissimulation. That's why nature is 'she' and Progress is 'he'; nature made the grape arbor, but Progress invented the mirror."

"'He's crazy,' the woman said inside the door, listening. (14-15)

Horace wants to save Little Belle from the fate that bad taste in men brings Temple, who will soil her slippers indeed, even finding one slipper "in the fireplace. . . half full of ashes" (88-89). When he accuses Little Belle of bad taste, she responds with more bad taste by irrelevantly accusing him of bad taste buds ("Shrimp!"), or at least of uxoriously capitulating to

her mother's bad taste buds. But Horace comes across so ridiculously in this scene, with his misplaced *fin-de-siècle*, early Faulknerian erotic gibberish about the grape arbor, that the novel deters us from identifying with his critique of Little Belle's bad taste. Telling this story in this style to this audience of presumably irritated and bewildered bootleggers, and with Ruby listening just out of sight, Horace makes it sound even sillier than it might sound out of any immediate social context. The silliness invites us to critique Horace's revulsion as the mere echo of his forbidden desire. For part of Horace's problem lies in the pleasure he finds in despising Little Belle's appropriation of an exciting masculine freedom that Horace himself cannot fulfill. After all, despite his complaints, he loves to complain, for he brags about her sexual independence and her sexual indifference to him, and in effect he brags to the guys.

For Horace, the straw that breaks his back and sets him to run away from home is Little Belle's makeup, a metonymy of her emerging sexual adulthood, of her erotic desire and erotic expressiveness, exactly what Horace cannot abide in himself. The erotic jealousy transforms, in Horace's fantasy, into simple bad taste, the "rigid travesty of the painted mouth" (167), as if Little Belle crassly uses too much makeup and cakes it on too loudly. But when Horace sees a "savage identical paint upon [the] mouths" (172) of all the women students at the university, then, unless they all have bad taste, the bad taste must lie in Horace's fevered projections. And that connects Horace all too closely to Faulkner, who reads Temple through the same make-up hysteria, describing "her mouth painted into a savage and perfect bow, also like something both symbolical and cryptic cut carefully from purple paper and pasted there" (284; see also 214 and 289), a preoccupation familiar to readers of Faulkner's other fiction.¹⁰ The make-up hysteria of Faulkner's characters and, it comes to seem, of Faulkner himself and whatever broader social fears he speaks for begins to convert the horror at feminine bad taste into a comically threatened masculine bad taste. Indeed, it seems part of a larger bad taste in

Faulkner's fiction and later in his life: an erotic fascination with pubescent young women and girls, from Cecily Saunders in *Soldiers' Pay* (1926) to, among others, Temple in *Sanctuary* and Linda Snopes in *The Town* (1957).

The bad taste within *Sanctuary* parodies the bad taste of *Sanctuary* in a self-protective *mise-en-abyme* that defensively tries to anticipate and deflect blame. Faulkner tries to protect himself and his elite aesthetic pride by mocking his own pleasure in bad taste and by mocking the crass readers who might make possible the financial *succès de scandale* that he sought. Partly, this has to do with class: good taste is an elite privilege, and bad taste is *déclassé*. But only partly, for so much of *Sanctuary's* bad taste is calculated, a kind of aesthetic slumming. More broadly, Faulkner eagerly shares and helps produce his readers' appetite for the pleasures of bad taste, for the arch good taste of calculated bad taste.

Together, that is, the novel and the history of its reception help produce the good taste in bad taste that then goes on to mediate our continuing readings of *Sanctuary* and of much else, including detective, gothic, and horror fiction and film, and including stories about men brutalizing women, which press the good taste in bad taste back into plain bad taste and worse. Thus, *Sanctuary* tries to have it both ways, and that is why so much critical commentary on the novel has been distracted by the gate-keeping mechanisms of rejection or celebration. When I first wrote on *Sanctuary*, some years ago (Parker, *Faulkner*), I was determined to be almost the first critic to write at length on the novel without defending its aesthetic seriousness and value, which I preferred to take as a given. Perhaps, for its time, that was a useful exercise. Now, however, I see the novel — like Faulkner's 1932 preface to the Modern Library issue — as even more worried about its own value than the critics are. Once, it seemed to me good taste to seek a sanctuary from judgment. Now, it seems to me bad taste to disavow bad taste, and better taste to confess it.

Robert Dale PARKER

NOTES

- 1•Brooks makes "Discovery of Evil" the chapter title for his discussion of *Sanctuary* and its sequel, *Requiem for a Nun* (1951) in *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963.
- 2•Brooks (*Yoknapatawpha* 127-28). See also Brooks, "William Faulkner: Vision of Good and Evil" (Brooks, Cleanth, *The Hidden God* 22-43. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963). For a critique of the discovery-of-evil thesis congruent with my own critique, see Roberts, Diane. *Faulkner and Southern Womanhood*. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1994. See also Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, "The Discovery of Evil: An Analysis of 'The Killers.'" *Hemingway: A Collection of Critical Essays*. Ed. Robert P. Weeks. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1962. 114-17.
- 3•Bourdieu, Pierre. *La Distinction: critique sociale du jugement*. Paris: Les Editions de Minuit, 1979. Trans. as *Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste*. Trans. Richard Nice. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1984. Smith, Barbara Herrnstein. *Contingencies of Value: Alternative Perspectives for Critical Theory*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1988.
- 4•At the risk of bad taste on my own part, I would like to say that I rarely teach *Sanctuary*, because it seems to me — and here many readers may find collegial room for disagreement — an abusive book to require students to read and discuss. I assume that some women in my class have been raped, that most women in the class reasonably fear rape, and that many, perhaps most people in the class are close to others who have been raped. While I have no wish to shut off discussions of rape, in that kind of setting the literature curriculum is not always the optimum forum for such discussions, and they are not necessarily an optimum forum for the study of literature. When students choose a class knowing that it will focus on such issues, it is a different matter, and in my own teaching it seems to me a different matter when a class gives a full semester entirely to studying Faulkner.
- 5•On Ruby, see Duvall, John N. *Faulkner's Marginal Couple: Invisible, Outlaw, and Unspeakable Communities*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1990.
- 6•Gresset, Michel. *Fascination: Faulkner's Fiction, 1919-1936*. Trans. Thomas West. Durham: Duke University Press, 1989.
- 7•Goodwin is also twice described as having a "black head" and "brown face" (115, 281). Compare the fleeting and intriguing reference in *Mosquitoes* (1927) to "Faulkner" as "A little kind of black man," who is a "white man" and not a "nigger" (144-45). Faulkner, William. *Mosquitoes*. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927.
- 8•Although hysteria is my word, not Faulkner's, the sexist and etymological connection between womb and hysteria is much to the point.
- 9•For further discussion of Temple's fantasy of transforming herself to a man, see Parker, Robert Dale. *Faulkner and the Novelist's Imagination*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985.
— "Sex and Gender, Feminine and Masculine: Faulkner and the Polymorphous Exchange of Cultural Binaries." *Faulkner and Gender: Faulkner and Yoknapatawpha, 1994*. Eds. Ann J. Abadie and Donald M. Kartiganer. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, forthcoming.
- 10•See especially Faulkner's short story "Hair," and see Bleikasten (*Most Splendid* 236, and *Ink* 247). Bleikasten, André. *The Ink of Melancholy: Faulkner's Novels from "The Sound and the Fury" to "Light in August"*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1990. *The Most Splendid Failure: Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury"*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1976.