



"If I remember right..."

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If I remember right, that October lunch in Alice Manfred's house, something was off. Alice was vague and anybody in her company for thirty minutes knew that wasn't her way. She was the one who with a look could cut good gossip down to a titter when it got out of hand. And maybe it was her head-of-a-seamstress head that made what you thought was a cheerful dress turn loud and tatty next to hers. But she could lay a table. Food might be a tad skimpy in the portions, and I believe she had a prejudice against butter, she used so little of it in her cakes. But the biscuits were light and the plates, the flatware--sparkling and arranged just so. Open her napkins wide as you please and not a catface anywhere. She was polite at the lunch of course; not too haughty either, but not paying close attention to things. Distracted she was. About Dorcus, probably. I always believed that girl was a pack of lies. I could tell by her walk her underclothes were beyond her years, even if her dress wasn't. Maybe back in October, Alice was beginning to think so too. By the time January came, nobody had to speculate. Everybody knew. I wonder if she had a premonition when Joe Trace knocked on her

in WP - move to Book
"Chapter 3"

I don't believe
wonder if
but it's

this x
will last

I am disturbed
to apprehension
by the ashes
falling from
distant places
but falling
on these sheets

Chap 7 = New Negro -

Dorcas was what Joe
did for himself -
Subjective Jay