



## Chapter 9: Save-Marie

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## CHAPTER NINE

### SAVE-MARIE

Rev  
Aug 21

Sweetie wouldn't discuss it. Her child would not be laid to rest in <sup>ON</sup> Steward Morgan's land. <sup>It was a brand new problem:</sup> Burial sites <sup>But</sup> never came up but whether to <sup>had not come up for 20 years.</sup> use the ad hoc cemetery--where Ruby Smith, Fairy DuPres and Ace Food lay--was a question [that was] out of the question for her.

Sweetie blamed <sup>ing</sup> Steward for the trouble he got her husband and father-in-law into <sup>and</sup> ~~and would not hear of using it for Save Marie.~~ <sup>said</sup> She <sup>(dug a grave in his backyard) own property</sup> would rather do what Roger had done <sup>she</sup> and couldn't care less that twenty-two years had passed since that quick and poorly attended backyard burial took place.

People understood why she was making such a fuss (grief and blame was a heady brew) but Pat Best believed her stubbornness put the town fathers in an awkward position: deciding to have a real and formal cemetery in a town full of immortals suggested that something seismic had happened since July. So <sup>AM</sup> here they were, <sup>gathered</sup> on a



mile November day, gathered east of the stream, a mile or so beyond the last Ruby house, which was, in fact, Morgan land, but nobody had the heart to tell Sweetie so. Standing among the crowd ~~that~~ surrounded <sup>ing</sup> the bereaved Fleetwoods, Pat regained something close to ~~her cool~~ stability. Earlier at the funeral service Richard Misner's sermon had made her cry. Now she was her familiar dispassionately amused self. At least she hoped she was dispassionate, and hoped amusement was what she was feeling. She knew there were other adjectives for her attitude, some of which Richard Misner had provided her. He and ~~anna~~ <sup>anna</sup> flood had returned two days after the Convent affair and it took four days for him to learn the truth of what happened. Pat <sup>gave the two editions of the</sup> ~~told him all she knew~~: Official story 1)--that nine men had gone to talk to and persuade the convent women to leave or mend their ways; there had been a fight; the women took other shapes and disappeared into thin air. Official story 2) (<sup>the</sup> Fleetwood / <sup>Jury</sup> Version) that five men had gone to evict the women; four <sup>others</sup> ~~more~~ had gone to <sup>restrain or</sup> ~~stop~~ them; these four were attacked by the Convent women; ~~but had~~ the original five succeeded in driving them out and they took off in their Cadillac. <sup>\*</sup> (over) <sup>either of the official stories</sup> Richard didn't believe a word of ~~it~~, and spoke to <sup>parts of</sup> ~~simon~~ Cary and Senior Pulliam who clarified the tale, but because neither had decided on the ending <sup>the meaning of</sup> ~~there was no~~ <sup>and could provide credible</sup> sermonized account of it. It <sup>Richard was left dissatisfied.</sup>

~~But had~~  
\* ; unfortunately, one or more of the five had killed the old woman.

What she didn't tell him was her own interpretation of events: Nine 8-rocks murdered five harmless women because

a) the women were impure (not 8-rock)

b) the women were unholy ( had sex outside male control; performed abortions )

and c) because they could which was what being an 8-rock meant to them

And was also what the "deal" required.



was Lone who provided him with the details that several people were discrediting because Lone, they said, was not reliable. <sup>(Cover)</sup> In any case the big and agreed upon <sup>fact</sup> news was that <sup>everyone there</sup> people had left the premises certain that law men would be happily swarming all over Ruby (they'd killed a white woman, after all)--arresting almost all of the businessmen--<sup>When they</sup> only to learn there were no dead to report, transport or bury. <sup>their relief was so great, they began to forget what they did see. (over)</sup>

Maybe they were right about this place all along, Pat thought, surveying the mourners. Ruby is lucky. <sup>Det. Cl. Housh</sup> The evidence of the assault was invisible ~~although~~ the consequences were not. Jeff had his arm around his wife, both looking properly sorrowful, but slightly majestic too for Jeff was now entire owner of his father's furniture and appliance store. <sup>Arnold</sup>, suddenly a very old man was enjoying his own bedroom now that Arnette had moved out, and <sup>that</sup> the seemd worth retiring for. Sargeant Person looked <sup>as</sup> smug as ever. <sup>and untr.</sup> He had no landlord expecting a field fee and unless <sup>his avarice</sup> the county auditor got interested in a tiney hamlet of quiet Godfearing black folk, ~~he~~ might <sup>go unabated</sup> get away with for some time. Harper Jury was uncontrite, wearing his head wound like a medal that gave him leave to <sup>bloodred but</sup> alter his motives and assume the position of unbowed warrior against evil. Menus was the most unfortunate. He had no customers at Anna's anymore

No. the  
luck is only  
surface



Except her  
 Nobody <sup>else</sup> overheard the men at the Oven;  
 like the others arrived after  
~~No one saw. She was not there when the~~  
 Shooting took place; ~~who~~ she and Doney  
 could have been wrong about whether  
 the 2 women <sup>in the house</sup> were in fact dead or wounded;  
 She didn't see anybody outside living or  
 dead.

Child's  
 and Richards' unanswered questions  
 - paused long enough to attend a funeral -  
 arrogant self-defense -  
 forgers; arrogant self-defense -

→ Except for Luther Beauchamp - who told <sup>the most damning</sup> ~~a different~~ story -  
~~and~~ Pious [DuPres] and Aaron <sup>all of whom</sup> ~~held out to~~ corroborated  
 much of Lorne's version. Yet they could not bring themselves  
 to report <sup>unnatural motivated</sup> ~~deaths~~ <sup>in a house</sup> ~~without~~ <sup>which it would lead to</sup>  
 the discovery of natural deaths <sup>with</sup> ~~reported~~ <sup>in an automobile</sup> ~~bodies~~. They chewed the  
 problem <sup>asking</sup> ~~and after~~ God for guidance if they were  
 wrong - if white law should be permitted to deal with <sup>matter's</sup> ~~the~~  
 they were dedicated to handle within the community.  
 The difficulties <sup>churned</sup> ~~aged~~ & entangled everybody: distribution of blame; <sup>plans for</sup>



*His dissipation appeared  
more and more rapid.*

because his drinking extended itself to many more days of the week. <sup>1</sup>

Wisdom Poole had the toughest row to hoe. Seventy family members

held him accountable just as they had his brothers, Brood and Apollo,

and <sup>giving</sup> gave him no peace or status. <sup>reprimanded him daily</sup> Arnette and K.D. <sup>were</sup> are building a new

house on Steward's property. <sup>3</sup> she is pregnant again and they both

hope to get in a position to make life unpleaasant for the Poole's, the

DuPres, the Sands and the Beauchamps, especially Luther who takes

every opportunity to insult them. The most interesting development

was with the Morgan brothers. Their distinguishing features eroded:

tobacco choices, shoes, facial hair, clothes. <sup>fat thought</sup> They looked more alike

than they probably had at birth. But the interior difference was

profound. Steward took K.D. under his wing, concentrating on making

him (and his children) rich (thus the new house) while ~~he~~ waiting for

Dovey to come around, which she seemed to be doing because there

was a marked coolness between her and Soane. It was Deacon

Morgan who had changed the most. It was as though he had looked

at his brother and did not like himself anymore.

tk

Richard and Anna doubted the convenient mass disappearance of

the victims, and <sup>as soon as they got back</sup> went to look for themselves. Other than a sparkling

white crib in a bedroom with the word DIVINE taped to the door, and



foodst<sup>u</sup>off, there was nothing recently lived-in about the place. <sup>z</sup>the chickens were wilding or half eaten by four-footed prowlers. Pepper bushes were in full flower, but the rest of the garden was a disgrace. Sargeant's cornfield had the only human touch. On the drive back from the Convent, Richard was silent and uneasy. Anna said,

"Listen. One of them or maybe more wasn't dead. Nobody actually looked--they just assumed. Then between the time folks left and Roger arrived, they got the hell out of there. Taking the killed ones with them. Simple, right?"

"Right," said Misner, but he didn't sound convinced.

"It's been weeks now and nobody has come around asking questions. They must not have reported it, so why should we?"

"Whose baby was in there? That crib is new."

"I don't know but it sure wasn't Arnette's."

He said it again, "Right," with the same level of doubt. Then, "I don't like mysteries."

"You're a preacher. Your whole life's belief is a mystery."

"Belief is mysterious; faith is mysterious. But God is not a mystery."

