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Home pages w/ corrections.

P.

7 "battlefield"

14 B-29

27 "a sidearm. None was" ? grenade

35 2 space

36 breast pocket

75 floured

89 2 left one

92 ? whom / PERform

98 F-51

105 -IN-training

MLR

112 disappear / I struggle

114 to line of licensed /

210 merit A

p15
their

Home

left downtown and entered Billy's neighborhood, night was on its way.

"Say hello to my wife, Arlene, and this is our little man, Thomas."

Frank thought Arlene pretty enough for the stage. Her pompadour crowned a high, smooth forehead over fierce brown eyes.

"You all want supper?" Arlene asked.

"No," Billy said. "We ate already."

"Good." Arlene was getting ready for her night shift at the metal factory. She kissed Thomas on the top of his head as he sat at the kitchen table reading a book.

Billy and Frank leaned over the coffee table, rearranging its doofdads for space to play tonk, talk, and nurse beer.

"What work you do?" asked Frank.

"Steel," said Billy. "But we on strike now, so I join the line at the agency and take any day work I can get."

Earlier when Billy introduced his son to Frank the boy had lifted his left arm to shake hands, Frank noticed the right one sagging at his side. Now, shuffling the deck, he asked what happened to his son's arm. Billy arranged his hands in rifle position. "Drive-by cop," he said. "He had a cap pistol. Eight years old, running up and down the sidewalk pointing it. Some redneck rookie thought his dick was underappreciated by his brother cops."

"You can't just shoot a kid," said Frank.

pe 2

Web 3

daywork
one
word OK?
(Per Webster's)

OK? Webster's
third for on
game of rumm,
but "tunk"
is preferred
Sp. despite S/S

5 11

and
or
change comma
to period?

5-6

was to knock Crane out when next he came to clean up his soiling. That required loosening the cuffs, and it was too chancy, so he chose another strategy.

Two days earlier, when he was handcuffed in the backseat of the patrol car, he had swerved his head wildly to see where he was and where he was going. He had never been in this neighborhood. Central City was his territory. Nothing in particular stood out except the violent neon of a diner sign and a huge yard sign for a tiny church: AME Zion. If he succeeded in getting through the fire exit that's where he would head: to Zion. Still, before escape, he would have to get shoes somehow, some way. Walking anywhere in winter without shoes would guarantee his being arrested and back in the ward until he could be sentenced for vagrancy. Interesting law, vagrancy, meaning standing outside or walking without clear purpose anywhere. Carrying a book would help, but being barefoot would contradict "purposefulness" and standing still could prompt a complaint of "loitering." Better than most, he knew that being outside wasn't necessary for legal or illegal disruption. You could be inside, living in your own house for years, and still men with or without badges but always with guns could force you, your family, your neighbors to pack up and move—with or without shoes. Twenty years ago, as a four-year-old, he had a pair, though the sole of one flapped with every step. Residents of fifteen houses had been

add coming to avoid misread as "still men"

men aren't still

3/75

512

14-15

Home

news, or he heard a boy with only the bottom half of his face intact, the lips calling mama. And he was stepping over them, around them, to stay alive, to keep his own face from dissolving, his own colorful guts under that oh-so-thin sheet of flesh. Against the black and white of that winter landscape, blood red took center stage. They never went away, these pictures. Except with Lily. He chose not to think of this trip as a breakup. A pause, he hoped. Yet it was hard to ignore what living with her had become: a tired cruelty laced her voice and the buzz of her disappointment defined the silence. Sometimes Lily's face seemed to morph into the front of a jeep—relentless headlight eyes, a bright scouring above a grill-like smile. Strange, how she had changed. Remembering what he loved about her, the slight paunch, the backs of her knees, and her knockout beautiful face, it was as though someone had redrawn her as a cartoon. It couldn't all be his fault, could it? Didn't he smoke outside the apartment building? Put more than half his pay on the dresser for her to spend any way she wanted? Do her the courtesy of raising the toilet seat—which she took as an insult. And although he was amazed and amused by the female paraphernalia that hung from the bathroom door or cluttered cabinets, sink ledges, and every available space—douche bags, enema attachments, bottles of Massingill, Lydia Pinkham, Kotex, Neet hair removal, facial creams, mud packs, curlers, lotions, deodorants—he never touched or

↓
 sense?
 ? lowering
 Stet
 to avoid wetting
 a toilet
 seat men
 raise it.

?
 1/m
 OK
 mudpacks
 Webster's
 mud
 OK
 soft
 hyphen

station his nervousness about whether he would have another incident—uncontrollable, suspicious, destructive, and illegal—was shrinking. Besides, sometimes he could tell when a break was coming. It happened the first time when he boarded a bus near Fort Lawton, discharge papers intact. He was quiet, just sitting next to a brightly dressed woman. Her flowered skirt was a world's worth of color, her blouse a loud red. Frank watched the flowers at the hem of her skirt blackening and her red blouse draining of color until it was white as milk. Then everybody, everything. Outside the window—trees, sky, a boy on a scooter, grass, hedges. All color disappeared and the world became a black-and-white movie screen. He didn't yell then because he thought something bad was happening to his eyes. Bad, but fixable. He wondered if this was how dogs or cats or wolves saw the world. Or was he becoming color-blind? At the next stop he got off and walked toward a Chevron station, its black flames shooting out from the V. He wanted to get into the bathroom, pee, and look in the mirror to see if he had an eye infection, but the sign on the door stopped him. He relieved himself in the shrubbery behind the station, annoyed and a little frightened by the colorless landscape. The bus was about to pull away, but stopped to let him reboard. He got off at the last stop—the bus station in the same city where he had disembarked to the sight of singing high school girls welcoming the war-weary vets. Out in the street in front

Anachronism—
Chevron
brand dates
from 1984.
Change to
Tetaco,
Esso, or
Mobilgas?

Tetaco had
a star;
Mobilgas had
Pegasus

stet

CHEVRON
History

CHEVRON brand is!!
began in 1930's!!
Dropped following
Standard Oil et al
Reintroduced in 70's
"The company naturally chose
CHEVRON a name most
familiar mark among
consumer's in
the world."

for
travelling
off?

27-28

when he enlisted. He tried to tell her the army was the only solution. Lotus was suffocating, killing him and his two best friends. They all agreed. Frank assured himself Cee would be okay.

She wasn't.

Arlene was still asleep, so Billy cooked breakfast for the three of them.

"What time is her shift over?"

Billy poured pancake batter into a hot frying pan. "She is on the seven to eleven. She'll be up soon, but I won't see her until evening."

"How come?" Frank was curious. The rules and accommodations normal families made were a fascination that did not rise to the level of envy.

"After I walk Thomas to school, I'll be late in line at the agency because you and me going shopping. By that time all the best day jobs will be taken already. I'll see what leavings I can get. But shopping first. You look like..."

"Don't say it."

He didn't have to. And the woman at the Goodwill store didn't either. She led them to a table of folded clothes and nodded toward a rack of hanging coats and jackets. Choosing was quick. Every item was clean, pressed and organized for size. Even the body odor of the previous owner was mild. The store had a dressing room where a bum or a respectable family man could change clothes

tr 7 to make
8 hours, not
43

Home

Mr. Gardener took us as far as he could we walked some more. The sole of my shoe flapped until Pap^d tied it up with his own shoelace. Twice, draymen let us ride in their wagon bed. Talk about tired. Talk about hungry. I have eaten trash in jail, Korea, hospitals, at table, and from certain garbage cans. Nothing, however, compares to the leftovers at food pantries. Write about that, why don't you? I remember standing in line at Church of the Redeemer waiting for a tin plate of dry, hard cheese already showing green, pickled pigs' feet—its vinegar soaking stale biscuits.

It was there that Mama heard the woman ahead of her explain to the volunteer how to spell and pronounce her name. Mama said it was the sweetest thing and the sound of the name was like music amid the argue and heat of the crowd. Weeks later, when her baby, delivered on a mattress in Reverend Bailey's church basement, turned out to be a girl, mama named her Ycidra, taking care to pronounce all three syllables. Of course, she waited the nine days before naming, lest death notice fresh life and eat it. Everybody but Mama calls her "Cee." I always thought it was nice, how she thought about the name, treasured it. As for me, no such memories. I am named Frank after my father's brother. Luther is my father's name, Ida my mother's. The crazy part is our last name. Money. Of which we had none.

2/ (aa) ✓
~~the 13~~

stet
 OK?
 (not "arguing"?)

Home

(ea) C yard gave her a lethal asthma but it paid off because at the end of those three years with Noella they were able to rent a place from Old Man Shepherd, who drove in from Jeffrey every Saturday morning to collect the rent.

Cee remembered the relief and the pride they all took in having their own garden and their own laying hens. The Moneys had enough of it to feel at home in this place where neighbors could finally offer friendship instead of pity. Everybody in the neighborhood, except Noella, was stern but quickly open-handed. If someone had an abundance of peppers or collards, they insisted Ida take them. There was okra, fish fresh from the creek, a bushel of corn, all kinds of food that should not go to waste. One woman sent her husband over to shore up their slanted porch steps. They were generous to strangers. An outsider passing through was welcomed—even, or especially, if he was running from the law. Like that man, bloody and scared, ~~who~~ they washed up, fed and led away on a mule. It was nice having their own house where they could let Mr. Haywood put them on his monthly list of people who needed supplies from the general store in Jeffrey. Sometimes he would bring back comic books, bubblegum and peppermint balls free, for the children. Jeffrey had sidewalks, running water, stores, a post office, a bank and a school. Lotus was separate, with no sidewalks or indoor plumbing, just fifty or so houses and two churches, one of which churchwomen used for teaching reading and arith-

OK to make this "whom"?

the one

2a / m

OK not "whom"?
(was added by cle)
(was "what")

(W)

to funnel the smoke.

Cee hated to see her do that, but hid her disgust.
 "Mean, maybe. Not crazy."

"Oh yeah? Named you Ycidra, didn't they?"

"Thelma?" Cee rested her elbows on her knees and turned pleading eyes to her friend. "Please? Think about it."

"Okay. Okay. Say, matter of fact, you might be in luck. Just so happens I heard about something couple weeks ago when I was in Reba's. Everything worth knowing you can pick up in her beauty shop. Did you know Reverend Smith's wife is pregnant again? Eleven already underfoot and another coming. I know a preacher is a man too, but dear Lord. He should be praying at night instead of . . ."

"Thelma, I mean what did you hear about a job?"

"Oh. Just that a couple in Buckhead—just outside the city—Reba said they need a second."

"A second what?"

"They got a cook-housekeeper, but they want a maid-type person to help the husband. He's a doctor. Nice people."

"You mean like a nurse?"

"No. A helper. I don't know. Bandages and iodine, I guess. His office is in the house, the woman said. So you'd live in. She said the pay was not all that good but since it was rent-free, that made all the difference."

The walk from the bus stop was a long one, hampered

insert a
space break
to indicate
change in
time + place?

space
break here?

THEY SLID INTO each other, becoming a couple of sorts within a week. But months later, when he said he had to leave her for family reasons, Lily felt one abnormal pulse beat. That was all.

Living with Frank had been glorious at first. Its breakdown was more of a stutter than a single eruption. She had begun to feel annoyance rather than alarm when she came home from work and saw him sitting on the sofa, staring at the floor. One sock on, the other in his hand. Neither calling his name nor leaning toward his face moved him. So Lily learned to let him be and trounced off to the kitchen to clean up whatever mess he'd left. The times when it was as good as at the beginning, when she felt such sweetness waking up with him next to her, his dog tags under her cheek, had become memories she was less and less inclined to dredge up. She regretted the loss of ecstasy but assumed its heights would at some point return.

Meantime the small mechanics of life needed attention: unpaid bills, frequent gas leaks, mice, runs in her last pair of hose, hostile, quarreling neighbors, dripping faucets, frivolous heating, street dogs, and the insane price of hamburger. None of these irritations did Frank take seriously, and in all honesty she couldn't blame him. She knew that buried underneath the pile of complaints lay her yearning for her own house. It infuriated Lily that he shared none of her enthusiasm for achieving that goal.

should this
be "flounced"?

flounced / (3) (sense)

also, 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. Her only hesitation was Jackie's dog, the girl's constant minder. A black and brown Doberman, it never left Jackie's side. Even when the girl was asleep or inside any house in the neighborhood, the Doberman lay its head between its paws right outside the door. Never mind, thought Noella, as long as the dog remained in the yard or on her porch. She needed someone to do the chores that required sustained standing. Also from Jackie she could glean bits of news about what was going on in the village.

She learned that the city boy Cee had run off with had stolen Noella's car and left her in less than a 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 formality, some record, otherwise the couple would have just another lax "living together" arrangement. Having 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 Durhams, Michael's folks. Noella remembered him as a nasty piece of work and close friends with Frank. And another boy named Abraham, son of Maylene and Howard Stone,

add commas here?

NO

should be read this way?

modifies the whole sentence?

2/12 sense? (comma was inserted by au, but query?)

inserted by editor, not au - please delete

Home

W

cue Bobby. Neither one returned to Noella's house.

Without help or a supportive husband, Noella was as alone as she had been after her first husband died, as she had been before marrying Salem. It was too late to curry friendship with neighboring women, who she had made sure knew their level and hers. Pleading with Jackie's mother was humiliating as well as fruitless since the answer was "Sorry." Now she had to be content with the company of the person she prized most of all—herself. Perhaps it was that partnership between Noella and Noella that caused the minor stroke she suffered on a sweltering night in July. Salem found her kneeling beside the bed and ran to Mr. Haywood's house. He drove her to the hospital in Mount Haven. There, after a long, perilous wait in the corridor, she finally received treatment that curtailed further damage. Her speech was slurred but she was ambulatory—if carefully so. Salem saw to her basic needs, but was relieved to learn he could not understand a word she spoke. Or so he said.

It was a testimony to the goodwill of churchgoing and God-fearing neighboring women that they brought her plates of food, swept the floors, washed her linen, and would have bathed her too, except her pride and their sensitivity forbade it. They knew that the woman they were helping despised them all, so they didn't even have to say out loud what they understood to be true: that the Lord Works in Mysterious Ways His Wonders to Behold.

✓
Perform"/③
many, many
Internet
hits -

From Wm. Cowper -
"God moves in a
mysterious ways/
His wonders to
perform"

12/7/11 4:11 PM

TWELVE

Frank walked down Auburn Street across from the station on Walnut. A hairdresser, a short-order cook, a woman called Thelma—finally he got the make of car and the name of an unlicensed cabdriver who might take him to Cee's suburban workplace. Arriving late because of the delay near Chattanooga, he spent the day up and down Auburn Street collecting information. Now it was too late. The cabdriver wouldn't be at his post until early the next morning. Frank decided to get something to eat, walk around a while, then look for a place to sleep.

He ambled along till twilight and was on his way to the Royal Hotel when some young wannabe gangsters jumped him.

He liked Atlanta. Unlike Chicago, the pace of everyday life was human here. Apparently there was time in

in training

C/EO
dates from 1981-
anachronistic?

84-85

"Need help?" The silhouette of a man framed by a streetlight stood before him.

"What? Oh."

"Here." The man held out his hand to help Frank up.

Patting his pockets while still wobbly, Frank cursed. "Damn." They'd stolen his wallet. Grimacing, he rubbed the back of his head.

"Want me to call the cops, or not?"

"Hell, no. I mean, no, but thanks."

"Well, take this." The man stuffed a couple of dollar bills in Frank's jacket pocket.

"Oh, thanks. But I don't need any . . ."

"Forget it, brother. Stay in the light."

LATER, SITTING IN an all-night diner, Frank remembered the Samaritan's long ponytail catching the light of a street lamp. He gave up hope of a good night's sleep at the hotel. His nerves were taut and pinging so he chose to stay as long as he could there, playing with cups of black coffee and a plate of eggs. It wasn't going well. If only he had a car, but Lily wouldn't hear of it. She had other plans. As he poked the eggs his thoughts turned to what Lily must be doing, thinking. She had seemed relieved at his departure. And, truth be told, so was he. He was now convinced his attachment to her was medicinal, like swallowing aspirin. Effectively, whether she knew it or

Would he have
a ponytail in
1955?

in @ 1955?

Dreadlocks
early 1930's.

"Pony tail"
not limited
to 70's.

(my classmates
had pony tails
in the
40's)

Webster's
Murd

Home

noticed a pair of white shoes, a bedpan and Cee's pocket-book. He rummaged in the purse and shoved the twenty dollars he found there into his pocket. Then he knelt by Cee's bed, slid his arms under her shoulders and knees, cradled her in his arms, and carried her up the stairs.

Sarah and the doctor stood locked in an undecipherable stare. As Frank passed around them with his motionless burden, Dr. Beau cast him a look of anger-shaded relief. No theft. No violence. No harm. Just the kidnapping of an employee he could easily replace, although, knowing his wife, he dared not replace Sarah—not yet anyway.

"Don't overplay your hand," he told her.

"No, sir," answered Sarah, but her hand remained pressed down on the telephone until the doctor descended the stairs to his office.

Once Frank had fumbled and eased his way through the front door and reached the sidewalk, he turned to glance back at the house and saw Sarah standing in the door, shadowed by the dogwood blossoms. She waved. Good-bye—to him and Cee or perhaps to her job.

Sarah stood for a moment watching the pair struggle down the walkway. "Thank the Lord," she whispered, thinking that one more day would have surely been too late. She blamed herself almost as much as she blamed Dr. Beau. She knew he gave shots, had his patients drink medicines he made up himself, and occasionally performed abortions on society ladies. None of that bothered

*Frank is an
employee
here*

Frank

*but Cee is still
in his arms.
he puts her on
her feet on p. 113*

disappear

driven Salem hard, and now, suffering a minor stroke, did nothing at all. Although each of her nurses was markedly different from the others/ in looks, dress, manner of speech, food and medical preferences, their similarities were glaring. There was no excess in their gardens because they shared everything. There was no trash or garbage in their homes because they had a use for everything. They took responsibility for their lives and for whatever, whoever else needed them. The absence of common sense irritated but did not surprise them. Laziness was more than intolerable to them; it was inhuman. Whether you were in the field, the house, your own backyard, you had to be busy. Sleep was not for dreaming; it was for gathering strength for the coming day. Conversation was accompanied by tasks: ironing, peeling, shucking, sorting, sewing, mending, washing, or nursing. You couldn't learn age, but adulthood was there for all. Mourning was helpful but God was better and they did not want to meet their Maker and have to explain a wasteful life. They knew He would ask each of them one question: "What have you done?"

Cee remembered that one of Ethel Fordham's sons had been murdered up north in Detroit. Maylene Stone had one working eye, the other having been pierced at the sawmill by a wood chip. No doctor was available or summoned. Both Hanna-Rayburn and Clover Reid, lame from polio, had joined their brothers and husbands hauling lumber to their storm-damaged church. Some evil,

J (pe)

Are they both lame from polio? If only Clover is, it might be clearer to transpose, as marked

cap ^{ea} style

ex/le / 17

Are they both lame from polio?

or just Clover, in which case

Both Clover Reid, lame from polio, and Hanna-Rayburn...

tered to her parents, exactly like what Miss Ethel said, she had agreed with the label and believed herself worthless. Ida never said, "You my child. I dote on you. You wasn't born in no gutter. You born into my arms. Come on over here and let me give you a hug." If not her mother, somebody/ somewhere should have said those words and meant them.

Frank alone valued her. While his devotion shielded her, it did not strengthen her. Should it have? Why was that his job and not her own? Cee didn't know any soft, silly women. Not Thelma, or Sarah, or Ida and certainly not the women who had healed her. Even Mrs. K., who let the boys play nasty with her, did hair and slapped anybody who messed with her, in or outside her hairdressing kitchen.

So it was just herself. In this world with these people she wanted to be the person who would never again need rescue. Not from Noella through the lies of the Rat, not from Dr. Beau through the courage of Sarah and her brother. Sun-smacked or not, she wanted to be the one who rescued her own self. Did she have a mind, or not? Wishing would not make it so, nor would blame, but thinking might. If she did not respect herself, why should anybody else?

Okay. She would never have children to care about and give her the status of motherhood.

Okay. She didn't have and probably would never have a

I'm not sure
it's clear
who "her" is
in each
case

"hairdressing
kitchen"
makes it
clear it's
Mrs. K.

75 (re)
2 (re)

75 (re)
first "her" is
Mrs. K.; second
is Cee?
confusing?

= Cee's; clear enough?
Sarah has no
brother.

103,04

Home

mate. Why should that matter? Love? Please. Protection? Yeah, sure. Golden eggs? Don't make me laugh.

Okay. She was penniless. But not for long. She would have to invent a way to earn a living.

What else?

After Miss Ethel gave her the bad news, the older woman went into the backyard and stirred coffee grounds and eggshells into the soil around her plants. Blank and unable to respond to Ethel's diagnosis, Cee watched her. A small bag of garlic cloves hung from her apron strings. For the aphids, she said. An aggressive gardener, Miss Ethel blocked or destroyed enemies and nurtured plants. Slugs curled and died under vinegar-seasoned water. Bold, confident raccoons cried and ran away when their tender feet touched crushed newspaper or chicken wire placed around plants. Cornstalks safe from skunks slept in peace under paper bags. Under her care pole beans curved, then straightened to advertise their readiness. Strawberry tendrils wandered, their royal-scarlet berries shining in morning rain. Honeybees gathered to salute *Illicium* and drink the juice. Her garden was not Eden; it was so much more than that. For her the whole predatory world threatened her garden, competing with its nourishment, its beauty, its benefits, and its demands. And she loved it.

What in this world did Cee love? She would have to think about that.

Meantime her brother was there with her, which was

OK? "royal red" is a color in Webster's Third, but royal scarlet is a chemical.

floridanum (?)

or use the common name, Florida or star anise?

Home

"You know that toothless smile babies have?" she said. "I keep seeing it. I saw it in a green pepper once. Another time a cloud curved in such a way it looked like..." Cee didn't finish the list. She simply went to the sofa, sat and began sorting and resorting quilt pieces. Every now and then she wiped her cheeks with the heel of her hand.

= (ea)

Frank stepped outside. Walking back and forth in the front yard, he felt a fluttering in his chest. Who would do that to a young girl? And a doctor? What the hell for? His eyes burned and he blinked rapidly to forestall what could have become the crying he had not done since he was a toddler. Not even with Mike in his arms or whispering to Stuff had his eyes burned that way. True, his vision was occasionally deceitful, but he had not cried. Not once.

Confused and deeply troubled, he decided to walk it off. He went down the road, cut through paths and skirted backyards. Waving occasionally at passing neighbors or those doing chores on their porches, he could not believe how much he had once hated this place. Now it seemed both fresh and ancient, safe and demanding. When he found himself on the bank (of Wretched) the sometimes stream, sometimes creek, other times a bed of mud, he squatted beneath the sweet bay tree. His sister was gutted, infertile, but not beaten. She could know the truth, accept it, and keep on quilting. Frank tried to sort out what else was troubling him and what to do about it.

OK that it's not "the Wretched" ?

Not the 12

ripens, weaks, even always have "the" before their names...