



## "A Sporting Woman"

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Paul

# A Sporting Woman.

1. Scene of Roman during g. rape

2. Toby enters town - passes Early's house (in snow?) [Roman's grandfather] on to 1 Post Road. Meets Christina Casey and sits w/ her.

Revealed: Toby's need for job  
She is sweet and accommodating  
- fort ref.  
- physical description

Dialogue

Christina's "owner"  
resentment and <sup>her own</sup> dependancy  
makes ref. to house that  
suggests more than house-  
keeping role "we used to  
have — out there"  
swinging in on a branch i.e.;  
Comments on weather as  
unusual. She <sup>has seen</sup> ~~stare~~ winters  
like this before. (One when her  
parents died?)

Toby goes up stairs <sup>leaving kitchen warmth for the chill of 1st floor</sup> (noticing the beauty of the house)  
Heed <sup>Cosey</sup> in bed

"Sisters," she <sup>is thinking</sup> thought. The physical  
resemblance <sup>so</sup> was strong

window on staircase: snow has stopped  
bit of blue & gold shining thru. -

Slade  
682 9829

FRIDAY

DARON HÄGAN  
212 864 9684



5x8200



or dancing cratch <sup>out</sup> wide

Even spread eagled ~~in~~ <sup>in a picture</sup>  
They're not ~~so~~ <sup>all that</sup> different from the

~~same~~ women that <sup>used to</sup> ~~live~~ around

here. You'd never see their knees -

open ~~and~~ <sup>or</sup> closed - and if they

danced when they were young - well it

was a <sup>class</sup> private affair - if you get my

meaning.

- fr 1
1. <sup>brave</sup> Child ✓  
Still ends
  2. <sup>crutch</sup> Sheild ✓  
Still intact
  3. Story  
Sad brave

#3. Scarey story  
better than  
a sad one.  
I and bitter one

B.

pp 121



You can't look at a magazine  
(or even a Sunday supplement) with-  
out noticing how these fashion ~~types~~ <sup>girls</sup> ~~models~~ <sup>girls</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>behave</sup>. And the dancers? TK

To Provoke - not invite

The women spread their legs.

The women opened their legs

The women's legs ~~are~~ <sup>are spread</sup> wide open.  
~~More provocation than invitation?~~  
looking like ~~invitation~~ <sup>invitation acting like</sup> (over)  
provocation.  
TK.

Nothing is like it was

But for all that, <sup>still</sup> can't hide  
they seem  
the innocent - 'Kind of hopeful ones.

Even the wild ones, the ~~gang~~ <sup>gangs</sup> ~~gangs~~ <sup>gangs</sup>

with their box cutters and bad ~~language~~ <sup>language</sup>  
or ~~the ones with~~ <sup>the ones with</sup> leather lined ~~fall of~~ <sup>fall of</sup> 2-Seat Cars and  
and bank and who don't have  
to check need to ~~know~~ <sup>know</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> a  
bank balances is.

Still  
Even <sup>the winsome</sup> they can't hide the ~~sourness~~ <sup>sourness</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> baby girl curled up inside.  
(somewhere)

near the spine, maybe, or under the heart.

Naturally

All of them have a story. Too much notice -  
Not enough, <sup>or</sup> the worst <sup>Some thing</sup> kind. leading to  
the wrong turn. <sup>Some</sup> state of hurt and

the inside pocket of  
jackets full of  
medication  
daddy's  
dragon ~~dad~~  
and ice-hearted ~~heartless~~ <sup>heartless</sup>  
if a behind mamas and friends who  
doing them wrong.  
## Each story the same  
(over)



May looks like <sup>an</sup> invite

but acts

looking like ~~an~~ invitation  
acting like provocation

what looks like invitation  
is really provocation.

① May look like invitation  
but we know it's just provocation

② <sup>has</sup> a monster in it that <sup>has made</sup> ~~makes~~ them trash <sup>instead of brave</sup>  
~~being brave or honest~~

So they  
open ~~wide~~ their  
legs instead  
of their hearts  
where the hurt  
sweet child ~~lies~~  
sleeps

③ But sometimes the <sup>child</sup> ~~memory~~ <sup>pain -</sup>  
of pain is so sharp, the cut is so deep  
jagged, no personal story is <sup>big</sup>

enough. A <sup>big</sup> ~~large~~ country wide  
one is ~~all that can~~ <sup>can do</sup> the only  
thing that ~~tells~~ the trick -  
that ~~explains~~ can explain  
the craziness heaping up.  
and holding down. And a scary story is  
better than a sad or bitter one.



She started to knock, (seeing no bell, then noticed a lot brightly lit window below, the light of the porch. ~~A~~ Back down the ~~steps~~ she approaches to look in the window she descends half a dozen iron steps before reaching the ~~door~~ window. She looks in ~~and see~~ at a stout woman ~~sta~~ seated before a table. ~~On the table are~~ <sup>be</sup> a newspaper callander and ~~brandy~~ <sup>large</sup> mixing bowl.

She taps on the window and smiles when the woman looks up. (Description of her face)

- What is it? The door is barely open - two or three inches maybe. Just enough to see ~~the~~ one brown eye, & (tk)

- I came about the job? ~~the~~ A rip <sup>marine</sup> ~~door~~ reaches out, <sup>must be</sup> lost. You ~~are in the wrong place~~. Shuts the door.

- (Banging) 1 Post Road. It says 1 Post Road. ~~No~~ No Answer.

Looks in the window again and drums ~~the~~ <sup>of her right left hand</sup> nails on ~~the~~ the pane. while <sup>pressing</sup> ~~holding~~ the adv. flat against it.

The woman moves toward the window her eyes flat with annoyance

A third of basement  
\* Had the look of what was called a garden apartment - others a basement one.

God is not smiling on this

just & legal "missing out" vs. getting out Judging stepping back

X-rated event Sensational Freak show two headed dog or snake

K's butt <sup>his</sup> oral attempts guy calls K. over.

"No!" - Confused about "manhood" / did I "fog out" Jealous of girl having 2 men.

Enjoying as always the whole of her hand separating



Mr.  
 Pepper  
 513 983  
 4602

London with Ned on Tuesday, 10th of Oct 1912  
 I had all the children to bed at 10.15  
 and went off to bed at 11.15. I had a  
 very good night's sleep. I was  
 very tired when I went to bed, but  
 I was very happy to be home.  
 That was all the news for today. Nothing  
 more to write at present. I will  
 write again when I have more news.  
 I am very well and hope you are  
 the same. I will write again soon.  
 I am very well and hope you are  
 the same. I will write again soon.

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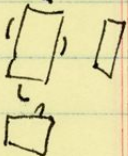
Enjoying as always  
the ~~dazzle~~ of her  
hands

Separating  
2 clones

She picked up a garlic pan and  
(peeled?) away the tissue from two of its  
clones. These she chopped diced ~~and~~ and  
left on the cutting board.

11

6.0.0 1.6



(Sympathetic  
pat?)

Like every  
carved  
letter in  
the house

The old Philco refrigerator hummed  
and shook a little ~~as she~~ Christina gave  
~~it a fragrant pat~~ it an encouraging pat  
~~patting it~~ on her way to the cupboard  
where she extracted a silver tureen.  
Sighing at the ~~very~~ stubborn tarnish in the crevices of  
the ~~ornate~~ on its cover.  
initial. The ~~ornate~~ C went

~~so~~ beyond ornate to illegible. She  
washed <sup>and rinsed</sup> the glass viset. [Thinking of  
Silver Hip and Q-tips]

and the ~~bedroom~~ interview  
being held in the bedroom

Setting her own ~~20 year old~~ body of 30 years ago  
next to The girl's ~~Toby's~~ she was triumphant.

Roman  
Roman

Toby had <sup>okay legs (knees and thighs - all she could  
see in those tall boots)</sup> white woman's flat ~~pat~~ <sup>behind</sup>.  
That was all the rage these days. Nothing  
to rival her own 20 year old self. - the self  
~~she~~ that walked inside. It was the face that  
rang bells of envy. That and the  
~~Hawaian~~ Amazon hair. <sup>At first</sup> Christina had  
stared at her - then <sup>abit rattled</sup> ~~self-conscious~~ ~~thrust~~  
~~away~~ concentrated on the newspaper clipping.  
~~Then~~ The shrimp cleaning <sup>that</sup> gave her ample  
reason to <sup>sustaining</sup> ~~lowered~~ gaze. <sup>She did not like</sup> ~~The heart jump~~  
~~listening~~ the heart jump that came when she  
looked in Toby's eyes. Clear, they were.  
and full of - what <sup>was that</sup> - trust? <sup>yearning? Something.</sup> under those frail  
double lashes. Like the unnerving look



You from around here?

Used to be. I've been away

Who're your people?

They're <sup>she takes the square?</sup>  
Not from here.

Where, then?

Can I help you with that?

Uh uh. Needs a certain rhythm.

Is Miss Casey here?

Where else?

May I speak to her?

Let me see that thing again - wipes  
hands. <sup>when she repeats</sup> ~~and reads~~ "highly confidential" <sup>as</sup>  
laughs]

~~laughing~~ <sup>silently</sup>  
Laughter roiled in her chest and  
curled her lips. <sup>MOM just pet!</sup>

believe that." Drops the paper on  
the table with thumb and forefinger as tho  
she were topping a <sup>used dropped</sup> ~~soaked~~ ~~paper~~ into a soak  
pail.

Silence while <sup>a</sup> the black line is removed



She looks at the girl's face a long time.  
before squinting at the paper. Something  
like panse(?) glints there. Looks again  
at the girl and motions toward the door.

This time she takes the square ?  
newsprint and reads ~~it~~: ~~A pencil circle~~  
~~the sewing one~~ ~~notice pencil~~  
~~the separates~~ ~~from others~~ help wanted

Companion, secretary. (fk) sought by  
elderly woman. [light but highly confidential  
work]  
Apply to Mrs. H. Cozey 1 Post Road  
When did you get this?

Yesterday  
Sit down  
Thank you

From the — Journal ?

Yes ma'am. - Wind curled down  
the stairs

Well. Come on and sit  
~~Sit down~~, I guess

Are you Mrs. H. Cozey ?

If I was I'd know about this  
wouldn't I ?

Oh. Of course. Sorry.

What's your name ?

Toby. & Toby Skye



a beautiful  
underlife  
an infant child.

stirred the garlic into the softening  
Christina plopped butter in a skillet  
After a moment she added the  
shrimp, then set about making the soup.

TK.

Sat at the table with

She took a ~~tiny~~ coffee spoon  
from her apron pocket

drained  
a bit of  
the stock  
to loosen  
the paste



from <sup>the</sup> roses and white ~~floral~~ arc  
<sup>she is holding</sup>  
in her ~~pink~~ hand.

~~May~~ I see Miss Casey now?

"<sup>Sure.</sup> Upstairs. Bedroom at the end  
of the hall." Can't miss it.

Toby stood. Second time told she  
couldn't miss something. She turned

~~But I am Miss Casey~~  
to a ~~second~~ interior stairs

You not interested in my name?  
Myis Skye?

Oh yes, ma'am. I am.

(Christina)

flight of  
stairs a few feet  
from the  
stone

Footsteps  
shells in pot  
"Now what"  
Mrs H. <sup>Bitch</sup> Casey  
how did she  
& what for?  
must be  
frightened  
or planning

Nice meeting you, Christina

Her boots were loud on the stairs  
and Christina grimaced from the sound.  
Gathering the shrimp shells in ~~the new~~  
She plapped them into a pot of heating  
water & adjusted the flame.

\$1,000 a month.  
throw out more food  
than they eat  
rice

Well, she thought. ~~What now?~~ What's  
she up to now? Must be scared or  
fixing to make a move. What, though?  
And how did she manage to get an advertisement  
in the paper. without stepping out the door?

Reaches for garlic  
peels and chops  
as always  
exerted by her hands (over)

Christine checked the juice steamer.  
The warm<sup>ly</sup> light was on.



Gets a silver tureen  
and glass bowl into it.  
The <sup>initial</sup> C needs cleaning again.

Touches silver spoon  
remembers her childhood

the sea - picnic -  
tiny silver spoon in the  
homemade ice cream

~~the~~ picking the peaches  
slices out, admiring the slide of  
the shape between her lips.  
licking away sand

waving her fingers like a soft-goodbye  
loving, loving the  
diamonds on 3 fingers of each hand.

Diamonds

Except for  
like the one on the  
spoon in her apron  
it's hand, so worn down the  
whose initial had been  
was just a trace.

C. ate It was tiny  
- a child's teaspoon -

but C ate with  
it every day  
to remember

kind the child it  
was given to close

- the picture of  
it. ~~the~~ home peach  
made ice cream  
slices for

admiring the  
shape, the  
slide between  
her lips.