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A Peculiarly Southern Form of Ugliness: Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, and Flannery O'Connor

by Sarah Gleeson-White

Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, and Flannery O'Connor have all acknowledged in one way or another the ugliness that saturates their fictional worlds, an ugliness that is so frequently embodied—literally—in their female characters.[1] In this essay, I concentrate on those texts which are most readily recognized as grotesque—Welty's *A Curtain of Green*, McCullers' *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, and O'Connor's *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*[2]—in order to reinvigorate an understanding of a peculiarly southern form of ugliness. Concentrating on female grotesques, I want to suggest that these freakish women that so loudly dominate these stories engage in a politics of dissent. And this occurs on two levels. Firstly, the raucous women in Welty's, McCullers', and O'Connor's fiction challenge idealised and, needless to say, oppressive visions of white southern womanhood—the southern lady and the southern belle—that have dominated southern gender regimes from the antebellum period right up to the present. Secondly, the contorted and fragmented bodies that fill these writers' stories at the same time own up to a tragic history in which they have partaken, even if in silence. Such a history not only revolves around burdensome models of femininity, but also slavery and its tragic legacy and a literally fatal regional patriotism, and it becomes marked on the bodies of Welty's, McCullers', and O'Connor's women, just as the spi-

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dery scars on Seth's back write over and over the violent history of slavery and racism in Toni Morrison's *Beloved.*

First we must ponder why it is the *female* body in particular that has become a contested site of southern history and politics. Anne Goodwyn Jones stresses the importance of the female body in southern culture:

> the body of the privileged white woman was revered as a marble statue, a Grecian urn, a human body that by nature resembled the finest productions of masculine art. As such, it needed protection from vandals. . . . [F]or white men, this image implied the purity of blood and thus of white patriarchal lineage: white supremacy a [sic] well as the male line of succession and inheritance were guaranteed by her chastity and desirelessness. . . . Dividing women into categories—black and white, lady and woman—was one way to maintain a sense of control. . . . The white woman's fragility further guaranteed her distance from earthy interests and gave the man an opportunity to construct his own manhood in protecting her.[3]

Jones' account is insightful. While the southern white woman's value was invested in her body, she was at the same time *dis*-embodied: "her fragility further guaranteed her distance from earthy interests." Her position is thus a tortured one, torn between image and reality. Elsewhere, Jones includes two accounts from the first decades of the twentieth century that further attest to the foregrounding of women's bodies in southern culture. One clergyman warned of the dangers of the antithesis of the southern lady and belle, that is, a new northern style of woman, who had developed "bigger hands, bigger feet, higher cheek bones, lanker limbs, flatter chests, hook noses, lips thin and tight." Here, movement away from the feminine ideal transforms a female body into an androgynous, sterile one, the type of ugly body we frequently encounter in Welty's, McCullers' and O'Connor's fiction. Another observer remarked that "the rapidity with which [white southern] women have aged in the past, their invalidism, mental breakdown and early death have been in part because of the strain of concealing irritation that was not permitted self-expression."[4] Once more, the painful experience of southern womanhood is lived on and marks the body.

Historians now generally acknowledge that the ideal of southern womanhood has always been bound up with the south's particular relationship to race.[5] Even as recently as the Civil Rights Movement, conservatives appealed to this ideal in order to resist changes to the insidious system of Jim Crow.[6] White southern women have long played a vexed

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role in issues of race, and African American narratives can shed sharp light on their role, for example, in the complex and painful relation of white mistress to slave. In *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave*, Douglass recounts the transformation of the once-kindly Mrs. Auld, his master's wife:

> [t]he final poison of irresponsible power was already in her hands, and soon commenced its infernal work. That cheerful eye, under the influence of slavery, soon became red with rage; that voice that made all of sweet accord, changed to one of harsh and horrid discord; and that angelic face gave place to that of a demon.[7]

In Douglass's account, it is slavery that corrupts the ideally kindly southern lady, and, importantly, it is a corruption that is a bodily one. Although white women themselves were the victims of many injustices, so too did they inflict suffering upon others, most notably slaves. White women's relationships to their slaves were always complex. While they were essentially their mistresses, it is crucial to remember that slave women more often than not raised them. This paradoxical relationship of white women to their slaves—one of both nurturing *and* bondage—cannot but have had an extraordinary impact on the consciousness of both black and white. Another source of complexity in dealings between white and black women was of course miscegenation, or more properly put, white masters' rape of their female slaves. In *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, Harriet Jacobs tells of the raging jealousy that consumed the mistress once she became aware of the master's—her husband's—grotesque affections for his favorite female slave.[8] This is just one narrative that provides a counterpoint to claims that slave women and white women formed bonds of unity in the face of miscegenation and a brutal master/husband. More recently, in *The Color Purple*, Alice Walker undermines the often idealized relationship between the supposedly devoted Mammy and the grateful white child. Sofia, as a form of punishment, is forced to work for the white mayor's family. His daughter, Miss Eleanor Jane, now grown into a woman with a child of her own, cannot relinquish her bonds to the woman who raised her—Sofia—and cannot believe that the affection is not mutual. In a wonderful scene of confrontation, Sofia tells the white woman that she will never be able to love her young son, Reynolds Stanley: "I got my own troubles, say Sofia, and when Reynolds Stanley grow up, he's gon be one of them."[9]

White women were also the "motivation" behind the many brutal lynchings of African Americans, charged with the rape of white women,

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during the terrible years of Reconstruction and after. While African American men were cruelly painted as potential rapists, it became the apparent duty of every white southern man to protect his wife, daughters, sisters, and mother. The violence perpetuated against African American men cannot be underestimated. At the same time, it is important to bear in mind the impact of this period of southern history on white women. White women were depicted as prey, and so as vulnerable, passively in need of protection by their white-clad knights. I would also suggest that white male fantasies regarding rape of their women by African American men disguised an uncertainty concerning, if not a fear of, the sexual needs and wants of white women. Southern woman were perhaps not the sexually disinterested maidens for which they had so long and unrealistically been revered.

In this necessarily cursory overview of white southern womanhood, I can only start to highlight the extremely vexed, contradictory, and hypocritical roles in which white women found themselves, roles which they themselves were often guilty of perpetuating. It is white southern women's tragic history—as tied up in complex and painful white/African American relations and as captive to an unrealistic and oppressive image of femininity—that literally manifests itself in twentieth-century white southern women's writing. As the specter of miscegenation is said to haunt William Faulkner's gothic writings, the burden of a simultaneously idealized and detested womanhood haunts the stories of Welty, McCullers, and O'Connor. To repeat, I want to comment on the ways in which these writers engage with southern womanhood, and take responsibility for and then refuse this image.

Welty's first collection of stories, *A Curtain of Green*, is the one in which she is most preoccupied with female ugliness. Most outstandingly, in "A Memory," a young girl on a lake-side beach observes "a group of loud, squirming ill-assorted people who seemed thrown together only by the most confused accident . . . [who] wore old and faded bathing suits which did not hide either the energy or the fatigue of their bodies, but showed it exactly"(77). She is particularly intrigued by one of the women: "Fat hung upon her upper arms like an arrested earthslide on a hill. . . . Her breasts hung heavy and widening like pears into her bathing suit. Her legs lay prone one on the other like shadowed bulwarks"(78). Patricia Yaeger, in her ground-breaking reading of southern women's writing, *Dirt and Desire*, also draws attention to this passage and wonders how Welty could ever have earned the reputation of a quaint chronicler of local color.[10] For one, her stories are loaded with these grotesque women. The female

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narrator of "A Memory" recollects "ever since I had begun taking painting lessons, I had made small frames with my fingers, to look out at everything" (75). This attempt to frame the world is also one to organize and normalize it. Yet, the group she encounters by the lake, particularly this earth-shattering woman, will not fit into her narrow vision. The woman overflows the bounds of acceptable identity to challenge restrictive images of petite and gracious womanhood, written into a history of terror and (self-)denial.

In "Lily Daw and the Three Ladies," Welty is having a lovely time as she pokes fun at the good women of Victory, Mississippi, who organize for the simple Lily Daw—who "wasn't bright" (3) but "can be a lady" (4)—to move into the Ellisville Institute for the Feeble-Minded of Mississippi. But Lily has foiled their scheme with plans to marry a traveling musician, prompting the women to consider that Lily, God forbid, might just be a sexual being. The choice for Lily seems to be the asylum or marriage, anything to stop her from wearing petticoats like "a Fiji" (8), and to encourage her in such feminine pursuits as basket weaving. Underlying the comic tenor of the story is the violence so typical of *A Curtain of Green* as a whole. As a young girl, Lily's father beat her "and tried to cut her head off with the butcher knife"(5). To this day, "[y]ou could see the wavy scar on her throat if you knew it was there" (6).

Violence and beauty are intriguingly entangled in "Petrified Man" which takes place in a beauty parlor in small-town Mississippi and constructs feminine beauty not as something natural or innate, but as wholly manufactured: nail polish, hair dyes, permanent waves, and so forth. The women who are associated with southern beauty are, in a nutshell, silly. Taken to the extreme, we read of Mrs. Montjoy who in the midst of labor, determined to have "her shampoo an' set": "She just wanted to look pretty while she was havin' her baby, is all" (24). In a lovely detail, Welty names one of the salons The Robert E. Lee Beauty Shop: conceptions of beauty are the foundations of southern identity itself. Meanwhile, just as the name of the salon refers us to a brutal past, lurking in the background of the shallow parlor talk is the figure of the rapist, the freakshow's Petrified Man, or, as Mrs. Pike knows him, Mr. Petrie, an old neighbor of hers. Mr. Petrie's rape of four Californian women is to some extent re-enacted by southern men, even if toned down somewhat. For it is, we learn, a husband's role to discipline his wife: "'Her husband ought to make her behave. . . . He ought to put his foot down.'" (25). The rapist, Mr. Petrie, has carried traditional gendered behavior to its perhaps inevitable conclusion.

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Thus, while Welty comically satirizes notions of female beauty and behavior, her stories are also terribly sinister for violence is often frighteningly connected with southern womanhood. We see this over and over in her stories: for example, "A Piece of News," "Flowers for Marjorie," and "A Curtain of Green." Meanwhile, McCullers' *The Ballad of the Sad Café* provides a more obvious example of female ugliness as dissent. Miss Amelia Evans looks like a man in her boots and overalls, is overly tall and gangly, and perhaps most threatening of all, she lives alone and participates in the world of men's work. Overlaying the story is her strange love for the "queer" little hunchbacked dwarf, Cousin Lymon. Miss Amelia quite clearly works against the stereotype of the southern belle and lady.

In a very interesting reading of the novella, Charles Hannon claims that

> American women of the 1940s might have identified with Amelia, whose professional success during the absence of her husband Marvin Macy corresponded with the developing myth of their own wartime fortunes. But Amelia's refusal to submit to her husband after his return contradicted both the promise and premise of postwar household consumerism displayed in other wartime fiction, and in the product advertisements and wartime announcements that appeared on the same pages of the August 1943 *Harper's Bazaar* as Carson McCullers's "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe."[11]

Amelia mischievously rejects heterosexual relations and the normal mode of living that supposedly accompanies these. This path is now a much traveled one in McCullers scholarship: the ways in which Amelia's masculinity is "transgressive."[12] What I find more interesting, and what has been virtually overlooked in readings of this wonderful tale, is Amelia's *femininity*, for Amelia is at times, at *crucial* times, feminine. And it is these moments that, I suggest, are paradoxically her most freakish and her most dangerous.

Once her husband, the nothing-less-than-a-rapist Marvin Macy, returns to town after a stint in the penitentiary, Amelia takes to wearing a dress. Importantly, it is a red dress, having connotations of prostitution and blood. Up to this time, it was only after the arrival of Cousin Lymon that Amelia wore her red, tarty dress, and only on Sundays, that holiest of days—one would think a subdued dress more fitting. One rather sober explanation of why she starts to appear more feminine might be that she is attempting to attract Cousin Lymon, who, once Marvin Macy returns to town, grows more and more smitten with the dashing outlaw. There

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is nothing intrinsically wrong with this reading, but it does overlook the deliciously mischievous glee that I understand McCullers as taking in this open flaunting of traditional femininity. Amelia becomes what the townsfolk want her to become, "a calculable woman"(38), but she exaggerates acceptable femininity, like a drag queen, to make it seem perverse, dangerous and loose. Moreover, the narrator harks back in time to Amelia's marriage to Marvin Macy. As she walks down the aisle on her wedding day, wearing her mother's old wedding gown, she forgets herself for a moment and fumbles with the front of the dress, as if seeking out her pipe in the pockets of her overalls. It is almost as if the masculine Amelia is cross-dressed. This episode also anticipates the moment when her red dress reveals "a piece of her strong, hairy thigh"(71). Just whom are we looking at? A man or a woman? Femininity is cumbersome for Amelia, and again, she cannot do it properly. I suggest that McCullers' text makes a harsh mockery of southern womanhood. She portrays it as something women awkwardly put on and do, not quite properly.

Amelia's over-performance or, rather, *wrong* performance of femininity reminds me of Baby Wilson in McCullers' novel, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*, and the pathetic Shirley T. in Welty's "Why I Live at the P.O." Baby and Shirley are over-done, over-feminized, so that they become a grotesque parody of southern womanhood. In these instances, it is not an unlady-like ugliness that protests women's place and history in the south, but an *almost* perfect, a dangerously close restatement of southern femininity that mocks and satirizes it, suggesting its painful limits while also ridiculing it. Notably, Baby Wilson is "shot" by little Bubber Kelly, and Shirley T., seemingly unable to talk, can only sing "Popeye the Sailor Man." What more cutting critique of idealized modes of femininity could there be?

O'Connor, like Welty and McCullers, similarly makes connections between brutality and southern womanhood in her collection, *A Good Man is Hard to Find*. In the wonderful title story, the feisty grandmother appeals to her status as a lady once she realizes that she is to be the next victim of the Misfit, the escaped convict: "'You wouldn't shoot a lady, would you?'" (22). She seeks the image of the southern lady as a kind of *cordon sanitaire*, protecting her from the world. The Misfit answers her appeal with a bullet to her head. O'Connor makes a subtle connection between antebellum plantation values and violence earlier in the story. As the family set out on their car journey to Florida, the grandmother makes them take a detour, to show them "an old plantation that she had visited in this neighborhood once when she was a young lady. She said the house

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had six white columns across the front and that there was an avenue of oaks leading up to it" (16). It is on this dirt road, the road to a misleadingly idealized past, that they are so brutally murdered.

O'Connor viciously—at times sadistically—satirizes over and over the ideal of the lady to which the grandmother aspires. The simple Lucynell Crater Jnr. in "The Life You Save May Be Your Own" will make a perfect wife because, as her mother proudly declares, "[o]ne that can't talk . . . can't sass you back or use foul language" (61–62). "She's smart too. She can sweep the floor, cook, wash, feed the chickens, and hoe" (58). It is difficult not to enjoy O'Connor's irony. Mostly, her women are huge, fraudulently "genteel," spiteful gossipy widows[13] who are self-satisfied in their apparent virtues. Often, one of the characters themselves fulfils the role of O'Connor's satiric mouthpiece. For example, in "Good Country People," Joy Hopewell, an unmarried, "large blonde girl who had an artificial leg" (170) and a philosophy PhD, is the most strident critic of her silly mother, Mrs. Hopewell and her equally silly friend, Mrs. Freeman. Like the similarly ugly intellectual young Mary Grace in "Revelation" (*Everything That Rises Must Converge*), O'Connor creates dissent in terms of bodily dissent. Joy, who has chosen the ugliest name for herself she can possibly think of—Hulga—defies images of "good country people" not only mentally, but also in body. Joy is sharply contrasted with Mrs. Freeman's girls, who are "two of the finest girl [Mrs. Hopewell] knew": "Glynese, a redhead, was eighteen and had many admirers; Carramae, a blonde, was only fifteen but already married and pregnant" (170). It is Joy's great tragedy, then, that it is her artificial leg, marking her difference, her dissent, which becomes the focus of her treacherous seduction—or, more properly, rape—by the wonderfully named Manly Pointer, the traveling Bible salesman. It is at this point that Joy reveals her own susceptibility to the sentimental set of values which she so criticized in her mother and Mrs. Freeman, making her complicit in her own betrayal: she asks Mr. Pointer, "aren't you just good country people?" (194).

It is in "The Displaced Person" that we find the values surrounding "good country people" and southern womanhood troublingly entangled with hierarchies of class and race. Mrs. Shortley, another of O'Connor's frightening gigantic women—"she might have been the giant wife of the countryside . . . [and] stood on two tremendous legs, with the grand self-confidence of a mountain" (197)—and her dairyman husband work for the doll-like Mrs. McIntyre. Although they are merely "hired help, like the . . . Negroes" (198), Mrs. Shortley nevertheless feels comfortable

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when Mrs. McIntyre rants and raves about poor whites "because she knew that if Mrs. McIntyre had considered her trash, they couldn't have talked about trashy people together. Neither of them approved of trash" (208). Class is an important element in images and discourses about the southern lady. Mrs. Shortley must be able to distinguish herself from "trash," and to make sure others do likewise, in order to count herself a lady. With the African Americans who work on Mrs. McIntyre's place, this is a much easier task because they at least *look* different. In fact, Mr. Shortley says that if he were ever to travel, he would only go to China or Africa. "You go to either of them two places and you can tell right away what the difference is between you and them" (247).

The Shortleys' already precariously fragile social standing is soon threatened by the arrival of the displaced person, the Polish Mr. Guizac, and his family, World War Two refugees who have come to work on Mrs. McIntyre's place. The threat emanates from the fact that the Guizacs "looked like other people" (198). Just as incredibly, the displaced person cannot "tell" the difference between whites and blacks: while he kisses Mrs. McIntyre's hand on greeting her (she immediately wipes it), he also shakes the hands of the African American workers "like he didn't know the difference, like he might have been as black as them" (214). How were people to tell the difference between a southern lady, of "good country people" stock, and displaced people who "did not have an advanced religion" (202)? The displaced person has not yet learned how to be "white," which involves recognizing and maintaining hierarchies of difference. Mrs. Shortley slowly begins to make the painful connection between her and her husband's own status as hired help, and the African American workers and the Polish refugees. O'Connor clearly implicates southern womanhood and the values supporting it in damaging class and racial/ethnic hierarchies.

The story is loaded with examples of white racism—against African-Americans and against ethnic others[14]—mostly demonstrated by the women who aspire to be ladies, Mrs. Shortley and Mrs. McIntyre. When Mrs. Shortley declares, "ain't I always been a friend to niggers and poor folks" (215), she is acknowledging that these others are actually quite useful tools for the scapegoating of ethnic others, like Mr. Guizac: "with this kind of people you had to be on the lookout every minute. She thought there ought to be a law against them. There was no reason they couldn't stay over there and take the places of some of the people who had been killed in the wars and butcherings" (211). Her allegation that ethnic others take the jobs of "our" people, that is, her husband, is supported by

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her grotesque vision: "She was seeing the ten million billion of them pushing their way into new places over here and herself, a giant angel with wings as wide as a house, telling the Negroes that they would have to find another place" (205).

With the lines of demarcation between acceptable and unacceptable, inside and outside continually being reinscribed—African Americans are classed with poor whites, Poles with Germans—according to the inanity of two southern ladies, it is no wonder that the "The Displaced Person" is scattered with broken and shattered bodies: the newsreel Mrs. Shortley recalls seeing shows "a small room piled high with bodies of dead naked people all in a heap, their arms and legs tangled together, a head thrust in here, a head there, a foot, a knee, a part that should have been covered sticking out, a hand raised clutching nothing" (200). This is a most haunting and frightening image, yet Mrs. Shortley can feel no compassion whatsoever, only a deep worry that the Guizacs "like rats with typhoid fleas, could have carried all those murderous ways over the water with them directly to this place" (200). A vile racism similarly breaks up African American bodies in the story: "The bars of sunlight fell from the cracked ceiling across [the old man's] back and cut him in three distinct parts" (224).

Near the end of the story, Mrs. McIntyre complains that she is "not responsible for the world's misery" (235). Yet, as I have argued, women did not play insignificant roles, wittingly or otherwise, in a culture producing so many ruptured bodies and often-brutal gender, class and race hierarchies. In this essay, I have attempted to give Welty's, McCullers', and O'Connor's fiction a kind of genealogy, a historical and political context. For, these are highly engaged writers. Although all three writers take on, in order to critique, images of southern womanhood—its enmeshment with class and racial oppressions—they do so in different ways. Welty is playful and teasing as she gently parodies ideal southern womanhood, yet this is frequently undercut by a lurking violence. McCullers is sympathetic to the binds of womanhood and particularly alert to the power femininity holds in the southern imagination. O'Connor is scathing to the point of sadistic, implicating southern women in regimes of violence and racial and class oppression. Future investigations into representations of southern womanhood could include a comparison of the ways in which southern male and female writers, and black and white writers, portray female ugliness. What might differences in the portrayals mean historically and politically? For example, how might we read Faulkner's hysterical Rosa Coldfield or the silent Caddy Compson side by side with

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Walker's grotesque and angry Sophia? These could add to our understanding of the power of the ideal of southern womanhood, and further emphasize its entanglement with more painful aspects of southern history and society. The ugly women of Welty, McCullers and O'Connor not only testify to their own unenviable plight as inheritors of an unworkable ideal, but they also underscore the part that southern women have played in the region's tragic story.

NOTES

1. Regarding *A Curtain of Green*, Welty observed that "I'm sure I needed the device of what you call the 'grotesque.' That is, I hoped to differentiate characters by their physical qualities as a way of showing what they are like inside—it seemed to me the most direct way to do it," *Conversations with Eudora Welty*, ed. Peggy Prenshaw (Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1984) 84.

In her essay, "The Flowering Dream: Notes on Writing," McCullers writes "[l]ove . . . is at the heart of my selection of grotesque figures to write about—people whose physical incapacity is a symbol of their spiritual incapacity to love or receive love. . . .", in *The Mortgaged Heart* (London: Penguin, 1975) 280.

Flannery O'Connor comments extensively on her work and the southern grotesque in *Mystery and Manners* (New York: Noonday Press, 1994), for example "The Fiction Writer and His Country," and "Some Aspects of the Grotesque in Southern Fiction."

2. Eudora Welty, *A Curtain of Green and Other Stories*, in *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty* (London: Virago, 1998); Carson McCullers, *The Ballad of the Sad Café* (London: Penguin, 1963); Flannery O'Connor, *A Good Man is Hard to Find and Other Stories* (London: Women's Press, 1980). Page references will appear in the text in parentheses.

3. Anne Goodwyn Jones, "The Work of Gender in the Southern Renaissance," in *Southern Writers and their Worlds*, ed. Christopher Morris and Steven G. Reinhardt (Arlington: Texas A&M UP, 1996) 49–50.

4. These two quotations come from Anne Goodwyn Jones' excellent chapter on the history of the ideal of southern womanhood, "Dixie's Diamond," *Tomorrow is Another Day: The Woman Writer in the South, 1859–1936* (Baton Rouge and London: Louisiana State UP, 1981) 20 and 37, respectively.

5. See for example, Jones, *Tomorrow is Another Day*, 4–5.

6. Jones, *Tomorrow is Another Day*, 17.

7. Frederick Douglass, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave*, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin and Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave* (1845. London: Everyman, 1993) 510–511.

8. Harriet Jacobs, *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, ed. Jean Fagan Yellin (1861. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1987).

9. Alice Walker, *The Color Purple* (London: Women's Press, 1983) 225. See Patricia Yaeger, *Dirt and Desire: Reconstructing Southern Women's Writing, 1930–1990* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 2000) 145–146, for a similar reading of this scene.

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10. Yaeger 129–140, 62 respectively.

11. Charles Hannon, "'The Ballad of the Sad Cafe' and Other Stories of Women's Wartime Labor," *Bodies of Writing, Bodies in Performance*, ed. Thomas Foster, Carol Siegel, and Ellen E. Berry (New York and London: New York UP, 1996) 97.

12. See for example, Louise Westling, *Sacred Groves and Ravaged Gardens: The Fiction of Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor* (Athens; U of Georgia P, 1985) 110–132.

13. Westling suggests that O'Connor's numerous widows point back to the Civil War and its aftermath, when many women were widowed and had to support their families in the harshest of conditions, 146.

14. Yaeger is right to suggest that ethnicity displaces race in O'Connor's story, 27.

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