



Paradise Foreword

No Known Copyright

Princeton University Library reasonably believes that the Item is not restricted by copyright or related rights, but a conclusive determination could not be made.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbcs.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

Paradise Foreword

1 folder

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:01:27 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/70795d226>

FOREWORD PARADISE

SHE SPOKE OUT ON BUSES, TOLD STRANGERS HOW TO BEHAVE, STOPPED WOMEN IN THE STREET TO TELL THEM THEIR SLIP WAS SHOWING, QUARRELED WITH CLERKS, MADE FUN OF OTHER SHOPPERS, READ TABLOIDS WITH GLEE. AND HATED DOCTORS WITH AN INTENSITY SO PURE IT WAS LIKE FIRST LOVE. I ADORED HER.

NOW HER TONGUE WAS HANGING OUT, THEY SAID, SO MAYBE THIS REALLY WAS THE END. EARLIER, FORCED, HOSPITALIZATIONS HAD BEEN MEMORABLE NOT FOR HER MIRACULOUS RECOVERIES, BUT PRIMARILY FOR HER RELENTLESS HOSTILITY WHILE THERE. ONCE, IN A ^{DOUBLE} TWO BED ROOM, SHE ANNOYED HER SUITE MATE—A FRAIL RATHER SWEET, ELDERLY WOMAN—SO MUCH THAT A FORMAL COMPLAINT WAS LODGED AGAINST HER. ON THE MORNING OF THE COMPLAINING PATIENTS'S SURGERY, SHE LEANED TOWARD THE GURNEY AS IT ROLLED BY AND, IN AN ACT OF HORRIFIC CRUELTY, WHISPERED TO THE OBVIOUSLY ANXIOUS WOMAN ON HER WAY TO THE OPERATING ROOM, "I HOPE THEY CUT YOUR HEAD

OFF!"

MEANTIME, THEY SAID, BEFORE HER TURN FOR THE WORSE, SHE HAD^{truly}
ASKED FOR ONE OF MY CARROT CAKES. A DYING WISH AS DIETETICALLY
LETHAL AS IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE. I CANCELLED^{smashed walnuts}
COMMITMENTS, GRATED CARROTS THEN TRIED TO GET THE CAKE
MAILED. ^{By then} ~~but~~ IT WAS EVENING ON A SATURDAY IN A PRE-FED EX WORLD.
I WOULD HAVE TO GO TWENTY MILES TO THE ALWAYS OPEN MAIN POST
OFFICE IN THE CITY. WHEN I GOT THERE IT SEEMED EASIER TO JUST GO
DOWN THE STAIRS, INTO THE TUNNEL, CATCH THE TRAIN AND DELIVER IT
IN PERSON. I WOULD ARRIVE IN THE MORNING, LONG BEFORE ~~ANY~~^{any}
POSTED CAKE TIN. MY BROTHER PICKED ME UP FROM THE STATION BUT
REFUSED TO ENTER THE HOSPITAL ROOM. "I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER
LIKE THAT," HE SAID. (MEN!) BUT THE ASHEN FACED, BARELY
BREATHING LITTLE WOMAN I EXPECTED WAS SITTING UP IN BED, BRIGHT
EYED AS ^{AN Easter chick.} ~~A SQUIRREL~~

"YOU CAME!"

"SURE I DID. NOW I KNOW YOU CAN'T EAT THIS, BUT..."

"IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK?" SHE ASKED AND SET ABOUT DEFYING

NATURE.

IT'S NOT EASY TO IMAGINE WHAT IN HER LIFE HAD MADE HER BITTERNESS SO LIVELY. SHE LAUGHED OFTEN, BUT ONLY AT OTHER PEOPLE'S FLAWS—INCLUDING MINE. NOR IS IT EASY FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND WHY I LIKED HER SO. HER SPIKEY RETREAT FROM ALL GESTURES OF AFFECTION, HER SUBTERRANEAN KNOWINGNESS; HER INSTANT RECOGNITION OF WEAKNESS—EVEN WHEN I WAS A CHILD, SHE FASCINATED ME. WHAT SHOULD HAVE REPELLED ME WAS ODDLY ATTRACTIVE: HER CONVERSATION WAS COMPLETELY STRIPPED OF CIVILITY. HER ^{WAS} UNFORGIVING, BLEAK VIEW OF HUMANITY. ^{bar naked} "NO ONE IS WORTH THE WORLD," SHE SAID. AT THE TIME, I THOUGHT THE REMARK WAS SIMPLY ONE IN A LITANY OF FUSSY CONDEMNATIONS OF SOMETHING OR OTHER. BUT SHE UNDERScoreD IT. "NO BODY. EXCEPT CHILDREN."

^{Whatever the cause (I never learned it)}
~~It took a while for me to discover that~~
~~LATER I UNDERSTOOD HOW DEEP HER SENSE OF ABANDONMENT~~
^{was electric, and it took a while to par it with what}
~~HOW GLACIAL~~. SOME LOVELY EXISTENCE, SOME HAPPINESS SHE HAD GLIMPSED, HAD BEEN SUDDENLY? IRRETRIEVABLY WITHDRAWN FROM HER.

a living, pulsing, throbbing wound she st minus scar or band aid. Clearly

put her sense abandonment

AND ~~IT WAS~~ THE LOSS OF THAT GLEAMING WORLD ~~THAT HAD~~ DEFINED
HER LIFE. ~~I TOOK~~ "NOBODY (EXCEPT CHILDREN) ^{IS} ARE WORTH THE
^{Did she} WORLD" ~~TO MEAN~~ ~~THAT~~ WE ALL, HERSELF INCLUDED, HAD FAILED THE
WORLD AS EVIDENCED BY OUR UNWILLINGNESS TO BEHAVE IN IT? ^{AND}
~~TO PROPERLY REVERE~~ IT. ^{That} SHE BELIEVED THE WORLD HAD BEEN MADE FOR
US TO BE PERFECT IN AND WE HAD TRASHED IT. ^{unruly and inattentive} IN SHORT, EARTH ^{WAS} WAS A
^{were not worthy of?} PARADISE WE HAD DELIBERATELY (NOT ACCURSEDLY, ACCIDENTLY OR
^I INNOCENTLY) AND STUPIDLY MADE INTO HELL. ^{I know,} I KNOW. THE MUDDY
COMFORT OF SEEING ONE'S OWN MISERY ^{as} ~~IN~~ EVERYONE ELSE. ^{'s fault} BUT
SUPPOSE, JUST SUPPOSE...

I DON'T KEEP JOURNALS OR NOTEBOOKS ABOUT MY WORK. I'VE TRIED,
^{noting} BUT ~~DEVELOPING~~ AN IDEA FOR A NOVEL ^{incipient} BY ~~WORKING IT THROUGH~~ ^{or jotting down} ~~fledgling~~
THOUGHTS OR SCENES ON PAPER ~~DOESN'T~~ WORK FOR ME. ~~USUALLY~~ I
^{allow} ~~RESPOND TO~~ SOME TANGLED, IMPENETRABLE UNEASE CONNECTED TO A
^{grow} TROUBLING IMAGE. SOME TIMES ~~I CIRCLE~~ AROUND AN INCIDENT, A
^{Keeps circling, provoking} REMARK, OR AN IMPRESSION ~~THAT IS PECULIAR ENOUGH~~ TO PROVOKE

^{prefer}
I ~~like~~ the concept of a novel looking for me. So

MY CURIOSITY, THEN MYSTERIOUS ENOUGH TO KEEP RECURRING. WITH
MY FIRST NOVEL, IT WAS AN EXCHANGE I HAD AS A CHILD WITH A FRIEND
THAT WORRIED ME ON AND OFF FOR YEARS. IN MY SECOND NOVEL IT
WAS A, TO ME, CONTRADICTION RESPONSE MY MOTHER AND HER
FRIENDS HAD TO A WOMAN IN TOWN. ANOTHER WAS A POWERFULLY
IMAGISTIC PIECE OF MYTHOLOGY IN WHICH THE TITLE CHARACTER (A
FEMALE) FELL OUT OF THE TALE ONCE SHE HAD SERVED HER PURPOSE AS
A FOIL FOR THE MALES. IN BURROWING INTO THOSE IMAGES, OR
REMARKS OR IMPRESSIONS QUESTIONS AROSE. SUPPOSE MY
CHILDHOOD FRIEND GOT WHAT SHE PRAYED FOR? WHAT WERE MY
MOTHER'S FRIENDS APPRECIATING WHILE THEY WERE DISAPPROVING?
WHAT WAS THE REAL TRICK OF THE TAR BABY? WHY WAS MARGARET
GARNER SO COMPLETELY WITHOUT REMORSE AND WHAT EFFECT
WOULD HER REMORSELESSNESS HAVE ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD OR HER
FAMILY? THOSE QUESTIONS, OBVIOUS EVEN IDLE, WHEN GENTLED
ALONG OR NUDGED ^{lead} TO MORE COMPLICATED ONES. DURING THE
TIME I AM RUMINATING ON THESE THINGS, I AM NOT SEARCHING FOR A
THEME OR A TOPIC: I AM JUST WONDERING. I DON'T WRITE THESE

once it was an anecdote about
a photograph of
a pretty girl
prepared for burial.

what would a teenager die
for?

MUSINGS DOWN BECAUSE TO DO SO WOULD GIVE THEM A GRAVITY
THEY MAY NOT DESERVE; MOST ~~OF MY WONDERINGS~~ DISAPPEAR
~~SOONER OR LATER.~~ SOME HOWEVER SET UP SHOP WITHOUT A LEASE
AND REFUSE TO BE EVICTED.

ONE ^{pesistant} ~~OF~~ THOSE IMAGES WAS A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF
YOUNG LADIES STANDING ON THE STEPS OF AN AFRICAN METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH. THREE ROWS OF THEM IN EARLY TWENTIETH
CENTURY FINERY POSING AS FOR A CLASS OR CLUB REUNION. THEY ARE
EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL AND ALTHOUGH THE PHOTOGRAPH IS SEPIA,
THE COLORS OF THEIR HATS AND DRESSES SPRANG IMMEDIATELY TO MY
MIND: PALE EASTER EGG SHADES OF ECRU, MINT AND LILAC. THEY ARE
SO HAPPY AND CONFIDENT, AND THEIR POSE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER
INFECTS AND SEDUCES WHOMEVER IS WATCHING. THE UNSEEN
PEDESTRIANS, OTHER CHURCH MEMBERS, PASSENGERS IN BOXY 1930's
AUTOMOBILES. AGAINST THAT SCENE LURKS ANOTHER ONE OF VERY
YOUNG WOMEN. NOT A PHOTOGRAPH, BUT AN ANECDOTE,
UNRELIABLE VILLAGE GOSSIP. THE GIRLS IN THE ANECDOTE ARE NUNS,
NOVICES IN HABITS RUNNING FROM THE POLICE WHO HAVE COME TO

ARREST OR SHOOT THEM. BOTH GROUPS OF WOMEN ARE ASSOCIATED
WITH CHURCHES. ONE GROUP DESTINED FOR A SATISFACTORY LIFE;
THE OTHER PERSECUTED TO THEIR DOOM. BOTH LIVE OR DIE
ACCORDING TO THE JUDGEMENT OF MEN. RIGHTEOUS MEN WHO
BELIEVE THEY ALONE KNOW THE GEOGRAPHY OF SIN.

EACH ONE OF THEM HAS KNOWN THE CUT OF ABANDONMENT.

ALL OF THEM HAVE AN IDEA, A GLIMPSE, OF A SAFE, WELCOMING AND
GLITTERING WORLD. *beautiful*

OTHER THAN THE CHILDREN, WHICH OF THEM HAD PROVED
THEMSELVES WORTH THE WORLD? DESERVING PARADISE. AND HOW?

of persecution!

persecution and

↑

"Where women —"

become

↓

↓

FOREWORD PARADISE

SHE SPOKE OUT ON BUSES, TOLD STRANGERS HOW TO BEHAVE, STOPPED WOMEN IN THE STREET TO TELL THEM THEIR SLIP WAS SHOWING, QUARRELED WITH CLERKS, MADE FUN OF OTHER SHOPPERS, READ TABLOIDS WITH GLEE. AND HATED DOCTORS WITH AN INTENSITY SO PURE IT WAS LIKE FIRST LOVE. I ADORED HER.

NOW HER TONGUE WAS HANGING OUT, THEY SAID, SO MAYBE THIS REALLY WAS THE END. EARLIER, FORCED, HOSPITALIZATIONS HAD BEEN MEMORABLE NOT FOR HER MIRACULOUS RECOVERIES, BUT PRIMARILY FOR HER RELENTLESS HOSTILITY WHILE THERE. ONCE, IN A TWO BED ROOM, SHE ANNOYED HER SUITE MATE—A FRAIL RATHER SWEET, ELDERLY WOMAN—SO MUCH THAT A FORMAL COMPLAINT WAS LODGED AGAINST HER. ON THE MORNING OF THE COMPLAINING PATIENTS'S SURGERY, SHE LEANED TOWARD THE GURNEY AS IT ROLLED BY AND, IN AN ACT OF HORRIFIC CRUELTY, WHISPERED TO THE OBVIOUSLY ANXIOUS WOMAN ON HER WAY TO THE OPERATING ROOM, "I HOPE THEY CUT YOUR HEAD

OFF!"

MEANTIME, THEY SAID, BEFORE HER TURN FOR THE TRULY WORSE, SHE HAD ASKED FOR ONE OF MY CARROT CAKES. A DYING WISH AS DIETETICALLY LETHAL AS IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE. I CANCELLED COMMITMENTS, GRATED CARROTS, SMASHED WALNUTS, THEN TRIED TO GET THE CAKE MAILED. BY THEN IT WAS EVENING ON A SATURDAY IN A PRE-FED EX WORLD. I WOULD HAVE TO GO TWENTY MILES TO THE ALWAYS OPEN MAIN POST OFFICE IN THE CITY. WHEN I GOT THERE IT SEEMED EASIER TO JUST GO DOWN THE STAIRS, INTO THE TUNNEL , CATCH THE TRAIN AND DELIVER IT IN PERSON. I WOULD ARRIVE IN THE MORNING, LONG BEFORE ANY POSTED CAKE TIN. MY BROTHER PICKED ME UP FROM THE STATION BUT REFUSED TO ENTER THE HOSPITAL ROOM. "I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER LIKE THAT," HE SAID. (MEN!) BUT THE ASHEN FACED, BARELY BREATHING LITTLE WOMAN I EXPECTED WAS SITTING UP IN BED, BRIGHT EYED AS AN EASTER CHICK.

"YOU CAME!"

"SURE I DID. NOW I KNOW YOU CAN'T EAT THIS, BUT..."

"IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK?" SHE ASKED AND SET ABOUT DEFYING

NATURE.

IT'S NOT EASY TO IMAGINE WHAT IN HER LIFE HAD MADE HER BITTERNESS SO LIVELY. SHE LAUGHED OFTEN, BUT ONLY AT OTHER PEOPLE'S FLAWS—INCLUDING MINE. NOR IS IT EASY FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND WHY I LIKED HER SO. HER SPIKEY RETREAT FROM ALL GESTURES OF AFFECTION, HER SUBTERRANEAN KNOWINGNESS; HER INSTANT RECOGNITION OF WEAKNESS—EVEN WHEN I WAS A CHILD, SHE FASCINATED ME. WHAT SHOULD HAVE REPELLED WAS ODDLY ATTRACTIVE: HER CONVERSATION WAS STRIPPED NAKED OF CIVILITY. HER VIEW OF HUMANITY, UNFORGIVING. "NO ^{body} ~~ONE~~ IS WORTH THE WORLD," SHE SAID. AT THE TIME, I THOUGHT THE REMARK WAS SIMPLY ONE IN A LITANY OF FUSSY CONDEMNATIONS OF SOMETHING OR OTHER. BUT SHE UNDERSCORED IT. "NO BODY. EXCEPT CHILDREN."

WHATEVER THE CAUSE (AND I NEVER LEARNED IT) HER SENSE OF ABANDONMENT WAS ELECTRIC—A LIVING, ANIMATED WOUND MINUS SCAR OR BAND AID. CLEARLY SOME LOVELY EXISTENCE, SOME HAPPINESS SHE HAD GLIMPSED, HAD BEEN SUDDENLY, IRRETRIEVABLY

WITHDRAWN FROM HER. AND IT THE LOSS OF THAT GLEAMING WORLD
DEFINED HER LIFE. "NOBODY (EXCEPT CHILDREN) IS WORTH THE
WORLD." DID SHE MEAN WE ALL, HERSELF INCLUDED, HAD FAILED THE
WORLD AND DID NOT DESERVE IT, AS EVIDENCED BY OUR
UNWILLINGNESS TO BEHAVE IN IT? THAT THE WORLD HAD BEEN MADE
FOR US TO BE PERFECT IN AND WE, UNRULY AND INATTENTIVE, HAD
TRASHED IT?. WAS EARTH ITSELF A PARADISE WE HAD DELIBERATELY
(NOT ACCURSEDLY, ACCIDENTLY OR INNOCENTLY) AND STUPIDLY MADE
INTO HELL? I KNOW. I KNOW. THE MUDDY COMFORT OF SEEING
ONE'S OWN MISERY AS EVERYONE ELSE'S FAULT. BUT SUPPOSE, JUST
SUPPOSE...

I DON'T KEEP JOURNALS ABOUT MY WORK. I'VE TRIED, BUT NOTING AN
INCIPIENT IDEA FOR A NOVEL, OR JOTTING DOWN THOUGHTS OR
SCENES ON PAPER DOESN'T WORK FOR ME. I PREFER THE CONCEIT OF
A NOVEL LOOKING FOR ME SO I ALLOW SOME TANGLED, IMPENETRABLE
UNEASE CONNECTED TO A TROUBLING IMAGE TO GROW AT ITS OWN

PACE. WITH MY FIRST NOVEL, IT WAS AN EXCHANGE I HAD AS A CHILD WITH A FRIEND THAT WORRIED ME ON AND OFF FOR YEARS. IN MY SECOND NOVEL IT WAS A, TO ME, CONTRADICTIONARY RESPONSE MY MOTHER AND HER FRIENDS HAD TO A WOMAN IN TOWN. ANOTHER WAS A POWERFULLY IMAGISTIC PIECE OF MYTHOLOGY IN WHICH THE TITLE CHARACTER (A FEMALE) FELL OUT OF THE TALE ONCE SHE HAD SERVED HER PURPOSE AS A FOIL FOR THE MALES. ONCE IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH AND AN ANECDOTE ABOUT A PRETTY GIRL PREPARED FOR BURIAL. IN BURROWING INTO THOSE IMAGES, OR REMARKS OR IMPRESSIONS QUESTIONS AROSE. SUPPOSE MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND GOT WHAT SHE PRAYED FOR? WHAT WERE MY MOTHER'S FRIENDS APPRECIATING WHILE THEY WERE DISAPPROVING? WHAT WAS THE REAL TRICK OF THE TAR BABY? WHAT WOULD A PRETTY GIRL BE WILLING TO DIE FOR? WHY WAS MARGARET GARNER SO COMPLETELY WITHOUT REMORSE AND WHAT EFFECT WOULD HER REMORSELESSNESS HAVE ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD OR HER FAMILY? THOSE QUESTIONS, OBVIOUS EVEN IDLE, WHEN GENTLED ALONG OR NUDGED LED TO MORE COMPLICATED ONES. I DON'T WRITE THESE MUSINGS DOWN

BECAUSE TO DO SO WOULD GIVE THEM A GRAVITY THEY MAY NOT DESERVE; MOST DISAPPEAR SOONER OR LATER. SOME HOWEVER SET UP SHOP WITHOUT A LEASE AND REFUSE TO BE EVICTED.

ONE PERSISTENT IMAGE WAS A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF YOUNG LADIES STANDING ON THE STEPS OF AN AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. THREE ROWS OF THEM IN EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY FINERY POSING AS FOR A CLASS OR CLUB REUNION. THEY ARE EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL AND ALTHOUGH THE PHOTOGRAPH IS SEPIA, THE COLORS OF THEIR HATS AND DRESSES SPRANG IMMEDIATELY TO MY MIND: PALE EASTER EGG SHADES OF ECRU, MINT AND LILAC. THEY ARE SO HAPPY AND CONFIDENT, AND THEIR POSE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER INFECTS AND SEDUCES WHOMEVER IS WATCHING. THE UNSEEN PEDESTRIANS, OTHER CHURCH MEMBERS, PASSENGERS IN BOXY AUTOMOBILES. AGAINST THAT SCENE LURKS ANOTHER ONE OF VERY YOUNG WOMEN. NOT A PHOTOGRAPH, BUT AN ANECDOTE, UNRELIABLE VILLAGE GOSSIP. THE GIRLS IN THE ANECDOTE ARE NUNS, NOVICES IN HABITS RUNNING FROM THE POLICE WHO HAVE COME TO ARREST OR SHOOT THEM. BOTH GROUPS OF WOMEN ARE ASSOCIATED

WITH CHURCHES. ONE GROUP DESTINED FOR A SATISFACTORY LIFE;
THE OTHER PERSECUTED TO THEIR DOOM. BOTH LIVE OR DIE
ACCORDING TO THE JUDGEMENT OF MEN. RIGHTEOUS MEN WHO
BELIEVE THEY ALONE KNOW THE GEOGRAPHY OF SIN.

OTHER THAN THE CHILDREN, WHICH OF THEM HAD BECOME
WORTH THE WORLD? EACH ONE OF THEM HAS KNOWN PERSECUTION
AND THE CUT OF ABANDONMENT. ALL OF THEM HAVE AN IDEA, A
GLIMPSE, OF A SAFE, WELCOMING AND RADIANT WORLD WHERE A
SLEEPLESS WOMAN COULD ALWAYS RISE FROM HER BED, WRAP A SHAWL
AROUND HER SHOULDERS AND SIT ON THE STEPS IN THE MOONLIGHT.
AND IF SHE FELT LIKE IT SHE COULD WALK OUT THE YARD AND ON
DOWN THE ROAD. NO LAMP AND NO FEAR. A HISS-CRACKLE FROM THE
SIDE OF THE ROAD WOULD NEVER SCARE HER BECAUSE WHATEVER IT
WAS THAT MADE THE SOUND, IT WASN'T SOMETHING CREEPING UP ON
HER..., BECAUSE NOTHING AT THE EDGE THOUGHT SHE WAS PREY.
PARADISE.

TONI MORRISON APRIL, 2005

FOREWORD PARADISE

SHE SPOKE OUT ON BUSES, TOLD STRANGERS HOW TO BEHAVE, STOPPED WOMEN IN THE STREET TO TELL THEM THEIR SLIP WAS SHOWING, QUARRELED WITH CLERKS, MADE FUN OF OTHER SHOPPERS, READ TABLOIDS WITH GLEE. AND HATED DOCTORS WITH AN INTENSITY SO PURE IT WAS LIKE FIRST LOVE. I ADORED HER.

NOW HER TONGUE WAS HANGING OUT, THEY SAID, SO MAYBE THIS REALLY WAS THE END. EARLIER, FORCED, HOSPITALIZATIONS HAD BEEN MEMORABLE NOT FOR HER MIRACULOUS RECOVERIES, BUT PRIMARILY FOR HER RELENTLESS HOSTILITY WHILE THERE. ONCE, IN A TWO BED ROOM, SHE ANNOYED HER SUITE MATE--A FRAIL RATHER SWEET, ELDERLY WOMAN--SO MUCH THAT A FORMAL COMPLAINT WAS LODGED AGAINST HER. ON THE MORNING OF THE COMPLAINING PATIENT'S SURGERY, SHE LEANED TOWARD THE GURNEY AS IT ROLLED BY AND, IN AN ACT OF HORRIFIC CRUELTY, WHISPERED TO THE OBVIOUSLY ANXIOUS WOMAN ON HER WAY TO THE OPERATING ROOM, "I HOPE THEY CUT YOUR HEAD