To Welty, human life is fiction’s only theme. The self is the source of the art, but many of us tend to flee into soothing fiction, away from life. Our memories are minefields and Miss Welty reminds us that as we discover, we remember, remembering, we discover, and more intensely do we experience this when our separate journeys converge. Our living experience at those meeting points is one of the charged dramatic fields of fiction. For this is the point of "confluence"—that place where passion meets life, and recognizes it, and the story is born, and born over and over again.

Eudora Welty is undoubtedly one of the most admired of living writers who has not learned to be a ‘grande dame.’ She continues to live quietly among her neighbours in Jackson, but by now she is such a local celebrity that she is recognized everywhere with discreet proprietary affection. Strangers driving alongside her car in the streets of Jackson will look over and smile, even wave. She has won this place in her native town by a lifetime of careful craft and such a modest response to her fame that she is accorded a protective courtesy.