



"I see you..."

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-

"I see you..."

1 folder (partial)

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:10:26 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/zg64tr519>

I see you. You and your invisible friend, inseparable on the beach. You both are sitting on a red blanket eating ice cream, say, with a silver coffee spoon, say, when a real girl appears sloshing the wavelets. I can see you, too, walking the shore in a man's undershirt instead of a dress, listening to the friend nobody sees but you. Intent on words only you can hear when a real voice says Hi, want some? Unnecessary now, the secret friends disappear in favor of flesh and bone.

It's like that when children fall in love with each other. On the spot, without introduction. Grown ups don't pay it much attention because they can't imagine anything more majestic to a child than their own selves and

so confuse dependence with reverence. Parents can be lax or strict, timid or confident, it doesn't matter. Whether they are handing out goodies and, scared by tears, say yes to any whim, or whether they spend their days making sure the child is correct and corrected—whatever kind they are, their place is secondary to a child's first chosen love. If such children find each other before they know their own sex, or which one of them is starving, which well fed; before they know color from no color, kin from stranger, then they have found a mix of surrender and mutiny they can never live without. Heed and Christine found such a one.

Most people have never felt a passion that strong, that early. If so, they remember it with a smile, dismiss it as a crush that shriveled in and on time. It's hard to think of it any other way when real life shows up with its list of other people, its swarm of other thoughts. If your name is a beatitude it's natural to ~~make~~^{make} it your business. You never know who or when it will hit or if it can stay the road. One thing is true—it bears watching, if you can stand to look at it. Heed and Christine were the kind of children who can't take back love, or park it. When that's the case, separation cuts to the bone. And if the break up is plundered too, squeezed for a glimpse

of blood shed for the child's own good, then it can ruin a mind. And if, on top of that, they are made to hate one another, it can kill a life way before it tries to live. I blame May for the hate she put in them, but I have to fault Mr. Cosey for the theft.

You could call him a good bad man, or a bad good man. Depends on what you hold dear—the what or the why. I tend to mix them. Whenever I see his righteous face correcting Heed, his extinguished eyes gazing at Christine I think Dark won out. Then I hear the laugh, remember his tenderness with broken things; his wide wallet, his hands roughing his son's hair.... I don't care what you think. He didn't have an S stitched on his shirt and he didn't own a pitchfork. He was an ordinary man ripped, like the rest of us, by wrath and love.

I had to stop him. Had to.

Just as well they fought over my menu looking in it for a sign of love and mis-reading it when they did. Heed's grasp of handwriting skills was limited, but she had to wonder in 1971 if the "sweet Cosey child" her husband was willing property to in 1958 was neither her nor Christine but a baby on the way. They never saw the real thing—witnessed by me, notarized

by Buddy Silk's wife—leaving everything to Celestial. Everything. Everything. Except a boat he left to Sandler Gibson. It wasn't right. If I had been allowed to read what I signed in 1964 when the Sheriff threatened to close him down, when even children called him names and whole streets were on fire I might have been able to stop him then—in a nice way—keep him from leaving all we had worked for to the one person who would have given it away rather than live in it or near it; would have blown it up rather than let it stand as a reminder of why she was not permitted to mount its steps but was the real sport of a fishing boat. Regardless of what his heart said, it wasn't right. If I had read it in 1964 instead of 1971, I would have known that what looked like seven years of self pity and remorse was really vengeance, and that his hatred of the women in his house had no level. First they disappointed him, then they defied him, then they turned his home into a barrel of quarreling she-crabs and his life's work into a cautionary lesson in Black history. He didn't understand: a dream is just a nightmare with lipstick. Whether what he believed was true or no, I wasn't going to let him put his family out in the street. May was sixty-one; what was she supposed to do? Spend her old age in a strait jacket? And Heed was forty-

one. Was she supposed to go back to a family who had not spoken to her since Truman? And Christine—whatever she was into wasn't going to last. There wasn't but one solution. I made it quick so it wouldn't hurt so. He wasn't fit to think and at eighty-one he wasn't going to get better. It took nerve and long before the undertaker knocked on the door I tore that malicious thing up. My menus worked just fine. Gave them a reason to stay connected and maybe figure out how precious the tongue is. If properly used it can save you from the attention of Police Heads hunting unruly women and hard-headed children. It's hard to do but I know at least one woman who did. Who stood right under their wide hats, their dripping beards and scared them off with a word—or was it a note?

Her scar has disappeared. I sit near her once in a while out at the cemetery. We are the only two who visit him. She is amused by the words on his tombstone and, legs crossed, perches on its top so the folds of her red dress hide the insult: "Ideal Husband. Perfect Father." Other than that, she seems content. 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 for my solution because she doesn't

mind at all if I sit a little ways off, listening. But sometimes her voice is so full of longing for him, I can't help it. I want something back. Something just for me. So I join in. And hum.

END

So he planned a reason to be alone with his grandson. To his surprise the boy was as eager as he was. Did he want to talk too?

→ Fifteen aluminum-foiled platters were stacked on newspaper in the back seat, a name taped to each one. The list of shut-ins Vida had clipped to the visor included addresses as though he might forget that Alice Brent was rooming now; that Mr. Royce had moved in with his daughter who worked nights. Or that Miss Coleman, still on crutches, was staying with her blind brother on Governor Street. The shut-ins had three choices: fish, chicken or barbecue, and the conflagration of aromas changed his car from a machine to a kitchen where talk could be easy.

Romen turned the radio on soon as he slid in, fiddling the buttons until he found what he liked: the music Vida made him wear headphones to hear. That way only the throb and Romen's listening face disturbed her—not the words. Sandler liked the music but agreed with his wife that unlike the suggestive language of their own generation ("I want some seafood, mama. Chicken and rice are very nice but gimme seafood, mama."), the language of Romen's music had the subtlety of an oil spill. "Polluting and disfiguring the natural mind." said Vida. Sandler reached over and turned the knob to

"off." He expected a whine from Romen, but none came. They rode in silence until he arrived at the first house on the list. Sandler had to pull the hands of three children away from his trousers to get to the front door. Alice Brent insisted on inviting him in, relinquishing only when he told her she was first but he had fourteen deliveries left. Flattered, she let him go. He heard Romen click the radio back off, too late for Sandler not to notice. At least he respects my preference, he thought. Pulling away from the curb he tried to think of some small talk. Something they could share before the interrogation or the lecture began. They had no son. Dolly, a lovely obedient child, directed whatever rebellion she felt first into an early marriage, then into the armed forces . But it couldn't be that hard. Sandler's own father and grandfather had no trouble telling him what to do. Short biting commands: "never carry a lazy man's load," when he hauled too much at once in order to save himself frequent trips. "If she don't respect herself she won't respect you" or "Don't hang your pants where you can't hang your hat," when he claimed a quick conquest. No long sermons and no talking back. None of that worked with Romen. Sulk was the result of Sandler's efforts along those lines. Nineties children didn't want to hear

"sayings" or be managed by lessons too dusty to be read let alone understood. They got better advice from their hammering music. Straight no chaser. Black no sugar. Direct as bullet.

"She pregnant?"

Romen was startled but not angry or evasive. "No! Why you ask me that?"

Good, thought Sandler. Direct like his own father but minus the threat. "You spend an awful lot of time with her. Doing what?"

"Just stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Ride around, you know," said Romen. "Went out to that old hotel last Saturday. Just looking around." For a floor, a pallet, anything would do as long as it was in a strange place. His palms were wet with excitement because she insisted he drive. Not just because he didn't know how, but also because she liked to nuzzle and distract him while he struggled to control the wheel, and for the thrill of nearly hitting a tree or skidding into a ditch while fingering each other.

"You got in there?" asked Sandler

"Yeah, it was open." The padlocked doors, the windows tight as iron so angered Romen he rammed his fist into a pane, matching the determination of Junior's hand in his jeans. They had thought the place would be scarey: cobwebs and garbage-y corners. Instead the kitchen, glowing in noon light, welcomed them to its table top as well as between its legs. Other rooms were dim, but no less promising. Junior counts each as they explore themselves in every one, all the way from the lobby floor to the top.

"I don't believe anybody's been in there for years. Must be rat heaven," Sandler said.

"Sorta." No rats. Birds. Flying and tittering in the rafters. The whole place smelled like wine.

"I take it they didn't get in your way?"

"No. I mean. We were just looking, fooling around, you know?"

"Who you think you talking to?"

"No, like, I mean..."

"Romen, we men or not?"

Romen looked at his high tops. Black canvas with a cool white circle.

"Okay, then. Get off it. Straight, now."

"Okay. Well. She likes, she likes to..." Romen rubbed his knees.

"And you don't?"

"Aw, you know how it is."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I mean, yeah. We made out and, like, explored everywhere. No big deal." Except for the attic. Getting up there required hoisting himself on a chair to get to the chain to pull down the folded stairs and climb in there. "We need matches," he told her, "or a flashlight." "No we don't," she whispered. "I like it dark." A rustle of wings and twitter as they entered. "Bats?" he wondered, but the wings that flew past, shooting through the hall light filtering into the attic were yellow and he was about to say "Look, canaries" when she pulled him to her. It was hide and seek then. Losing then finding one another in a pitch black room; stumbling, bumping heads, tripping, falling grabbing a foot, a neck, then the whole person, they dared darkness with loud laughter and moans of pleasure and pain. Cartons toppled and crashed. Floor boards creaked then split beneath them, raking their nakedness and sharpening their play, lending it

a high seriousness he could never have imagined.

"No big deal?"

"Well, it did get, you know. Rough, I guess you'd say. Know what I mean?" He pushed, no, slammed her against the wall—after she squeezed his privates—and she had groaned happily instead of crying out or screaming when he bit her nipple—hard. It shifted then. From black to red. It was as though outside, looking on he could see himself clearly in the dark—his bruised sweaty skin, his glittering teeth and half-closed eyes.

"What did you do, Romen. Out with it."

"Not me. Her."

"Will you just say it, boy. "

'She plays hard, that's all. I mean she likes being hurt."

Sandler braked at an intersection. It was a moment before he realized he had stopped at a green light. Romen was looking through the passenger window. Waiting for some response, some grown man comment worthy of his trust, his confidence. An answer to the question coiled in his confession. A chuckle from his grandfather would mean one thing. Reproach would mean another thing. Was there anything else? The traffic

light changed.

"What do you think about that?" Sandler drove slowly through the red light pretending to be searching for an address.

"Weird. Whack." She didn't just like it. She preferred it. But the rush was in him as well. Standing next to himself—impressed, un-smiling—watching himself inflict and suffer pain above scream level where a fresh kind of joy lay, the Romen who could not bear mittens laced to a bed post, purple polish on bitten nails, the wine and vegetable smell of pulling bodies—that Romen evaporated. Never to be seen again, he was certain. Not in full, anyway. Just a faded version who, afterwards, felt annoyance instead of shame. Driving away from the hotel he complained ("Hey, girl. Stop it. You going to make me have a wreck.") about her leg banging his, the tip of her tongue on his neck, nipples pushed into his ear. Then there was the other thing. For the first time Junior had taken off her boots and her socks. When they undressed back in the kitchen, as usual she kept her socks on. In the attic she removed them, tying one tightly around his neck. He was half way down the attic ladder when he looked up. Junior, sitting in the opening, had one on, one off. He couldn't be sure—light in the hall was

scarce—but he thought he saw her slip a hoof into the sock.

“Whack, huh. Well, I never believed much in free will. It ain’t nothing if there’s nothing you can control.” Sandler parked in front of a pale blue house. The grass in front was patchy, starved for rain. “But of the few things you do have some say over, who you choose to hang out with is one. Looks like you hooked yourself up with somebody who bothers you, makes you feel uneasy. That feeling is information, information you can count on. You can’t always pay attention to what other people say, but you should pay attention to that. Don’t worry about whether backing off means you a wimp. It can save your life. You not helpless, Romen. Don’t ever think that. Sometimes it takes more guts to quit than to keep on. Some friends you know better than to bring home. There’s a good reason for that, you understand me?”

“Yes, sir.. I hear you.”

“A good man is a good thing, but there is nothing in the world better than a good good woman. She can be your mother, your wife, your girlfriend, your sister or somebody you work next to. Don’t matter. You find one, stay there. You see a scarey one, make tracks.”

The platters were cold but still savory and Sandler's mood was cheerful as they completed the deliveries. Romen was eager to help, jumping out first at each stop, lifting trays like a waiter as he trotted to the doors. Vida would be pleased. Don't fret, he'd tell her. Relax. He glanced at his grandson who had not turned on the radio, just laid back on the head rest, asleep.

Romen, eyes closed, swallowed the saliva gathering in his mouth in anticipation of Junior's. Just talking about her turned him on. No matter what bothered him, she knocked him out. More than at first when she was the starter. Now with the tender mixed with the rough, the trite language of love smithereened by obscenities, he was the one in charge. He could beat her up if he wanted to and she would still go down. Funny. She was like a gorgeous pet. Feed it or whip it—it loved you anyway.

The radio and tape player was for herself. The short handled sponge mop was for Heed. So was the hair brush with bristle softer than the other one. Junior spread the purchases on the dining room table. Heed might not appreciate the brush, but she would love the convenience of the little

mop for personal hygiene. It even had a wrist loop so it wouldn't slip from hands that don't work properly. The best thing, thought Junior, was to convince her to get out of that tub and into a shower. Have a little seat put in there. Safer. Easier. Get her to have two showers installed--one for the second floor as well. All that cash and nothing to spend it on. Locking herself in at night, going nowhere in the day. Now she wanted to be driven out to the Hotel, in secret. Neither Heed nor Christine paid any attention to the rest of the house--what was needed in it. The dining room, big, never used, should be done over. Get rid of the ceiling fan, the ugly table. Put in some sofas, chairs, a television. Junior smiled realizing she was turning the space into Correctional's Rec Room. Well, why not? And the living room, too needed help. It had a re-run look like a house in an old tv show with loud rich kids and talky parents. She walked across the hall and sat on the living room sofa. A sectional, turquoise on once-white carpeting. The glittery pear shaped lamps on the end tables were both cracked. Two panels of striped drapes sagged from their rods; others were ripped. Battle signs, she thought. Before they got too old or tired to do it anymore and settled for un-smash-able silence.

Sitting there Junior felt the kick of being, living, in a house, a real house, her first. A place with different reasons for each room and different things to put in them. She wondered what her Good Man liked. Velvet? Wicker? Had he picked this stuff? Did he even care? You didn't like it here, did you? Who broke the lamps? Who glued them back, Christine? Was it Heed who grabbed the drapes? She talks about you all the time. About how much she loved you, but she's faking it, right? And Christine hates you. Your eyes are smiling in your picture but your mouth looks hungry. You married an eleven year old girl. I ran away when I was eleven. They brought me back then put me in Correctional. I had a G.I. Joe but they took it. If you knew me then, nobody would have messed over me. You'd have taken care of me. Did you marry Heed to protect her? Was that the only way? Do you like my Boyfriend? He's beautiful isn't he, and he loves me to death. I want to keep him, okay? An Old Man tried to make me do things. Force me. I didn't though. If you'd been there you'd have killed him. They said I tried to, but I didn't. Try to, I mean. I know you called me here. I read the ad in a paper I found in the bus station. It was lying right next to me on the bench. A long shot. I took two twenties

from a woman's wallet. She left her purse on the sink when she went to the other end of the bathroom to dry her hands. I knocked her purse over and apologized. She didn't check. Dotty loaned me some of her clothes. Kind of. I mean she would've loaned them if I'd asked her to. I met her in the Red Moon. Correctional gave me one hundred dollars for three years' work. I spent it in movies and restaurants. Dotty waitressed at the Red Moon. We got on; laughed a lot. She invited me to stay over when I told her I was sleeping in daylight. Church pews, movies, in the sand near the piers. Moving all the time so Cops wouldn't see me and think I was drunk or on something. I never drink or do dope. It feels good but you miss a lot when your head is fucked. I don't want to miss anything, anything at all. Being locked away all those years. My fault, I guess. I was fifteen and on my way out. I should have known. But I only knew Boys, not Men. You are the second one I ever knew and the only one I can talk to because you understand me and everything and won't let anybody get me. You liked the Hotel better than here, didn't you? I can tell when me and my Boyfriend go there. I feel you all over the place. Heed wants me to do something in there. She won't tell me what, but I know it's something to fix Christine for

good. Dream on. The game they're playing? both lose. I just have to make sure it's not me. Or you. I don't know why I said that. I'm sorry. I'm still not used to it. Sometimes I forget you're my Good Man.