



Proposal and Outlines

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://rbsc.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

Proposal and Outlines

1 folder

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 01:18:31 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/tx31qp281>

FRANK MONEY: PROPOSAL

A Korean vet navigates the US of the fifties—the real fifties, not the sentimental view still holding sway. This is the fifties of routine and violent racism [Emmet Till murdered in 1954]; McCarthyism; early signs of civil rights movement; medical apartheid; ethnic cleansing; a hopeless war in Korea [68,000 dead] that, for the most part we have erased in favor of the MASH television series.

The main character, Frank, is subject to episodes of what used to be called “shell shock” as a result of his military service and is occasionally jailed or hospitalized following these incidents.

Nevertheless, he survives long enough to fall in love and live with his lover until a letter arrives informing him that his sister is near death. This relationship, between a brother and sister, is a profound one and one completely absent from literature. It is a fascinating and highly revelatory male-female relationship that is free of the normal elements of dominance, obedience, sexuality, and competition. Unsullied, in other words.

I expect the accumulation of their and their family's experiences to be anodyne to the bland fifties embedded in national memory, and to be fertile ground for the following decades.

Toni Morrison

CHAPTERS RE: MONEY

CHAPTER 1.

ESCAPE—FM P.V.

CHAPTER 2.

CHILDHOOD—~~SEE~~ P.V.

CHAPTER 3.

SHELL SHOCK EPISODE—FM P.V.

CHAPTER 4

Lily Lily
AFFAIR WITH ~~HARRIET~~—~~HARRIET~~ P.V.

Lilian Florence Jones

CHAPTER 5

KOREA—FM. P.V.

CHAPTER 6

EXPERIMENTS ON SEE—SEE P.V.

CHAPTER 7

ARRIVAL IN LOTUS—FM P.V.

CHAPTER 8

RESCUE—FM P.V.

4. Yoidra

5. [Woman eager]

6. Lily

7. [Korean child's hand]

8. Korean war

9. [UK]

10. Yoidra and Becker

11. [UK]

12. Memory of Lotte, scene in Atlanta

13. [UK]

14. [UK]

15. [UK]

16. Proper burial

Money notes/outline

n.b. brackets include to Frank's first person voice

1. [Horses; Frank's voice]
 2. Escape from hospital
 3. [Exodus; naming of Cee]
 4. Ycidra
 5. [Women eager]
 6. Lily
 7. [Korean child's hand]
 8. Korean war (friend dies - killing spree follows)
 9. [tk] ←
 10. ~~Ycidra and Doctor~~
 11. ~~[tk]~~
 12. Memory of Lotus; arrival in Atlanta
 13. ~~[tk]~~
 - 11 14. Rescue of Ycidra
 - 12 15. [Return to Lotus] Frank works in field finds out about buried men
 - 13 16. Proper burial *
Shreds of light cloth
blue cloth
and a watch chain
after which no Zoot suit return likely?
- Robbery - Zoot suit

8.

When Mike is wounded, Frank holds him in his arms while he bleeds and jerks. "Stay here, man. Come on, stay with me."

Mike opens his mouth to speak. Frank leans in close to hear him say "I'm a tell Mama." Later when Stuff asks what he said, Frank lied. "He said "See ya later." By the time medics got there the urine on the dead soldier's pants had frozen.

He may have been brave before, now he was reckless among scattered body parts of men, the begging, the howling for help that he could not hear until a tk plane dropped a bomb on the enemies' nest. In the post blast silence the screams wafted as though from a pen of lambs smelling their blood-soaked future. Afterwards, state side, dreams and things were not so clear.

The shell shock incidents: take two forms—hiding and fighting.

The fighting landed him in jail; the hiding in a psyche ward.

Like the time he was found cowering in tall grass by the side of the road, waiting, peeping through the blades to see what?

The horses standing like men?

Instead of or in addition to seeing the bottom of a man's foot
shoveled into the ground, he would see a ^{child} child's hand.

Sometimes the foot turned into a hand; some times both
joined and equally dead.

Chastises himself: why the fear, the sweat, the trembling, the
dread. Just a foot, harmless; or a hand with fingers too small
to hold an orange. Laughed at himself unconvincingly
because he had seen the movie Five Fingers. Embarrassed
and terrified, yet unable to stop running/hiding/ running /hiding
or starting fights by screaming obscenities at bystanders or
held twigs as though they were firearms.

*Wright time; seeing the zoot suit man
[grotesque costume to exaggerate manliness/leisure]*

14 a

Carrying Cee in his arms. She is bleeding, blood on the back
of her dress, down her legs.

He is pleased to be legally relegated to the back of the bus
where bench seats allow the two space, and protect other

passengers from the sight of a man carrying an obviously hurt and drunken woman.

When they exit, Cee's feet don't work at all. Her toes scoot the gravel as the tops of her feet are dragged along.

They arrive at Mrs. Ethel Fordham's house and mount her porch. Peck basket of Kentucky wonders rests by a chair.

On a small table a bowl and paring knife. Through the screen door he hears singing. A group of children collect in the yard.

At first their eyes are wide with concern, then on points and laughs. An older girl hits him on the head, saying, "Shut it!"

Frank hollers through the screen. "Miss Ethel? You in there?"

It's me, Little Money. Miss Ethel?"

The singing stops and Ethel Fordham looks through the screen door, not at him but at his burden. She frowns, "Ycidra? Oh, girl."

Frank cannot explain, but tries to. Miss Fordham helps get Cee on the bed, tells Frank to wait yonder, pointing to the bedroom door. She lifts up Cee's dress and parts her legs. "Have

mercy," she whispers. Then to the lingering Frank, "Go snap those beans. I got work to do."

What he knows is that Cee is his history, his responsibility and his first intimation of adulthood—not manhood, but adulthood.

His secret vision of himself re-affirmed by the memory of the horses and the burial of a stranger; the clear strength of his child-self: protecting, finding his way, not being afraid

7. *asked girl with the waiting eyes? How she trembled while*

[Cold. More than that. More than freezing. Korea cold, hurting and clinging like glue with no way to peel it back. Once her hand was wrapped-just the fingers stretching out searching for the garbage. But more often her hand was a tiny starfish. Left handed, like me. I've watched raccoons more careful when rummaging trash cans. She wasn't picky.

Anything not metal, glass or paper was food to her. She relied not on her eyes, but her fingertips alone to identify the possibility of nourishment.

Her fingers moving through barbed wire to collect K ration
refuse. Every evening until she is blown away and only the little
hand remains among the garbage. I was brave after that.

Eager to kill.]

9.

[Her eyes. Flat, waiting, always waiting. Not patient, not
hopeless but suspended. Cee. Ycidra. My sister. Now my
only family. A shadow for most of my life, a presence marking
its own absence, or maybe mine. Who am I without her—that
underfed girl with the waiting eyes? How she trembled while
we hid from the rifles, the shovels. I covered her face, her
eyes, hoping she had not seen the foot poking out of the
grave.

She was the first protection I ever executed. Succeeding at
that was the seed of all the rest: confidence, manhood,
courage. In my little boy heart I knew that if they found us or
touched her I would kill.]

15.

(Time and sequence unclear: does Frank leave her to heal and then return?)

While Ycidra is being cared for by Mrs. Fordham, Frank waits outside on the porch.

It was so bright, brighter than he remembered. The sun, having sucked away the blue from the sky, loitered there in a white heaven, menacing Lotus, torturing its landscape, but failing, failing constantly failing to obliterate it: children still laughed, ran, shouted their games; women sang in their back yards while unpinning sheets from the line; occasionally a soprano is joined by a neighboring ~~also~~ or a tenor just passing by. Frank had not been on this dirt road in tk years, nor stepped on the wooden planks covering the rain washed places. There were no sidewalks, but every yard was edged with flowers protecting vegetables from disease and predators—marigolds, chrysanthemums mtk.

The sun did its best to burn away the comfort, the relief emanating from shelter; did her best to ruin the pleasure of

being among those who do not want to degrade or destroy you. Try as she might, she could not scorch the butterflies away from tk, nor choke the songs of tk birds. Her punishing heat did not interfere with Mr. tk and his nephew sitting in the bed of a truck; the boy on a harmonica, the man on a six string banjo. The boy's bare feet sway; the uncle's left boot taps out the beat. *Mama's fry pan bread. I'll do some."*

This feeling of safety and good will, he knew, was exaggerated but its pleasure was overwhelming. He convinced himself that somewhere nearby ribs of pork were roasting on a yard grill and inside the house there would be potato salad and cole slaw and early mustards too. A pound cake rested on top of the icebox.

(Days later. Ycidra has healed. Frank enters.)

She is standing at the stove ^{spoon-} pressing cabbage leaves into a pot of simmering water seasoned with two ham hocks.

"People over in Mount Haven. Miss Johnson from Good
Ycidra lives in the shot gun house ^{they were} ~~she was~~ raised in. When Frank enters, notices pile of cloth scraps on the sofa.

"Hey. Look at you."

"Bad?"

"No. You looking good. Feel better?"

Oh yeah. Oh yeah.

"~~Much~~ Hungry? This is just a no count meal. Want me to catch a hen?"

"No. Anything will do."

"I know you liked Mama's fry pan bread. I'll do some."

"Want me to slice up these tomatoes?"

"Uh huh."

"What's all that?"

"Scraps for quilting."

"You ever need a quilt down here in your whole life?"

"No."

"Then why you make them?"

"Visitors buy them."

"What visitors?"

"People over in Mount Haven. Miss Johnson from Good

Shepherd buys them from me and sells them to tourists in

Mount Haven."

June 12

Money notes/outline

n.b. brackets include to Frank's first person voice

1. [Horses; Frank's voice]
2. Escape from hospital (p.5)
3. [Exodus; naming of Cee] (p. 23)
4. Ycidra (p. 25)
5. [Women eager] (p.40)
6. Lily (p. 43)
7. [Korean child's hand] (cf. trembling foot "where had he seen that quivering before?")
8. Korean war
9. [tk] "Her eyes. Flat..."
10. Ycidra and Doctor
11. [tk]
12. Memory of Lotus; arrival in Atlanta
13. [tk]
14. Rescue of Ycidra
15. [Return to Lotus]
16. Proper burial

inserts
ff.

✓ 8. *He held Mike*

When Mike is wounded, Frank holds him in his arms while he ^{bled} ~~bleeds~~ and jerks ^{ed saying} ~~ed~~. "Stay here, man. Come on, stay with me."

we Mike opens ^{ed} ~~ed~~ his mouth to speak, Frank ^{leaned} ~~leans~~ in close ^{only} ~~only~~ to hear

him say "I'm a tell Mama." Later when Stuff asks what he said, Frank lied. "He said "See ya later." By the time medics got there the urine on the dead soldier's pants had frozen.

^{had not} He ~~may have~~ been brave before, now he was reckless among

scattered body parts of men, the begging, the howling for help ^{clearly} ~~that~~ he could not hear until a tk plane dropped a bomb on the

enemies' nest. In the post blast silence the screams wafted as though from a pen of lambs smelling their blood-soaked future.

Afterwards, state side, dreams and things were not so clear.

*firing,
lunatic, dodging, etc*

The shell shock incidents: take two forms—hiding and fighting.

The fighting landed him in jail; the hiding in a psyche ward.

Like the time he was found cowering in tall grass by the side of the road, waiting, peeping through the blades to see what?

The horses standing like men?

Instead of or in addition to seeing the bottom of a man's foot shoveled into the ground, he would see a child's hand.

Sometimes the foot turned into a hand; some times both joined and equally dead.

Chastises himself: why the fear, the sweat, the trembling, the dread. Just a foot, harmless; or a hand with fingers too small to hold ^{a rotten} an orange. Laughed at himself unconvincingly

because he had seen the movie Five Fingers. Embarrassed and terrified, yet unable to stop running/hiding/ running /hiding or starting fights by screaming obscenities at bystanders or held twigs as though they were firearms.

14 a

Carrying Cee in his arms. She is bleeding, blood on the back of her dress, down her legs.

He is pleased to be legally relegated to the back of the bus where bench seats allow the two space, and protect other

passengers from the sight of a man carrying an obviously hurt and drunken woman.

When they exit, Cee's feet don't work at all. Her toes scoot the gravel as the tops of her feet are dragged along.

They arrive at Mrs. Ethel Fordham's house and mount her porch. Peck basket of Kentucky wonders rests by a chair.

On a small table a bowl and paring knife. Through the screen door he hears singing. A group of children collect in the yard.

At first their eyes are wide with concern, then on points and laughs. An older girl hits him on the head, saying, "Shut it!"

Frank hollers through the screen. "Miss Ethel? You in there? It's me, Little Money. Miss Ethel?"

The singing stops and Ethel Fordham looks through the screen door, not at him but at his burden. She frowns, "Ycidra? Oh, girl."

Frank cannot explain, but tries to. Miss Fordham helps get Cee on the bed, tells Frank to wait yonder, pointing to the bedroom door. She lifts up Cee's dress and parts her legs. "Have

✓ mercy," she whispers. Then to the lingering Frank, "Go snap those beans. I got work to do."

What he knows is that Cee is his history, his responsibility and his first intimation of adulthood—not manhood, but adulthood. His secret vision of himself re-affirmed by the memory of the horses and the burial of a stranger; the clear strength of his child-self: protecting, finding his way, not being afraid

7.

✓ [Cold. More than that. More than freezing. Korea cold, hurting and clinging like glue with no way to peel it back. Once her hand was wrapped-just the fingers stretching out searching for the garbage. But more often her hand was a tiny starfish. Left handed, like me. I've watched raccoons more careful when rummaging trash cans. She wasn't picky. Anything not metal, glass or paper was food to her. She relied not on her eyes, but her fingertips alone to identify the possibility of nourishment.

Her fingers moving through barbed wire to collect K ration
refuse. Every evening until she is blown away and only the little
hand remains among the garbage. I was brave after that.

Eager to kill.]

9.

[Her eyes. Flat, waiting, always waiting. Not patient, not
hopeless but suspended. Cee. Ycidra. My sister. Now my
only family. A shadow for most of my life, a presence marking
its own absence, or maybe mine. Who am I without her—that
underfed girl with the waiting eyes? How she trembled while
we hid from the rifles, the shovels. I covered her face, her
eyes, hoping she had not seen the foot poking out of the
grave.

She was the first protection I ever executed. Succeeding at
that was the seed of all the rest: confidence, manhood,
courage. In my little boy heart I knew that if they found us or
touched her I would kill.]

15. among those who do not want to degrade or destroy

(Time and sequence unclear: does Frank leave her to heal and then return?) nor choke the songs of tk birds. Her punishing

While Ycidra is being cared for by Mrs. Fordham, Frank waits outside on the porch. on a harmonica, the man on a six

It was so bright, brighter than he remembered. The sun, not having sucked away the blue from the sky, loitered there in a white heaven, menacing Lotus, torturing its landscape, but failing, failing constantly failing to obliterate it: children still that laughed, ran, shouted their games; women sang in their back yards while unpinning sheets from the line; occasionally a soprano is joined by a neighboring also or a tenor just passing by. Frank had not been on this dirt road in tk years, nor stepped on the wooden planks covering the rain washed places. There were no sidewalks, but every yard was edged with flowers protecting vegetables from disease and predators—marigolds, chrysanthemums mtk.

The sun did its best to burn away the comfort, the relief emanating from shelter; did her best to ruin the pleasure of

being among those who do not want to degrade or destroy you. Try as she might, she could not scorch the butterflies away from tk, nor choke the songs of tk birds. Her punishing heat did not interfere with Mr. tk and his nephew sitting in the bed of a truck; the boy on a harmonica, the man on a six string banjo. The boy's bare feet sway; the uncle's left boot taps out the beat.

This feeling of safety and good will, he knew, was exaggerated but its pleasure was overwhelming. He convinced himself that somewhere nearby ribs of pork were roasting on a yard grill and inside the house there would be potato salad and cole slaw and early mustards too. A pound cake rested on top of the icebox.

(Days later. Ycidra has healed. Frank enters.)

She is standing at the stove pressing cabbage leaves into a pot of simmering water seasoned with two ham hocks.

Ycidra lives in the shot gun house they were raised in. When Frank enters, notices pile of cloth scraps on the sofa.

"Hey. Look at you."

"Bad?"

"No. You looking good. Feel better?"

"Much. Hungry? This is just a no count meal. Want me to catch a hen?"

"No. Anything will do."

"I know you liked Mama's fry pan bread. I'll do some."

"Want me to slice up these tomatoes?"

"Uh huh."

"What's all that?"

"Scraps for quilting."

"You ever need a quilt down here in your whole life?"

"No."

"Then why you make them?"

"Visitors buy them."

"What visitors?"

"People over in Mount Haven. Miss Johnson from Good Shepherd buys them from me and sells them to tourists in Mount Haven."

"Nice."

"More than nice. We got electricity now and it costs money.

The electric fan alone is worth it."

"You could get a refrigerator."

"It's just me here. What I need with a cold box? I can can and anything else I need I go outside and pick it or kill it."

"What happened to that place we used to sneak off to. Where the horses were?"

"I heard some folks bought it for a place to play cards. Then they had women in there and guess what?"

"Somebody burned it down."

"Uh huh."

"What happened to the horses? Anybody know?"

"I don't. Ask Salem. He don't say nothing but he knows everything going on."

16. "No, switchblades. Fight each other to the death."

Frank gathers a half finished quilt, picks up a shovel and tells

Ycidra, "Come on. I need your help."

15 cont'd



15
Continued

11

"Cee tells ^{me} that place yonder—with the horses—used to be a study farm from out tk way? She says it has dogfights now. That so?"

"Dog fights." Salem covers his mouth to shape the laugh coming out of his mouth.

"Why you laughing?"

"Dog fights. Pray that was all they done. No. That whole place burned down a while back, that the sweet Lord."

"You want to know about their dog fights? More like men-treated-like-dogs fights."

"Remember that boy come through here crying? What did he call himself?"

"Jerome."

"That's him. He said they brought him and his father from Alabama. Roped up. Made them fight each other. With knives."

"No, switchblades. Fight each other to the death."

"Boy said they slashed one another a bit—just enough to draw a line of blood, cause the game was set up so only the

✓ one who was left alive won. So one of them had to kill the other."

"Can you beat that? Pitting father against son?"

"He said his father grabbed him from behind; held a blade at his throat and whispered: 'You got to win this and get the hell out of here.'"

"He said, 'No, Pa, no.'"

"His Pa said 'You got to.'"

"When he said, 'No, I can't' his daddy said 'Obey me son this one last time. Do it.'"

"While the crowd was going crazier, shouting 'Stop yapping! Fight, fight!'

"And?"

"He did it. Come over here crying and told us all about it. Poor thing. Rose Ellen collected some change for him so he could get away. All he won was his life which I doubt was worth much to him after that."

"I don't believe they stopped that mess til Pearl Harbor."

"When was this?"

"When was what?"

"When the son, Jerome, came here."

✓ "Long time. Ten years, eleven, I reckon. Say how's your sister?"

"Mendable. She'll be all right."

"She say what happened to my Ford?"

16.

Frank gathers a half finished quilt, picks up a shovel and tells Ycidra, "Come on. I need your help."

"What for?"

"Trust me."

"I'd trust a little more light."

"Bring the lamp."

They find the spot where the man was thrown into a hole.

Body was simply dropped in a shallow pit. Nothing left except skull, and intact set of hand bones, pelvis. Frank collects

them, wraps them in the quilt. They take the bones to tk and
bury them. HERE LIES A MAN.

"I'd trust a little more light."

"Bring the lamp."

They find the spot where the man was thrown into a hole.

Body was simply dropped in a shallow pit. Nothing left except

skull, and intact set of hand bones, pelvis. Frank collects

them, wraps them in the quilt. They take the bones to tk and

bury them. HERE LIES A MAN.

"What for?"

"Trust me." 2. 2011

"I'd trust a little more light."

"Bring the lamp."

They find the spot where the man was thrown into a hole.

Body was simply dropped in a shallow pit. Nothing left except

skull, and intact set of hand bones, pelvis. Frank collects

them, wraps them in the quilt. They take the bones to tk and

bury them. HERE LIES A MAN.

MONEY OUTLINE: Feb 2, 2011

[Brackets denote Frank's first person voice]

1. [Horses and burial] Summer, 1940

2. Escape from hospital; journey to Portland then Chicago. Feb. 1952

3 [Exodus; naming of Cee] Summer, ~~1938~~ 1936

4 Ycidra. Late spring, 1951 ^{Cee 16 when married.}
52

5. ["Women are eager; meeting Lily] 1952 1951

6 Lily. January, 1952

[Hate Lotus] 7
Noella - Jackie 8

→
9 7 Korean War; Child's scavenging hand; rising brutality. winter 1950

8 [Memory of boyhood friends; deaths of Mike, Stuff and Red]

10 9 Fight on journey to Atlanta; Arrival in ; bonfire at Synagogue; bus domestics take to suburbs; break-in at Dr. Beau's house

To do: Noella's stroke
= Salem's freedom,

1936-7

cont'd

10 Rescue of Cee; Lotus' women's advice to Cee; conversation with Salem and friends; Frank thinking about father/son sacrifice: how bad the son must feel, helpless, the way he did after Korean child was shot by a guard

11 [Wrong. Let me spell it out for you.]

12 Proper burial ('This here is a man.');

13 [Frank's voice]

MONEY OUTLINE: Feb 2, 2011

[Brackets denote Fran's first person voice]

Summer 194-

1. [Horses and burial]

winter 1953 Feb

2. Escape from hospital; journey to St. Louis

Chicago via Portland, ~~Oakland~~

Summer

3 [Exodus; naming of Cee] 1934

late spring

4 Ycidra 1951

late fall

5. ["Women are eager; meeting Lily] 1952

winter

6 Lily 1952 Jan.

winter

7 Korean War; Child's scavenging hand; rising brutality

false narrative, 1950

Color begins here?

8 [Memory of Lotus in the 40's with boyhood friends]

the deaths of stuff, Red & Mike

9 [Remembering Cee]

spring

10 Arrival in Atlanta; bonfire at Synagogue; bus domestics take to suburbs; break-in at

1953

Dr. Beau's house

fight/saving

'47 Buick > Ford >

fight at train stop

Mother dies from Asthma
Father a month later

after Confession
World at HAZC

quilting

10 Rescue of Cee; Lotus' women's advice to Cee; conversation with Salem and friends; Frank thinking about father/son sacrifice: how bad the son must feel, helpless, the way he did after Korean child was shot by a guard

April-

11 [Wrong. Let me spell it out for you.]

12 Proper burial (This here is a man.)

may

Back to
p. 92

Sears catalogue for
washing machine
& refrigerator brandy

Corrections / additions

p. ~~41~~ 92, 99, 219

~~88, 79, 33~~

~~67~~ 80

Phylco

Beets: Detroit red
Bulls blood
Corn: Golden Bantam

w/b ~~Burpee~~ seed

Cucumber - pickling
yellow (of Parma) onions

How: Frank

Horses: preference for violence
ignoring burial of MAN

Escape: PSD severe

helped by male & female

bus trip - no color

Chicago - help from male.

Sight of ghost man

Georgia -

violence becomes personal/
defensive

male beating / male rescue

non-violent rescue of Cee

in Lotus color returns

women heal Cee

Cee strengthened.

Canv with men

7 & C dig up man

together
male & female.

~~Scary~~
Scary

his shirt. A few grandmothers had encouraged the reverend to caution her, but the fathers didn't care about Mrs. K's services nor did the mothers. Teenagers had to learn somewhere and a local widow who did not want their husbands was more of a boon than a sin. Mrs. K did not solicit or charge. Apparently she simply satisfied herself (and teenaged boys) whenever her appetite sharpened. Besides nobody styled hair better. Noella would not go across the road to say 'good morning' let alone sit in the abomination of her kitchen.

All this she told Jackie and although the girl's eyes glazed over, she did not argue or contradict Noella as Salem consistently did.

She was a profoundly unhappy woman. And in spite of marrying to avoid being by herself, disdain kept her solitary if not completely alone. What soothed her was a fairly fat savings account, owning property and having one, actually two, of the few automobiles in town. Jackie was as much company as she wanted.

Flow: Cee

frightened at house site

abused by Naella

abandoned by Prince

Job - stupidly let Dr. "operate" on her

rescued by brother.

healed by strong women

strengthened - independant

Joins brother for burial.

formality, some record. Otherwise the couple would have just another lax 'living together' arrangement. No obligations left one of them free to steal a Ford and the other to deny responsibility.

Jackie also described the condition of two families that had lost sons in Korea. One was the Durham's, Michael's folks. Noella remembered him as a nasty piece of work and close friends with Frank. Him and another boy named Abraham, son of Maylene and Howard Stone, the one they called 'Stuff', was also killed. Frank alone of the trio survived. He, so the chatter went, was never coming back to Lotus. The reaction of the Durhams and the Stones to the deaths of their sons was appropriate, but you would have thought they were waiting for the bodies of saints to be sent home. Didn't they know or remember how all three of those boys angled for invitations to that hairdresser's house? Talk about loose. Talk about disgrace. Mrs. K, they called her. Uppity didn't do her justice. When Reverend Alsop went to see her and cautioned her not to entertain local teenagers, she threw a cup of hot coffee on

Frank's
[sections]

Horses / man

Exodus

meet Lily

Hate Lotus

K. war / child / rising brutality

Thinking of Cee - more re: ? what is a man?

[Confession (after Cee tells him no baby)

Thanks

Finally the family moved into their own house. Peace and order reigned. Years passed, children grew and left, parents sickened and died, crops failed, but Lotus held on. Noella too until she began to feel dizzy too often. That's when she persuaded Jackie's mother to let the girl do certain chores for her. The only problem was Jackie's dog, the girl's constant minder. A black and brown Doberman, she never left Jackie's side. Even when the girl was asleep or inside any house the Doberman folded its paws just outside. Never mind thought Noella, as long as the dog remained outside in the yard or on her porch. She needed someone to do the chores that required sustained standing. Also from Jackie she could glean news of what was going on in the village.

She learned that the city boy Cee had run off with stole Noella's car and left her within the month. That she was too ashamed to come back home. Figures, thought Noella. Everything she ever surmised about that girl was true. Even getting married legitimately was beyond her. Noella had had to insist on some

complaint. They were allowed to sleep in the same room because when they had enough to eat they would go to bed and leave her. Tight quarters, inconveniently placed chairs and indifferent response for her needs were described as being of her displeasure. During the night, however, the place for the night was heads of the bed and the girls were separated through the night. The girl was hospitalized and was concerned with the situation. The circumstances of her birth did not bode well. There was probably a medical word for her awkwardness, for a memory so short even a switching could not help her remember to close the chicken coop, or not to spill food on her clothes every single day. "You got two dresses. Two! You expect me to wash one of them up after every meal?" Only the hatred in the eyes of her brother kept her from slapping her. He was always protecting her, soothing her as though she were his pet kitten.

complaining. They were allowed to keep all of their wages because when they had enough they could rent their own place and leave hers. Tight quarters, inconvenience, extra chores, an indifferent husband, her haven was destroyed. The cloud of her displeasure at being so put upon found a place to float: around the heads of the boy and girl. It was they who paid although Noella believed she was merely a strict step grandmother, not a cruel one. The girl was hopeless and had to be corrected every minute. The circumstances of her birth did not bode well. There was probably a medical word for her awkwardness, for a memory so short even a switching could not help her remember to close the chicken coop, or not to spill food on her clothes every single day. "You got two dresses. Two! You expect me to wash one of them up after every meal?" Only the hatred in the eyes of her brother kept Noella from slapping her. He was always protecting her, soothing her as though she were his pet kitten.

A good listener, great worker she knew the girl was worth much more than the quarter Noella paid her each day.

And then it stopped.

Mr. Haywood said somebody had thrown a puppy out of a truck right before his eyes. He braked, picked it up and brought it to Lotus for the children he gave comic books and candy to.

Although a few took care of the puppy, it immediately latched on to Jackie who loved her the most. She named her Bobby.

1951
 1936

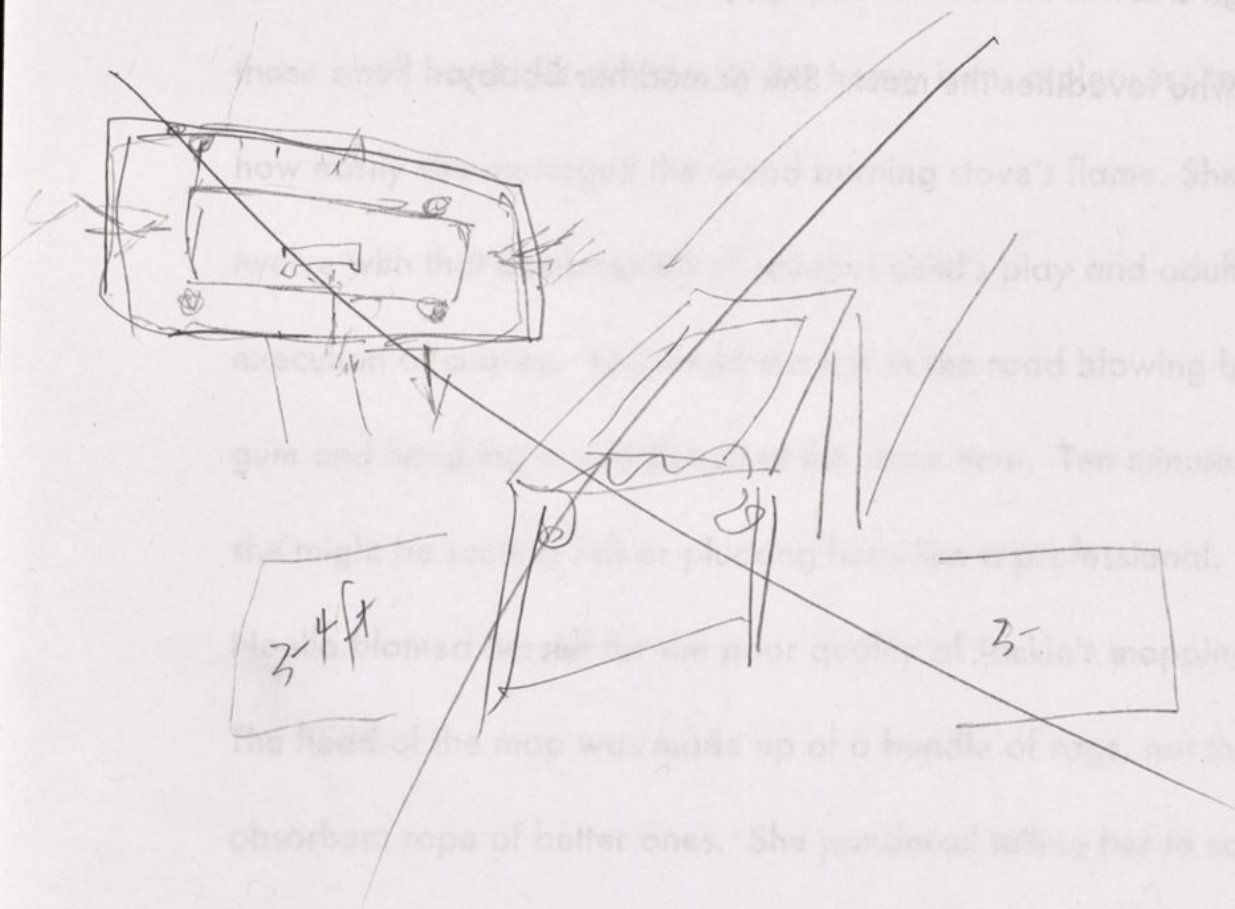
 15

b. 1931

Houses Frank is 9; Cee is 4

[Exodus - Frank is 7

Cee b. 1936



Re done
x

[new 7.

Jackie's ironing was flawless. Her floor scrubbing was not as good, but Noella kept her on because her skill with plackets, shirt cuffs, collars and yokes could not be surpassed. It was a delight to see those small hands lift effortlessly the heavy iron, a pleasure to note how easily she managed the wood burning stove's flame. She was twelve with that combination of raucous child's play and adult execution of chores. You could see her in the road blowing bubble gum and handling a paddleball at the same time. Ten minutes later she might be scaling fish or plucking hens like a professional.

Noella blamed herself for the poor quality of Jackie's mopping.

The head of the mop was made up of a bundle of rags, not the absorbent rope of better ones. She pondered telling her to scrub on her knees but chose not to observe that thin little girl body bent

down on all fours. Salem had been asked repeatedly to get a new mop, to hitch a ride with Haywood to Jeffrey and buy the supplies they needed. His excuse, "You know how drive. Go yourself," was one of many.

Noella sighed and tried not to compare Salem with her first husband. My, my what a sweet man, she thought. Not just caring, energetic and a good Christian man, but a moneymaker too. He owned a gasoline station right where the main road split off into a country road, the ideal spot for a tank refill. Sweet man. Awful, awful that he was shot to death by someone who wanted or envied his gas station. The note left on his chest said 'Get the hell out.' It happened during the deepest part of the Depression and the sheriff had more important things on his mind. Searching the county for a common shooting was not one of them. He took the note and said he'd look into it. If he did, he didn't say what he found.

Fortunately, her husband had savings, insurance and a piece of abandoned property belonging to his cousin in Lotus, Georgia.

Frightened and certain that whoever killed her husband might come after her, she sold the house, packed the Ford with all it could hold and moved from Heartsville, Alabama to Lotus. Her fear dwindled over time, but not enough to be comfortable living alone. So marrying a Lotus widower named Salem Money solved that problem for a while anyway. Looking for someone to help her fix the house Noella spoke to the pastor at God's Congregation church. He gave her one or two names, but hinted that Salem Money would have the time and the skill. It was true, and since Salem was one of the few unmarried men around it seemed natural that they would join forces. They drove all the way to Mt. Haven, Noella at the wheel, for a marriage license where the clerk refused to issue one because they did not have birth certificates. Or so she said. The arbitrariness of that denial, however, did not stop them. They took vows at God's Congregation.

Just as Noella began to feel safe and comfortable in this haven far from Alabama, a passel of Salem's relatives—ragged and