



Outlines and Notes

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Outlines and Notes

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Bride
born 1985



1985 - Booker born

1993 - Adam missing
Sept. (Booker is 8)

1994 - Adam's body dis-
covered
May

~~Booker enters Univ.~~

2000 - Killer/pederast
caught

(Booker is 15)
2001 - Booker enters Univ

2008 - year of story
B. is 23

2010 or 25



~~water bill~~
~~Ross #~~

2008
- 23

1985

Tentative Outline [new]

Part One

* full
lips
now requiring
Bum in a
Xonning spa

1. Bride

ms pp 1-22

2. Norma--"She's lying. It took two hours to find the spot....

pp 25-30

3. Dearest--"I don't know what happened. Nobody in my family is that black."

lips
to black

problem finding rental.
father normal

(straight/curly like Horigine?)

outcast in
DALIT
TK
Sudan

4. Bride--Recollection of racial insults/ determination/black as weapon/ recovery

pp. 30-44
p. 60

old couple/ memory of their meeting, at concert.
(earldoes)

5. Norma--"The guy. Said she liked the mystery, but really just the sex. Greedy. Addic-
tive. I swear I saw him in train station with some guys.

TK

pp. 44-52

pp 53 - 60 - 63+
casual sex

6. Bride--So that's where he is...crash/rescue.

(67 - 83)

7. Dearest--I didn't mean to shy away or be indifferent. But when we were together...In
court she was a star...pointed straight at the teacher...I was so proud of her...

TK

feeling didn't last.

8. Rain--"The black girl smells nice, like peaches."

Conversation/assault
B. protects her.

TK
now she's
gone

9. Bride--There he is

Conv. w/ Evelyn
Re Rain

pp 83-87

[pubic hair
returns]
w/ vengeance: weeds
wax

N.b. body returns to normal at arrival
while she cares for Booker

scribbles

Tentative Outline [new]

Part One

1. Bride (pp. 1-22)
2. Norma--"She's lying. It took two hours to find the spot.... (pp. 25-30)
3. Dearest--"I don't know what happened. Nobody in my family is that black Like onyx or coal. Curly straight hair like Aborigine. Like Masai or, Aborigine, or Dalit [bottom caste Indians]. Her father was normal brown color. People stared. Having her made it hard to find an apartment."
4. Bride--Recollection of racial insults/ determination/black as weapon/ recovery. (pp. 30-44/ p. 60). Old couple invites memory of their meeting, Earlobes. He listened to her--unlike other men who waited for her to shut up (then did stuff) He was interested in her.
5. Norma--"The guy. Said she liked the mystery, but really just the sex. Greedy. Addictive. I swear I saw him in train station with some guys. (pp. 44-52)
6. Bride--So that's where he is...crash/rescue (pp. 53-60/63; pp.67-83)
7. Dearest--I didn't mean to shy away or be indifferent. But when we were together...In court she was a star...pointed straight at the teacher...I was so proud of her...
8. Bride--Conversation with Evelyn about Rain (pp.83-87)
9. Rain--"The black girl smells nice, like peaches." conversation/assault/ Bride protects her. Now she's gone. [her car is ready, so she's leaving...] {pubic hair returns/thick}

Tentative Outline [new]

Part One

1. Bride (pp. 1-22)

2. Norma--"She's lying. It took two hours to find the spot..." (pp. 25-30)

Eyes beautiful.

3. Dearest--"I don't know what happened. Nobody in my family is that black Like ~~any~~ or coal. Curly straight hair like Aborigine. Like Masai or, Aborigine, or Dalit [bottom caste Indians]. Her father was normal brown color. People stared. Having her made it hard to find an apartment."

I ~~wonder~~ ^{doubt} she'll ever find a husband.

Aint

Color

those out castes in

4. Bride--Recollection of racial insults/ determination/black as weapon/ recovery. (pp. 30-44/ p. 60). Old couple invites memory of their meeting, Earlobes. He listened to her--unlike other men who waited for her to shut up (then did stuff) He was interested in her.

Rosetta's fat (over)

5. Norma--"The guy. Said she liked the mystery, but really just the sex. Greedy. Addictive. I swear I saw him in train station with some guys. (pp. 44-52)

Remember him & when they met - him like a rapist

6. Bride--So that's where he is...crash/rescue (pp. 53-60/63; pp.67-83)

7. Dearest--I didn't mean to ~~shy away~~ ^{be cold} or be indifferent. But when we were together...In court she was a star...pointed straight at the teacher...I was so proud of her...

though against that teacher - the one who seduced kids

I was ashamed I felt like I was carrying a - She made me so proud

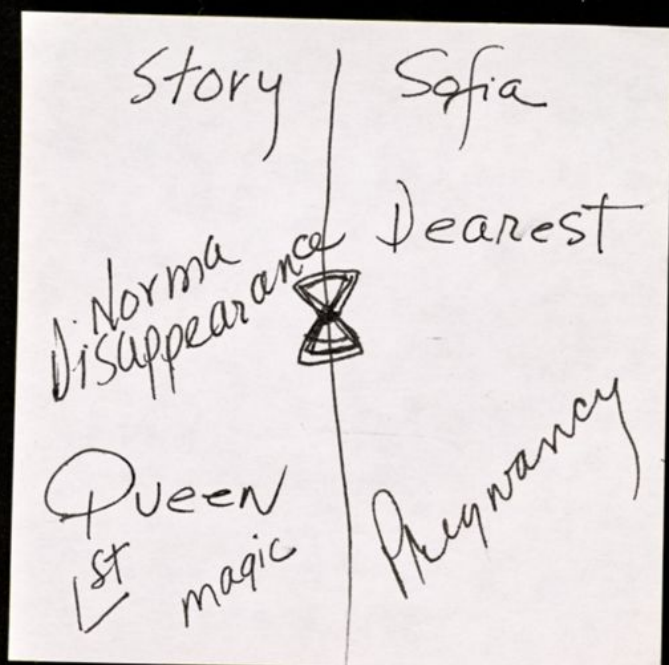
8. Bride--Conversation with Evelyn about Rain (pp.83-87)

9. Rain--"The black ^{lady} girl smells nice, like peaches." conversation/assault/ Bride protects her. Now she's gone. [her car is ready, so she's leaving...] {pubic hair returns/thick}

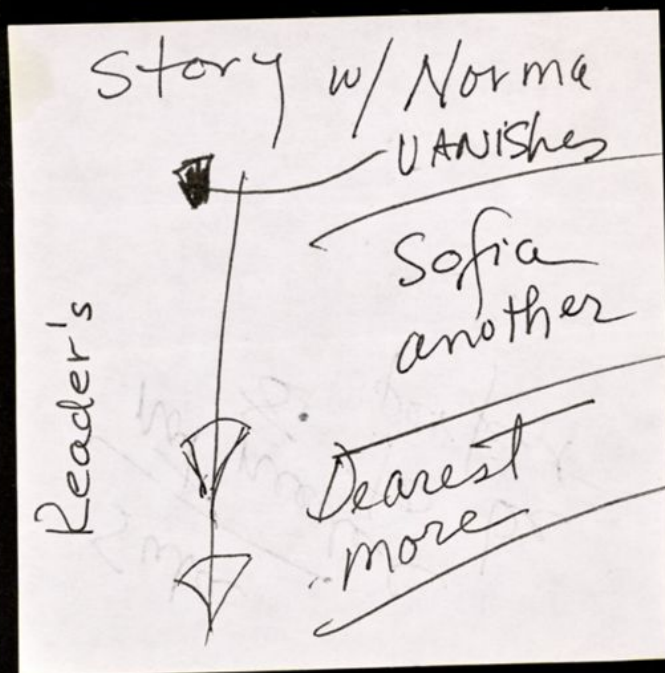
n-on tender

I don't
Doesn't like to be ^{home} there when Rosita
works, cleans up apartment. Fat: breasts, behind,
Stomach ^{that once fascinated me} ~~used to interest her~~ - now I find it
I don't know ^{offensive}
^

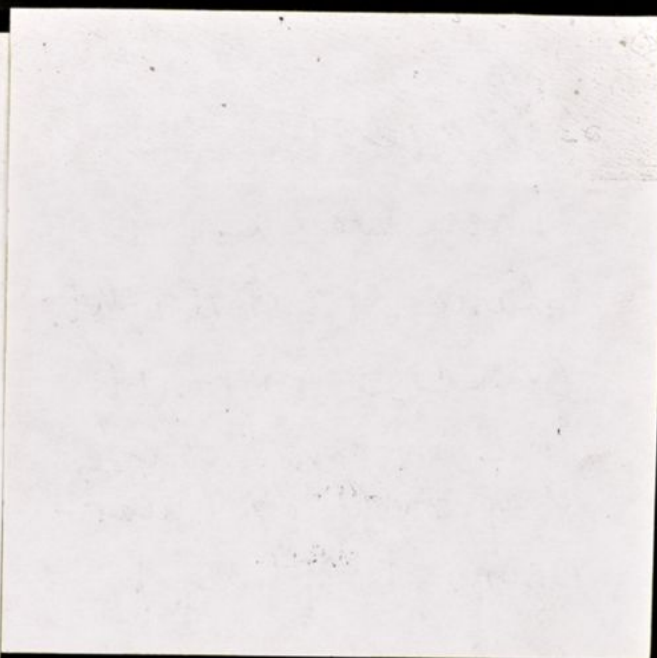
The eyes go first - shrinking
^{but} the wisdom - pain narrowed
to a - light.



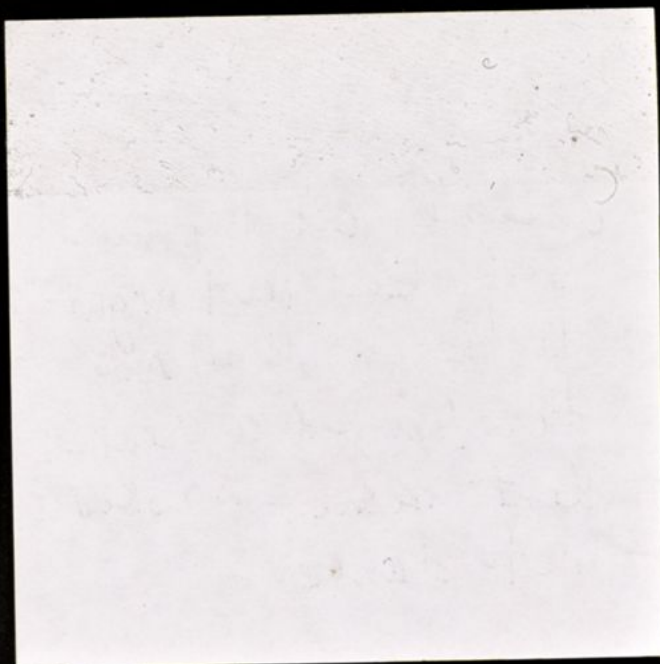
Dearest
There was a dance last night. Once a month the "Home" hires a group of musicians to play.



usually sit by myself. but last night Dr. — Well re-tired and a resident like me — asked me to dance.



Sula
not needed
to be
perfect





If I were able I'd
be right there
among you. Mourning
Amiri's ^{death} ~~passing~~
and celebrating his
life. The mourning
~~will~~ always be a shadow
~~that~~ ~~but~~ the bright fire of
his life ~~to~~ ~~erase~~ erases
it, turns it into cloud
strips. Because ~~the~~
firelight does ~~the~~ exactly
that.

I've known ~~and~~
admired A.B. since



campus
days at Howard in
the 50's. He was as
demanding then as
he was all of his life.

Of the several ~~things~~^{things}
he accomplished.

One stands out -

AA theatre is unspeak-
able and unknowable
w/o his contributions.

~~I began losing~~ My body parts
began to ~~disappear~~ ^{after} he left. He said

Part One

Chap One

several Voices

Chap Two

3 person

Rain ^{voice} concludes

Chap Three

3rd per

QUEEN ^{to end.}
~~Part concludes~~

Part Two

Chapter four

3rd person

(Booker youth)

Chapter five

3rd per

(Booker in love)

Chapter six

3rd per

Sister ?

musician ?
friend

Bride ?

2007 / "Dreamgirls"

liberate zones of the novel explored not by the forays and achievements of Bukka Doopeyduk (parodied hero of *Invisible Man*) but by the Neo-hoodoo (Black Americanized vodoun *mysteries*) shaman-heroes such as the Loupe Goru of *Yellow Back Radio Broke-down* and their potent “jes-grew”—the true Black power of a people’s co-incident thought of *Mumbo Jumbo* (1972). Both Dumas and Reed had been early on published in *Black World* formerly *Negro Digest*, the Johnson Publication’s journal of ideas edited by Hoyt W. Fuller, illustrious and foremost editor of the Black Arts Movement. It is he who initiated the idea of a Black aesthetic. As Dumas and Reed ended the decade, Black Arts fiction had achieved yet again an old-new spring; had inspired and opened the gateway to an actuated multiculturalism emblemized as “the seven sisters of the yam” in Toni Cade Bambara’s *The Salt Eaters*; had demonstrated an actuated marriage of abstract and concrete, spiritual and physical knowledges-making wonders which remain the narratological practice of Black Arts-inspired writers even when misnamed magic-realism; had continued the Baldwinesque prophecy of re-examination to achieve crescendo as the Sermon in the Wilderness in Morrison’s Nobel novel *Beloved*; had begun the re-mapping of geo-politico-socio-psychic zones exemplified in Edward P. Jones *The Known World* (2003). It had met “physical force with soul force” (King, August 28, 1963). It had learned to

Re: Norma

She rolls her blonde hair into dreadlocks -
just to stand out. And it works. ~~Her~~
~~face is~~ She's pretty enough, but the
locks ^{add an} ~~give her an~~ allure. She wouldn't
otherwise have. At least the black guys
she dates think so.

Re: Booker

She was ^{fully} ~~clothed~~ ^{dressed}; ^{all in white} ~~while~~ her friend wore short
shorts and a see through top. ^{half} Naked women
in public bored him. ^{so} ~~but~~ he did a double
take observing a fully-clothed beauty.

Re: Queen

I don't like the world anymore.

Alice McDermot

Alia Menroe

Bride: Long speech about "modern

love"

... how can you say you love me and ...

He: [~~I'll~~ love you] anyway you
want

or How you want it >

Then "you are not ..."

Bride

Accident

- The rocketing sound of Evelyn's boom is annoying to Rae

- I don't know how people can stand to live in these little boxes (on way to Queen's)

Booker

have to

interrupt

here

* (I was three years old when my mother told me I was a twin

① I wiped the blood from my knuckles and turned my T shirt inside out.

I had to hurry in case ... *

② meeting Bride? ④ (Music - girl friend family)

I know how it's leaving her

Queen's ~~Booker's~~ arrival ~~started~~ slowly (fire)

After
nearest
3

I remember Bride complaining about how she (Bride) once told me that she was offended - repelled by her skin color. I tried to tell her race etc

③ Bride meets Queen

That her mother made her feel dirty. She scrubbed hard she said to get it off. Bleach didn't work - it burned her arm and scarred it but didn't help.

Dearest

There was another dance last night. We have them once a month. The HOME hires a few musicians - or a d.j. - and I ^{and chat} usually stay in my wheelchair ~~next to~~ with Gatha. But just as I was about to roll back to my room a doctor ~~oh~~ - he's retired and a resident like me - asked me to dance.

(He's dark too - but I'm over that.

I know how it hurt hula tan - but I'm older now [aches/pains] life is too short to chap up people that way.
Norma [Before Bride goes to Whistkey]

They say I'm not good enough. They want to know if P.ride is coming back. (If not can I persuade her) I know her cell phone but it does answer

→ wherever she is which is good because I may be able to get back in the President's good graces. I guess she ran off to find that no good -

→ Before Booker sees Bride } Sofia Jack wants a divorce. He's finally parted more about her family
I sometimes think about that girl. I ^{forget} ~~what~~ was her name
Julia and Bride well

I may have been too young to teach kids half my age.

(line)

② I don't know whether to laugh
or cry

① ~~Tell~~ Entering Booker's trailer
and that conversation.

Author
After Dearest

Of course not. A mother's
instinct can't be ignored.

Not smothering your
newborn is a grace
note

After (Bride).

(after fight)

Lovey Too beautiful to call
puff.

She [Bride] remembers a talk
she had with Booker.

The ^{sporadic} bug eyed ~~TK~~ stares - like
the ones she got as a child
didn't surprise or trouble
her any more. Although she

had capitalized on her dark skin
stressing ~~it~~ glamorizing it
~~making it TK~~ but she

remembered ~~the~~ ^a ~~clarifying~~ (?)
exchange once
talked she had with Booker.

TK "My mother hated me for it. So I
hated it too - until I turned it to my
advantage."

It's ^{just} a color, Bride, not a flaw
→ a characteristic → not a sin

not a curse

not a blessing

a genetic
trait

it's the consequence of genes

"But other people think ~~racially~~."

Well scientifically there's no such thing as race. ^{choice} ~~choice~~
So Racism minus race is a ~~consequence~~
~~for~~ ^{But it's} ~~downward~~ taught to those who need it

Paradise Intro

10,000 words =

45
C. Page

*
With
Jeri's
help

Convenience

Bride

Accident (Evelyn's)

- The rocking sound of Evelyn's loom annoys me
- walk with Barn
- > RAIN
- I don't know how people can stand to live in these little boxes

? Booker

I was 3 years old when my mother told me I was a twin

Sofia

about Luba Ann etc.

Booker

~~(Nec Bride)~~ ~~(She's healed)~~

I wiped the blood

Norma

They say I'm not good enough

Sofia Jack wants a divorce

Booker

Sees Bride

Leaves Bride - TK.

Queen (Booker's arrival)

→ = author's voice = descriptions
or contradictions

1. Dearest p.p. 1-5
→ of course not. A mother's instinct. can't be ignored
(Description)
2. Bride Abandoned - Sofia encounter
(Description)
3. Norma - at Emily's
(Chance talk between them about
her "She's some my Black lady")
4. Bride
→ couple walking (Description)
5. Dearest +
→ Re: colorism (contradiction)
6. Bride (Restaurant w/ Norma.) Happy Black
scrubbing/soaping/bleaching
her skin
7. Norma (trial seduction w/ Booker
Booker "Our journey to exit")
8. Bride (to Mr. Pontis) money is easy - just
find her way to whiskey
9. Sofia "Jack wants a divorce"
10. Norma "They say I'm not good enough
but after Bride's visit to Pontis"

Two

Bride (Pant's) change to 1st p. p.v
to the crash "~~I don't know how~~
~~people can stand to live~~

→ Scenery - frightening (descriptions)

Bride - at Evelyn's

? Larn (Reverse talk between Pami's/Bride
add "She's gone my Black lady

~~\$ofia wants a divorce~~

yes here
1st
person

? Dearest dancing and getting over childhood
traumas.

THREE

Booker "I was 3 years old

Ref. to Queen

? → "Nothing to say" - languageless

Booker "I wiped the blood"

→ ? Description
Seeing Bride for the 1st time

music change

Booker "Our lovemaking to exit")

→ ^{Contrast} ~~How easy~~ Certain kind of breakup is easy - just
leave

Bride On her way to Whiskey: meets Queen
Readings

Queen (p. 170 - "she put the papers down..."
+ more)

Booker "Get out!" She came barreling into my house...

Queen "what happened?"

p. 183

Booker ~~Wob~~ ~~At~~

Bride -

Queen " I don't know whether to laugh or cry .

→ (Author Fire)

Bride " By the time we got there - - -

→ author " lines of primary

Bride - tending Queen 195 - 203

~~for~~ →
all voice
re ashes
followed
by Booker's
thought

Booker ~~the~~ Burial of Ashes p 203

Bride - Pregnancy

→ Then he offered her the hand .

to end .

~~Mortgage
1400
Salary
1032~~

Title

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

~~2~~

Dearest (2)

Bride (3) ?

Norma (2)

Sofia (1)

Rain. (1)

Bride notes:

Man leaves a canvas bag: 2 or 3 books; which she passes in car trunk when journeying to find him.

Recovering in rescuing family's house she looks for shaving brush in her purse and sees the man's bag sitting next to it. (The family brought all her things in when Jaguar is towed.)

Idle, she examines the books - TK. One book has a jacket (Commercial) but ~~is~~ a journal (inside). She reads a little, seeing it as the man's ramblings - in tiny handwriting - but nothing about her - just some stuff about music or nature - (angry)

Called Sentences. "Take your heart out smrk." and "OK, your imagination ..."

She can't imagine what was going on inside his head.

* As she continues journey the Sentences make more sense. Seem to be about her. Not him.

When car is repaired, except for damage to the grill, and her ankle is better, she drives off - wanting to feel more grateful to Evelyn & Steve, but resenting their life-style so unlike what she treasures.

n. b.

breasts gone flat and no pubic hair at all
gets smarter as she loses adult physical characteristics

near lobes = decision to leave

→ breasts = understanding man's sentences

→ pubic hair = connection between her early ignorance and shallowness

[gifts to Sofia, casual sex; TK]

→ eyes bigger / eyebrows thicker

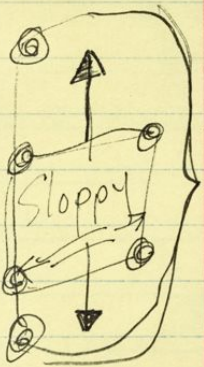
more
"Hey, girl"
sentences

See revision

leaving Evelyn and Steve

motel. tiny and dirty. Reads from
notebook ("When I was a boy"?)

I refuse to be ~~the~~ ashamed of my shame ^{Just} because
it does not ^{match} the ^{low} ^{high} priority
or the ^{degraded} ~~state~~ morality of people who
insist upon the most fascicle of
human feelings of inadequacy
and ~~flaw~~ simply to ^{disguise} ~~measured~~ their
own sleaze ~~as in the pockets under the~~
as the bongo's purity



I saw a butterfly clinging to a leaf
~~can be crushed and broken~~
by a raindrop on its wings.

the slam of a
folding and fluttering as it hit a
pool of water below ^{yet} ever, then
struggling for ^{the} lift that is its nature
and its due having shed three
cocrons each one a protective prison
free of ^{the} ravage that ^{threatens} ~~threats~~ its destiny
[Life just as primitive conclusions]
~~Search for the of its birth~~
as surely as rain despoils the ^{tale}

For
[23]

Danald the

Bride p. 40

a cat's frightened meows
groan coming from outside
open window. * Cat means, she thought,

But when she looked
* Down below in the walled area
leading to the basement she saw
No cat. Instead there was
a man leaning over someone
very small. All she could see
were the short fat legs of a child
between the man's legs.

His trousers were at ~~this~~ his
ankles. Mr. X, the landlord
his He had the same blonde hair
as Mr. X the landlord, but it
couldn't be him, could it? He was
a stern man but not a mean one.

He demanded the rent be paid
before noon on the day it was
due and charged a late fee even
if you ~~there~~ ^{knocked at his door} five minutes late
after 12:00. Her mother was so
intimidated by him she made

Sure Lotus Ann ~~knocked on~~ ^{early} delivered
the envelope of cash in the morning.

When told by her 7 year old
daughter what she'd seen at the
basement ~~down~~ wall, Mrs. Bridewell
~~seemed even~~ ^{was} more alarmed by the
consequences than the event.

"Don't say anything. Don't tell
anybody, you hear? Forget it.
Don't say a word, a single word about it."

landlord
child
mother:
"Never tell!"

Wed 20K check to Mark

3 weeks to 4 weeks.

20K includes

- ① paint
- ② repair decking &
- ③ Some siding

n.b. Not fencing or railing.
or steps.

#6

TK.

dock sealing
solar lighting.

6/26 10/30

MAP

1. Bride in music store
finds invoice w/ \$ due \$68.30
instore learns of Booker's home
address (TK)
(decides to go find and confront him
why?)
2. Accident/rescue by Steve
Rain and Evelyn take care of her
"Poor" family - living off land - ^{highly} educated
but anti-cap etc.
breasts disappear - pubic hair grows
3. Continues Journey
arrives, describe
end part one

Notes part two

Booker's falling out with family for
"getting over" * Adam's death while he
cannot.

College - ~~trampet~~ as Solace -
Jobs after graduation: teaching -
book store clerk -
music store clerk -
inherits or wins \$

sees Bride - where? - walking - he stalks her
falls in love - mostly re: aesthetics - she ~~was~~
~~like~~ a painting he saw once in an "Uptown"
Gallery? Or ~~one~~ a photo he & Adam saw.
Pygmalion obsessions?

they begin
to throw away
Adam's things -
give away his
skate board,
pack his clothes
for Salvation Army,
Collection of
Player etc.

5/5

Should she panic? Am I ^{sick} dying or
~~sick~~ dying.

Nobody should know - that was
clear. Nobody. Like her missing
ear piercings.

Bride wound the towel ^{above}
the place where her breasts once
~~stood like the full cheeks of~~
announced themselves. and
called out to Evelyn.

Please, do you have anything I
can put on?

Evelyn handed her ^{one of her husband's} ~~a~~ white
white T-shirt and a pair of
her own jeans. But the pants were
so large, she exchanged them
for a pair of Karen's - which
fit Bride perfectly.

5/2

Should be done for 1 day or
not doing.

Should be done - that was
clear. Nobody. Like her mother
and sisters.

Boys would be four above
therefore where her brother was
at the time of the accident of
announced themselves and
called out to the group.

Can put on? Please, they have something!

Rani 683

7460

609.6

6066

575

609.6

for a pair of Rani's -
for the perfect

~~294-26-2646~~

Sofia

72 36

WAS
my
first
job

I care for the elderly in a nursing home. My first job was in Home Care. But the patient's grandchildren I am not allowed to be near children

visited and my parole officer said I had to find another place to work because I am not allowed to be near children

Prison

friendship w/ an inmate who had smothered her baby. We two were at the bottom ^{of the heap of} murderers, drug dealers, arsonists, bomb throwing revolutionaries,

in the sewing shop - making uniforms for a TK company - paid 25¢ an hour (which goes for incidentals)

One of the children who testified against - I grown up now - visited me - money - ^{what I felt} my case was 15 years in the making - I blanked, ~~my~~ my fists

took over - then I curled up and slept
1-718 892 (after waiting for police)
8553

black & white

White Silver

Atlantic City
Legal Rep.
John Welch

202 879
83

Taking her time
Queen walked back to her father

Amused and saddened by the
day mornings

4

Amusement and sadness competed
for attention. Amused because
she hadn't seen a lovers' fight
in decades - not since she lived
in ~~the projects~~ ^{the projects in Detroit} where
people acted out their ^{shaped} feelings ^{as drama:} ~~public~~ ^{young}

But melancholy war. ~~The fight of~~
The anger, the violence between Booker
and Bride was unmistakable, yet
~~when~~ ^{after} they ^{hailed} carried the sleeping girl
to the bed, a Queen saw Booker
~~smoothly~~ ^{smoothly} sweep Bride's hair ^{away} from her forehead.
She glancing quickly at his face ~~the Queen~~
was struck by a ~~the~~ ^{richness} tenderness in his eyes.
he did not take the ^{impossible} trouble to hide.

They will blow it, she thought. ~~They~~
~~will~~ Each ^{will} cling to a little story, ^{long ago} be-
gotten and ~~quiet~~ ^{quiet} hurt - some trouble
life dumped on their innocent selves.
~~And~~ ^{And} each will re-write ^{the story} and ~~start~~ ^{quessing}
constantly ~~knowing~~ ^{knowing} the plot ~~(a word)~~ ^{its}
the theme, ~~and~~ avoiding the meaning.

Booker

? I was 3 years old
when my mother
told me.

? The blood on my fist

Booker

3rd
PR it started slowly
(fire)

Olive: I Don't

Know
Whether
to laugh
or cry

Bride:

1. The sound of the
Shuttle ~~annoyed~~
~~begin to~~
worry me

2. I don't know
how can people
live in these
little boxes

Norma —

They say I'm
not good
enough they
want to ^{is coming} bride back
to know if

Safia —

Jack wants a
divorce

3 P.V.
author's voice

fine description
Booker: fight "she came
into my
house"
→ loss of AS her
→ FF Dearest re: colorism
→ colorism comments
→ FF. Bride's 1st
P.V.
→ getting over
childhood
trauma

And she.

Lotus Ann did as she was told
but ~~the lovely cosmetics lost their~~
~~lovely loveliness~~

(she wished she could

collect the cosmetics and move
them to a safer place)

1. Begin trip.
after deciding
she wants "truth"/"clarity" (1)

2. Rescued by
a family after
accident (4)

3. body still
returning
to childhood. (2)

- in bestaurant
Sweater too big

Tipper of her
shoulders

accident
1 A. Long
night spent
trapped in
car - can't
move left foot
or leg (3)

2 A.
family lives
frugally -
very poor
She grateful
for care - but
contemptuous
of their life.
Finally ~~recognizes~~
value of a
emotionally
healthy family. (5)

I am eager to lend my
voice to these women

where there is only who endure
the unspeakable
Silence

Advancing H.P. 2000
was for me
an ideal
help break the Silence.

Queen

A city girl is always amazed by the
boredom of ^{country} ~~tiny~~ towns. It's one
thing for ~~ex~~ former hippies to
live their anti ^{capitalist} ideals ~~in~~ ^{on} the
edge of a ^{rural village} ~~tiny town~~ - they had ^{times}
of excitement in their adventurous
past. But what about ^{regular} ~~plain~~
folks? Folks who were born there
& never left.

(Norma)

→ Negotiated Bride's
extended leave

^{body}
~~After~~ No ~~one~~ used
her ~~never~~ ^{her} last name. Everyone
called (this x aunt) Queen probably
because she had married several times.
Among the mourners, she alone ^{him} understood.

consciousness of Black Arts writers as was "The Nation" itself, had followed the publication of *The Spook Who Sat by the Door*. The April 4, 1968 assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. occurred one year after the publication of *The Man Who Cried I Am*. Such was the prophetic voice of mid-century Black Arts fiction.

By the publication of *Black Fire* (hereafter *BF*), edited by Amiri Baraka (formerly Leroi Jones) and Larry Neal in 1968, Black fiction had moved to a persisting interiority. Its narrative strategies would probe what Martin Luther King, Jr. called the "beloved community" through systematic deconstructive and reconstructive genres derived from Black oral expressive forms. Or to borrow poet Nikki Giovanni's terms, "Black feeling," "Black thought," "Black judgment"—Black culture—is the focus of Black Arts fiction.

In *BF*, Larry Neal's brilliant story "Sinner Man Where You Gonna Run To?" raises the voice of Black sacred song to address the burning questions of the relation of the artist to his community; the creative process in relation to society; and the god-like creative impulse or the angst of imprisoned identity (the individual and society or "individuation" and democracy). Just as the story evokes those historical questions that force the response of Black writers at mid-century, the story also responds to the

turning
it into a
fury,
like cement,

1 His disgust ^{rivalling}
his sorrow ^{crushing}
Queen took him ^{overwhelm}
aside, "Keep him,
baby. Don't let him loose and
fight for him every day of your
life."

why he was taking it so hard
and his anger at those who
sard-?

novel work to combine the lens of biography, the historical novel, mystery, the international novel, *lieu de memoire*, psychological critique, and detective fiction in the revelation of "The King Alfred Plan"—the dazzling invention (?) of the novel. Critical to events of the novel, Max is made aware of the "Plan" by Harry Ames, the novel's thinly veiled signifier Richard Wright, the claimed literary ancestor of John A. Williams and, by extension, ancestor of African American fiction since, claimed or not. "The King Alfred Plan" devised by the *Alliance Blanc* of the novel not so thinly disguises the FBI, the CIA, and Cointelpro efforts to destroy Black liberationist movements. Events before and during 1963 might cause readers to wonder if, indeed, "The King Alfred Plan" were at work. In immediate response to the question, Sam Greenlee's thriller *The Spook Who Sat by the Door* (1963) offers full expression of the nationalistic tone and mood that informs much tropical and theoretical production of the 1960s. *The Spook*, designating simultaneously a racial epithet directed toward Black people and a slang for spy in Greenlee's novel, is Dan Freeman, a Black CIA operator who decides to use his training to organize Black violent street gangs as militant forces against the assault on Black communities.

The 1965 assassination of Minister Malcolm El Hajj Malik El Shabazz (Malcolm X) of the Nation of Islam, as impactful a voice on the

n.b.

Volkswagen ~~with~~
~~not truck~~

years at

I'm Turning into a little girl,

→ it was raining - bullet like
taps on the windows and followed
by crystal lines ~~do~~ of water

The deep darkness
at night

→ I refused to look through the
~~two~~ raindappled window to see
him walk (~~or~~^{hope}) away. I already
knew what ~~would see~~ was
there: palm trees lining the
road, ^{clouds reflected in} the pond
~~a park with a pond~~ where ducks
swam

benches
~~around~~
in the park

→ Some Kids in my class
~~Made me classmates~~
Treated me like a freak
ink on paper

absurd and the masks of both melodrama and horror genres. But when read as an indication of Kelley's tendency "to draw upon poetic and prose Eddas—the mythology, ethical conceptions and heroic lore of the Norse"—as Bernard Bell suggests, one achieves a reading of the story's Mr. Herder as a re-creation of Odin, father of the gods, whose treachery implicates him in the murder of his son Balder, the most beloved god. Bell's reading sees the thematic core of the story to be a contrast between "the Northern origins and chilling life-destroying values of Odin and his descendents and the passionate, life giving values of Africa and her descendents" ("The Image" 601)—Josie and Jennie of the story. "The Only Man on Liberty Street," like *Dunford's Travels Everywhere*, Kelley's 1969 novel, warns that "Africans and their descendents [...] should beware that their physical and creative energies not be used for fuel to warm the descendents of [Odin]" (601).

That story and Louise Meriwether's "A Happening in Barbados" (first published in *The Antioch Review* 1968) examine the dehumanizing effects of sexual indignities and what Mary Helen Washington, scholar-critic-anthologist, identifies correctly as "the myth of the white woman." Meriwether's first novel, *Daddy Was a Number Runner* (1967), a coming of age narrative, recalls, as Washington observes, Zora Neale Hurston's groundbreaking novel *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937). Hurston, a

lipstick and the

thighs of new women

→ Asked for and received extension
of my leave

→ tumpset lay ^{atop} ~~among~~ a
change of clothes - white linen dress
and thong slippers, - in her
small canvas case - throws shaving
brush away
(after breast disappearance)

Now I am convinced

Something ^{scary} is

happening to me (while
having a drink w/ Evelyn)

^{Evelyn} She doesn't notice - or at least
doesn't mention how ~~my~~ my T-
shirt hangs. as she ^{left} anticipated and ~~reserved~~ ^{heard}

here,

giggle of

the waitress as Bride leaves

VICODIN

white linen
dress so
looks is
ridiculous

The Shaman grieves over the murdered embodiment of these aspirations as he stands before the emblematic ruined "Temple." As he proceeds down the familiar streets of Harlem, so often inscribed as both cultural source and hideous waste, he arrives at Harlem Square, the place of a cultural shrine, "Micheval's Bookstore [sic] [which] for over thirty years, has been an important intellectual meeting place for Africans, Nationalists, Reformers, Muslims, and various dissenters" (184). There, he listens to the harangue of a false prophet whose diatribe re-centers the word *white* or its cognates. As much as this speech reminds the analogic reader of the Nantucket sermon before the men go out to sea in *Moby Dick* and the sermon at Tuskegee Institute in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, even so, it ignorantly reduces the sacred blood-soaked word of Malcolm and Martin and the concretized ideals of the pioneers of the new order to absurdity. Sickened, the Shaman-figure of Henry Dumas in "Harlem" enacts, arguably, one of three pivotal turns in the history of Western narrative signifying on the Western world. Such a narrative moment occurs when the African Queen Dido irrevocably and silently turns away from the lover who has betrayed her on his way to build Rome in Virgil's *Aeneid*. Another pinpoints the moment when Crèvecoeur's gentleman farmer, overwhelmed by effete sentimentality turns away from the agonized Black man caged in the edenic

Steve picked the ^{metal bits} ~~pieces~~ out
of her hand and wrist. And
Evelyn washed her skin
My lady she made a hurt face but
She didn't cry

Miss my black lady
~~that~~ She's gone but I'm going to
~~Maybe I'll~~ see her again ^{going to}
~~She's not far away~~ ^{she's on her way}
~~town called whiskey~~ Evelyn says
it's not ^{that} ~~too~~ far
I miss my black lady

burning issues informing the mood of mid-century American society: the unintended failure of civil rights gains achieved by that movement to address the "gut grievances of the black ghettos—malnutrition, substandard housing, poor schools and unadulterated neglect," "the long hot [riot-ridden] summers of 1966, 1967, and 1968" registering reaction to the murder of people-responsive leaders (Brisbane, 568); the intensity of a cyclical Black Nationalism articulated by Black leaders in the early nineteenth century such as Paul Cuffee, Dr. Martin Delany, and in the early twentieth century by Marcus Garvey, now refueled at mid-century by Minister Malcolm's rephrasing epithet "Black Revolution" in 1964; and "Black Power" by President of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee Stokely Carmichael earlier than 1965, and student coalitions calling for "black self-esteem, black identity, and a new black lifestyle" (Brisbane 569; *sic*). Beyond Black America change was the constant. Taylor explains, "In the United States these voices included the vocal insurgence of Black liberation movements, the rebirth of feminism, youth culture, the articulation of gay identity after the Stonewall incident, the sexual revolution, and the Chicano-Latino movements reclaiming cultural identity" (Taylor 3). In Europe, movements such as the student Situationists International in France paralleled such response. Thus, Neal's "Sinner Man" in *BF* is an initiation

→ Been there for 12 days, sleeping
in deep darkness, in a house
w/o electricity. ~~Some few times.~~ feeling
ghostly
under a filthy
skylight She limped out side just
to see stars hidden from her
in the city etc smothered

→ Edge of blanket clutched under
her chin.

~~Can
she would have
rocketed away from the scary thought
I'm becoming a little girl
that she
was~~

~~Booker
the sump this
pen 13~~

~~30 for 1200
30 for 1200
30 for 1200
30 for 1200~~

exceptional creative force and talent. His self-esteem literally whipped out of him—destroyed by the brutalities of share-cropper existence, Ossie Lee cannot allow the exuberance expressed in Minnie Pearl's art form: "For hours, he caressed her, aroused her, loved her. He worked with her until he felt sure that he had given her a baby, a baby which would weigh her down and destroy her balance so that she would dance no more" (499). Even so, one voice, an oracular community voice, the voice of Miss Lula has warned both Minnie Pearl and Ossie Lee of the unwisdom of their marriage. The story's comment, like the blues lyric, is clear: "no use talkin' if ain't nobody listnin'." "Frankie Mae," first published in Woodie King's *Black Short Story Anthology* (1972), is also a death of spring parable. The title character recalls Ovid's Philomela—the girl child raped and killed who becomes a nightingale. Frankie, apple of her father's eye, talented, industrious, exuberant, lovely embodiment of her community's most admirable aspirations, is sacrificed to a hope-crushing, obscene sharecropper system and also to sexual bondage; nevertheless, her death galvanizes her community to the action of self-determination.

Read as a comment on the blues chords of Smith's stories, Paule Marshall's "Reena" (1963) enunciates what will later premise Alice Walker's theoretical *womanism*. "Woman" argues Reena, title character of

That time when I saw her
at first I stuck in her car
but Steve
I don't have a
daddy, I mean I don't
know who he is or where
he did not ~~live~~ ^{live} with my mother's
house.

I talked
a long
time
I told her
everything

She's gone ~~the~~ ^{my} black lady
with ~~the~~ ^{scary} eyes. I like her ^{a lot} ^{now}
~~when~~ ^{Steve} her car came back with
its a busted door of a nother
color I ~~felt~~ ^{feel} sad. Now she's
gone ~~the~~ I don't know who can
talk to. Evelyn is ^{real good} ~~wonderful~~
to me, so is Steve. But
they ^{frown and} look away if I say
~~anything~~ about how it was
in my mother's house ^{when I was thrown out}
if I start to tell them
or how smart I was on the street
My black lady is
tough and nice too
She's ~~brave~~ too. After our talk
when we ~~were~~ ^{went back} ~~walking~~ ^{home} after our talk
a truck full of boys passed
they hollered and called us
name, ^{one of them} then they turned around
and ^{pointed} ~~held~~ a shotgun (like Steve's)

inquests, the funeral parlor, the barber shop, the cut-rate liquor store. Life in "Nothing" is tedious, repetitive, demoralizing but not without encounters with the sphere of inner reality, not without the heightened activist consciousness of Red Top and the writerly blues sensibilities of the narrator of the story. In "Miss Luhester Gives a Party," first published in Langston Hughes' *The Best Short Stories by Negro Writers* (1967) and included in this anthology, Fair had begun his probe of self-destructive psychology nurtured in "Nothing": the internalized consequences of external oppression. Miss Luhester's party re-calls Paul Laurence Dunbar's 19th-century poetic and vernacular narrative "The Party." By contrast, while Dunbar's party foregrounds "the coincident thought-life of a people" (Maloney, 27) under the duress of slavery yet inventing "the forms of things unknown," Miss Luhester's guests release self-destructive frustrations even amidst the most gracious and productive creative sensibilities of their community. The story mines some of the outcomes of these frustrations as misogyny, child abandonment, vandalism, and violence inflicted on one another.

Similarly, Jean Wheeler Smith's "That She Would Dance No More," first published in *BF*, tells the story of Ossie Lee and Minnie Pearl through the ironic blues mode to pinpoint a community's most self-destructive psychosis: in this case, misogynistic envy and, therefore, punishment of

I thumbed my nose at
him

One guy ~~really~~ hurt me so
bad I ~~started~~ ~~was~~ bleeding and

my mother ~~gave me~~
then she ~~me~~ drenched with a yellow
powder and told me to go to bed

~~slapped~~
~~she argued with~~
him and made him give
me ~~me~~ her more money
before screaming get out

"Hey Rain who's your mammy?"
e

rite. Not only does it answer Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown" or "Ethan Brand," it, above all, answers the story's Reverend Worth and his deacons, benevolent, "gentle people." Indeed, the initiation of "the Appointed Ones"—the story's motif—discloses the necessity for the descent "into the Blackness [to] protect them by all the means at our disposal so that that very gentleness would some day flower into bright sun-colors, blooming and singing in the universe" (*BF* 511-12). This, then, was the answer of Black writers of the period to the perennial debates regarding art and politics. The binary between art and politics, for mid-twentieth Black Arts artists was a construction, untenable and finally unjustifiable

Some writers included in *BF* such as Ronald Fair and Jean Wheeler Smith adapt the voices of the secular blues singer to tell stories of the screams of anguish and shouts of triumph in their communities, but also to expose and, therefore, exorcise internalized destructive attitudes. In "Life with Red Top" (*BF* 500-509), Ronald Fair takes us through the town of "Nothing." It is a place of "old, obsolete buildings [of] substandard living, rat and roach-ridden" where "we used to wash walls and windows, and sweep the place, once in a while but ... what's the use;" where "you buy what you want and beg for what you need;" where you walk through the pan-handling streets to Mr. Marovitz's store to the Monday morning

"Eight
Five? Is that how old she was?"

"I guess. Well, she had no period
and ~~no breasts at all~~
and no period until last
for three years. And
~~still~~ no breasts when we
took her."

Bride stood up. A ~~sharp~~
pain ^{in her ankle} sharp and insistent forced
her to ~~weave. Eight. That's~~
~~how old she was when she stood~~
~~in the witness box~~

"militant" in their definitive book *The Militant Black Writer in Africa and the United States* (1969). In its reflection of the mood of the age, Black fiction intensified the question of identity always haunting the American narrative: "Whether he is African or American by place of birth, the black [sic] writer by the conditions of his existence has been made intensely aware of a white 'civilization' which, whatever its virtues, nevertheless, does impose its domination on the black [sic] body and mind" (Rideout vii). In the nineteenth-century symbolist American novel, it is Herman Melville, "Dear Melville" as John A. Williams calls him, who fully and almost singularly embraces this issue. To paraphrase an observation of Caribbean theorist C.L.R. James, Melville's spectacular theme in *Moby Dick* is that an obsession with whiteness sank the "Pequod," the American ship of state. In its "ambiguous," "ambivalent," turbulent nationalistic thrust, the thematics of identity in the fiction of the sixties finds its most profound intensification in the supernal poetic and narratology of Henry Dumas and Ishmael Reed. Both writers stage a declaration of independence from psychic whiteness and achieve a literary imaginary whose cosmology, etymology, ontology, and linguistic enunciation, if known, is certainly not canonized in the white Western world.

But ~~little~~ by ~~little~~ ^{bit}
~~I saw~~ parts of my body
began to disappear ~~after~~ after he left.
It took ~~I didn't~~ make the connection.
a while to ~~at first~~ It started when he
said ~~Shouldn't~~

He said

I said Don't ask
Even when he put ^{on} his jeans,
slipped his feet into his loafers
I didn't believe him. I thought
he was leaving the silly
argument we'd been having
not leaving us, our relationship.
Any moment I'd hear the
key in the lock, door click
open and close. Nothing

collector, novelist, one mentor of the mid-century Black Arts generation. They also followed the "river" of Langston Hughes and the "goat path" of Jean Toomer straight back to the farthest southern shore: Africa.

When Ishmael Reed calls Dumas "the poet of Resurrection" saying: "He knows Islam, Christianity, Greek, and Yoruban religion;" saying that "this historian, teacher, guide, poet wants [Black people] to be aware of their traditions and their power;" saying that, "He is a prophet like St John;" that "he successfully mediums the many black male voices that we hear in everyday life;" and "will never be harlequined as tranquilizers for the suburbs," we may say that Ishmael Reed owns these very same credentials. In *Cab Calloway Stands in for the Moon* (1970) the Reed shaman "is the long Juju of Aro in eastern Nigeria. A descendent of that long line of conjurers who taught Greeks to oracle..." (9). It is this conjurer who "entered a man's dream [the man who is Noxon D. Awful, the Nixon, the president of wrong-headedness] and walked all over as if he owned the place. He moved the scenes around with the deftness of a director from the Hollywood Pantheon" (11). Shamen, conjurers as well as other agencies of diasporic empowerment people the Reed and Dumas landscapes.

Genius satirist, as much Menippian as Schuyleresque, Ishmael Reed begins with his 1967 novel *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* (hyphen added) to

No. Her ^{brain} ~~mind~~ was ^{wobbling} slipping
making things up - but
whatever she invented was
not as crazy as what was
going on.

Limped to the kitchen
SINK

~~got up~~
Washed
her hair and was looking for something to
and tied tie it at her neck when
it at
her
neck.

~~Evelyn~~ — Come on ^{outside} I'll towel it
for you.

She led ^{her} to ~~to~~ an ^{old} iron loveseat
in the yard, where a bottle
of unlabeled whiskey sat on a
table

In a tribute that only a great peer can confer, John A. Williams quotes a line from Henry Dumas's landmark volume *Play Ebony Play Ivory*: "Last nite we made two shadows disrobe" (37); then he comments: "What a line and what work to understand it [...] Henry Dumas at the piano—we snap our fingers at his rhythms and *deep inside* we understand exactly what he's playing" ("Henry Dumas" 403; italics added). Black consciousness—the Black Consciousness Movement" of the 1960s is what Stephen Henderson rightly identifies as

the real revolution, the transfiguration of blackness [from the] equation of blackness and evil [in] Western religion, Western iconography, Western symbolism [which] conspire to create black self-hatred, black self-denial, black slavery, a necessary first stage in the liberation of black people, and conceivably all Americans. (67; *sic*)

Indeed, crowning his commemoration of the thirty-three year old Henry Dumas, who was shot to death on a Harlem platform of the New York Central Railroad by a white policeman on May 23, 1968 for reasons yet unknown (some say mistaken identity), Williams immortalizes him, saying, "Real knowledge is a threat to things as they are" (403). This insight is a lens through which to read Dumas's "Fon," first published in *BF* and "Harlem" (circa 1957-65) from *Rope of Wind and Other Stories*, edited and introduced by poet, scholar, anthologist Eugene B. Redmond in 1979, both included here.

Dreaming

She was about speak
but his hand was
moving between ~~her~~ ^{my} thighs ...
When ~~her~~ ^{my} arms flew up and closed over his back
he exchanged for a larger
appendage ^{his fingers} and she
began to ~~couldn't~~ ^{wanted to whisper} speak or moan
either with his lips pressing ^{hers} ~~mine~~
she woke humming. But when she
pressed
the place where her breasts
once were, the ^{her} ~~tears were~~ hot
and ~~weighty~~.

That's
when she
understood
that
the humming changed to sobs.
the body ^{changed} - began
all of this happening after he left.
Maybe even because he left

"Harlem," an etiological tale, by its "anagogic" (Jongh 218) method recalls what Kalamu Ya Salaam (formerly Val Ferdinand) has called "the symbolic birth of the Black Arts Movement" (Salaam 70). In an account of his arrival, "Uptown Harlem," leading to the establishment and naming of the Black Arts Repertory Theater, Amiri Baraka (then Leroi Jones) remembers that "when we came up out of the subway, March 1965 [*sic* 64], cold and clear, Harlem all around us staring us down, we felt like pioneers of the new order" (Baraka, *Reader* 64). In Dumas's "Harlem," Harold Kane, the Shaman Presence of the story, also emerges from that same subway; he pauses before "the skeletal ruins of the Islamic Temple... like a man in a trance and stared at the wreckage for a long time" (1986). Analogically, the acquainted reader remembers with him the emergence of Black Consciousness—bearing Black Arts apostles to join their colleagues the Umbra Writers already in Harlem. Harold Kane, suffused in their mission, remembers its aspirations: "the rejection of white middle-class cultural values and the affirmation of black selfhood... the destruction of anything that stands in the way of selfhood and the celebration of blackness... preemptive attack, a kind of intellectual guerilla warfare" (Henderson 72; *sic*).

I am disappearing ^{here}. Bit by
bit, parts of me are ^{start} going away.
It didn't happen right away and
it has taken ^{so} long ^{time} to
^{I know} ^{for certain} the reason.
~~Understand why this is~~
~~happening to me~~, but ~~now~~
I ^{believe} ~~know~~ when it's ^{happening}
~~because~~ ~~when~~ he left me

He said

pa

Smaller hands
no period in
2 months
Birthmark (pronounced pale shape
outline of an
apple for her ankle)

garden of South Carolina. The third is the narrative moment when Harold Kane turns his gaze away from the *mythos* of whiteness and its reactionary demagoguery, "heads uptown" to turn east-south-east to answer the question of the Modernist Harlem poet Countee Cullen: "What is Africa to me?"

Another Modernist poet, the acclaimed T.S. Eliot, had envisioned that the force of creativity to fuel the Western literary imaginary would come from the East. The conclusion of his famous poem *The Wasteland* chants: *DATTA. Dayadhvam. Damyata* (give, sympathize, control) *Shanti, shanti shanti* (the peace which passeth understanding) from the Upanishads. Before the decade of the sixties would end, Henry Dumas and Ishmael Reed would reexamine that vision. In "Fon," the Dumas shaman has shifted shape to become a watchful child "almost liquid in his giant movements... a muscular black youth" (BF 457). He is being accused and interrogated by a white man. "The youth holds his head level, but his eyes glare outward, *always away from the eyes of the white man*" (457; italics added). He is Alfonso called Fon by his familiars. Fon is also the name designating *chief* in Cameroon; moreover, it is the name of a people of Benin (Equiano's birthplace). In "Fon" and in the other stories collected as *Ark of Bones*, we enter psychic zones untravelled in the received American narrative but prominent in the fiction of Zora Neale Hurston, anthropologist, story

He

Post grad - history - unfulfilling

Love family

prefers silence / solitude / music
i.e. "Rhapsody"

deep love for B.

accident - slow death

in her arms - her body parts
restored

brother goes missing - when he is 4,
10 years later the confession
of the nicest man in the world.
"Adam" the 1st name in his list
of names - which turn out to be
of the children ^{all boys} he murdered be-
cause after he sodomized them they
would be able to identify him.

Family large and loud: talking
all the time and over each other -
laughter and argument - makes him seek
silence and solitude.

Chose major in history to find out
what went on in the world and ^{perhaps} why it was
the way it was. ~~Disappointed~~ No

careen for
kids

answer to "why" - just what/how.

1. Loss of brother Adam - as a child
- went down street to pick roses
disappeared. found dead later.
Years later "the nicest man in
the neighborhood" is convicted
of stealing abusing boys
their names tattooed on his
arm (Adam, Boice, Lennie,
Rufus, Matthew, Kevin)
which he said (or people
thought) were his children

Reason for
pummeling
child
predators

2. He has a ^{tiny} nose tattoo that looks to
a casual eye like a scar or an stab wound
(to Boice) [flawless body except for a shoulder burn]

3. View of the narrative

He writes; She reads then learns
from his writing.

When they ^{finally} meet he is sick;
She cares for him; her body parts
re-grow; She writes = "Please don't
die." After he passes she

writes final note i.e. I never
loved anything or anybody like I love
you and if I knew I would see
you be with you again I would

join you ^{today, right now} in the (sky-fire) ^{between}
of those burning ^{fallen stars} roiling rocks where
you ^{and I} are ^{playing} making music that makes
will play

Since
I have
to see
you again

them turn
And we ~~would~~^{will} talk and talk
And talk until all ~~was~~^{is} known
And understood ~~to be~~^{as} perfect
and meaningful as birdsong

BRIDE insert

Helpless, idle. It became clear to Bride why boredom was so fought against. Without distraction or physical activity, the mind shuffled pointless, scattered recollections. Focused worry would be an improvement over disconnected, rags of thought. Minus the limited coherence of a dream her mind moved from the condition of her fingernails to the time she slammed into a lamppost, from judging a celebrity's gown to the state of her own teeth. ^{She was} ~~Being~~ stuck in a place with not even a radio, watching a couple going about their daily chores ^{1. 2.} and no one to talk to at least not about anything she was interested in. ^{3 4} [^] She missed chatting with Brooklyn whom she thought of as her only true friend: loyal, funny, generous. Who else would ~~rescue her~~, drive miles to find her after that horror at a motel then take such good care of her?

Since she couldn't call her, Bride decided to drop her a note. Evelyn didn't keep stationary so Bride asked for a sheet of tablet paper used to teach Rain to write. Evelyn would get it mailed.

Bride was expert at company memos but not writing letters. What should she say?

I'm determined to find him....?

I'm okay, so far....?

Sorry to leave without telling....?

I have to do this on my own because....?

When she put down the pencil she examined her fingernails.

BRIDE insert

ms p. 74

Helpless, idle. It became clear to Bride why boredom was so fought against. Without distraction or physical activity, the mind shuffled pointless, scattered recollections around and around. Focused worry would have been an improvement over disconnected, rags of thought. Minus the limited coherence of a dream her mind moved from the condition of her fingernails to the time she walked into a lamppost, from judging a celebrity's gown to ^{her flat chest.} ~~the state of her own teeth.~~ She was stuck in a place so primitive it didn't even have a radio ^{and confined to} ~~while~~ watching a couple going about their daily chores-gardening, cleaning, cooking, weaving, mowing grass, chopping wood, canning. There was no one to talk to, at least not about anything she was interested in. Her determined refusal to think about Booker invariably collapsed. What if she couldn't find him? What if he's not with Mr. or Ms. Olive? Nothing would be right if the hunt she was on failed. And if it succeeded what would she do or say? Except for Sylvia Inc. and Brooklyn, she felt she had been scorned by everybody all her life. Booker was the one person ^{left} ~~she was able~~ to confront—which was the same as confronting herself, standing up for herself. Wasn't she worth something? Anything?

She missed Brooklyn whom she thought of as her only true friend: loyal, funny, generous. Who else would drive miles to find her after that ^{blood soaked cheap} ~~horror~~ at a motel then take such good care of her? It wasn't fair, she thought, to leave her in the dark

Re: copy edit queries

p. 9 ok fake website

p. 13 she exits from the local road she is driving on

p. 15 after 15 years in two prisons she would have seen many black female inmates

p. 30 nice neighborhood, not wealthy; professional parents use nannies; 'tacky'

means unattractive, not poor

p. 43 Midnight in Paris for women (my mother and her friends all used it)

p. 49 she is from ^{mid west} Pennsylvania, not California

p. 58 local address and forwarding address common gesture for someone not paying rent anywhere. n.b. they have been a couple for less than a year

p. 59 Insert Sofia passage

p. 62 Whiskey Road is long but not the village of Whiskey

p. 63 six week old kitten is a cat

p. 64 native Americans don't like or use this term since anything Indian-made is called 'Navajo'

p. 69 call from Doctor's office? Why would she want to return to LA?

p. 70 one leg hanging out of zinc tub? ^{Awkward. She bird washes} How would that help?

p. 74 insert attached

p. 85 early September to June

p. 90 "two years later, just before.." Booker is 16 when he applies, 17 when accepted

p. 92 too expensive to travel regularly back east for this family

p.96 'misogynist' is her view, doesn't have to be accurate or documented

p. 98 The Red line on 7th Street is a subway in LA

p. 104 again, Whiskey Road is not the village of Whiskey

p. 106 she couldn't know from simply seeing a woman out back; another woman could be in the house

p. 107 see sentence change p. 104

Let me know if there are more queries and if these replies are unclear.

Thanks

I Knew every inch of the church where
the funeral would be held.* ~~and other~~
~~memories swam in the~~

* the wooden Bible holders on the backs of the
pews, the light from the window ~~of above~~ behind
Reverend Walker's head. And the smell
perfume and Tobacco and something more.
Godliness perhaps - clean, antiseptic. and very
good for you. Like

SOFIA

I ought to be sad. Daddy called to say Mommy died. I thought about asking ^{ed} for an advance so I could ^{to buy} pay for a ticket to fly out for the funeral, assuming my parole officer would ^{let me} agree to the trip. Then I dreamed ^(over) of the dining room corner in

Mommy's house. The blue and white wallpaper I came to know better than my own ^{Roses, lilacs, columbine in artificial colors.} face. I stood there, sometimes for two hours; the quiet scolding ^a for something I

don't remember now or even then ^a what my punishment was for. I wet my

underwear? I played 'wrestle' with a neighbor's ^{SON} child? I couldn't wait to get out of

^{Mommy's} her house and married the first man who asked. Two years with him was the

same—obedience, silence, a bigger blue and white corner. Teaching was the only pleasure I had.

I have to admit, though, that Mommy's rules, her strict discipline helped me survive in Decagon. Until the first day of my release ^{, that is,} when I blew. Really blew. I beat up that black girl who testified against me. Beating her, kicking and punching her freed me up more than being paroled. I felt I was ripping blue and white wallpaper, returning slaps and running the devil Mommy knew so well out of my life.

I wonder ^{wh} hat happened to her. Why she didn't call the police. Her eyes [,] were frozen with fear delighted me [,] then. The next morning with my face bloated from hours of sobbing, I opened the door. Thin streaks of blood were on the pavement and a pearl earring nearby. Maybe it belonged to her; maybe not. Anyway I kept it. It's still in my wallet as what? a kind of remembrance? ^{When} I tend to my patients—put their

teeth back in their mouths, rub their behinds, their thighs to limit bed sores, or
 when I sponge their lacy skin before lotioning it, in my mind I am putting the black
 girl back together, healing her, thanking her. *For the release.*

Sorry Mommy.

BROOKLYN

Nothing. A call to our CO asking for more extended leave. Rehab. Emotional rehab—whatever. But nothing about where she's headed or why until today. A note scribbled on a piece of yellow lined tablet paper. Christ. I didn't have to read it to know what it said. 'Sorry I ran away. I had to. Except for you everything was falling apart blah, blah, blah...'

Beautiful dumb bitch. Nothing about where she ^{is going} ~~is~~ or how long she'd be gone.

^{I know for sure} Obviously she's tracking that guy. I can read her mind like ^a ~~it was the~~ headline crawling across the bottom of a TV screen. ^{It's a gift} I've had ~~that gift~~ since I was a little kid. (over)

On When my uncle started thinking of putting his fingers between my legs again, even before he knew himself what he wanted to do, I hid or ran or screamed with a fake stomach ache so my mother would wake from her drunken nap to tend to me. ^{Believe it} Since ^{then} I've always sensed what ^{people} ~~men~~ wanted and how ^{to please them,} ~~they wanted~~ it. Only once did I mis-read—with your loverman.

I ran away too, Bride, but I was fourteen and there was nobody but me to take care of me so I invented myself. I thought you did too except when it came to lovers. I knew right away that the last one—a con man if ever I saw one—would turn you

when
Like the landlady stole ~~the~~ ^{rent} the money
from the dining room table and said we were
behind in the rent.

into the scared little girl you used to be. One fight with a crazy felon and you surrendered, stupid enough to quit the best job in the world.

I started out sweeping a hairdresser's shop, then waitressing until I got the department store job. Long before Sylvia, Inc. I fought like the devil for each job I ever got. *And let nothing, nothing stop me.*

But for you

to
~~Now~~ its 'I had to run...' Where ~~the hell~~ *where* are you? In some place there is no real stationary or even a post card?

Bride, please.

SOFIA

I ought to be sad. Daddy called my supervisor to say Mommy died. I asked for an advance to buy a ticket to fly out for the funeral, assuming my parole officer would let me. I remember every inch of the church where the funeral would be held. The wooden Bible holders on the backs of the pews, the greenish light from the window behind Reverend Walker's head. And the smell—perfume, tobacco and something more. Godliness, perhaps. Clean, upright and very good for you like the dining room corner in Mommy's house. The blue and white wallpaper I came to know better than my own face. Roses, lilacs, clematis ^{all in blue against snowy white} ~~in artificial colors~~. I stood there, sometimes for two hours; a quiet scolding, a punishment for something I don't remember now or even. ^{then} I wet my underwear? I played 'wrestle' with a neighbor's son? I couldn't wait to get out of Mommy's house and married ^{the} the first man who asked. Two years with him was the same—obedience, silence, a bigger blue and white corner. Teaching was the only pleasure I had.

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Beautiful dumb bitch. Nothing about where she's going or how long she'd be gone. One thing I know for sure she's tracking that guy. I can read her mind like a headline crawling across the bottom of a TV screen. It's a gift I've had since I was a little kid. Like when the landlady stole the money lying on our dining room table and said we were behind in the rent. Or when my uncle started thinking of putting his fingers between my legs again, even before he knew himself what he was planning to do. I hid or ran or screamed with a fake stomachache so my mother would wake from her drunken nap to tend to me. Believe it. I've always sensed what people want and how to please them. ^{Or not} Only once did I mis-read—with ^{Bride's} ~~your~~ loverman.

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boy friends

came to ~~lovers~~. I knew right away that the last one—a con man if ever I saw one—
would turn you into the scared little girl you used to be. One fight with a crazy felon
and you surrendered, stupid enough to quit the best job in the world.

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store job. Long before Sylvia, Inc. I fought like the devil for each job I ever got and
let nothing, nothing stop me.

But for you its 'Wah, wah, I had to run...' Where to? In some place where there is no
real stationary or even a post card?

Bride, please.

Dear Toni -

As promised, a bunch of little things for you to sign off on. Then a few thoughts...

8 - five lines from bottom: Not sure I know what you mean by a "red and black tune"

28 - bottom para: I think it would sound more natural to say "She knows I know she's lying. Why wouldn't an attacker take her money?"

Again, on 30, top, I think it would be better to say "Her voice is whiney and she's trembling."

33 - 8 down something a little odd about her mentioning lipstick in this context, considering her relationship to lipstick; then, two lines below, I think it should read "How can I take crime shows seriously?"

36 - repeat of "know" on line 7 and line 9 doesn't sound good

43 - four lines from bottom: I don't understand "postal." Is that a standard phrase? I only know "viral."

79 - six from bottom, I think it should be "Julie, my cellmate and only friend"

82 - line 10 I think "but" works better than "still" since "still" can mis-read

119 - "It took a while to get the whole story" doesn't seem to lead to anything here

130 - I'd drop the doe and fawn - this seems too convenient

138 - seems odd that suddenly a section has no one's name in front.

Do you want "Booker" here? Maybe confusing for readers.

147 - Line 5 - Don't you want "Ella" here? "Etta," if Etta James, isn't in this league, much as I like her. Five lines down, I assume it's Sesame Street, not Seed.

153 - There are three "so"s within six lines of each other in the bottom half of the page. Deliberate? Also, should be "Decatur" not Decater, as elsewhere.

161 - half-way down: I assume it's Freddie Hubbard you mean?

173 - line five better to specify "door" rather than "part"

199 - second para, "I guess good isn't good enough..." seems too on the target and a little fancy for dialogue

207, line 3 - I'm confused. Should this be "Now having slept fourteen hours..."

219 - line 3 - word missing? "Loggers MOVE on after they destroy a forest."

if too
obscure

viral
old jazz

OK ? records

yes

stat she sells
but doesn't use
= anger
violence

yes

standard re: all those
shootings in post offices

yes

stat
yes

should be
Booker

stat Etta

yes (thanks)

stat (a common
phrase in
Black
culture)

When I read it all again this weekend I liked even more the way the book gathers together, and of course the voices. But I have to say that I again missed those voices later on. For instance: we get the idea of a conflict or rivalry with Brooklyn, but it just falls out of Bride's head and the book. So why set it up? Ditto Sofia and Sweetness— not only do they disappear from the book but they disappear from Bride's head. Also, I'm confused about Bride's pregnancy. When does she know? As it is, it comes out of nowhere.

I know you're really happy with it the way it is, but I'd like you to give all this one more thought. Can't hurt!

As ever, B

Voices in - chapter are all of those who hurt, betrayed, ~~abandoned~~ or abused her. The ~~furries~~ She can do nothing about those furries - except for the one who abandoned her: Booker. ^{Confronting} ~~They~~ ^{their} ~~more~~ ^{to appear} ^{once} within her escape would defeat her journey toward ~~maturity~~ ^{self esteem}. Except for Rain's voice ^{which} ~~is~~ ^{enabling} ~~productive~~ helpful - not demeaning as are Brooklyn's ^{emotional} ~~and confidence~~ ^{strength} and Sofia's - so she gains ^{strength} for the balance of the journey.

Bride notices her body's changes with alarm - ~~so~~ mentions having no menstrual period but assumes it's all part of her ^(hallucination) ~~shrinking~~ ^{body} ~~disappearance~~ ^{to} ^{that of} ^{a little girl} ~~After caring for Olive~~ ^{back} ^{to} ^{normal} ^{Almost} ^{that notes} ^{body is} ^{She says,}

(I can strengthen this)

* a confidence that doesn't rely on being pretty

[Insert]

SWEETNESS

I prefer this place—Winston House—to those big, expensive nursing homes outside the city. Mine is small, homey, cheaper with twenty-four hour nurses and a doctor who comes twice a week. I'm only sixty-three—too young for pasture—but I came down with some creeping bone disease, so good care is vital. The boredom is worse than the weakness or the pain, but the nurses are sweet. One just kissed me on the cheek before congratulating me when I told her I was going to be a grandmother. Her smile and her compliments were fit for someone about to be crowned.

I had showed her the note on blue paper that I got from Lula Ann—well she signed it "Bride", but I never pay that any attention. Her words sounded giddy. "Guess what, S. I am so so happy to pass along this news. I am going to have a baby. I'm too too thrilled and hope you are too." I reckon the thrill is about the baby, not its father because she doesn't mention him at all. I wonder if he is as black as she is. If so, God help the child. Things have changed a mite from when I was young. Blue blacks are all over tv, in fashion magazines, commercials, even on the Supreme Court.

There is no return address on the envelope. So I guess I'm still the bad parent being punished forever til the day I die for doing the well intended and, in fact, necessary way I brought her up. I know she hates me. As soon as she could she

left me all alone in that awful apartment. She got as far away from me as she could; dolled herself up and got some big-time job in California. The last time I saw her she looked so good, I forgot about her color. Still, our relationship is down to her sending me money. I have to say I'm grateful for the cash because I don't have to beg for extras like some of the other patients. If I want my own fresh deck of cards for solitaire I can get it and not need to play with the dirty, worn one in the lounge. And I can buy my special face cream. But I'm not fooled. I know the money she sends is a way to stay away and quiet down the little bit of conscience she's got left.

If I sound irritable, ungrateful, part of it is because underneath is regret. All the little things I didn't do or did wrong. I remember when she had her first period and how I reacted. Or the times I shouted when she stumbled or dropped something. How I screamed at her to keep her from tattling on the landlord—the dog. True. I was really upset, even repelled by her black skin when she was born and at first I thought of.... No. I have to push those memories away—fast. No point. I know I did the best for her under the circumstances. When my husband ran out on us, Lula Ann was a burden. A heavy one but I bore it well.

Yes, I was tough on her. You bet I was. After she got all that attention following the trial of those teachers, she became hard to handle. By the time she turned twelve going on thirteen I had to be even tougher. She was talking back, refusing to eat what I cooked, primping her hair. When I braided it, she'd go to school and unbraid it. I couldn't let her go bad. I slammed the lid and warned her of

the names she would be called. Still, some of my schooling must have rubbed off. See how she turned out? A rich career girl. Can you beat it?

Now she's pregnant. Good move, Lula Ann. If you think mothering is all cooing, booties and diapers you're in for a big shock. Big. You and your nameless boyfriend, husband, pick up—who ever—imagine OOO! A baby! Kitchee kitchee koo!

Listen to me. You are about to find out what it takes, how the world is, how it works and how it changes when you have a child.

Good luck.

Too many commas - whether correct or not -
move the text from sound & the way the
speaker thinks to ^awriterly-ness I don't want,

p. 30 - nice neighborhood ^{but} not wealthy - too strict
interpretation - my relatives live

p. 9. OK fake website Professional parents use nannies

p. 13 she 'exits' from the ^{local} road she is on

p. 15 - ^{after} 15 years have gone by - ^{two} ⁱⁿ prisons She would have seen many
~~were other black girls, in the~~
~~prison~~

p. 20 \$2,500 ~~twenty five hundred~~ ^{do 100 dollar bills} ^{exit}

p. 43 - Midnight in Paris for women (all my mother & friends all bought and used it)

p. 49 - She is from Pennsylvania - not California

To do:

p. 29

p. 58 - local address and forwarding
Common gesture for someone not paying
rent anywhere n.b. they have been a couple
for ~~only~~ less than a year.

p. 14 \$

p. 59 insert Sofra passage

Don't want them
to sound
too much
like
compositions

p. 62 W Road is not the ^{Village} ~~town~~ of Whiskey

p. 63 Six week old kitten is a cat.

p. 64. Native Americans don't use this term

p. 69 Call from doctor's office? She doesn't
know where she is. Why would she want to
go back to LA? Dr. Care plus Jag. will let
her continue

p. 70 — ^{one} leg hanging out of zirc tub?
p. 85 ^{p. 74 insert} early Sept to June

p. 86 — I have Northern Ash in my yard

p. 90 ^{two} "years later - just before —
Bookes is 16 when he applies
17 when accepted

p. 92. Too expensive to travel back east

p. 96 "Mysoginist" Her view doesn't have
to be accurate - she's angry
or documented.

p. 98 #7 The Red line on 7th St
Subway in LA

p. 104 Whiskey long but it is village
the road is not the town
^

p. 106 She didn't know when she saw
her out back - there could have
been another person in the
house

p. 107 — see sentence changed p. 104

50026
101

Wed 237
Fed Et
Sol. by noon Thurs

~~Brooklyn~~
~~into~~

1. gardening, cleaning, cooking, weaving,
mowing grass, canning, chopping
wood, ? and dancing to

2. No one to talk to—at least not about
anything she knew about or was interested
in.

4. It wasn't fair, she thought to leave
her in the dark about where she was
~~as to why he left or abruptly~~ ^{she couldn't tell her}

the reason for her abrupt leaving.
Brooklyn would ^{try to} dissuade her or ^{worst} taunt or ^{laugh at} her.

Nevertheless, the right thing to do ^{was} to let her know something

3. ~~After~~ determined refusal to ~~find~~
think about Booker ^{invariably} collapsed.

What if she couldn't find him

What if he's not ~~with~~ ^{anywhere} Mr. Olney — or
Miss Ms Olive? Nothing

would be right if this hunt failed.

And if it succeeded, what would
she do or say?

nothing
would
be right
if

Except
for Brooklyn
& Sil INC,
she ^{had been} ~~was~~ scorned
by

almost
every body.

And he was
the only one she could confront

— which was the same as confronting
herself. Wasn't she worth something? Anything?