



Miscellaneous

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Miscellaneous

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Jazz

J422

Misc.

Susan Steinberg Studio
941 6580

Wed

415 849 9344

Not to many people saw the city man. The first wasn't Hunter who was off on some long trek looking for enough fox to sell. The first was Betty's boy, Honor, He was looking in on Hunter's place while he was gone, and on one of the days he stopped by--to do a little weeding maybe and ^{see} if the chickens were still alive--it had rained all morning. Sheets of it making afternoon rainbows everywhere. He told his mother Betty, that the whole cabin was rainbowed and when the man came out the door, Honor looked at his wet yellow hair and creamy skin, thought Hunter had come back dead. He stood there with his lips open waiting for the spirit to do some spirit thing, but all he got was a "Hey there. You. Gice me a hand?" Honor helped him get the carriage into the shed and stayed around to answer the man's questions. But he didn't get to see inside, or weed, and he learned the man's name weks later when Hunter got back. Golden Gray.

She told the truth when she named him, but everything else she said was a lie.

He remembered her laugh, though, and how peaceful she was in the beginning, so her fingertips didn't frighten him, but they did make him sad. Too sad to report the sighting to his co-workers, old men like him no longer able to cut all day. That's probably why they weren't prepared for the way their blood felt just thinking about her and for how trembly their legs got in her company. The pregnant girls marked their babies or didn't, but the grandfathers--unwarned--went soft in the head, walked out of the fields, left their beds in the shank of the night, wet themselves, forgot the names of their grown children and where they'd put their razor strops.

When Hunter knew her--tended her--she was sweet but touchy. Touchy and a bit stuck on that city man. To see the two of them together was a regular surprise: ^{the city man} him with his head of yellow hair long as a dog's tail next to ^{her} the skein of black wool ^{would} on her. If Hunter had handled it right, maybe she ^{would} have stayed in the house, learned how to dress and talk to folks. He thought she was dead. Local people used the story of her to caution children and pregnant girls (the way they used the boogie man), and it saddened him now ^{to} learn that instead of resting, she was hungry still. Though for what, exactly, he couldn't say, less ^{it} of was for that city man with hair the color of his name.

Hunter didn't tell, but the news got out anyway: Wild was not a used-to-be woman whose neck cane cutters like to imagine under the blade, or a quick and early stop for hard-headed children. She was out there--for real. Someone saw Hunter jump, grab his shoulder ^{my} and, when he turned around to gaze at the canefield, murmur to himself "Wild. Dog me, if it ain't Little Wild." The pregnant girls just sighed at the news and went on sweeping and sprinkling the dirt yards, and the young men sharpened their blades for real. But the old men started dreaming. Like Hunter, they remembered when she came, what she looked like, why she stayed and that city Negro she set so much store by.

Pregnant girls were the most susceptible, but so were the grandfather^s. Any fascination could mark a new^b born: 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. Who would have thought old men needed to be cautioned too; told and warned against seeing, smelling or evenⁿ hearing Wild.

She lived close, they said, not way off in the woods or even down in the^r riverbed, but somewhere in that canefield--at its edge some said or maybe moving around in it. Close. Cutting cane could get frenzied sometimes when young men got the feeling she was just yonder, hiding, and probably looking. One swing of the machet could lop off her head, if she got sassy or too close, and it would be her own fault. That would be when they cut bad--too high up on the stalk or raggedy. Just thinking about her, whether she was close or not, could^d mess up a whole morning's work.

The grandfather^s, way past slashing but still able enough to bind stalks or feed the sugar vats, used to be thought safe. That is until ~~Joe Trace~~^{Hunter} got tapped on the shoulder by fingertips that couldn't be anybody's b^ut hers. When he snapped up, he saw the cane stalks shuddering but he didn't hear a single crack. Because he ~~grew up~~^{was} with a trapper more used to wood life than tame, ~~Joe~~^{he} knew when they eyes watching him were up in a tree, behind a knoll or, like this, at ground level. You can see how he was confused: the fingertips at his shoulder, the eyes at his feet. First thing came to mind was the woman he named himself, some twenty years ago because, after tending her, that was the word he thought of: Wild. He was sure he was tending ~~his~~ mother back then, but when she bit ~~he~~^{his} cheek, he thought Oh, she's wild. Some things are like that. There's no gain fathoming more.

a sweet young girl

Let's see how this might go:

Pregnent girls were the most susceptible, but so were the grandfathers. Any fascination could mark a newborn: melons, rabbits, wisteria, rope, and they tell me the 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. Who would have thought old men needed to be cautioned too; told and warned against seeing, smelling, or even hearing Wild.

She lived close, they said, not way off in the woods or even down in the riverbed, but somewhere in that canefield--at its edge some said, or maybe moving around in it. Close. Cutting cane could get franzied, sometimes, when young men got the notion ^{feeling} she was just yonder, hiding, and probably looking. One swing of the machet could lop off her head, if she got sassy or too close, and it would be her own fault. ^{That's would be when} ~~they cut bad - too high up on the stalk or raggedy~~

The grandfathers, way past ~~cane~~-slashing but still able to bind stalks or feed the sugar vats, used to be thought safe. That is, until Hunter got tapped on the shoulder by finger tips that ~~could only~~ ^{couldn't anybody's but} be hers. When he snapped up he saw the cane stalks shuddering but he didn't hear a crack. Because he was a trapper, and more used to wood life than tame, he knew when ~~they~~ ^{him} eyes watching were up in a tree, behind a knoll or, like this, at ground level. You can see how he was confused: the finger tips at his shoulder, the eyes at his feet. ~~Then~~ ^{First} ~~he remembered~~ ^{there came to mind was} the woman he named himself, some twenty years ago, ^{was} because, after tending her, that's the word he thought of: Wild. Some things are like that. ^{there's} It aint no gain to fathom ^{ing} more. But ~~then~~ ^{he} thought he was tending his mother back then. ~~and~~ when she bit his cheek, he thought OH, she's wild.

was sure

Pregnant girls were susceptible, of course, but more so were the grandfathers.

Any fascination could mark a newborn: melons, rabbits, wisteria, rope ~~snakes~~ ^{and shed snakeskins.}

so the warnings given the girls were part of a large group of things to avoid lest the baby came here craving or resembling the mother's ^{distraction} ~~obsession~~. Who would have thought old men, as well, needed to be cautioned against seeing, smelling, or even hearing Wild.

She lived close, ^{little} ~~too~~ ^{they said} not way off in the woods or even down in the but somewhere in that canefield--at its edge ^{some} ~~it was~~ said, or maybe moving around in it. Close. Cutting cane could get frenzied, sometimes, when the young men were certain she ~~was~~ just yonder, hiding, and probably looking ~~too~~. One swing of the machet could lop off her head, if she got sassy or too near, and it would be her own fault.

The grandfathers, too old for ^{cane} ~~the~~ slashing and who bound stalks or fed the sugar vats, had been considered safe. Until ^{hunter} ~~see Trace~~ got tapped on the shoulder by finger tips that could only ^{be hers.} ~~belong to Wild~~. Turning quickly he saw the cane stalks shudder, but heard no crack. Once a trapper, more familiar with wood life than tame, he knew when the eyes that watched him were in a tree, behind a knoll or, as in this case, at ground level. It confused him: the finger tips at his shoulder; ^{er} eyes at his feet, until he remembered the woman he himself had named twenty years ago because, after tending her, that's ^{the word} ~~what~~ he thought of: Wild. Some thing's ^s like that. It aint no gain to fathom more. Having known ^{her} ~~that black woman with the~~ soundless laugh, and knowing how peaceful she was in the

beginning, her fingertips didn't frighten him, but they did make him sad. Too sad to report the sighting to his co-workers, old men like him. Which is why they were not prepared for the way their blood felt just thinking about her and for their complete collapse in her presence. The pregnant girls marked their babies or ~~avoided~~ ^{didn't} it, but the grandfathers--unwarned--went soft in the head, walked out of the field, left their beds in the shank of the night, wet themselves, forgot the names of their grown children and ~~where~~ ^{where} they'd put thier razor strops.

When Hunter knew her--tended her--she was touchy. Pitiful, touchy and a bit stuck on that city man. To see the two of them together was a regular surprise: him with his head of yellow hair long as a dog's tail next to the skein of black wool on hers. If he ~~hand~~ ^{hand} handled it right, maybe she would have stayed in the house, learned how to dress and talk to folks. He thought she was dead; That local people used the story of her to caution children and pregnant girls (the way they used the boogie man) ^{but she was dead,} so it saddened him to learn that instead of resting, she was [^] hungry still. Though for what, exactly, he couldn't say, 'less it was for that city man with hair the color of his name.

He didn't tell, but the news got out anyway: Little Wild was not a used-to-be woman whose neck cane cutters liked to imagine under their blades, or a quick and early stop for hard-headed children. She was out there--for real.

Someone saw Hunter jump, grab his shoulder and, when he turned around to gaze at the canefield, murmur "Little Wild. Dog me, if it ain't Little Wild."

Dr. O. H. M. S. B. C. H. M.

used to be

* You are lying next to him, holding hands

John Gray
The house is a

The horse is a fine one -- (meow)

L.H. W. 14

"The pregnant girls ..."

Club Indigo

Aimee Dunawayen } Jk
Howard - Buglar } Trace
at 4/

Violet

" There is a woman in this building ...

Joe Trace

Don

Belle & Vera Louise || Birth 8 9 9.

" For obvious reasons, his name was G. G. "

The Colonel

the Colonel "Dad's father w/ Joe & Violet
"He stood up then sat down"

"He stood up then sat down"

Seven

Seven "Down" Grandfather

* I Belmed's low for G.G. (Little World) Price

Golden Gray 1873

Little World 1890

Jazz

2 Joe Trace 1924

1 Violet 1924

3 Dorcas 1924

~~Hunter~~

Belle and ~~Ann~~ Vera Louise (Tracy) 1853

Club Indigo 1944

- Nelson and Dorcas (Dorcas's employer?)

- The Colonel 1890

- ~~Dorcas~~ ~~Tracy~~ [Vera's father's friends] ^{one and Violet when they are young (miss.)}

- SEVEN [is Dorcas's grandfather] 1924

* Same as above Poetry
Should clarify - connect.
and JOIN all of the above
parts

1855 =
17

1873
17
1890
59
17
76

1873 = 25
17
42

1914
1855
59

1924
1855 = 5
71
76

1914
1873
41

1924
1873
53

1855
20
1914 (1873)

1873
20
1853

1873
17
90

Two Brothers (Howard and Bugler)
1914 music 74 76

And Amy Dorcas ? 82

74 in 1914 59 in 1914

1855 = 14
1924
1855
71
14 87

there's

giving
the girls

lest the baby
came here
crawling
representing
the mother's
obsession.

Pregnant girls were ^{susceptible} the most ~~un~~grate of
course but ^{more} so were the grandfathers.

Any ~~the~~ fascination could mark a newborn: melons
rabbits, wisteria, roped snakes. - so the
warnings ~~against~~ ^{to avoid} were part of ~~the~~ a
group. ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~cautions~~. Who would have
thought old men needed to be cautioned
as well against seeing, smelling or even
hearing [the woman called] Wild.

large
room

And she lived so close ^{too} - not far ^{away} off in the
woods or even down in the

but somewhere in that cane field - At its edge
it was said - or maybe, moving around
in it. Close. ~~and~~ Cutting cane ~~was~~

young
could get frozen, sometimes, when the
men were certain she was hiding just
yonder & and probably looking.

~~None~~ ^{One} swing of the machet could lop off
her head - if she got sassy or too near.
And it would be her own fault.

The Grandfathers - too old for the slaskey -
who were bending stalks or
~~and~~ - the sugar rats - had been believed
safe. Until Joe Trace got tapped
on the shoulder by ^{tips} fingers that could
only belong to Wild.

1896
73
12

1873
41

Werners
~~He turned~~ ^{he} quickly ~~to see~~ ^{and saw} the cone stalks
~~crack~~ & shudder, ~~but~~ ^{he} heard them crack

One a trapper, ^{more familiar with} ~~he knew the presence of~~
^{wild wood} ~~animal~~ life better than human ~~and~~

he knew also when ~~he was being~~ ^{the eyes that} watched
him were in a tree, ^{behind} ~~up on a knoll~~ ^{as in this case} ~~that~~ ^{at ground level.} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~conjured~~

him: ^{pe} finger tips ^{rest} on his shoulder;

~~but the~~ ^{eyes} ~~the watch~~ ^{was} at his feet. - until he

thought remembered the woman
he ~~to~~ himself ~~first~~ ^{named} ~~had~~ ^{given a}
~~name to 20 years ago~~ because that's

~~what~~ ^{thought} ~~that's all he could think of~~
after tending her; Wild. Some 'hirs's're
~~are~~ like that. No ^{gain} ~~point in~~ trying to
fathom more. (It aint no gain to fathom more)

?
A ^{black} woman
with ~~an angel's~~ ^{a soundless} laugh

Knowing that and knowing how peaceful
She was in the beginning, her finger tips
the ~~poor~~ ^{didn't} ~~frighten him~~ but they did
~~so~~ make him sad. Too sad to report the sighting
to his co-workers - old men like him -

Which is why they were not
~~when~~ prepared for the ~~marking~~ way their
blood ~~to~~ felt just thinking about her and
for their complete collapse ^{in her presence} ~~when they saw her~~.
The Pregnant girls marked their babies or avoided it - but

The grandfathers - unwarned - ~~was~~ went soft in the head.
wacked off out of the fields, left their beds in the
mi. shank of the night, wet themselves, forgot the names
of their ^{growing} children and where they'd put their ~~pipes~~
razor straps.

When [?] Hunter
Joe ~~Trace~~ knew her - tended her -
she was touchy, pitiful touchy and a bit
stuck on that city ~~man's~~ Golden ~~Group~~. So
see the two of them together was a regular
surprise. Him with his ^{head of} yellow hair long as
a dog's ~~tail~~ ^{tail} when next to ~~the~~ ^{the} skins of
black wool on hers.

If he had handled it right, maybe she
would ~~I~~ have stayed ^{in the house} ~~with him~~. Learned him
to dress and talk to folks. He thought
she was dead. That ~~the~~ local people
used the story of her to caution
children and pregnant girls (the
way they used the boggie man) so
it saddened him to learn that ~~she~~
instead of resting, she was ~~still still~~
~~hungry~~ ^{hungry} still. Though for what, exactly,
he couldn't say, 'less it was that city
man with hair the color of his name.

Jazz

1926 Loner and Woman and Girl

1873 Hunter takes over care

Loner

of Baby boy(?) While its
Mother lives ~~elsewhere~~
but nearby, coming occasionally
to see her son. She (the

mother) is known as Wild i.e.

they call her Wild because

she is (lives alone performs

'rites', wafts in and out of

neighborhood etc.) Baby

grows up conscious of but

determined to bid this wilderness

~~Gold~~ Golden Gray - ~~participated~~
~~keeper~~

in the birth - had rescued

Wild from woods in rain as

1st on a train(?) from NYC then in

he came, looking for his 'father' to

(Hunter.)

buggy
to
Virginia

(Song)

Boy marries 's age (he believes)
a woman who takes good care
of him. They both move to NYC
in 1916 (?). Where Boy - now
house - falls in love helplessly
'wildly' with Girl. (have Song)

Dorothy

Key

George

Georgia

He saw her and
sat down - heard
her name and Violet

Woman is from his neighborhood
(although born elsewhere)
Had, as a girl, been encountered
Wild. (Terrified, seduced, ^{unscathed} remembered.)

Violet
Rose
Smothering

Wild

Joseph
Trace

but never tells her husband that
during this encounter
Wild took her footsteps away
which is why she lives a 'placid'
life, full of things (furniture,
routine, soap, scarves [as tho' to
'draw' her existence])

Joe Trace

"She disappears
without a trace"
Since without
him - he thought
his name was
"trace"

Hunter was
calling him
he the Joe
- at heart in his
mind

CHATTANOOGA = "rock that comes to a point"
i.e. Look out mountain

of Ross's Landing

Jazz Plus

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.

4. 1890: The Colonel. Vera Louise's father. ["He stood up and then he sat 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 acknowledge it is all

FOX RIVER BOND

25% COTTON

1873

1853

1853

1890

1914

1924

1924

1926

1926 (Seven)

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..."]

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.

Informational Organization

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

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

① 1873
4 1890

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.

5 1944

6 1924

7 1924

8 1924

2 1853

3

1853

not
1890

9 .18

The pregnant girls merely sighed as they sprinkled and swept the dirt yards, and the young men sharpened their blades. But the old men started dreaming. They, like Hunter, remembered ^{when} ~~how~~ she came, what she looked like ^{so much} ~~and~~ why she stayed and that city Negro she set store by.

CERTIFICATE BOND

25% COTTON FIBER

Country Skills - and the
gun like his hand extending
to - touching - and wanting
more of - Wild. When
he finds her at the party
it's surreal - separating
her out (by her odor?
Jasmine or orchids or whatever)
and shorts - he wants to
stay - she slumps and sees
him - looking at her with
delight & yearning and that
perfect - end - of - life - look. -
He wants to stay - to freeze
the moment - and is in fact
pushed out by the raucous
crowd - none of whom has
seen what happened - except
(?)

Notes:

When Joe Trace gets
the gun to kill Dorcas,
he handles it - feels it.

its sensuality & male-type
power/penetration is trans-
formed into his remem-
brances of Hunter
who taught him how to
track and shoot. Also
his recollections of Wild
- her hand sticking out

of the busker for him
to touch - (but no more
than that acknowledge-
ment that she is his
mother - He has asked
her once & for all to say it
yes or no - She shows
him her hand - only -
& he touches it & the
the sweetness that travels
from the touch makes
him tremble.) All this
- the tracking of Dorcas
thru the city - using his

funny is that it ended just like the other one did.

Exactly. Except for who killed who.

GOLDEN GRAY

33X COTTON FIBER

CELLULOSE BOND

BOOK II

There is a woman in this building without foot prints. 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 lot. She doesn't know what to do with him since he fell in love with an eighteen year old girl whom he killed out of sadness and desperation. The woman without footprints is furious with him because she could forget her and love someone 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 foot prints 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 it [and the dying girl wouldn't tell] 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. Besides she probably knows ^{now} that the man who killed her neice ~~all~~ he ^{cries} ~~does is cry~~ all day ^{and for} which, to the woman without footprints, ^{that} is as bad as the arguments in her nasty house. She's still good looking and only about forty or so. That's why she decided to take lovers in her house. To shake up her crying husband and give herself some satisfaction as well. It worked for a while, but the children of suicides are hard to please and if on top of that they have no footprints they are quick to believe no one loves them because they are not really here. She sent the lovers away. Her next plan --to fall in love with her husband, exhausted her before it got on a good footing. So she decided to love--well, find out about--the young girl whose face she tried to cut open even though nothing would have come out but straw. She didn't know anything about her except her address, her former beauty, and that she was very well liked. So she started going around getting all the information she could on her. Everything. Maybe she thought she ~~can~~ ^{could} solve the mystery of love that way. Good luck, and let me know. She found out ^{what kind of} the lipstick she wore; the marcelling iron the beauty parlor used on her (thought I seem to remember that ^{girl} she needn't need to straighten her hair); listened to the band the girl liked best (Joe Bates' Ebony Keys which is pretty good except for his vocalist); and did the dance steps she did. All that. ^{But when she had the} Everybody ^{was} ^{watching} ^{down} ^{put.} ^{- her knees} ^{just so ---} ^{got} ~~is~~ disgusted with her, ~~for doing this.~~ It's like a gull

pecking the remains of a soft shell crab some other bird dropped. But the woman is nothing but persistent and no insult or frown stops her. She haunted PS 12 to talk to teachers who knew her. Clinton High School too, because the girl had dropped out from there in the eleventh grade. She fought a long time with the girl's aunt (her parents were dead) until the aunt, a lonesome woman who works as a seamstress in the garment district, broke down and began talking, mostly to relieve her sorrow, then to look forward to a chat about youth and love and goodness with the woman without footprints. She showed her all the dead girl's things and it became clear that her neice had been sweet as well as pretty. One particular thing the aunt showed her, and eventually let her keep for a few weeks, was a picture of the girl's face. Smiling. That woman had the nerve to put in on her own mantelpiece in her parlor and both she and her husband looked at it and cried.--for differnt things though. He cried for his lost loved one; she cried because she wasn't eighteen anymore and no one could follow her tracks. Then one day she saw her--the girl--coming into this building with an Okeh record ^{under her arm} and some stewmeat wrapped in butcher paper. The woman's mouth flew open and she fanned her hand as if moving thing thready things out of her line of vision. She stopped the girl--who looked exactly like the one her husband killed, down to the four marcelled waves on each side of her head. She invited her in to hear the record and that is how this threesome in our building began. What is

So far...

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 enbrodiered sheets and pillowslips; a cigar case and silver toilet articles. He is wearing a long coat. vanilla colored with adrk 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 sind, and he hears, or thinks he does, a baump on the back of the hansom, which is probaly 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 eve, to the carriage. Satisfied with his efforts, but annoyed at the heavy rain--the spoiling it is doing to his cloethes and the 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 and 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. 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 and shiney wet, and his feelings about the horse are of securty 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 is and what has happened to the naked woman lying in the weeds. He ties up his horse, and sloshes back in driving rain to the place where the woman fell. She is still spraweled there. Disgusting. Her mouth and legs open. A small hicky 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

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--eith now. And he has known "Tracker's" name and address for two. Information (this last) 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 trial cake she held out to him, her smile was more amusement than pleasure. When the two of them, his mother and the cook, bathed him they sometimes passed anxious looks: at the palms of his hands, the drying of his hair. So said the cook. Sylvia. Golden and Sylvia. Sylvia and Golden. Golden and Silver. Niggers. He knew that. Had always known it. What he had not know was that there was only one kind--her kind. Black and lesser. Like Tracker and like the filthy woman snoring on the cot. ^{that doesn't need to be cooked} The rain has stopped. He looks about for something to eat--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. Tracker? He approaches him. Introduces himself. Gray. Golden Gray, come to see Henry Hope. Might you be Mr. Hope? The rider doesn't blink. Syas Hope went to Vienna; be back by the next morning he reckoned. They say good evening, and the rider departs. Golden Gray is drunk now. happily for perhaps he can sleep now. But he shouldn't. The liquid black woman might wake or die or give birth or--

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 unlashes 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 cook stove 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 drags in the mud 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 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 (a kind of store room) a can of kerosene. But no matches. For a long time he looks for matches and finally finds some in a can. Five matches, to be exact. The kerosene has evaporated by the time he locates the matches. He is not adept at doing 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 who was even called Tracker. Tracker Hope, when his name was Henry. But who cares what a nigger's first name is. Except his mother 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

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 gather her up in his arms and carries her, stumbling, since she is heavier than he supposed, to the hansom. With great difficulty, he gest 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 doo 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. That bothers him--that she migh regain consciousness and be more than a presence. He has nott looked at her for some time. Now he does and notices a trickle of blood down her neck. The hicky 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. The rain seems to be following him; whenever he thinks it is about to stop, a few yeard on, it gets worse.. He has been traveling for six housrs, 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 (which is a large shed with two horse stalls. Both stalls are empty. He takes his horse into one and wipes her down carefully. Then he trows 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 from the house.

*the Democrat's
platform?
his heart?*

*Golden
Gray*

When her father found out, he stood up then sat down and then stood up again.
His left hand patting around ^{the air} searching for something. a shot of whiskey, his pipe
a whip a shot gun--she never knew. His rage filled the room, and made ^{it} everything
creak. ~~It was too much for him, and he began to cry just thinking of~~
what had happened to his daughter. He creid until the rage could be squeezed
^{back} into human proportions and he could do the proper thing. Her mother, however
had the final cut: her eyebrows ^{were perfectly still but} raised slowly, and then the look she
^{gave} ~~threw out~~ ^{was} so full of rpulsion the daughter could taste the sour saliva
gathering ^{under} ~~in~~ her mothers ^{soaking} ~~throat~~ the insides of her cheek, under her tongue. No word
then or even ~~a~~ passed between them. And the lingerie case full of
money that she lay on her pillow the next ^{Wednesday} ~~morning~~ was, ~~even~~ in its generosity,
heavy with contempt. More money than any body needed for a year or two away
from home. So much money the message was undisputable: live or die, but
elsewhere, ~~forever~~.

die, or live if you like,

From the beginning, he was like a lamp
in that ~~glow~~^{shaded} underlit house.

Spoiled by — — — and

Giving ~~him~~^{was} a glow ~~glow~~ funny and
Given a funny spoiling by — — — and
laughing startled

Startling both women each morning
Simply startled each morning by the ~~with~~^{they} look of him, both women
vied for his affection. Belle
~~did~~ laughing, laughing ~~with~~^{fed him} test cakes
and ~~let him~~ picked every single seed
from the melon before she let him eat it.

— — — with brought his clothes
(dressed him like the Prince
of Wales)

His name, for obvious reasons
was J. G. Gray at first
became that was his 'mister's'

(?) Mary (Helen)'s last name ~~and~~
(although later it was the color of his eyes)
~~although at later~~ And Golden
because after the pink birth-skin
disappeared ~~and~~ along with the down on his
head ~~he turned gold.~~ floppy yellow curls covered his head
~~in profusion~~ ~~great~~ the lobes of
his ears.

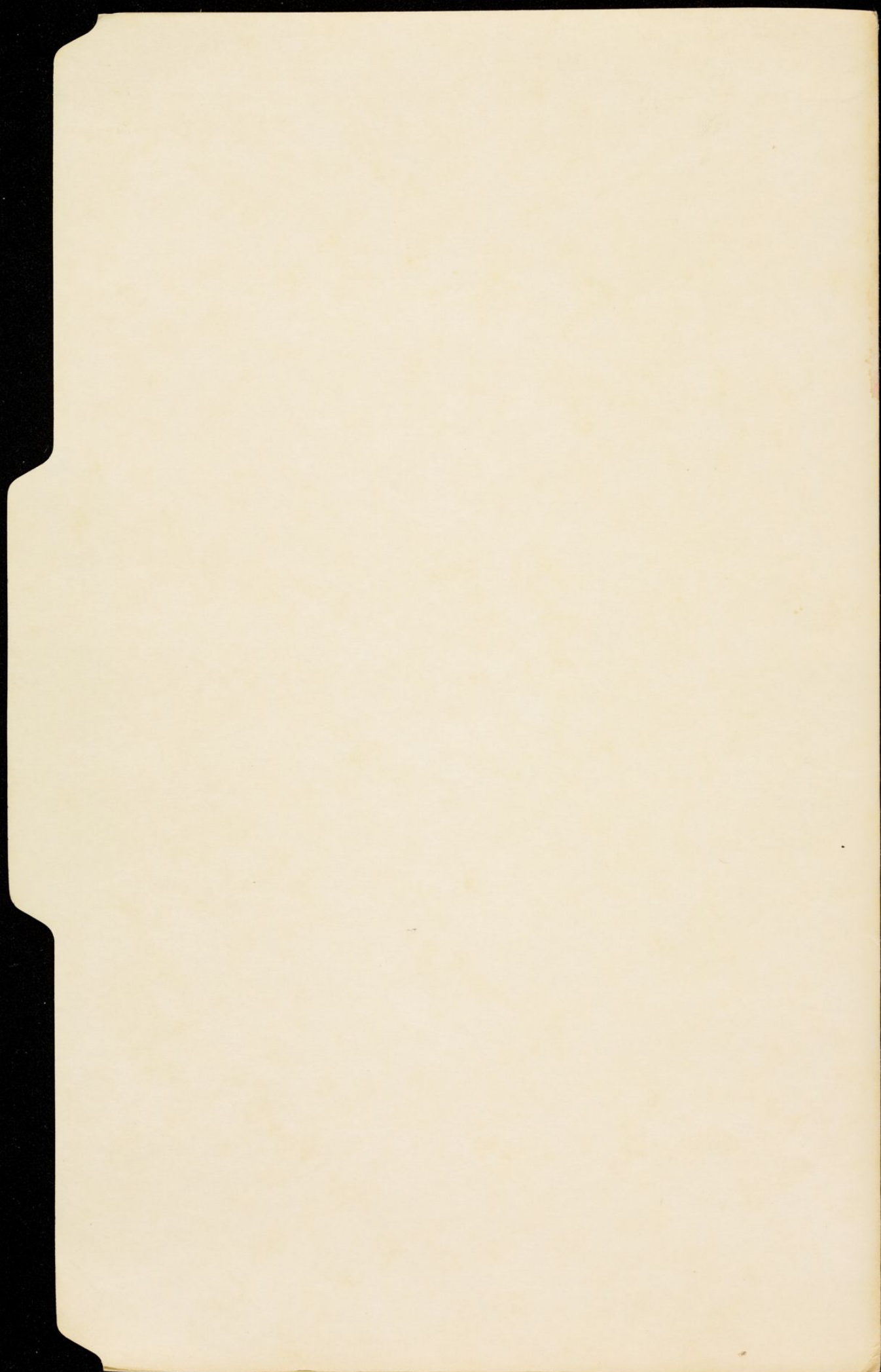
his ~~skin~~ ^{flush} chastened ~~of~~ ^{practically} ~~patented~~ all black
was radiantly golden and

Nowhere ^{blond}
not as light as his 'mister's' hair
once was - ~~but~~ ^{but} its sunlight color - its
determined curliness - endeared him
to her at once. Even Belle the
cook laughed out loud ^{the minute} every time
she ~~saw~~ laid eyes on him ^{& thereafter} every day
for eighteen years.

The three of them ~~moved to~~
a fine ~~red brick~~ sand stone house on
a ~~street~~ ^{both} far away from
where Gray and Belle were born.
Because ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{could not} bear ^{the} ~~the~~ ways
and of her home town.

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Misc.



Mother Hunger

I don't pity women who don't have or want children. I don't think their lives are bereft without them or that there is some magical fulfillment that will always be beyond their reaching palms. And I don't believe mothers of children are necessarily privileged. Wanted children are not inevitably loved or cared for or even valued. Just as unwanted children can become the recipients of adult generosity and pleasure. The most adoring mothers generally drive everybody to distraction with the eating of their children; skin-grooming them in a way that would sicken the most conscientious monkey-mother; mythologizing them; re-routing fantasies through them; deforming them with an intimacy as violent as relentless as ruthless as hostile even distance can be.

Yet there is something known as mother hunger. A powerful urge to nourish a child as strong and overwhelming as the impulse to murder can be in pathological repeat killers. I suppose the origins are biological, but the manifestations are frequently physical. The woman can dream of a child, can reproduce the symptoms of pregnancy, can stalk the wards of hospital nurseries, can even snatch babies with no remorse in the world.

NOT Saved
forgot to punch
Enter

Violence/ July 11, 1989

That's a thing to see. I cannot tell you how many times I have seen it and each time it is alive --gleaming cracking scarey stuff.

To be down there in it, knocking the danger away with another one, laughing at the bullet when it misses and when it doesn't. Putting the cold glass mouth up to mine.

Nothing. There may be no opportunity for a ceretain kind of writing to take place in this manuscript. The way I would like it to bee sen, but perhaps that is not the best way. Jus t continue with the voices that have already surfaced,

Now, the text could begin with the Golden Gray stuff in third person, and thern slowly break up into the voices of the people who inherit and expiate that legacy. The book could become increasingly innervoiced with the I voice provided the most inner because it is the voice of me and the narrator's and the reader's all at once. It is also the book's voice: I am a book, doing my stuff I can see and write and "tell" anything. You have to trust me because I am all you have and it is like I have to trust you too becuae I am in your hands. This can be a real talkingtext; talking book

"There is a woman in this building," can become "There is a woman in that building who etc." The bookvoice can say: Sometimes I wonder about that place, what it must fell like to put the cold glass mouth up to mine. Knock the danger away with another and laugh at the knife when it misses and when it doesn't. Looking at all of that cracking black shiney scary stuff. It makes me wonderful,just to look at it

It makes me wonderful just to look at them.