



Chapter 5

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And when spring comes to the City people notice one another in the road; notice the strangers with whom they share aisles and tables and the space where intimate garments are laundered. Going in and out, in and out of the same door, they handle the handle; on trolleys and park benches they settle thighs on a seat in which hundreds have done it too. Copper coins dropped in the palm have been swallowed by children and tested by gypsies, but it's still money and people smile at that. It's the time of year when the City seems to contradict itself most, encouraging you to buy street food when you have no appetite at all; giving you a taste for a single room occupied by you alone as well as a craving to share it with someone you passed in the street. Really there is no contradiction--rather it's a condition: the range of what an artful City can do. What can beat bricks warming up to the sun? The return of awnings. The removal of blankets from horses' backs. Tar softens under the heel and the darkness under bridges changes from gloom to cooling shade. After a light rain, when the leaves have come, branches are like wet fingers playing in wooly green hair.

And in the evening as many as fifteen or even twenty

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motorcars become black wet boxes gliding behind hoodlights weakened by mist. Sidewalks and street pavement are satin; figures move shoulder first, the crowns of their heads angled shields against the light buckshot that the raindrops are. The faces of children glimpsed at windows appear to be crying, but it is the glasspane dripping that makes it seem so.

In the spring of 1926, on a rainy afternoon, anybody passing a certain apartment house on Lenox might have looked up and seen, not a child but a grown man's face crying along with the glasspane. A strange sight you hardly ever see: men crying so openly. It's not a thing they do. Strange as it was, people finally got used to him, wiping his face and nose with an engineer's red handkerchief while he sat on the stoop, first in the snow and later in the sun. I'd say Violet washed and ironed those handkerchiefs because, crazy as she was, she couldn't abide dirty laundry. But it tired everybody out waiting to see what else Violet would do besides try to kill a dead girl and keep her husband in tidy handkerchiefs to cry in. My own thought 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 but maybe that would have been better than what she did do. Meaning to or not

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meaning to, she got him to go through it again.

Blind men thrum and hum in the soft air as they inch steadily down the walk. They don't want to stand near and compete with the old uncles positioning themselves in the middle of the block to play a six string guitar.

Blues man. Black and bluesman. Black therefore blue man.

Everybody knows your name.

Where-did-she-go-and-why man. So-lonesome-I-could-die man.

Everybody knows your name.

The singer is hard to miss, sitting as he does on a fruit crate in the center of the sidewalk. His peg leg is stretched out comfy; his other one carrying both the beat and the guitar's weight. Joe would believe that the song was about him. He'd have liked that. I know him so well. Have seen him feed small animals nobody else paid any attention to, but I was never deceived. The way he fixed his hat when he left the apartment building; how he moves it forward and a bit to the left. Not a tile exactly, but a definite slant, you could say. The sweater under his jacket coat is buttoned all the way up, but I know his thoughts are not--they are loose. He cuts his eyes over to the pretty boys standing on the corner. There is something they have he wants. Very little in

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his case of Cleopatra is something men would want to buy-
-except for aftershave dusting powder, most of it is for
women. Women he can get to talk to, look at, flirt with
and who knows what else is on his mind? And if she gives
him more than the time of day with a look, the watching
eyes of his menfriends are more satisfying than hers.
Or else he feels sorry about himself for being faithful
in the first place. And if that virtue is unappreciated, ^{and}
nobody jumps up to congratulate him on it, ^{his} ~~that~~ sorrow
turns to an anger which he has trouble understanding but
no trouble focussing on the young men, radiant and
brutal, standing on street corners. Look out. Look out
for a faithful man near fifty. Because he has never
messed with another woman; because he selected that young
girl to love, he thinks he is free. Not free to break
loaves or feed the world on a fish. Nor to raise the war
dead, but free to do something wild. Take my word for
it, he is bound to the track. It pulls him like a needle
through the groove of an X record. Round and round about
the town. That's the way the City spins you. Makes you
do what it wants, go where the laid out roads say so.
No jumping into thickets because you feel like it. If
mowed grass is okay to walk on the City will let you
know. You can't get off the track a City lays for you.
Whatever happens, whether you get rich or stay poor, ruin

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your health or live to old age, you always end up to where you started. Hungering for the one thing everybody loses: young love.

the Dorcus She was like his personal sweet--like candy. It was the best thing, if you were young and had just got to the City. That and the clarinets and even they were called licorice sticks. But Joe had been in the City twenty years and wasn't young. But I imagine him as one of those men who stop somewhere around sixteen. Inside. So even though he wore button up the front sweaters and round toes shoes, he was a kid, a strapping, and candy could still make him smile. He liked those peppermint things last the live long day, and thought everybody else did too. Passed them out to Gistan's boys that sat on the stoop. You could tell they'd rather chocolate or something with peanuts.

up to Makes me wonder about Joe. All those good things he got from the Windemere, and he brought some stale and sticky peppermint? Maybe Dorcus liked it (or pretended she did) and he turned her into his private candybox. Whatever she was, it didn't have to end the way it did and if he had stopped blowing his nose long enough to tell Stuck or Gistan or somebody who might be interested, who knows how it would go?

She flicked lint off my coat jacket, pressed me on the

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"It's not a thing you tell to another man. Gistan would just lower his eyes and try to get out of hearing it. Stuck would laugh, swear I'd been fixed and he knew the prefect remedy. Neither one of them I'd talk to. It's not a thing you tell except maybe to a tight friend, somebody you knew from before, long time ago like Victory, but even if I had the chance I don't believe I could have told him and if I couldn't tell Victory it was because I couldn't tell myself because I didn't know all about it. All I know is I saw her buying candy and the whole thing was sweet. Not just the candy--the whole thing and picture of it. Candy's something you lick, suck on, and then swallow and it's gone. No. This was something else. More like blue water and white flowers, and sugar in the air, but together, somehow. Together. I needed to be there, where it was all mixed up together just right, and where that was was Dorcus.

"When I got to the apartment I had no name to put to the face I'd seen in the drugstore, and her face wasn't on my mind right then. But she opened the door, opened it right up to me. I smelled pound cake heavy on the lemon flavoring, female sweat, powder and disguised chicken. The women gathered around and I showed them what I had while they laughed and did the things women do: flicked lint of my coat jacket, pressed me on the

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shoulder to make me sit down. It's a way they have of mending you, fixing what they think needs repair. She didn't give me a look or say anything. But I knew where she was standing and how, every minute. Leaned on the back of a chair in the parlor, while the women streamed out of the dining room to mend me and joke me. Then somebody called out her name. Dorcus. I didn't hear much else, but I stayed there and showed them all my stuff, smiling, not selling but letting them sell themselves. That's the best way. Never push. Like at the Wendemere when I wait tables. I'm there but only if you want me. Or when I work the rooms, bringing up the whiskey hidden so it looks like coffee. Just there when you need me and right on time. You get to know the woman who wants four glasses of something, but doesn't want to ask ~~for~~^{four} times, so you wait till her glass is two thirds down and fill it up again. That way, she's drinking one glass while he is buying four. The quiet money whispers twice: once when I slide it in my pocket; once when I slide it out.

I was prepared to wait, to have her ignore me. The lightheadedness I thought came from the heavy lemon flavoring, the face powder and that light salty sweat. Not bitter like a man's is. I believe that was what made me speak to her on the way out the door.

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"People say I treated Violet like a peice of furniture you favor although it needed somethng evry day to keep it steady and upright. I dont know. I don't know. I sell trust; I make things easy. But since Victory, I never got too close to anybody. Gistan and Stuck, we close, but not like it is with smebody knew you from when you was born and you got t manhood at the same time. I would have told Victory how it was. Gistan, Stuck, whatever I said to them would be something near, but not the way it really was. I told Dorcus things I hadn't told myself. I was new. But they say snakes go blind for a while before they shed their skin.

"She had long hair and bad skin. A quart of water twice a day would have cleared it right up, her skin, but I didn't suggest it because I liked it like that. Little half moons clustered underneath her cheekbones, like faint hoofmarks. There and on her forehead. I bought the stuff she told me to, but glad none of it ever worked. Take my little hoof marks away? Leave me with no tracks at all? In this world the best thing, the only thing, is to find the trail and stick to it. I tracked my mother in Virgina and it led me right to her, and I tracked dorcus from bourough to bourough. I didn't even have to work at it. Didn't even have to think. Something else takes over when the track begins to talk to you,

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give out its signs so strong you hardly have to look. If the track's not talking to you you might get up out of your chair to go buy two or three cigarettes, have the nickel in your pocket and just start walking, then running and end up somewhere in Staten Island, for crying out loud, Long Island, maybe, staring at goats. But if the trail speaks, no matter what's in the way, you can find yourself in a crowded room aiming a bullet at her heart, never mind it's the heart you can't live without.

I wanted to stay there. Right after the gun went thuh! and nobody in there heard it but me and that is why the crowd didn't scatter like the flock of redwing they looked like but stayed pressed in, locked together by the steam of thier dancing and the music which would not let them go. I wanted to stay right there. Catch her before she fell and hurt herself. We should be together. Dorcus. Me and you. Here's my hand, take it. Take my hand, girl, please, and I'll let you do anything you want, anything, but I can't lose the feeling of you, where the blue is right next to flowers big as my hand. *It hurt the hair.*

I wasn't looking for the trail. It was looking for me and when it started talking at first I couldn't hear it. I was rambling, just rambling all through the city. I had the gun but it was not the gun--it was my hand I was holding out to touch you with. Five days rambling.

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First High Fashion on 131st street because I thought you had a hair appointment on Tuesday . First Tuesday of every month it was. But you wasn't there. Some women came in with fish dinners from Salem Baptist, and the blind twins were playing guitar on the corner, and it's just like you said--only one of them's blind; the other one is just going along with the program. Probably not even brothers, let alone twins. Something their mamma cooked up for a little extra change. They were playing something sooty, though; not the gospel like they usually do, and the women selling fish dinners frowned and talked about their mother bad, but they never said a word to the twins and I knew they were having a good time listening because one of the loudest ones could hardly suck her teeth for patting her foot. They didn't pay me no mind. Took me a while to get them to tell me you weren't on the book for that day. Minnie said you had a touch up Saturday and how she didn't approve of touch ups not just because they were fifty cents instead of a dollar and a quarter for the whole do, but because it hurt the hair, heat on dirt she said, hurt the hair worse than anything she knew of. Except, of course, no heat at all. What did you have the touch up for? That's what I first thought about. Last Saturday? You told me you were going with the choir on the el out to Coney Island to ride the

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chute, and you had to leave at nine in the morning and wouldn't be back till night and that's why. And that you'd missed the last trip, and your aunt found out about it so you had to go on this one, and that's why. So I didn't wait for Violet to leave and unlock Melvonne's apartment. No need. But how could you have a touch up the Saturday before and still make it to the el station by nine o'clock in the morning when Minnie never opens up before noon on Saturday because she's open till midnight getting everybody readied up for Sunday? And you didn't need to keep the first Tuesday regular appointment, did you? I dismissed the evil in my thoughts because I wasn't sure that the sooty music the blind twins were playing wasn't the cause. It can do that to you, a certain kind of guitar playing. Not like the clarinets, but close. If that song had been coming through a clarinet, I'd have known right away. But the guitars--they confused me, made me doubt myself, and I lost the trail. Went home and didn't pick it up again until the next day when Melvonne looked at me and covered her mouth with her hand. Couldn't cover her eyes though; the laugh came flying out of there.

...I sat on the stoop a while. Nobody there but ^{Melvonne} Mrs [tk] rubbing her knees. Across the street, leaning up against the iron railing, I saw three roosters. Not even

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ten in the morning and they shone like patent leather. Smooth. Couldn't be more than twenty , twenty-two. Young. The City, I thought. That's the City for you. Each one wore spats, and one had a handkerchief in his pocket same color as his tie. Had his hat pushed over a tad much. They were just leaning there, laughing and so on and then they started crooning, leaning in, heads together, snapping fingers. City men, you know what I mean. Closed off to themselves, smart, young roosters. Didn't have to do a thing--just wait for the chicks to pass by and find them. Belted jackets and handkerchiefs the color of their ties. You think Melvonne would have covered her mouth in front of them? Or made roosters pay her in advance for the use of her place of a Thursday? Never would have happened because roosters don't need Melvonne. Chickens find the roosters and find the place too and if there is tracking to be done, they do it. They look; they figure. Roosters wait because they are the ones waited for. They don't have to trail anybody, look ignorant in a beauty parlor asking for a girl in front of women who couldn't wait for me to leave so they could pat on to the sooty music and talk about what the hell did I want to know about a girl not out of high school yet and wasn't I married to old hateful Violet? Only old cocks like me have to get up from the stoop, cut

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Mrs. [tk] off in the middle of a sentence and try to walk not run to the little park on Convent where we sat the first time and you crossed your legs at the knees so I could see the green shoes you carried out the house in a paper sack so your aunt wouldn't know you tapped down Lenox and Riverside Drive and St. Nicholas Place in them instead of the oxfords you left the house in. While you flicked your foot, turned your ankles for the admiration of the heels, I looked at your knees but I didn't touch. I told you again that you were the reason Adam ate the apple and its core. That when he left Eden, he left a rich man. Not only did he have Eve, but he had the taste of the first apple in the world in his mouth for the rest of his life. The very first to know what it was like. To bite it, bite it down. Hear the crunch and let the red peeling break his heart.

You looked at me then, right there on the park bench like you knew me, and I couldn't take your eyes in because I was loving the hoof marks on your cheeks.

I ran there, to the very spot, same bench. Two whitemen were sitting there, but I sat right next to them until they got nervous and moved to another bench and off of ours. D. and J. Carved on the third slat from the edge. But that was later on. After we had a routine. When I brought you treats, worrying each time what to

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bring that would make you smile and come again the next time. How many phonograph records? How many silk stockings? The little kit to mend the runs, remember? The purple metal box with flowers on top full of Schrafft's chocolates. Cologne in a blue bottle that smelt like a whore. Flowers once, but you were disappointed with that treat, so I gave you a dollar to buy whatever you wanted with it. Half a week's rent. A whole day's pay. Just for you. Anything just for you. To bite down hard, chew up the core and have the taste of red apple skin to carry around for the rest of my life. It could have stopped there, but not after I felt the feeling, the place where the water met the fowers, where one was mixed up with the other, the blue all over the petals big as my hand. In Melvonne's nephew's room with the ice man's sign in the window. Your first time. And mine, in a manner of speaking. For which, and I will say it again, I would strut out the Garden, strut! as long as you held on to my hand, girl. Dorcus, girl, your first time and mine. I chose you. Nobody gave you to me. Nobody said that's the one for you. I picked you out. Wrong time, yep, and doing wrong by my wife. But the picking out, the choosing. Don't ever think I fell for you, or fell over you. Or fell in love with you. I didn't fall in love, I rose in it. I saw you and made up my mind. My mind.

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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 he looked up to and he was the best there ever was. Ever.

"I was born and raised in Vienna, Vesper County. Rhoda and Frank Williams took me in right away and raised me along with their own six. Her last child was three months old when Mrss. Rhoda took me in, and me and him were closer than many brothers I've seen. Victory was his name. Victory Willams. Miss Rhoda named me Joseph afer her father, but neither she nor Mr. Frank either thought to give me a last name. She never pretended I was her natural child. When she parcelled out chores or favors whe say "You are just like my own." That 'like' I guess it was made me ask her--I don't believe I was three yet--where my real parents were. She looked down at me, over her shoulder, and gave me the sweetest smile, but sad someway, and told me they disappeared without a trace. The way I heard it I understood her to mean the 'trace' they disappeared without was me. The first day I got to school I knew I had to have two names. I told the teacher Joseph Trace. Victory turned his whole self around.

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"Why you tell her that?" he asked me.

"I don't know." I said. "Cause."

"Mamma be mad. Pappy too."

We were outside in the school yard. It was nicely packed dirt but a lot of nails and things were in it. Both of us barefoot. I was struggling to pick a bit of glass from the sole of my foot, so I didn't have to look up at him. "No they won't," I said. "Your mama ain't my mama."

"If she ain't, who is?"

"Another woman. She'll be back. She coming back for me. My daddy too." That wa the first time I knew I thought that, or wished it.

Victory said, "They know where they left you. They come back to our place. Williams place is where they know you at." He was trying to walk double-jointed like his sister. She was good at it and bragged so much Victory practised every chance he got. I remember his shadow darting in the dirt in front of me. "They know you at Williams place, Williams is what you ought to call yourself."

I said, "They got to pick me out," said Joe. "From all of you all, they got to pick me. I'm Trace, what they went off without."

Victory laughed and wrapped his arm around my neck

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wrassling me to the ground. I don't know what happened to the speck of glass. I never did get it out. And nobody came looking for me either. I never knew my own daddy. And my mother, well, I heard a woman in the hotel restaurant say the counfoundest thing. She was talking to two other women while I poured the coffee. "I am bad for my children," she adia. "I don't mean to be, but there is something in me that makes it so. I'm a good mother but they do better away from me; as long as they're by my side nothing good can come to them. The ones that left seem to flower; the ones that stay have such a hard time. You can imagine how bad I feel knowing tht, can't you?" I had to sneak a look at her. It took strength to say that. Admit that. n't get near me."

I didn't miss having a daddy because first off there was Mr. Frank. Steady as a rock, and showed no difference among any of us children. But the big thing was I was picked, Victory too, by the best man in Vesper County to go huntng with. Talk about proud-making. He wa the best in the county and he picked me and Victory to teach and hunt with. He was so good they say he just carried the rifle for the hell of it because he knew way before what the prey would do, how to fool snakes, bend twigs to catch birds and waterfowl--tricks you wouldn't believe. Whitefolks said he was a witchdoctor, but they

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said that so they wouldn't have to say he was smart. A hunter's hunter, that's what he was. Smart as they come. Taught me lessons I lived by all my life. One was the secret of kindness from whitepeople (they had to pity a thing before they could like it). The other I forget.

It was because of him, what I learned from him, made me more comfortable in the woods than in a town. I'd get nervous if a fence or a rail was anywhere around. Folks thought I was the one to be counted on never to be able to live in a city. Piled up buildings? Cement paths? Me? Not me. Everybody in Vienna was surprised when I left, me and Violet. They said the City makes you lonely, but since I'd been trained by the best woodsman ever, loneliness was a thing couldn't get near me."

Shoot. Country people. How could they know what an eighteen year old girl might instigate in a grown man in a crowded City. Make him know a loneliness he could not imagine in a forest empty of people for fifteen miles, or on a river bank with nothing but live bait for company. Convince him he had never known the sweet side of anything until he tasted her honey.

It's hard figuring people out, but irresistible. They lie so much. You have to depend on your own wit to get beneath disguise. One thing I've got that's more than sufficient is a mind that fills in gaps. Give me

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the bare bones, I'll show you the whole thing. Give me a word, I'll produce a page out of nothing but my own imagination. And you can bet to win on what I come up with.

Watch. *years old.* That was after the men had come for the stock, their pots. and the chair Rose was sitting in. All she had left, aside from some blankets and a few clothes, was the paper her husband had signed saying they could; that they had the right to do it. *and I suppose,* the duty to do it, if the rain had refused to stop, or if stones of ice fell from the sky instead and cut the crop down to the stalks. She believed, Rose did, that her husband, set up and stunned by the uselessness of his back and hands, tired of green fried tomatoes and grits, hungry beyond belief for the meat of some meat and not just its skin, furious at the price of [tk] and the shape of his children's legs, had just quit. Got up and went off somewhere to sit and think about it or sit and not think about it. Lucky for her her mother, True Belle, was *after* and able to come to [tk] to do it, after giving her whole *and* life to Miss Vera Louise in Baltimore. The death True Belle was dying took eleven years, long enough for her to rescue Rose, *see four of* *5 11th Nov 8* *and* what really happened to the husband, make six quilts, and fill Violet's head with stories about her whitelady and the light of both their lives--a beautiful young man whose name, for obvious reasons, was Golden Gray. Gray because that was his mistress' last name (much, much later it was also the color of his eyes), and Golden because after the pink birth-skin disappeared along with

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True Belle moved to [tk] from Baltimore in 1890 [?] when Violet was fourteen years old. That was after the men had come for the stock, their pots. and the chair Rose was sitting in. All she had left, aside from some blankets and a few clothes, was the paper her husband had signed saying they could; that they had the right to do it, and I suppose, the duty to do it, if the rain had refused to rain, or if stones of ice fell from the sky instead and cut the crop down to its stalks. She believed, Rose did, that her husband, fed up and stunned by the uselessness of his back and hands, tired of green fried tomatoes and grits, hungry beyond belief for the meat of some meat and not just its skin, furious at the price of [tk] and the shape of his children's legs, had just quit. Got up and quit. Gone off somewhere to sit and think about it or sit and not think about it. Lucky for her her mother, True Belle, was ~~dying~~ and able to come to [tk] to do it, after giving her whole well life to Miss Vera Louise in Baltimore. The death True Belle was dying took eleven years, long enough for her to rescue Rose, ^{bury her} find out what really happened ^{see four of} to the husband, ^{s return *} make six quilts, and fill Violet's head with stories about her whitelady and the light of both their lives--a beautiful young man whose name, for obvious reasons, was Golden Gray. Gray because that was his mistress' last name (much ,much later it was also the color of his eyes), and Golden because after the pink birth-skin disappeared along with

* get [signature]

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the down on his head, his flesh, chastened of practically all blackness, was radiantly golden, and floppy yellow curls covered his head and the lobes of his ears. 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 True Belle, 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 True Belle were born. And what Vera Louise told her neighbors was partly true: that she could not bear the narrow little ways 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 True Belle. Simply startled each morning by the look of him they vied for the light he shed on them. True 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.

Of course True Belle knew everything right away. Because first of all, nobody could hide much in [tk] and certainly nobody could help noticing how many times a week a Negro boy was called on to ride along with Miss Vera, and what part of the country she preferred to ride in. True Belle knew what all the colored people knew, and she knew more since she was the one whose sole job it was

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to tend to whatever Miss Vera Louis wanted, including her laundry soaked overnight in [tk] once a month. So if it did not need it, could be washed along with the rest, True Belle knew why, and Vera Louise knew she knew. There was never any need to speak of it. The only people who didn't know were the fathers. The ~~new~~ about-to-be father, the black boy, never found out as far as True Belle could tell because Vera Louise never mentioned his name or came near him ever again. The old father, Vera Louise's, didn't know a thing. Not one thing. It had to be his wife who told him. Finally. Although she never spoke of it to her daughter, or, after she found out, ever spoke to her daughter, she was the one who would have had to let the old man know, and

when he found out, he stood up then sat down and then stood up again. His left hand patted around the air searching for something. A shot of whiskey, his pipe, a whip, a shot gun, the Democratic platform, his heart--Vera Louise never knew. He looked hurt, deeply, deeply hurt for a few seconds but then, happily for her, his rage filled the room, and made it creak. Suddenly he began to sweat just thinking of what had happened to his daughter. Sweat poured from his temples and collected under his chin; soaked his armpits and the back of his shirt while his rage, bloomed and filled the room before it could be squeezed back into human proportions and he could do a proper thing. Her mother, however, had the final cut: her eyebrows were perfectly still but the look

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she gave Vera Louise was so full of repulsion the daughter could taste the sour saliva gathering under her mother's tongue, flooding the insides of her cheeks. No word, then or ever, passed between them. And the lingerie case full of money that lay on Vera's pillow the following Wednesday was, in its generosity, heavy with contempt. More money than anybody in the world needed for a year or two away from home. So much money the message was indisputable: die, or live if you like, elsewhere.

True Belle was the one she wanted and the one she took. I don't know how hard it was for her to leave ^{her husband and} two girls behind with an ^{old} ~~aunt~~ to take care of them--Rose Dear and May were [tk and tk] years old. Good help at that age for anybody and no help at all to a mother who lived four miles away in a rich man's house taking care of his daughter ^{day} day and night. Perhaps it wasn't so hard to ask an older sister to look out for ^{him and} the girls because she was bound for Baltimore with Miss Vera Louise for a spell. True Belle was thirty then and when would she ever get to see a great big city otherwise? ^{More important} ~~and~~ she could still send them money, maybe even more money than before, because Miss Vera sure had a lot of it handed to her. Then again, maybe not. Maybe she frowned when she put the postal notes in the white envelope for Miss Vera to address. Maybe she felt bad. Anyway, she went, leaving ^{husband, sister} Rose Dear and May behind, and if she worried, the new baby helped soothe her, and kept her entertained for eighteen years, until he left home and True Belle

leave ^a ~~her~~ husband
~~that~~ that work and distance
Kept her from seeing anyhow and

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convinced herself she was dying and answered Rose Dear's pleas by coming back to [tk] in time to rescue them all, and fill her grand daughter's head with Baltimore tales and descriptions of the wonderful Golden Gray.

They bathed him, you know, three times a day, and the G on his underwear was embroirdered with blue thread. Violet could hardly imagine it, and she wanted to hear all about the tub and what was that they put in the water to make him smell like honeysuckle sometimes and sometimes like her own name?

[This section to be included in "I think he thought that girl was candy."]

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