



"1. More on house: and life in it..."

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1. More on Horse: And life in it. El. Fridge
2. Confrontation with Mother and Eunice ^{And Mother's respect for Cholly}
3. Finish Cholly Section
- 4.

LEMONADE SUMMER.

8:45

Horse pretty to E.

Eunice:

She would never know ^{her} beauty. ~~how beautiful she~~
 She would ~~know~~ ^{see} only what there was to see:
 the eyes of other people.

Eunice

① Walks ~~to~~ down Garden Avenue to a small
 grocery store which sells ~~also~~ penny candy.
 Three pennies are in her shoe - between the
 sock and the inner sole. ^{with} Each step she
 feels the ~~sharp~~ painful press of the coins
 AGAINST her foot. ~~But it is a pain so~~
 Sweet, ^{endurable even cherrishod} ~~so endurable~~ the irritation ~~is~~ -
 full of promise ^{and delicate} evoking security. There is
 plenty of time to consider what to buy. Now,
 however, she ~~flaunts~~ ^{floats} about in moves down
 an avenue ^{buffeted} ~~gentle~~ by ^{the} familiar and
 therefore loved images: the dandelions at the
 base of the telephone pole. Why, she wonders, are
 they weeds. She thought they were pretty But grown ups
 say so. They say "Miss Duwion keeps her
 yard so nice. Not a dandelion anywhere"

Hunkies women in Black Babushkas
 go into the fields with baskets
 to pull them up. But they do not
 want the yellow heads - only
 the jagged leaves ~~to eat~~.

They make Dandelion Soup. Dandelion

304 W. 58th
 Room 604
 Telis
 13th

"House"
 in section

54
 6000
 308

Two copies
 Paula Marshall
 Brownstone
 Brown

EL. 5
 8766

FTONK

wine. ~~But~~ nobody loves the heads of a Dandelion
Maybe because they are ^{so} many - they grow
~~so soon~~ ~~and so~~ strong and soon. She, however,
did love them.

There was the sidewalk crack shaped like a Y
and the other one that lifted the concrete
up from the dirt floor. Frequently her sloughing
step had ^{made her} tripped over that one. ~~These~~ ~~this~~
~~Go~~ Skates would go well over this
sidewalk - old + smooth ^{it made} the wheels glide
evenly with a ^{mild} whine. The newly paved
walks were bumpy and ~~un~~ uncomfortable
They ^{sounds of skate wheels on new roads was} created a grating.

~~These and other~~ ^{images} ~~these~~ the things she saw + ^{experienced} ~~had experience with~~
ALL of these ~~codes~~ were real to her.

She knew them. They were ^{the} codes
the touch stones in the world. Translatable
and poss Capable of translation and possession
She owned the crack that made her stumble,
She owned the ^{clumps of} dandelions whose ^{white} heads
she had blown away last fall whose yellow
ones this summer she peered into.

And owning them ~~the~~ made her part of
the world. And the world apart of her.

Two wooden steps to the Door of _____'s
Store. A bell tinkles as she opens it.
Standing before the counter ~~she~~ looks
at the array of candies. All Mary Jones, she
thinks. 3 for a penny. The resistant sweetness
that breaks open at ~~last~~ last to deliver

7747
7747

→ How can a 52 year old Irish Stockkeeper with the
taste of potatoes & beer in his mouth, his mind honed on
the doe-eyed Virgin Mary, his sensibilities blunted by
the permanent sense of loss see a little black girl. Nothing in his life
even suggested that the feat was possible not to say desirable or necessary.
"Yeah?" he asks.

peanut butter - the oil ^{+ salt} ~~and~~ put of which
complements the sweet pull of caramel. A
peak of anticipation ^{unsettles} ~~fills~~ her stomach.

She pulls off her shoe and takes out the
three pennies. The gray head of Mr ^{looms}
bobs up over the counter. His ^{like} eyes urges
his eyes out of his thoughts to ~~look~~ ^{look} at
her. Blue eyes. Blear dropped. ~~W~~

~~eyes do not look~~ - ~~But~~ Slowly Like ~~an~~ ^{movement} ~~unperceivable~~
~~moving imperceptibly~~ ^{slowly} toward
~~like the shift in a~~ ^{like} ~~the~~ ^{fall} ~~fall~~ - He looks toward
her.

J? like the shift in a ~~fall~~ ^{back} muscles from
As he ~~adjusts his head~~ ^{lift} moves his
head from ~~corn~~ ^{corn} to swift a visitor @

His GAZE moves toward her and stops @

Some where between retina and object, between
vision and view
the glance ~~draws itself up~~ ^{it} draws back, hesitates
and hovers. ^{At some fixed point in time and space} he senses that
he need not ~~waste~~ the effort of a glance. ^{THERE IS FOR HIM NOTHING} ^{to see}
He ~~does~~ not see her because he will ~~not~~ ^{not} see her
~~that~~ ^{to him} ~~she is not worth~~ the effort of a glance.

She looks up at him and ^{sees} ~~knows~~ there is

no curiosity in his eyes. vacuum where
curiosity ought to lodge. And something
more. She senses ^{THE} a total absence of ^{human} recognition -
the hovering separateness. She does not know
what keeps his glance suspended - Perhaps
because he is grown, or a man & she a little
girl. But she has seen interest ^{disgust even} anger
in grown male eyes. But this
~~hovering~~ ^{is not new to her. It} ~~lack of~~ vacuum has an edge is
- somewhere in the bottom lid ~~looks~~ ^{looks} the

Some where in the
pigeon miles per second
Speed of Light

Absence
of
othermen

plk 25m

plk 20m

distaste. She has seen it ^{looking} in the eyes
of all white people - So - the distaste must
be for her - her blackness. The permanency of
her blackness. The one thing that will not change - for her
girlhood will become womanhood, her childhood adulthood,
All things in her are flux and anticipation - ~~But~~ her
blackness is static + dread. And it is the
blackness that ~~counts~~ ^{accounts for} - that creates the vacuum edged
with distaste in white eyes. ~~So she~~ ^{Conscious} does not exist
~~And what does not exist cannot speak.~~
Only her blackness is. ~~But~~ Black is the absence
of all color. When the negative presence of black is
called upon to speak it frequently has nothing to say. It ~~gestures~~
^{can only gesture.}

~~What she does not exist - cannot speak. Black
exists but black is the absence of all color. So how can a negative exist
and speak. And it has nothing to say.~~

She points her finger at the Mary Jones.
The little black shaft ~~to~~ of finger ~~points~~
And its tip pressed on the glass display
window, ~~the~~ ^{quietly} inoffensive assertion of a Black
child's attempt to communicate with a white ~~man's~~ ^{adult's}
"them" The word is ^{more} sight, than sense.

"What? These? These?" Flegm and impatience ^{merge in his} voice.

She shakes her head, Her finger tip ~~locked~~ ^{fixed}
on the spot which, in her view, ^{at any rate} identifies the
Mary Jones. He cannot see her view. The
angle of her vision the slant of her finger
is incomprehensible to him. His humpy red
hand plops around in the glass casing
like the agitated head of chicken ~~convulsing~~
outraged by the loss of its body.

"Christ! Kantecha talk?"

His fingers brush the Mary Jones

She nods

"Well why not you say so?" ~~How~~ One? How many
Eunice unfolds her fist showing the
3 pennies. He scoots 3 Mary Jones
toward her - 3 yellow rectangles in each packet.

She holds the money toward him. He
hesitates. ~~He does not~~ waiting to touch her hand.
She does not know how to move the finger
of her ~~left~~ ^{right} hand from the display counter
or how to get the coins out of her right hand.

Finally he reaches over AND ~~picks~~ ^{takes} the pennies
~~off~~ ^{from} her ~~palm~~ ^{hand}. His nails graze her damp
palm. ~~that is awkward~~. Her palm is not black.
It ~~was~~ ^{is} ~~awkward~~ for him to touch it.

Outside Eunice ~~feels~~ the ~~old~~ shame
ebb ~~as~~ ~~the address~~ herself to the candy
~~the~~ ^{Each} pale yellow wrapper has a picture
on it. A picture of ^{little} Mary Jones. ^{For whom the candy is named} ~~Small~~ smiling
white face. Blond hair in gentle ~~of~~ disarray
blue eyes looking at her out of a world of
comfort. The eyes are ~~comfortable~~, petulant
& mischievous. To Eunice they are simply
pretty. She eats the candy and its sweetness
is good. To eat the candy is ~~to~~ ^{to} somehow
eat the eyes Eat Mary Jones. Love
Mary Jones. Be Mary Jones.

3 Pennies has bought her nine lovely
orgasms ~~of~~ ^{with} Mary Jones. Lovely Mary Jones for
whom a candy is named.

hesit

puff p.
for insect

clean

leaps from her.

~~She sends~~ A dart of affection ~~not~~ to them.

*

The Dandelions. ~~But~~ ^{But} ~~are there~~. They do not look at her ~~and~~ ^{and} do not send love back. She thinks "They are ugly. They are weeds. Miss Duvion is right." ~~the~~ Preoccupied with that

revelation she trips on the sidewalk crack.

Anger ^{opens its mouth} wells and ^{drinks} ~~drinks~~ ^{laps up} the dregs of ^{her} shame.

Angry - she feels sh.

Anger is better. There is a sense of being in anger a reality and presence. ~~As an~~ ^{an} awareness of worth. It is a truly surging ~~but short~~ Her ~~mind~~ thoughts fall back to Mr. — eyes his flegmy voice:

"Christ Kautcha talk?" The anger will not hold the puppy - too easily satisfied its ^{quickly} ~~thirst~~ quenched. sleeps. The shame wells up again ^{its} muddy rivulets seeping into her eyes. What to do before the tears come.

She remembers the Mary Innes. —→ to preceding

pgs.

Wakes in her and
stirs ~~and~~ ^{like a hot day}
puppy it ^{marked}