



Chapter 8: Father

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Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

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1 folder (partial)

Contact Information

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Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:11:39 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/bk128g49k>

4

FATHER

Eight
CHAPTER NINE
[material for]

The hiking shoes, purchased to please Anna Krieg, are what she needs.

Completely unlit, the road to the Hotel is treacherous for an hysterical pedestrian in ~~leathers~~ *tennis shoes* and no socks. The gifted Anna Krieg would have been prepared. *: Knapsack, water, flashlight, brood. dried fish.* Christine had learned how to cook from her while both, wives of

American soldiers, were stationed in Germany. Barely twenty, Anna was already adept with fresh vegetables, varieties of potatoes, sea food but especially voluptuous desserts. Cooking lessons and beer made the

evenings cheery and postponed the collapse of Christine's marriage into a desolation *exactly* so like the quarters they lived in. In return for the friendship,

Christine agreed to hike with Anna. She bought the good hiking boots and rucksack Anna recommended and early one morning *they* set out ~~for it.~~ *for it.*

Halfway to the halfway point inn, Christine stopped and begged to cancel, to hitch back to the base. Anna's face registered extreme disappointment but understanding too. "Poor, soft American, no stamina, no will." They

Back of the main building office and enjoyed a cigarette

turned back in silence.

When Christine opened the door she found Ernie locked in the arms of the ^{staff sergeant's} wife.

She went through the motions of jealous anger, but she was ^{actually} really simply dumbfounded. Puzzled as to who Ernie ^{holder} thought he was, other than a ragged-y PFC who had ^{offered} exchanged devotion, a uniform and escape to ^{in exchange} another country for her own gorgeous well-bred self. She left him the next day, taking ruck sack, cooking skills and hiking shoes with her. From the Boston air port, she called her mother. May seemed relieved ^{to hear from her} and anxious to have her back tk. The jumbled conversation was spiked with references to the "swamp wife"; a burned "freedom" bus tk.

Unwilling to get on a bus and re-enter the atmosphere May described, Christine lingered. After two nights not quite on the street (a bus station didn't count), Christine moved into the YWCA. She got a job tk, ^{? Phillis Wheatley House is a restaurant on 8th Ave.} then tk.

*politically
social
committed*

When she ^{listened to him} met Fruit everything was suddenly so clear she spent x years in his ^{company} ~~refusing~~ ^{her fears that such a intense man might treat her} to say he treated her like dirt because ^{in fact} Fruit liked dirt. His ^{were never realized} view of soil, earth, crops was a romance he ^{did not} share with her. He was a little man, intense, with large beautiful hands and he clarified the world for her. Her grandfather (a bourgeois traitor); her mother (a handkerchief

where she laughed at the way a customer hustled free food, 100%
until they discovered she could cook -

*1948 J. Garie
1958 met Fruit*

A farm, he said. If we had one it could be a base for us. Christine agreed but they never had enough of me.

1 9⁵⁸₃₀

Where she spent 10
years lying to Mary
working

and looking for a husband.

She found ~~three~~ - two ~~she~~ her own
one somebody else's - before at 28
She met Fruit

head); Heed (a field hand wannabee)^{PFC}; Ernie (a sell out). And he outlined her own obligations. With apology for her light skin, gray eyes and hair threatening a dangerous silkiness, Christine became a vigorous helpmate, focused and happy to serve. She changed her clothing to "motherland" and ~~re~~ sharpened her language to activate slogans. She covered her inauthentic practically lethal hair in exquisite gele's; hung cowrie shells from her ear lobes and never crossed her legs^{at the knees}. Mtk

All over the country there were sleeping neighborhoods that needed to ~~be aroused~~^{ing}, inattentive young people needing focus. The hiking boots were broken in at marches; her ruck sack simulated comfort at sit-ins. Fueled by seething exhilaration and purpose Christine's vanity ~~became~~^{personal} ~~x~~^{authentic} and her flair for acting-out became courage.

The end, when it came, was unrecognizable as such. A small quite ^(toilet flush) insignificant ~~it~~. After a routine abortion, the last of seven, she rose, tapped the level^{up} and turned to watch the swirl. There in blur of congealed red, she though she saw eyes. For less than a second^{that} a completely impossible image surfaced. Christine bathed and went back to bed. She had always been unsentimental about abortions, considering them as one less ~~latch~~^{link} ~~that~~ ~~needed to be broken~~ in the chain holding women. So this seventh

^{frable}
 intervention did not ~~perturb~~ her at all. She realized she had conjured up the
 unborn eyes that disappeared in a beet red cloud, ^{but} ~~and~~ wondered, on
 occasion, who it was who looked up at her with such quiet interest. At the
 oddest moments—cloistered in an emergency room with a weeping mother,
 dispensing bottled water and ^{quises} ~~Fritos~~ to ^{exhausted} ~~agitated~~ students—those non-
 committal eyes seemed to be watching her own.

mtk

~~H~~ has gone off in my car with Jr.