



L5

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-

L5

1 folder (partial)

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:12:30 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/kw52jd66n>

L 5

~~Nobody knew him the way I did. I suppose you could call him a good bad~~
~~man, or a bad good man. Depends. [catalogue of his generosity tk]~~

Just as well they argued and fought over a menu and never saw the
 real will—witnessed by me, notarized by Buddy Silk's wife—leaving everything,

everything to Celestial. It wasn't right. Regardless of what his heart said, it
 wasn't right. ^{(over #) Days} Long before the undertaker got to the door I tore ^{the will} it up. ^{Better for}

~~them to argue over a menu than to learn what he planned for~~
~~Celestial would have done the same. Can you imagine it? A woman who~~

~~swims alone at night in the sea needing or wanting that burden? She~~

~~already owned what mattered. Besides, without a will the others had a~~

~~reason to stay connected.~~ ^{they would} Maybe find some way to live in the world without

drawing the attention of Police Heads hunting wicked women and unruly

children. It's hard, I know, but I know at least one woman who did it. Who

stood right under their wide hats and scared them off with a shout—or was it

a note?

Celestial's scar has disappeared. I sit near her once in a while out at

* if I had been allowed to read what I signed in 19⁶⁴,
 I ~~could~~ ^{might} have put a stop to what he planned — ~~leaving~~

Stay together
(connected)

every thing we had worked for to the one person
who ~~didn't want it, wouldn't have accepted~~
would have given it away rather than live
in it, would have burned it rather than let
it stand as a reminder of why she ~~remained~~
the first the only item of business on a
fishing boat.

* was not permitted ^{to step} on its porch but became

If I had read it in 1964, instead of 1971

I would have known ~~the level of his hate~~
that ^{what looked like} his resignation ~~was not~~ ^{from} despair ^{was}
vengeance, and that ~~the level of his hatred~~
of May, ^{the women in his house} Heed Christine (and me too) had no
level. ^{First they} ~~He~~ disappointed him; then ^{they} beat
him ^{then} ~~held him prisoner in a quarreling~~
she crabs. MTK

(turned his home (and hotel) into a barrel
of she-crabs; and his life's work into misery,
quarreling)

Whether what he believed was true or no,
I ^{wasn't going to} ~~couldn't~~ let him put his family ^{out in} the street.
May was 61, what ~~was~~ she supposed to do? ^{He}
Heed was 41 was she supposed to go back to
a family who had not spoken to her ^{since 1947} years?
And Christine - whatever she was ^{into} (in 1971) wasn't going to last.

Spencer old
age in a crazy house?

the cemetery. She is disgusted by the words on his tombstone and perches on its top so the folds of her red dress hide the insult: "Perfect Husband." *seems content:* *IDEAL Father*
Other than that, she's ~~fine~~. I like it when she sings to him. One of those raunchy tunes that used to excite everybody on the dance floor. Either she doesn't know about me or has forgiven me because she doesn't mind at all if I sit a little ways off, listening. But sometimes her voice is so longing, *for him* I can't help it. I join in. And hum.