



## "They shoot the white girl first..."

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present time

They shot the white girl first,  
(~~and took so they~~ <sup>can take</sup>  
with the rest they took their time  
No need to hurry out (here?) there  
five miles from Fairly which <sup>has</sup> 17 miles  
~~from the rest - nearly~~ between it and  
~~from any other town.~~ <sup>there are</sup> any other  
town

Hiding choices are plentiful in the Convent  
but there is time and the day has  
just begun. Nine men with guns  
Along with } 9 armed <sup>more over</sup>  
They are nine, twice  
the number of the women they  
have to are obliged to capture or Kill.  
& they have ~~tools~~ <sup>requirements</sup> for either:  
<sup>the paraphernalia</sup>  
crosses of psalms, cuffs, rope, Mace, & sunglasses  
<sup>along with their</sup>  
and ~~freshly~~ the clean, handsome  
guns.

They have never been this deep into  
the Convent. Some have parked  
near its (porch?) to pick up ~~the~~ an  
order ~~jar~~ of honey, ~~sauce~~ or a jar  
of Bar B Que sauce, but none

has seen the hall, the <sup>the chapel</sup>  
<sup>driving room the</sup> works room, the bedrooms.  
Now they will. And ~~the~~ <sup>at last</sup> they  
gave into the Kitchen for  
the gallon can

the school room



is soon to  
to the light that with  
scavenging the Oklahoma sky.

They will see the ~~infamous~~ cellar and expose its  
filthy ~~scouring~~ due to poor form - the  
evil to the light of ~~an~~ ~~blazing~~  
scoured OK. Sky. ~~that will soon~~  
they are Meantime they are startled  
by their ~~the~~ clothes, they are  
It's almost cold inside wearing -

suddenly aware of how ill-dressed they feel  
in this <sup>for</sup> this place. for ~~get~~  
almost cold inside

~~in the July dawn~~  
in the dawn of a July  
day how could

they have anticipated  
~~how~~ the cold inside  
this place.

Their T-shirts and blue work shirts  
dashiki's ~~jeans~~  
Soak up cold like —

Those in work shoes are ~~amazed~~ unnerved  
by the thunder of their steps on  
terracotta (?) floors; those in Pro-Keds  
~~are made nervous~~ the silence

Then there is the grandeur.

And they remember that before  
this place was a Convent  
it was a gambler's folly. ~~So~~  
the Bisque and rose tone <sup>marble</sup> floors

Segue into ~~hard~~ <sup>teak</sup> ones

Using glass <sup>patterns early morning shadow on</sup>  
walls ~~stripped of fabric & white-washed~~ <sup>30 years ago</sup>  
Bathroom fixtures which rickened the  
Original runs were replaced with good plain Spigots -

they could not  
be ordered on  
enough in  
he ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> more than  
~~needed~~ <sup>needed</sup> ~~valuable~~ <sup>valuable</sup>  
unusually takes  
to toilet but takes  
but the

unexpected  
So —  
they miss  
the ones  
who have  
worn his  
to belong



What <sup>the</sup> excess <sup>that</sup> could be demolished however  
particularly in the school room

where Arapaho girls - (stilled)  
sat and  
learned to forget.

Now ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> armed men  
~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> roam ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~se~~ rooms  
 where ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ <sup>\_\_\_\_\_</sup> candelabra  
 stood next to macramé baskets  
 floated next to <sup>Flemish</sup> candelabra  
 won in at cards, where

the agony of Christ and the  
serenity of His Mother ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~agony~~ ~~of~~ ~~Christ~~

~~Flies~~ inches furnished in  
in grapes vines still from which gnats  
<sup>some of</sup> but their hair is entangled in the leaves -  
~~that was of~~ ~~of course~~  
Nymphs, ~~had~~ been chipped  
the  
And over it all the (yeast & butter)-smell

1 rising dough

The chill, ~~heightened by~~ <sup>spread through</sup> the ~~more~~ <sup>the</sup> building ~~space~~  
stomach, taking their time, looking ~~at~~ —

~~least~~ listening ~~hand~~ for the others who  
may be ~~any~~ in a closet <sup>has</sup>  
~~available~~ of <sup>the</sup> female malice that lurks here  
and the

yeast and butter smell or dough:

Widdell  
~~Cooper~~  
female  
~~+~~



# Chapter one

Kitchen: Bounty

(1888)

Sargeant b. 1925

Maurice b. 1926

→ blue dresses and piano the 1<sup>st</sup> harvest bought. Pleasure of the young girls.

1

(1920's) Bedrooms: Safety

→ "sleepless woman" fearless on the road at night

Roger

Fleet

Chapel: Joy

(1954)

Harper

Sharktooth

→ horse race celebration of re-built oven. Delighted screams of women by the side of the road; the young girl chosen to award the ribbon

Cellar: Power/Heroism

(1958)

TWO ~~1958~~ Morgans <sup>(twins)</sup> b. 1924

K.D. b. 1945

→ cars of intruders circling young women are run off



They are not disappointed  
What they see is the Rev's  
~~own~~ play pen bedroom  
bathroom and his ~~fitty~~ nasty  
play pen

→ As ever,

~~They~~ They have known battles  
in  
where

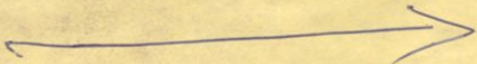
They were born to men  
who knew other battles  
They ~~have~~ <sup>built for this known</sup> nurtured her  
fairly for the key

from the key.

When isolation was  
not always protection  
when —



The Morgan brothers were  
once identical. Now they  
are as different as snowflakes  
Their ~~wives are none~~  
~~and~~ alike than they are  
One, Deek Morgan, is tough  
& loud, smokes 10 Amo  
cigars. The other hides his  
face when he prays  
But both have money  
and both are single minded

now. 

Deek ~~is~~ the Leader as always  
~~Smashes~~  
~~opens~~ the cellar door with  
the butt of his rifle. The  
other Morgan ~~is~~ waits a few yards  
back with K. D. their nephew  
All three descend the steps  
ready & excited to (know)



MTK

It was a secret meeting, but  
the rumors had been whispered  
for ~~years~~ months. ~~Followed~~

Concrete proof <sup>however</sup> began mounting  
in the Spring \*

A mother was knocked ~~it~~ down the  
stairs by her cold-eyed son.  
Three ~~infants~~ <sup>born</sup> in one family.

~~born~~ damaged ↗

trips to X for V.D. Shots ~~were being~~  
common ~~as~~ X. And what went  
on at the Queen was not to be  
believed. —→ 000

Daughters refused to get out of

bed. Brides disappeared on

their honeymoons. ~~Boys~~ Two brothers <sup>dead</sup>  
shot each other <sup>on</sup>  
New Year's eve.

One thing connected all these  
was the Communist

freque



600.

So <sup>where</sup> n<sup>9</sup> of the Fathers <sup>decided to</sup> ~~met~~ <sup>meet there</sup> at the Oven.

They ran the everybody  
of the place <sup>with shotguns</sup> and sat  
in the <sup>beams</sup> light of their  
flashlights to take  
matters in their own hands.

Both days



in the chapter of a constant watching out for another woman.

\* Although Sharktooth said he'd inquired about it. Even talked to the m.s. about what kind of money they were looking for. That was 20 years ago when all their dreams were coming true

to \*  
\* # ← the

while their children ~~the children~~ <sup>and danced</sup> shrieked with delight  
The men <sup>argued handicaps and</sup> placed dollar bets with abandon.

When the gun went off only 3 horses left for ward - the rest reared or tried to cut ~~across~~ <sup>sideways</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>thru</sup> back home <sup>staged</sup> over the lumber <sup>staged near</sup> unfinished homes

(my)

The girl with the most poppies on her head was Ossie's chosen to put the ribbon <sup>hung</sup> with a purple heart

over the winner's head. He was 14 years old then gaining life he'd won the Kentucky Derby. And now he was here.



The Morgan brothers were once identical. Although they are twins, now their wives are more alike they they are. One, Deek MORGan, is touch, loud and smokes Te Amo cigars. The other MORGan hides his face when he prays. But both have money and both are as singleminded now as they were when they enlisted together. They have known battles in Berlin where arms flew like branches in a tornado. They were born to a man who knew other battles. They built Fairly on this knowing, nurtured her from the beginning when isolation was not always protection. When lost or aimless strangers did not just drive though hardly glancing at a sleepy town with three churches within one hundred feet of eachother but nothing to serve a traveler: no diner, no police, no gas station, no public phone, no movie house, no hospital. Sometimes, if they were young and drunk or old and sober, they might spot three or four colored girls walk-dawdling along the side of the road. Walking a



The stories of the four women: very specific language/dialogue that represents the region the race and the individual imagination. Will explain more about why they are running away than the "factual" report they tell themselves.

Black town research should be started quickly: the revolutionary nature of their enterprise at first; the subsequent generations changing into very conservative, even reactionary people, who are becoming avaricious, and subsequently develop designs for acquiring the land on which the Convent sits. This latter is at the heart of the routing and violence against the women.

Question of voice to be solved in conjunction with structure. That is--heavy on dialogue, lean in discription all hung on powerful images from condomble

1. One has enjoyed "fame" (as a singer) for a short but intense time. — Looking for HCM, now?
2. One has been a <sup>private</sup> vigilante (?)
- 3.



\* \*

Chapel ?

[speaker in the ~~cellar~~]

~~X over~~

When the three mile road was cleared--lined on one side by  
~~a board walk~~ <sup>(over x)</sup> ~~They~~ <sup>had</sup> organized a horse race to celeb rate <sup>its</sup> ~~it~~ completion.

Out came ~~the~~ things stored away and things got up on the spot.

<sup>Guitars</sup> Violins and late melon, hazel nuts, rhubarb pies and a mouth  
organ, a ~~wash~~ <sup>lamb</sup> board, roast ~~pig~~ <sup>Red Spot beer</sup> pepper rice and racoon meat fried  
and simmered in gravy. The women <sup>tied</sup> ~~put~~ <sup>bright scarves</sup> ~~colored scarves~~ <sup>over</sup> around <sup>their hair</sup>  
~~their necks~~; the children made themselves hats of wild poppies  
and river vine.

Farming  
people.

X had a two year old; X an auburn mare, both fast and pretty  
as brides. The other horses were simply company: Jessie's  
tk; Miss X's ancient featherweight; all four of Nathan's plough  
horses; and half-broke in pony nobody claimed.

The riders quarrelled so long over saddle or bare back the mothers  
of nursing babies told them to mount or change roles..

The <sup>pony</sup> ~~pony~~ ~~won~~, but since it lost its rider two furlongs out,  
got to the finish first  
the winner was the aurburn mare.

From <sup>their</sup> half finished  
farm houses. ~~and~~  
and just seeded  
farm they ~~came~~ brought  
what they  
could.

rummaged  
up ~~bright~~  
colored  
cloth  
to



X

of the New Fathers had

When seven Farms ~~had~~ <sup>worked</sup> more than  
X acres ~~of~~; and three 500; when  
~~the~~ the Morgans.  
~~the New Fathers~~ TK. applications for  
the bank was approved.

And the oven, ~~re~~ perfectly  
re assembled <sup>within</sup> the 1st  
month <sup>of their arrival</sup> ~~they arrived~~, ~~was~~  
~~still~~ was a pleasure to  
( comfortable place  
to congregate.

Handwritten pink text, possibly a date or signature, partially obscured by a red circle.



He looked back, this young one, forcing himself to see how the dream would go. The woman, lying uncomfortably on the tile, waved her fingers--or seemed to. So his dream was doing okay, except for its color. He had never before dreamed in such clear color.

The leading man paused, raising his left hand to halt the silhouettes behind him. They stood measuring their breath, making friendly adjustments in the grip of rifles and handguns. The leading man turned and gestured the separations: you four over there toward the kitchen; that four upstairs; four more into the chapel. He saved himself, his brother and the boy for the cellar.

They parted gracefully without sound or haste. Earlier, when they blew open the Convent door, the nature of their mission made them giddy. But the outrage was manageable now. Shooting the first woman (the white one) had clarified it like butter: the pure oil of hatred on top, its hardness stabilized below.

Outside the mist was waist-high. It would turn silver soon, even yield a rainbow or two before the sun burned it off, exposing acres of clover and maybe withc tracks too.



[part of cellar?]

But once in a while lost or aimless strangers did not just drive through <sup>hardly</sup> glancing at a sleepy town with three churches within one hundred feet of each other but ~~no~~ <sup>traveler's</sup> public services: no police, no diner, no gas station, no public phone, no movie house, ~~no~~ no hospital.

to serve  
nothing  
a traveler

Sometimes, if they were young and drunk or old and sober, they might spot three or four colored girls

walk-dawdling along the side of the road. Walking a few yards <sup>as when the talk required</sup> stopping to talk; <sup>skipping on</sup> moving further, stopping to laugh. The men

slap an arm in play

get interested in them, perhaps. Three cars say: the 55 Buick, a '39 Chevy and the '53 tktk. The drivers <sup>black, back cracked rear window</sup> slow down and holler <sup>over the fenders</sup> above their car radios. They drive <sup>then full of fun</sup> around the girls making

(details +  
Lic. #  
085

U turns and K's, churning up lawn in front of x Circling, circling. The girls' eyes freeze as they back into one another.

heads out the window

One by one the men come out of the houses, the stores, the back yards, the bar shop, <sup>ber</sup> <sup>the new</sup> ten bank. One of the passengers had opened the front of his trousers and hung himself out the window to scare the girls. The girls are scared, but a few local men look at and in spite of themselves, <sup>it</sup> reluctantly smile because they know that now this man, till his final illness, will do as much serious racial damage <sup>to colored folks</sup> as he can. More men come out, and more. Their guns are not pointed, just held slackly against their thighs. <sup>h</sup> There are twenty men, now; twenty-five. Seventeen miles from the nearest O for operator and ninety from the nearest badge.

Circling  
the  
Circling  
Cars.

eyes  
crinkled  
in  
mischievous

They  
slide down  
the scaffolding  
of the bank  
they  
are by



[part of speaker in the cellar]

~~But once in a while~~ lost or aimless strangers did not just drive through hardly glancing at a sleepy town with three churches

within one hundred feet of each other but nothing to serve a traveler: no diner, no police, no gas station, no public phone, no movie house, no hospital. Sometimes, if they were young and drunk or old and sober, they might spot three or four colored girls walk-dawdling along the side of the road. Walking a few yards, stopping as their talk required; skipping on, stopping to laugh or slap an arm in play. The men get interested in them, perhaps. Three cars, say: a '55 Buick, green with cream colored interior, license number 085, a '39 chevy, black, cracked rear window, and the '53 tk tk. The drivers slow down, put their heads out the windows and holler over the fenders. Their eyes crinkled in mischief, they drive around the girls making U turns and K's, churning up lawn in front of x. Circling. The girls' eyes freeze as they back into one another. Then one by one the men come out of the house, the store, the back yards, the new bank, the barber shop. One of the passengers has opened the front of his trousers and hung himself out the window to scare the girls. The girls are scared, but a few local men look at it and, in spite of themselves, smile, reluctantly because they know that now this man, till his final illness, will do as much serious damage to colored folks as he can. More men come out, and more. Their guns are not pointed at anyone, just held slackly against their thighs. Twenty men, now; twenty-five. Circling the circling cars. Seventeen miles from the nearest O for operator and ninety from the nearest badge.




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else about the town was dying; when it was clear that talk about electricity would remain just talk and when gas lines and sewers were Tulsa marvels, the oven stayed alive. Running water, ~~although limited to the center of town~~, was not missed at the oven because there was a sweet water creek nearby. #

But in 1949 <sup>Sargeant and</sup> the veterans, young and newly married, <sup>was</sup> were no fools. 

Even before <sup>he</sup> they left for the war, B. ites were leaving and those who

had not were planning to. <sup>Returning He</sup> ~~The veterans~~ <sup>B-s his</sup> stared at the fast shrivelling

future <sup>①</sup> ~~then~~ broke up the oven. <sup>Like the Old Fathers who knew what came first, they</sup> They packed it in two trucks [ck. <sup>and</sup>

P.C. for changes here] before they took apart their own beds. Fifteen

families. At first light in the middles of August fifteen families moved

out--headed not for California, but deeper into Oklahoma, as far as

they could get from the inside rot of the town their grandfathers and

great grandfathers had built.

"How long?" asked the children from the back seats of the cars.

"How long will it be?"

"Fairly soon," the parents replied. Day after day the answer was

the same. "Fairly soon. Fairly soon." When they saw the Spavinaw

River curling through the acres they had ~~bought with~~ their pooled discharge



1949  
25  
74  
had bought  
pay, through gentle hills dotted with tk watched by falcons, it did seem  
fairly but not too soon.

What they left behind was a dream town whose once proud streets  
were weedk-choked, now monitored by eighty stubborn people wondering  
which one of them could get to the post office in Oleandar where there  
might be a letter from long gone grandchildren. Where the oven had  
been, small green snakes slept in the sun.

Although he was mustered out a private third class, he was called  
Sargeant which became [suited] him from the time he was ten years  
old in B. living in the Old House of his grandparents. It was not hard

to persuade him to join his co-veterans and others to try to repeat what  
the old folks had done. <sup>forty years ago</sup> Lessons had been learned after all, about how

to protect a township. TK Who could have imagined that twenty-  
five years later a convent would beat out the <sup>snaky</sup> tk and become Fairly's  
only enemy?

fx Sargeant <sup>eyes the</sup> ~~steps back into the kitchen~~ <sup>shelves</sup> He moves to the long table

and lifts the pitcher of milk. He sniffs first and then, the pistol in

his right hand, he uses the left to raise the pitcher to his mouth taking

9



which church would host <sup>a</sup> ~~an~~ All-Fairly Conference deciding what to do  
ab out the convent. (MTK)

Both Harper and Sharktooth were there and <sup>imagined they</sup> could easily make out  
the worn words on the iron lip :

### THE FURROW OF HIS BROW

That much was clear. What was less so were the words or (according  
to some) the word that began the sentence and had been broken off  
and lost either when the oven was disassembled or on the journey west.  
The oldest woman in town had said that when she was a girl in B. she  
had traced the whole sentence with her finger...and the complete sentence  
was

### BEWARE THE FURROW OF HIS BROW

For years there was no argument about it. Then in 1958, someone  
said the sentence was actually

### BE THE FURROW OF HIS BROW

Quickly another interpretation followed: There had never been  
the letter "B" and the "w" was in the wrong place.  
true

### WE ARE THE FURROW OF HIS BROW

15 14



Once the convent had been a true if distant neighbor. Five miles through ...tk. The mansion was there long before Fairly, and the last boarding INdian girls had already gone when the families <sup>arrived</sup> arrived.

ONLY the mother superior with her servant lived there while the Bureau

or the See or something looked for a buyer. There were none. <sup>\*</sup> Eventually

1 When they came, one by one, ~~at first~~ it was obvious they were not the ~~women came~~ A Real nuns, no, but novices, they thought, or lay

workers. Nobody knew, but it wasn't important to know, because <sup>all of them</sup> the

~~new~~ women, like the mother superior and the servant used to, still

sold honey, good bread and the hottest peppers in the world. For a

pricey price you could buy the whole purple <sup>b</sup> lack pepper or a relish

made from it. Either took the cake for pure burning power. The relish

lasted years with proper attention and, though many customers tried

planting ~~and nourishing~~ the pepper seeds, it grew nowhere outside the

convent's kitchen garden.

Strange neighbors but harmless. More than harmless, helpful even

on occasion. They took people in --lost folk or folks who needed a

<sup>Guests</sup> rest. ~~Gusts~~ reported kindness, profound silence and very good food.

But now everybody knew it was all a lie, a front, a carefully planned

disguise for what was really going on. Once the emergency was plain,

the congregations all met at the oven because they couldn't agree on