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SANCTUARY, U.S.A., 1960

Cert: X. dist: 20th Century-Fox. p.c.: Darryl F. Zanuck. p: Richard D. Zanuck. d: Tony Richardson. assistant d: David Hall. sc: James Poe. Based on novels and a play by William Faulkner. ph: Ellsworth Fredericks. CinemaScope. ed: Robert Simpson. a.d.: Jack Martin Smith, Duncan Cramer. m: Alex North. title song: sung by Julie London. sd: Charles Peck, Harold A. Root. l.p.: Lee Remick (Temple), Bradford Dillman (Gowan), Yves Montand (Candy), Odetta (Nancy), Harry Townes (Ira Bobbitt), Howard St. John (Governor), Jean Carson (Norma), Reta Shaw (Miss Reba), Strother Martin (Dog Boy), William Mims (Lee). 8,100 ft. 90 mins.

Governor Drake's daughter Temple experiences a brutal sexual awakening at a remote bootlegger's still near her home in the Deep South. Brought here by Gowan, a spoiled college student, following an unfulfilled fit of passion on his part, she meets and is seduced in a corn-bin by Candy, the bootlegger, later becoming his kept woman in a brothel in New Orleans. One night Candy is reported killed fleeing from the police, leaving Temple to resume the life she had led previous to her fall. Eventually she marries the repentant Gowan, who feels responsible for what has happened but refuses to face up to its reality.

Five years later Candy reappears. Temple, by now the mother of two children but unhappy in her marriage, prepares to go away with him. However she is saved from herself by her maid, Nancy, who slays Temple's baby while remaining fully aware of the consequences. Governor Drake listens to his daughter's story, but can do nothing. Temple visits Nancy for the last time in her cell, and it is the condemned woman who comforts the other.

Little more than the dry and flavourless skeleton of its source material (two novels and a play) remains in the Richard Zanuck production of Faulkner's Sanctuary and Requiem for a Nun. And though the deletions—the intimations of perversion, for instance are sometimes understandable, too little of the original vitality and horror has been retained. The action seems extremely uneven, slapdash rather than quick, dragging rather than reflective. More, for instance, could have been made of Temple's first encounter with Candy; much more of Candy's return from the dead. And just as the key scenes are never developed to the full, so the film's central flashback-and-narrative device (due partly to a wooden Governor Drake) appears hopelessly artificial. Nor is the complexity of the characters brought home to us. Bradford Dillman's playboy has virtually no dimension. Yves Montand's Candy, a composite of three separate Faulkner characters, is understandably too vague and self-contradictory to make sense. Whilst Odetta's Nancy is portrayed as such a rock of strength and dignity that it is impossible to believe she is a drug-addict and ex-prostitute.

A similarly disjointed impression dogs James Poe's screenplay, with the differences in atmosphere between the two sections of the flashback so marked that we might be seeing different films. The story of Temple's degradation is violent and sordid but has poetic justice; the marital problems of husband and wife, on the other hand, appear heavily prosaic, as homely as the Saturday Evening Post and as thoroughly purged of intimacy and irony. Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Tony Richardson—whose first Hollywood film this is—should appear to have been robbed of the nerve and fierce energy which have marked his work as a director in the past. What little impact the film possesses comes from Lee Remick, whose Temple Drake in maturity neither generates power nor inspires pity, yet who excitingly suggests