



"Chapter 1 [N.B. Lost his coat--came home late on community bus with Vida]"

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Chapter 1

A.B. lost his coat - came home late on commuter bus with VIDA

Return to Gibbons' house

* hears bathtub faucet above (has not bathed herself)

Casey house: Junior luxuriating in good blankets and sheets. * Compares to Casey's home. Muses on how she "reads" the Casey woman.
After dinner: Vida pressing her hospital uniform: recalling her Receptionist years at Casey's how she wore a dress (instead of maid's uniform) And that Casey had bought her 2 more - so she could have a change. Her pleasure at serving famous people. Dislike of Heed - May's theft - L's soothing all revealed in desk scene where fountain pen is missing: May alone could have taken it; Heed accuses Vida; L. "Covers" for May and returns pen (without a word).

Below, in the crawl space, Sandler is tinkering with furnaces. Disgusted with so small a "basement" [No foundation - just crawling space] Annoyed with frailty of house, he thinks he ~~was~~ prefers the ^{winter's} single stone and the summer's open window ^{off up beach} to the central air and heat in Oceanorde. Knows Vida is/was right to coast - she is right in most things - but he can't get ^{long windows let in} the sea breeze, the ^{lemon} trees, & the way a pot-belly knocked off chills. Like today - he wouldn't be stuck in crawling space; he would be tending a beautiful smelling fire. Can't fault Vida for anything except her devotion to Bill Casey. Never told her about the fishing trips and Casey's & womanizing - before & during ^{both of} his marriages. ^{were allowed to use}

Recalls a conversation with BC - a few people (men) ^{to use} his initials - in which BC complains about women? Saying *

Above: Neither one hears the sobs of a 14 year old boy.

* if you take away the prefaters the week will eat you alive.
- telling him an anecdote from his childhood that proves it.

over
see attached. last line of Chapter one.

This info in Chapter Two off; Remedy before Section.

The interior doors were hollow so everything above a whisper could be heard through them. Yet neither Vida nor Sandie heard the poks of a 14 year old boy stifled under a pillow (and dampening the softness of his new arm).

The ^{interior} door in ~~the~~ the house were
Neither ~~one~~ ~~heard~~ ~~heard~~ flimsy hollow

So every thing above
a whisper could
be heard through them.

Yet if ~~you~~ ~~still~~ ~~Neither~~ ~~even~~ ~~heard~~ ~~the~~ ~~sub~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~14~~ ~~year~~ ~~old~~ ~~boy~~ ~~stifled~~ ~~under~~ ~~a~~ ~~pillow~~ ~~and~~ ~~directed~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~see~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~inner~~ ~~arm~~ ~~o~~
Vida nor Gandler
The sub of a 14 year old
boy. stifled under a pillow
and directed ^{dappening} to the see
of his inner arm o

Last line of Chapter One

Opening of Chapter Two

The pillow stifled the ^{hearing} he could
directed ~~the~~ both
not control ~~and~~ the concentrated the
all if ~~the~~ the
shame into the damp hollow of his elbow.

Shame of ^{girl} ~~tears~~ ^{worse} ~~than~~ ^{the} ~~reason~~ ^{he} ~~shed~~ ^{them}
Maybe ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~natural~~ ^{natural} ~~this~~ ^{this} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~falling~~ ^{falling}
fact > bitch was what they called
him. he was. A big pussy. No a little
pussy, said Theo

Maybe they were natural to him
part of ~~the~~ ^a weakness every body
recognized since

1
trumpet ~~the~~ stuttering in his head.

~~Domestics~~ Vida set up the ironing board. Why ^{the hospital had} ~~they~~ ~~stop~~ cut out the laundry service for everybody but "critical staff" — doctors, nurses, lab technicians — she couldn't fathom. Now the janitors ^{so food handlers} as well as ~~the~~ comfort women like herself had to wash & press their own uniforms. Just like in the Cannery — before ~~she~~ Bill Casey hired her for the first work she ever had that required hose. She needed hose at ~~the~~ TK, of course, but white ~~ones~~. Not the elegant Sheen ones required at Casey's Resort. And ~~a~~ real dress to work ^{behind} ~~at~~ the receptionist's desk — a good ^{one} dress, good enough for Church. And it was Bill Casey

"The best good time," he
used to say. That was the

Resort's motto and what he
promised every guest: the best good time
you ever had.

(Killing a man she never ^{with eyes or} saw)

who bought paid for two more - so she
would have a ^{Charge} and the guests
wouldn't ^{Confuse} ^{the meaning of only} ^{and} ^{dress} ^{was} ~~think~~ ~~show~~ ~~she~~ ~~wore~~ a
uniform. Vida thought he would deduct
the cost from her pay - but he never
did. His pleasure was in pleasing. ^{So it was.}

^{And it was no} No accident that famous people kept
coming back - even when little ^{disturbances} ~~cracks~~
in the service or the atmosphere

appeared, it didn't dissuade them from
extending their stay or
returning the next year. All because

of the warm and beaming, Bill Casey
and the warm hospitality his place was
known for. His laugh, his embracing arm
his instinctive knowledge of ^{his} guest's needs -
smoothed over every crack or stumble.

From an overheard argument among staff, or
a silly, overbearing wife - ignorant as a
plate; ^{to} even petty theft and a ~~blocked up~~
broken fan

Bill Casey's charm and L's food
 won out. So ^{when} ~~they~~ ^{turned the lamps on} ~~lights~~ went on,
 ringing ~~the~~ ^{like 1st} the dance floor and turning in
 the ocean ^{air} ~~water~~; when the band
 warmed ~~set~~ up and the women, dressed in vose
 and ^{crepe and} flaring jasmine scents in their wake
 like moths or orange blossoms; when the
 men ^{with} beautiful shoes and
 perfect creases in their gabardine
~~sung~~ ^{held out chairs for the women} ~~sit~~ ^{so they could}
~~trousers~~ ^{no matter} ~~then~~ ^{the} missing salt cellar
 or ~~the~~ harsh words exchanged ^{much} ~~for~~ too near the
 public ^{didn't matter} ~~The crowd~~ ^{Partners} swayed ^{or black bottomed} ~~water~~
 the stars and bore intermissions ~~blanguidly~~
 because oceansound kept them ~~not~~ jallier
 and kinder than ^{their} ~~the~~ cocktails. Later
 in the evening ^{when those who were not playing whist or telling stories in the bar} the remaining ~~crowd~~ ^{would} dancers
~~for~~ ^{when} couples sneaked off in the dark
 dance steps with outrageous names: Boogie
 Woogie, black bottom, Jitterbug, Names
 musicians made up to control humiliate and
 thrall their audience all at the same time.

boogied
 black bottomed
 jitterbugged

1962

1945

17

4

Kepton
re-surfacing.

believed she
Vida, was a practical woman - ^{with as much} ~~full of~~ sense as
^{heart} ~~compassion~~; ^{more wary than} ~~as much wariness as~~ dreamy. Yet
the recollection of those ^{ten} years - ^{beginning} ~~early~~ in her
marriage ^{right after} ~~and~~ through the birth of ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{1st} child
~~in 1962.~~ ^{Bill Casey's} ~~and on to 1972~~ ^{to} ~~months~~
after ~~the~~ ^{Bill's} hotel closed and ~~Bill Casey~~ the
Casey girls fought over his coffin.

Once again, L. ~~saved~~ ^{always} restored order.
Just as she ^{always} had. ~~Silent~~ ^{Σ I'll tell]} saying ~~with~~ ^{two}
words hissed into their faces stopped them cold.
Christine put the ^{razor (?) switchblade} ~~the~~ back in her pocketbook;
Heed, ^{up} ^{wide} picking her straw hat, moved
to the other side of the grave. ^{Right then} their faces -
as different as ^{honey} from ^{soot?} looked identical
Rage does that. Burns off everything but itself.
After that ~~no~~ ^{best} ~~body~~ ^{times} could doubt ~~them~~ ^{the} ~~good~~ ^{best} ~~times~~
~~the~~ ~~if~~ ~~anybody~~ ~~doubted~~ ^{was done with}
~~over~~ ~~was~~ 1971

If Heed had any notion of keeping the place
going she was quickly disabused of it when L. Port
~~May~~ the very day of ~~the~~ Casey's funeral.

1971

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Disc Jockey
A Kid working a tape machine
appealed to locals, but no one ^{with real money} would
travel distance to hear it, would book a
room to listen to music they had at home,
would seek an ^{open air} outdoor dance floor
crowded with teenagers having dances they
never heard of and couldn't manage. Especially
if the meals the service, the ~~snoring~~ bed linen
were no longer what they were.

Vida slid the Man's nose around the buttons
She hurron, Heed did, for 5 years before Casey
actually died - ^{an ignorant mean} ~~she was a mean~~ version of

she paraded around like Jackie Kennedy
~~Snept~~ ~~even~~ ignoring all advice, firing the local
hiring the trifling. May was the one who gave her hines.
She couldn't fire her step-daughter while the father was
alive - even if he spent most days fishing and most
nights singing ~~Nothing like~~ ^{Nothing like} tunes with drunken guests. For it
had come to that: a beautiful ^{commanding} ~~princely~~ man letting feeding
women take care of him and all he had built. How could
they do that? She wondered. If they didn't love
him they had to love the place - what it ~~was~~ ^{has been} ^{day workers} ^{cannery} ^{scabs} ^{pay day} ^{migrants}
How could they let gangster types ^{to play} dragging police attention along?

annoyed by
once more
the stupid shit
in the metal
that some
thought
was
work.
The same fool who
a Zanne
lighter
if you could
with your
hands: shirts,
sweatshirts, a good cotton
button, two cuffs,
4 pockets and a collar
that was not a lazy
of the lapels. This was
what she had come to.
Vida knew she was lucky
to have this job but that
God fortune did not prevent
her from ^{loving} ~~loving~~ the long ago
one that paid less ~~fast~~
in every way but satis-
faction. Casey's was more
than a ~~fast~~ playground;
it was an education, a haven.
Where people debated death
in the cities, murders in
Mississippi and what they should
do about it all - other than
grime and stare at their
children. Then the music
started and JK

wanted to the ^{new} ~~newer~~ clientele
 She ~~would have~~ blamed them for May's ~~habit of~~
~~stealing~~ Kleptomania - hard knows what those
 day workers took home - but May had
 been stealing long before Vida got there. In fact
 her second day at work, standing behind the
 receptionist's desk, was marked by May's habit.

A tour family of four from — was checking
 in. Vida opened the registration book for their
 signature. The date, last name and room number
 were neatly printed on the left. A ~~small~~ generous
 space on the right for the purser to sign. Vida
 reached for the ^{top} marble block where the pen stand
 but found no pen there or anywhere near.
 Flustered, she rummaged in a drawer. Heed
 arrived just as she was about to hand the
 father a pencil.

What is that? You're giving him a pencil?

The pen is missing, Mam.

It can't be. Look again

I have. It's nowhere.

Did you look in your purse?

Excuse me?

Your coat pocket, maybe? Heed glanced
 at the guests ^{and produced a resigned smile} as if they all understood the
 burden's of inadequate help.

1962
1945
17

1971
08
63

7

Vida was 17 years old, ^{& a new} mother, ^{out of the} recently ~~escaped~~ ^{from} the ^{first} ~~rough~~ where her husband still worked. This new job Mr. Casey had given her was a great aid, she hoped, permanent leap. She Her mouth ^{went} dry and her fingers shook as Heed confronted her - this little — with airs. ~~Humiliating~~ Tears were marshalling ~~forward~~ to humiliate her further when ~~a~~ rescue arrived in a puffy white hat. She held the fountain pen in her hand; stuck it in the holder. ^{turning to} ~~looking at~~ Heed and said "May. As you well know."

7 That's when Vida ~~knew~~ knew she had more to learn than ^{money handling}. There were alliances, ~~here~~ ~~and~~ negotiations, ~~and~~ poisonous bottles and war victories. As in any workplace.

Bill Casey was royal; L, the woman in the Chef's hat ^{priestly} ~~the~~ waiters, cleaners — were All the rest Heed, Vida, May, Court personnell.

1971
1947-
24