



## Notes

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Sort of there,  
everywhere, floating

I was x years  
old (1958) 27

- Chapter 2. Dice "When I first saw you, Mavis..."  
unwraps stick of gum places on window sill <sup>as a present</sup>  
view outside is the mist.
- Chapter 3. The neighbors when pleased when the twins smothered"  
accidental arrival; town nice and friendly; meeting  
with Connie; rhinestones; afraid of being murdered by  
her children; secure in Convent. plus the night  
before the raid--a reference to
- Chapter 4. Dice "We were standin together when the bus finally  
came..." year?
- Chapter 5. The man on the bus... (talkin, about fairly) gum  
urged to get off. meets Mavis and Connie; pregnant  
girl in convent, argument and jealousy between her and  
Mavis
- Chapter 6. Dice "I had to see you again..." 1973-6?  
(His view of fairly - esp. the people/men)
- Chapter 7. Running from Dice; arrival in town; Vietnman vet  
abducts her to Convent - refugees in Convent: beaten  
women, with kids  
You Bitch. 1973-6?
- Chapter 8 Dice "You found me @..." (Morgan twins)  
(towns people, suspicious tentativeness of Convent)
- Chapter 9. running toward Dice; town has serious problems i.e.  
with children, Oven is a dive. ~~Things off~~ happen for  
Connie dies - Shall we take her down?  
On Her trip to town (or from residents) the hatred of  
women is obvious & sinister.
- Chapter 10 Gathering at the Oven  
Dialogue with Dice at Oven by town woman  
The Convent ① last night ② morning ③ seems the  
men com

Open

File



## Vesper County

Wordsworth: Where Colonel Wordsworth Gray lived; Vera Louise's home; where True Belle works; where Hunter grew up.

Rome: Where Violet is born; True Belle returns to to take care of Rose Dear

Vienna: Where Hunter moved to; where Golden Gray goes to find him; where Joe is born; where Wild skulks. And which is burned to the ground in 1893.

Palestine: Where the huge cotton crop attracts labor; where Joe meets Violet in 1892.

Tyrell: Where Violet finds work and Joe and she live together.

Joe and Victory leave Vienna and walk fifteen miles south to Palestine to work the cotton crop in 1892.

True Belle sends Violet and ;her sisters twenty miles south west of Rome to Palestine to work the cotton crop in 1892.

True Belle leaves Wordsworth, a slave in 1855, with her mistress Vera Louise in travels with her to Baltimore. Returns to Vesper County in 1888--free now-- to take care of her daughter Rose Dear in Rome.

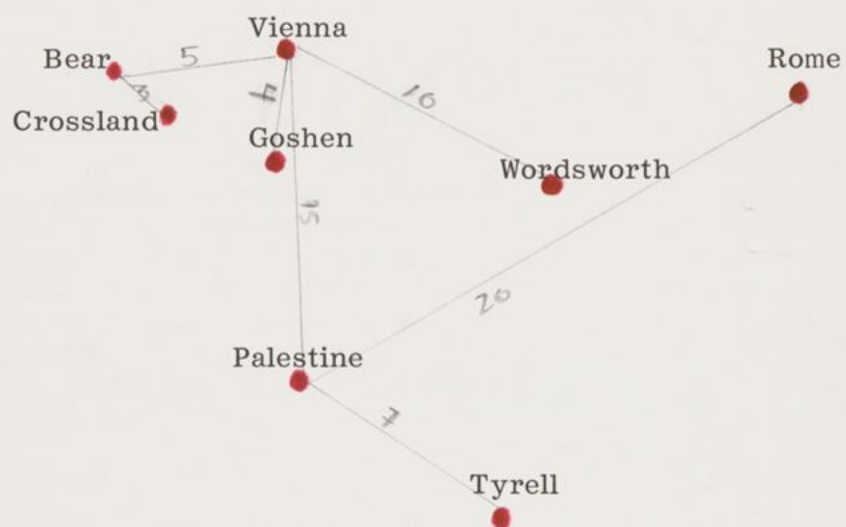
Joe and Violet get married in Tyrell and later, in 1901, try to buy land there. It's taken from them.

Hunter drifts ten miles north of Wordsworth to Vienna.

When Vienna burns down, Joe and Victory and Victory's family [plus many more] walk, ride disperse from Vienna five miles west to Bear, then three miles south to Crossland, then five miles east to Goshen. That's where they hear of the crops in Palestine, ten miles south of Goshen.



VESPER COUNTY , VIRGINIA



Run, they said. Fly. Turn your feet into wings. Turn neither to the left nor to the right. On. Go on! Faster! Faster! Take your eyes from your head and close them in the palm of your hand and run, run! Don't look. Don't!

I looked. I looked.

Even yet no one knows what I saw.

Soft skin of chin; lashes curled in sleep like fingers.

More dead than dying.

How could I refuse to behold what I wished to hold, to comfort while life left them there?

The holy ones would not know them. Only I, a wife without standing, pitied the soft skin of chin, the lashes curled in sleep like fingers.

I alone cried for the dead and the dying.

lashes curled on cheeks like fingers  
pride gone,

The secret sin--their secret sin

My sin too publicThe public sin of [not looking] great as Sodom's secret

Coldness a sin greater than Sodom's

Cool sin as great as Sodom's.

Run, they said. Fly. Turn your feet into wings. Turn neither to the left nor to the right. On, just go on. Faster. Faster. Take your eyes from your head and close them in the palm of your hand and run, run! Don't look. Don't!

Everyone knows I looked. No one knows what I saw.

Soft skin of chin, lashes curled in sleep like fingers.



SOME POSSIBILITIES OF CHAPTER [OR SECTION] ORGANIZATION

That woman lives on Lenox Avenue

① Smack into Harlem/Violet going to the funeral; a bit about the way nyc was/bookvoice insinuated.

Necessary things for the night

② Citysky leading to the windows of Melvonne's room and Joe and Dorcus inside telling each other things: the loss of their mothers', the present exchange; references to Violet's work going to houses to do hair.

add  
Malvonne  
here

Everybody got used to him

⑦ Joe crying and Violet washing his handkerchiefs/ the music and the spring day segue into Marie's entrance [this section should probably be toward the end where the next phase of the relationship forms.]

⑦\*

Joe Tracks Dorcus

Party

Dorcus' Death

Alice stood for three hours

③ Alice and the fifth ave. march/ death of Dorcus' parents/  
the effect of the drums and low down music/ the different effect  
on Dorcus/ the way and place Joe saw Dorcus[the 2nd time] at  
Alice's house with the women teasing him.

I think he thought that girl was candy

④ Joe remembering Dorcus/ how he tracked her, chose her and  
about the blue water and white flowers. [probably add the party,  
his relationship to the gun and Hunter and his Virginia experience/  
the difference between that and the city]

Dorcus resisting her aunt's protection [page missing]

⑤ Her boldness coming from the burning house and how she  
felt when she met Joe/ the music. [maybe here the bookvoice  
continues the description of the party before Joe gets there]

She sat there sucking a malt

⑥ Violet before she goes to the funeral, steaming, and then  
going there/ how she loved him/ the "other" Violet. [Should this

⑥ A Golden Gray)

be fore the above?] Much of it will be about Violet's Virginia life, and might it include the bookvoice information about Golden Gray? About Vera Louise and True Belle? The latter being Violet's grandmother? Some connection; information Violet has but Joe does not? Is that what they whisper, later? re: baltimore ports they never sailed from?

—> #

Stewmeat wrapped in butcher paper [new girl]

Spring day that Violet stands on the stoop and another girl with waved hair enters: Marie. What happens to resolve the conflict between Violet and joe. The girl shoots joe, but he is merely wounded. The girl, however, is "rescued" by someone who means her harm. [A white policeman? saying not to worry, and no one ever sees her again?]

8A ?

It's nice when grownpeople whisper

Ending. But before that the city, the music, Club indigo becomes Seven? How they walk in the music. They both learn from Alice that Dorcus said "I'll tell you tomorrow."



to  
P. 3  
Ln 3.33  
pos. 1.5

2.Later when he meets Violet,by falling out of the walnut tree, he is content to marry her and leave the area.

3. "He could feel Victory..." tracking dorcus in the city.

4. Details of his meeting with Wild: deep blue evening sky and her hiding behind hedges and hedges of wild hibiscus.

5."So when he closed in..." Arriving at Dorcus' party.]

As he tracks Dorcus, he could almost feel Victory by his side or Hunter, even, applauding when he got the scent; chuckling and shaking their heads when he lost it.

[Joe's meeting with Wild is ambiguous: did she acknowledge that she was his mother?]

When he closed in, there was neither blue water nor flowers of any kind.

Maybe:

The church of funeral:

It's the church's first funeral, having been opened only recently.  
Cornerstone celebrations a month ago.

Pastor comes to solace Alice

West 137th St. where Alice lives

PS119: vocational cooking classes

(Sheila attends, the single mother with nine children)

On the street in good weather: Black Jews out in force;

Violet: I cleaned houses when I first came here. Joe's first job  
was x. Where she workedxxxx. Then got in hair.

Messy but x place, but we (colored) fought for space, fought for  
it, and in 20 years were all the way down to 125th Street

By the time Joe meets Dorcus, the City is crowded, full of folks  
on the move and in the mood. At first they used to lean out of the  
window and shout what happened! what happened? before they realized  
there was no fire, no riot, no crowd emerging from all the churches  
at once. It was the City on a regular afternoon.

Train station so loud, huge doors and gateways, people running nd  
everywhere a falling down feeling. Where is out? Where is a  
street? Where is north? Portors look at them with steady eyes, and  
tell them how to go.

His big two color eyes. One for me and one, I thought, for him.  
But maybe no. Maybe that eye was always a private eye he roamed  
with it, and was saving for her.

[Felice] One of his eyes is lighter than the other. One is the one



Jazztbd

1. Transition from "It must have been the girl who changed his mind" to Joe/bookview and into the search for Dorcus.

2. Seeing laundry hung on the line encourages Violet to feel she knows her neighbors in the country, but not in the City.

3. Blowing her breath to cool the baby's food. ✓

4. Nutmeg in the armpits; clove or mintleaf on the tongue.

5. Dancing ghosts in the ballrooms: in the early light of a Sunday. Hear the trombones urging them into dips and slides.

p 239 6. <sup>The son -</sup> I wonder if this x will last. I am disturbed to apprehension by the ash falling from some distance on these streets. ✓

7. "It doesn't matter. With a man or without, we all end this way. Pressing irons and needles; stitching a tear, soaking a stain; watching a pot so it won't burn; running to beat the soot that wins anyway. Listen. You want a real thing?..."

8. Violet seeing Joe's two-color eyes the first time. ✓

by  
old people  
food.  
succotash  
bread in the  
bowl

## CODE EX

\* Golden: "When her father found out..."

"His name, for obvious reasons..."

\* Hunter: "Pregnant girls were the most susceptible."

Jazz: "Blue music and white flowers..."

Jazzplus: Notes on organization--2nd version

Joe ms.1.: "I think he thought that girl was candy..."

"How could I?..."

\* Jvoice 1.: "Everybody got used to him..." [weather]

\* Jvoice 2.: Swanning--"the record she was carrying..." Marie's entrance.

\* Jvoice 3.: "I didn't hear a thing, not a godamned thing." no print; file only

Songs: Joe Trace's songs.

\* Violet: "That woman lives on Lenox Avenue." [rev/disk/print]

Jazznotes: Chronology/outline; early;unfiled

\* Vio 2.: "She sat there sucking a malt..."

6. 1914: Club Indigo. This is when Joe Trace is 41 years old and moves to New York City with his wife Violet. It may be an arbitrary section.

7. 1926: Violet ["There is a woman in this building..."]

8. 1926: Joe Trace. ["Blue music and white flowers," or "Blue water and white flowers" in any case both are the items that set him off and possibly remind him of Wild's hand through a bush of white flowers, and the music he heard immediately afterwards.] It is his section regarding falling in love with Dorcus.

9. 1926: Dorcus. Among her memories are the ones she has constructed about her grandfather, Seven, from the stories she has been told.

3. 1873: Seven. This is Dorcus' grandfather. Not sure about his presence or the information he has to tell us.



7

Jazzorg. June 27, 1989

SOME POSSIBILITIES FOR CHAPTER {OR SECTION} ORGANIZATION

1. "That woman lives on Lenox Avenue" January 5, 1926

{Introductory} Smack into Harlem/Violet going to the funeral/ "because they knew on tk street what nobody in Brownsville knew"/ a bit about the way nyc was in 1926/bookvoice insinuated/ is pistol next to the photograph?/is Violet a bad<sup>g</sup> lay or is the boyfriend inhibited {because Joe is crying in the next room?}

2. "Necessary things for the night" September, October 1925

Citysky leading to the windows of Melvonne's room where Joe and Dorcus are inside telling each other things: the loss of their mothers, the exchange of presents. References to Violet's work going to houses to do hair. The quality of "jazz"/ when they leave what they each remember about the other: danger, free choice, speed, clubs, dancing, the body as consumable, possessable {Joe}; as revelation, self-aggrandizement {Dorcus} Note: the storefront churches Dorcus passes are "better equipped than the one Jesus Lord had preached from."

3. "Alice stood for three hours" September, 1925

Alice Manfred and the Fifth Avenue march {in July, 1915?}/ death of Dorcus' parents/ the effect of the drums and low down music/ the different effect on Dorcus/ the way and place Joe saw Dorcus {the 2nd time} at Alice's house with the women teasing him."How was she {Alice} to know who Dorcus really was until Violet came to call the following year. i.e. What was Dorcus doing in Brownsville?



4. "I think he thought that girl was candy." January 1, 1926

Joe remembering Dorcus/ how he tracked her just before Christmas with the present in his pocket {next to the gun?}/ how he chose her, and about the blue water and the white flowers. Add the party in Brownsville; his relationship to the gun and Hunter and his Virginia experience/ the differences and similarities between Virginia woods and the city. Does "Pregnant girls..." belong here? and then back to the party?

5

5. Dorcus resisting her aunt's protection December 20 to Jan. 1, 1926

Her boldness, her laugh, coming from an attitude toward the burning house and how she felt when she met Joe/ the music. How she fell out of love with him when he had made her strong enough to leave {bear the fire}. Perhaps here the bookvoice continues the party scene before Joe gets there. Maybe Dorcus lying in the bedroom, staunching the wound, losing consciousness and seeing her mother; being woken and saying those words: the one sentence they could get out of her {not revealed until the last chapter}

18  
b. "She sat there sucking a malt." January, 5, 1926

Violet after she returns from the funeral, steaming at first, and then going there/ how she loved him/ the "other" Violet. {Should this be before the above chapter?} Much of this will be about Violet's Virginia life, and might it include the bookvoice information about golden Gray? About Vera Louise and True Belle? The latter being Violet's grandmother? Some connection; information Violet has, but Joe does not? Is that what they whisper, later? Re: Baltimore ports they never sailed from?

4  
7. "Everboy got used to him." January through April, 1926

Joe crying and Violet washing his handkerchiefs/  
the music and the spring day segue into Marie's  
entrance. Also violet's love affair; conversations  
with Alice; her fury at Melvonne/refusing to do her  
hair.



6  
8. "Stewmeat wrapped in butcher paper" May, 1926

Spring day that Violet stands on the stoop and another girl with waved hair enters: Marie. What happens to resolve the conflict between Violet and Joe? The girl shoots Joe, and he is wounded, but not fatally. Is the girl "rescued" by someone who means her harm? { A white policeman saying " not to worry"? after which no one sees her again? Why does she shoot him? Violet has been her protector. This is Violet's turn at seduction {skin? hair? cf. True Belle} unhealthy, vain. This is the summer threesome. Violet give up hair doing altogether and Joe has let Lucky Heart go.{The name was a joke mocking his circumstances.}

9. "It's nice when grownpeople whisper" September, 1926

The city, the music. How they walk in the music and how the music is in them. They both learn from Alice, whom they meet on the street, that Dorcus had said "I'll tell you tomorrow , " and they figure out the benediction, when Alice says "I guess she wanted you to have time to get away." Now when they amke love and Violet throws her hand up, Joe reaches for it, grabs it and the point is that this is the hand he wanted to hold all this time. Another citysky section and then the end already written {and modified to fit}.

Question: does the bookvoice tell the reader about the Golden Gray/ Little Wild connection {if it is there} and admit that Joe and Violet may never know it?

Jazzorg2.

Holding the following questions:

1. What Dorcus says at the end/ is she referring to Joe's escape only? or also to something in East St. Louis, i.e. her mother slapping her face; her promise? threat? decision? to "tell you tomorrow"? Or is this something her mother said? Probably.

2. What happens among the summer threesome? The "who shot whom". Mentioned early and resolved near the end in chap. 8.

3. The connection between Golden Gray and Wild. This may be a tale the bookvoice knows, or speculates on, but all of the clues should be clear in the activity/descriptions? i.e. in chap. 6, where Violet is recalling her life just before Joe, she includes her grandmother, True Belle, thus the story of Golden Gray. Perhaps Joe knows the other half: the story of Wild, since he knew her and believes she was his mother. Violet, on the other hand, was/is a little in love with the boy her grandmother described, but knows only the part about his leaving to go find his father. Neither Violet or Joe talk to each other about these things--just about the consequences of them.

Therefore the 9th chapter will posit the connection in greater detail and one should be able to glean from their undercover whispers, that some part of this intertwining is beginning to be told and understood. Baltimore ports: Violet's grandmother True Belle; Joe's recollection of Hunter knowing some woman [white]



Jazzorg2.

important to him who went to live in Baltimore. So for both there is a love thing there , a dream of love by choice. for Violet the fantasy about Golden Gray [in the "What did she see, young girl like that" paragraph, hark back to her fantasy listening to her grandmother]. For Joe it is listening to the man who raised him most being secretive and charged when he talks about Baltimore and the woman there.( Hunter's affection for children connected to his unknown son, whom he met once. and lived with for a week--what the bitterness was and the acrimony [skin/class/education/father-love etc.]) Hunter's feeling about this woman--she was a girl with brown eyes and yellow hair--holds excitement for him because it was forbidden, lawless. He doesn't know if he liked her so much as the lawlessness and the fact that she expected so little of him. Her sudden leaving puzzled him, and Golden Gray clarified everything for him, and he dreamed every now and then about Baltimore. although he never leaves Crucible[remember G.G. was sent to a boarding school in New York when he was thirteen]. Also, in the part where the bookvoice talks about young people not being so young then, use the Hunter Vera Louise example as a case in point--without specificity--just great and mature sensuality.

Further Notes and Observations.

Violet while remembering or guessing at what Joe and Dorcus did at the clubs: differentiates between Connie's, the expensive



Jazzorg2.

club where whites were welcome, and the black owned clubs, and the ones where jams were encouraged. She is wrong in where she believes they went; Joe takes her to the one where the music is more important than dancing--because Dorcus liked it that way--note difference in their choices--he prefers x's cellar because of the food and the smiling faces; she likes Mexico because of the crowds and the noise and the music. He sees the racketeers as lazy; like the roosters that stand on the street across from him with handkerchiefs the same color as their socks and with spats on their shoes, singing when they are not waiting for the women to wait for them. She sees them as powerful [the men with the beautiful hats]. Also, Joe thought the boys on the roofs and in the windows played better, he thought, and he had to be persuaded that it was a good idea to hear some other ones in a club, rather than his neighbors on the street. Only the need to please Dorcus could have made him do that.

Violet thinks of the kind of love life she would have had with the fantastic G.G. as the one Joe is having with Dorcus: a Connie kind of club, elegant, exclusive, with everybody's hair done just right.

In 1926, prices were so high, no one could believe it. A weeks Room and board was every body else's earnings for a month. [3.50?]

Try this:

Jazzplus

Further notes on the organization of Jazz --2nd version

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1. 1873: Golden Gray. ["The horse is a fine one..."] This is his journey to a place called Crucible, Virginia, where he expects to find his father whom he has just been told is a nigger [as opposed to a colored person, which he believed he was--shocked, now, to learn that colored and niggers is a distinction without a difference] On his way, he comes upon a lunatic, black pregnant woman whom he 'rescues' [for adolescent reasons] and takes with him to the shack just outside of Crucible which is the one he has been directed to as the home of the father he never knew: a man named Henry Hope or Henry Hunter or Tracker of Hunter Hope or Tracker Hope--whatever--the women disagreed about the name.

2. 1853: Vera Louise and True Belle [or is her name Sylvia?] at the birth of Vera's "illegitimate" child, Golden Gray. ["For obvious reasons, his name was Golden Gray."] They are in a sandstone house in Baltimore.

3. 1853: The Colonel. Vera Louise's father. ["He stood and then he sat back down."] This is the moment when Vera's parents learn that she is pregnant, and that there is a possibility that the father is a black man. Her refusal to identify him is all right with them. They give her money and True Belle, and without a word she knows their wishes: she is to leave and never be heard from again.



4. 1890: Little Wild ["The pregnant girls..." This is when Joe Trace, at 17, believing Wild, the woman who lives in the cane is his mother, goes to find her, ask her. She shows him her hand. It is also the section describing Hunter's having been a) the one who helped take care of her [Wild] when she was giving birth, b) the father of Golden Gray, and c) a father figure to Joe Trace.

5. 1914: Club Indigo. This is when Joe Trace is 41 years old and moves to New York City with his wife, Violet, a girl he grew up with in Crucible? It may be scratched.

6. 1926: Violet ["There is a woman in this building..."]

7. 1926: Joe Trace ["Blue music and white flowers," or "Blue water and white flowers"--both are items that set him off and remind him of Wild's hand through a bush of white flowers and the powerful blue of the sky? It is his section regarding falling in love with Dorcus.

8. 1926: Dorcus Among her memories are ones she has constructed about her grandfather, Seven, from the stories she has been told about him.

9. 1926: Seven. Tie up: Seven and Wild; Violet and Joe; Dorcus being the knot, her death, as Dorcus I and her life, as Dorcus II, the result of jazz.



Further notes on Jazz ms.

Chronological organization:

1. 1853: Vera Louise and True Belle [or is her name Sylvia?] at the birth of Vera's illegitimate child Golden Gray. ["For obvious reasons, his name was Golden gray."] They are in a sandstone house in Baltimore.

2. 1873: Golden Gray. ["The horse is a fine one..."] This is his journey to a place called Crucible, Virginia, where he expects to find his father whom he has just been told is a nigger [as opposed to a colored person, which he believes he is]. On his way he comes upon a pregnant, lunatic black woman whom he 'rescues' and takes to the shack in (just outside of) Crucible which is the one he has been told his father lives in--a father he has never met but whose name is Henry Hope or Henry Hunter or Tracker or Hunter Hope or Tracker Hope--whatever--the women disagreed about the name.

3. 1873: Seven. This is Dorcus' grandfather. Not sure about his presence or the information he has to tell us.

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right with them. They give her money and True Belle, and without a word she knows she is to leave and never be heard from again.

5. 1890: Little Wild ["The pregnant girls..."] This is when Joe Trace, a little boy, believes the woman who lives in the cane is his mother, and goes to seek her out. Sh shows him her hand. It is also the section describing Hunter's having been a) the one who helped take care of her [Wild] when she was giving birth, and b) the father of Golden Gray. [n.b. that in the act of taking care of Wild's baby, the father and the son either split up and never are reconciled, or are reconciled.]

6. 1914: Club Indigo. This is when Joe Trace is 41 years old and moves to New York City with his wife Violet. It may be an arbitrary section.

7. 1926: Violet ["There is a woman in this building..."]

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#### Informational Organization

A. Golden Gray. ["The horse is a fine one."]

B. Little Wild. ["The pregnant girls...."]

C. Club Indigo. New York City at the beginning of the War when Joe Trace and Violet move there.

D. Violet. [There is a woman in this building..."]

E. Joe Trace. ["Blue water and white flowers..."]

F. Dorcus

G. Vera Louise and True Belle ["For obvious reasons his name was Golden Gray..."]

H. The Colonel ["He stood up and then sat down."]

I. Seven

What ever the organization, the entire text begins and ends with a song, lyrics tk. It would be desirable to have the opening phrase of each section [of which there are nine] be a part of the song, or actually the sequential lines of the song. At the first reading, the song may not make sense; but at the close of the text, the lyrics will make perfect sense--sort of.



Drafts  
Part 1

Violet The from Lenox Ave

~~There is a~~ woman in this building without footprints. They say it is because she is the daughter of a suicide dragged up from the bottom of a river. She ran a nasty house somewhere far away from these streets, but gave it up because she was tired of the arguments. Her husband is a quiet man--a carpenter or something--who cries a lost. She doesn't know what to do with him since he fell in love with an eighteen year old. A love that made him so sad and happy he killed her just to keep the feeling going. The woman,

her name is Violet, is furious with him because he could forget her and love anybody else that much. She went to the funeral to see the girl and to cut her dead face, but they threw her to the floor and she ran out screaming but leaving no footprints in the snow, so everybody knew who did it--if they had any doubts, which they didn't. There is no one to prosecute him because nobody actually saw him kill her and the dead girl's aunt doesn't want to spend money that won't improve anything. She wasn't too keen on a generous funeral, being of the "don't put insurance money in the ground" school, and kept most of the \$184 for herself. Besides she probably

knows no that the man who killed her niece cries all day and for Violet that is as bad as the arguments that drove her crazy when she ran a nasty house. She's still good looking, Violet, and only about forty or so. That's why she decided to get a boyfriend and

Jazzorg2.

Holding the following questions:

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Violet while remembering or guessing at what Joe and Dorcus did at the clubs: differentiates between Connie's, the expensive



Jazzorg2.

club where whites were welcome, and the black owned clubs, and the ones where jams were encouraged. She is wrong in where she believes they went; Joe takes her to the one where the music is more important than dancing--because Dorcus liked it that Way--note difference in their choices--he prefers x's cellar because of the food and the smiling faces; she likes Mexico because of the crowds and the noise and the music. He sees the racketeers as lazy;like the roosters that stand on the street across from him with handkerchiefs the same color as their socks and with spats on their shoes, singing when they are not waiting for the women to wait for them .She sees them as powerful [the men with the beautiful hats]. Also, Joe thought the boys on the roofs and in the windows played better, he thought, and he had to be persuaded that it was a good idea to hear some other ones in a club, rather than his neighbors on the street. Only the need to please Dorcus could have made him do that.

Violet thinks of the kind of love life she would have had with the fantastic G.G. as the one Joe is having with Dorcus: a Connie kind of club, elegant, exclusive, with everybody's hair done just right.

In 1926, prices were so high, no one could believe it. A weeks Room and board was every body else's earnings for a month.[3.50?]

Try this:

Jazzorg2.

"Don't ever think I fell for you, or fell over you. I saw you and I made up my mind. My mind. And I made up my mind to follow you too. That's something I know how to do from way back. Maybe I didn't tell you that part about me. My gift in the woods that even Hunter looked up to and he was the best there ever was. "

Now that I think about it, Joe did have a gift in the woods. That was the way he found his mama, his ability to find lost things and things hiding from you. And in virginia, it was as valuable as money most of the time, more valuable other times. As it was when no one but Joe could actually locate at will the place where the woman called Wild lived, although it's true that except for old man Hunter, everbody else tried to make sure that she stayed hid, stayed away from them because a thing like that could harm you. Pregnant girls were the most susceptible, but so were the grandfathers. Any fascination could mark a newborn: melons, rabbits, wisteria, rope, and they tell me worst of all is a shed snakeskin. So the warnings the girls got were part of a whole group of things to look out for lest the baby came here craving or favoring the mother's distraction. But who would have thought that the old men needed to be cautioned too; told and warned against seeing, smelling or even hearing Wild....etc,"

$$206 + 16 \sqrt{222} (74) \sqrt{226} + 3$$


---

Febie

229

Going to see Melvina  
for ring she had  
borrowed.

(Lives of grandmother  
& 2 brothers)

Stacy  
Violet

Comes back a couple of times

Conversation reveals

1. ring is on D's hand

Violet saw it

2. What Dorcas said

3. They  
Febie plays the  
record

There showed  
be a son  
D's remember  
1 for Carol man  
1 for Joel (dresses)



Sequence not chapters

@ 50 pp ea.

① Opening: "I knew that woman"

② ~~Joe~~ - Malvoone rental. ✓

③ ~~Alice and Dorcus~~  
East St. Louis.

④ ~~Joe~~ Blue water & white flower <sup>Joe speaking</sup>

↓ and  
④ Dorcus alone

⑤ Violet in despair at drug store ✓ <sup>Candy</sup>  
True Belle

⑥ Golden Gray

⑦ Joe tracks Dorcus (Hunter) <sup>more about  
& Wild  
and when  
Joe saw  
his town  
burn</sup>

⑧ Party Dorcus alone here?

⑨ Marie & Alice (Every body had got and skin)

Jazzorg June 26; revised September/October, 1990

SOME POSSIBILITIES OF CHAPTER [OR SECTION] ORGANIZATION

That woman lives on Lenox Avenue

Smack into Harlem/Violet going to the funeral; a bit about the way nyc was/bookvoice insinuated.

Necessary things for the night

Citysky leading to the windows of Melvonne's room and Joe and Dorcus inside telling each other things: the loss of their mothers', the present exchange; references to Violet's work going to houses to do hair.

Everybody got used to him

Joe crying and Violet washing his handkerchiefs/ the music and the spring day segue into Marie's entrance [this section should probably be toward the end where the next phase of the relationship forms.]



Alice stood for three hours

Alice and the fifth ave. march/ death of Dorcus' parents/  
the effect of the drums and low down music/ the different effect  
on Dorcus/ the way and place Joe saw Dorcus[the 2nd time] at  
Alice's house with the women teasing him.

I think he thought that girl was candy

Joe remembering Dorcus/ how he tracked her, chose her and  
about the blue water and white flowers. [probably add the party,  
his relationship to the gun and Hunter and his Virginia experience/  
the difference between that and the city]

Dorcus resisting her aunt's protection [page missing]

Her boldness coming from the burning house and how she  
felt when she met Joe/ the music. [maybe here the bookvoice  
continues the description of the party before Joe gets there]

She sat there sucking a malt

Violet before she goes to the funeral, steaming, and then  
going there/ how she loved him/ the "other" Violet. [Should this



be fore the above?] Much of it will be about Violet's Virginia life, and might it include the bookvoice information about Golden Gray? About Vera Louise and True Belle? The latter being Violet's grandmother? Some connection; information Violet has but Joe does not? Is that what they whisper, later? re: baltimore ports they never sailed from?

Stewmeat wrapped in butcher paper [new girl]

Spring day that Violet stands on the stoop and another girl with waved hair enters: Marie. What happens to resolve the conflict between Violet and joe. The girl shoots joe, but he is merely wounded. The girl, however, is "rescued" by someone who means her harm. [A white policeman? saying not to worry, and no one ever sees her again?]

It's nice when grownpeople whisper

Ending. But before that the city, the music, Club indigo becomes Seven? How they walk in the music. They both learn from Alice that Dorcus said "I'll tell you tomorrow."

---

Scattered

My apologies. The plan was to work everyday--to let it come all summer, complete it and then revise carefully, beautifully, wonderously all during the fall. It can't be. That is to say, it can't be done that way. It must either get done on its own, by forcing itself out onto the page, or it will, must be, put aside, left and bereft. There is crisis here.

---

See. I told you. Nothing.

He went into the second room to do it--to change his clothes, but when he took them out and lay them carefully on the cot--the pale cambric cloth shirt, the trousers, dark blue with buttons of bone at each side, the butter colored vest--the arrangement looked like an empty man with one arm folded under. He sat down on the little bed near the trouser cuffs and when dark spots formed on the cloth, he saw that he was crying. [tr. tk]

Now that I know I have a father I feel his absence. The place where he should have been and was not. Before I thought everybody was one armed, like me. Now I feel the surgery. The crunch of bone when it is sundered, the sliced flesh and the tubes of blood cut through, shocking the bloodrun and disturbing the nerves. They dangle and writhe. Singing pain. Waking me with the sound of it, thrumming it when I sleep so deeply it strangles my dreams away. There is nothing for it but to go away from where he is not to



Nowhere as blond as his mistress' hair once was, but its sunlight color, its determined curliness, endeared him to her. Not at once. It took a while. Only Belle, the cook, laughed out loud the minute she laid eyes on him and thereafter every day for eighteen years.

The three of them moved to a fine sandstone house on [tk] street, far away from [tk] where both Vera Louise Gray and Belle were born. And what Vera Louise told her neighbors was partly true: that she could not bear the narrow little way of her hometown.

From the beginning, he was like a lamp in that quiet [shaded?] world house. Given a fussy spoiling by Vera Louise and a laughing indulgence by Belle. Simply startled each morning by the look of him they vied for the light he shed on them. Belle laughing, laughing, fed him test cakes and picked every single seed from the melon before she let him eat it. Vera Louise dressed him like the Prince of Wales

2. He is in a closed two-seat carriage. The horse is a fine one--black. Strapped to the back is his portmanteau: large and crammed with wonderful shirts, linen, including embroidered sheets and pillowslips; a cigar case and silver toilet articles. He is wearing a long coat, vanilla colored with dark brown cuffs and collar. He is a long way from home and it begins to rain furiously, but since it is August, he is not cold. The carriage strikes a stone and he hears, or thinks he does, a bump on the back of the hansom, which is probably the dislocation of his trunk. He reins in the horse and climbs down to see if any damage has been done to his things. He discovers that the trunk is loose--the rope has



slipped and it is leaning. He unties everything and re-secures it, more strongly than ever, to the carriage. Satisfied with his efforts, but annoyed at the heavy rain, the spoiling it is doing to his clothes and speed of his journey, he looks around him. In the trees to his left, he sees a naked and very black woman. She is covered with mud and leaves--dirty. Her eyes are large and terrible. As soon as she sees him, she starts and turns suddenly to run, but in turning before she looks away, she knocks her head against the tree she has been leaning against. [Her terror is so great, her body flees before her eyes are ready to find the route of escape] The blow knocks her out and down. He looks at her with repulsion, and moves forward to get back into the carriage. He wants nothing to do with what he has seen--in fact the 'vision' appears to be all he is running from. When he picks up the reins, and looks at the horse's rear he notices that it is also black, naked and shiny wet, and his feelings about the horse are of security and affection. It occurs to him that there is something wrong about feeling one way about his horse and another about a human. He decides to at least investigate what it is and what has happened to the naked woman now lying in the weeds. He ties up his horse and slogs back in driving rain to the place where the woman fell. She is still sprawled there. Her mouth and legs open. A small hickey forming on her head. Her stomach big and tight. He leans down, holding his breath against infection or odor or something. Something that might touch or penetrate him. She looks dead or deeply unconscious. There is nothing he can do, and for

that he is relieved. Then he notices a rippling movement in her stomach. The baby inside her is moving. He does not see himself rescuing her, but the picture he does imagine is himself walking away a second time, climbing into his carriage and leaving her to any other fate that might befall her. He is uneasy with this picture of himself, and does not want to spend any part of the time to come remembering having done that. Also there is something about where he has come from and where he is going that encourages in him an insistent, deliberate recklessness. An anecdote, an action that would unnerve his mother and defend him against his father. Maybe. He takes off his long coat and throws it over the woman. Then he gathers her up in his arms and carries her, stumbling, since she is heavier than he supposed, to the hansom. With great difficulty, he gets her into a sitting position in the carriage. Her head is leaning away from him and her feet are touching his splendid but muddy boots. He is hoping her lean will not shift, although there is nothing he can do about the dirty bare feet against him, for if he shifts her again, she may lean against him and not the side of the carriage. As he urges the horse forward, he is gentle for fear the ruts and the muddy road will cause her to fall forward or touch him in some way.

He is heading toward a house in Crucible, or rather a ways out from that village. The house where his father lives. And now he thinks it is an interesting, even funny, idea to meet this nigger whom he has never seen with an armful of black, liquid female. Provided, of course, she does not wake and the rippling in her



stomach stops. That bothers him--that she might regain consciousness and be more than a presence. He has not looked at her for some time. Now he does and notices a trickle of blood down her neck. The hickey is not the cause of her faint; she must have struck her head when she fell. But she is breathing still. Now he hopes she will not die--not yet, not until he gets to the house described and mapped for him [be Belle[ The rain seems to be following him; whenever he thinks it is about to stop, a few yards on, it gets worse. He has been traveling for six hours, at least, and has been assured the journey would end before dark. Now he is not so sure. He doesn't relish night coming on with that passenger. He is calmed by the valley he is now entering--the one it should take an hour to get through before he reaches the house just this side of Crucible. It is the longest hour filled with recollections of luxury and pain. When he gets to the house, he pulls into the yard and over to the stable[ a shed with two stalls]. Both stalls are empty. He takes his horse into one and wipes her down carefully. Then he throws a blanket over her and looks about for water and feed. He takes a long time over this. It is important to him and he is not sure he is not being watched by someone in the house. In fact, he hopes he is; hopes the nigger is watching open-mouthed from a crack in the planks that serve as wall..

Still, no one comes out to speak to him, so perhaps there is no one. After the horse is seen to (and he has noticed that one shoe needs repair), he returns to the carriage for his trunk. He



unleashes it and hoists it over his shoulder. It makes a further mess of his silk shirt as he carries it into the house. On the little porch, he makes no attempt to knock and the door is closed but not latched. He enters and looks about for a suitable place for his trunk. He sets it down on the floor and examines the house. It has three rooms: modest, lived in, male but no indication of the personality of its owner. A cookstove is cold; but the fireplace has a heap of ash that is warm, though there are no embers. The occupant has been gone perhaps a day, maybe two.

After he has seen to the placement of his trunk, he goes back to the carriage to get the woman. The removal of the trunk has displaced the weight, and the carriage is tipping a little on its axis. He opens the door and pulls her out. The long coat he is wearing drags in the mud [n.b. didn't he put his coat around her/ If so why is he wearing it now?] as he carries her into the house. He lays her down on a cot, and then curses himself for not having pulled the blanket back first. Now she is on top of it and the coat is all there seems to be to cover her. Its ruin may be permanent. He goes into a second room and, examining a wooden trunk there, finds another blanket. He retrieves his coat and covers the woman with the second blanket. Now he opens his own trunk and selects a white cotton shirt and flannel waist. He hangs his wet shirt on a chair and puts on the dry things. Then he sets about trying to make a fire. There is wood in the wood box, and in the smallest room (akin to a store room) a can of kerosene. But no matches. For a long time he looks for matches and finally

finds some in a can, wrapped in a bit of ticking. Five matches, to be exact. The kerosene has evaporated by the time he locates the matches. He is not adept at this. Other people have always lit fires in his life. But he persists and at last has a good roaring fire. Now he can sit down, smoke and prepare himself for the return of the man who lives there. A man named Henry Hope[?]. A man of no consequence, except a tiny reputation as a tracker. One or two escapades signalling his expertise in reading trails. Once. A long time ago. And was even called "tracker" or "hunter"--he can't remember which. Hunter Hope, when his name was Henry, or so he was told. But who cares what the nigger's first name is. Except the woman who regretted ever knowing him at all. And would have regretted the baby he gave her too, given it away, except it was golden and she had never seen that color except in the sky and in bottles of champagne. She said. "But he's golden. Completely golden!" So they named him that and didn't take him to the orphanage where white girls deposited their shame.

He has known that for seven days, eight now. And he has known Henry Tracker/Hunter's name and location for two. Information that came from the woman who cooked for them and who smiled and shook her head every time she looked at him. Even when he was a tiny boy with a head swollen with fat champagne colored curls, and ate the pieces of cake she held out to him, her smile was more amusement than pleasure. When the two of them, the woman and the cook, bathed him they sometimes passed anxious looks at the palms of his



hands, the drying of his hair. They told him that. The woman and the cook. Miss Vera and Sylvia. (try to close this space)

[n.b. change Belle's name throughout to Sylvia.] 1

Golden and Sylvia Sylvia and Golden. Golden and Silver. Niggers. He knew that. Had always known it. What he had not known was that there was only one kind--her kind. Black and nothing. Like Henry Tracker/Hunter and like the filthy woman snoring on the cot.

The rain has stopped. He looks about for something to eat that doesn't need to be cooked--ready made. He finds nothing but a jug of liquor. He samples it and sits back down before the fire. In the silence left by the rain that has stopped, he hears hooves. At the door he sees a rider staring at his carriage. He approaches Might you be Mr. Hope? The rider doesn't blink. Mr. Tracker? Hunter? "Vienna," says the rider. "Be back direcklin." He doesn't understand any of it. And he is drunk now anyway. Happily. Perhaps he can sleep now. But he shouldn't. The liquid black woman might wake or die or give birth or....



Jazz notes 10-22-59

Putting her hand to something. Another chore just around the bend from the one she is doing. And while she sprinkles the collar of a white shirt her mind is at the bottom of the bed where the leg, broken clean away from the frame, is too split to nail back. Sudsing the thin gray hair of her first customer, murmuring ha mercy at appropriate breaks in the old lady's stream of confidences, Violet is re-situating the cord that holds the oven door to its hinge and rehearsing this month's plea for three more days to the rent collector. She thinks she longs for rest, a carefree afternoon to decide suddenly to go to the pictures, or just to sit with the birds and listen to the children in the street below. This notion of rest, it's attractive to her, but I don't think she would like it. They are all like that, these women, waiting for the ease, the space that need not be filled with anything other than the drift of their own thoughts. But they wouldn't like it. They are busy and thinking of ways to be busier because such a space of nothing pressing to do would knock them down. No fields of cowslip <sup>will</sup> rush into that <sup>opening</sup> space, no mornings free of flies and heat when the light is shy, ~~will occur~~ to them. No. Not at all. They fill their mind and hands with soap and repair and clever confrontations because what is waiting for them, in even a suddenly idle moment, is the weeping they have not done. The rage. ~~Hot~~. Molten. Thick and slow moving. Mindful and particular about what in its path it chooses to bury.

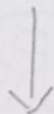
Or else, into <sup>a</sup> ~~that~~ beat of time, sideways, slips a sorrow <sup>they</sup> you

Notes/  
Outline

Jazz Notes

1. Actual chron; book chron; sub. matter; 1st 1.

<u>a.chron</u>	<u>b.chron</u>	<u>sub.matter</u>	
2	1873	Golden Gray	(5)
		"The horse is a fine one."	
5	1890	Wild	(7)
		"The pregnant girls..."	
6	1914	Club Indigo	(4)
		(Joe Trace at 41)	
7	1926	Violet	(3)
		"There is a woman in this building." (1)	
8	1926	Joe Trace	(2)
9	1926	Dorcus	held for (9)
1	1853	Sylvia and Vera Louise	
		"For obvious reasons his name was ..." (6)	
4	1890	The Colonel	
		"He stood up then sat down."	



3

1873

Seven

(8)

{Dorcus' grandfather}



3rd  
don't know where from. <sup>a</sup>Your neighbor returns the spool of thread she borrowed, and not just the thread, but the extra large needle too, and the two of you stand in the door frame a moment while she repeats for you a funny conversation she had with the woman on the floor below; it is funny and the two of you laugh--she holding her forehead, you hard enough to hurt your stomach. You close the door, later, still smiling, touch the lapel of your sweater to your eye to wipe traces of the laughter away, and suddenly you drop to the arm of the sofa in tears coming so fast they shake your shoulders.

So, sprinkle, Violet, the collars and cuffs. And suds with all your heart those three or four ounces of gray hair, soft and interesting as a baby's.

\*\*\*\*\*

<sup>It's</sup>Seems terrible, eighteen; ~~when~~ there is absolutely nothing to do or worth doing except to lie down and hope when you are naked, she won't laugh at you. Or that he, holding your breasts, won't wish they were some other way. Terrible but worth the risk, because there is no other thing to do, although you do it. Study, work, memorize. Bite into food and the reputations of your friends. Laugh at the things that are right side up and those upside down--it doesn't matter because you are not doing the thing worth doing which is lying down somewhere in a dimly lit place enclosed in arms, and supported by the core of the world.

Think how it is. If you can manage it, just manage it.

Nature freaks for you, then. Turns itself into shelter, by ways. Pillows for two. Sends a bastard red rose through a clump of others ~~that are~~ shell pink. <sup>ones</sup> And the city, <sup>too</sup> ~~in its own way~~, gets down for you, cooperates, <sup>by</sup> smoothing its sidewalks, correcting its curbstones, offering you melons and green apples on the corner. Racks of yellow head scarfs; strings of Egyptian beads. Kansas fried chicken and something with raisens calls attention to an open window where the aroma <sup>waves like a flag.</sup> ~~seems to~~ lurk. And if that's not enough, doors to speakeasys stand ajar and in that cool dark place a clarinet coughs and clears its throat waiting for the woman to decide on the key. She makes up her mind and informs your back that she is daddy's little angel child. The city is smart at this: smelling good and looking raunchy, sending secret messages disguised as public signs: this way, open here, danger to let colored only single men on sale woman wanted private room out to lunch stop dog on premises absolutely no beer. And good at opening locks, dimming stairways. Covering your moans with its own.

\*\*\*\*\*

If they had not been in a such a rush, he would have picked Violet up in his arms like that. He would have liked to and he was stronger then. He does it now. With Dorcus. Scoops her up at the door and manages to kick the door shut at the same time. {Is this the daughter Violet never bore; the one it's all right to fiddle with?}

\*\*\*\*\*

It was to be named, provided for, and set loose in the world



without fear. There in that room. A sure enough blessing to have bestowed in case there came a time when she was needed to name, to provide for, and to set somebody else loose in the world without fear.

\*\*\*\*\*

The train trembled so, entering the tunnel, nervous like them, they thought at having gotten there at last but what would it be? In the tunnel where the lights went out and maybe there was a wall ahead, or a cliff hanging over nothing? The train trembled at the thought but went on and sure enough there was ground up ahead and the trembling became the dancing under their feet. Joe stood up, his fingers clutching the handrail above his head. He felt the dancing better that way, and told Violet to do the same. They were hanging there, tapping back at the tracks, when the porter came through, pleasant but unsmiling because now he didn't have to smile in this car full of colored people, and that was a pleasant feeling.

"Breakfast in the dining car. Breakfast in the dining car. Good morning. Full breakfast in the dining car." He carried a carriage blanket over his arm and from underneath it drew a pint bottle of milk which he placed in the hands of a young woman with a baby asleep across her knees. "Full breakfast." He never got his way, this portor. He wanted the whole coach to file into the dining car, now that they could. Immediately, now that they were out of New Jersey a long way from Maryland and there would be no dark green curtain separating the colored people eating from the



rest. The cooks would not feel obliged to pile extra helpings on the plates headed for the dark green curtain; three lemon slices in the iced tea, two pieces of coconut cake arranged to look like one--to take the sting out of the curtain; homey it up with a little extra on the plate. Now, skirting the city, there were no green curtains; the whole car could be full of colored people and everybody on a first come first serve basis. If only they would tuck those little boxes and baskets underneath the seat; close those paper bags, for once, put the bacon stuffed biscuits back into the cloth they were wrapped in, and troop single file through the five cars ahead into the dining car where the table linen was at least as white as the sheets they dried on juniper bushes; where the napkins were folded with a crease as stiff as the ones they made for Sunday dinner; where the gravey was smooth as their own, and the biscuits did not take second place to the bacon stuffed ones they wrapped in cloth. Once in a while it happened. Some well shod woman with two young girls; a preacherly kind of man with a watch chain and a rolled brim hat might stand up, adjust their clothes and weave through the coaches toward the tables, foamy white with heavy silvery knives and forks. Presided over waited upon by a black man who did not have to lace his dignity with smile.

Joe and Violet wouldn't think of it-- paying money for a meal they had not missed and having to sit still at, or worse, separated by a table. Not now, not entering the lip of the city dancing all the way. Her Hip bones rubbed his thigh bones as they stood in the

aisle unable to stop smiling. They weren't even there yet and already the city was speaking to them. They were dancing.

Like 1 million more. Tentatively sometimes, traveling from Georgia to Illinois back to Georgia and finally on to the city. Others, most I believe, knew right away that it was for them, this city and no other. They came on a whim because there it was and why not? They came after much planning, many letters written to and from to make sure and know how, how much and where. They came for a visit and forgot to go back to tall cotton or short. Disembarked from troop ships, hung around for a while and then could not imagine themselves anywhere else. Others came because a relative or hometown buddy said, man, you best see this place before you die; or we got room, now, so pack your suitcase and don't bring no high top shoes. However they came, or why, the minute the leather of thier shoes hit the pavement--there was no turning around. Even if the room was smaller than the goat's stall and darker than a morning privy they stayed to look at their number, hear themselves in an audience, feel their legs moving among hundreds of others, watch a thousand faces like and unlike their own at noon. {relly awful: revise or DELETE}

\*\*\*\*\*

When I see them they are not sepia still, or losing their edges to the the light of a future afternoon. Caught midway between was and must be. For me they are clicking.



Swanning--trying to capture the talking/book voice.

...stewmeat wrapped in pink butcher paper in her hand. The record she was going to play for a girl friend up on the fourth floor; the stewmeat was the errand she was on for her aunt. That's sort of the way she was. Young. It wouldn't occur to her that the kind of meat sold around here should have been simmering in a pot three days ago, and walking around [tk] street, and playing records for girl friends , that meat would cook itself, if you know what I mean. By the time her auntie got it, that beef would be old enough to eat her. Young, she was. And willful, like they all are. She never got to the fourth floor. Not that day. Violet stopped her in the vestibule.

"You a Manfred? You look like one."

The girl said no, no ma'am.

"You ain't kin to Alice Manfred?"

"No, ma'am. Garnett. My--"

Violet didn't let her finish. "Used to be a girl near here named Dorcus Manfred. You the picture of her but prettier."

The girl smiled."Thank you."

"You want to see a picture of her? You'll see what I mean when you see it. Let me show you. I'm right up the stairs on two. You won't beleive it, same hair, same eyes, everything. Only difference is the way you smile. The picture don't have a smile..."



How does a book sound when it is speaking as itself and taking the prerogative of being both a voice, the narrator's voice, and the voice of a talking book?

a hidden character's voice

tr to \* It made <sup>you</sup> me wonderful to <sup>hear</sup> see them.

To see them makes me wonderful.

By?

Everybody got used to him, wiping his face and nose with an engineer's red handkerchief on his way to work or sitting on the stoop in the snow. <sup>and then son,</sup> I'd say she washed and ironed those handkerchiefs, Violet, because crazy as she was she couldn't <sup>abide dirty laundry.</sup> misbehave. But it tired everybody out waiting to see what else Violet would do besides try to kill the dead girl and keep her husband in tidy laundered handkerchiefs to cry in. My own feeling was that one day, she would stack up those handkerchiefs, take them to the dresser drawer, tuck them in and then go light his hair with a match stick. She didn't <sup>maybe</sup> after all, but that would have been better than what she did do. Meaning to or not meaning to, she got him to go through it again. In good weather, too, on the prettiest day of the year it started. A day so pure and steady trees chuckled. Standing in the middle of a concrete slab, scared for their lives, they chuckled. <sup>Foolish</sup> Reckless, yes, but it was that kind of day--Lenox Avenue widened, <sup>itself</sup> and the men came out of their shops to look at it, to stand with their hands under their aprons or stuck in their back pockets and just look around at a street that spread itself wider just to hold the day. Veterans in half uniform

insert  
Chap 4  
p 26  
or Chap  
5 p 2

Chap 9

freedom  
the starting x of their laughter

but first

After her  
Malt and her  
conversation with  
Alice.

$$\begin{array}{r} 24 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 96 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 23 \\ \times 14 \\ \hline 92 \\ 31 \\ \hline 322 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 235 \\ \times 135 \\ \hline 705 \\ 3025 \\ 28050 \\ \hline 31725 \end{array}$$

Bookvoice

I wasn't there, but I know just how it was.

If I had been there I would have known...

I've been dreaming about x again as though I had no will of my own at all.

Changing, subtly, in small increments, to: I guess I was wrong about...; Did I make a mistake, judge her all wrong? Maybe it wasn't like that, may be it was...; I've been fooled.

Time never passes by or on; it just turns, like a wheel. Sometimes you think you are the axel and the whole think is about you. Later it seems you are a spoke, and from there you can never get the whole thing in view. But the thing you never want to be is the rim--the heights would be good if it didn't take regular mashing down in the dirt to get back up there.



JNotes: Nov.20

and death, but doesn't get it.

After the story of Hunter's Hunter [also known as Henry Lestroy] and Golden Gray and Wild merges: Joe <sup>remembers (& tells us about)</sup> ~~sees~~ the man asleep in Wild's house, and describes the clothes imagined in Chapter 6 that Gaolden Gray put on to meet his father; then the voice is more respectful and tentative about chap 8--Dorcus at the party and Joe locating her there. In fact, here aas elsewhere what the voice implies and what Dorcus does and Joe does are contradictory. I.e. the voice may notice Dorcus' fortitude after she is shot and attribute it to a craving to live. when in fact she is waiting until Joe can get away. A point made clear in the Marie section: that Joe knows Dorcus did this, and that is why he cries. The plethora of "take my word for it" and "trust me" and "I know what I am talking about" dissolve before the onslaught of characters' lives bigger than the voice's imagination.

1. Alice is afraid of the City
2. Dorcus loves the city--its sensuality
3. Violet does not see it: she is mostly aware of the neighbor relationships, friends, her place among people.
4. Joe wants to conquer the city. He roams it, tracks through it. touches and inscribes himself upon it.
5. Voice is romantic about the city; cynical about the people and their motives. The characters seem deceptive to its gaze, laughable in many ways. At chapter six, however, with the voice's imagining of Golden Gray, the beginning of the voice's self-doubt, reversal of opinion, some charity, pity, kindness.

Part of this reversal and self-doubt appears in chap 5, when Joe describes his love for Dorcus, but it is dismissed. Attributed to his age and life of fidelity, and also to what a young girl can do to a man and what the city stirs up.

The voice attributes almost everything to the City and its influence. When the change occurs, and the voice is proved wrong, it is wrong because it underestimated the people, missed the fact that destiny is not architecture nor traffic--but people doing what every they do for reasons that have to do with who and what they are before they got to the City. Or in spite of being there. That is their creativity. Thus, the denouement is not what the voice projected in the beginning. It watches Marie et al expecting dread



## Jazzthoughts

The bookvoice subscribes to the Romantic, exotic, violent idea of blacks-in-the-city. Concentrates on buildings, the "considerate" control of the laid out streets; the seductive nature of the music. Is excited by the "set." and the possibility of pain. Has contempt for the characters: distrust, amusement, and 'misreads' them entirely.

This bookvoice is shaken by its stumbling understanding of the personal histories of the characters--but resists any visceral or intellectual understanding until 1) the narratives of Golden Gray, Wild and Hunters Hunter merge, and 2) the impact of Felice on Violet and Joe. After that, the bookvoice recognizes its errors of perception, the fact that it had a taste for pain, that it missed the people altogether and thereby missed the real possibilities of human love and reconciliation.

Also, this bookvoice is optimistic, believes it is at the verge of a true 'Renaissance,' there will be no war, no riots, the City will always be a haven--beautiful, seductive and free. That if Joe is unhappy, it is because he could not adjust to this power; if Violet is crazy and becomes violent, it is that the City has broken her; that Dorcus understands the City--its romance and sensuality. The bookvoice will prophecy the glory to come, and will hint that others see doom, are disappointed, but that they are wrong. Nothing bad was in the streets in 25 and 26 that they need



to be afraid of.

The characters interior monologues contradict the voice, use the city in other ways [Joe sees rooms when he hunts Dorcus; Violet sits down in the street, hungers for children, is 'split' into two Violets etc.]. After Felice, they close ranks and rely on a combination of disparate memories and the presence of the other. Each of their memories is one of violent deprivation in an oppressive society, nothing of which is diminished by the City. *But from it they extract metaphors of lovely, worthy life.*

The music is understood by the bookvoice to be sensual, but Joe thinks of it as information, his abiding remembrance is of the women singing Go down Moses; Violet *sings with miscarried daughter* ~~remembers their voices too, and~~ ~~thinks of City music as angry and defiant the music hurts her more than anything;~~ Alice is frightened of it, haunted by it, prefers the drums of the parade. Dorcus is its sensuality. Felice is carrying the music in her hands. Looking forward to something different, something new?

Bid whist game in Jchap5?

That's when the cane stalks flew up to slam the face, or the bill would slip and cut a co-worker nearby.

Us had already bought Alaska, snatched Hawaii, divied up Samoa, arbitrated Venezuala, kicked Spain out of Cuba etc.

Violet looks at shelf of books in Alice's house.

If he spots a woman and she gives him more than the time of day with a look, the watching eyes of his menfriends are more satisfying than hers. Or he feels sorry about himself for being faithful in the first place. And if that virtue is unappreciated, nobody jumps up to congratulate him on, that sorrow turn to an anger which he has trouble understanding, but no trouble focussing on the young men, radiant and brutal, stnding on street corners.

He laughed when he saw the gun, a fat baby gun the would be so loud , a cannon. Nothing sophisticated, You'd have to fight your own self to miss.

Conversation with Al;ice, Violet mentions her two-week boyfriend.

Wax fruit: pears, bannas, green grapes...?

Bookinserts

He was loving her ugly shoes, removing them and unloosing the tortured plaits. The insulted skin touched him deeply

It was too late to wonder whether she would have him.

Joe didn't come home for the black-eyed pease. Gistan and Stuck came by to say they couldn't play cards Friday, but they linger in the hall while Violet stares at them [or ?]

Hunter taught him two things: the secret of kindness from whitepeople: they had to pity a thing before they could love it; and never to touch the young: nest-eggs, roe, fledgings, fawn etc.

By that time he had become a hunter's hunter and when spoken to and of, that is what he was called.

Peace or a kind of watchfulness, as though something waited. A before supper feeling as though somebody was waiting to eat.

Include Aunt Jemima doll, earrings, photograph, cigar case, set of silver brushes, 'stolen trash laid out neatly.' Bits of neighbors' goods: string, a top



A private place with an opening closed to the public. Once inside you could do what you pleased: disrupt things, rummage touch and move things. Change it all to a way it was never meant to be.

"Stations of the Cross"1. Condemnation to death: Joe's decision to hunt for [kill] Dorcus. 2. Receiving the Cross: pawning his hunting rifle for a gun. 3. Sees his mother: remembers Wild on a riverbank. 4. Falls down: almost run over by a horse or a truck.

His cap is blown off into the bushes. He retrieves it and picks of the burrs attached. He put it back on his head. A few burrs stick. 5. Gun is in a paper bag in his overcoat pocket. He perspires heavily on street car, although it is not crowded. Takes off his coat. Bag falls out. A man picks it up and hands it back to him.6. Woman shakes her head and hands him a handkerchief. 7. Another woman cries out when Joe slips on ice. She runs to help him, fussily. He says, looking at her heels, "Don't worry about me. Worry about yourself." Man in a veteran's coat offers him a drink. Joe accepts; it is bad bootleg and he spits it out. Man asks him for money. 8. Is stripped of his clother: robbed of his overcoat. 9. Nailed to the Cross: a nail snags his sweater. In removing it he gets blood on his hand and on the gun. 10. Dies: shoots Dorcus. 11. Taken from Cross: Felice's message . 12. Laid in tomb: Hiding for three days after the shooting, in a cellar? [ A trip or falling down after getting the gun, will make the list exactly 14 stations. Bookvoice can finally imagine a resurrection in the red wing taking off.

Add

Her name was brought up at the monthly meeting of the xx as someone needing assistance, but it was voted down quickly not just because she had a more or less able husband and kept on working when she could , but because a man and his family on x street had lost everything in a fire. The xx mobilized themselves to come to the burnt out family's aid and left Violet to figure out on her own what the matter was and how to fix it.

*Just when*  
Her breasts were finally flat enough not to need the binders the young women wore to sport the chest of a soft boy. *mother hunger*

↓  
shingle your hair

Christmas oranges piled in an old country-looking wooden bowl. I wonder she would have something like that in her high-fashion house. *felice*

?pailletted dress

The Seventh Avenue A & P made it to the front page by hiring its first Negro clerk.

*3A*  
Then there *were* the ten men who held a fourteen year old girl in a barn for purposes so immoral, so sustained she died--of a bad heart the doctor said. Of an *& busted* enraged heart he could not say. *Alma*

"In jealous rage man kills..."



7/1/79  
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*most of  
Beware a faithful  
man over 30*  
If he spots a woman and she gives him more than the time of day with a look, the watching eyes of his menfriends are more satisfying than hers. Or he feels sorry about himself for being faithful in the first place. And if that virtue is unappreciated, nobody jumps up to congratulate him on, that sorrow turn to an anger which he has trouble understanding, but no trouble focussing on the young men, radiant and brutal, stnding on street corners.

7 He laughed when he <sup>handled it</sup> ~~saw the~~ gun, a fat baby gun <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ would be ~~so~~ loud as a cannon. Nothing sophisticated, You'd have to fight your own self to miss. *But he wasn't going to miss, because he wasn't going to aim.*

*Conversation* with Alice, Violet mentions her two-week boyfriend. ✓

Wax fruit: pears, bannas, green grapes...?

I am the name of the sound  
and the sound of the name.  
I am the sign of the letter  
and the designation of the division.

For many are the pleasant forms which exist in  
numerous sins,  
and incontinencies,  
and disgraceful passions,  
and fleeting pleasures,  
which (men) embrace until they become  
sober  
and go up to their resting-place.  
And they will find me there,  
and they will live,  
and they will not die again.

The Nag Hammadi

I am the name of the sound  
and the sound of the name.

I am the sign of the letter  
and the designation of the division.

"Thunder, Perfect Mind"

The Nag Hammadi



I am the name of the sound  
and the sound of the name.

I am the sign of the letter  
and the designation of the division.

The Nag Hammadi

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which (men) embrace until they become sober

and go up to their resting-place.

And they will find me there,

and they will live,

and they will not die again.

p. 4 very bad orphan PG also p. 31, 41, 45, ~~57~~ 57, 113, 138

p. 7 And if you <sup>anyone</sup> ~~who has been~~ ~~set to be an~~ ~~emergency~~ ~~at the~~ ~~ward at H.H.~~  
~~you~~ ~~might~~ ~~be~~ ~~tended~~ ~~by the~~ ~~head~~  
~~line~~ Negro surgeon <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ ~~permitted~~  
 visiting rights. ~~at H.H.~~

but if the Negro is visiting  
 can pride cuts down the pain

$$\begin{array}{r} 20 \\ 7 \\ \hline 140 \end{array} - \boxed{150}$$

\$300 = two weeks

- 11 PG
- 13 PG
- 24 PG
- 50 PG
- 58 PG
- 63 PG
- 66 PG
- 67 PG
- 78 PG
- 92 PG
- 94 PG
- 112 PG
- 118 PG
- 127 PG

158,  
168  
202  
208,  
216



~~How Alice / founder of~~  
~~laughed.~~  
 naked eye

42<sup>nd</sup> St  
 to see the  
 Grand Staircase  
 and the phone

Sunning

a new  
 building  
 there

empty  
 stall

the brand  
 building at  
 42<sup>nd</sup> St  
 to see  
 watchful workers  
 finish  
 his' marble

at the steps  
 wonder  
 as

What is not a  
 what they love is the  
 Grand staircase on 42<sup>nd</sup> St  
 visiting  
 best

glittering  
 And the sparkle dust  
 in the air glittering on the workmen's clothes

Jazzorg June 26; revised September/October, 1990

SOME POSSIBILITIES OF CHAPTER [OR SECTION] ORGANIZATION

That woman lives on Lenox Avenue

Smack into Harlem/Violet going to the funeral; a bit about the way nyc was/bookvoice insinuated.

Necessary things for the night

Citysky leading to the windows of Melvonne's room and Joe and Dorcus inside telling each other things: the loss of their mothers', the present exchange; references to Violet's work going to houses to do hair.

Everybody got used to him

Joe crying and Violet washing his handkerchiefs/ the music and the spring day segue into Marie's entrance [this section should probably be toward the end where the next phase of the relationship forms.]

Alice stood for three hours

Alice and the fifth ave. march/ death of Dorcus' parents/  
the effect of the drums and low down music/ the different effect  
on Dorcus/ the way and place Joe saw Dorcus[the 2nd time] at  
Alice's house with the women teasing him.

I think he thought that girl was candy

Joe remembering Dorcus/ how he tracked her, chose her and  
about the blue water and white flowers. [probably add the party,  
his relationship to the gun and Hunter and his Virginia experience/  
the difference between that and the city]

Dorcus resisting her aunt's protection [page missing]

Her boldness coming from the burning house and how she  
felt when she met Joe/ the music. [maybe here the bookvoice  
continues the description of the party before Joe gets there]

She sat there sucking a malt

Violet before she goes to the funeral, steaming, and then  
going there/ how she loved him/ the "other" Violet. [Should this



be fore the above?] Much of it will be about Violet's Virginia life, and might it include the bookvoice information about Golden Gray? About Vera Louise and True Belle? The latter being Violet's grandmother? Some connection; information Violet has but Joe does not? Is that what they whisper, later? re: baltimore ports they never sailed from?

Stewmeat wrapped in butcher paper [new girl]

Spring day that Violet stands on the stoop and another girl with waved hair enters: Marie. What happens to resolve the conflict between Violet and joe. The girl shoots joe, but he is merely wounded. The girl, however, is "rescued" by someone who means her harm. [A white policeman? saying not to worry, and no one ever sees her again?]

It's nice when grownpeople whisper

Ending. But before that the city, the music, Club indigo becomes Seven? How they walk in the music. They both learn from Alice that Dorcus said "I'll tell you tomorrow."

---

October 7, 1990; November 3

JChap 1: "I know that woman..." [Jan. 4, 1926]

JChap 2: "Or used to. When Violet threw out the birds..."

[+ 1906 move to City; Florida Railway]

JChap 3: "The beautiful men were cold..." July 1915 [+1886

Knights of Labor +1890 Exodus to Kansas/E.St.Louis]

JChap 4: "She sat there sucking a malt..." March 1926

[1892 marriage to Joe; 1888 True Belle returns; 1890

Rose dies; 1855 True Belle leaves for Baltimore]

JChap 5: "Joe was raised.." "thought that girl was candy..."

[1882, hunting with Hunter ] Dec. 1925

JChap 6: "True Belle moved from Balitmore..." 1888 her return;

1855 her leaving;1873 last time she saw G.G.

JChap 7: "When Hunter got.." "Victory might remember..."

Aug. 1,1873 [+1893 Bulldozing

JChap 8: Dorcus alone and when Joe arrives at party Jan 1.'26

JChap 8a: "Stewmeat wrapped in butcher paper..." Apr. May '26

JChap 9: "I thought I knew them..." September, 1926

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Jazz Dates: Personae & Events

1832: True Belle born

1840: Henry Hope aka Hunter born

1855: Golden Gray born

Vera Louise & True Belle [27 yrs. old] move to Baltimore



1873: Golden Gray [18 yrs. old] goes to find Hunter [33 yrs]

Joe Trace born

\*Ex-Regular Army blacks form Committee

1878: Violet born

\* Massive exodus [1879]

\*"Readjustment Party"

1882: Joe [9 yrs.] begins hunting with Hunter [42]

1886-7: Alice's husband and the Knights of Labor disillusion

1888: True Belle {56} returns; Violet is 10

\*roads packed with Negroes exiting South

1890: Rose dies in the well

\* Rocky Mountain executions in August

\* Kansas exodus includes Alice's sister

1892: Joe [19yrs] meets Violet [14-15 yrs]

1893: Joe locates Wild [40yrs old]

Bulldozing of the community

Marries Violet at tail end of Exodus

1896: \* National Council of Negro Women formed

1901: \* Booker T. has dinner with T. Roosevelt

1904: \* Niagara Movement formed by Douglass

1905: \* Whites terrorize black family in Yonkers

1906: \* Pavemakers Union strike with and for blacks

Joe and Violet leave for City

\*25th Infantry given dishonorable discharges

\* Florida black owned railway station sold

1907: Dorcus born



1910: Alice in Ladies Wasitmaker's strike

\*Horizon Magazine

1915: Alice and Dorcus [ 8yrs. old] at Parade

\*Alice's reflections on Knights of Labor 29 yrs ago

1925: September, Joe sees Dorcus in drug store

October, Joe meets Dorcus

December 20, Dorcus quarrels with Joe

1926: January 1, Joe tracks Dorcus to New Year's Eve party

January 4, Dorcus funeral; Violet disrupts

March, Violet in drugstore

April, <sup>Felie</sup>Marie enters building

September, reconciliation

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#### Jazz Dates: Personae & Events

1832: True Belle born

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1855: Golden Gray born

Vera Louise & True Belle [27 yrs. old] move to Baltimore

1868: Alice Manfred born

[18 years old when husband X in Knights of Labor;  
39 years old when niece Dorcus born; 47 when the riots  
kill her bro & sister & takes charge of Dorcus - also parade; 58 when  
Dorcus dies.]



1873: Golden Gray [18 yrs. old] goes to find Hunter [33 yrs]

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Chap 6 - 99. ✓

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Chap 4 Vio ✓  
" ? ✓

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Chap 4 ✓

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1892: Joe [19yrs] meets Violet [14-15 yrs]

Chap 4 & 5

1893: Joe locates Wild [40yrs old]

Chap 8

Bulldozing of the community

Chap 7

Chap 7 ?

Marries Violet at tail end of Exodus

(refuses to go to Baltimore  
reconsidered in 1901 w/  
Booker T.)

1896: \* National Council of Negro Women formed

(Alice) 2

1901: \* Booker T. has dinner with T. Roosevelt

Chap 4 - or 2  
(Joe & Violet)

1904: \* Niagara Movement formed by Douglass

Chap 2

1905: \* Whites terrorize black family in Yonkers

Chap 2

1906: \* Pavemakers Union strike with and for blacks

Chap 2

→ Joe and Violet leave for City

\*25th Infantry given dishonorable discharges

Chap 1 ✓

\* Florida black owned railway station sold

Chap 2

1907: Dorcus born

Took 5 years  
to get there

1883 - Brooklyn Bridge  
Completed.



1910: Alice in Ladies Wasitmaker's strike *chap 3*  
\*Horizon Magazine

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January 4, Dorcus funeral; Violet disrupts

March, Violet in drugstore

April, Marie enters building

September, reconciliation: *merging of gg/wild/  
story*

Chap 5

1<sup>st</sup> named what?

Chap 6

Henry Lestray

Chap 7.

Hunter's Hunter.

4

25

33

25

16

34

15

31

23

7

24

12

245

TBD

1. Rent party: chapter 8 ✓
2. Transition from "It must have been the girl who changed his mind." to Joe/book view and into the search for D.
3. Intersperse skin color in early D.F. reference. ✓
4. Intersperse Joe's two color eyes: in Violet's chapter 4; in D's conversation with Joe in Chapter 2; in Felece's discussion of Joe; in Alice's and in the women at lunch.
5. How seeing laundry hung on the line encourages Violet to feel she knows her neighbors in the country--but not in the City.

Daylight  
Slices across  
these bodies like  
a razor. In the top  
half  
Daylight, a razor,  
Slices these bodies  
in half

Slashing