



J additions

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Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

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1 folder (partial)

Contact Information

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Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 12:47:10 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/p2677112n>

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~~He was loving her ugly shoes, removing them and unloosening the tortured plaits.~~

~~The insulted skin touched him deeply.~~

I was too late to wonder whether she would have him.

~~. . . never to touch the young: nest eggs, roe, fledglings, fawn etc.~~

Little white baby had been left in one of the smelly tenements on West 53rd Street

Don't go back. dont look back.

Suddenly alice Manfred was tired. Tired with an irritableness that increased every second she looked at this scrawny woman whose talk was both straight out and corrked.

The City is a place you can have faith in because there are five hundred people just like you who love what you do and tell you so; you can trust the City because it will always be there for you, and its generosity is greater than a barn raising because it does not need a crisis to show off. Regular people corner thieves in alleys and , if he is stupid or has robbed the wrong person, thieves corner him too Hoodlums hand out goodies and do their best o look interesting, and since they are being watched for excitement they pay attention to their clothes and carving-out insults. Generations coming won't be held down or back anymore.

Not just because people are sitting in halls thinking ahead about streets and bridges and fast clicking trains

~~He almost laughed when he handled it, a fat baby gun that would be loud as a cannon. Nothing comples, you'd have to fight your own self to miss, but he wasn't going to miss because he wasn't going to aim.~~

She fell helplessly in love with babies; shocked into tenderness by all the bits and peices : their yawns and positions in sleep. Now that the possiblity of bloodstains was over. Now that her nipples had no point, Violet

There was a woman in Vesper County who sometimes visited her grandmother. A neighbor woman with cold eyes in a smooth round face. When they saw each other their greeting was always the same.

"How's it going, girl?" True Belle would shout.

The neighbor woman's reply never changed: "Nobody killed my children, so I reckon it's a pretty good day."

They laughed and Violet hunted for the fun in it.

Not a thing you tell men. The real part, I mean. Tell them about the girl, maybe, but not the real part.

Must have been the girl who changed his mind. They can do that. Steer a man away from death or drive him right to it. Pull you out of a sleep and you wake up on the ground under a tree that you'll never locate again because you're lost, ~~or maybe they cut it down.~~ Or did it crack from the inside, bored through by crawling life that had to have its own way too, and just crept and bunched and gnawed and burrowed until the whole thing was pitted through with the service it rendered to others. Or maybe they cut it down, before it crashed in on itself. Turned it into fire in a big hearth for children to gaze into. Victory would know.

A power they ^{with} exchanged for the right to be overcome, penetrated. so you let them pull you, steer you, because ~~at~~ the end, you could reach, extend, ~~back~~ ^{get} behind that power and keep it still.

Hidden society of women who raise children alone. Sheila belong to it. People pity them; they gravitate to one another like ex-prisoners who always recognize

one another and prefer the company of those who have shared that particular brand of indignity. JOe delivered Cleopatra products to Sheila when and where she said. Always gave her the free samples of breath mint and the tiny envelopes of bath powder.

His hotel waiter's schedule rotated. Only Thursday was a certain day off.

Felice's memory of the Tuxedo house [Cable's]

Snakes go blind before shedding their skin and becoming new.

Noises of woodlife, repeating, repeating, ^{softly} crying themselves into place, as though

the xx[sounds] could station them, protect them from the

Short inside death they are dying.

[ck.] At last, at last, everything's ahead. The smart ones say all and people listening to them and reading what they write down agree: Here comes the new, look out! Close and closer it's coming. Farther and farther away the old stuff recedes. The sad, bad stuff. The things nobody could help; the way everybody was then and there. Forget about it. Thank God history is over and everything's ahead at last. [A&P here?]