

The Short Story: Theme, Symbolism, Allegory, and Motif 6



Learning Objectives

After reading this chapter, you should be able to do the following:

- Define theme and analyze its use in a short story.
- Define symbolism and analyze its use in a short story.
- Analyze the themes and concepts presented in this chapter's literary selections.
- Define allegory and analyze its use in a short story.
- Define motif and analyze its use in a short story.

"In order to write about life, first you must live it."

—Ernest Hemingway, American writer.

6.1 Theme

Theme in fiction starts with a broad, abstract idea. In developing a theme, a writer narrows this idea and shapes it in a unique way, creating an underlying message in the story. In other words, the **theme** in a story is a representation of the idea behind the story. To identify a story's theme—or sometimes multiple themes—it is necessary to look beyond the plot. The plot tells you *what happens in a story*, but the theme tells you *what the story is about*: What is the underlying message? What is driving the action? It is also helpful to ask “why”: Why did the author choose this setting or this conflict? Why did the author choose this tone? Why are these characters behaving this way? Why should we care?

Everyone's answers to these questions will vary somewhat. That is all right; it is to be expected because we all filter our relationship to literature through our individual experiences. When a story is written well, though, its theme will come alive through the characters, action, and other literary elements. For example, look back at Eudora Welty's story “A Worn Path.” It would be inaccurate to say that the story's theme is “dealing with a hard journey in winter.” That is only a summary of the plot—a statement about what happens in the story. It would be more accurate to say the theme is “love.” Although a single word is a good beginning, identifying theme requires you to be more specific: What about “love”? Therefore, it is more accurate still to say that the theme is “sacrificial love,” “love in action,” “selfless love,” or “love that overcomes troubles.” Each of these statements, although not identical, gets to the heart of the theme.

6.2 Symbolism

Recall that a symbol is something that has a literal identity but also stands for something else—something abstract—like an idea, a belief, or an emotion. For example, when you see a flag flying in front of the White House, you recognize it as a piece of cloth with a colored pattern of stars and stripes. This is its *literal* identity. But you also recognize that it is something else, something abstract that cannot easily be put into words: It stands for a nation, for all that makes the United States of America distinctive.

The effect of a symbol in literature can be intensified when it is used paradoxically—that is, when it is used to convey a meaning opposite to its conventional meaning. A **paradox** is an apparent contradiction. On the surface, it seems contradictory, but a paradox actually reveals an underlying truth. Similar to paradox is **ironic purpose**, or when an author develops characters or events to create insights or outcomes that are opposite of what is expected. In this chapter, the hills in Ernest Hemingway's short story “Hills Like White Elephants” are a paradoxical symbol; instead of being appealing and restorative as hills usually are, they provide no uplift or inspiration. To the woman in the story, their vague outline abstractly resembles white elephants. As the story unfolds, it is evident that a troublesome, unavoidable question must be answered. (As is often informally observed in such situations, *there's an elephant in the room*.) Paradoxically, the hills are reminders of the dilemma, not a source of relief from it.

You are probably familiar with many common symbols, including historical, religious, cultural, and psychological ones. Even the brief list in Table 6.1 suggests that symbols are everywhere in our lives.

Table 6.1: Some common symbols

Common nature symbols	
Symbol	Meaning
Spring	Birth, new beginning
Summer	Maturity
Autumn	Aging
Winter	Death, stagnation, sleep
Light	Hope, knowledge, truth, safety
Darkness	Fear, ignorance, evil, danger, mystery
Oak tree	Strength, wisdom
Pine tree	Immortality
Mountain	Holy place (inspiration), safety, strength
Rose	Beauty, love
Rain (ironic)	Blessing or sadness
Lightning (ironic)	Life-giving or death-causing
Mist or fog	Isolation, uncertainty
Wind, storm	Turmoil of human emotions
Water	Source of life, regeneration
River	Flow of human experiences
Sun	Life source (masculine symbol)
Moon	Patterned change (feminine symbol)
Gold	Perfection
Common cultural symbols	
Symbol	Meaning
Bull	Constellation Taurus, aggressive investment market
White flag	Surrender
Laurel garland (ancient cultures)	Victory
Lotus flower (Asian culture)	Rebirth, determined striving
Phoenix	Renewal
Crown	Designation of royalty
Common color symbols	
Symbol	Meaning
Red	Passion, danger
Green	Hope, inexperience

(continued)

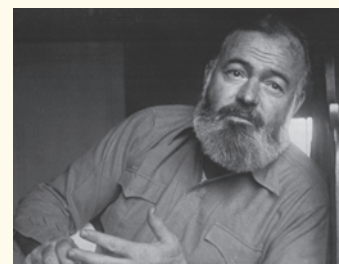
Common color symbols (continued)	
Yellow	Decay, aging
Blue	Peacefulness
Common animal symbols	
Symbol	Meaning
Lion	Pride, power
Lamb	Gentleness, child of God
Dove	Peace, purity
Raven	Death
Snake	Temptation, evil
Mouse	Shyness, timidity
Owl	Knowledge, wisdom, announcer of death
Eagle	Liberty, freedom, strength

6.3 An Annotated Story Illustrating Theme and Symbolism

Writers rarely state a theme directly. Instead, they prefer a more indirect approach, leaving hints through setting, characterization, dialogue, conflict, or figurative language, for instance. Symbols, too, can illuminate theme by stirring feelings, heightening conflict, and creating a certain mood. The annotations in the story below illustrate some of the ways Ernest Hemingway uses theme and symbolism effectively in “Hills Like White Elephants.”

Ernest Hemingway (1899–1961)

A doctor's son, Ernest Hemingway was born in Oak Park, Illinois, and had a love for hunting, fishing, and the outdoors from his earliest years. In World War I, he served in the ambulance corps and was wounded, experiences that influenced his writing, especially his novel *A Farewell to Arms*. In the 1920s, Hemingway spent time in Paris with notable writers known as the Lost Generation. Their collective voices conveyed the sense of disillusionment and purposelessness that followed World War I. He published seven novels and six collections of short stories, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1953 for *The Old Man and the Sea*, and won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954. Death and violence were predominant themes in his works, which often pitted human courage against these forces. Hemingway married four times, lived adventurously, and suffered from ill health in his later years partly as a result of injuries from a plane crash during a safari in Africa. He committed suicide in Ketchum, Idaho, at age 62.



© Bettmann/CORBIS

Hills Like White Elephants

Ernest Hemingway (1927)

The distant hills suggest an exquisite landscape, beautiful and life giving, the very opposite of the immediate bare surroundings. This striking contrast in the natural setting has symbolic importance as the viewpoints of the two characters in the story become known.

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

"What should we drink?" the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

"It's pretty hot," the man said.

"Let's drink beer."

"Dos cervezas," the man said into the curtain.

5

"Big ones?" a woman asked from the doorway.

"Yes. Two big ones."

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

Ironical symbol "They look like white elephants," she said.

"I've never seen one," the man drank his beer.

10

"No, you wouldn't have."

"I might have," the man said. "Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything."

The girl looked at the bead curtain. "They've painted something on it," she said. "What does it say?"

"Anis del Toro. It's a drink."

"Could we try it?"

15

The man called "Listen" through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

"Four reales." "We want two Anis del Toro."

"With water?"

"Do you want it with water?"

"I don't know," the girl said. "Is it good with water?"

20

"It's all right."

"You want them with water?" asked the woman.

"Yes, with water."

"It tastes like liquorice," the girl said and put the glass down.

<p>Theme: One of several references by the girl to “being fine,” including her comment in the final line of the story. This is not just a flat remark in a superficial conversation. It expresses the story’s underlying message, which broadly deals with meaninglessness. More specifically, the theme centers on the emptiness that can occur in human relationships, including casual romantic relationships that are convenient but not connected to values that engender responsibility.</p>	<p>“That’s the way with everything.”</p> <p>“Yes,” said the girl. “Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you’ve waited so long for, like absinthe¹.”</p> <p>“Oh, cut it out.”</p> <p>“You started it,” the girl said. “I was being amused. I was having a fine time.”</p> <p>“Well, let’s try and have a fine time.”</p>	<p>25</p>
<p>The setting is described objectively, without emotion (even though, we discover, the matter Jig and the American are discussing has significant emotional aspects).</p>	<p>“All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn’t that bright?”</p> <p>“That was bright.”</p> <p>“I wanted to try this new drink. That’s all we do, isn’t it—look at things and try new drinks?”</p> <p>“I guess so.”</p> <p>The girl looked across at the hills.</p>	<p>30</p>
<p>The girl gazes again at the distant hills, which she earlier thought resembled white elephants. For her, they are not a restorative source of beauty or strength. She is aware only of their vague outline and their elephant-like coloration. Her separation from a natural source that ordinarily lifts the human spirit symbolizes her aloneness, her state of emotional disconnection. Her isolation is increasingly apparent as she talks with the American whom she is close to but separated from in significant ways.</p>	<p>“They’re lovely hills,” she said. “They don’t really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees.”</p> <p>“Should we have another drink?”</p> <p>“All right.”</p> <p>The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.</p> <p>“The beer’s nice and cool,” the man said.</p> <p>“It’s lovely,” the girl said.</p>	<p>35</p>
<p>There’s an underlying edginess in the tone of their conversation.</p>	<p>“It’s really an awfully simple operation, Jig,” the man said. “It’s not really an operation at all.”</p> <p>The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.</p> <p>“I know you wouldn’t mind it, Jig. It’s really not anything. It’s just to let the air in.”</p>	<p>40</p>
<p>Although never directly stated, it’s clear they are discussing an abortion, which the American wants the girl to proceed with.</p>	<p>The girl did not say anything.</p> <p>“I’ll go with you and I’ll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it’s all perfectly natural.”</p> <p>“Then what will we do afterwards?”</p>	<p>45</p>
<p>Look for verbal irony related to love and caring.</p>	<p>“We’ll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.”</p> <p>“What makes you think so?”</p> <p>“That’s the only thing that bothers us. It’s the only thing that’s made us unhappy.”</p> <p>The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.</p> <p>“And you think then we’ll be all right and be happy.”</p>	<p>50</p>

¹ A liqueur with a licorice taste. Description of its bittersweet qualities emphasizes the woman’s ambivalence.

"I know we will. You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it."

"So have I," said the girl. "And afterwards they were all so happy."

"Well," the man said, "if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple."

"And you really want to?"

55

"I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to."

"And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?"

"I love you now. You know I love you."

"I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?"

"I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry."

60

"If I do it you won't ever worry?"

"I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple."

The girl's sarcasm not only reflects her feelings, but also contributes to reinforcing the theme of the story. Neither personal responsibility nor sensitivity to the girl's mental deliberation can penetrate the American's nonchalant outlook. Their conversation is occurring in a vacuum.

"Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care about me."

65

"Well, I care about you."

"Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine."

"I don't want you to do it if you feel that way."

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

"And we could have all this," she said. "And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible."

70

"What did you say?"

"I said we could have everything."

"We can have everything."

"No, we can't."

"We can have the whole world."

75

"No, we can't."

"We can go everywhere."

"No, we can't. It isn't ours any more."

The American's insincerity may have become blatant dishonesty—further supporting the theme. The girl realizes that human actions cause change that should be acknowledged responsibly, not glossed over or denied. At the same time, she also knows that there is no shared capacity in their relationship to deal with change in a purposeful way. Again, the underlying theme of meaninglessness is highlighted.

The distant mountains and the river are symbols of separation; the girl is far from experiencing a resolution of her dilemma.

"It's ours."

"No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back." 80

"But they haven't taken it away."

"We'll wait and see."

Here, the disparity in their views is fully exposed: Faced with a life-changing question, he is responding in a lackadaisical way, barely aware of the feelings associated with the issue; she searches for a deeper level of human response, one that reflects understanding of fundamental human emotions relevant to their situation. Love, of course, is one such human emotion that could endure their changing circumstances, but, as further evidence of the story's theme, there is little hope for such a lasting connection between them.

"Come on back in the shade," he said. "You mustn't feel that way."

"I don't feel any way," the girl said. "I just know things."

"I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do—" 85

"Nor that isn't good for me," she said. "I know. Could we have another beer?"

"All right. But you've got to realize—"

"I realize," the girl said. "Can't we maybe stop talking?"

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

"You've got to realize," he said, "that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you." 90

"Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along."

"Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I know it's perfectly simple."

"Yes, you know it's perfectly simple."

"It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it."

"Would you do something for me now?" 95

"I'd do anything for you."

The girl reveals not only her frustration with the American, but also the strength she's going to need to resolve her dilemma.

"Would you please please please please please please stop talking?"

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

"But I don't want you to," he said, "I don't care anything about it."

"I'll scream," the girl said. 100

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. "The train comes in five minutes," she said.

"What did she say?" asked the girl.

"That the train is coming in five minutes."

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

"I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station," the man said. She smiled at him. 105

“All right. Then come back and we’ll finish the beer.”

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

An ambiguous statement—“There’s nothing wrong with me.” Are her inner feelings unchanged? Is her mind made up about what to do? How strong is she? Frequently, Hemingway’s characters are engaged in a search for personal meaning, in many instances a search for courage and dignity. Is Jig seeking a personal code in dealing with her complex situation?

“Do you feel better?” he asked.

“I feel fine,” she said. “There’s nothing wrong with me. I feel fine.”

Reprinted with the permission of Scribner Publishing Group, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc. from The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway by Ernest Hemingway. Copyright © 1927 by Charles Scribner’s Sons. Copyright © renewed 1955 by Ernest Hemingway. All rights reserved.

RESPONSE AND REFLECTION QUESTIONS

Connecting

The title initially offers little indication of the story’s theme. In what ways do the references to the hills and to white elephants help you to identify the theme?

Considering

Do you agree that the power (or control) shifts during the story from the man to the woman? If so, at what point does it occur?

Concluding

What values are important to the woman? To the man? How are symbols used to emphasize personal values in this story?

6.4 Allegory—When Everything Is a Symbol

When the setting, characters, plot, and other elements in a story are all symbols, the literary form is called an **allegory**. John Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress* is perhaps the most recognized allegory in English literature. Every aspect of the protagonist’s *literal* journey in the story from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City corresponds to, or illustrates, a dimension of the *spiritual* journey the story seeks to explain. For example, when Christian, the character making the journey, has second thoughts about continuing on what seems like a hopeless venture, he finds himself in the dungeon of Giant Despair; his mental state becomes a place (dungeon), and his search for courage to continue on his journey becomes a battle with a giant (despair). In another famous allegory, George Orwell’s *Animal Farm* (1945), a group of farm animals is symbolic of bureaucrats in Stalin’s corrupt, brutal totalitarian regime.

Simply put, an allegory is a story that is designed to illustrate an abstract concept or system that exists outside the story. Thus, all aspects of the story have a one-to-one relationship to the controlling, outside abstraction or idea. Sometimes, therefore, allegories are called “philosophical” fiction, a term that emphasizes the fact that what happens in an allegory is of secondary importance; what the story points to (the outside idea the allegory mirrors) is primary.

6.5 Motif—A Tool to Highlight Theme

A **motif** is a recurring element in a story that serves to highlight the theme. For example, in “Hills Like White Elephants,” Hemingway makes repeated references to drinking. Drinking alcohol is a motif, highlighting the theme of the lack of intimacy and meaningful communication between the two characters. Drinking and talking about drinking serve as distractions to what might be a more meaningful relationship. In “The Things They Carried” (Chapter 5), O’Brien endlessly lists the physical items the men carry, many having significant destructive potential. The growing list of dangerous physical burdens is a motif that highlights the increasingly horrendous mental burdens that infantrymen carry in war: “They carried all they could bear, and then some, including a silent awe for the terrible power of the things they carried.” In the following story by Flannery O’Connor, look for recurring references to “good country people” and to eyes, appearing to see but often blind. How do these motifs contribute to an understanding of the theme of the story?

6.6 A Story Illustrating Allegory and Motif

Flannery O’Connor (1925–1964)

Flannery O’Connor lived only 39 years, struggling with lupus during the last 14 years of her life. She was born into a Roman Catholic family in Savannah, Georgia, never married, and ardently articulated her Catholic faith. “I am no disbeliever in spiritual purpose and no vague believer,” she wrote in *Mystery and Manners* (p. 32). She earned a master of fine arts degree from the University of Iowa, lectured widely, and published two novels and a total of 31 stories. She won the National Book Award for Fiction for her *Complete Stories*, awarded to her posthumously in 1972. She referred to herself as a “Catholic writer,” and all of her stories share the same underlying theme: “[M]y subject in fiction is the action of grace in territory held largely by the devil” (p. 118). She explained, “I have found that violence is strangely capable of returning my characters to reality and preparing them to accept their moment of grace. Their heads are so hard that almost nothing else will do the work” (p. 112). When journeying into her stories, readers will encounter distortions of human conduct crafted to highlight the moral and spiritual void in O’Connor’s memorable characters.



Associated Press

Good Country People

Flannery O’Connor (1953)

Besides the neutral expression that she wore when she was alone, Mrs. Freeman had two others, forward and reverse, that she used for all her human dealings. Her forward expression was steady and driving like the advance of a heavy truck. Her eyes never swerved to left or right but turned as the story turned as if they followed a yellow line down the center of it. She seldom used the other expression because it was not often necessary for her to retract a statement, but when she did, her face came to a complete stop, there was an almost imperceptible movement of her black eyes, during which they seemed to be receding, and then the observer

would see that Mrs. Freeman, though she might stand there as real as several grain sacks thrown on top of each other, was no longer there in spirit. As for getting anything across to her when this was the case, Mrs. Hopewell had given it up. She might talk her head off. Mrs. Freeman could never be brought to admit herself wrong to any point. She would stand there and if she could be brought to say anything, it was something like, "Well, I wouldn't of said it was and I wouldn't of said it wasn't" or letting her gaze range over the top kitchen shelf where there was an assortment of dusty bottles, she might remark, "I see you ain't ate many of them figs you put up last summer."

They carried on their most important business in the kitchen at breakfast. Every morning Mrs. Hopewell got up at seven o'clock and lit her gas heater and Joy's. Joy was her daughter, a large blonde girl who had an artificial leg. Mrs. Hopewell thought of her as a child though she was thirty-two years old and highly educated. Joy would get up while her mother was eating and lumber into the bathroom and slam the door, and before long, Mrs. Freeman would arrive at the back door. Joy would hear her mother call, "Come on in," and then they would talk for a while in low voices that were indistinguishable in the bathroom. By the time Joy came in, they had usually finished the weather report and were on one or the other of Mrs. Freeman's daughters, Glynese or Carramae. Joy called them Glycerin and Caramel. Glynese, a red-head, was eighteen and had many admirers; Carramae, a blonde, was only fifteen but already married and pregnant. She could not keep anything on her stomach. Every morning Mrs. Freeman told Mrs. Hopewell how many times she had vomited since the last report.

Mrs. Hopewell liked to tell people that Glynese and Carramae were two of the finest girls she knew and that Mrs. Freeman was a *lady* and that she was never ashamed to take her anywhere or introduce her to anybody they might meet. Then she would tell how she had happened to hire the Freemans in the first place and how they were a godsend to her and how she had had them four years. The reason for her keeping them so long was that they were not trash. They were good country people. She had telephoned the man whose name they had given as reference and he had told her that Mr. Freeman was a good farmer but that his wife was the nosiest woman ever to walk the earth. "She's got to be into everything," the man said. "If she don't get there before the dust settles, you can bet she's dead, that's all. She'll want to know all your business. I can stand him real good," he had said, "but me nor my wife neither could have stood that woman one more minute on this place." That had put Mrs. Hopewell off for a few days.

She had hired them in the end because there were no other applicants but she had made up her mind beforehand exactly how she would handle the woman. Since she was the type who had to be into everything, then, Mrs. Hopewell had decided, she would not only let her be into everything, she would see to it that she was into everything—she would give her the responsibility of everything, she would put her in charge. Mrs. Hopewell had no bad

qualities of her own but she was able to use other people's in such a constructive way that she had kept them four years.

Nothing is perfect. This was one of Mrs. Hopewell's favorite say- 5
ings. Another was: that is life! And still another, the most impor-
tant, was: well, other people have their opinions too. She would
make these statements, usually at the table, in a tone of gentle
insistence as if no one held them but her, and the large hulking
Joy, whose constant outrage had obliterated every expression
from her face, would stare just a little to the side of her, her eyes
icy blue, with the look of someone who had achieved blindness by
an act of will and means to keep it.

When Mrs. Hopewell said to Mrs. Freeman that life was like that,
Mrs. Freeman would say, "I always said so myself." Nothing had
been arrived at by anyone that had not first been arrived at by
her. She was quicker than Mr. Freeman. When Mrs. Hopewell said
to her after they had been on the place for a while, "You know,
you're the wheel behind the wheel," and winked, Mrs. Freeman
had said, "I know it. I've always been quick. It's some that are
quicker than others."

"Everybody is different," Mrs. Hopewell said.

"Yes, most people is," Mrs. Freeman said.

"It takes all kinds to make the world."

"I always said it did myself." 10

The girl was used to this kind of dialogue for breakfast and more
of it for dinner; sometimes they had it for supper too. When they
had no guest they ate in the kitchen because that was easier.
Mrs. Freeman always managed to arrive at some point during the
meal and to watch them finish it. She would stand in the door-
way if it were summer but in the winter she would stand with
one elbow on top of the refrigerator and look down at them, or
she would stand by the gas heater, lifting the back of her skirt
slightly. Occasionally she would stand against the wall and roll her
head from side to side. At no time was she in any hurry to leave.
All this was very trying on Mrs. Hopewell but she was a woman
of great patience. She realized that nothing is perfect and that
in the Freemans she had good country people and that if, in this
day and age, you get good country people, you had better hang
onto them.

She had had plenty of experience with trash. Before the Freemans
she had averaged one tenant family a year. The wives of these
farmers were not the kind you would want to be around you for
very long. Mrs. Hopewell, who had divorced her husband long
ago, needed someone to walk over the fields with her; and when
Joy had to be impressed for these services, her remarks were usu-
ally so ugly and her face so glum that Mrs. Hopewell would say, "If
you can't come pleasantly, I don't want you at all," to which the
girl, standing square and rigid-shouldered with her neck thrust
slightly forward, would reply, "If you want me, here I am—
LIKE I AM."

Mrs. Hopewell excused this attitude because of the leg (which had been shot off in a hunting accident when Joy was ten). It was hard for Mrs. Hopewell to realize that her child was thirty-two now and that for more than twenty years she had had only one leg. She thought of her still as a child because it tore her heart to think instead of the poor stout girl in her thirties who had never danced a step or had any *normal* good times. Her name was really Joy but as soon as she was twenty-one and away from home, she had had it legally changed. Mrs. Hopewell was certain that she had thought and thought until she had hit upon the ugliest name in any language. Then she had gone and had the beautiful name, Joy, changed without telling her mother until after she had done it. Her legal name was Hulga.

When Mrs. Hopewell thought the name, Hulga, she thought of the broad blank hull of a battleship. She would not use it. She continued to call her Joy to which the girl responded but in a purely mechanical way.

Hulga had learned to tolerate Mrs. Freeman who saved her from taking walks with her mother. Even Glynese and Carramae were useful when they occupied attention that might otherwise have been directed at her. At first she had thought she could not stand Mrs. Freeman for she had found it was not possible to be rude to her. Mrs. Freeman would take on strange resentments and for days together she would be sullen but the source of her displeasure was always obscure; a direct attack, a positive leer, blatant ugliness to her face—these never touched her. And without warning one day, she began calling her Hulga. 15

She did not call her that in front of Mrs. Hopewell who would have been incensed but when she and the girl happened to be out of the house together, she would say something and add the name Hulga to the end of it, and the big spectacled Joy-Hulga would scowl and redden as if her privacy had been intruded upon. She considered the name her personal affair. She had arrived at it first purely on the basis of its ugly sound and then the full genius of its fitness had struck her. She had a vision of the name working like the ugly sweating Vulcan who stayed in the furnace and to whom, presumably, the goddess had to come when called. She saw it as the name of her highest creative act. One of her major triumphs was that her mother had not been able to turn her dust into Joy, but the greater one was that she had been able to turn it herself into Hulga. However, Mrs. Freeman's relish for using the name only irritated her. It was as if Mrs. Freeman's beady steel-pointed eyes had penetrated far enough behind her face to reach some secret fact. Something about her seemed to fascinate Mrs. Freeman and then one day Hulga realized that it was the artificial leg. Mrs. Freeman had a special fondness for the details of secret infections, hidden deformities, assaults upon children. Of diseases, she preferred the lingering or incurable. Hulga had heard Mrs. Hopewell give her the details of the hunting accident, how the leg had been literally blasted off, how she had never lost consciousness. Mrs. Freeman could listen to it any time as if it had happened an hour ago.

When Hulga stumped into the kitchen in the morning (she could walk without making the awful noise but she made it—Mrs. Hopewell was certain—because it was ugly-sounding), she glanced at them and did not speak. Mrs. Hopewell would be in her red kimono with her hair tied around her head in rags. She would be sitting at the table, finishing her breakfast and Mrs. Freeman would be hanging by her elbow outward from the refrigerator, looking down at the table. Hulga always put her eggs on the stove to boil and then stood over them with her arms folded, and Mrs. Hopewell would look at her—a kind of indirect gaze divided between her and Mrs. Freeman—and would think that if she would only keep herself up a little, she wouldn't be so bad looking. There was nothing wrong with her face that a pleasant expression wouldn't help. Mrs. Hopewell said that people who looked on the bright side of things would be beautiful even if they were not.

Whenever she looked at Joy this way, she could not help but feel that it would have been better if the child had not taken the Ph.D. It had certainly not brought her out any and now that she had it, there was no more excuse for her to go to school again. Mrs. Hopewell thought it was nice for girls to go to school to have a good time but Joy had "gone through." Anyhow, she would not have been strong enough to go again. The doctors had told Mrs. Hopewell that with the best of care, Joy might see forty-five. She had a weak heart. Joy had made it plain that if it had not been for this condition, she would be far from these red hills and good country people. She would be in a university lecturing to people who knew what she was talking about. And Mrs. Hopewell could very well picture her there, looking like a scarecrow and lecturing to more of the same. Here she went about all day in a six-year-old skirt and a yellow sweat shirt with a faded cowboy on a horse embossed on it. She thought this was funny; Mrs. Hopewell thought it was idiotic and showed simply that she was still a child. She was brilliant but she didn't have a grain of sense. It seemed to Mrs. Hopewell that every year she grew less like other people and more like herself—bloated, rude, and squint-eyed. And she said such strange things! To her own mother she had said—without warning, without excuse, standing up in the middle of a meal with her face purple and her mouth half full—"Woman! Do you ever look inside? Do you ever look inside and see what you are not? God!" she had cried sinking down again and staring at her plate, "Malebranche was right: we are not our own light. We are not our own light!" Mrs. Hopewell had no idea to this day what brought that on. She had only made the remark, hoping Joy would take it in, that a smile never hurt anyone.

The girl had taken the Ph.D. in philosophy and this left Mrs. Hopewell at a complete loss. You could say, "My daughter is a nurse," or "My daughter is a school teacher," or even, "My daughter is a chemical engineer." You could not say, "My daughter is a philosopher." That was something that had ended with the Greeks and Romans. All day Joy sat on her neck in a deep chair, reading. Sometimes she went for walks but she didn't like dogs or cats or

birds or flowers or nature or nice young men. She looked at nice young men as if she could smell their stupidity.

One day Mrs. Hopewell had picked up one of the books the girl had just put down and opening it at random, she read, "Science, on the other hand, has to assert its soberness and seriousness afresh and declare that it is concerned solely with what-is. Nothing—how can it be for science anything but a horror and a phantasm? If science is right, then one thing stands firm: science wishes to know nothing of nothing. Such is after all the strictly scientific approach to Nothing. We know it by wishing to know nothing of Nothing." These words had been underlined with a blue pencil and they worked on Mrs. Hopewell like some evil incantation in gibberish. She shut the book quickly and went out of the room as if she were having a chill. 20

This morning when the girl came in, Mrs. Freeman was on Carramae. "She thrown up four times after supper," she said, "and was up twice in the night after three o'clock. Yesterday she didn't do nothing but ramble in the bureau drawer. All she did. Stand up there and see what she could run up on."

"She's got to eat," Mrs. Hopewell muttered, sipping her coffee, while she watched Joy's back at the stove. She was wondering what the child had said to the Bible salesman. She could not imagine what kind of a conversation she could possibly have had with him.

He was a tall gaunt hatless youth who had called yesterday to sell them a Bible. He had appeared at the door, carrying a large black suitcase that weighted him so heavily on one side that he had to brace himself against the door facing. He seemed on the point of collapse but he said in a cheerful voice, "Good morning, Mrs. Cedars!" and set the suitcase down on the mat. He was not a bad-looking young man though he had on a bright blue suit and yellow socks that were not pulled up far enough. He had prominent face bones and a streak of sticky-looking brown hair falling across his forehead.

"I'm Mrs. Hopewell," she said.

"Oh!" he said, pretending to look puzzled but with his eyes sparkling, "I saw it said 'The Cedars' on the mailbox so I thought you was Mrs. Cedars!" and he burst out in a pleasant laugh. He picked up the satchel and under cover of a pant, he fell forward into her hall. It was rather as if the suitcase had moved first, jerking him after it. "Mrs. Hopewell!" he said and grabbed her hand. "I hope you are well!" and he laughed again and then all at once his face sobered completely. He paused and gave her a straight earnest look and said, "Lady, I've come to speak of serious things." 25

"Well, come in," she muttered, none too pleased because her dinner was almost ready. He came into the parlor and sat down on the edge of a straight chair and put the suitcase between his feet and glanced around the room as if he were sizing her up by it. Her silver gleamed on the two sideboards; she decided he had never been in a room as elegant as this.

"Mrs. Hopewell," he began, using her name in a way that sounded almost intimate, "I know you believe in Chrustian service."

"Well, yes," she murmured.

"I know," he said and paused, looking very wise with his head cocked on one side, "that you're a good woman. Friends have told me."

Mrs. Hopewell never liked to be taken for a fool. "What are you selling?" she asked. 30

"Bibles," the young man said and his eye raced around the room before he added, "I see you have no family Bible in your parlor, I see that is the one lack you got!"

Mrs. Hopewell could not say, "My daughter is an atheist and won't let me keep the Bible in the parlor." She said, stiffening slightly, "I keep my Bible by my bedside." This was not the truth. It was in the attic somewhere.

"Lady," he said, "the word of God ought to be in the parlor."

"Well, I think that's a matter of taste," she began, "I think . . ."

"Lady," he said, "for a Chrustian, the word of God ought to be in every room in the house besides in his heart. I know you're a Chrustian because I can see it in every line of your face." 35

She stood up and said, "Well, young man, I don't want to buy a Bible and

I smell my dinner burning."

He didn't get up. He began to twist his hands and looking down at them, he said softly, "Well lady, I'll tell you the truth—not many people want to buy one nowadays and besides, I know I'm real simple. I don't know how to say a thing but to say it. I'm just a country boy." He glanced up into her unfriendly face. "People like you don't like to fool with country people like me!"

"Why!" she cried, "good country people are the salt of the earth! Besides, we all have different ways of doing, it takes all kinds to make the world go 'round. That's life!"

"You said a mouthful," he said. 40

"Why, I think there aren't enough good country people in the world!" she said, stirred. "I think that's what's wrong with it!"

His face had brightened. "I didn't intraduce myself," he said. "I'm Manley Pointer from out in the country around Willlohobie, not even from a place, just from near a place."

"You wait a minute," she said. "I have to see about my dinner." She went out to the kitchen and found Joy standing near the door where she had been listening.

"Get rid of the salt of the earth," she said, "and let's eat."

Mrs. Hopewell gave her a pained look and turned the heat down under the vegetables. "I can't be rude to anybody," she murmured and went back into the parlor. 45

He had opened the suitcase and was sitting with a Bible on each knee.

"You might as well put those up," she told him. "I don't want one."

"I appreciate your honesty," he said. "You don't see any more real honest people unless you go way out in the country."

"I know," she said, "real genuine folks!" Through the crack in the door she heard a groan.

"I guess a lot of boys come telling you they're working their way 50 through college," he said, "but I'm not going to tell you that. Somehow," he said, "I don't want to go to college. I want to devote my life to Chrustian service. See," he said, lowering his voice, "I got this heart condition. I may not live long. When you know it's something wrong with you and you may not live long, well then, lady . . ." He paused, with his mouth open, and stared at her.

He and Joy had the same condition! She knew that her eyes were filling with tears but she collected herself quickly and murmured, "Won't you stay for dinner? We'd love to have you!" and was sorry the instant she heard herself say it.

"Yes mam," he said in an abashed voice. "I would sher love to do that!"

Joy had given him one look on being introduced to him and then throughout the meal had not glanced at him again. He had addressed several remarks to her, which she had pretended not to hear. Mrs. Hopewell could not understand deliberate rudeness, although she lived with it, and she felt she had always to overflow with hospitality to make up for Joy's lack of courtesy. She urged him to talk about himself and he did. He said he was the seventh child of twelve and that his father had been crushed under a tree when he himself was eight years old. He had been crushed very badly, in fact, almost cut in two and was practically not recognizable. His mother had got along the best she could by hard working and she had always seen that her children went to Sunday School and that they read the Bible every evening. He was now nineteen years old and he had been selling Bibles for four months. In that time he had sold seventy-seven Bibles and had the promise of two more sales. He wanted to become a missionary because he thought that was the way you could do most for people. "He who losest his life shall find it," he said simply and he was so sincere, so genuine and earnest that Mrs. Hopewell would not for the world have smiled. He prevented his peas from sliding onto the table by blocking them with a piece of bread which he later cleaned his plate with. She could see Joy observing sidewise how he handled his knife and fork and she saw too that every few minutes, the boy would dart a keen appraising glance at the girl as if he were trying to attract her attention.

After dinner Joy cleared the dishes off the table and disappeared and Mrs. Hopewell was left to talk with him. He told her again about his childhood and his father's accident and about various

things that had happened to him. Every five minutes or so she would stifle a yawn. He sat for two hours until finally she told him she must go because she had an appointment in town. He packed his Bibles and thanked her and prepared to leave, but in the doorway he stopped and wrung her hand and said that not on any of his trips had he met a lady as nice as her and he asked if he could come again. She had said she would always be happy to see him.

Joy had been standing in the road, apparently looking at something in the distance, when he came down the steps toward her, bent to the side with his heavy valise. He stopped where she was standing and confronted her directly. Mrs. Hopewell could not hear what he said but she trembled to think what Joy would say to him. She could see that after a minute Joy said something and that then the boy began to speak again, making an excited gesture with his free hand. After a minute Joy said something else at which the boy began to speak once more. Then to her amazement, Mrs. Hopewell saw the two of them walk off together, toward the gate. Joy had walked all the way to the gate with him and Mrs. Hopewell could not imagine what they had said to each other, and she had not yet dared to ask. 55

Mrs. Freeman was insisting upon her attention. She had moved from the refrigerator to the heater so that Mrs. Hopewell had to turn and face her in order to seem to be listening. "Glynese gone out with Harvey Hill again last night," she said. "She had this sty."

"Hill," Mrs. Hopewell said absently, "is that the one who works in the garage?"

"Nome, he's the one that goes to chiropractor school," Mrs. Freeman said. "She had this sty. Been had it two days. So she says when he brought her in the other night he says, 'Lemme get rid of that sty for you,' and she says, 'How?' and he says, 'You just lay yourself down across the seat of that car and I'll show you.' So she done it and he popped her neck. Kept on a-popping it several times until she made him quit. This morning," Mrs. Freeman said, "she ain't got no sty. She ain't got no traces of a sty."

"I never heard of that before," Mrs. Hopewell said.

"He ast her to marry him before the Ordinary," Mrs. Freeman went on, "and she told him she wasn't going to be married in no *office*."

"Well, Glynese is a fine girl," Mrs. Hopewell said. "Glynese and Carramae are both fine girls."

"Carramae said when her and Lyman was married Lyman said it sure felt sacred to him. She said he said he wouldn't take five hundred dollars for being married by a preacher."

"How much would he take?" the girl asked from the stove.

"He said he wouldn't take five hundred dollars," Mrs. Freeman repeated.

"Well we all have work to do," Mrs. Hopewell said. 65

"Lyman said it just felt more sacred to him," Mrs. Freeman said. "The doctor wants Carramae to eat prunes. Says instead of medi-

cine. Says them cramps is coming from pressure. You know where I think it is?"

"She'll be better in a few weeks," Mrs. Hopewell said.

"In the tube," Mrs. Freeman said. "Else she wouldn't be as sick as she is."

Hulga had cracked her two eggs into a saucer and was bringing them to the table along with a cup of coffee that she had filled too full. She sat down carefully and began to eat, meaning to keep Mrs. Freeman there by questions if for any reason she showed an inclination to leave. She could perceive her mother's eye on her. The first round-about question would be about the Bible salesman and she did not wish to bring it on. "How did he pop her neck?" she asked.

Mrs. Freeman went into a description of how he had popped her neck. She said he owned a '55 Mercury but that Glynese said she would rather marry a man with only a '36 Plymouth who would be married by a preacher. The girl asked what if he had a '32 Plymouth and Mrs. Freeman said what Glynese had said was a '36 Plymouth. 70

Mrs. Hopewell said there were not many girls with Glynese's common sense. She said what she admired in those girls was their common sense. She said that reminded her that they had had a nice visitor yesterday, a young man selling Bibles. "Lord," she said, "he bored me to death but he was so sincere and genuine I couldn't be rude to him. He was just good country people, you know," she said, "—just the salt of the earth."

"I seen him walk up," Mrs. Freeman said, "and then later—I seen him walk off," and Hulga could feel the slight shift in her voice, the slight insinuation, that he had not walked off alone, had he? Her face remained expressionless but the color rose into her neck and she seemed to swallow it down with the next spoonful of egg. Mrs. Freeman was looking at her as if they had a secret together.

"Well, it takes all kinds of people to make the world go 'round," Mrs. Hopewell said. "It's very good we aren't all alike."

"Some people are more alike than others," Mrs. Freeman said.

Hulga got up and stumped, with about twice the noise that was necessary, into her room and locked the door. She was to meet the Bible salesman at ten o'clock at the gate. She had thought about it half the night. She had started thinking of it as a great joke and then she had begun to see profound implications in it. She had lain in bed imagining dialogues for them that were insane on the surface but that reached below the depths that no Bible salesman would be aware of. Their conversation yesterday had been of this kind. 75

He had stopped in front of her and had simply stood there. His face was bony and sweaty and bright, with a little pointed nose in the center of it, and his look was different from what it had been at the dinner table. He was gazing at her with open curiosity, with fascination, like a child watching a new fantastic animal at the zoo, and he was breathing as if he had run a great distance to reach

her. His gaze seemed somehow familiar but she could not think where she had been regarded with it before. For almost a minute he didn't say anything. Then on what seemed an insuck of breath, he whispered, "You ever ate a chicken that was two days old?"

The girl looked at him stonily. He might have just put this question up for consideration at the meeting of a philosophical association. "Yes," she presently replied as if she had considered it from all angles.

"It must have been mighty small!" he said triumphantly and shook all over with little nervous giggles, getting very red in the face, and subsiding finally into his gaze of complete admiration, while the girl's expression remained exactly the same.

"How old are you?" he asked softly.

She waited some time before she answered. Then in a flat voice she said, 80

"Seventeen."

His smiles came in succession like waves breaking on the surface of a little lake. "I see you got a wooden leg," he said. "I think you're real brave. I think you're real sweet."

The girl stood blank and solid and silent.

"Walk to the gate with me," he said. "You're a brave sweet little thing and I liked you the minute I seen you walk in the door."

Hulga began to move forward. 85

"What's your name?" he asked, smiling down on the top of her head.

"Hulga," she said.

"Hulga," he murmured, "Hulga. Hulga. I never heard of anybody name Hulga before. You're shy, aren't you, Hulga?" he asked.

She nodded, watching his large red hand on the handle of the giant valise.

"I like girls that wear glasses," he said. "I think a lot. I'm not like these people that a serious thought don't ever enter their heads. It's because I may die." 90

"I may die too," she said suddenly and looked up at him. His eyes were very small and brown, glittering feverishly.

"Listen," he said, "don't you think some people was meant to meet on account of what all they got in common and all? Like they both think serious thoughts and all?" He shifted the valise to his other hand so that the hand nearest her was free. He caught hold of her elbow and shook it a little. "I don't work on Saturday," he said. "I like to walk in the woods and see what Mother Nature is wearing. O'er the hills and far away. Picnics and things. Couldn't we go on a picnic tomorrow? Say yes, Hulga," he said and gave her a dying look as if he felt his insides about to drop out of him. He had even seemed to sway slightly toward her.

During the night she had imagined that she seduced him. She imagined that the two of them walked on the place until they came to the storage barn beyond the two back fields and there, she imagined, that things came to such a pass that she very easily seduced him and that then, of course, she had to reckon with his remorse. True genius can get an idea across even to an inferior mind. She imagined that she took his remorse in hand and changed it into a deeper understanding of life. She took all his shame away and turned it into something useful.

She set off for the gate at exactly ten o'clock, escaping without drawing Mrs. Hopewell's attention. She didn't take anything to eat, forgetting that food is usually taken on a picnic. She wore a pair of slacks and a dirty white shirt, and as an afterthought, she had put some Vapex on the collar of it since she did not own any perfume. When she reached the gate no one was there.

She looked up and down the empty highway and had the furious feeling that she had been tricked, that he only meant to make her walk to the gate after the idea of him. Then suddenly he stood up, very tall, from behind a bush on the opposite embankment. Smiling, he lifted his hat which was new and wide-brimmed. He had not worn it yesterday and she wondered if he had bought it for the occasion. It was toast-colored with a red and white band around it and was slightly too large for him. He stepped from behind the bush still carrying the black valise. He had on the same suit and the same yellow socks sucked down in his shoes from walking. He crossed the highway and said, "I knew you'd come!" 95

The girl wondered acidly how he had known this. She pointed to the valise and asked, "Why did you bring your Bibles?"

He took her elbow, smiling down on her as if he could not stop. "You can never tell when you'll need the word of God, Hulga," he said. She had a moment in which she doubted that this was actually happening and then they began to climb the embankment. They went down into the pasture toward the woods. The boy walked lightly by her side, bouncing on his toes. The valise did not seem to be heavy today; he even swung it. They crossed half the pasture without saying anything and then, putting his hand easily on the small of her back, he asked softly, "Where does your wooden leg join on?"

She turned an ugly red and glared at him and for an instant the boy looked abashed. "I didn't mean you no harm," he said. "I only meant you're so brave and all. I guess God takes care of you."

"No," she said, looking forward and walking fast, "I don't even believe in God."

At this he stopped and whistled. "No!" he exclaimed as if he were too astonished to say anything else. 100

She walked on and in a second he was bouncing at her side, fanning with his hat. "That's very unusual for a girl," he remarked, watching her out of the corner of his eye. When they reached the edge of the wood, he put his hand on her back again and drew her against him without a word and kissed her heavily.

The kiss, which had more pressure than feeling behind it, produced that extra surge of adrenalin in the girl that enables one to carry a packed trunk out of a burning house, but in her, the power went at once to the brain. Even before he released her, her mind, clear and detached and ironic anyway, was regarding him from a great distance, with amusement but with pity. She had never been kissed before and she was pleased to discover that it was an unexceptional experience and all a matter of the mind's control. Some people might enjoy drain water if they were told it was vodka. When the boy, looking expectant but uncertain, pushed her gently away, she turned and walked on, saying nothing as if such business, for her, were common enough.

He came along panting at her side, trying to help her when he saw a root that she might trip over. He caught and held back the long swaying blades of thorn vine until she had passed beyond them. She led the way and he came breathing heavily behind her. Then they came out on a sunlit hillside, sloping softly into another one a little smaller. Beyond, they could see the rusted top of the old barn where the extra hay was stored.

The hill was sprinkled with small pink weeds. "Then you ain't saved?" he asked suddenly, stopping.

The girl smiled. It was the first time she had smiled at him at all. 105
"In my economy," she said, "I'm saved and you are damned but I told you I didn't believe in God."

Nothing seemed to destroy the boy's look of admiration. He gazed at her now as if the fantastic animal at the zoo had put its paw through the bars and given him a loving poke. She thought he looked as if he wanted to kiss her again and she walked on before he had the chance.

"Ain't there somewheres we can sit down sometime?" he murmured, his voice softening toward the end of the sentence.

"In that barn," she said.

They made for it rapidly as if it might slide away like a train. It was a large two-story barn, cool and dark inside. The boy pointed up the ladder that led into the loft and said, "It's too bad we can't go up there."

"Why can't we?" she asked. 110

"Yer leg," he said reverently.

The girl gave him a contemptuous look and putting both hands on the ladder, she climbed it while he stood below, apparently awestruck. She pulled herself expertly through the opening and then looked down at him and said, "Well, come on if you're coming," and he began to climb the ladder, awkwardly bringing the suitcase with him.

"We won't need the Bible," she observed.

"You never can tell," he said, panting. After he had got into the loft, he was a few seconds catching his breath. She had sat down in a pile of straw. A wide sheath of sunlight, filled with dust par-

ticles, slanted over her. She lay back against a bale, her face turned away, looking out the front opening of the barn where hay was thrown from a wagon into the loft. The two pink-speckled hillsides lay back against a dark ridge of woods. The sky was cloudless and cold blue. The boy dropped down by her side and put one arm under her and the other over her and began methodically kissing her face, making little noises like a fish. He did not remove his hat but it was pushed far enough back not to interfere. When her glasses got in his way, he took them off of her and slipped them into his pocket.

The girl at first did not return any of the kisses but presently she began to and after she had put several on his cheek, she reached his lips and remained there, kissing him again and again as if she were trying to draw all the breath out of him. His breath was clear and sweet like a child's and the kisses were sticky like a child's. He mumbled about loving her and about knowing when he first seen her that he loved her, but the mumbling was like the sleepy fretting of a child being put to sleep by his mother. Her mind, throughout this, never stopped or lost itself for a second to her feelings. "You ain't said you loved me none," he whispered finally, pulling back from her. "You got to say that." 115

She looked away from him off into the hollow sky and then down at a black ridge and then down farther into what appeared to be two green swelling lakes. She didn't realize he had taken her glasses but this landscape could not seem exceptional to her for she seldom paid any close attention to her surroundings.

"You got to say it," he repeated. "You got to say you love me."

She was always careful how she committed herself. "In a sense," she began, "if you use the word loosely, you might say that. But it's not a word I use. I don't have illusions. I'm one of those people who see through to nothing."

The boy was frowning. "You got to say it. I said it and you got to say it," he said.

The girl looked at him almost tenderly. "You poor baby," she murmured. "It's just as well you don't understand," and she pulled him by the neck, face-down, against her. "We are all damned," she said, "but some of us have taken off our blindfolds and see that there's nothing to see. It's a kind of salvation." 120

The boy's astonished eyes looked blankly through the ends of her hair. "Okay," he almost whined, "but do you love me or don'tcher?"

"Yes," she said and added, "in a sense. But I must tell you something. There mustn't be anything dishonest between us." She lifted his head and looked him in the eye. "I am thirty years old," she said. "I have a number of degrees."

The boy's look was irritated but dogged. "I don't care," he said. "I don't care a thing about what all you done. I just want to know if you love me or don'tcher?" and he caught her to him and wildly planted her face with kisses until she said, "Yes, yes."

"Okay then," he said, letting her go. "Prove it."

She smiled, looking dreamily out on the shifty landscape. She had 125
seduced him without even making up her mind to try. "How?" she
asked, feeling that he should be delayed a little.

He leaned over and put his lips to her ear. "Show me where your
wooden leg joins on," he whispered.

The girl uttered a sharp little cry and her face instantly drained of
color. The obscenity of the suggestion was not what shocked her.
As a child she had sometimes been subject to feelings of shame
but education had removed the last traces of that as a good sur-
geon scrapes for cancer; she would no more have felt it over what
he was asking than she would have believed in his Bible. But she
was as sensitive about the artificial leg as a peacock about his tail.
No one ever touched it but her. She took care of it as someone else
would his soul, in private and almost with her own eyes turned
away. "No," she said.

"I known it," he muttered, sitting up. "You're just playing me for a
sucker."

"Oh no no!" she cried. "It joins on at the knee. Only at the knee.
Why do you want to see it?"

The boy gave her a long penetrating look. "Because," he said, "it's 130
what makes you different. You ain't like anybody else."

She sat staring at him. There was nothing about her face or her
round freezing-blue eyes to indicate that this had moved her; but
she felt as if her heart had stopped and left her mind to pump her
blood. She decided that for the first time in her life she was face to
face with real innocence. This boy, with an instinct that came from
beyond wisdom, had touched the truth about her. When after a
minute, she said in a hoarse high voice, "All right," it was like sur-
rendering to him completely. It was like losing her own life and
finding it again, miraculously, in his.

Very gently, he began to roll the slack leg up. The artificial limb, in
a white sock and brown flat shoe, was bound in a heavy material
like canvas and ended in an ugly jointure where it was attached to
the stump. The boy's face and his voice were entirely reverent as
he uncovered it and said, "Now show me how to take it off
and on."

She took it off for him and put it back on again and then he took
it off himself, handling it as tenderly as if it were a real one. "See!"
he said with a delighted child's face. "Now I can do it myself!"

"Put it back on," she said. She was thinking that she would run
away with him and that every night he would take the leg off and
every morning put it back on again. "Put it back on," she said.

"Not yet," he murmured, setting it on its foot out of her reach. 135
"Leave it off for awhile. You got me instead."

She gave a little cry of alarm but he pushed her down and began
to kiss her again. Without the leg she felt entirely dependent on
him. Her brain seemed to have stopped thinking altogether and

to be about some other function that it was not very good at. Different expressions raced back and forth over her face. Every now and then the boy, his eyes like two steel spikes, would glance behind him where the leg stood. Finally she pushed him off and said, "Put it back on me now."

"Wait," he said. He leaned the other way and pulled the valise toward him and opened it. It had a pale blue spotted lining and there were only two Bibles in it. He took one of these out and opened the cover of it. It was hollow and contained a pocket flask of whiskey, a pack of cards, and a small blue box with printing on it. He laid these out in front of her one at a time in an evenly-spaced row, like one presenting offerings at the shrine of a goddess. He put the blue box in her hand. THIS PRODUCT TO BE USED ONLY FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE, she read, and dropped it. The boy was unscrewing the top of the flask. He stopped and pointed, with a smile, to the deck of cards. It was not an ordinary deck but one with an obscene picture on the back of each card. "Take a swig," he said, offering her the bottle first. He held it in front of her, but like one mesmerized, she did not move.

Her voice when she spoke had an almost pleading sound. "Aren't you," she murmured, "aren't you just good country people?"

The boy cocked his head. He looked as if he were just beginning to understand that she might be trying to insult him. "Yeah," he said, curling his lip slightly, "but it ain't held me back none. I'm as good as you any day in the week."

"Give me my leg," she said.

140

He pushed it farther away with his foot. "Come on now, let's begin to have us a good time," he said coaxingly. "We ain't got to know one another good yet."

"Give me my leg!" she screamed and tried to lunge for it but he pushed her down easily.

"What's the matter with you all of a sudden?" he asked, frowning as he screwed the top on the flask and put it quickly back inside the Bible. "You just a while ago said you didn't believe in nothing. I thought you was some girl!"

Her face was almost purple. "You're a Christian!" she hissed. "You're a fine Christian! You're just like them all—say one thing and do another. You're a perfect Christian, you're . . ."

The boy's mouth was set angrily. "I hope you don't think," he said 145 in a lofty indignant tone, "that I believe in that crap! I may sell Bibles but I know which end is up and I wasn't born yesterday and I know where I'm going!"

"Give me my leg!" she screeched. He jumped up so quickly that she barely saw him sweep the cards and the blue box back into the Bible and throw the Bible into the valise. She saw him grab the leg and then she saw it for an instant slanted forlornly across the inside of the suitcase with a Bible at either side of its opposite ends. He slammed the lid shut and snatched up the valise and swung it down the hole and then stepped through himself.

When all of him had passed but his head, he turned and regarded her with a look that no longer had any admiration in it. "I've gotten a lot of interesting things," he said. "One time I got a woman's glass eye this way. And you needn't to think you'll catch me because Pointer ain't really my name. I use a different name at every house I call at and don't stay nowhere long. And I'll tell you another thing, Hulga," he said, using the name as if he didn't think much of it, "you ain't so smart. I been believing in nothing ever since I was born!" and then the toast-colored hat disappeared down the hole and the girl was left, sitting on the straw in the dusty sunlight. When she turned her churning face toward the opening, she saw his blue figure struggling successfully over the green speckled lake.

Mrs. Hopewell and Mrs. Freeman, who were in the back pasture, digging up onions, saw him emerge a little later from the woods and head across the meadow toward the highway. "Why, that looks like that nice dull young man that tried to sell me a Bible yesterday," Mrs. Hopewell said, squinting. "He must have been selling them to the Negroes back in there. He was so simple," she said, "but I guess the world would be better off if we were all that simple."

Mrs. Freeman's gaze drove forward and just touched him before he disappeared under the hill. Then she returned her attention to the evil-smelling onion shoot she was lifting from the ground. "Some can't be that simple," she said. "I know I never could."

"Good Country People," from *A Good Man Is Hard to Find and Other Stories* by Flannery O'Connor, copyright © 1953 by Flannery O'Connor; Copyright renewed 1981 by Regina O'Connor. Reproduced by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

RESPONSE AND REFLECTION QUESTIONS

Connecting

O'Connor observed in *Mystery and Manners* that the writer "with Christian concerns will find in modern life distortions which are repugnant to him, and his problem will be to make these appear as distorting to an audience which is used to seeing them as natural." (1957, p. 33). What are the main "distortions" in the story? Are any of the distortions portrayed as allegories or motifs?

Considering

The words "good country people" appear in the title and at other places in the story, and can be considered a motif. Explain how this motif is used for ironic purpose in the story.

Concluding

Consider the story as an allegory:

- What does it convey about the nature of good and evil?
- Does Hulga's role have allegorical significance?
- Is there any evidence of grace in the story? If so, where does it occur?

Summary

Chapter 6 discusses two elements that every short story writer depends on to express the meaning of a story: theme and symbolism. Although theme can be stated directly, writers often prefer an indirect approach, choosing to include hints about theme several times during the story. In other words, theme is usually inferred. Hints to theme often appear in story titles, details of setting, and character names. Motifs, or recurring elements, serve to further highlight theme. Symbols in fiction have a literal identity while representing an abstract idea. The annotations accompanying Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants" illustrate ways writers use symbols to reveal both the context and the content of a story's theme. An allegory is a story in which everything is a symbol, and those symbols together illuminate a moral, religious, political, or social concept.

Key Terms and Concepts

allegory A fictional work in which the setting, characters, plot, and other elements are all symbols, together conveying an abstract moral, religious, or social concept.

ironic purpose The development of characters or events to create insights or outcomes that are opposite of what is expected.

motif A recurring element in a literary work, often used to highlight the theme.

paradox An apparent contradiction that actually reveals an underlying truth.

theme An idea, or message, that lies behind a literary work.

