



Jvoice 2

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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, ^{by the time she got through} and walking around [tk] street, and playing records for girl friends, that meat would cook itself, if you know what I mean. ^{When} ~~By the time~~ her auntie got it, ^{the} ~~that~~ beef would be old enough to ^{be baptized} ~~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 believe it, same hair, same eyes, everything. Only difference is the way you smile. The picture don't have a smile..."

She went on like that, chatty, walking the girl up the stairs and I still think it was innocent, that she didn't mean her any harm. She may even have forgotten Joe in there wiping his face every five minutes. And she certainly couldn't have thought what might happen if he looked up from his handkerchief and saw the girl and the picture both. And it's hard to say what made her do it. The men on the rooftops? Somebody had hauled a bass up there. Must have, because you could hear the strut it gave to ~~brass, how it changed~~ the horns, spaced them out, and you could hear the young men laughing in between. That and the far away sound of the M 11, and Packards unwilling to toot their horns on a day that pure, that steady, that kind. Violet invited her in, and the girl, Marie, went, smiling, eager even, to see the photograph of the girl she was so much prettier than.

Violet and Joe lived ^{IN} 2J. Two bedrooms, a big dining room, but situated as it was in the middle of the hall the windows gave no view. The bathroom ^{has} the best light, since it jutted out past the kitchen and caught the afternoon ^{SUN} ~~light~~ anyway. Still it was one of the nicest in the building. Cozy. And the two of them had arranged their things in a way that might not have reminded anybody of those color pictures in [tk] magazine, but it suited the habits of the body, the way a person walked from one room to another, and what he wanted to do when he sat down. You know how some people put a chair or a table in a corner where it looks nice but nobody in the world is ever going to go over to it, let alone sit down there? Violet didn't do that in her apartment. Every thing was

put where a person would like to have it, would use or need it. So the dining room didn't have a dining table. It had a couch and big deep down chairs and a card table by the window covered^e with jade and doctor plants until the times they had card games or played tonk between themselves. Her front room, or parlour, was not ~~a~~ wasted ^{either} ~~room~~, waiting for a funeral or a wedding to be worthy of. It had bird cages and mirrors for the birds to look at themselves in, but now, of course, there were no birds, Violet having let them all out on the day she went to Dorcus' funeral with a knife. Now there were just empty cages, ^{with} ~~the~~ lonely mirrors glancing back at them. As for the rest, it looked like a schoolroom with wooden chairs with small tables in front^t of them so you could put your coffee cup or a dish of ice cream down in front of you, or if you wanted to read the Amsterdam News and find out what [tktk] or General Garvey was up to, you could do it easy without tearing the paper up. The mantle over the fireplace used to have shells and pretty colored stones, but all of that was gone now and only the picture of Dorcus Manfred sat there in a silver frame. Joe, of course, couldn't stay out of that room. He'd sit there in a wooden chair, his elbows on a tiny table and cry. There's a name for that. Crying without stopping. I've heard it said it can go on for years, as long as the tear ducts hold out, and they can keep going for a long long time. Lucky for Joe, in a way, Violet did bring the girl in. It sure stopped him crying. Sure did.

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?)

chap 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