



## "L.3. The Ocean is my man now."

---

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-

"L.3. The Ocean is my man now."

1 folder

## Contact Information

---

## Download Information

---

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:01:52 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/fj236667j>



1908

The Ocean is my man now. He knows when to be ~~still~~ quiet, when to rear and hump his back. His heart is deep down there but I have <sup>my</sup> ~~paid~~ attention and I know it as well as he does. <sup>Such</sup> ~~My~~ knowing (understanding) can only come from practice & I had a lot of that with B.C. <sup>But</sup> his

I thought I <sup>fulfilled B.C.'s</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>his</sup> heart, too. Not right  
 away, of course. ~~When I was 14 years old when I met~~ <sup>just a girl</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>son and a</sup>  
 died to him - a TK man with a sick  
 wife who needed care every minute of the day  
 and night. <sup>He said</sup> Her name, Julia, so softly you  
 could hear the tone in it <sup>as well as</sup> the sorrow.  
 I nursed her till she died ~~and I wish that I look~~  
 after his son <sup>Barth</sup>  
 It took time for me to learn just how wide  
 his heart was. It could hold Julia.

③ 1/2 Stay on, 1/2 back after  
it was the  
most natural  
thing in the  
world for me  
to ~~take up~~ ~~franchise~~ ~~there~~  
Hershey's  
Boy was 12  
when Mrs. Cooney  
passed and then  
the 1 was 14

Only a <sup>wide</sup> heart could hold that much love for a wife and have <sup>so much</sup> room left over. It took me a while to learn that. ~~At first~~ and I tried to ~~teach it to those~~ <sup>make</sup> ~~son~~ <sup>Boy</sup> Billy understand, his father <sup>how big hearted</sup> was, <sup>but</sup> he never learned or believed it the way his wife did. Billy <sup>Boy</sup> Casey and May Hathaway got married - in a big hurry I might add - and overnight the daughter-in-law understood what ~~the~~ superior men require. I was <sup>just</sup> a servant in that house. May <sup>was</sup> its slave, because ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> whole life was making sure those Casey men had what they wanted.



A lot <sup>the fall of</sup>  
The world changed in 1929. After that  
The whole world lived an Up beach life:  
~~everybody lived the way they did:~~  
in made up houses, eating  
man

the father more than the son; the son <sup>at this the son was her husband</sup>  
more than her own daughter. [Little  
Christina was true hungry]

And what Bill Casey <sup>widower</sup> wanted <sup>in 1929</sup> changed all our  
lives. <sup>why not?</sup> ~~the way~~ 1929 changed the ~~whole~~ world.  
~~why not us?~~ But our change <sup>began</sup> to live  
→ that was the year the whole country ~~went~~ lived  
the way we did Up beach <sup>people did</sup> if they were lucky, that is.  
if not they took to the road.

<sup>However</sup>  
~~But~~ Bill Casey took advantage. He bought  
a <sup>broke down fairly</sup> ~~X Club~~ house at Sucker Bay from a white man  
honest enough to say <sup>that, although</sup> he swore to God and his  
pappy he would never sell to Nigras he was  
happy <sup>as a clam</sup> to change his mind and take his family ~~out of~~  
~~of that out of harm's way~~ away from that <sup>gnat infested</sup> ~~hurricane~~ <sup>sidewalk</sup> for

Who would have thought that in the <sup>teeth</sup> ~~middle~~  
of the Depression colored people would want to play  
Or if they did how could they pay for it? B C



That's who. Because he knew <sup>what a harmonica</sup> ~~something~~ <sup>and if colored</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>paid well</sup> ~~player~~ on a street corner knew ~~didn't~~ musicians were treated well, coddled, TATK they would tell one another about such a place.

Where they could walk in the front door; eat in the dining room not the kitchen; sit with the ~~other~~ <sup>guests</sup> and sleep in ~~the~~ <sup>their</sup> beds ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> their cars or a whore house across town. Where their instruments were safe ~~and~~ their drinks ~~were~~ <sup>unwatered</sup>, their talent honored

and <sup>so</sup> they did ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> have to ~~fly~~ <sup>go</sup> to Copenhagen or Paris for love. Flocks of <sup>colored</sup> people would pay to be in that atmosphere ~~and share it~~. Those who had the money would pay it; those who didn't would find it.

But it has to be special: evening dress in the evening; only wine services in the dining room

May, a preacher's daughter bred to hard work and duty, took to the business like a bee to pollen.

At first The two of us took over the kitchen - with Betty Bay ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> waiting tables. ~~There was the~~ <sup>I got better and better</sup> When it became clear ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Queen~~ <sup>Queen</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>there was</sup> moved to housekeeping, book keeping, procuring and her husband ~~booked~~ <sup>booked</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> musicians. I think I deserve half the credit for the way the business grew. Good

Musicians were ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> magic needed to be welcome where there were musicians

Where there was music there was money ~~at the time~~ <sup>at the time</sup> ~~no music no money~~ <sup>no music no money</sup> harmonica player on a corner



food and S.S. Solomon <sup>once in a lifetime</sup> is a mighty ~~combination~~ combination)

<sup>you had to admire</sup>  
But I ~~have to say~~ May ~~was~~ She was the  
one who arranged the dining service, saw  
to the linen, TK.

We were like <sup>the back side of a</sup> a clock — B.C. the face  
telling you the time was now.

TK

<sup>my man</sup>  
<sup>WATCH him from</sup>  
I ~~sit on~~ the porch. Listen to his voice. You'd

think — with all that strength — he'd be a bass, but  
no. My man is a tenor. laugh or stare.



## Chapter Three

End with  
Junior &  
Romen.

"Junior - you can call me June." Christ  
You had to laugh. \* Christine had thought  
up a phoney name too when she ran off.  
~~Phoney -> Romy -> Ho. Tina. Tina Rose. A~~  
Soot of ~~Story~~ <sup>Story</sup> to Christine Casey. Tina Casey  
Tina Rosey. What a fool should have  
been Tina Rose but - you can call me - fool

Prose

Seen a

\* Christine eased out of the driveway ~~into~~  
~~the~~ Gas gauge was close to empty, but not so near  
She couldn't get to "Harmony's" <sup>market</sup> Superstore.  
And first, <sup>the cold weather was a god send. She could wear a</sup> she had <sup>in mind</sup> and didn't need to <sup>heavy</sup> scarf  
but she wanted to avoid ~~every~~ black face  
Streets. <sup>places</sup> where  
people <sup>might</sup> laugh or stare.

Too late  
to see L.

X said the scar ~~was~~ looked like a single  
strand of hair was caught in her mouth  
but to Christine it glowed <sup>as</sup> red and  
bubbly as it ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> been when put there.

She had — ε — on her mind and

thought of stopping by Cafe Rio  
to see if L. knew any <sup>Visians</sup> living in the County. If anybody knew



h. would - but getting her to say so  
~~(nod or shake her head)~~  
would take forever. You had to go  
slow with her. Age, idiocy, resentment  
something had ~~not~~ shut her down to  
singing. And even when she was  
looking right at you, it felt as tho'  
her attention was elsewhere. But once in  
a while she would nod or shake her  
head to a direct question ~~Chrestene~~  
~~did~~ wanted,

The girl, Junior - you can call me June  
brand new white silk  
had come downstairs in a suit, - ~~a present from~~  
~~Her~~ ~~face~~, obviously, ~~who~~ ~~she~~ must have  
~~been~~ hired her.



May ?

Heed & C as girls ?

Casey and Sheriff (Boss and Chief)

→ " " Celestial

112 we were fine females

Four May Heed Christine Vida &

As long as it was the three of

us - me May and Vida - things

went well - It was ~~the~~ when

~~the girls~~ got in the picture things

began to fray. O I know the

mitigating circumstances: Girl Rights



TK 1  
TK 2

integration; Cannery, smell - But  
the fray <sup>started</sup> ~~was way~~ before that.  
1942 I place it. The Hotel was  
starting its climb to X etc.

Two years  
after his son  
died

but Bill Casey decided <sup>2 years without a son was</sup> to <sup>he ~~should~~ have more</sup> ~~have~~ children.  
- lots.

~~leave off~~ Celestial <sup>of course</sup> wouldn't do

although I ~~wouldn't~~ suspect he considered her,  
and can't blame him if he did. She was X.

and he <sup>his</sup> was getting a X reputation  
couldn't afford offspring from.

Other than her, he took the casual women  
and he ~~didn't~~ <sup>casually</sup> take the casual women

He wandered around a bit and <sup>where</sup>

ended up <sup>in the</sup> ~~choosing~~ a Swamp Virgin

most likely place for a <sup>reproduction</sup> ~~female~~ woman's  
in the least likely place for a virgin

a Swamp. <sup>an unused woman</sup> <sup>is</sup> guess that's what he

wanted. For motherhood - That's what  
they all want. I <sup>understand</sup> ~~don't~~ understand that although I  
don't understand it.

Stand  
pardon



Marrying her ~~that~~ was the <sup>first</sup> ~~beginning~~ <sup>tear</sup>.

Before that the three of us handled  
most everything

Because, you see, the girl he  
married ~~had~~ already been claimed  
~~another~~ was already <sup>spoken for</sup> ~~belonged to~~. ~~Not~~  
~~somebody else~~. Not a boy friend  
And not ~~her~~ <sup>promised by</sup> ~~a member~~ anyone ~~but~~ her  
over family. <sup>that trash</sup> they gave her up like a  
puppy. No. She belonged to ~~her~~  
~~her~~ Christine and Christine  
belonged to her.

That was a thing. Those two  
MTK



(TK2)

There ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> sea life down there that looks like  
There ~~are~~ medding veks down there  
and ropes of gold with ~~sappho~~ ruby  
eyes. ~~Sea life with shapes~~  
~~[court and eat] along~~  
~~looking~~ Some make you think of  
~~shaped like~~ the collars of school  
teachers or ~~parasols~~ made of  
flowers.

xxx

1941  
1908  
33  
1929  
1908  
11

I WAS 33. Had been running the ~~Hotel~~  
Kitchen for 10 years. <sup>(in Up Beach)</sup> ~~THIS WAS before I moved into the Hotel~~  
~~at my mother's house~~ <sup>while I still lived at</sup>  
A ~~one~~ <sup>loved walking</sup> evening ~~took to walk~~

+  
The x miles home <sup>because</sup> and walked  
if the weather  
permitted I took the shore route.

The sky is empty now - erased, but  
its light was bright as television  
Then ~~it was rich~~ The milky way was

its light made  
a black and  
white  
movie.



As common as dirt. No matter what  
your place or state of mind - <sup>Having a</sup> star  
packed sky ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> part of your night  
made you <sup>feel</sup> rich. - almost kind of blessed.  
And, <sup>the</sup> there was the sea (insert <sup>#2</sup>)

That's what I was thinking when  
I saw Mr. Casey walking <sup>worth</sup> toward me -  
~~He held~~ his shoes in his hands  
back toward the Hotel. I was at the  
~~below~~ <sup>below</sup> further down  
Grass line; he was sloshing through  
the waves. I raised my hand to say  
"Evening." But same thing - the way  
~~the~~ he held his head maybe - or <sup>a kind of</sup> ~~the~~  
privacy <sup>wrapped</sup> ~~that~~ about him <sup>stopped</sup> ~~the~~ me. ~~but~~  
I just kept walking till I saw ~~another~~  
somebody else. A warren



She ~~was~~ sitting ~~on~~ a blanket  
massaging  
~~scratching~~ her head with both hands.

While I <sup>stood there</sup> ~~watched~~ she <sup>got</sup> ~~stood~~ <sup>naked as truth</sup> up and

walked into the waves. The tide

was out so she <sup>had to</sup> walk a long time

til the water came up to her waist.

She stretched, raised her arms,

~~and~~ dove. I ~~can~~ remember that  
better than I remember yesterday.

are / ~~like it was last night~~, like

~~a sitk~~

Celestial. ~~of course~~

~~When~~ She surfaced, <sup>finally and</sup> swam  
back. <sup>Moving slow</sup> ~~Walking~~ in shallow water

She massaged her head again. while  
her hair took <sup>on</sup> the shape of X



And she, well, made a sound. Loud.

I don't know to this day whether it was  
a note, <sup>or a call</sup> ~~or a scream~~, All I know is that  
it was ~~a sound I wanted to answer - join.~~  
~~it was fearless, and made me want~~

~~to~~ Never experienced anything like  
before or since. ~~because~~ I'm quiet.  
That. But Celestial. She was some thing



L 4.

They were

They were young girls. In a year they would be  
bleeding hard. Skin clear and death defying  
they had ~~(have?)~~ no business in ~~that~~  
business.

~~At times~~ <sup>for grown people</sup> ~~times~~ money along ~~afforded~~  
~~for~~ <sup>But the</sup> after forty. Young girls are stuck  
in the moment like insects <sup>who after</sup> (N.K?) <sup>find</sup> lapping  
Syrup ~~struggling~~ <sup>believing</sup> amazed wandering why they  
~~can move~~ <sup>can't</sup> move <sup>and believe</sup> that the <sup>sticky</sup> whole world is ~~is~~  
is forever now (now forever)

Who should have known  
May, know better, believe thought the same.  
Mr. Casey announced his decision.  
The minute ~~any father in law~~ <sup>was</sup>

every thing stopped for her. She changed

told us he  
didn't ~~to~~ <sup>me</sup>  
John



When I first saw her standing next to  
Billy Boy + ~~thought~~ <sup>looked</sup> she ~~was~~ awful.  
~~badly~~ <sup>an over-ment</sup> Marcelled hair, ~~a~~ lightweight coat with  
a scrap of fur collar, lettuce green dress  
black and white pamps. And while I  
was wandering where <sup>Mr. Casey's son</sup> Billy Boy had  
found this ~~the~~ wife, she raised Billy  
Boy's hand to her mouth and kissed it.  
<sup>The way</sup> Her eyes took in everything, traveled up  
and around the Hotel lobby I thought she  
would be home like a visitor expecting to be  
waited on. I was dead wrong about that. She  
put off unpacking her suitcase - just  
changed clothes - and started in, "Let's,"



1942-1943  
1935  
7  
She said. "let's change this. let's move  
that, wipe here, flowers there."

How could we help but smile. Mr. Casey  
not if all, <sup>-with relief-</sup> seeing his son had chosen  
a wife bound to be a plus.

She ~~relieved~~ <sup>moved</sup> Billy Boy from waiting  
tables to tending bar and booking per-  
formers which left Mr. Casey to  
~~contemplate~~, think about money and  
play. Even pregnancy didn't slow  
her down. She was the first mother I saw  
who weaned her baby at three months,  
~~and~~ when Billy Boy died and Mr. Casey  
went down, May kept things up and going.



1942 Head  
1935 B.B. Allen

7

Her

~~For~~ for 7 years of dedication were

Rewarding by ~~see~~ watching her father in law

marry her 11 year old daughter's playmate

and put that playmate <sup>ahead</sup> [in charge] of  
everything <sup>including herself, her own daughter and all</sup> She had worked for.

Not only that. She <sup>had</sup> ~~was told~~ to train her the  
playmate to <sup>take</sup> ~~be in~~ charge of <sup>her life</sup> ~~all our lives~~ us.

There was more to it than age. May's new

mother in law was not just a child, she was a

Johnson - <sup>no wild dream could</sup> ~~into her wildest dreams~~ May

couldn't have made up a family ~~that~~ that scared her more. Every TK (over)

Confirmed <sup>just</sup> Did not happen to be

~~but only~~ poor, ignorant and lazy - they chose and preferred to be

Their laziness was not a habit but a trait; their  
ignorance was destiny, they were poor by choice

Change to dialogue

More  
frightening

Over and  
over she  
is the  
poor  
ignorant  
lazy



The idiot on German Syrup ads.

The fool on Carr's Baking Powder

The simpleton's on J. & R. Coat's thread.

The — on Alden Fruit Vinegar

Brain dead on Korn Kint Cereal

The fly blows <sup>bubbles</sup> on Sanford's Ginger



Any  
that being?  
laughter of a preacher She would tell me  
about her attempts to dredge up Christian  
love after the ~~fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> <sup>when</sup>  
she learned the <sup>names</sup> Johnsons had given their  
children. ~~(Overblown)~~ <sup>Overblown</sup> Names you give to  
~~over~~ males and fishing boats: Righteous, Salute,  
Bride, Welcome  
Again when

The ~~biggest~~ <sup>of course</sup> real calamity was the <sup>good nature of the</sup> family's  
<sup>who would</sup> agreement to <sup>let</sup> have their youngest <sup>girl</sup> child.  
many a 52 year old man. <sup>Since</sup> Money changed  
hands - & it was a sale.



May said if he gave them over 50  
cents, he should get a refund, but ~~it~~  
~~was~~ we all knew Mr. Casey never bought  
anything cheap - or if he did it came to have  
value. Children we thought. By a mother  
(grateful) ~~man~~ with no claims or expectations  
~~w/o to her~~

I guess that is what he told <sup>friends and</sup> himself.

But not me. He never told that to me. Because I  
had worked for him since I was 14 and I  
knew better.















