



## "We--Frieda And Me--Meet Eunice"

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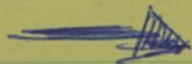
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WE - FRIEND AND ME - MORT EUNICE!

1. MAMA SAYS AGENT is coming - WE HAVE people have placed CITIZEN in Home, until COURT can decide what to do. EUNICE placed in our Home.

Our curiosity. Incident with S. WALKER  
Francis's pain. Our sympathy. - Still the  
FALL or AUTUMN.



She slept in the Bed with us. FREIDA on the outside because she is Brave ~~and~~ - it never occurs to her that if in her sleep her hand droops, <sup>fall</sup>

HANGS OVER THE EDGE OF THE BED. "Something"  
UNDER THE BED WILL CRAWL OUT AND  
WITH WHITE HOR FINGERS. off. I sleep up

UNDER THE BED WITH CLOTHES ON AND  
~~with~~ bite her fingers off. I sleep up  
 NEAR ~~AGAINST~~ THE WALL. I know ~~that~~ <sup>because of that</sup> it has occurred to  
~~thought~~ <sup>me</sup> something, me.  
~~is waiting for me to relax in my sleep~~  
~~which simply to tear my fingers off. Once I~~

Simply to tear my fingers off. Once I  
had something pulled me out of the bag and waking up  
on the floor, I resolved never to sleep on  
the bag. ~~So~~ <sup>therefore</sup> I had sleep  
was in the

MIDDIE. SHE SLEPT FUNNY: HANDS FOLDED  
ACROSS HER CHEST NEVER MOVING OR <sup>flapping</sup> ~~flapping~~.  
HER LIMBS ~~about~~. BUT WE HAD TO



Sometimes mothers put their sons outdoors. And when that happened  
we knew that regardless of what the son intended - a sympathy was with  
him - when as indoors - And his own flesh had been it. To be put outdoors by a  
Lanciano was one thing - Unforunately - But in respect of wife more with you  
had no control who could control his income.) But to be black & worst of put oneself  
outdoors

By excessive  
vices, or  
to be  
heretics  
enough to  
put one's  
own  
interests  
was faith  
There is  
A difference  
between  
being  
put out  
and being  
put out  
doors.  
Now is  
being  
homeless  
the same  
as indoors

→ 1280

~~the Seamen to like~~  
Mama had <sup>TOLD US</sup> ~~announced~~ two days <sup>EARLIER</sup> ago that a  
"case" was coming - A girl who had no  
place to go. So the "country" had <sup>PLACED</sup> ~~ASKED~~ <sup>my Mother</sup> ~~ASKED~~  
to <sup>HER IN OUR</sup> house ~~her~~ for a few days until they  
<sup>OR, more precisely, until the family was reunited.</sup>  
could decide what to do. We were to be  
nice to her and not fight. <sup>MAMA</sup> ~~She~~ didn't know  
"what got into people" but ~~that~~ <sup>DOG</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>Winston</sup>  
~~Winston~~ had burnt up his house, <sup>OPEN UP SIDE</sup> ~~burnt~~ <sup>his wife</sup> ~~head~~  
the mother and every body <sup>AS A RESULT</sup> was outdoors.  
Outdoors. <sup>WE KNEW WAS</sup> ~~that was~~ the <sup>FEAR</sup> ~~terror~~ of life.  
<sup>THE THREAT OF BEING OUTDOORS</sup> ~~To be out doors~~ Every <sup>possibility of</sup> ~~excess~~ was  
subordinated frequently in those days.  
curtailed with <sup>that threat</sup>. If one ate too  
much he could end up "outdoors." If one  
used too much coal it might cause somebody  
to be put outdoors. People could gamble  
themselves outdoors, drink themselves outdoors.

~~And outdoors - though never experienced before.~~  
~~It~~ <sup>with</sup> <sup>STANDING</sup> ~~called~~ up images of people in the snow  
cold, watering eyes, ungloved hands - no  
place to go. Lonely cut off. Looking  
in <sup>the closed</sup> <sup>windows</sup> ~~at the closed~~ doors of the indoors people.  
But ~~and there~~ was more than that as well.  
<sup>to go ASIDE</sup> <sup>Further</sup> <sup>the outdoors is</sup> ~~It is~~ being outside the <sup>condition</sup> ~~periphery~~ of the human ~~state~~.



PHYSICAL  
fact that  
supported  
UNDEVELOPED  
OUR  
CENT METAPHYSICAL

condition

out

If you are put out - you so somewhere else  
if you are outdoors - there is no place to.  
The latter suggested a possibility  
a termination of something,

the sample  
distinction  
was  
subtle  
but  
fatal.

Outdoors was <sup>the end of something - an irrevocable</sup> a geographical physical fact

It defined and complemented our metaphysical  
condition. Being <sup>a</sup> black <sup>minority</sup> people were moved  
about <sup>anyway</sup> on the hem of life, struggling to consolidate  
our <sup>weaknesses</sup> strengths or <sup>and Hampton</sup> about to creep singly into the  
major forces of the garment. Our peripheral  
existence, however, was something we could  
deal with, probably, because it was abstract.  
But the concreteness of being outdoors was  
another matter - like the difference between  
the concept of death and being, in fact, dead.  
~~The idea of pregnancy and a baby.~~ Dead doesn't  
change, ~~but doesn't go away~~, + outdoors is  
here to stay.

Knowing that there was such a thing as  
outdoors <sup>bred</sup> <sup>in us</sup> a hunger for property for ownership  
The firm possession of a yard, a porch, a grape  
arbor. Proportion black people spent all their  
energies all their love on their nests: They  
decorated, elaborated, fussed ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> fixated over  
their hard-won homes. Renting Blacks  
cast furtive glances at these yards, these porches.  
They could seldom generate ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> fashionable enthusiasm  
for the rented places - places you could ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> be  
put out of.



" THREE QUARTS OF MILK. THAT'S WHAT WAS IN THERE YESTERDAY.  
~~THREE WHOLE QUARTS.~~

NOW THEY AIN'T NONE. NOT A DROP. I DON'T MIND.

FOLKS COMING IN GETTING WHAT THEY WANT. BUT <sup>WHAT THE DEVIL DOES ANYBODY NEED WITH 3 Q. OF MILK? (1)</sup>  
THREE QUARTS OF MILK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SUPPOSED  
TO BE RUNNING HERE. A CHARITY WARD I GUESS. TIME FOR  
ME TO GET OUT OF THE GIVING LINE AND GET IN THE GETTING  
LINE. I GUESS I AIN'T SUPPOSED TO HAVE NOTHING.

I'M SUPPOSED TO END UP IN THE POOR HOUSE. LOOK LIKE  
NOTHING I DO IS GOING TO KEEP ME OUT OF THERE.

FOLKS JUST SPEND ALL THEIR TIME TRYING TO  
FIGURE OUT WAYS TO SEND ME TO THE POOR HOUSE. <sup>I GOT ABOUT AS MUCH</sup>  
<sup>BUSINESS WITH ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED AS A CAT GOT WITH SIPE POCKETS.</sup>

AS IF I DON'T HAVE TROUBLE ENOUGH TRYING TO FEED  
MY OWN <sup>AND KEEP OUT OF THE POOR HOUSE</sup> <sup>now</sup> I GOT SOMETHING ELSE IN HERE  
THAT'S JUST GOING TO DRINK ME <sup>ON IN THERE,</sup> ~~into the poor house.~~

WELL, NOW SHE AIN'T. NOT LONG AS I GOT STRENGTH  
IN MY BODY AND A TONGUE IN MY HEAD. THERE'S  
A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING. I AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO JUST  
~~THROW~~ AWAY. DON'T NOBODY NEED 3 QUARTS OF MILK.  
HENRY FORD DON'T NEED 3 QUARTS OF MILK. THAT'S JUST  
SINFUL. ~~NO~~ I'M WILLING TO DO WHAT I CAN FOR FOLKS  
CAN'T NOBODY SAY I ~~AM~~ AIN'T. BUT THIS HAS GOT TO  
STOP. FOLKS JUST DUMP THEY CHILDREN OFF ON YOU AND  
GO ON BOUT THEY BUSINESS. AIN'T NOBODY EVEN PEEPPED  
IN HERE TO SEE WHETHER THAT CHIL'D HAD A HOAST



LAST thing in  
PETA-time-

Broke as a kitten.

Poor as a yoko dog.

bread. ~~They~~ Look like they would just peep in to  
see whether ~~she~~<sup>I</sup> has a loaf of bread. But naw.  
That thought don't cross they minds. That old triflin  
Citelly been out of jail two days now and ain't  
come by to see if his own child was ~~live~~ living or dead.

She could Be dead for all he know. (2) And here I am.  
poor as a bowl of yak me. What do they think  
I am? Some kind of Santa Claus? Well they ~~can't~~  
can just take they stocking down. Cause it sh' aint  
Christmas. ~~Talk about~~ <sup>Bible say</sup> ~~feeding~~ <sup>feed</sup> the hungry. That's fine.  
That's all right but I aint feeding no elephants.  
Any body need three quarts of milk <sup>to live</sup> needs to get out  
of here. They in the wrong place. What is this?  
Some kind of Dairy farm?

another. (Seven)  
at passage

Mama's siloquy slide  
into the silence,  
from the kitchen.

After passage: (throwing stones at it) ...  
Mama's ~~voice~~ <sup>voice</sup> trailed

out of the door



The "Folks" ~~was~~ my Mother ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> referred to was Eunice.

① ~~Mama was in the kitchen - fussing.~~  
The three of us (Frieda, Eunice + I) ~~sat on the floor of the~~ <sup>downstairs</sup> listened  
to ~~my mother~~ <sup>her</sup> (fussing) in the kitchen, about the  
amount of milk E. had drunk. ~~We~~ We knew E.  
was fond of the Shirley Temple cup and took  
every opportunity to drink milk out of it just to  
handle the cup + see <sup>Sweet</sup> Shirley's face. My mother  
knew that Frieda + I hated milk ~~so~~ <sup>and she assumed</sup> E. must  
~~have~~ drunk it - out of greediness. ~~As~~ Ashamed  
of the insults that she was heaping upon our friend  
we just sat there: I picked toe jam, Frieda  
cleaned her fingernails with her teeth, and Eunice  
~~pulled at~~ <sup>fingers</sup> traced some scars  
~~scratched a scab~~ <sup>on</sup> from her knee - her head cocked  
to one side. My mother's fussing, <sup>soliloquies</sup> <sup>always</sup> irritated and  
depressed us. They were interminable, insulting, and  
<sup>although indirect</sup> (Mama never named anybody - just talked about folks  
~~present in their~~  
and some people) extremely painful in their thrust.  
She would go on like that for hours ~~and~~ <sup>connecting</sup>  
one offense to another until all of the things that ~~chaperised~~  
her were <sup>spoken</sup> ~~told~~ <sup>everybody</sup> ~~everybody~~ <sup>remembered</sup> ~~of~~. Then, she would burst into song  
and sing the rest of the day. But it was such a long  
time before the scraping part came. In the  
meantime, our stomachs ~~jumped~~ <sup>jiggled</sup> and our necks  
burning we listened, averted each other's eyes + picked







ARE YOU  
RATTLED?

The greens and Blues <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ my mother's voice. <sup>IT</sup> took all of the ~~misery~~ <sup>grief</sup> out of the words and left me with a conviction that pain was not only endurable, it was sweet.

But without song those Saturdays sat on my head like a ~~steel~~ Basket (Coal skuttle) and if mama was fussing, as she was now, it was like somebody throw<sup>ing</sup> stones at it. So the weight was  
he fidgeted:



Eunice + Frieda Had a loving conversation  
About Stanley Temple: How cute ~~stamps~~.

*I cannot join the crowd because*  
I hated S.T. not because she was cute -  
But because she danced with Bob Jones,  
who was my friend, my "uncle"; my daddy  
+ who ought to have been sitting still  
+ chuckling with me. Instead it was  
enjoying, sitting, giving a lovely dance thing  
with one of those little white girls whose  
socks never slid down. Under their heel.

So I said "I like Jane Withers"  
They <sup>gave me a</sup> ~~looked~~ puzzler, <sup>and</sup> ~~for a moment~~ then  
incomprehensible but continued their reminiscence  
~~about~~ old spirit-eyed Stanley.

*mi* We had fun <sup>and</sup> those days G was with us. Frieda + I stopped fighting  
each other concentrated on our guest trying hard to keep her from feeling outdone.

"Three quarts of milk." That's what was here  
yesterday. Three whole quarts of milk. Now  
they aint none." ~~He~~ I woke up to  
I don't mind folks coming in, and taking what they want.  
But 3 quarts of milk, Jesus. What do they? 8:00  
That's this is.

7:30

~~\$8.00~~

"mami"



OLD WINDER THEN, HAVING "put his family outdoors"  
HAD SHOT HIMSELF ~~THE~~ <sup>REACHES</sup> ~~BEYOND~~ <sup>TO GROWS</sup> OF HUMAN CONSIDERATION HE WAS  
GROPPED WITH THE ANIMALS.  
INDEED AN OLD DOG. A SNAKE, A RATTY NIGHT.

Miss Winder was staying with the woman she worked  
for, <sup>THE BOY</sup> Sammy was with some <sup>OTHER FAMILY</sup> ~~body's~~ home; and  
Bunsie was to stay with us. (Clarey was in  
jail)

She came with nothing. No little paper  
bag with ~~the~~ other dress, or a night gown  
or two pairs of <sup>whitish cotton</sup> Bloomer's. She just appeared  
with a white woman  
in the AND SAT DOWN.  
~~AND~~ SHE CLEARLY DID NOT WANT TO DOMINATE US. SO  
~~WE THOUGHT SHE WAS PRETTY A FOUR FIFT~~

WE LIKED HER. SHE LAUGHED WHEN I  
CLIMBED FOR HER AND <sup>TRIED TO BE NITTY</sup> ~~DROPPED UP SOME~~  
~~OTHER~~ <sup>gracefully</sup> ~~THE~~ SHE SMILED AND ACCEPTED THE  
FOOD GIFTS MY SISTER GAVE HER.

"Would you like some Graham Crackers?"

"I Don't care"

Frieda Brought Her 4 Graham crackers  
on a saucer and <sup>some</sup> milk in a Blue and  
white Stanley Temple <sup>cup</sup> ~~mag.~~ ~~Bunsie~~ ~~lived~~  
~~the~~ <sup>cup</sup> ~~mag.~~ SHE WAS PLAYING TIME WITH THE MILK  
AND GAZON LOUDLY AT <sup>THE</sup> Stanley Temple pimple  
Sikhavate. ~~lives~~



\$ 65

\$ 50

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