



## "Man: I met a woman..."

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3 Book Series  
 ① Woman journeying to find lover (A Mercy)  
 ② Man journeying to find woman (his sister) (Frank Money)  
 ③ Woman journeying to find ex-lover (Bride)

I met a woman some time ago. I knew her for nine weeks.

At 40 or so, has known four women (other than opportunity ~~sexual~~ couplings). Three were serious relationships during which he was always aware of, amused and enchanted by the small 'breakable' thing inside <sup>each one of</sup> them. Whatever their strength, size or "personality" (Character), inside them lay a fragility. Like the breast bone chosen to wish upon. A little V, thinner than bone. Barely bridged. He could break it with a forefinger. Never did. Never would. Knowing it was there hiding in soft highways, curled alleys was enough.

The fourth woman however, reversed everything. With her ~~the~~ <sup>for her</sup> company the little V <sup>of desire</sup> took up residence made a home - in his own chest. He dreaded it was her forefinger.

He could not last long under these circumstances and tried to shape things so she would leave him since he was unable to leave her.

He wonders  
 if she believes she threw him out  
 or if she suspects he ran away from her.



Winsome

Seven, including the driver, are  
~~alarmed~~ <sup>alarmed</sup> by the snow flakes. The wagon  
~~opens to~~ wheels wobble and make their harnesses  
slide back with

The wobble of the wagon wheels  
and now this, wide sticky snow  
flakes sticking to the hats and  
shawls. ~~concealing~~ <sup>obscuring</sup> their eyelashes  
and ~~sugaring~~ <sup>sugaring</sup> & flouring ~~of~~ beards

letter

She ~~it~~ will remove the letter in  
~~the stockings~~ <sup>between</sup> as soon as they  
reach ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> nestles the ~~skin~~ <sup>skin</sup> and the  
cotton, <sup>stacking</sup> A safer place than her shoe,  
but irritating none the less because  
the wax seals <sup>against</sup> rubs the skin.

So tender she couldn't play to run  
with other children; ~~wanted~~ <sup>wanted</sup> shoes on  
week days, ~~anybody's shoes~~

forfeiting the strength and agility of  
bare feet that ~~grows~~ <sup>develops</sup> developed  
soles tougher than leather.



See notes



Ol Lotus <sup>hula</sup> Ann [Brid]nell

1. Search/stalk MAN (2000) she is 28 ✓

1999?  
2000?

2. Trip to prison to see "Sofra" released  
driven to prison (1983) 1993  
she is 28 in brand new Jag

3. Recollection of trial & her false evidence <sup>1979</sup>  
date of recall (1979) 1981  
when she is 28

4. Recollection of assault, witnessed but  
never spoken of took place in (1975)  
when she was 3  
on whom?

5. Locates MAN ... Time-free

~~2000~~  
6, 1972  
~~28~~  
28 in 2000  
2000  
1972  
28  
1972  
21  
1980  
1972  
2

1999  
1978 1975-9  
17 21  
1995

2000  
28  
1972  
+ 3  
1975  
1978  
+ 8  
1986  
"Sylph" a door to door women's  
Corset Company originally -  
Changed its name to Sylph  
Apparel in the 50's  
Kept it through to 70's when it  
began to sell  
underwear and make up  
You Girl & (for older)  
women - Sylph  
(by 2000 its biggest  
seller Linen was You Girl)



Part of it was because she called herself  
Bride. Not Bridey. Not Bridewell  
And definitely not Lotus ~~Ann~~, although  
that was on her driver's license Lotus  
Ann Bridewell. High school was  
Ann Bridewell



~~Winnipeg~~ Carl Gloran

1. <sup>Wagon</sup> Journey with letter she cannot read
2. "Accident" - refuses to escape w/others <sup>to Canada</sup>  
(altho' slave life is unbearable)
3. Alone - journey to find man who  
will save ~~her~~ <sup>his</sup> from small pox.

A. bathing Oneida girls

real reason  
for journey

B. recollection of relationship to man

C. man's unaccountable exit.

4. Locates man ...



Man

Musing on the woman he left.

His work

Blacksmith?



Bride

She met a man some time ago;  
slept with him for two months until he  
said, "You are not the woman I want."  
"Neither am I," she answered.

Her relief was palpable although the  
affair had been pleasant\* even  
interesting\* at times. Nothing of course  
close to the lies Sylvia told in  
its ad copy: TK

But what else could honestly  
be expected from a company that  
started out as Sylph Corsets - for  
Discriminating Matrons, changed its  
name to Sylvia Apparel before  
accumulating six more lies in-

cluding YouGirl: "cosmetics for your  
~~personal~~ millenium." That was

her ~~personal~~ <sup>slam dunk</sup> contribution - YouGirl-

truthfully,  
the only  
physically  
satisfying  
encounter  
in her life;  
relaxed and  
effortless  
- she lies, here



- Not the slogan.

"Money to waste, now, Latus Ann,"  
she smiled. Maybe that was the woman  
he wanted. ~~Too late. Tough~~ <sup>But</sup> Latus Ann  
was not available. Besides, she was a  
17 year old kid who dropped the name  
right after high school and ~~became~~ <sup>was</sup>  
Ann Bridewell <sup>for X years later</sup> until she interviewed  
for the job at Sylvia and began calling  
herself Bride with nothing <sup>anybody needed or</sup> [to say?] <sup>remember?</sup>  
before or after that one sweet syllable.  
Customers and the sales force liked it,  
but clearly he did not. Called her  
girl most of the time "Hello, girl. I need you, girl."  
"You ~~this is my~~ girl?" The <sup>only</sup> ~~one~~ time he  
said "woman" was the day he left.

"See there, Latus Ann?" We're free again."

TR/TK

(see over)



(2001.000)

serious  
free to attend to business. No more  
dallying around with a mystery man  
with no visible means of support

A felon if ever there was one.  
Though he denied it, said his weekly  
appointments in TK were TK's <sup>reports</sup> not <sup>to</sup> a  
probation officer.

Afternoon  
The day was wet in the city but  
farther north, a flawless <sup>summer</sup> ~~October~~ sky (July)  
was promised. Bride  
selected a channel for the two  
hour ride, but didn't <sup>raise the volume</sup> push the on button.  
The hum muted by — leather <sup>was</sup> ~~seemed~~  
preferable. more suited to an already racing

Julie. Twenty-five thousand dollars <sup>in</sup> cash  
an AA gift certificate and a promotion  
box of Youpic products were tucked in her  
Kous Vuitton shopping bag.



Help her  
forget

All that could take a give anywhere - almost.  
Comfort her. Take the edge off of bad luck, &  
and boredom. <sup>memories</sup>

Bride Clicked the windshield wipers  
off and slowed. The <sup>Narristown</sup> exit was easily  
missed and ~~Deedon~~ <sup>the prison</sup> had no sign at all

until for a mile after you <sup>left</sup> ~~entered~~ the ramp.

Right outside Narristown, in the land  
of reclaimed desert California was

famous for, Deedon was an excellent  
<sup>spot location</sup> ~~sp~~ site; near a town <sup>small</sup> <sup>whose</sup> <sup>population</sup> that can serve

visitors, provide guards, cafeteria  
workers, health workers and, most of  
all, Contractors <sup>laborers</sup> who were always  
improving the site, repairing the road  
and adding wings to accommodate the  
increasing waves of evil women com-  
mitting violent crimes.

Bride <sup>Having</sup> ~~had~~ driven to Deedon  
<sup>Bride</sup> only twice, ~~but~~ never ~~even~~ tried to  
<sup>those times</sup> enter. She just wanted to see the



(monstrous)

place where the woman was had  
hired for <sup>twenty-one</sup> ~~seventeen~~ of her  
twenty-five to life sentence.

Today was <sup>no</sup> different. She <sup>had</sup> been  
and

Review Notices  
granted parole, according to the panel  
Sofia Huxley <sup>(?)</sup> would walk <sup>out of</sup> through  
the gates Bride had put her <sup>through</sup> behind.

~~Intercession~~  
This one was the one place a jaguar  
was embarrassing. Buses lined up  
at curbside, ~~were~~ old Toyotas and  
second-hand trucks parked lined the

road or took the few spaces in the parking  
lot ~~reserved~~ <sup>built mostly</sup> for <sup>that</sup> prison staff had ~~not~~ left.

Bride's car - sleek, gray - with <sup>her name on</sup> ~~her name~~  
[a hit at sales conference & among other <sup>regional</sup> managers]  
tacky vanity plate. <sup>like</sup> looked tacky and out of

place. <sup>like</sup> the ~~limosines~~ <sup>engines</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>spinning lightly</sup> sometimes  
arrived - <sup>idling</sup> next to ~~risers~~ <sup>chauffers</sup>

leaning against <sup>smoking</sup> near the <sup>road</sup> ~~door~~. Bride never  
stayed long enough to see <sup>a fanerger</sup> ~~anyone~~



who would need him to  
~~enter or exit the driver~~ leap to open

the door. She imagined a Grand

Madam (or a little Hooker-ette) impatient

to <sup>get</sup> back to her x designer linen  
in her and tasteful high-rise, ~~to~~ dying for a return <sup>of a</sup> ~~private~~ smooth

handy club - where she could <sup>celebrate the</sup> rip  
and burn of her. ~~the~~

prison issue panties with friends.

Not Sylvia <sup>Products</sup> though. <sup>The linen was</sup> Not Rescue enough  
for <sup>the hooker-ette's</sup> clients but not expensive enough.

Still,  
but she might <sup>own</sup> use You Girl <sup>the</sup> with  
sparkly eye shadow, <sup>the</sup> and gold flecked TK.

Today there was no limousine -

unless the Lincoln Town was a modest

one. Just the worn cars and trucks,  
<sup>the quiet</sup> children, <sup>animated</sup> the clusters of family groups,  
the <sup>a</sup> single relative sitting on <sup>a</sup> benches

at the bus stop. Bride waiter.

Huxley, Sofia <sup>AKA</sup> formerly 071140 would



not be released <sup>during</sup> ~~until the~~ visiting hours.

She, and, <sup>if there were</sup> other pardons, would emerge as a separate lot.

By 4:30 ~~only a single~~ only the Lincoln Towncar was left. A lawyer, thought Bride.

TK

And there she was. Un<sup>mistakable</sup> ~~mistake~~ because of the height. Six feet. Still. <sup>Twenty-one</sup> ~~Seventeen~~ years had not dwarfed the giant Bride remembered. At eight years old, Lotus Ann

could not believe a woman taller than the bariff, the judge, the lawyers, <sup>as tall as</sup> the police and almost as tall as her husband <sup>was</sup> was

anything other than ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> "filthy creep" <sup>Whispers in the women's</sup> ~~mother~~ <sup>sticker</sup>

~~the~~ parents called her. Look at her eyes. ~~So~~ lidded - like the snake she ~~was~~. At twenty? She did those things. How could a twenty-year old do those things?

1972  
1978  
1980  
1980  
21  
2001



Just look at those eyes. They're not twenty."

Twenty plus one year later the eyes  
were still bidded and the height unchanged.

Everything else had. <sup>parade</sup> Sofie was  
thin as a ~~stick~~ <sup>rope</sup>. Size 3 panties. A cup bra, if any.  
~~her~~ <sup>much</sup> other features

As Bride approached ~~Mrs. Thompson~~  
would benefit ~~enormously~~ from Miracle, or  
~~was perfect for~~ better still, Firmaline  
~~the~~ wrinkle softener.  
and Juicy Bronze would restore color  
to the whey colored skin.

Not sure of anything but the  
absolute necessity of being there; not  
wondering or caring if Sofie recognized  
her, Bride slid into the moment  
and spoke.

"Need a lift?"

"No. Thank you. I don't"

Her mouth is trembly now.  
trembly mouth, thought Bride. It  
used to be hard, straight razor ready

(Mac)



To eat a child. A collagen shot  
"Juice of  
and Tango" - matte - not glitter - would <sup>have</sup> changed  
it, except there was no yogurt back then.

"Somebody picking you up?"

"A <sup>taxi</sup> Cab." <sup>is coming</sup> She <sup>was</sup> answering a stranger,  
dutifully - as though used to it. ~~whether~~ <sup>Not</sup>  
she knows her (the stranger ~~doesn't~~ <sup>say</sup> "What's  
it to you?" or even "who are you?"  
then Explained: <sup>further</sup> "I called a cab. <sup>I mean</sup> The desk did."

Bride was reaching out, to touch her  
elbow, prelude to convincing her not to  
waste her money, when the cab  
rolled up. <sup>Fast as a bullet</sup>  
~~With a lurch~~ <sup>limber</sup> as an  
acrobat <sup>tossed her TK <sup>nylon</sup> Carrier bag through</sup> ~~Sofie~~ <sup>got in</sup> the door and followed it.

"Wait," called Bride, but Sofie,  
~~was~~ leaning toward the driver's ear, ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> =  
voiced her. The taxi ~~took~~ drove away  
negotiating the U turn like a NASCAR pro.



(at all)  
It wasn't hard to follow her. Bride  
even passed the taxi in a playful attempt  
to deceive. It didn't work because

In the rear view mirror she saw the  
cab slow <sup>down and</sup> to turn toward Norris town  
instead of the <sup>exit</sup> ramp. Bride ~~took~~

~~to~~ splash shoulder gravel to <sup>(brake,</sup> reverse  
and catch up. "She's going to get away  
<sup>meanwhile</sup> "Sofie. Sofie. don't ~~leave~~ You can't get  
~~away~~ "

When the cab stopped at <sup>Eve's Eva Dean's</sup> FK Motel and  
Restaurant, Bride parked <sup>the jaguar</sup> across  
the street, thinking "she is <sup>too</sup> meeting  
someone."

After a few minutes at the check-in desk,  
Sofie turned <sup>showing no interest in the room assigned</sup> and went straight  
into the restaurant and took a booth  
by a window. Bride watched her  
(she studied the menu like a <sup>slow</sup> student -  
running her finger under the offerings.  
(lip-reading while) And this <sup>is the</sup> woman who  
watching her, Bride sighed,



once  
taught pre-schoolers, ~~chopped~~ <sup>cut</sup> apples into  
round rings to resemble the letter

O on the blackboard, doled out pretzels  
as B's, <sup>slit</sup> sliced watermelon <sup>chunks</sup> ~~slices~~ into  $\gamma$ 's

All to spell out BOY - whom she

liked best, according to the  
women whispering in the <sup>courtroom</sup> ~~toilet~~ toilets.

Maybe she couldn't recognize <sup>today</sup> ~~an~~ alpha-  
bet <sup>she couldn't eat.</sup> ~~that wasn't edible.~~ ~~The~~ Fruit shapes

figured centrally at <sup>as</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>the</sup> trial and Bride  
HK watched the waiter's <sup>dish</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>afterdish</sup> ~~place~~

before her customer, she wondered ~~at~~ what  
post-prison menu would contain,  
her ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~food~~ <sup>food</sup> choices were

She ate like a refugee. Never  
taking her eyes from the food: stabbing  
scooping, slicing - better skelter - all over  
the table. <sup>She took</sup> No water, ~~fore~~ <sup>fore</sup> into buttered  
no bread. it took all of 22 minutes.



CSPAN.ORG



When she <sup>quit,</sup> left and <sup>hurried</sup> walked down  
the walkway to 3B, <sup>then</sup> ~~she~~ hesitated.

Suddenly she darted <sup>into a narrow TK</sup> ~~between~~ around  
between two blocks of concrete rooms.

Bride abandoned her post and  
ran after her, <sup>pausing when a</sup> the fetching sound  
~~clarified~~ <sup>possible duplicity</sup> turned <sup>clarified</sup> into the motor.

Backing away, <sup>Bride hid behind a SUV</sup> ~~she waited~~ <sup>while</sup> ~~ago~~

attending to an ankle strap, ~~while waiting~~  
until Sofie collected herself and  
unlocked the door to  
~~opened~~ 3B.

The knocking should be strong, Bride  
thought, authoritative, to get the <sup>automatically</sup> ~~same~~  
obedient response the <sup>Colon</sup> X was ~~had~~ trained  
to.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Huxley. Please open the door."

"I'm sick."



"I know. Open the door." <sup>Bride's</sup> The  
voice - a

combination of power to fire you ~~and~~ with  
a hint of understanding - <sup>the one that worked</sup> ~~that she used~~

on insecure and on unproductive <sup>reds</sup>  
worked now. Sophie <sup>opened the door wide and</sup> ~~peeked through the~~  
stood there barefoot, a towel in her hand.  
Crack.

"Yes?"

"We need to talk." ~~to you.~~

Talk?

"What about?"

Still, no "who are you?"

(Bride pushed in, leading with  
the L.V. bag. Wizard - Rain Forest

was over whelming

"You're Sofia Huxley, right?"

She nodded.

"Let's sit down. I have something  
for you." Bride held up the shopping bag.

Sophie didn't look at it. She gazed  
instead at Bride's shoes. The



dangerously lethal  
to that? ~~fatally~~ high heels, dangerously painted toes.

"What do you want me to do?"  
Such a soft voice. Already knowing  
that nothing was free. Nobody ~~had~~ <sup>gave</sup>  
anything that had no cost to the receiver.

Whatever it was: cigarettes, ~~flat~~ magazines,  
tampons, <sup>stamps</sup> mess bars — or 25 large, it  
came with strings,  
~~was not free~~

"Nothing. I don't want you to do  
a thing."

Sofie's gaze traveled <sup>up</sup> to Bride's knees.  
Poking out from a skirt cut from a yard  
and half of <sup>Egyptian</sup> cotton — Not enough to  
~~satisfy~~ <sup>cover</sup> the head of a mullah. (?)

TK.

"I saw you leave Decalon. No one was  
there to ~~pick~~ meet you. Don't you have any —"

"That was you?"

"I offered you a lift."

~~How~~ do you know me? / Do I know you?



A.6 Smiling,

Lotus Ann stirs



My name is Bride.  
That supposed to mean something to me.  
No. But look what I brought.

TK Shows products  
then airline tkt gift voucher  
up to 1500  
then cash

Why are you doing this? tearfully  
TK.

You would remember me as  
Lotus Ann. Lotus Ann Birdenwell  
At the trial. I was one of the children  
who

Sofia beats her up.  
a - wild, hard fisted, quick  
b - Bride Knocked to floor  
- doesn't forget back.  
- Sofia is screaming "You, you!"  
pummeling Bride's face. Then  
throwing her out of the room. Then  
opening the door again to toss  
the purse & L.V. bag etc.  
out after her. Then a 3<sup>rd</sup> time  
opening the door ~~to~~ to throw a  
spiked heel in the direction of  
a prone and bleeding Bride.



Bride, crawls, then limp to her care.

Shall she speak to the manager's Police. Yes Police. Send her back to where she was that very morning.

Reaches into town. One-handed - her right ~~arm~~ elbow doesn't work. Has to left right with left to turn on ignition.

Reaches Norris town. Main St. Police Dept. on a side street. Closed. Sheriff will return at 6:00, Clerk ~~gone~~ tomorrow at 10:30 pm - till 3:00.

(With a X bed prison 6 miles away, a State Prison Hd. Q. on its site - no need for anything other than a homey police station)

Bride calls a friend who takes her to hospital.

lying in hospital

28 years old  
Ruined face - half. Other half lovely. Considers her looks. White clothes - stylish - only because someone said it suited her dark skin. Plastic surgery? Many other superficial thoughts. Chats with friends. Talk to Company president. "Not to worry" "Take the month off. Not needed till late Aug - for fall launch"



Transfer to better hospital? etc.

Finally serious thoughts emerge.

- Sofia was a monster. Remember the eyes. The quick change from dutiful obedient to feral predator. From tears to fangs. From slouch to arrow. Bride never saw the <sup>signal - the</sup> grip of neck cords, the shoulder flex - nothing announced the onslaught.

- Why? She was only eight years old when she lifted her ~~arm~~ arm and pointed a nail bitten finger toward the young couple sitting at the long table.

"~~that you~~ Is the woman you saw ~~sitting~~ here in this room?"

Nod.

"You have to speak, Lotus Ann. Say yes or no."

"Yes."

"Can you tell us where?"

Raised arm, slowly, to avoid knocking over the ~~glass~~ <sup>own</sup> paper cup of water the lawyer had given her. Relax.

Take your time. And she did. Slowly.



Raising her arm, her hand in a fist until ~~the~~ the arm was straight. Then unfolding the fore-finger. ("Pow!" like a cap gun.)

Sofia Huxley opened her mouth - as tho to say — ? (looks shocked, un-believing). But the finger pointed so long, the lawyer lady had to touch her hand ~~to~~ say "thank you" to get her 'to ~~release~~ it put her arm back down.

mother  
exhausted  
by tears -  
drained of  
anger -  
but not  
despair.

Led away, petted, embraced, smiled at by heart broken father, ~~gave her a thumbs-up~~  
Her grandmother [TK]

Re-calling all of it, Bride  
breaks down. Cries. <sup>Self-</sup>Pity. Why did she do that to me? Why? Whatever she ~~may~~ feel

- a) I was not the only witness
- b) I have forgiven her - so why not ~~accept~~ accept.
- c) She has no family. Her husband is <sup>in another prison</sup> not being paroled.

Algebra pity. Difficult childhood  
Triumph against odds etc. Feels like



What does the world <sup>have</sup> against her?

Perennial victim | Example from Childhood.

: going into bedroom. Dark dressing table ~~was~~ smell of sweet cheap powder - the best part sniffing the <sup>warm</sup> powder puff in the powder box (Brand name).

The smell cuts the acrid odor of mustards. Fat back. (They don't even make or market that anymore.) On the light urine odor in the hall. Being scolded once for meddling ~~away~~ <sup>at the</sup> dresser; and slapped hard for spilling powder. Still, she re-turned.

: other grievances - all of which culminate in ~~this~~ the one before this latest one,

"You are not the woman I want."

Self pity melts and vaporizes into anger.

Fog at back. She had just lain there unresisting as Sofia beat her. Would have died there probably if the attacker had not grown tired.

Face wet with flecks of blood. Sweat, saliva - but Bride

taking it all - not a sound, not a single defensive gesture. Wary a panting Sofia, drags her to her feet and



Deeshes her out the door. She  
can still feel the <sup>hard</sup> hands on her back  
and hear the crack of her own bones  
hitting concrete. Elbow, ankle, jaw - The  
long <sup>stale</sup> rip of arms grabbing for balance  
as she fell. Torque searching for  
teeth. Through blood TK.

And she <sup>had</sup> simply crawled away.  
Crawled. Once again - taking it.

Powder slap; TK, TK, and "You are  
not the woman..." and pretending it didn't  
matter.

Change. If not TK courage then  
at least the claim of her success.

"For the Melancholy Girl - who..."

Healing at home. Agrees to 6 wks -  
month of ~~not~~ work from home on  
lap top.

First order of business, <sup>Tear away the scab of indifference</sup> find  
him. Tell him. ~~Do~~ Confront him. Let him  
know she did too much - He couldn't treat her  
like that and get away - - - etc.

Start the development of her psychological  
- emotional transfer from Sofia to humiliation  
to Man's humiliation to parrow to cold anger  
to a "plan" faction: stalking the lover who  
dumped her.



As she prepares to find him, reflections on how they met, the little she knows about him, resources to locate him etc.

Then the journey begins.

As she gets closer to him she grows angrier -

enters into ~~violent~~ violent thoughts -

The latter thoughts

will contain

images she does not understand

- yet. But will lead her to recover the lie

she told at Sofia's trial.

Finally, the scene, earlier when she was 3, of a real assault. she witnessed: face powder etc.

When they finally meet the narrative stops.

2nd part (1730?) begins. Similar journey but ~~not~~ goal of Carl is not to confront the Man - but to get his help. 3rd part is the Man's story, which could accommodate either woman.



" / never met a man I couldn't get over."

Cystopia

So he lathered with a brush. Can Foam  
spouting from a can made him laugh  
handsome  
A ~~pretty~~ thing - x hair - ~~and~~ swelling from an  
ivory grip.  
It ought to <sup>remain in</sup> ~~be~~ the <sup>heap she poured in the trash</sup> rest: razor stop,  
Straight razor, toothbrush, bar of x soap.

The things he had taken: two books in a  
foreign language he <sup>could</sup> read but ~~could~~ not speak  
a note book and <sup>the</sup> leather bag that swung from  
his shoulder like a purse. The rest he'd  
left

Jorncassons  
she couldn't  
explain, / Bride picked through the waste basket  
retrieved the shaving brush and <sup>bone</sup> handled  
~~razor~~ razor and placed both in the medicine  
cabinet. <sup>they stayed</sup> ~~looked~~ once more at her face.

Only white and all white  
You should always wear white. Not only because  
of your name, but because of what it  
does to your skin. Makes people think  
of white chocolate every time they see you.  
Although <sup>it was</sup> ~~you~~ looking for only white - winter white,  
summer white, spring white, it got more interesting



What about jewelry?

Colors for  
Choosing accessories: Emerald? gold? ~~PK~~

No No. <sup>Jeri said</sup> No jewelry at all. Pearl dot earrings, maybe. No. Not even that.

Just you. <sup>All</sup> Mink and milk. Everybody's dream, believe me. And with your body?

Please. <sup>Stop ten, Bride baby a drop of</sup> If you must have, color confine

it to shoes and purse. <sup>OK</sup> But I'd ~~stick~~ <sup>go</sup> with <sup>KEEP THEM</sup> black when white won't work.

She did as he said and cut a stunning unforgettable memorable figure. Loved by all. Well, advised anyway.

TK minks Only and the stitch scars were hardly visible. Her lips were back to normal. <sup>the nose</sup> As were the eye, the elbow. Only the rib area remained tender and much to her surprise. The scraped facial skin <sup>had</sup> healed the quickest. Good news, really, so why did she feel so bad, so sad.

She opened the mirrored door and removed the shaving brush, fingering it, <sup>letting</sup> the hairs <sup>the</sup> silky tickle <sup>the</sup> fingers. She looked



W.B. \* Later. Kit for shaving equipment tucked  
in her <sup>when she goes out</sup> purse. <sup>when</sup> Doesn't like to be w/o it.  
Every now and then <sup>when</sup> the desire sweeps  
over her, she is able to take it. Sometimes  
merely the touch of badger hair on her cheek  
calms her. Other times the full  
shave ~~alone~~ is needed. <sup>from</sup>  
Goes on like this until she asks for  
SIX weeks' leave. <sup>working at home</sup>

A) self-pity

b) Anger - vengeance: deal with Sifre  
later. First - him.



ba again at her reflection. Slowly she brought  
the brush to her chin, ~~and~~ stroked it, then  
the jaw, <sup>then</sup> under, <sup>then</sup> up to the ear lobes. <sup>Trilling</sup> Above

the lip ~~mate~~ she felt faint. Soap, she

thought, I need soap. She tore the <sup>fancy</sup> paper from a <sup>"luxury"</sup> bar <sup>sported by an up-  
scale spa</sup>

~~TK~~ Stirring the <sup>creamy</sup> lather on the <sup>bar</sup> lower part of her face <sup>near breath taking</sup>.  
took her breath away. She Paused. gathered herself and proceeded. \*

It wasn't long before she <sup>applied</sup> ~~clashed~~ the

razor - awkwardly. How did he hold it >

Same finger arrangement she couldn't

remember. She would have to practice.

Meantime <sup>using</sup> She carved <sup>straight</sup> through the <sup>sports of</sup> soap <sup>lather</sup>.  
Splashing water on her face

~~with~~ the razor's dull back.

The satisfaction  
that followed  
it brought was  
was immense  
unparalleled  
unparalleled  
unparalleled

Working from home she had the best of all  
worlds: <sup>a delicious combination</sup> authority, self-pity and <sup>kissable</sup> desire.

Calling the shots for promotional material assignments  
was fulfilling but <sup>too</sup> easy. Feeling <sup>legitimate sorrow</sup> ~~sorry~~ for herself  
was ~~the~~ better. TK. The thrill however was  
tucked in a little kit, where the shaving equipment lay  
When desire swept over her, she could

\* The look  
was as touching  
and how wide  
and how broad  
became; how  
elegant her nose;  
Kissable  
her lips so  
She touched  
them with the  
tip of her little  
finger.



Simply touch the badger<sup>hair</sup> to her cheek  
or, if she chas<sup>ed</sup> <sup>it</sup> or needed it<sup>(to?)</sup>, she  
indulge herself in  
could ~~complete~~ the full ~~shave~~.

The warm vat of victim hood was  
strengthening. There she re-called and  
re-imagined the most powerful incidents  
of rejection <sup>warrior</sup>

the low expectations  
people had of her  
because of her  
being an <sup>business</sup> <sup>woman</sup>  
orphan <sup>instead</sup>  
raised by a  
grandmother  
who <sup>never</sup>  
attended  
parents night  
or school  
play

community  
college instead  
of State

whole  
working the  
cosmetic  
counter at TK

becoming a buyer,  
finally, after promo-  
tions given to  
stupid white girls

Even  
than the more  
to Sylvia  
was married  
a question  
of style, dress.  
So she consulted

All along the way various boyfriends - some  
waiting for her paycheck like an allowance,  
others <sup>already successful</sup> treating her like a medal - shiny  
mute testimony to their prowess. None  
giving, helping - all disdaining her work her  
ideas - baby talking her through <sup>serious</sup> conversation

And finally locating a <sup>what she thought was</sup>  
of ego enhancement <sup>more reliable</sup>  
elsewhere. <sup>source</sup>  
or pocket lining

Then him. So independent. So seemingly  
fascinated by her. <sup>funny</sup> Open. Honest.  
He could make feeding ducks for corn  
an adventure. Suddenly out of  
nowhere, literally nowhere. "You are  
not the woman..." And vanishing  
like a ghost.

<sup>Routine morning</sup>  
DD <sup>snatches for him</sup>  
his appetite for sex was  
intermittent - like Mt.  
St. Helens - <sup>periods of</sup>  
reticence disrupted  
by earthshaking  
need.

<sup>joking</sup> They had <sup>serious</sup> conversations about <sup>sex</sup>  
Shades of lipstick <sup>he didn't like any</sup>  
lipstick & explained why <sup>serious</sup>  
in which he explained why he <sup>disliked</sup>  
all lipstick the whole idea of lipstick

Veri-on her own - and sky-rocketed to Reg. manager. ↑



Sofie beater was in the same category.

She could have said thanks <sup>no</sup> or even get out  
but the <sup>physique</sup> violence - or maybe <sup>brutality</sup> ~~he~~ was prison talk -  
instead of ~~the~~ words - <sup>emphatic</sup> just savagery in case the <sup>was</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>inexplicable</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>a sudden</sup> ~~was~~

fast  
gipping out a  
heart in  
down a  
body.

Bride wasn't sure which violence - <sup>a</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>unjust. first assault</sup> or sudden ~~beating~~ was worse. <sup>abandonment</sup> ~~And~~ whole she  
may have startled Sofie with memory of ~~the~~ guilt  
Bride's <sup>her gesture</sup> ~~notre~~ was all forgiveness. There was no such  
excuse for him. The day before "You are not..."  
they had lunch in her office: lobster salad,  
Smart water, peaches, ~~in mine~~ (peach slices lazily  
smiling in Brandy)

<sup>tired & wandering</sup>  
Stir-crazy, in her condo - a West Coast version of  
a New York loft, all light, space and loneliness -  
Bride donned another white uniform - shorts, halter,  
thong sandals, snatched the shaving kit in her  
~~purse~~ bag and snatched up <sup>a magazine and</sup> her sunglasses.

Norma would be pleased that she had taken a  
bracing walk, sat in the park. Casually, calmly  
reading. Her long legs crossed, her manner cool.

Log walkers and seniors visited the park this  
time of day. Later on, runners and skaters. Seldom  
a mother, a child. In this part of town children had  
play dates, guarded by nannies in patios, play  
rooms, pool side, in a restaurant ~~to~~ designed  
for their fun.

Bride chose a bench near a fake pond  
& where real ducks sailed swam. Deliberately  
not thinking of him or ~~gossip~~ or lectures about the  
difference between <sup>exotic</sup> ~~drakes~~ and yard birds. Studiously  
avoiding TK.

A <sup>white-haired</sup> couple strolled by. Unspeaking, holding hands.  
Launches the exact same size - tho his was lower.



their long, intimate lives  
together evoking jealousy  
dog minds snickered and yanked  
leashes for no reason at all.

both wore slacks, beige, and loose T shirts with  
faded language front and back about peace  
They moved slowly as though in a dream  
steps matching, looking straight ahead. 'like  
people called to the ship where <sup>space</sup> at last a door would  
slide open, & a tongue of red carpet roll through.  
& the music would be heart-breaking (bring you to tears)  
Ascending <sup>hand in hand</sup> into the arms of a benevolent alien  
they would smile.

Norma must  
have thought  
the

Norma chose the restaurant. Something  
semi-chic, ~~a fancy~~ <sup>formerly</sup> hot ~~but~~ now <sup>barely</sup> hanging on  
with <sup>few</sup> tourists and the decidedly un-hip.  
Pretty food, <sup>bare chested</sup> male waiters with red suspenders.  
emphasizing their bare chests. would ~~for~~ call  
Bride back from the dead - the hibernation  
that ~~had been~~ <sup>on for TK</sup> ~~gaining~~ <sup>been insisting upon</sup>  
her friend had ~~sent~~ <sup>been insisting upon</sup> into TK. Although  
there was no <sup>medical</sup> evidence <sup>of it</sup> (and Bride denied  
<sup>there had anything sexual took</sup>

Norma thought Bride <sup>was</sup> behaving <sup>in a classically sexual place</sup> precisely  
the way such victims fast <sup>in a</sup> ~~as a~~ manner.  
tiny steps back into action were needed - not too  
<sup>no</sup> much pressure - just a quiet dance in failing restaurant  
with <sup>cute but harmless</sup> ~~an aggressive~~ beef on display.

The evening air was <sup>too</sup> cool for the sleeveless TK  
~~as well as~~ transparent in interesting places. Bride  
wore, but Norma was pleased by the effort  
taken. ~~She~~ <sup>only if</sup> ~~only if~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~detect~~ <sup>she</sup>  
detect the scars. Even she, who knew, could hardly

the In all, Bride was as TK as ever.  
They talked <sup>off</sup> ~~for~~ through the appetizer  
until then



I want a vacation. Go somewhere

Ooh where?

No kids

That's easy.

No parties

Say what?

With settled people. I want to play shuffle board on a  
deck. Bingo maybe.

You're scaring me.

No. Really. Just quiet. Lapping. Nothing  
louder than waves lapping, and melting ice in  
plastic glasses.

Bride? <sup>You're</sup> Are you still in shock? Don't make plans  
while still until it wears off. You <sup>won't</sup> know what  
you want til then.

I do know. Listen. That was a woman beat  
the hell out of me. Somebody I was trying to help. She  
would have killed me if she ~~had~~ could.

You don't know her

You don't either obviously

(I did once)

Who? } Bride don't give me scraps. Let me have  
the whole ~~meal~~ plate.

It took mercy TK to <sup>tell</sup> say it.

How when she was little - 4<sup>th</sup> grade - a teacher



in the kindergarden building. Next to the main  
School. ~~was~~ played nasty with her students  
(I don't want to hear, this.

You asked  
Okay okay)

She was caught and sent away

Good. ~~So~~

I testified

Even better. So?

I pointed. Pointed her out. Said I saw her  
do it.

And?

They sent her away.

End of Story. No?

No. 1. I thought about her - off and  
on. You know?

No. Why?

Because. She was just 20.

So ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> the Manson girls

Now she's 45 or so. And I thought. She  
probably has no friends.

Kim Poor thing. No Kiddies in <sup>the joint</sup> prison. What a drag.



You're not hearing me.

'You better believe it. Of course I'm not listening to you. You nuts? Who is this x besides ~~a~~ paid scum; I mean. She related to you? What?

No.

Well >

I just thought she would be lonely

She's alive. That not good enough?

Bride sighed and signalled a waiter.

"Again," she <sup>told him</sup> said. ~~of~~ nodding toward the apple martini glasses.

"None for me, cookie." said Norm. <sup>absolutely</sup> sobriety.

\* } The waiter obliged with a <sup>Killer</sup> ~~known~~ smile full  
of bright and banded teeth.

I don't know why. <sup>what do</sup> All I know is I kept remembering her. All these years in Decalov.

You write her? Visit?

No. 1 <sup>ing seen</sup> ~~only seen~~ her twice. once at the trial. And once...

1drot. You put her behind bars! Of course  
she wanted to take you out.

She wasn't like that before. She was gentle  
kind.

Before what? You said you saw her twice



At the trial and when she got out. But <sup>before</sup> ~~then~~  
you said she taught next door and you saw her  
diddling kids, so -

(The waiter slipped the drink)

Okay. Three times. I saw her three times.

Norma -

Getting thick. The woman must have done  
it to Bride too. But she was in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade,  
she said. Maybe, maybe... Is that why she  
remembered her, went to see her with  
presents. Because she liked it? This was  
thick and getting thicker. Maybe Bride  
was an undeclared lesbian. <sup>But what for?</sup> The  
company was run by lesbians, their  
customers were transies, straight gay -  
anyone who ~~wanted~~ took <sup>themselves</sup> ~~beauty~~ seriously.  
Thick<sup>too</sup>, thick, she thought. All theater anyway.  
The guy <sup>he</sup> walked out - she goes to make nice  
with a female child molester. She helped convict.

"I charge my mind. Waiter honey. A  
[brand name] ~~etch on rocks~~ ~~single malt~~ Double it

I guess I wanted to feel good about myself  
less like a ~~kluge~~ disposable. Sofie was all I  
could think of - someone who would appreciate -  
without strings

~~It~~ I get it.

As you?  
Absolutely. The guy walked - you feel like <sup>cow flop</sup>



But it broke, right?  
try to  
you get your mojo back. <sup>up</sup> But it's a bust. Right?  
Right.

How? So we fix it. <sup>well</sup> But not with Bings.  
~~With~~ What then?

Bar Bings

"You called?" asked the waiter.

Everything had turned out perfectly. Hair  
~~the~~ dress, makeup. She <sup>was to be</sup> ~~was going to~~  
the main attraction at the celebration.  
A Company ~~prize~~ award was it? Or a  
surprise birthday party? Something  
so important as <sup>it was</sup> ~~it was~~ crucially - In any case  
a crowd awaited. Was there a car sent  
for her? Surely she did not have to drive  
herself. And where was it? A hotel?  
The ~~questions~~ made her uneasiness of these  
questions caused [only added] to the  
excitement and kicked up the level of  
satisfaction at her appearance. Just  
the earrings, now. The carat diamonds.  
~~Jaunting~~ Trunkle? They wouldn't  
go in. The platinum stick kept slipping  
away from the lobe. She looked  
closely and discovered <sup>they were</sup> ~~there were~~  
not pierced. How could that be? She  
Bride had ~~was~~ pierced ears since



She was 8. ~~The earrings~~ <sup>Never</sup> She wore  
~~no other kind~~. Clips. Never. Pearl dots  
were always  
usually. TK.

But there they were: <sup>Virgin</sup> earlobes untouched  
by <sup>a</sup> needle, Smooth as a <sup>Baby's</sup> thumb.

xxx

Party. Wakes up next to a man in her  
bed.

Lips ~~are~~ touched her shoulder. A finger moved  
hair <sup>behind</sup> her  
If she faked deep sleep maybe he <sup>was</sup>  
would just leave. Muzzling as

the ~~still~~ dreaming <sup>she</sup> smile without  
opening her eyes.

He moved bed clothes and went  
into the bathroom. Bride touched her  
earlobes. Nobody <sup>at the party</sup> had ~~noticed or~~

mentioned the absence of earrings.

Strange, because all through the  
speeches, the dinner, the dancing  
~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> re-formed lobes were  
So on her mind, she ~~was~~ Couldn't concentrate.  
laughing too long, drinking too much,  
flirting ~~with~~ which was how he (who  
ever he was) got in her bed.



He was dressing now and calling her name.

Would she have to look at him?

She pulled a pillow over her head and heard his chuckle. Then kitchen noises as he made coffee? drank juice, water?

Next a tick on the nightstand, followed by the <sup>click</sup> ~~sound~~ of a lock. Door closed.

Bride peeped from under the pillow to see ~~at~~ <sup>small</sup> tent-folded notepaper next to the clock. Telephone number. "Fabulous" and his name. Thank God not a company employee.

Slowly she rose and entered the bathroom. ~~There were~~ <sup>there were</sup> traces of steam on the shower glass. The ~~mirror~~ <sup>beyond which</sup> clear and sparkling returned the ~~same~~ <sup>previous</sup> sight of the ~~evening~~ <sup>previous</sup> - ~~no~~ unpierced eads.

This is what ~~the~~ crazy must be. She thought and reached for the shaving brush.

The room

It always seemed unlit although nothing was hidden. Lady things covered the vanity ~~by~~ <sup>square</sup> tweezers, cotton balls, round boxes and <sup>squary</sup> perfume bottles, hair pins in a saucer, tissue

And over it all the smell of sweet cheap face powder. "Luck & Lady?"

cup?  
glass?

still  
Virgin and  
observed

eyebrow  
pencils,  
shadows,  
mascara,  
scissors  
& nail file



<sup>Lot Lulu</sup>  
Bride (when Lotus Ann Bridewell)  
witnessed a child's sexual assault  
- remembers the cosmetics on her mother's  
dresser. They kick off the hidden memory

- journey to ~~(Kotoko)~~ for the man who  
left her
- a) goes to demand reason for split
  - b) goes to feel less "meat"
  - c) her body changes are alarming
    - c1) Closer she gets to - what?
    - lower - her body returns to  
adulthood: ear lobes  
armpit hair  
pubic hair  
shoes fit, breasts re-grow  
etc.

- incidents  
~~adventures~~ on the way.  
? visits hospital for children

1. remembering the scene of <sup>first</sup> ear piercing
2. 1st time shaving underarms (jr. high)
3. Buying or needing a bra

You're real (very) black  
" " white



Which is to say:

humiliated by blackness  
her goal & triumph became  
selling it - exploiting it.

all of which leads to shallow, to glamour  
to narcissism, an ignorance that is w/o  
wisdom of child

Efforts to Confront "MAN"

leads to confrontation with "self"  
helped by reading his "Sentences"

i.e.

or  
"I accepted..."  
last one  
written?

"You accept like a beast of burden the  
whip of a stranger's word and the  
mindless menace it holds and the  
scar it leaves as a definition you spend  
your life <sup>refuting</sup> ~~erasing~~ although it is only  
a slim line like one drawn on a  
shore <sup>and</sup> quickly erased by the seaward  
<sup>any</sup> ~~every~~ moment <sup>when an</sup> equally mindless wave  
touches ~~to~~ it like the accidental touch  
of a finger on a Clarinet stop  
which the musician converts into  
silence in order to let the <sup>original</sup> phrase  
sound out loud. of notes

Acknowledging the first lie, the first betrayal  
of the child you were.



"Sentences" became healthier ?

When I was  
a boy a  
~~deet~~ detective  
handled me  
and I handled  
him back  
like the pluck  
of harp strings.  
before the  
trillery and  
and after it  
when ~~only~~  
~~lessen~~ the  
blood could  
not soften  
the sound  
of ~~our~~  
popped  
strings which  
is why I ~~am~~  
not ~~never~~ be  
the same as  
when I was  
a boy.

Thank you. You gave me [2 years of]  
rage and ~~fast~~ and hostile  
recklessness and worryworryworry  
dappled with such uncompromising  
shards of brilliance and love the  
awful years seemed a kindness  
in order to <sup>be able to</sup> let you go and not fold into  
a grief so deep it would break  
not the heart but the mind  
that knows the Oboe's Shriek and  
the way it tears into rags the silence  
~~which~~ <sup>it</sup> is how you let in the beauty  
too dazzling to contain and which  
turns its melody into [an ode of  
grace] livable space

~~Mark Zohr~~

CALL Concierge



# 1. Journey to man's home

a. breasts shrinking

b. accident while searching in purse for shaving brush

c. girl:

"Big car on telephone pole.

Woman inside [fishing]

Dead?

Didn't see. Pillow on her face.

Better go check

— arrives. "go round and unbuckle seat belt. etc.

d. Strangers: girl, father, aunt.

Let B. stay til car fixed.

Relations among family - tolerant, funny

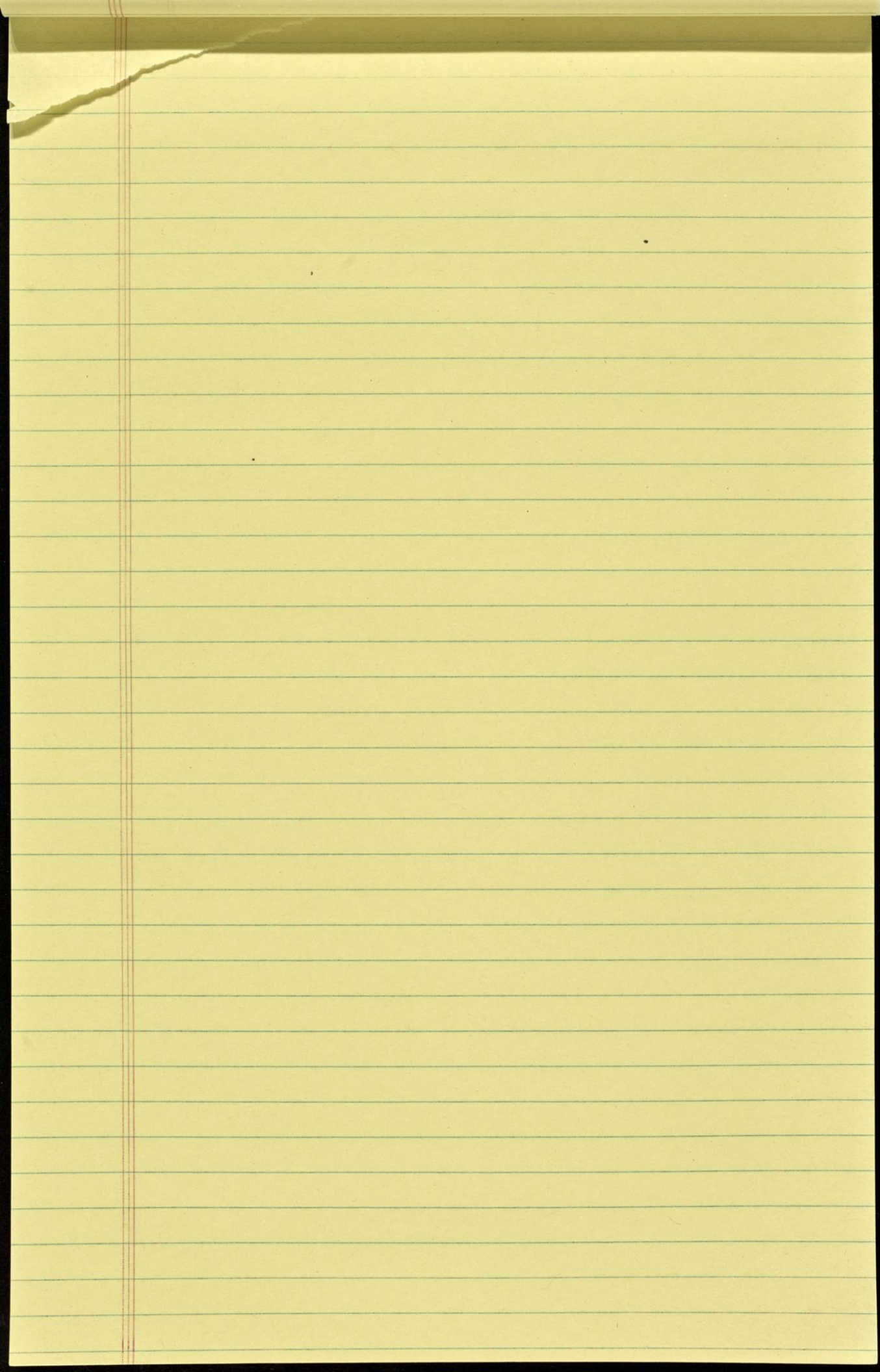
## 2. Earlier

1. Man's books plus diary found in closet

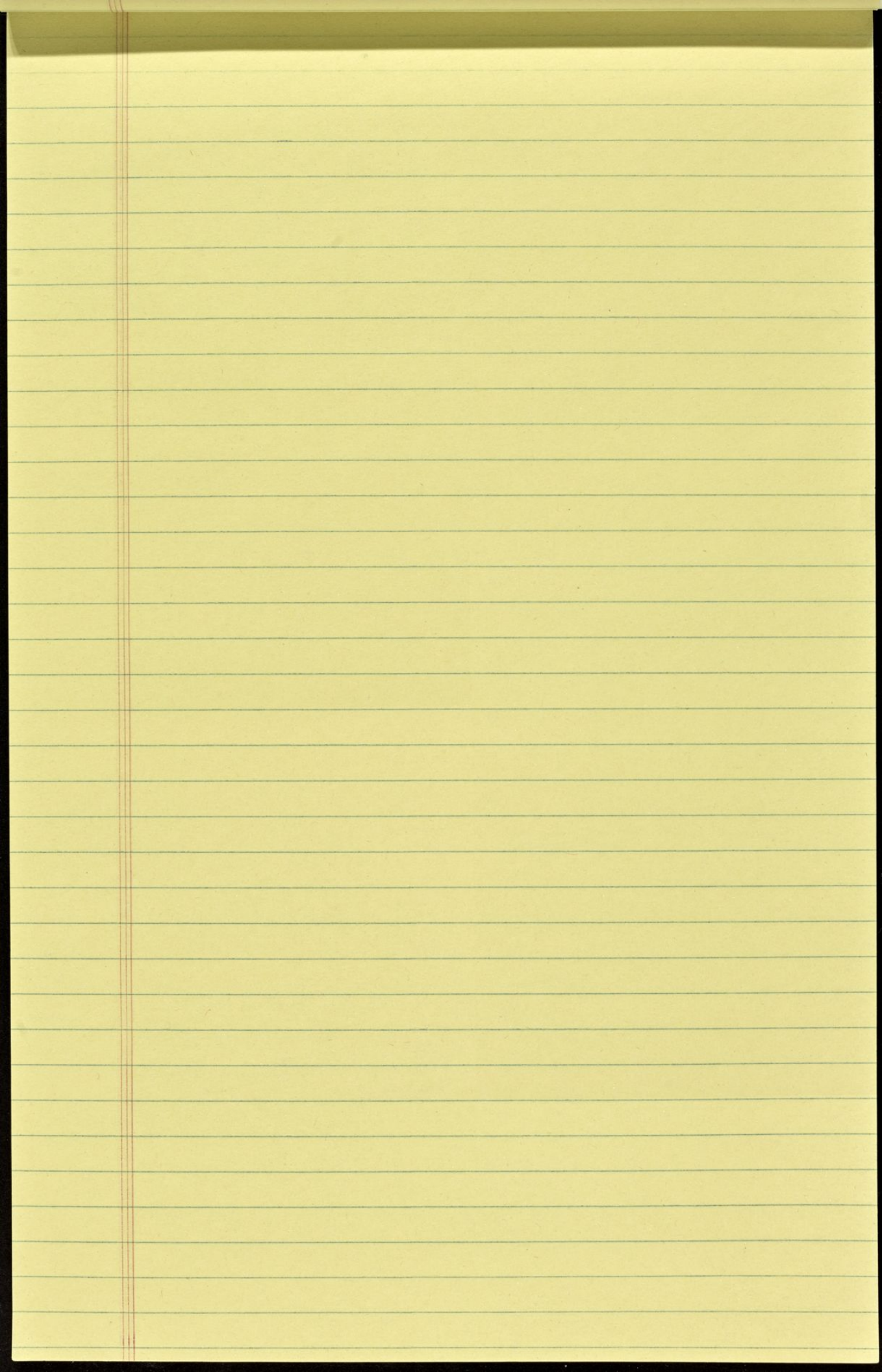
2. "Sentences" not intelligible to her

PENS  
Wonderful  
Oberlin date?  
Butler College date?











~~Wrote 10/11~~ G.H.C. Carroll

Viciousness is an attractive way of life.  
Without it, ~~some~~ <sup>certain</sup> people <sup>could</sup> not tolerate themselves.

it stokes wit, gives meaning to random <sup>disaffection</sup> (hate) and <sup>offers</sup> ~~provides~~ <sup>to the</sup> balm <sup>desquoting</sup> ~~perpetual self-hatred~~. Moreover, it is a seductive substitute for thought, <sup>as it does</sup>

perpetually  
revolving  
self

to addition ~~it~~ <sup>transforming</sup> appearing mature, discriminating  
it easily disguises

Also, weakness is <sup>into</sup> ~~done as~~ power, <sup>disguising</sup> ~~inadequacy~~, <sup>various</sup> ~~coating~~ <sup>fragile</sup> with the varnish <sup>gleaming</sup> if fragile  
a coat

I once watched  
glee spread on the face of a well dressed  
woman <sup>while</sup> after she dismissed







Events —

Can you help me? girl with child in  
her arms



16,800.00

2,400.00

---

19,200