



"They shoot the white girl first..."

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present time

They shot the white girl first,
(~~and took so they~~
with the rest they ^{can take} took their time
No need to hurry out (here?) there
five miles from Fairly which ^{has} is 17 miles
~~from the next nearest~~ between it and
~~from any other town.~~ there are 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
They are nine, ^{more over} twice
the number of the women they
have to are obliged to capture or Kill.
& they have ~~tools~~ ^{requirements} weapons for either:
crosses of psalms, the paraphernalia
cuffs, rope, Mace, & sunglasses
along with their
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
the school room, the dining room, the chapel
works room, the bedrooms.
Now they will. And ~~the~~ ^{at last} finally they
gone into the
Kitchen for
the gallon can

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

They will see the ~~infamous~~ cellar and expose its
filthy ~~entrance~~ to the light ^{scouring} due to pour from the
~~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 ⁱⁿ for this place. forget ~~as~~
almost cold inside

~~in this 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 ^{unverued} amazed
by the thunder of their steps on
terracotta (?) floors; those in Pro-Keds
~~are made~~ 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 ^{marble} floors
Segue into ~~hard~~ ^{teak} ones

they could not
be ordered on
encouraging
he mentioned were more than
hundred valuable
pinnacles
toilet's but tubes
but the toilets - but the Spigots -

unexpected
So -
they miss
his
the ones
who have
worn his
seem to
belong.

I sing glass ^{patterns early morning} shadows on
walls ~~stripped of fabric & white-washed~~ ³⁰
Bathroom fixtures which rickened the ^{year 480}
Original doors were replaced with good
plain Spigots -

What ^{the} excess ^{that} could be demolished however

particularly in the school room

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

Now ^{armed men} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~room~~ ^{search} ~~these~~ rooms

where ~~_____~~ candelabra
stood next to macramé baskets
floated next to Flemish
worn in at cards, where

the agony of Christ and the
serenity of His Mother ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~garden~~ ^{garden}

~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~garden~~ ^{garden} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~garden~~ ^{garden}
nymphs, ~~but~~ ^{some of} ~~their~~ ^{hair} ~~is~~ ^{entangled} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves} -
And over it all the (yeast & butter) smell
of rising dough

The chill ^{heightened by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~chill~~ ^{chill} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~chill~~ ^{chill}
stomach, ^{spread through} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~chill~~ ^{chill} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~chill~~ ^{chill}
intensifies as they ^{more} ~~go~~ ^{go} ~~further~~ ^{further} ~~spread~~ ^{spread}
taking their time, ~~looking~~ ^{looking} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~_____~~ ^{_____}

~~but~~ ^{but} ~~listening~~ ^{listening} ~~hard~~ ^{hard} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who}
may be ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~a~~ ^a ~~closet~~ ^{closet} ~~but~~ ^{but}
~~lest~~ ^{lest} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~ounce~~ ^{ounce} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~female~~ ^{female} ~~malice~~ ^{malice} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~lurks~~ ^{lurks} ~~here~~ ^{here}
and the

yeast and butter smell or - touch:

hidden
female
malice

Chapter one

Kitchen: Bounty →

(1888)

Sargeant b. 1925

Maurice b. 1924

blue dresses and piano the 1st harvest bought. Pleasure of the young girls.

(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 ^(Ethiopia) b. 1924

K.D. b. 1945

Cars of intruders circling young women are run off

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

→ As ever,

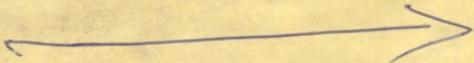
~~They~~ They have known battles
in
where

They were born to men
who knew other battles
They ~~have~~ 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 more
~~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~~ however

Concrete proof began mounting in the Spring *

A mother was knocked ~~to~~ down the stairs by her cold-eyed son.

Three ~~of~~ infants, ^{born} in one family,

~~born~~ damaged ↗

trips to X for v.d shots ~~were being~~

common ~~at~~ X. Had 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 ^{dead} shot each other ^{on} New Year's eve.

* One thing connected all these was the Communist

Freque

008.

So ^{when} 17 of the Fathers ~~met~~ ^{decided to meet there} at the Oven.

They ran the everybody
of the place ^{with shotguns} and sat
in the ^{beams} light of their
flashlights to take
matters in their own hands.

Both Gang

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

A*
*# ← the

The women yelled from the side of road. while their children ~~the children~~ and danced shrieked with delight. The men ^{argued handicaps and} placed dollar bets with abandon.

When the gun went off only 3 horses left for ward - the rest reared or tried to cut ~~across~~ ^{sideways} ~~the~~ ^{thru} back home ^{stacked} over the lumber ^{stacked near} of an finished homes

(Pony)

The girl with the most poppies on her head was Ossie's chosen to put the ribbon ^{hung} with a purple heart

over the woman'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 condoble

1. One has enjoyed "fame" (as a singer) for a short but intense time. — Looking for HMM, now?
2. One has been a ^{private} vigilante (?)
- 3.

* *

Chapel ?

[speaker in the ~~cellar~~]

~~X over~~

When the three mile road was cleared--lined on one side by a paved board walk. ^(over x) They had organized a horse race to celeb rate ^{its} completion.

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

Guitars
Violins and late melon, hazel nuts, rhubarb pies and a mouth organ, a washboard, roast ^{lamb} pig, pepper rice and racoon meat fried and simmered in gravy. The women ^{Red Spot beer} tied bright scarves ^{over} around 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 ^{pony} ~~pony~~ got to the finish first the winner was the auburn mare.

From their half finished farm houses. ~~and~~ and just seeded farms they ~~came~~ brought what they could.

rummaged up bright colored cloth to

X

of the New Fathers had

When seven Farms ~~had~~ ^{wanted} more than
 X acres ~~of~~; and three 500; when
~~the New Fathers~~ ^{the Morgans} TK. applications for
 the bank was approved.

And the oven, ~~re~~ perfectly
 re assembled ^{within} the 1st
 month ^{of their arrival} ~~they arrived~~, ~~was~~
~~still~~ was a pleasure to
 comfortable place
 to congregate.

(Faint pink stamp)
 The New Fathers
 of the New Fathers
 of the New Fathers

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 didnot just drive through ^{hardly} glancing at a sleepy town with three churches within one hundred feet of each other but ~~no public services:~~ ^{traveler's} 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 ^{as when the talk required} stopping ~~to talk~~; ^{skipping on} 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 ^{black, back cracked rear window} and the '53 tktk. The drivers ^{slow} slow down and holler ^{put their} over the ^{then full of fun} fenders. They drive ^{around} 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, ^{ber} the New 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 ^{it} and in spite of themselves, reluctantly smile because they know that now this man, till his final illness, will do as much serious racial damage ^{to colored folks} as he can. MORE men come out, and more. Their guns are not pointed, just held slackly against their thighs. ^h 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
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 0 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 ^{Sargeant and} the veterans, young and newly married, ^{was} were no fools. 

Even before ^{he} they left for the war, B. ites were leaving and those who

had not were planning to. ~~The veterans~~ ^{Returning He} ~~stared~~ ^{at his} at the fast shrivelling

future ^① then broke up the oven. ^{Like the Old Fathers who knew what came first,} They packed it in two trucks [ck. ^{they a}

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 weed-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. 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 tk and become Fairly's only enemy?

Sargeant steps back into the kitchen. 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 ^a an All-Fairly Conference deciding what to do
ab out the convent. (MTK)

Both Harper and Sharktooth were there and could ^{imagined they} 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
"B". The sentence was ^{← true}

WE ARE THE FURROW OF HIS BROW

TS 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 ^{arrived} 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. ^{*} ~~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 ^{all of them} the

~~new women,~~ ^P 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 ^b 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

^{Guests} 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