



## "Att: To Him Who Greatly Ennobled Human Nature..."

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ATT: TO HIM WHO GREATLY ENNOBLED HUMAN  
NATURE BY CREATING IT.

Dear Lord,

Dear God, (N.B. the half stop. This is a  
"friendly letter")

Dear God: (On the contrary; this is a  
business letter!)

Once upon a time I lived greenly and  
apocryphal on one of your islands. An  
island of the archipelago in the N. Atlantic  
between North and South America, enclosing  
the Carribean Sea and Gulf of  
Mexico: divided into the Greater  
Antilles, the Lesser Antilles, and the  
Bahama Islands. Not the  
Windward or Leeward Island colonies,  
mark you, but within <sup>of course</sup> the Greater  
of the two Antilles.

(Excuse me sir. I am only trying  
to be precise. I must identify myself  
to you, you see.)

As I say: Once upon a greater time  
I was nonetheless a lad from the Greater  
Antilles.







Perhaps if I'd been from the tower of  
the two Artillery or even a lesson had  
from the greater Artillery ~~and~~ <sup>never have been</sup>  
I would ~~not~~ <sup>at least</sup> of  
little men. (8) Shall I tell you how

little she loved me? You suspect  
don't you? But you could hardly know. (9) This

morning, before the <sup>little black</sup> girl came, I  
cried into my white hand. Oh. not  
aloud. There is no pride to crying,  
hears or even refuse to hear a sound  
so heavy with regrets. But in my  
silent own lone way, I am cried.

Did I ever tell you, <sup>but</sup> how little she  
loved me? <sup>What does she tell you about it so you must understand about what I did today.</sup> What <sup>on</sup> <sup>to</sup> do with  
these unried tears? Uncry? Uncry?

Dear God. Dear Pot. This is my  
scream out loud. This is my unried  
cry.

(Selma)  
1. She <sup>^</sup> left me the way people  
leave a hotel room. How important  
A hotel room is of so little consequence  
one does not even, truly leave it. A  
hotel room is convenient. But its  
convenience is limited to the  
time you need it while you are



in that particular town on that particular business: you hope it is comfortable, but rather prefer that it be anonymous. It is not, after all, where you live. When you no longer need it, you pay for its use; say "Thank you, sir," and when your business in that town is over, you go away from that room.

Does anybody regret leaving a hotel room? Does anybody, who has a home, want to stay there? Does anybody look back at, with affection or even disgust, at a hotel room when they are leaving it? <sup>You can only love or despise whatever living was done in that room. The room itself.</sup> But you take

a souvenir. Not oh not to remember the room. To remember, rather, the time and the place of your business, your adventure. What can anyone feel for a hotel room? One doesn't anymore feel for a hotel room than one expects a hotel room to feel for its occupant.



4

That, Dear God, was how she left me:  
how she loved me. I was in her bedroom. So she never left me there  
because she was having sex with me there, never ever  
there.

Someday, perhaps, I shall tell you  
how I loved her <sup>10</sup> for the moment, however  
suffice it to say, <sup>10</sup> how little, how least  
she loved me.

2. Only mention that <sup>10</sup> for background. To give my observations and  
regards proper perspective. ~~Don't be afraid~~, You know all of what  
is happening. Look, but I want to see it, from my point  
of view. You remember, you know how and what we are made?  
Number 2. is for mixed ground  
Yes, now. Let me proceed to point number 2.

→ The little girls' breasts.  
too much for me, Lord. <sup>1</sup> Yes. <sup>2</sup> Now.

they beckoned <sup>3</sup> to me. How is it, Lord, that  
I could lift my eyes from the

contemplation of Your Body and Blind.  
and fall deeply into the contemplation of other bodies.

stay buds on gorge saplings. They  
were mean, you know. Mean little  
buds, resisting the touch but agreeing to

luring me to touch. That a hint at me. They  
struck out at me. Slender chested  
fingers chested ladies. Have you ever seen them  
Lord? I mean really see them. One could not see them at all. Long things - surely  
you made them. Have you considered them long  
enough to see them at all. Even as an idea in the mind of God.



① About how anxious I was that she keep her good opinion of herself. About the kindness that seemed to radiate from the protrusion of her stomach. About the tenderness I felt for her whenever she was publicly stupid.

→ ② How could I have not loved them?

→ ?







③ But I apologize for - whatever it is necessary  
to apologize for in that area. The inappropriate-  
ness - <sup>of having them</sup> is that it had -? The imbalance, at  
awkward times of day, and in awkward places -  
the ~~stupidity~~ <sup>of not being able to not</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the over</sup>  
~~was~~ which belongs to member of my family.

④\* Mrs. Lord. Read this case fully. ~~With a~~  
Even without the attraction of those tits, I'd  
~~have never have carried out the Order~~  
~~have made a rather rough~~ ~~Prick - A~~  
rather in ANY CASE. ~~But~~ The Breasts  
you SEE WERE ~~that only just~~ <sup>luxurious</sup> ~~as easy, pleasant~~ <sup>hunger</sup>  
~~which kept me from my careful examination~~ <sup>became</sup> ~~but they~~  
~~provided me with the escape I needed.~~ <sup>anything to do instead</sup>  
So I'd have been no good to you any way  
Got that? But you always knew that - didn't you?  
#1  
⑤ <sup>and please</sup>  
<sup>not to do without them,</sup>











Lord. I have been as bad <sup>too</sup> ~~brave~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~unhappy man~~ <sup>to</sup> But someday I will die.

→ alone <sup>and then</sup> ~~and then~~ <sup>ooo</sup>

~~I can die good now. Because I did~~  
~~a good thing. I played for 10 years (for good and for money)~~  
~~and won!~~ <sup>I alone devised a miracle</sup> I gave her the eyes. I gave

her the Blue Blue <sup>Two Blue</sup> Eyes. - Cobalt Blue, I took  
 a streak <sup>pit</sup> right out of your own HEBER,

Of course ~~no one~~ <sup>else</sup> will see her <sup>blue</sup> eyes ~~and~~

~~but~~ <sup>she is important to me</sup> ~~that~~  
 she will. <sup>Oh you're jealous. You're jealous of me</sup>

But I'm going to die anyway + <sup>but</sup> ~~darned~~ <sup>gave</sup> away  
 (just because I was friendly) But now I can die good because ~~now~~

I can die good.

~~been released from domination by the~~

~~she said if doing to do you~~

~~was~~ You see? ~~it will~~ I, too, have

~~Created~~ Not Originally, <sup>(like you)</sup> but Creation

is a ~~beach~~ mine <sup>more</sup> for the Foster

~~to~~ <sup>As well as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>than</sup> the Brewer.

Having therefore inhibited, <sup>as</sup> it were,  
 of the center, I feel like the subject

of a ~~spine~~ - I am not afraid of you or  
 death - ~~And~~ - it's <sup>all right</sup> ~~about~~ Valma + <sup>it's all right</sup> ~~about~~ Papa  
 + <sup>all right</sup> ~~about~~ the Brewer + <sup>about</sup> ~~the~~ Antilles. Quite all right. Quite.



~~But~~

You have to understand that Lord, You said  
Suffer little children to come unto me  
and harm them not. But did you forget?

Did you forget what about the children?

<sup>Quite, you forget.</sup>  
You let them go wanting; ~~Do~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~forget~~ ~~the~~

sit on road shoulders, in war pictures,  
crying next to dead mothers. I <sup>see</sup> them  
chained, lame, lost and battered. You  
forgot Lord. You forgot how to be god and  
when.

That's why I ~~fixed up~~ <sup>changed</sup> that black girl's  
eyes. That's why I gave her those blue lips  
she wanted. I did what you did, it couldn't  
wouldn't do. I looked at that ugly black  
girl and loved her. Not for <sup>pleasure</sup> ~~fun~~ this time  
(and not for money) > I played you.

~~And I did a damn good job.~~ And it was a very good show.