



# THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

*Preserving American Jewish History*

MS-603: Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum Collection, 1945-1992.

Series A: Writings and Addresses. 1947-1991

Box 6, Folder 14, Miscellaneous unpublished manuscripts  
[typescript & handwritten], Undated.



A week has passed. It's Sunday morning, 9<sup>30</sup>. Willie is  
in the backyard <sup>quietly</sup>, sorting slats, preparing to make a Gibson chair.

Upstairs Henry & Robbie are still in bed. Albert has gone  
to church with his girl. Gracie, <sup>redress, hands up face</sup> is in the front room,  
<sup>fragile, shy</sup> & <sup>beautified</sup> sitting on the edge of the bed talking to Marjie whom  
she has awakened. She speaks to her in whispers.

The week has been one of whispers. Since last  
Saturday, Gracie has felt a sense of terror clinging  
to her (the tree rainy night, the hand in her stomach).

She has constantly feared Willie's exploding into an  
act of violence, either against her or Howard. Throughout  
the week, Willie has not said a word to anyone.

He and Gracie have avoided each other. He has  
eaten his meals alone. Gracie feels something fierce  
& violent is brewing in his mind. Whenever he  
came into the house, she rushed up to the front  
room & locked her door. She has warned Howard  
to stay away; she said she would meet him in  
Faulkin Alley 10<sup>th</sup> o'clock as they arranged, but not to  
come to the house at any cost.

The other night at supper, Gracie stalked  
uneasily about the room, brooding, nervously looking at  
Howard back doors. Henry suddenly burst out: "What  
the hell is <sup>goin' on</sup> here? Place is like a  
funeral parlor? Hey," he called to the ole woman,

"what's happenin'?" The others - Al, Robbie, Marge, were apparently unaware or don't care to involve themselves in finding out why the strained atmosphere, but when Henry asked "what happenin'?" & the ole woman burst into tears, they sat back in their chairs & were concerned.

"oh, f'r Christ sake, stop blubberin' like a coyote I tell us what's happenin'" An' she blew her nose, & wiped her eyes & she tol' them about waslin' Howard's few things, & how the ole man came in tearin' down the pole, & screamin' & yellin' & threatenin' to axe Howard & kill her & how he was accusin' her of bein' a whore - an' she bursts into tears again, cryin' "That man's torturin' me to death -" An' Henry sat back with his hands on his hips, & snarled "Somewherly, place is gettin' to be a real nut-house!"

"Gettin'?" Marge added, "It's done been a nut-house since we came here -"

Henry then ordered the ole woman to stop her cryin' and he said that if the ole man acts up he would beat the lini daylight out of him. Gracie pleaded with him hoarsely not to do anything like that, 'cos it'll sure set him off an' there's no tellin' what he wones do then

Albert washed his hands of the whole thing,  
saying he was glad he's gettin' married soon &  
gettin' away from this sinful place (Henry  
threatened to punch him to his high-an-mighty  
Catholic talk) Margie says in her grossest manner  
ye wouldn't listen to me — I tol ye to leave him  
should left at crazy basso long ago — I tol ye  
An Robbie sealed the conversation with an admissions  
that they're all makin' a great big fuss over  
a spat — this is happenin' before & it'll happen  
again — just leave em alone & it'd all see blow  
over with time...

An' nothin' else did happen during the  
week, lefft that Gracie was mortally frightened  
& constantly on the verge of tears. And now that  
she sat on Margie's bed this Sunday morning  
she knew she had to get away at least for a  
day. She sees Margie who is yawning in her face  
that she is leaving for a little while —

"Where ye goin'?" she yawns again & Smiles ples  
over the sudden thought of her dole last nite

"Bunt Orla is sick — I'm goin' down to see  
her a little while —" Gracie says shakily —  
Margie cocks her eyebrow in disbelief, but  
she yawns, too tired to press for the truth. "Yeh" she

says drawlily, knowing that she knows  
Gracie hesitate, feels she cannot explain any  
further, asks Magie to serve the boy breakfast when  
they get up, asks her to watch the gate in case  
anyone like Matthew or Alexander come around, &  
as a parting suggestion — begs her to keep an eye  
on the ole man. This <sup>goes</sup> a tumbler feeling.  
Something bad's going to happen. Magie nods,  
gapes "byes bye — I'll take care off everythin' —"  
turns over on her side again & closes her eyes.

Gracie trip toes downstairs, ~~passes~~ looks toward  
the kitchen, hears Willie fumbling around in yard.

Rose ambles in, sniffs at her feet, growls lazily.  
She puts finger to her mouth — Shshsh —

She picks up her change purse from handbag  
mantleplace, treads stealthily toward screen door,  
opens it with caution. She is on the pavement, she starts  
walking up the street, her heart is pounding inside  
her. She looks neither to right or left, walks  
forward now hastily. As she reaches end of fence  
<sup>where fence runs a short way</sup>  
~~On Street next to building~~, she stops to look down  
at her shoes. As she slowly bends over turn sole  
of her eyes, she sees Magie in her slip looking out  
from front room window upstairs. Leaning against  
the fence next to her house is Willie, his face

against the wire, his right arm resting above his head holding a hammer.

She suddenly jerks herself up and continues walking, picking up speed. As she passes watchman door, whitetailed man in stored hat smoking pipe sitting in front of door nod "Morning Miss Grace. No more?" She smiles wistfully & doesn't stop. <sup>Fred Taggart</sup> "Good morning, Harry Shaper, Willie's friend..."

She steps down into the entrance-way leading into the receiving way, steps up, passes the office steps crosses the tracks "Thank god, I'm off the block"

She sighs nervously. She continues up the block. People are sitting on the steps, men in undershirts & slippers, holding sweep babies, reading newspapers, some look up & nod, she can't help but nod back - in a hurry - near 10 o'clock - she knows them all by name - never spoke much with any of them - know some of the womenfolk from the store - must hurry - milk bottles on the doorsteps - late sleepers - hope margie serves me big breakfast - barber shop <sup>all</sup> fair isn't spinnin - Nick, the barber - Italian - a Catholic - probably in church - Albert's in church - wonder if same church - St. Mary's - here's Willie's corner - turn down here - left - <sup>Cross one street</sup> let's see if ole man (

Margie still lookin - squint - look harder - don't  
stop - no, can't see - eyes bad - can't see - no  
difference - down here - one block - Fidelini's Alley -  
There's the Brick - Howard ...

The door opens. She ~~eyes~~ rushes in, looks around,  
no one seen her. Her bosom heaves & she can  
hardly catch her breath. She looks at Howard ...

"Jest lemme -- lemme catch my breath..."

Howard smiles. "Is it all that bad  
gettin' away from home?"

She looks at him, frightened. He's looking at  
his watch "you're right on time —" <sup>cigarette</sup>

He starts the motor, shifts into first, the  
car turns down the street, and heads out over  
the bridge, toward the country.

① Howard's house (steeped, cement walls, bushes, flowers, furrows planted, vines, Shingled house, woodwork, kitchen, tiled bathroom, Shower, covered sofas, curtains, back porch, fruit trees, honeysuckle smell) IX (1)

Grace goes thru house, Howard behind her. She tries to suppress her excitement, breaks into tears. <sup>①</sup> They sit on the sofa. She confesses this is her first trip away from home in years. She just begins to realize how isolated she's been to her home, her family, the factory. <sup>①</sup> Willie.

She stops crying saying it isn't nice for a guest to cry. She gets up, starts fixing things (drapes, sewing, kitchen). Howard impressed. He tells her how lonely he's been, big house ~~and wife~~ no family; how terrible it is to come home at night & hear only distant buzzing of crickets. She is touched (sentimental); they go off to bed. She is tense, explains she hasn't slept w. Willie for years - can't stand sight of him. Howard asks her to stay. She says she wants to - but she can't -

① Howard says it's all right, he knows how she feels - he misses to self about his past, his wife young, pretty, wild, her mad parties here, her fraternizing with young men - her death on a motorcycle - He is seized with desire here to experience softness & tenderness of past, looks at Grace & sees her as dependable, secure wife, reliable - homemaker.

② free him about clothes, fight, threat to kill her

H: Had no idea it was that bad. He always looks very but there is nothing violent about him -

TX

A gravel road <sup>path</sup> leads off from the county dirt road up to the two-story house. Shingled house. In front of the house there is a flower-garden free-blooming & fragrant. (Summer flowers). On the other side of the house, there is a peach orchard - trees, well-formed - and a vegetable garden. A Boston Ivy vine climbs gently across the broad back of the house.

Gracie is stricken with wonderment as she stands viewing the back yard. "It's... it's beautiful!" She is choked with awe & feels ~~so much~~<sup>removed</sup> distance from everyone, everything. "How do ye take care of it all?" asks Gracie.

He tells her a colored boy who lives a piece down the road works on it during the week, & he does the rest on week-ends. "Come, let's go in, I want to show you around —"

*She was simply swept down upon her* She "aws" and "ohs" like a little girl taken to the circus for the first time. Every room is a wonderful art, a miracle of achievement. & she is overwhelmed by the splendor of it all. "Oh, Howard," she looks up at him, "it's purtier than anythin' I have ever seen — it's purtier for god, just beautiful..."

*If she had had some* Howard, <sup>as though recalling a past decision</sup> ~~in a tone of sober confusion~~, says: "Now read books, you can understand why I can't never leave here — I had some houses, if find furnished built this place, every rich of it - I put in these & built a lot of brick-a-lot hardwood floors myself. I made put in the tiles in the every shingle

never read books. And the only conception she had  
had was her own musty, squalid place which would  
have dulled anyone's sensitivities to beautiful things.  
She recollects her own form, though ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> a  
pleasant place, but it was like a glass stone next to a  
glittering diamond.



bathroom... I wished the water, I planted the gardens  
 ↗ this is all mine -  
 & the orchard - I could never leave him for the city -"

*she was  
 what he felt  
 news, felt  
 the same  
 when she  
 had our  
 place now  
 habitation  
 factory*

"Oh, Howard, it's just wonderful —" She, who had been so garrulous all her life, felt suddenly a massive inarticulateness before the splendor in the house. And then the strangeness of her inarticulateness grew after the next wondrous thing happened.

Almost without knowing they had moved into the living room, & they were seated on the sofa when Howard had taken her hand in his and without a word had ~~had~~ embraced her and they were as one. In a moment, when she moved her trembling lips away, she fell back against the sofa, vigorously shaking her head. She was drugged.

She felt a strange liquid mysteriously filling her head, flowing drowsily through her body. She knew something was happening to her, but she didn't know just what. Then, she felt something break inside her, like the snapping of a twig, and she fell forward on Howard's shoulder, her eyes wet with tears.

Howard stroked her back with the palm of his hand.

"Don't, don't, Grace ... I know, I know ..."

Grace sobbed, & her body shook with crying. "Oh, Howard ... it's been so long ... am I'm so mixed up inside ..."

"Don't worry, Grace, everything will be all right ..."

Pete Soothed her.

She sat back & dried her eyes. "I know it ain't nice to cry when you a guest in somebody's house - but I just couldn't help ..." She sniffled & blew her nose into the handkerchief. She pointed to her bosom, and said: "So much has gathered in there, I just had to get some of it off ..."

Howard looked at her tenderly. A gentle feeling of warmth was upon him and he said he wanted to know. She began to tell him about the previous Saturday, the <sup>detention</sup> and how he threatened to kill her, and she broke down crying again.

Howard said: I had no idea it was so bad."

"Oh, it's just terrible ... terrible", she said "

He added: "Course I knew he always had a sour look on his face, but I thought that underneath there was something decent about him ..." He shook his head, "I had no idea he could be so <sup>shook</sup> crazy..."

"It's been hell, Howard. Just hell. He's been torturin' me all the time, an' last week he wanna killed me. I don't know what stopped him - he was so fierce - like an animal ..."

"I don't understand him, Grace. You were so good to him - always cleanin', an' cookin' three meals a day for him - an' takin' care of him when he got those headaches... what more could the man

want?"

"That was it... I was too good to him. I was a slave to that house. Why in all the years I lived there I hardly ever went further than the grocery store in the next corner. I was a slave to him even now we moved into this house... he never presented me with a dollar for him, <sup>unless</sup> afterwards goochin' and hollerin' and threatening. At first, lately, he became suspicious I was... Oh, he just tortured me to death..."

Howard touched her forehead with his lips, and said — "No more crying — this is a vacation — Smile —" He stood up, walked across the room to a mirrored cupboard, and brought back two glasses with wine —

Grace lifted the glass unhesitatingly with her meaty hot and made a slithering noise as she drank. Howard clucked warmly. She drank wine like it was soda pop or beer.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"Nothing really. It's just, well, you're supposed to sip wine, slowly, like this..."

A pink flush feathers her cheeks. She said candidly, "I don't know these fancy things..." and she abruptly put the empty glass on the end table before them.

Howard thought for a moment, then said, "It's better that way. I don't like people with 'fancy' things. I

like you just as you are..."

These words touched off a great spreading of pleasure in Grace who sat upright now, her eyes half fluttering over the thought of being loved by this wonderful man, this understanding man, this man who would never send her threaten but who would always caress and love & embrace. Her lashes stopped fluttering as she saw a change in Howard's manner. He was struggling with something in his head, and she wanted to know whether it was about her or them or what.

"What is it, Howard?"

Howard, his forehead knitted in thought, <sup>looked searching</sup> stared <sup>searchingly</sup> at the circle of wine in the bottom of his glass. "Fine fancy things mean very little, Grace. My wife knew <sup>fancy</sup> things. I guess she knew too many."

He looked at her earnestly, knowing he had lost the struggle in reverence & that he would tell her about it. <sup>he had spoken of this</sup> "She was a gay, young, and pretty woman. I bought & briefly before, but now built this place for her, I thought we'd be happy here.

<sup>the details</sup> But she liked parties, and she liked men, and — " His voice insisted on breaking — "and, I guess she liked everything but building money out. a home with me. She made a night club out of this place. I'd come home after work, an' there'd be empty & broken bottles all over the floor, an' cigarette butts — an' she was gone — till four, five the next

morning

I used to have to straighten the place up & make my own supper, then tend to the garden & the chores — place was just going to pot —"

" Landsakes, how terrible, how terrible!" She shook her head in earnest sympathy.

" She got so careless, her men were Lewis' rubber in the bedroom — just had no shame anymore. I guess we should've broke up & at the beginning when we knew it was all ours. But people are crazy that way. They break onto little pieces when they know the glass is broken & ~~that~~ you can never put the pieces together again to make a glass whole again.

" I thought if we could sit down once to talk it over, we might straighten it out. But she was too restless. She never wanted to sit down. She wanted to go — ~~she always to go —~~ (she liked Speed — ain't that's what dold her in, Speed.)

" You mean the motorcycle?"

He nodded. " It was on a Friday night. They found him and the guy out in a ditch ~~out~~ in Lumphey..." He looked ~~so~~ straight at Gracie whose face was set in pity. There was a hint of plaintiveness in his monotone recitation. " She always said I never liked the fine things, ~~fancy things - she calls in the fine~~ if those were the fine things, I guess I didn't..." He held Gracie's hand, and

massaged her little fingers — the thumb. " I think you really know what the fine things are — you ain't got fancy

names for 'em - but you know what they are - I'm sure, the way you run your home, the way you take care of your kids ..."

It's through tired, or predated, a mood of clinging relaxation fired by the wife settled now over both of them.

~~leaving back his arm own breast's Knock'd hanging over his Breast the~~ Howard's tongue was loosened & spoke all the thoughts which had gnawed within him all the of long evenings of his loneliness. "This is a nice place," he said, his eyes taking in the room before them, "but it's not good to be here alone. At night, when it's black all around out there, you hear the crickets & the owls & you feel lost in your own bedroom. Christ, sometimes you feel like crying, you get so lonely —."

A mist covered Gracie's eyes. It wasn't making sense, she thought. ~~He~~ Just a little while ago, she was terrified and burstin' with hate, and now ~~she~~ <sup>was</sup> happy beyond memory, she was in a man's embrace, an' she was <sup>it was this the dream she had always pursued & now its fulfillment.</sup> Consumed with love. It was too much for her to comprehend,

"There were times I thought I'd burn this place down," Howard was drunk with speech. "It wasn't built for one man ... \* There was an appeal in his voice & Gracie felt herself responding to it as she nestled close against his chest. Howard paused, looked at the devoted, secure, reliable woman in his arms, he saw her busy in his wavy kitchen, he watched her in the orchard, and he.

raised her <sup>gently</sup> deliberately on the forehead. "Come," he said.

She stood before him upstairs in the bedroom, dumpy & confused. He had his fingers on her the buttons of her blouse, when she ~~screamed~~ muttered, like a tiny shriek, "Howard - no..."

There was silence, <sup>then</sup> Howard asked. "You don't want to?"

Of course she wanted to. She had been waiting for this moment since that first morning when Howard stepped into her living room. But she remembered another

day more recent, and terrifyingly sharp in his memory. What

This fear <sup>an</sup> ~~exists~~. she ~~would~~ if Willie Ruthrof had followed them. She knew it was ~~had word~~ ~~what is~~ ~~gang~~ ~~and~~ ~~silly~~ ~~right to~~ ~~with~~ ~~what~~ ~~she do~~ ~~would she do~~ ~~if Willie play~~ ~~with a man?~~ But suppose he were out there in the flower garden, or behind a tree in the orchard. He would be upon them in a moment & in his terrible vengeance he would -

"Howard - I know it's foolish -" She couldn't tell him, about Willie, his wild threats. Howard wanted her fears to laugh at her. Another thought inhibited her. She hadn't slept with a man in — years. She would be clumsy. She would offend him. He would hate her. That would spoil everything...

"If it's foolish, forget about it," he said, and he ran his fingers over her blouse while she closed her eyes trying to shut out the entire world she left behind when she had ~~quietly~~ ~~crossed the road~~ crossed the tracks this morning.

A soft breeze caressed the curtains, moving them toward the pool of sun <sup>on</sup> off the window-ledges. Grace smelled the fragrance of honeysuckles which filled the room. She lay on her back like a ~~pink~~ fluffy garment whose elastic belt had snapped. The tension which had pinched the fabric form was gone. She turned toward Howard & they held the embrace of two lonely people.

"Stay here," said Howard.

She winced, for the word "stay" meant she wanted her to return. "Stay here and make this our home." It was the plea of a lonely man (but she heard only the affection of her lover.)

"I can't, Howard, I just can't." She thought of tomorrow morning's breakfast, and the soap, and she heard the gate swinging on its hinges and she repeated, "I can't."

① Grace returns home at 11<sup>00</sup> pm, finds Willie sprawled out on floor, unconscious at his side, Rose holding his head. Grace overcome by guilt and pity; feels w. remorse at thought she might have killed him. She gets ammonia spirits to revive him. (She labors over him with a care that borders on <sup>dangerous</sup> love) Then she hears voices out front. She looks thru curtain & sees Margie embracing boy on Gibson chair. Anger wells up in her, why didn't Margie take care of him like I asked her? She wants to rush out & break down. She stops, returns to Willie who is reviving, mumbling. Margie enters, crazily asks what happened. Grace goes over to her. How dare she leave when she asked Margie to take care of him. She knows he's ill - & I had to go to Aunt Viola.

Margie breaks in: Aunt Viola, my ass! G: Margie, how dare you stop cursing.

M: Don't try to fool me - I knew you went to Howard's. <sup>day</sup> Don't think I'm staying here tied up to free old man while you're out playing around -

I heard him asking you yes.

G: Hold your tongue

M: I'm gonna have a good time, too - & I ain't staying here with this crazy bastard all day.

watching the fates

Willie peers up on his elbows, and weakly mutters: "You're killing me, you're killing me!"

Grace <sup>said goodbye</sup> closed the door behind her, and stood at the corner of the alley under the lamppost and watched the huge car pull smoothly away in the night. She saw the two, tiny red lights turn the corner in the distance and suddenly she realized for the first moment of this day that she was alone. She stepped hurriedly away from the lamppost whose bright light was like a spotlight <sup>on her</sup> outlining her figure.

Ordinarily she would be terrified to be alone near the alley at this time of night, <sup>especially since this alley has been the scene of many attacks.</sup> <sup>(she noted it general)</sup> for here in the alley the shadows were assembled in an accursed orgy. She feared being raped. She <sup>had been</sup> filled with terror by the shadows which invaded the alley with thin suggestive shapes. She knew the shadows had been terrified.

Yet tonight terror was a figment, and the apprehensions of naps lurking in shadows were ~~abominable~~ <sup>unreal & elusive.</sup> She was filled with a sense of calm, inexplicable and delicious, and as she now moved toward the corner her thoughts were fragrant with honeybuckles and she felt as sure and composed as the hiss-straight furrows in the garden & the trees in the orchard.

The house was around the corner & down <sup>2</sup> the blocks, yet it was in another city, in a different place, another time. She was convinced. Once you know true happiness, nothing can bother you. When you are in love, when you know you are wanted, when you feel you have purpose and have a place

every fear is unreal

in the world, every tragedy is reduced, can even be telescope  
into nothingness. The song which joyously filled her heart no  
dimmed but all the discordant cries in the past.

As she walked down the street, her sense of peace  
swelled. There was no movement anywhere in the block; a feeling  
of solemnity hung like a vast shroud. They were in the  
garden. Howard was in his undershirt (he had left his shirt in  
the bedroom). He stooped & handed her blue & pink bouquets of  
flowers (vases). They were in the orchard. She sucked the ripened  
<sup>& they layed as the frost trickled over her cheek</sup>  
peach. Then she bent over & lit up a leaflet from the woodpile  
& in the kitchen she stirred the campot. Campot & ginger ale  
in the garden. She was dreaming & they were to bed again &  
now she was tired, exhausted by the torrential flows in her  
body, but she smiled deliciously recalling this day without  
precedent.

As she paddled across the tracks, along the red-brick  
pavement before the shadowy factory, past the watchman's  
shut gate, emerging into the moonlight which silvered the  
pukey fence, her heart pulsed wildly, and apprehension,  
<sup>a sense</sup> trembling, like snakes in her mind. It was  
not terror, for terror is in loneliness, and she was certain  
she was not alone this day.

She stood on the steps, poised to rattle the screen-door.  
It opened <sup>almost</sup> voluntarily. A tiny broodling suddenly ascended her  
back & flamed over. It's after 11 o'clock, how dare Margie

leave the door open? She entered the living room. The tinge of coolness was upon her and the song in her head became a sharp shriek cry.

Willie Butterfield lay on the floor, his head twisted toward the side in an agonized mask. Below, his back, his body <sup>was</sup> stretched out briefly, his arms flat & motionless <sup>to his sides</sup>. In the open maw of his right hand, a brown jar of aspirated, with tablets spilled from its mouth. Growling deeply, Rawn howled about Willie's head, digging his tongue in the warm light from the table touching the contorted face.

Grace gasped. She stood riveted in one place. For a moment her head swayed dizzily in a dark fluid and a numbness invaded her. In swift desperate movements, she jerked herself into motion, <sup>swirling</sup> out through the darkness of the room, into the kitchen. She fumbled for the ceiling cord, dipped a ray into the sink, and rushed wobbling back into the darkness living room. She knelt at Willie's side, dousing the ray at his head and nostrils.

"Oh Lord, Lord," she fretted. She sat back on her haunches listening. His chest heaved slightly and a throttling sound like a choked snore came from deep below inside him.

"He ain't dead..." Springing to her feet, she raced back into the kitchen, opened the white-painted chest where she fumbled with bottles marked with skull-bone emblems, and she padded back to <sup>her</sup> prostrate husband, said "Go way,

dang," she said angrily to Rose who sniffed at her feet. She selected a small bottle with purple fluid & hastily returned. She held the open bottle under his nostrils and softly commanded: "Sniff it, sniff it!" There was no response. She lifted the damp rag wiping away strands of matted hair from Willie's forehead. "It must've been a stroke," she said.

She leaned over him closer, picked up the jar and the few fallen pills which she replaced. She held the bottle toward the pale light on the table "Lord, he took half a bottle..." She shuddered.

She watched his nostrils twitch once, twice, and then she moved around toward his head. With her arms under his shoulders, she leaned upward, groaning heavily as she raised the upper part of his body toward the feet. Her knee under his shoulderblade, she managed to shift his <sup>upper part</sup> ~~feet~~ squirming movements onto the sofa. Then, with one knee still on the floor, she skirted around the broadside of the sofa, moving the middle part, then the lower part of his body onto the cushions. Suddenly his head rolled listlessly back hanging from the father cushion. She stood his flabby head back until it turned completely over toward the back of the sofa. She stood, her head bowed in desperation, her arms weighted with the strenuous effort and the accumulated exhaustion of the day.

As she leaned over the arm of the sofa straightening out his rumpled form, a profound sense of remorse throbbed in her. He had tried to commit suicide, she thought, and it was her fault. He should never have been left alone with a free jar of aspirins. Suddenly the whine of a distant orchestra focused in her mind; she straightened up & stood at it and then watched it explode into a million blinding splinters.

"I can't, I just can't..." she cried in her throat. A wave of protest mounted in her and she clenched her little fists. "Where did they go? why did Margie leave him here by himself? Should call Dr. Brumell..." Wringing her hands in quiet despair, she walked suddenly through the shadows which filled the dining room, and stood at the foot of the stairway. "Margie... Margie..." She whispered up the blackened tunnel. She didn't wait for a reply for she knew her daughter was not there. "Dang her soul. Don't care for nothin' - only clothes - & toys - learnin' the front door unlocked - and the gate unattended - Lord, if Matthew or Alexander was here we mite's well pack up tonite..."

She stumbled into the living room and stood at the lifeless form of Willie crumpled on the sofa. "What kin I do?" She feet useless & broken and quiet sat on her shoulders like great pillars of stone. Dr. Brumell

had his office on Merton Street, 12 blocks away. She had no telephone, <sup>She couldn't call anyone</sup> there was no one in the street to send, she couldn't leave Willie like this.

She looked blankly at Willie's open mouth, and stiffly, almost automatically, she bent over to seize the spittoon which rested at the corner of his mouth. A giggle, a girl's giggle, Maggie's giggle. She was certain it was Maggie's giggle coming from outside the window. So Gracie turned to meet her daughter as she comes enter, she was going to give it to her this time, beat the hell outta her, never beat her before, but this time whip her don't matter how red she is, till she cries. But the door failed to open, and the giggle melted tramped away with a knock sucking sound, and Gracie set her jaw and stalked toward the door.

The Springs squirmed and Gracie looked back toward the sofa & saw Willie move slightly. She hopped turned to go toward him, but then she whirled about moving secretly toward the window. When the shade floated back with the breeze she snatched it with her two fingers and peered out thru the space. The lamp on the pole placed a large circle of expanded light on the ground below, which just missed touching the Gibson chair in front of the window. In the pale reflection from the circle, Gracie made out two forms squirming on the chair. It was Maggie

and a boy. Maria's head was propped up against the arm of the chair, and her feet rested on the other arm. The boy was leaning over her, his face against hers, his left arm under the fold of her dress which loops across her knees. The shade slaps against the window & the boy looks up. Maria stopped back, nearly toppling over the chair behind her. She gasped, and suppressed a choking roar which thundered in her throat. She moved two steps toward the lamp, wheeled around toward the window, then was caught by a flash of light in the mirror over the mantle. She stared dumbly at her face in the creamed <sup>mirror</sup> light. She touched <sup>and pulsing</sup> her face in both hands. It was hot <sup>and damp</sup>. Her first impulse was to run toward the door & discover them in this act, to throw her head through the window, and terrify them with her dismemberment, to fall upon them & beat with her fists until they were one bloody gulf. Shame, shame! She heard a voice deep inside cry, shame, on the front steps! And before the neighbors, the whole world to SEE... it was his hand, wasn't it, only his hand?...

Beneath his thick wavy hair her hand bubbled like a cauldron, and her small <sup>eyes</sup> were narrowed with fury. She was being pulled from all directions and she had no one direction. From her smirking little eyes saw the sofa in the mirror, the soft sofa without a rumpled body, a sofa which was a bed, and a bed upon which

she her own body is unfolded, <sup>surrounded with</sup> the fragrance of an orchard. Then she knew she could not stay outside nor peer through the window.

(And instead, she <sup>bursting</sup> unburdened her fury through the tiny vent-holes in the face), <sup>and with flushed cheeks</sup> and the turned toward the sofa, sitting on it <sup>petrified</sup>, and the turned toward the little bottle with the purple fluid she sought to revive Willie Rutherford, her husband. She tried to understand all this about her as she stared blankly before her, dazedly moving the objects in her hand over the object on the sofa. But it was futile for she had never really understood anything, since things just happened to her blindly, without design. And she could not, therefore, understand this, the new vision, the vision of a house with a swinging gate suddenly cracking apart, suddenly tumbling over <sup>piece by piece</sup> into a valley, falling deep into a great field of weeds, crashing secretly and in silence. She could not understand it, but she stared at it and knew that it had happened.

The door opened as Willie slowly twisted his head from side to side muttering inaudibly. Gracie stood up from the sofa and stared blankly at her daughter whom she now saw in a new light, bleak & unfeeling. She was about to ask him, rather curiously, "Dad ye have a good time?" when Maggie coldly interrupted, "What's a'matter with him?" She hung her handbag onto the table & plodded into the chair.

near the window.

"He's had a stroke..."

"He ain't dead, is he?" She spoke briskly and her tone had (the jagged edges of ~~sarcasm~~.)

"No, he ain't dead," Gracie replied with a broken sigh, "but I suppose ye keep it up like this, he will be soon—"

"Now what in the here do ye mean by that?"

Margie started warily. Her back <sup>was</sup> ~~sunken~~ in the chair, her stomach jutted up <sup>and</sup> her legs were ~~loosely~~ <sup>tucked</sup> drawn & apart in the outer circumference of the light.

"I mean... if ye keep walkin' out... leavin' the house and him... I mean... he'll be dyin' before long..."

Margie jerked up into a sitting position. "Summawhat I like that... if I keep walkin' out... where in the hell was ye all day?... Movin' yer bowels?"

"At's Enuf Sars from yer nasty mouth..." Gracie stood over the lamp. Her face seemed drawn and grimacing. She spoke <sup>with</sup> effortlessly, as though chained of energy.

"Never mind calling names... I ast ye - where was ye all day?"

"Aunt Odile's..."

"Aunt Odile's, my ass!"

"Margie, that's Enuf..." Her eyes smoldered behind her spectacles.

"What d'ya think I am, deaf? Don't ya think I heard ya tell Howard ya was going out with him to the country?" The face was still white and hard as stone, "It's all right for ya to play around but I'm supposed to stay here tied to that gate and that crazy bastard over there, is that it? Well, like hell!

"Hold yer tongue, fil, I've got tongue!" Gracie felt bitterness forming in her, she lifted the patent-leather handbag in a small threatening gesture. Major stood up like an iron rail, his arms defensive on his hips. A snarl curled on his face.

"Well, ain't nobody going to stop me from havin' a good time, y'see, and it'll take more'n ye to keep me in here all day watchin' that crazy old bastard, over there —"

Against the wall, in the shadows of the sofa, the springs cracked heavily as Willie instantly lurched up on a <sup>quicksilv</sup> sole and into flaming red eyes and a <sup>screamed</sup> ~~screamed~~ <sup>screamed bubbly</sup> face, he <sup>screamed</sup> "Ye're killin' me — both — ye're killin' me —" He writhed forward, made a little roll, and fell to the floor with a dull thud.

now am. before work

① Mr Bramble (fat, bald, jewels, cigars, curly; packard coupe, wheezing, 65) <sup>X1</sup> ~~dollar medium~~  
examines Willie, tells Gracie I saw it's high blood pressure. They take Willie upstairs  
in front room; Bramble suggests Willie take a rest away from  
factory, work, home. Willie froths: I ain't leaving them - they'll ~~let~~  
~~me not in a home~~, they want to get rid of me, they'll make this a whore  
house, they're no good, I tell ya. Doc quieted him.

In kitchen, Doc says he should be taken to hospital. <sup>Gracie</sup> Albert says  
they can't afford it - ~~insurance~~, <sup>enrollment plan</sup> rent to factory (months in arrears),  
store bill, electricity, gas, - Albert says he needs savings to get married.  
Heavy blunts he wouldn't give that old Sunnivabitch a plug nickel  
- out of my hair money - he takes all we're doing for him for  
granted anyway - like it's coming to him - an' him not workin'  
deserved man ten years - Let him come beggin' for it - we work  
too hard to set him up on Easy Street.

Robbie says he'd like to help out - but he's buying that  
'31 Chevy over at Fort's <sup>(35<sup>00</sup>)</sup> and he's gotta keep payin' his  
weekly buck - else they'll sell it - (maybe if I was in army already, I'd have  
money to spare →)

Bramble says they'd better take care of him, then, at home,  
else he'll pop off (snag fingers)

Margie offers to quit school & take care of him, but they  
gotta buy her a new dress and fancy red shoes. Bramble leaves  
& tells them to add it on to what they owe him.

Dr. Brumble straightens up from sofa, puts stethoscope in  
black bag on table. He is a great man, once, great lobes  
of fat hanging from his face. His whole body shivers as  
he wheezes. He looks around at Gene, Margie, Albert, Robbie, Henry  
<sup>is still</sup>  
upstairs. He looks down at Willie who's staring up with wide  
frightened eyes. "Don't nothing to worry about, Willie. Heart's  
in good shape. Just gotta keep yourself from gettin excited.  
"What?" he asks weakly.

"I tell you're all-right..." <sup>Grace</sup> she yells. She looks  
worn out, hair mussed, eyes redened, grooves in face. She  
was up all night sitting in chair, watching Willie.

Dr. Brumble turns to Grace. "Suppose we take him  
upstairs. There'd be too much activity in the living  
room. He needs quiet & lots of rest..." He wheezes  
"We'll put him in the front room. It's nice  
& cool there..." she says

Albert & Robbie lift up Willie, put his arms  
around their shoulders, & start them driving room, up  
staircase. Dr. Brumble <sup>holding black bag</sup> puts his arm over Grace's shoulder,  
"don't worry, he'll be all right."

She looks up at him guiltily "It wasn't my  
fault, doctor..."

"But you should've called me when it happens  
... He's had a bad night..."

"Was I wanted to call ye, but we ain't

got no phone and the boys were out till late &

I wouldn't send Maggie out so late at night..."

"Christ sakes, when's that factory going to make this house livable. It's instead of - not having a phone ... lucky thing you got ~~long~~ like Robbie who <sup>to</sup> come & get me - if you was alone here, that man could've died and no one would've known the difference ..."

"I know it... it's just terrible ... they don't care a bit about us ..." Knob on door. Gracie turns. "Oh, it's one of the drivers. Save me, doctor, I'd

<sup>Driver. Don't you know my name?</sup> let this in the yard & then I'll come right up..."

<sup>how? No doctor</sup> She opens gate, then comes upstairs into bedroom.

Doctor sits on edge of bed, taking Willie's pulse, a good watch in his great bony hand. Albert, Robbie,

<sup>Doc what's that</sup> Maggie stands around bed.

<sup>basket?</sup> "How'd you like to go away somewhere for a week?"

<sup>We use it for night</sup> rest, Willie? You'd like that, wouldn't you? Some nice

<sup>Doc I guess, anyone</sup> clean place in the country?" He says soothingly

Willie twists head from side to side. "You

<sup>have him</sup> Dept of Health wouldn't want to take a rest?"

<sup>investigate this</sup>

- they'd make

the factory

<sup>do something</sup>

Willie mews again, his fore shanks contracting.

"Why not, Willie?"

There's silence for a moment, then Willie

looks fixedly into the doctor's face and stammers.

Grandma:

"They's ~~sick~~ <sup>ain't</sup> settin' me of me... I ain't leavin' this here house... I know it, they want to get rid of me, they want me outta the way... wait, they ain't do it, yhear... they's ~~sick~~ <sup>ain't</sup> movin' me from this house..."

"Now, now, Willie, quiet down, no one's tryin' to get rid of you... we thought it'd be for your own good, next I hear ain't for a couple weeks in the country--."

"I ain't leavin', doc, ... y' hear, y' hear... they'll make this place... they'll make it a white house, a white house... I ain't leavin'!" Willie's face was purple as his head jutted back 3 foot, shouting.

The doctor put his hand on Willie's shoulder.

"All right, Willie, if you don't go away, you don't have to... now just lie back & rest a bit, that's it, just relax... you can stay right here..." He turned toward the butcheries & said he'd meet them in the kitchen, he calls Gracie for a glass of water. They are gone, Gracie returns with water, Doctor gives Willie a sedative, waits till he closes ~~on~~ his eyes.

In the kitchen, the doctor slurps coffee & clucks on a cigar. The boys are eating breakfast in their work clothes. Gracie flounders about table, putting.

"Don't take on so, Gracie - nothing will happen!"

Dan puffs cigar & wheezes. "There's no question that man's had off. He had a bad stroke... must've been terribly excited... and that overdose of aspirins didn't help him any... He needs to go away <sup>to Sanitarium</sup> somewhere for at least a month... With all the excitement around here and the factory horses, he'll pop off just like this —" he snaps his fingers.

"I swear, doctor, if we don't take him away <sup>It's just</sup> somewhere, they've have to take me... I ain't good willin' one — I can't take it much longer —" She breaks into tears, sobbing into her apron.

"All right now, Grace, that ain't doin' us any good, is it? Let's stop the tears and see what we can do..."

<sup>But</sup> "We ain't got no money for a Sanitarium or place like that, Doctor. Landslides," she says weakly, "I've got enough of a problem keepin' the house goin' as it is..."

"Ain't there anyway you boys can help out?" Albert. "I give her \$14<sup>00</sup> a week — the other two I'm trainin' to get married. Christ, I can't afford to give her anymore..."

Hurry, taking umbrella - "Ain't no use askin' me, cause I ain't give another penny for that old fool."

I hear Sigmund him for past 9 years... he thinks he's got it comin' to him, well, he ain't, see?

We work too goddam hard to set him up on  
easy street. County home? Immovable. Send him to  
jail, he'll set a rest, hell, a damned good rest..." He  
laughs falteringly. If you ask me, we oughta let him die, do us all  
good -

"You're a pretty tough man, Harry, ain't you?"

Harry snorts back.

Ruthie volunteers: "I'll give two extra trucks for  
my friend's dough - but that can't help much...  
maybe when I get in the army I'll have more money  
and we'll be able to send the old man away for  
awhile."

"When you leavin', Ruthie?" Doc asks, when she  
"Soon. I'm gettin' injunction..."

"Well, there's no guessin' that it does look  
pretty tough..." Doc

Gracie explains - "I'd like to get him away  
from here more'n you would - then all of us would  
have some place here - but we just can't do it -  
look, Doc. I gets 42.00 a week from the hospital. Four  
dollars & fifty cents each week is for rent, there's  
30.00 for food - that's 34.00 close gone - an' with  
the rest - why there's gas, electricity, insurance,  
installment, clothes for Gracie - Landsches, it's just  
impossible . . .

"Well, I guess you're right... we'll just

have to work out some way of caring for him  
here..."

*Chasin' gun or  
other  
candy  
box*

"I'll quit school and take care of him - don't  
learn nothin' there anyway - an' the principal is  
just about as bad as the old man -"

"Well, the important thing is that he has  
quiet & steady care - & you have to keep him  
clean - those dirty wet clothes are enough to kill  
a man with disease..."

"I'll quit school t'morrow -" Magic likes  
the idea - but you gotta buy me a new dress  
before I start lookin' for him -"

Doctor Stares at her severely. Factory whistle  
screams.

"What time is that 8<sup>00</sup>? I'd better be  
leavin'" Lifts body from chair, picks up derby & bag,  
tells Brain: "Follow the instructions I gave you &  
we'll be all right..."

Magic yells out: "That's what we're afraid  
of..."

Grace closes screen door gingerly for Willie who's resting in the front room upstairs. She pauses, looks up toward the window to make sure Willie isn't watching her. She walks carefully down to gate where Howard is waiting in truck.

He took truck around the block to test new clutch he has just installed. As she steps off curb, she sees Howard smile at her. She forces a smile, but knows it communicated its misanthropy as Howard clambors out of truck & meets her at gate.

Howard asks her what's the matter? He frowns, thinking perhaps she feels remorse at yesterday's experience. Perhaps her shame have visited her earlier in the day to reassure her of the excellence of yesterday, that there was nothing wrong, etc., but she did ask him not to come because of Willie. "Anything wrong?"

"Landshus no—" Grace says broadly, strange look in her eye — with effort she says, "I'm really pleased to see you —"

A sign of relief crosses his face. "Oh, I thought that —  
yesterdays

His face lights up — "It was, it was just grand..." She touches his belt impulsively

"Then why the sad face — and the mysterious looking?"

"We had some trouble..."

"Willie?"

She nods. "While I was gone, he had a stroke... it was terrible... just — terrible... I found him on the floor..."

Roun' bustin' his head..." She sighed with emotion... "it was just terrible... Dr. Bramble wanted to send him away this mornin' for a rest... but he refused... to call me a..." she whined, "a whore..."

"Oh Jesus Christ!" Howard said in a manner of contempt. "Was there any fightin'?" Grace didn't answer. She was looking down her shoulder, lost up at the window then toward the office steps. "I'd better let ye in. The factory'll be complainin' soon..."

<sup>8:45 AM to 8:45 AM & back</sup>  
She unlocks gate. "Suppose I see you in the yard at back at the sheds, 0:15?" In an hour, let's make it exactly at three o'clock," Grace nodded assent. As Howard ~~walked~~ walked back to truck, she looked again up the street, then opened gate wide. The truck groaned up, then went up the dirt-paved driveway.

At five minutes to three, <sup>L</sup>Margie looks up at the clock. She fingers her hair, adjusts her apron. She calls down from the yard and looks him in the Summertime kitchen. She doesn't <sup>forget</sup> him raising a row while she's out there. She's glad Margie is still in school. It'll be a week before they release her. At least she won't be spying on him this afternoon.

Grace walked Swiftly across her back yard, ~~then~~ and the weeds which started & drooped over the path leading to the sheds. She walked with her head held low, as though on a mission. Her feet are the little red sun. baked turnips were good-bye then which she was being stand at. 4:55 She didn't know where when she reached the other side of the blighted clay-baked mud.

① MON - 2<sup>nd</sup> pm

XII

Gracie opens gate for Howard (mail truck). Tells him about Willie's spell & illness. She feels terrible. <sup>"terrible"</sup> Howard says he'll meet her in Brooklyn at 3:00. (She's tortured by factory people seeing them)

(spooks, H. denies)

They meet behind woodshed. Gracie is overwhelmed with guilt, if the old man dies it'll be her fault. Howard says they'll be able to marry. I know, Gracie says, ~~unless~~ it'd be both if he died, but I feel guilty. Howard asks her whether she'll come out next Sunday.

She says she can't. Howard becomes pained. She says she will soon, but not now. She's afraid if she leaves Willie alone, Henry will kill him. He's become terrible, he drinks, <sup>with women</sup> & threatens. Besides, Margie can't be trusted alone now. She's running around with boy & she's afraid to leave her alone in the house.

Howard, fed up with all these entanglements, asks her to come away with him for good. She wants to, but how can she? If she don't care of boy they'll lose their jobs, the factory will take away the house. Howard tells her to divorce Willie. <sup>piece of broken glass</sup> She should have long ago, Gracie says, but it's too late. We'll just have to wait till he dies. Have patience. They go into shed & play cards.

① <sup>Howard's</sup> what do you need home for anyway - About marrying, Robbie in army, Henry a drunk (Margie'll marry soon) - divorce Willie, send him to an institution.

Gracie says it ain't right —

She can stay with us until she does

she saw Howard, in his grey Connells & overseas cap, walking toward her, across the dirt path. He was wiping off his hands in fluff of waste (wool).

She looks at him with the same disturbed look ~~that~~ <sup>she has</sup> ~~probably~~ betrayed her confusion at the gate before.

"Right on this," Howard said. <sup>From the Student Surveyed</sup> He looks around the yard for a secluded spot, then says, pointing to the shed behind her, "let's go in here..."

"I'd rather not..." A faint tremor lurked in her voice.

~~why~~ Howard blinked as though he didn't understand.

"Why not, Grace?"

She fumbled with the corners of her apron, then mumbled, "It..."  
... she was leaning on her lips feet awkward, but she could not  
~~express~~ it, "it's haunted..."

"What?" Howard was shocked. Then, swiftly recovering, he chuckled. "Well, we'll go in and scare out the Spooks..."

Grace's mouth twisted a faint smile, she could not suppress her apprehensions. "C'mon," Howard said. He took her sage hand and led her up the rotted steps. The warped blackness door creaked stiffly open under his hand. They stepped across the threshold, and Grace almost inadvertently clung to Howard's arm. Howard felt her pressure on his <sup>dark skin</sup> ~~dark skin~~ sleeve & he looks about the shed. A horde of spider webs hung in each corner, dotted with the bushes of cistels long consumed. Stream of light filtered thinly through the one dusty window at the back of the shed. On the floorboards through which walls struggled wildly

upwards, a shallow pool of light formed, dissolved, then reformed. Two wooden benches, their rusted nailheads loose in their holes, sat silently against each other, creaking only under the gentle press of wind.

Through the knot-holes & the spaces widened by the shrinkage of the boards, slivers of light fell sharply downward. An old newspaper flapped

against  
the wall.) Gracie, holding tightly to the muscular arm beside her, looked toward the rafters overhead. She saw at once the large rusted heads of penny-nails and a slant of pain cut them low. "Up there," she murmured, pointing to the rafters, "It must've been up there!"

Howard, girls unaccustomed, looked up toward where she pointed. After a moment, he turned his gaze toward the brightened fire, and said blandly, "I don't see nothin' but old rafters & nail-heads..."

"It's where they must've hung him..." His eyes were glossy and cold.

"Hang who?"

"The men... they say it was a nigger..."

"Who says?"

"I dunno, everybody... They been sayin' it since we been here... gives ya the creeps... an' when there's a storm, & the wind is a howlin' up them trees the niggers..."

"Oh, Grace, please. Control yourself. Now do you see anybody's here? There ain't no bodies hangin' him, is there? Only a few clothes hangin' here an' some weeds an' a piece of old newspaper..."

"I know, ain't nothing here but... But at night, when the

wind blows them off her as kinds o' things ... it's haunted. Howard...

I tell ya, nobody's used this place this far years... it's haunted..."

Howard moved toward the end of the street. The boards made a creaking noise under his feet. He picked up the yellowed newspaper & placed it on the bench near the side of the house. Then he led Grace toward the seat & sat down with her.

A pencil book was on his lap. It was the book of an irritated schoolteacher tempered with the benign frown of a father. "Grace..."

I don't mean to be harsh... but you must stop being so superstitious. After all, you're a grown woman -  
you are a mother. It just don't sound right  
for a mother of four young children to be talkin' of spooks & ghosts &  
haunted houses. Often say, I heard you laughin' at how the Catholics  
talk to statues & pictures & play with beads. It sounds pretty silly for  
grown up people doin' things like that - think at how silly it sounds  
for you hearin' speak of things that just don't exist. You make these  
things up in your own mind & then you scare yourself with 'em. It's  
like with your old man. He's made up a spook in his mind about  
you & the children I now how scares himself more to death with it.  
I just can't understand how anxious people are to scare themselves.

Hell, if you don't think you has spooks here in the backyards,  
you'd probably go to the movies to see a Frankenstein picture or  
Somethin' like that, so's you could frighten yourself up good & proper.

It just don't make sense Grace - live with your neighbors - I just  
can't believe people think you to be an ~~ugly~~ <sup>ugly</sup> person when you think  
they are - it's just a spook and you keep scaring yourself with it.

By You Wishes to Be Scared

Christ knows there's enough things around to scare the guts out of a man without livin' in your own...

Groce sat overwhelmed by the pattern of logic which wove about her. She stared into Howard's eyes. She did not feel ashamed, was instructed. Just nonchalant. "You're... you're just so intelligent,

Howard..."

I'm not  
really, ain't  
had much  
Schole, still  
- just scared  
to me like  
plain  
common  
sense

Howard smiled & nodded his head as though realizing his lesson was in vain. "Anyways, you won't be so scared of this

that amorous, will you..."

She hesitated. Then nodded. "No, I guess there ain't no spooks in here." He had triumphed after all.

There was a moment of silence. Groce looked up toward the rafters, was momentarily reassured that at least no engine dangers from the ceiling. Then she glances toward the misted window. Through an open patch of light scarred by <sup>filmy</sup> strands of dust, she saw the factory windows.

Howard, she began, "I've think they're watchin' us."

"If they are, they can't see anything! There are no windows except that dirty one, an' nobody saw us comin' in - There's nothing to be afraid of..."

She felt completely reassured. Howard had now taken on the status of an oracle, and his pronouncements were unchallengeable.

"I ain't really 'fraid of them amorous," she said with a gesture toward the tiny windows, "but I am scared to death of Willie..."

She felt again the thickness in her throat she always felt <sup>badly</sup> when she spoke or thought of her husband. "If he dies...", she began, twisting the

"Grace," Howard reached out & cupped her hands in his.  
"How bout comin' out next Sunday?"

She looked at his strong hands. She nods. "I'd like to,  
but I can't. Howard...?" ~~She~~ The self Wilsons look on  
his face troubled her. "I just can't now, ye understand  
don't ye?" She was afraid he wouldn't. "I'll come out real  
soon. I want to come out, ye know it, don't ye? It's  
got... I can't leave the house now. Everythin's so  
upset. If I go away, anythin' lain happen. I'm terribly  
scared of Henry. That boy's just become a mess. He's  
drinkin' all his money away. an' runnin' around with  
wild women. If I leave the house alone, he'll kill the  
old man. I'm sure he ~~would~~ do it. I'm the only one's that  
kept it him done tie now... I just can't, Howard... but  
I will, real soon..."

<sup>Henry been  
mean since  
we met, trying  
me off;</sup> Howard looked at her with a look of pity, but she  
<sup>saw it up the look of loneliness. She shrugged her shoulders  
on her shoulders;</sup> saw it up the look of loneliness. She shrugged her shoulders  
<sup>and sighed deeply. "How can I go? Nobody will take  
care me to and</sup> I took deep breath. "How can I go? Nobody will take  
care of anything here. Marjorie..." She paused & thought of  
<sup>fall down  
grows</sup> her daughter. "She's breakin' me terrible. I don't know when  
she & Henry got them mean streak. She's sassy & curvi-  
& runnin' around with all kinds of fellas till late at night  
If I left her alone again with the house, Lord knows  
what she'd do this time..."

Howard suddenly uncupped her hands and they fell sharply

Howard studied her face. why was he troubling himself over this dumpy, ingestaious, country woman? He was getting along all right by himself. It was better to be alone & content than to be with a mate & embroiled in such a terribly Strikin set-up.<sup>for</sup> She would make him a good wife. She would be hardworking, devoted, reliable. He would be secure with her. He would <sup>fall in love</sup> ~~to love~~ her, with time. But what the hell! He just couldn't get involved in this ridiculous family affair...

He took his hands off her shoulders and turned toward the door. When he reached the threshold, she called, "Wait." He turned around, & stepped forward. She In a rush of uncontrollable emotion, she threw herself into his arms, and in a moment, they stood locked in embrace.)

① MON  
4:00 pm Grace takes Margie with her to store to buy  
odd-arts for supper. (Margie ~~has been~~ changing dress) XIII

Upstairs Willie has hallucinations. ① He peers from behind screen,  
sees neighbors <sup>(not working)</sup> sitting on steps, thinks they're watching him, laughing  
at him. He screams out in wild mumble: mind your own damned  
business. He calls for Grace & Margie, no answer. He thinks they've  
run away with Howard. He goes to closet to sit down. He  
creeped at window waiting for Howard to pass.

① wants to go to toilet. Looks for bucket - collapses in faint - awakes again



edge of his eyes in tiny knots, "if he dies, I'd feel terribly guilty, like I害 him myself..."

"Oh, come now, Grace, don't act up so." He lights another cigarette.

"I don't wish nothing to the sea-man, but if he dies, it'll be his own doing. He'll kill himself by his own spooks. There's no reason in the world for you to feel guilty. Heaven, you're doing everything you can to keep the man alive. He ought all he's done to you durin' the past couple weeks days, I just wonder why you're puttin' yourself out so." He inhaled and stood in a smoking circle by bars of light. "Besides, there's no..."

Grace watched the Ring 8 for a moment with its lazy movement. She jerked up, "<sup>oh</sup> Howard, I hate you to be mixed up in all this. It ain't right to you..." She clenched her meaty little fists & shook her head with vigorous jabs, like a child suddenly angered. "Sometimes I might be this dead..."

"It's quite a ~~terrible~~<sup>awful</sup> thing. If he does die, you'll feel guilty, if he doesn't die, you'll be tortured..." he said a frown on his face... "and we won't be able to marry till he does...". Despite the ~~awful~~ dilemma he had just outlined, her face broke into a broad smile. She was enthralled with the very prospect of being able to marry this man. It stirred again in her feelings of gay, lighthearted youthful fulness, in the last Sunday in the country.

into her white arms. A tightening set in about his lips and he muttered cooly: "What a goddam mess this is gettin' to be..."

Graci felt him moving away from her and a small cry came from her throat. "Howard...?"

Howard stood up. "Look, Graci, I don't want to be hard about this, but it looks like we're gettin' so stuck damned involved in this... this... jigsaw puzzle. If you don't put yourself out of it now, you're gonna get so stuck in it you'll never be able to pull yourself out." He looked down at her and the glint of sun cut across his face & concealed "Why can't you just up & come away with me now, for good?"

"What about your job here?"

"The hell with my job. There are plenty jobs to make. Besides, there ain't no job ever gonna change my life for me. It's a principle with me..."

Graci stood up next to him, looking up at his face with wide imploring eyes. She wiped a column that had fallen onto his arm. "Lord, Howard, I want to... I want to go with you more than anythin' else... but, Lord, how can I?"

Her arms free to her side in a small futile gesture.

Howard placed his hands on her round shoulders and looked earnestly at her. She said, almost pleading: "If I go with you now, my whole house'll just break up... the family & all <sup>won't have any place to stay</sup> & not only away the house, an' the boys'll ~~lose their jobs~~ to take care of them - they'll probably even lose their jobs if I stop

takin' the gat... I'd just heek up my home if I  
leaves with ye now..."

"Home? What home? It's like another Spook - I'm  
Sorry, I don't mean it that way - but really it's just  
like a Spook - what kind of home do you have with Willie  
him he is, an' Albert Fink is to get married, & Robbie gone  
in the army. Henry, well, ye say yourself he's a bum - and  
Margie'll probably marry soon. She could stay with us  
till she does. Honestly, Grace, there's just one way out, if you  
want to marry me. Divorce, Willie, won't you? I know it  
sounds hard, an' it'll break up your home an' all  
that, but if you ever going to get out this, that's the only  
way. Divorce him. Send him to an institution - but don't  
let him stand in our way..." He paused, waiting for  
the reaction. He sensed her confusion, and continued.

"Grace, remember, you can never make a glass whole  
out of its broken pieces..."

She was tormented with confusion. She grabbed his hair  
and twisted under his arms. "I know, I know, Howard,  
everythin' ye say is right - but I can't - I just can't -  
I should've left him long ago, I should've divorced him  
when we came here - but it's too late - it's too  
late & I can't..." Her face was moist with tears, she  
hugged him harder. "We've got have to wait till he  
dies. It won't be long, Howard. Just (give me) a little time..."

Margie had come home from school half-hour ago. She was now in the boys' room changing into white shorts. She put down the candy bar she was chewing on, put it on the bureau and began unbuttoning her flounced blouse. She had an angry look on her face. "Darn it, can't even dress over in my own room. Why don't they take him away..."

Suddenly her eyes <sup>feel on</sup> caught the drawer, slightly open. She walked over, picked up the candy bar again. She looked into the drawer and began moving things around, sunglasses, bookmarks, key chain, pencil without a point, a medallion - what is the hell - a Catholic medallion, with the virgin on it - must be Robert's - better he'll become a Catholic. She fingered the medallion, put it down, next to a little red package; she opened the package, mostly folded, prophecy books - Henry's; she left both of them there, the medallion & the prophecy books. She closed the drawer, slightly as it was.

She finished the bar, then with her fingers she wiped the shoulder from her arms. She took off her blouse, threw it on the chair. She opened the sole of her shirt, let it drop to the floor. She threw it on top the blouse. As she turned toward Robbie's bed on which the shorts lay. She caught a glace of herself in the mirror. She looks at her thin form, full view, then profile. She thought her breasts were heavy. She touched her stomach. Funny, she felt a soft rumbling, tiny pain patches all day in school. Maybe she'd

been eatin' too much at the carnival. But that was days ago. He was a nice looker, wasn't he. She went over to his shirt to take the picture out of the pocket; one of those 4 in quarter pictures of hers & the boy who worked at the Ferris wheel. He was a nice looker, strong, real smooth, not tan like them fat boys across the street, not even like Red, and he had money. She felt the pouch & pain like an appendicitis job; she moved. Must've been too much candy & pop-corn & cotton candy & gummy-apples and all them sodas. She puts back photo. Shame carnival had to leave. Jimmy was nice looker and real smooth. Said he'd write me, from Pennsylvania... What's so pain for, I hope nothing...

"Maggie..." From the foot of staircase, Graci called, "Maggie, honey, see if he's up... I'm going to the store to get a few things for supper... maybe he wants something..."

Maggie calls back, "wait a minute, I'm going with ye..."

"I'd rather ye'd stay here & take care of him..."

"He's with that noise - I'm comin' right down. She slips suspender straps over her shoulder, straightens out shorts, then comes down stairs.

"Didja see if he's up -"

"He's still sleepin'..."

"They's "Didja look?"

"Cause I look! He's sleepin I'm tellin ya

"All right, let's go - but remember ye ain't gettin' nothin. I gotta keep that Store hid down. We owe Mrs. Lewis over a hundred dollars an I'm a-savin to pay her back some day -

"what fer? Them Jews makin money off us as is - lookit the machine they got - an' them sendin up horses to school in New York - hell, they made lots a money off us, ~~they did~~...

Margie, I don't want you talkin that way. Them people been mighty good to us & you ain't got no reason to talk ~~to us~~ <sup>about</sup> that way...

"mighty good? What they ever do aside from takin 30 to 40 dollars a week from us -

"They done plenty - what bout when ~~he~~ lost his job and they lent us money and the Xmas basket they brought us that Xmas - we'd a starved us front it - they did more for us than the factory or anybody else ever did - what about the songs & the fish. She still sends us -

Margie wrinkles her nose - "Them Jew eatins"

"I swear girl, ye don't prevaricate mi

anybody does for ye - you just selfish & jealous -  
and there's no likin' in ye - why, I thought ye  
were friends with <sup>Rose</sup> ~~Emily~~ Lwin, an' the way ye  
talk -

Well, I like her, but she won't even go out  
with me on a date - only wants to go out  
with Jewish Schoolboys -

Oh, stop yer prattlin' & take this here basket -  
I want to be back in before the boys gets in.  
<sup>books or paper towels the store</sup>  
Magic steps out front door, <sup>Gracie calls</sup>  
from living room. "ye left the basket on the test.  
Come here an' get it -"

She replies dryly - "oh then it yourself...  
And Gracie, twisting her head from side to side,  
takes it.

Upstairs, Willie lies flat on his back. He  
opens his eyes and blinks like an ancient turtle in  
unshelled face. He tries to move, winces with pain.

He feels stiff: He's always been used to movement,  
on the go, now he suddenly feels immobilized, ain't  
used to sitting still, lying on my back in the  
middle of the day, always on the go.

He sits up, and feels dozey. A thick mist  
is on his head, and he feels a heaviness all above his

shoulders. He has to go. Call the old woman or Magie.

Better not. Do it alone. Get along without them.

It's dark in here. My slippers, where my slippers?

Blows over to look under the bed. Ach - a sharp  
pain in my head. Dope. Close his eyes, holds his  
head back. Finds slippers with his feet. Out house. Slowly  
walks down slowly, down the stairs, thru the  
kitchen, to the outhouse. He'll do it alone. He ain't dead  
yet an' he'll show em. Nobody's getting rid of him,  
not for a long time, real long time....

He stands up. That thickness in his head, in his  
legs too, legs like wooden planks - why they so stiff.  
Needs a little exercise... walk to out house, see the  
legs good...

He walks to the end of the bed and touches the  
posts. Dammit, it's dark. He pulls shade up half-way.  
Now walks, slowly, past the bureau, past... the bucket.  
use the bucket... outhouse too far...

He stands beside bureau, and uses the bucket. He  
looks down & watches the bucket & listens... the thickness  
in his head, great black circles of thickness, wool  
thickness, stone, heavy stone thickness, black, all black.

He opens his eyes. He is on the floor, on his side,  
the bucket is at his feet turned over, and empty. For  
a moment he blinks out, the turtle heavy with the

heavy shell... He rolls onto his back & lifts himself, slowly. The thickness is gone, he is up. Hops onto the biercar. The shade is up. Dark is here, light outside. They're laughing who's laughing? Across the street; they're laughing. They're looking up & they're laughing, at me. They saw me fall over the bucket, they're making fun o' me. Stop you're laughing, damn bastards! damn bastards! Stop lookin' in here and laughing. I'm sick - don't laugh at me. Mind your own business, I tell ye!

With narrowed eyes & stare out. Always laughin' at me, all of em. I ain't no bum like ye are. I got a home, and I don't fare around with other men's women... what're ye laughin' at me for? I walked as long as I could.... I ain't no tramp.. I still work... I ain't no... Stop you smokin' in here & you damned laughin' I tell ye...

He feels a hotness in lungs and he feels a wish to shriek at the laughers. Stop it, stop it - his words of anger climb up <sup>wireless</sup> within him. He opens the screen, sliding it across halfway. STOP IT! STOP IT! MIND YOUR OWN DAMNED BUSINESS! STOP THE LAUGHIN'!

The screen trembles nervously in his hand, his helpless hand, & it falls to the ground below. They've stopped it, I see 'em, they stopped laughin', they're lookin'

at me, but I stoppt 'em. The screen...

He turns around, & bolts onto the bed post.

GRACE! Grace, the Screen! Get the screen before they do! MARGIE! Get the screen, Margie! ^

They ain't here. Where'd they go? They ain't here. Again, <sup>but more feebly,</sup> GRACE, MARGIE... They gone away... with Harry they gone with that mechanic... They couldn't get rid o' me, so they left me... with that mechanic.

Anger grows thick in his head like the thickness of the wool, thick and heavy. I'll get him... break up my home, I'll get him... the gun, the rabbit gun... Die blow his head off like a cottontail... I'll get him when he goes by... Summertime, break up my home... it's in the closet... I'll get him.

He struggles lamely from to the other bed post, rolls aside the bucket. Inside the closet, on the top shelf, the gun & the cartridges... I'll wait for him like a cottontail & I'll blow off his head... when he goes by in that car, that black shiny car

(his back is against the wall. He jams a cartridge into the magazine. Good ole Winchester - I kill rabbits in my vegetable patch & I'll kill the mechanic...)

And so he lie in wait, against the window sash, his gun pointed thru the window, and he lie in wait, mumblin' & mutterin', lie in wait for the black car & the cottontail, the mechanic, in his vegetable patch... -

MON XIV  
Nuggets - Sardines  
Bills - Soda

① STORY (brief description, mostly shelves, flies, variety (pants, prophylactics) ~~the house~~ ~~excited~~ ~~Gracie tells her to stop taking so much, having enough trouble paying bills as is. Tells Mrs. Levin of all her troubles; Willie ill, Albert saving for marriage, Robbie <sup>(right pin army)</sup> buying car (can't stop now, will lose his \$10 down), bills <sup>installment</sup>, doctor bills - what willie would do - this is such a stone on my neck. (Orders different meets, choose for each of Sons)~~

Mrs. Levin thinks what a terrible thing to say. <sup>why perfume doesn't work?</sup> Changes subject to new mechanic - Gracie on defensive, then giggles - he's a fine man, I'd marry him if I could. His got car, summer home. Marge giggles - She's in corner, Willie has his hand behind her! Gracie looks, turns head aside - "we'd better get back, Willie will be <sup>positively</sup> mad!"

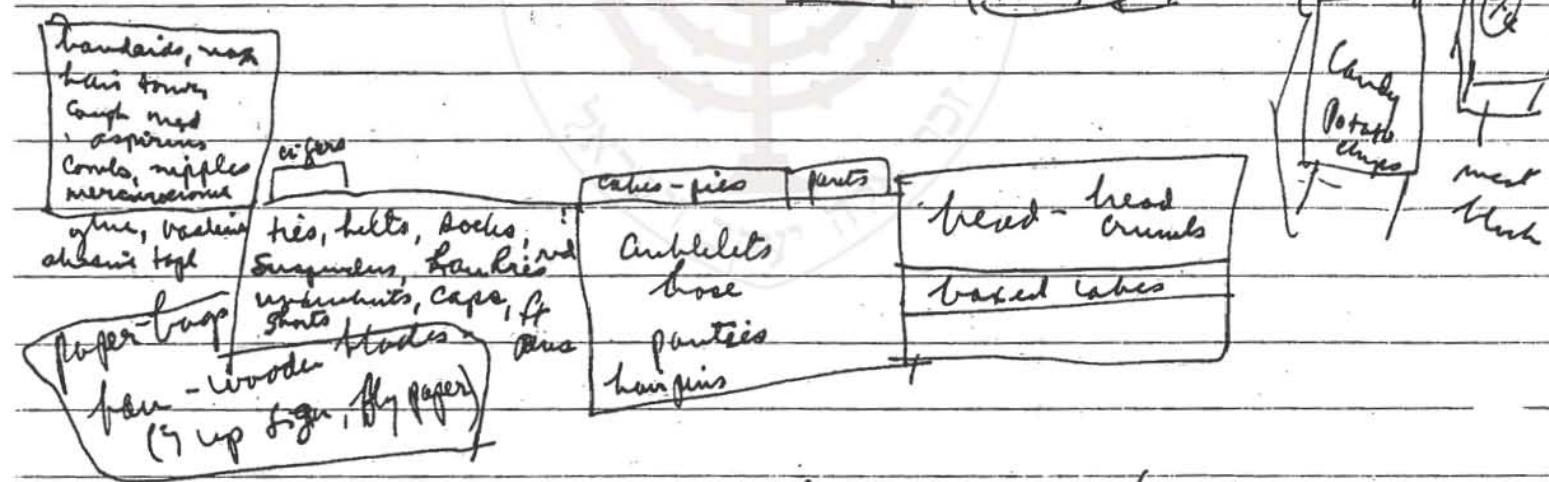
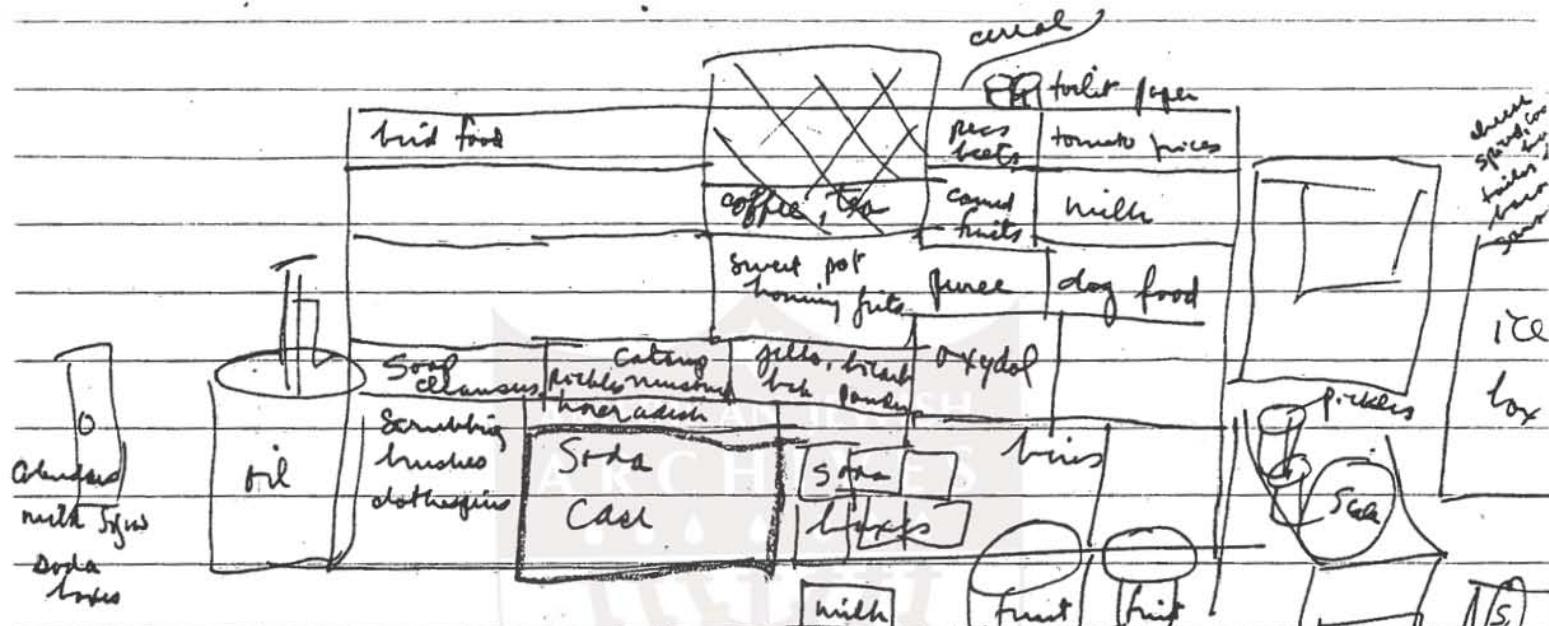
① You're prettiest girl in your block - I know, I'm the only girl in my block - .

There are categories of stores. There are grocery stores, and  
grocery merchandise, and confectionary, and clothing, and  
pharmacy, and shoe, and button shops, and tobacco shops.

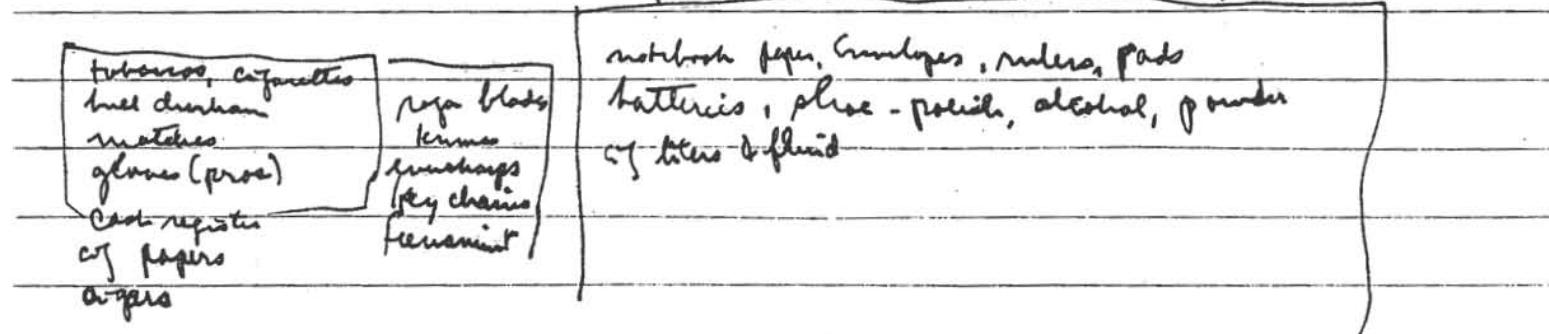
The Lemi's store was none of those, yet in a way, the Lemi's  
store was all of these. He sold groceries, yet his supply was  
limited to the trades & needs of the Swiss citizens of custom  
he built up during past 24 years. He sold pants, & blue  
candy shirts, and silk panties, and hunting shirts, and kotas,  
and broad brimmed hats, and their Edward cigarettes, and round cor-  
pies, and toothpaste, and Hessey hairs, and pies & cakes,  
and machine shop caps with black wings, and Bull Durham  
tobacco, & Soda pop, and cough medicine.

The shelves which ran along lengths of walls  
were painted in a gloomy red, behind them the flowers  
& dry-faced wreaths crumbled. On the shelves were the  
morning cereals, & the canned peas & pickles, and cleanser,  
and the grease solvents (for factory) & the gellos, & the toilet  
paper rolls. And the canned fruits. In the bins for  
fresh vegetables, there were straw empty bags & broken  
shards of glass & empty liquor bottles. The vegetables were  
kept in their original containers - potatoes in bags - onions  
in sacks, apples & pears & peaches in baskets, because in  
the bins the rats would get at them & feast magnificently  
in the candy-can, always muddy with sediment from  
his clammy hands, 5¢ bars were on bottom shelves &

4 for pony - mfgallop, and horse stories & peppermint  
stories were on top



napkins - Kotex - dress shirts (work)



To Gross & Rutherford's. Mrs. Lewis' general store was a place where you could get almost anything you needed, including later information about neighbors. It was also a place of refuge from home. It was also a meeting place. And it was a place for exchanging recipes. And a place for advice, whether solicited or not.

On this day, it was a place of refuge and a place for advice for Gross Rutherford. Ordinarily she would have waited at the presence of the colored man who was sitting on the milk case figuring mustard sandwiches from the can into his mouth, and slurping the little bites down with cracks & a large bottle of grape soda. He was a country nigger. She could tell from his dusty dungarees & mucky shoes, and he smelled from perspiration, the way she knew negroes always smelled. She looked at him for a moment. He had come with <sup>a</sup> white man who had brought a truckload of cattle to the abbatoir across the street. A terrible smell, mustard sandwiches & nigger perspiration. She also looked momentarily at Rebs Kelly, the two broad-shouldered youths in his wet T-shirt, standing before the candy case at the opposite end of the store. He worked in the abbatoir, as did his entire family. She knew him as a fresh boy who put strands on the sides of beef before they went into the ovens. He stood there, with a bottle of Soda in his strong hand; he was surveying the candy bars in the case & the

*Heads  
from self  
& negroes*

potato chips & pretzels & pushes on top the case. By this time, Margie was sitting on top the red Coca-cola, her legs dangling back & forth, a bottle of Pepsi-Cola at her lips.

"I came to get a few things before the boy comes in for supper," Grace said to Mrs. Levin, the fleshy-faced little

woman with the fraying hair & spectacles. All the neighbors behind the  
show case with  
new & old  
suspects,  
and handbills  
called Mrs. Levin, "Mrs. Klie" - but the boys, the refugees,

out of deference, called her Mrs. Levin, or they used her  
by no name at all. Mrs. Levin was a friendly woman,  
she talked more than she shamed have, but the neighbors,  
including Grace, took this as a sign of friendliness,  
and they confided in her their innermost secrets. They

thought, too, she was a smart woman because it  
<sup>was always</sup> appeared she ran the entire business - for her children

were all in school, & her husband was a work man  
who needed sleep the greater part of the day, & who  
when he did take of care of the store, was silent or  
inaccessible or called them strange foreign names like  
"gaucho" or "manger" or "bandit". When Alice  
counted up the store till at the end of the week, there  
were about invariably errors in addition or subtraction -  
and then "Mrs. Klie" would have to recount and  
get the records straight.

Mrs. Atie also had insight - or at least, intuition - for she sensed, as we do now, when something good or ill has taken place.

"Is something the matter?" asked Mrs. Atie in her slight accent, and feeling the presence of strangers, the rugger with the sandwiches & the tea-yakts before the candy case, Mrs. Grace wrinkled and nodded, indicating she would delay her conference until a later moment.

Mrs. Atie was quick to grasp the meaning of the sign and she devoted herself to Grace's previous request:

"what do you want, Mrs. Grace?"

Mrs. Grace put her fingers to her mouth & thought of the supper she had prepared. There was vegetable soup, and beef pie for Robbie, and a pork chop for Harry, and now it was something light she needed for <sup>meatless; why do you  
seem different today?</sup> Harry, since he had asked for a light supper.

"Maybe some liverwurst? Mrs. Lewis. Bout a quarter-pound . . ."

"Better make it a half-pound; I might take some, too." This was Maggie's first remark since she finished the soft drinks. Mrs. Atie reacted with a faint hostility, for the Rutherford life was growing poorer than diminishing, & its growth was due in no small measure to such suggestions from Maggie.

Mrs. Atie walked behind the candy-case to the

in box, and then placed the biscuit on the scaling machine. She cut & weighed out a quarter-pound. As Mrs. Atis squirted at the tiny figures on the white scale, Mrs. Grace wiped her face with a small - handie, "Landshuh, it's hot... even the fan don't seem ter do much good..."

The colonel man who had just finished drinking down the mustard sauce from the can, looked up at the fan suspended from the ceiling, its wooden blades whirling softly, throwing out a faint breeze toward the singer which now fluttered <sup>frag</sup> below the ceiling lights, and the fly-papers which crackled stiffly back & forth with thin threads of insect. The Colonel man stood up, brushed the creases out of his pants, looked around to see if he wanted anything more, then <sup>lift</sup> walked through the store leaving the can on the milk-case & the <sup>screen</sup> door striking with its cow-bell behind him.

Margie waited a moment, then came off the case, muttering coldly, "Summabitch, I'm glad he's gone... Should leave niggers like that in a white store..."

For the first time since the butterflies entered, Red Kelly turned around and shook his head. "Bastard really stinked, didn't he?" (X)

Mrs. Atis was now back behind the glass case. She put the biscuit package down and said, "Colonel people

(X) Grace Rutherford nodded. She felt a wish to speak but she hesitated. Red Kelly is a Smart-aleck from across the street, and she don't speak to neighbors from across the street, especially Red Kelly, the Smart-aleck. <sup>But ~~she~~ <sup>she's</sup> going to say,</sup> She nodded, yes, he certainly do stink.

"Colored people always prepossesses a lot. It's in de blood."

<sup>Christian & Jew  
Rock about  
negro &  
situation with  
negro J.  
about</sup> But dis one was a nice fella, he was very polite and called me, 'mam'". She had no intention to defend the negro man, for it was not good for a Jew to defend a negro man, it was better the Jew be on the white side cursing the black foks, but she sounded as though she was defending the negro man, and she stopped.

"Anything else, Missus Grace?" asked us Alice. She asked the question with little relish, for she knew Mrs. Grace would always buy more than she could never really pay for anything she wanted to buy, and then there was the back-bit.

Mrs. Grace touched her finger to her mouth. She was thinking. Margie moved toward the Candy Case near where big Red Kelly, the Smart-aleck, stood. She picked up the a large bag of potato chips, took off the top & began making a crunching noise with her mouth. "I'm taking a bag a chips. Mark down a quarter, Mrs. Lewis..."

Mrs. Lewis Scowled over the spectacles. Mrs. Grace felt the scowl and was moved to remonstrate. "Put it down, Margie, there's no need for hate chips after suppertime. Put 'em down--"

"Too late now," Margie snirked, putting another trayful of chips in her mouth.

"Well, that's all you taken, y'know," Grace fumed. She was embarrassed by the lack of control she exerted over her daughter. She was embarrassed for she was certain Red Kelly would tell the neighbors about her lack of control. She was further embarrassed for she noted how her daughter winked at the tree Red Kelly and how he, the smart aleck, in turn looked at her daughter with that fresh look that comes in one sweep the blue blouse and the white shorts & the white leg beneath the shorts.

Irritated, she turned toward the shelves for the pickle relish & the jarred coffee. She ~~then~~ places them next to the hummer of the top of the glass case, and she forced to think "what" <sup>dangerous</sup> nothing more of her daughter & the high Red Kelly.

"I guess it's about all . . ." she said undeterred.

There was more, but she for one always wanted more, needed more, but one desired not ask for more, for it is embarrassing not to be able to pay on the next Saturday, and there was always the back-bit.

Mrs. Abie began figuring the sum on the paper bag. She was fast with figures. Grace watched her look the pencil-point & flick across the cigarettes. Hesitantly, with her finger on her mouth, she interrupted; "Butter had one a carton Chesterfields -  
Buy day run out of smokes -". She apologized for asking.  
She always seemed to apologize. She didn't want to, but she  
knew she had to. It wasn't her fault she didn't have enough  
money to take care of the entire bill - but I know she tried  
to keep it down. Six people and a dog are a lot a month  
to feed. It wasn't her fault. And it wasn't Mrs. Abie's  
fault, because Mrs. Abie didn't try to break her. She was always  
getting good cheap cuts of beef & tried every which way to  
keep her keep the bill down. God knows whose fault it was  
but she she apologized.

Mr. Lewis placed the cigarette carton on the counter  
and added up the figures. "Four nineteen" she said.  
"Whoo - all at money & so little bit of stuff..." Grace  
said.

"It's <sup>awfully</sup> it is, and we can't do anything about  
it. I gave you the livinest lot cheaper than I usily  
see it for -"

"Oh, I ain't meanin' ye," she apologized again.

"I mean things in general are high. It's gettin' more  
terrible every week - I don't see for the life of me  
how I'm keep the family in bread & clothes if things

keep going up as they're doing — landscapes, it's terrible for the poor people —"

Mrs. Lewis complains how terrible it is for the general businessmen, jitters raising prices, & smaller businessmen can't raise prices cause customers can't afford it. And Gracie replies matter-of-factly, "Don't know what the country is coming to..."

Abruptly, without transition, Mrs. Lewis said: "I saw Dr. Brambles car outside your steps this morning."

And Gracie told her, "it was to the old man...he had a bad stroke." She went into all the details, how she found him on the floor, how she lifted him onto the bed, how she stayed up all night with him, and how he carried on in front of the doctor, calling me — she whispered the word whose.

Mrs. Lewis had her own convictions about the truth of Willis' charge, but she withheld them. Gracie continued about the misery & torture of living with the man, all the trouble she has as it is taking care of the place & the bills, & now with him sick — oh, she sighed, I might he'd died...

Mrs. Lewis shuddered. She was a religious woman & she said to say such a thing wasn't nice. Gracie respected her because she was religious and because she was smart in business, but she said she

couldn't help it and that nobody wanted go them what she went there.

Mrs. Lewis commented that indeed Gracie had gone there a lot. She made a point of mentioning the early years when she had brought them the Xmas basket, and how shocked she was at the run-down condition of the house and how now, even with the boy working for the factory, they could do nothing or little to better their living ways, & that the factory didn't even help. [And through their association with the word "factory"] Mrs. Lewis, ~~remembered to ask~~ <sup>then has something on</sup> her mind, and the Seldom could withdraw what she felt was on her mind. She warned up to the new thought, "If you need more money, that is, another if you have lots of bills and you need more cash, why don't you take Magic out of school & put her to work . . ."

Gracie, her elbows now on the Showcase, said, "I been thinking about it . . ." but she ~~other~~ was ~~was~~ ~~was~~ thinking about how different Magic would get to be if she were earning her own money, and if she were fooling with boys now, how she would feel then . . .

At the thought of Magic, she turned to see where her daughter was doing at the other end of the store, & when she saw the fresh Mrs. Kelly standing before her daughter, trying to talk her into letting her

arm-pits, she wanted to call out his disphrasen. But it was Mrs. Levin who came out, for Mrs. Levin could seldom hold back the thoughts on her mind, and her heavier thought at this instant was that she didn't like what Miss Kelly was doing with Marjie Putnaford in Her store, and so she called, "Hey! Hey! what's going on here?" But she felt the admonition was too severe for her customers, so she ~~exaggerated~~<sup>coated</sup> it in an excuse, "Watch out for the candy case, Reds; you'll break da glass, besides it's very weak..."

Reds laughed a deep free laugh & turned to show his white teeth, "Y'know," he laughed deeply, "Marjie here, is the prettiest girl on that side of Light Street." He paused, the way one pauses before the punch-line of a joke.

"She's the only girl on that side of — Street" and he turned back his head & laughed deeply at this great joke. Marjie liked the joke even though it was at her expense, and she thumped him on his chest.

Embarrassed at the closeness between the fresh boy and the bare-legged daughter, Mrs. Brown managed a <sup>conscious</sup> ~~few~~ <sup>tiny</sup> giggles. She nervously pushed around the packages on the show-case and bridged the conversation gap. "I don't think more money would fix things — altho' it would sure help out — what I need is a complete change in life —"

<sup>to buy their</sup>  
<sup>desertive</sup>

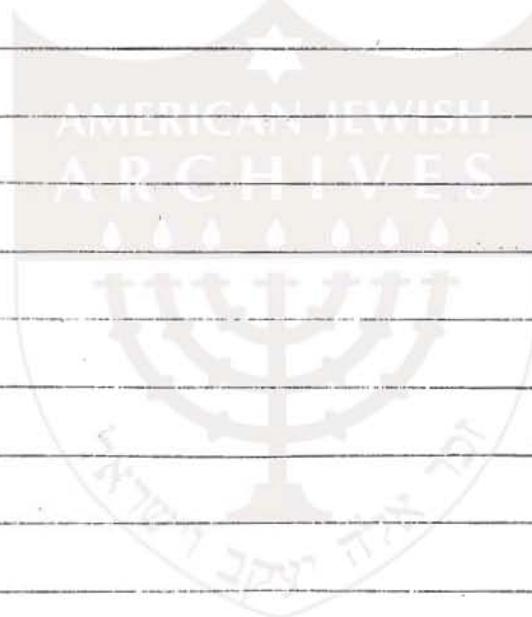
Mrs. Levin understood her response. They had spoken before of Howard & Mrs. Levin knew Grace's desire to marry him, and that is why, she understood, Grace was eager Willi should die.

It required virtually no prodding on Mrs. Levin's part before Grace spoke freely of the Sunday at Howard's country home. Beneath Grace's smiling exclamations on the beauty of the inlands & gardens & the long Mrs. Levin seemed the art of intimacy & wisdom, her religious sensitiveness felt bruised. But she continued to listen as Grace revealed her dream world with her dream man — a

The giggling — the wild sort of giggling, which comes from near the candy case, the kind of giggling which embarrassed Missus Grace & outraged Mrs. Levin came from the candy case. Mrs. Grace broke off in middle of a phrase as she saw fresh Red Kelly standing behind her daughter, his one hand frantically clutching her thin waist, his other hand somewhere behind and below moving in a small secret movement. The giggling, the wild loose bee-hive giggling. Before Mrs. Levin could cry out her ~~face~~ admonition, Mrs. Grace has gathered the packages in her arms, & turning <sup>swiftly</sup> toward the screen door with the triskig cow bell, she ~~scolded~~ glowered at Red Kelly, & called to her daughter — "Come here, this minute!" And as the

daughter marched toward him, the potato-chip bag crinkling in her hands, Mrs. Grace twisted his head toward Mrs. Kevin and said, "We gotta be goin'. Willie won't be mad as blazes if we're not home... See ya later..."

Magic turns his thoughts with "See ya later..."



① mon screen on ground

XV

Gracie comes in house, finds three sons, asks what's all the excitement in factory. <sup>(factory people)</sup> They tell her about <sup>disaster</sup> explosion, three men killed, flaming acids. ① Gracie asks how long till repaired. Albert answers about one week. How terrible, we'll lose a week's wages! Henry blows up. We damned near fits. Our heads blasted off and you talk about wages. He says he's glad it happened - he won't have to support that old bastard for awhile - tried of taking care of him past 9 yrs - he takes it for granted - let him come begging for it, (I'm a slave to the factory, to the old man) Goes out to get drunk, good pissin' drunk.)

① Robbie says he's going to join army. If he's going to well he is pretty uniform. More dangerous battlefield, only here there ain't no hole, and only medals are sawed-off fingers and carb in your eye.

Ain't going to spend another day in factory, trouble with us we got gets only for little things, for arguin' with the old man, or bollerin' at the foreman - but no guts to make a real break

Now what in the world is the Screen doing on the frame?

Gracie asks Margie to pick it up. She thinks maybe he was playing beer & knocked it out, but there were no kids in the street. Or maybe it was loose & a gust of wind... She wanted to go up & find out what happened... how is Willie, maybe?

But when she came into the kitchen she completely forgot to go up. Her three boys were in the kitchen, Henry sitting at the table, Bert sitting next to the window facing the factory, Robbie standing up looking out the window into the back-yard. She saw immediately that something had happened, and fear grew inside her and coiled in knots. Their faces were white, with the pale whiteness of guilt, and in their eyes was the distant look of men who had experienced a great experience, and who would rather think it in their mind than speak it with their mouths.

She demanded to know what had occurred, often a moment they looked at her and she saw trembling in their faces, even in the face of the brave one, Henry. It was he who spoke at last.

- Didn't hear the explosion?"

- What? What explosion?

- It blew up like a bomb, the whole garage room -

- I seen people flying in the street as I come down,

but I didn't stop to find out...

Robbie turned toward her, his face was chalk-white, his

lips trembled as he spoke - "It just wiped em out, rolled  
 em over like dead flies or beetles - ye could hear em  
 screaming <sup>turn the smoke</sup> - to the and just burnt burnt right thru their guts...  
 Here makes his hand a triumph in morning. "Poor  
 fellas - all of em young like us - There was three of em  
 dead when we got out, Charley Wilkins, Franz Boker, Brie  
 Selden - all of em young fellas like us - they'll have to wait  
 till the smoke clears out to get the bodies - oh, Jesus, Lord..."

Berry put the bottle of beer to his lips and sucked on it  
 fiercely. He returned it to the table and began squeezing it  
 middle between his two hands. Grace looked at her sons and  
 shuddered as she thought of the three left inside the smoke-  
 filled room...

"Looked like a volcano... smoke just bustin' up all  
 over, and the flames catchin' ye... even the mashes don't help"  
 He gritted his teeth in anger and grasped the bottle as though  
 it were flesh. "I'd like to get my hand on the  
 summertime who turned <sup>up</sup> ~~up~~ the temperature... I'd break his  
 golden neck in two... I'd"

"you'd <sup>poof</sup> shoot!" Robbie had turned around & lifted his  
 face which was older than anyone's in the room, older  
 with the tragic happening, older with resolution. The will  
 power was harsh, bitter, angry; maddened as it had never been  
 before in this house. "You'd just sit there and poof in your  
 pants! You'd sit there and talk yourself blue in the gams."

Ye won't do a damned thing to nobody. Ye'll go back to that murder-trap just as soon as the smoke clears out.

I ye'll start picklin' I throwin' out yer 300 bucks a day like nothing ever happen. An' ye'll keep on picklin' & heft yer back to make an extra buck, & ye'll keep on talkin' big talk until yer number comes up, and then ye'll go down screamin' with acid in yer lungs like Charley does & die...

"Shut up, man!" Henry spoke angrily, but with an anger of respect, for Robbie's words were not prattle.

"Don't shoot me, big shot! Sure, ye got lots of big talk. Ye got big guts - but only for little things. Sure, ye blow up yer chest and holler at the ole man op' her, sure ye got guts for that; ye got guts to punchin' <sup>raisin' hops on</sup> little guys on their arms - for all the little things that don't count ye got guts - but ye got a yellow streak runnin' from the back of yer spine down to the <sup>important</sup> hour of yer reckin' when it comes to the ~~big~~ things. Why don't ye save some of yer hot air for the union meetings?"

"Shut yer trap. I'm gonna bust ye right —" Henry

"Days!" Gracie

"Ye ain't gonna bust nobody - why don't ye bust that goddam foreman when he wouldn't set us thoss safety valves? Why don't ye bust Bush Peters & Willie Collier when they sees us bent to Matthew? Why ain't you makin' with yer big talk at the union meetings —"

① Albert - "Don't go blowin' off half-cocked, Robbie. You'll go  
down somethin' you'll be sorry for later on -"

Robbie - what kin I even be sorry for later on? My job?  
My home? Don't go blowin' yourself - we got nothin' to

lose. What kind of house we got? Fuggin' yes nuts off  
in the outhouse in the winter time, pissin' in a bucket  
in your bedroom till the room smells like Fiebly's stables.

Yeh, we got lots to lose! And I haven't got no got to lose!

Albert - This was an accident - how often did it happen?

Robert - It happened twice in my lifetime - an I ain't  
gonna be around when it happens again - coz best time  
it's gonna be me and you & him ...

Albert - You're get all excited - why don'tcha go to a movie  
or to -

Robbie - on to church? hmmm, Ah, Maybe ye kin sit in church  
& listen to party music & ~~less~~ hear em talkin soft, maybe ye  
kin forget about all this - maybe ye think ye got some  
just purpose here well, it ain't in me to sit in church.  
I dream my way out this - I got no purpose here, an when  
ye got no purpose you ain't got no right hangin' around like  
a spook - I've got somethin' here to stay for - I got to target  
to aim at, none of us got a target here, 'cept each other -  
we just keep pluggin' away at each other. Maybe if we  
was back on a farm we could stretch it out - we'd  
been buildin' somethin' free was comin - we'd been growin'  
Somethin' that was comin - but now we're workin' for nobody  
& nothin' - house ain't ours, our lives ain't ours, place  
ain't ours (gots neighbors) friends ain't ours

why don't you just tell 'em we ain't  
going back to that hell-hole till we get the safety  
conditions every other place fits in there factory?

Henry: "Look man, why ya tellin' me them things? If  
you so hot under the collar, why don't ya do tell 'em?"

Robbie: "Me? I'm a mechan, I ain't got the guts...  
but I got enough guts now to get the hell away from  
that goddam rat-trap. I'm makin' a break over & far  
all with Mathew Bucket Co. They can shove their goddamn  
room up their ass-hole, and they can shove up their \$22  
bucks a week, and they can blow up this goddam  
house... I'm leavin', an' for good..."

"Robbie? What, where you going?"

"I'm signing up for the army" Robbie moved toward  
the doorway near staircase. Both Mathew & Henry watched him  
in stunned silence. Here the rest, the baby, was making  
clear this whole tragic situation. Here the working  
kind quits; ashamed, they feet ashamed & impotent. "I'm  
goin' up to the recruitment station..."

"Now!" called Grassi, perhaps this is his answer.

"Now! Listen here, if I'm gonna get killed, I  
want it to be pretty, in a uniform with brass buttons,  
not in a rubbers apron with foggles. If they're gonna  
blow me up, then let 'em do it on a battlefield  
where there's grass & flowers. (I'm sick of eatin'

(breakfast with yesterday's card in my stomach) If I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die like a hero - not like a rat in a rattrap. I ain't gonna be a mother here, with fingers missing, and card in my belly. I don't know what you guys are gonna do, but I ain't Steppin' foot in that gas-house another minute - I'm thru - " ①

In the silence, they could hear his steps as he walked up the stairs, so he opened the door to his room, then shut it.

At length, Grace put the packages on the table. She looked up and shook her head. She felt the another pillar of the House topple from under her, and she knew there was nothing that could hold it up.

She turned to Albert & asked the first question that came to mind. "How long will it take to repair the tank & get the room working..."

Albert answered, haggard, "Bout a week..."

"Oh, Goshaw! we lose a whole week's wages...!"

"What!" Henry jumps up, the bottle free from his hand & rolled across the table. His face is puffed with fury. The veins in his long hair arms twitches. "Summatfish! we damned men see if we set our heads blown off and get ya can say is we're losin' wages..."

"I didn't mean..." She sought to apologize, but Henry

was started & there was no restraining. He threw his hands up in the air & stalked around the room...

"Well, lesson here, ole woman... time ain't no wages... ain't there ain't gonna be no wages from me anymore... I'm glad it happen, y'see?... I ain't supportin' that ole bastard anymore, y'see... I been breakin' my back for nine years now... for what? For him, at's for what? Well, no more... let him come boppin' do it, on his goddam knees... I ain't gettin' myself killed for him or nobody else... I ain't no slave to nobody, not to Matthew, or the ole man, nobody..."

He opens screen door, spits between his teeth into summer kitchen. His face tightens, and a mean look comes over him. He kicks Albert's feet out of the way, pushes Memphis aside, and walks into his room.

"When you going, Henry?" Gracie cries.

"I'm going out to get drunk, gone an' drunk, good I reckon drunk..." In the kitchen, they hear the screen door slam & the curtain rolls turn over & over.

mon  
 ① Albert tells his mother not to worry about Henry - he's tense because it almost hit him - he'll be all-right - get supper ready, bringing Evelyn over to see Willie.

While they're eating, Willie back in bed (gun under bed), tired from abortion. Margie brings him supper, tells him Evelyn'll come. They come up. Willie talkative, glad Albert brought his<sup>①</sup> girl, feels he's near the end, glad he saw her. Knows she's a Caffee, never did like Caffees, think they own everything, think they're better than everybody, but glad he saw Evelyn, looks like she'll make Al a good wife, Caffees do make good wives, never been much on church myself, but I know Church-join' people don't play around with other people's wives & husbands, they're loyal (church throws scare in them)

Suddenly turns to Robbie - and pleads - Robbie, when I'm gone be a good boy and take care of my cartoons, you can have a Gibson chair (one for Albert as present)

① quiet, mouse-faced, don't talk straight toward people. Speaks thru glasses

Albert

The storm tears from a field; it swirls and whines and makes great eddies in the dust, and then abruptly it lifts itself and passes on. Behind it, silence falls and with it the dust settles in little mounds, the weeds with their broken sprigs fall upon each other, and lament.

Groce sat low in her chair, but her shoulders leaned forward. Her eyes were reddened & her hair seemed unbrushed as though from a windstorm. She lifted her hands in a helpless movement, and her eyes felt mortified. She broke into weeping, and her weeping gave to sobbing as Albert came to her side...

"Don't, ma, don't... it'll all be alright. I'll pull yourself together. It'll straighten itself out. They're nervous. It'll..."

Her head shook gently like a leaf not ~~fully~~ broken from its stem. She cried in murmurs; "They're all leavin' me... they's runnin' left... all these goss and runtin'..."

"Now look, ma..." Albert said, with anger climbing in his voice. He couldn't stand women crying. He grabbed her by her shoulders & turned her back 'till her face was opposite his. "Now stop, ma. Ain't nobody leavin' here. The boys are just all cooled up 'cause they had a narrow escape. They just gotta get the fight outta their systems, but they'll be back. Hungry'll go a good drink on, but he'll be back." She sniffed and ran her hand across his nose.

"I fear you got a hold on yourself. Everythin' else in your life it always was. Here..." Albert gives her his big red handkerchief to blow her nose. "Take a good blow and get supper ready. I'm

bringin' Evelyn over ter see the ole man before he gets too bad..."

She rubbed her eyes with her knuckles and set her specs on her protruding brow. In a soft whimpers, she mumbled, "I just don't understand it... everythin's gone comin' apart... the house... the family... (what'd I do to deserve this?)... Am now you're gonna leave me with the ole man & Magic... an' no money comin' in..."

Gracie's face was set in a mask of self-pity. She looked at Albert imploredly, "Where'll I go when they put us out... where'll I go with the ole man... where'll I get money..."

She was too bereaved to remember Howard, to think of a solution which would exclude Willie, for at this moment his plight & hers were one. She felt bound by tragedy and are not the two more inseparable than others?

Anger now flamed over Albert's face. In a manner of command, he ordered, "Stop running away with yourself! I swear - I'll - I'll leave ye myself, this minute, if ye don't stop it."

Gracie sat back and snuffled. "All right, I'm better, Albert... I'll be all right."

Albert sighed with relief, "Good," he said, "good!" He turned to Magic who sat at the table composed & unphased by the turbulent experience. "Magic, ye go upstairs & tell Robbie to stay for supper... We can eatin' later on... Tell him I said so..."

x      x      x

While the dinner was being set, Magic came upstairs, as she was ordered to, carrying a bowl of broth, some crackers, & warm milk for

Willie. She knocked on the door and heard a groan. Inside, she saw her father stretched out across the bed, his feet dangling on one side. She placed the broth and crackers I  
 given and at the overturned bucket, tipped it with his foot.  
 milk on the bureau, & turned to lift the shade when she remembered the fallen window-screen. How do I feel, she was about to ask him. But the question froze in her throat as she saw the rifle on the floor.

She looked up at her father and saw his white, white-eyes staring at her. She felt a desire to cry out, but a great feeling of pity was upon her. The look on her father's face - it was the first time she in so long she thought of the men in terms of father - was like that of the crippled cow which lay in the street, in front of the Slaughterhouse, last week before they shot her.

She looked down again at the rifle. Why? or who? why tree gun? who was he to kill? The brother. She wanted just him the brother & then took the gun downstairs. She tried to prop him up. He was lying with exhaustion. And he smelled.

Maggie thought of the nigger who smelled from perspiration. Nigger stinks & smokes. Her pity was opening into her hostility.

"C'mon, sit up an' take this!" she spoke curtly. Why does he stink so? Oughta change his clothes & wash him. Christ, wait till Evelyn comes up & smells him, she'll faint, poor little Cefir. I ain't gonna touch him, that's one thing sure. She held up the bowl & he drained its last contents.

as the dog wailed. "They're comin' up to see ye..."

He groaned. His hands were sooty and helpless as though without bone. He was emotionally exhausted and emptied of his old steel strength. He faintly had the power to ask who was comin' up —

In her brittle way, Magic repeated harshly, "They're comin' up to see ye — Al & his girl Evelyn..."

He finally spoke with a thin, graying voice "Al & Evelyn... In a quick jerky movement she pulled the bowl from his hands, then handed him the rifle which he slowly turned toward his lips... Swiftly & with the letheness that their persons often have, she bent toward the floor, raised the rifle in her ~~hand~~<sup>one</sup>, & with the bowl in her other, she left the room, feeling the old man's eyes in pursuit.

In the kitchen she should them the rifle. Grace instantly clutched the wet towel she was holding to her heart. "Oh Lordy, Lordy..."

"Whid you fin it? asked Robbie

"Near the window." She turned to Grace. "He must've knowned the screen out. I found him half dead on his back..."

Albert squirmed with embarrassment. He ~~carefully~~<sup>nervously</sup> watched his girl, Evelyn, who sat beside him. There was no reaction on her small, pinched face. She sat at his side like a faithful little bird. The fur on her brow was true before to see looked as though she was always worried or concerned.

Albert at length spoke to her. "It's an old Winchester.  
 The old man - <sup>my father</sup> he used to use it when we were kids  
 in the country. We'd go every Sunday - uh - on weekends  
 we'd go huntin' cottontails in the woods. He used to be a  
 good shot ... We'd have rabbit stews - and once we'd made a  
 bear after the skins - still got it upstairs ...

Evelyn sat small & quiet, showing no trace of emotion.  
 If she thought shooting cottontails was not more or less  
 she failed to say so. If she thought hunting in the country exciting  
 she failed to say that as well. She simply sat, small & quiet,  
 the prospective housewife, <sup>the student</sup> church-poor.

"Who do ye think he was aimin' to get?" Margie asked.

Gris answered quickly although she <sup>was</sup> keeping the  
 question from the beginning. "Me! He was gonna kill me... I'm  
 sure as today is Monday. He was lyin' up there waitin' for  
 me to get back from the store..."

"Maybe he was lyin' for Howard," Margie said.

"Oh, for Christ sake, you'd yer imaginings!" Robbie <sup>said</sup> stood up  
 impatiently. He stood up, took the gun from Margie, and put it  
 somewhere in the living room. When he returned, he took  
 them, "He was probly afraid bein' here alone, so he took up  
 the rifle to protect himself... Now let's forget all about it  
 an' git upstairs. I wanna hurry up & get <sup>finis' so's I can</sup> upstairs upstairs up there  
 afore they close."

Willie watched them gather about his bed. He had the look of a hunted man in his eyes. He thought they would question him about the gun, about the fallen window-screen. He squirmed slightly on the bed. The bron & milk were warm inside him. He felt his numbness thaw, slowly giving way to an elemental strength. He squirmed again until his back was against the headboard. His eyes were luminous with go-light, his living body seemed poised for movement.

"~~He~~" This here's Evelyn," Albert <sup>pointed a clumsy thumb</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~clumsily~~ <sup>steering</sup> this girl toward the small woman at his side.

Slowly, almost suspiciously, Willie nodded. He stared into her eyes and muttered weakly, "Heddy..."

Her long eye-lashes fluttered <sup>and</sup> ~~over~~ her small nostrils trembled as the soft smell came to her. "Hello, I'm pleased to meet you." She spoke in her thin soprano, as though with touching <sup>and</sup> ~~troubling~~ effort. Then she looked up at Albert & seemed to hide behind his side.

"I wanted ye to meet Evelyn here; we're gettin' married soon —" Albert spoke, and then there was an abrupt silence.

Willie twisted the upper part of his body & he raised himself on his elbows. A tightening came into his face and he seemed prepared to either move or speak or to fall back. At length, he began to speak.

"I'm glad ye came," he started weakly, but a hint of his former brawniness seemed to emerge as he faltered words, "I been wantin' to meet ye, girl. I ain't gonna be here."

for much longer, I'm fittin' near the end - and I'm glad to meet ye...

- Don't say" Robbie began to plead

- No use foolin' Robbie, I'm near the end and I know it... no use..." His chest rose as he coughed. A bit of froth was at the corner of his mouth. "I know you're a Caffie, Enya -" He plunged recklessly on in his speech, "an I never did like Caffies... nobody in my family ever liked Caffies. Thought they knew everythin - thought they knew evrythin - thought they was better'n other people<sup>①</sup>" He caught his breath. The little woman looked up at Albert, tripped. "But I'm glad I met ye I can tell ye'll make Albert here a good wife. Caffie women make men good wives. I'm not a church-goer myself but I know it - church goin' people make good wives - an good husbands. Maybe the church scares 'em into it - I dunno - but they makes good wives & husbands - they don't fool around with other men & women - I can tell that about ye - ye'll be a good & loyal wife -

The bitterness of his year of loneliness and reproach now exploded from Willie. His words were directed toward the frightened girl at his side, yet their sharp edges cut into the woman who was his wife and even hit the girl who was his daughter.

Suddenly he turned toward Robbie who stood at the foot of the bed. "Robbie," he pronounced the name with great

① like them Peders, when you see em go to church,  
you're important, too important for everybody.

warmth. "Robbie, be a good boy like ye always was...

"Don't touch this this, Law. Ye'll be caught, Mr.

Bramble said -"

"No no! Trotin, Robbie. I know the end when it's  
come - listen to me, Robbie. When I'm gone I want  
ye to take care of my customs - an' the Gibson chair - A  
<sup>my's are</sup>  
<sup>got left..</sup> they're all yours - ye can do with em what ye want -"

His flow of words were interrupted by a thickness  
in het in his chest. He closed his eyes for a moment, then  
opened them wide upon his wife & daughter. He moved his  
lips as though to speak. And finally he said -

"Leave me be, I want to sleep. I'm tired..."  
And his elbow slipped from under him & he fell to sleep  
as though drugged.

At 11:00 p.m. Gracie, (Robbie) Margie are sitting in living room. (out to park, looking for girls) They went with Uncle <sup>about Henry</sup> Gracie comes. X 11 Margie wanted to go out, too. Knock on door. O'Brien comes in, friendly exchange. He's an <sup>to go out, too</sup> <sup>you good</sup> <sup>train wants</sup> night Shift - don't want to alarm <sup>people</sup> but thinks <sup>he can</sup> you ought to come with me. Gracie gets <sup>up</sup> right up. He tells <sup>her</sup> <sup>me</sup> her it's "Henry" - "In jail?" No, but he will be unless <sup>we</sup> we get to him soon. Gracie says let's hurry, afraid what neighbors will say, what factory will do if they find out. X 11

They hurry (dark path, gutters, weeds, railroad ties, cars moving in slanted house, swinging lamp, walk on ties, squeeze past box-cars, across lot,) under bridge. Find Smokelander around Mulligan Stew. [bad car, ingredients, flame, Smokelander sprawled on damp ground. Singing, cursing, dog lapping thin faces, empty smoke bottles, streetcars overhead]. Henry thoroughly sooted, bleary-eyes, lying in mud, mutters about factory explosion, Bernard (nice little piece of —, ought a lot less have it next time), own strength (knock da fuggin' bridge down, whoahs) Other burns tell him to shut up.

Gracie, ~~etc.~~. Margie, O'Brien take him home.

It is at night that the loneliness of this street comes alive.

It is like a giant box, <sup>in street,</sup> ~~surrounded in darkness, ringed about.~~  
with the massive buildings, the picket fences, the rows of houses,  
closed off on one end by the train tracks, and ended on  
the other by the wavy wooden fence with its Road End  
sign flicking on & off in the night air with its red canton. There  
<sup>end</sup>  
is no stirring in the heart of the box. Perhaps once a tourist  
motoring South, seeking out highway one, falls in error into  
this lonely street. But it is at the tracks or at the top of  
the hill he pauses to see the canton sign & behind it the  
black & white fence, and he turns <sup>Car</sup> leaving the street, wondering  
to ask for directions here for Highway One, for here it is dark,  
and desolate, fearful at night & lonely.

When the <sup>Car</sup> tourist which comes in error & left suddenly  
taking with it its soft purring voice is gone, the loneliness of the  
night grows in from the other direction. From the field across  
the valley, a <sup>Slight</sup> scented breeze rises, moves over the fence & its red  
sign, & gently but <sup>softly</sup> nuzzles the long alow the Butterfield house,  
which rocks with almost ~~soft~~ soft creaking. And the crickets  
take up the night noise, and in a clattering chorus sing across  
the entire field, rising then falling. And the hop leaf bows  
out of the clay hills bordering the valley, & splash with faint  
sounds into the muddy waters which follow the length  
of the tracks.

It is in the living room where the mother & daughter

[car like timid  
visitor]

He could not  
see his neighbor  
without an  
overly friendly  
gaze below  
his small  
head  
the street,  
but he and  
his neighbor is  
friendly for  
like others for  
he is within  
the box,  
settled in the  
darkness  
and associated  
by the gloom  
behind  
which  
he sits.

Coal pile  
shed

are aware of all these things, the night noises, the car which came in error & now sped away, and the loneliness. They sit opposite each other, the mother on the sofa regarding the hem of her daughter's skirt, the daughter in the rocker looking carefully at the colored pictures in the ~~book~~ <sup>magazine</sup> before her. Between them is the table, with the lamp throwing its faint light. The dog, now yawning and baring its long coated tongue, rests heavily with sleep between the table. The quiet is welcome, for this was a troublesome day, unrelaxed & testing to the nerve.

It is in the laugh of the girl that the silence is suddenly engulfed & swallowed. "Hee hee," she laughs truly.

Grazie interrupted looks up from her reading. Her face is drawn from the long experience of the day and her mind is weary from the troublesome thoughts. But she addresses herself now to the laugh. "What's at? Maggi?"

"This Mister Spirit sure is a card! He's got a little ~~bad~~ <sup>ugly</sup>-boy who comes to the cemetery where he holes out and the little ~~ugly~~ <sup>ugly</sup> boy says..." She pauses to recall the continuity of the ~~whole~~ picture-story. It is difficult to recall, and she turns back the pages, and she turns toward the pages, and she says, "Now where is it?"

She continues to turn the pages, and then Grazie calls out, "Never mind, it ain't important." Her manner is subdued, and she speaks with a voice that is strained.

"I wonder where Robbie went to? It's round eleven,

o'clock now and it shouldn't take him this long at the recruiting place for the army..." Suddenly she saw her younger son dressed in uniform; it was like a fresh picture in the family album. She wished & felt a shudder across her back.

"Damn it. What happens to that page?" Margie said angrily. Grace tied a knot in the end of the black thread, and began basting the hem. She stopped to wonder again. "I think he went to the movies?"

Margie threw the magazine on the floor in disgust. "Hell with it!" She passed, and then said, "What you say?"

"I see d'ye think Robbie is gone to the movies? It's so late..."

"How do I know?" she said coolly. Then, with restraint, she added, "I think he's gone to the park. He's been meeting some girls up there. I seen him <sup>play</sup> much with a girl who used to be in my class. Name's Doris. Doris Burkhardt... She's not a bad-looking girl. But she's stuck up, though. She <sup>hates</sup> me."

Grace interrupted.

"Lord, I wished he'd change his mind about the army. I wished he'd get married and settle down with a nice girl and build him a good home..." <sup>she</sup> spoke solemnly, as though in prayer.

"Did Albert go over to Lucy's?" asked Margie.

"I guess he did."

"The old man liked her... Grace remains silent. She feels

no  
noiseless  
no art  
no gun  
no threats

wounded at the thought of the old man, at the recollection of his  
cancer about a little while before. She was glad he was now  
asleep, for in sleep he was silent, and her fear <sup>of him</sup> ceased rest. But  
now her greater fear came upon her, the fear of the future,  
of the morning soon to come.

The morning was a matter of hours, and would it be a  
matter of hours before Robbie left for the army? Hours before Henry  
had left, gone completely in his rage? Hours before Mr. Mathew  
or Mr. Alexander told him to leave this house, pack and go for  
your services to Matthew Brackel Co. are at an end. Or would it be  
hours before Willie died and ended her torment, forced her to  
embrace her new life?

What would the morning bring with the ~~bring~~ hours? Perhaps  
it would bring new strength to the wretched man now on his back  
in the room above. And with that strength, perhaps more torment.  
The torment of bondage to suspicion & jealousy. The torment of  
endless struggling with broken pieces trying to be made whole again.

Wanted she, Gran wondered, wanted her when the morning came  
have the courage to leave this man & his torment, to leave this  
house structured on hate, leave to go with Howard, leave to  
live in the dream and the promise which powers her life now.  
Or wanted she, with the morn coming of the morning, succumb to  
her ancient instinct, the ritual of loyalty to her dying husband and  
her crumbling home?

to leave  
the party  
its work  
I understand  
what it feels  
but still

There were ponderous feelings in her mind, a mind too fleshly

(1) And we to comprehend, too wearied and to wrestle with thoughts  
 even of she were capable of comprehension. There was time until then  
 At the knock on the door, she gasped and turned up a  
 frightened look toward her daughter. The dog suddenly stretched long  
 and looked up toward the door. He growled deeply, then ignored his  
 master with a bark that was for strangers. Gracie stood up  
 stiffly, and with her head cocked to a side, she asked coldly and  
 as though from a distance, "Who's 'ere?"

"Jim Mulrooney, Miss Grace."

(2) Oh. Her heart scurried quickly and she uttered with pleasure,  
 "Officer Mulrooney..."

"What's he want?" Margie asked with cool suspicion.  
 Gracie opened the screen door to let in Jim Mulrooney. He  
 was a tall, heavy Irish boy, with red sunburned face, and  
 restless eyes. There was mirth in his greeting to Mrs. Grant &  
 Margie. He had been on the beat for several years now, and  
 he was friendly to her neighbors. He was full of gags and  
 had an unbridled laugh which rolled out in waves  
 as he turned back his head. Jim Mulrooney was also  
 a bachelor, and Gracie knew her husband cared little for  
 his visits with them.

(3) Jim Mulrooney spoke with a deep tenor. "Lonely night  
 ain't it?" <sup>soothsayer</sup>

Gracie found a smile. Margie said she didn't really  
 know by sin hadn't been out.

He starts playing with dog. Gracie senses he's coming up something. She calls him, "Jim, anything wrong?"

"Well, not really..."

"Jim, what is it?" Her eyes are wide behind her specs.

"I pose ye get your wrap & come with me, Miss Grace. You can come too, Margie."

Margie stands up. Gracie looks with higher into his eyes.

"Is it Henry?"

"Yes sir..."

"Is he in jail?"

"No, nothing bad as that. But it might well be if we don't be gettin to him soon —"

"He's drunk —"

"Yeah, he's drunk —"

"Wait, I'll get my shawl." She runs out of the room & comes back with a knitted shawl around her shoulders. "Will we need Margie?" she asks ~~in a tremulous voice~~ <sup>tremulously</sup> here with right.

"She can come along..."

"Where is it he?"

"Under Hanover Street bridge... I couldn't bring him myself. I'd thought he'd start up a rumpus & a Squad car would surely have to come in... I thought he'd come peacefully if you was to ask him..."

"Oh Lord" She walked around almost in a circle. She was perplexed. "I hope he don't make a fuss. If the neighbors see... if

the factory finds out... or bad, with the findlands!" she fradded.

Margie walked out of the room and then returned with a sweater over her blouse.

Grace turned toward Margie & then to Jim Mulroney, and she said, "Come, let's <sup>get</sup> hungry!"

When they reached the end of the road, Gracie said,

"Stop!" She was breathing heavily for they had practically run the entire way. A cool sweat stood on her back & brow. She was not as young as she used to be, and had she been much younger she would still have found it strenuous to keep up with Jim Mulrooney's long strides.

It was not a great distance from her living room to this road which ends in a dead-end before Human Street, yet in her mind she had traveled a great distance. As she plunged through the night padding heavily along the dirt road, always a pace or two behind Mulrooney & his daughter, her mind, her very tired and troubled mind, <sup>reached</sup> to the past and then to now, and to yesterday, and haltingly toward tomorrow. Henry was in her arms, an infant. She stood with him outside the barn-door as she watched their bloated heifer give birth. Willie and the veterinarian were at the birthbed braying with the new calf, soacing the pain-wracked heifer. Henry stood at the neighboring bay, his foot raised to the brass rail, his mouth snuzzling draught beer. He pulled the plump, red-cheeked, down-hair woman to his side, and patted her behind... Henry stood on the steps behind his, his head just above her waistline, he tugged at her apron and cried in hot anger, "damnit, ma, I wanna ride the mare, I wanna, an' y'all stoppin' me," and he shoved her and she fell down the steps, and she sprained her sole, the sole which even now hurts... His muscles bulged, his stood massively

Litter in the kitchen, his arms waved about in wild argument, he snarled and clamored, "there ain't no wages... no wages from me... I'm goin' out to get drunk... good I drunk... good as picin' drunk..."

And then Jim Mulrooney. It was almost a trot. Up the block, the cows low moon in Harry's pens, past that's with the lights upstairs shining thru the trees, the crunch of dirt and ground ashes under thin feet, over the smelly water in the alley gutters, more dirt road, over the roost gutter, the lamp high on the pole swaying in the night air, lighting up the long weeds in the marsh along the road, the garbage in the way, the cracking of the hard shell crabs underfoot, breathing heavily and a cold sweat, not far now, "Watch your step," Jim's hand helping onto the railroad ties, tar on the ties, tar and thick grease and weeds between the ties, cross Charles Street, street's asleep, a light in the store down the block, gravel road, now turn sideways, squeeze past in the little space between the box-cars and the <sup>warehouse</sup> barrel-factory, in side pass two box-cars, grease underfoot, slippery but slowly, and now the lot, grass and weeds and rubbish, machine speeding thru the night, across the bridge going south, a cold wind across the lot, rustling thru the big cottonwood tree, moon overhead, big yellow cold moon, watch the rubber tire, an' the bear comes, so much rubbish, not far, not far anymore, weeds are thicker,

you can smell the field across the way, cars speedin' up on the bridge, Number 6 trolley, Curtis Bay bally rumblin' over bridge, thunderin' noise on the steel girders, not far. She said it again, "Stop!"

They stood in a clump of weeds, Gracie, her heart pounding, Mulroney and his daughter at her sides. They stood at the end of the dirt road which broke off in a well-trod pathway leading down under the bridge. They heard the voices of the Smokelands, drunken voices of dimmer memory, and from the crest of the hill where they stood they smelled the alcohol, the mulligan stew, and the sharp <sup>ammoniacal</sup> stench of urine.

A square of light free on the ground under the bridge, a light thrown by a distant beam in the Chemical Works on the other side. In the shadows where crouching along the granite walls of the bridge, the Smokelands lay, some sprawled on their backs against the ground, their heads resting on the granite base, some half-sitting against the wall, groaning and muttering, one crying out the torn fragment of a song, "My Wild Irish Rose..."

The square of light lifted and swayed heavily toward the wall, thrusting aside the shadows. It rests for a moment on the face of men. "Some old crew," Mulroney said atop the hill.

"Henry, where's Henry?" Gracie asked excitedly.

The light flared on a white flag which waved from

one pair of hands to another, then to a mouth beneath a  
grinning bearded face.

"Rags Kelley, Spinner, Cisley, Joanney Larkin, Syl Wanger...

Some old crew... you run in in & thirty days later they're  
back at it again. what's the good of it?" Mulrooney said  
with an air of detachment & futility.

Gracie pulled her shawl closer about her neck and  
peered with <sup>straining</sup> small pebbled eyes across the space separating  
them and the underpass. "I don't see him, Jim..."

Again the square of light lifted and hovered back in  
its circuit from out of the shadows, a gruff, <sup>obnoxious</sup> ~~short~~  
gravelly voice, called, "Bunme the Smoke, ya Shumvalitch..."

There came a drunken report, "Ere ain't anymore..."

"Well letch make Shum-more," the gruff voice  
<sup>said</sup> answered again.

"Spinner, letch have the alcohol..." the second voice  
asked. A bottle thumped on the ground as the light returned  
picking out two covered legs, <sup>bending one so that he tied</sup> with stockings and  
shoes, their soles open below the toes. Two hands reached  
shakily for the fallen bottle.

"Dumb bastards," the voice above the legs cried.

"Dumb fuggin bastards... you ga almost brokt it..." there  
was a loud burp. Then the cry continued. "Oughta beat the  
piss outta ya..."

The beam slowly wheeled away from the shaking hands

of dimmed alcohol.)

clenching the bottle. A car trolley thundered overhead, jarring the girders, and an automobile horn blared out.

Below, a low hiss curled through the dark air as the man with shaking hands & bare ankles poured the bo contents of the bottle into the larger jug. The smoke was prepared.

Suddenly a large raucous laugh, long and brawny, flared out of the shadows.

"Henry! that's him!" Gracie shouted.

"So damns dark without that light, ya can't make him out," Mulroney said. "C'mon, we'll go down after him..."

"Goddam thing just blown up is a million fuggin pieces," the voice of the laugh bellowed. "So fuggin thick;" ~~but~~ the voice was in tears, "ya couldn't shoo yer ash-holes... in the ashid burnin' yer skin right off yer nuts... boy, just a million pieces... it got 'em... got 'em, see free it got, Shelly right again the fuggin tank... never lay a <sup>broad</sup> hand again... Shelly, a good boy..."

The voice with the laugh was a voice of weeping, of lamentation.

Mulroney stood with both legs astride the gateway, holding Gracie by her arm as she stepped tremulously down toward him. "That's Hen... it's the explosion what did it..." Gracie rambled. Margie stepped down after her.

"Ye won't be comin' under the bridge... ye'll stay at the edge an' I'll bring him to ye," Mulroney said to Gracie.

as she reached the ground leveling off before her.

The beam came across a giant lard-can set on two rows of bricks in the center of the underpass. Underneath the can, dying coals struggled for life with every shoff of breeze. The can was blackened with smoke, <sup>and remained like glass</sup> on the outside, and within, the <sup>remainder</sup> base of the mulligan stew settled to the bottom ceased bubbling, and threw up its ranked odor of rotted cabbage, and blood-clotted meat, and vinegar, and cheese and pulpy apples. It was a collective meal <sup>had eaten</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>having</sup> which the smokeshounds ate, each contributing to the lard-can his vegetable or fruit wrangle from a bucket, or picked from a market stand, or lifted from <sup>the</sup> market garbage heap. Or to a slab of raw meat snatched from a <sup>meat</sup> ~~slaughterhouse~~, or a piece of rotten moldy cheese begged from Mr. B. Hix. Or a bottle of vinegar, <sup>or</sup> a cupful of pepper, or a pocketful of bread Rags Kelley plucked from his sister. And all together in one lard-can they had made their mulligan stew, and in their tomato cans they had snipped their stew, and from time to time they had sizzled their stew, and now the festival was at an end, and it was the time for relaxation and after-dinner chatter.

Spring's black and white mongrel spots, leaped out at the light in evening frost, but finding it passing fearfull before him, he scurried toward the still-warm can, lifted a hunk

leg and wittered, making an instant hiss.

"I can make it myself," Marge said as she came down the embankment and reached the level road to her mother. Mulrooney came after her.

"Lord, it yes' smells terrible," Gracie said, mopping her head, and holding two fingers to her nose. Against the underpass wall, on the opposite side of the land-car, a small hunched form was bent over, watching a stream fall from him onto and form a spreading circle of wetness on the granite. The moon threw a great pale tinge of light on the weeds and rubbish and glass-shards and dented oil-cans.

"If he had to get drunk why don't he stay atta saloon? why don't he come to these... these smokehounds? He had enough money... why don't he stick to beer... longgahs, 'smoke'..." and Gracie shuddered and felt her stomach <sup>lurch</sup> ~~wriggle~~ with coil.

"you feller stay here, I'll bring him out to you."

Mulrooney turned his large frame toward the underpass.

<sup>Sparkles</sup> Sprays of light reflected from his brass buttons as he swung his arms forward. Another trolley, going south across the bridge, rumbled on, and the beam of light fell across the blue parts of Mulrooney's uniform.

As he reached the area of the land-car, he stopped for a moment to watch two recognizable figures spar belligerently

about each other, circling each other in slow teetering movement and then, at intervals, flinging out an arm duffed with belligerence.

"You gonna beat the piss outta who?" the taller of the two combatants said. He accepted the challenge flung at him earlier.

"Outta you, ya dumb bastered. Ya almost brok it..." the other repeated his grievance.

Suddenly another form wobbles from out of the shadows into the arena. "I'll kick bog a ye; I'll knock bog a ye on yer ankles..." It was Henry.

Mulrooney saw. He walked hastily toward the two men. "All right, you guys, break it up, break it up!

C'mon, Spines, get over there and sit down, an you too, Rags - or I'll run you all in..." Mulrooney had his hands on their shoulders. Both of the combatants looked up at him through their bleared eyes. They blinked slowly, incredulously. They had been unaware of his presence arrival. ~~in their maddness~~

Mulrooney turned them both around in one strong spin, & moved them back toward the wall, where they instantly plumped down. As he turned around, Henry ~~tumbling~~ came toward him with wide open arms, his face wide with a drunken grin. "Mulrooneys Mulrooney, y'ole glumass How bout a drink ol times. C'mere, I'll getcha drink.

Boy, Shituff's really gotta kick in her... her's like monkey piss against iss Shituff... C'mere, ole timer..."

As Henry tried to weave past him toward the cluster of sitting, sprawled men, Mulrooney placed a firm grip on his arm. "Let's go, Sam, we're goin' home," Mulrooney said in a tone of pity.

"Who'sh goin' home?" Henry cocked his head back and his broad chest jutted forward. He struck a pose of drunken defiance.

"You are..."

"Now yeah wait a minnit, ole timer... just hole it a minnit..."

"C'mon," Mulrooney said seriously, "Yerre mother & and sister are here fer ya..."

Henry's head came between his shoulders, as though he were searching intently.

"They're out there," Mulrooney pointed toward the pathway.

"Outta there?" Henry raised his head a bit, and blinked thru the maze in his eyes.

When Mulrooney came out to the pathway with his arm around the wobbling boy, he saw Mrs. Grace holding a shawl to her face. She was weeping. Maria stood at her side, muttering, "Don't, don't, ma..."

With her eyes wet-wet-wet, and her nose

Sniffing, Grace looked up at last at her son. His mouth was twisted in a foolish grim, his cheeks were streaked with grime, and his blond hair lay tossed about his forehead. Mud & pieces of stone clung to his shirt and pants.

Grace stared bitterly thru her spectacles and at length she cried out in a voice of anguish, "I'm ashamed of ye! I'm ashamed of ye!"

There were no more words as they climbed the pathway toward the road, and as they crossed the lot toward home.

Make it simply, wash it ferment, taste its tastes, and smell.

Almost like cooking in the kitchen, like making porridge or cakes or peach compote. But the fancy name, get the fancy name: double fermentation. They teach it in the college classrooms. Harengue, the bush-nosed, white-collared professor is speaking. Harengue, who speaks importantly, uses such common table plants as grain, potato, rice, etcetera, which mixed with  $H_2O$ , that is, water, are reduced to a paste, which will, by adding yeast, set up fermentation, transforming starch into dextrose and maltose. Yeast then added converts maltose into alcohol.

Now turn from the fresh white face, the clean innocent hands, turn to the blackboard and scratch the chalk, <sup>the names,</sup> and with impatience the sugar formula -  $C_2H_5OH$ . This is alcohol. Then out with the gay little-joke, the witty remark ~~as~~ which clamors on the church-board, clamors to be told to the white eyes, straining for knowledge, hustling for truths in capsules, yearning for reality in formulas clearest on the blackboard. On New Year's Eve you drink 50% this ~~be~~ formula 350% of  $H_2O$  - and in the morning you wake with a hangover. Guffaw & guff. See how living is one course, number 211, Organic Chemistry, 4 hours a week, 3 credits.

Science class. More formulas, less knowledge, listen closely, copy firmly into your notebooks. Specific gravity of alcohol is .91984.

Now anhydrous alcohol has a sp. gr. of .798 or boiling point of  $60^{\circ} F$ .

Alcohols are neutral to litmus. What are the by-products of fermentation?

Ethers, aldehydes, acids.

Another formula:  $\text{CH}_3\text{OH}$ . This, class, is methyl alcohol. It is obtained as a by-product in the manufacture of beet-root sugar and also by the dry distillation of wood. It is a colourless, mobile liquid, burning with a blue flame. In its crude state it contains acetone (which, as you know, is used in explosives). It is used as a solvent for varnishes, and resins, as a fuel, as a starting product in the manufacture of formaldehyde (with which you "pickle" animals before gaffing. Such a good teacher. So humorous, makes the lesson just come to life). Now, methyl or denatured alcohol should never be used medicinally as it is a powerful poison... The hell, wings. That's all this class. Continue tomorrow. No more jokes this tomorrow, no more knowledges. Master miles & failed numbers and no more formula.

A powerful poison. Pugs Kelly. It contains acetone (which explosives) Journey Leder and Spivens and Syl Wagner Burns with a blue flame. Look, Mr. Hardware-store-man, all we got is a denite, fill up this bottle and nobody'll know the difference.

"I shouldn't really do it... it's illegal. See the poison mark on the tank... skull and bones... get sent up for killing this to you guys... why don'tcha drink beer?"

Bru gets a denite and it's for one. Bru don't mix with water. Bru's got no kick. Bru don't warm the stomach on winter nights under the bridge.

Should never be used medicinally. It's a formula, Pugs Kelly, carbon hydrogen oxygen.  $\text{CH}_3\text{OH}$ . The hell with the formula. Coming the steam

... the bags are waiting, the bags are dry, the bags are drying  
out the stuff.

You're inside. What does it do to the insides. The professor  
said ...

Saw the professor! I've got no words. None of us got  
insides. We lost our insides long ago, when we lost our jobs,  
we lost our insides, when we lost our families we lost our  
insides. We're only outsiders. Giving the steam, hardware-man, the  
cuts a steam... a bottle of steam and a jug of water... and just...  
for all the bags without insides...

*copy of smoke*  
Look at your hands, the blue twin skeleton fingers, the  
trembling fingers whose name passes in their trembling.

Nobody is looking, hardware man... fill up... look the tanks.  
Here's the drink... the steam, be a sport.

Look at your insides, stomachs without linings, cirrhosis  
livers hardened like water works, kidney like rocks, and shriveling  
lungs, and the muscles of your hearts and the tired trembling of  
your wasted blood, and one more, the frayed torn nerves, like shredded  
clothes.

Stop looking at our insides, I told you we've got no  
insides. They ate them up long ago, the monsters ate them at the  
beginning, the god ate them, the family friend, we've got no insides  
only a Calum, a bag for smoke, give the steam, winter, here's  
the drink for our happiness...

Look at your brains, the little gray cells and white cells, look

at the seat of your nerves, the seat of your thoughts ...

No nerves, no thoughts, unless for none of these. Give them to the kids, the white-faced laughing kids, give it to the kids with chocolate malteds and frosty root beer and the fumbles. This is our happiness, give the steam, mister ...

Your happiness, mow, Rap Kelly, your happiness for ten minutes or a half hour. What after that, Rap Kelly? what after, when the poison eats away the cells, corrodes the reason, and dulls restraint? what with killing and what with lust? And with death like the Sunshelbound who died on a pile of guns in Fiddlin's Alley last Xmas eve?

Do it quick, under the counter, mister ... they'll die without it ... it's our happiness. Even for ten minutes. It's thin happiness for half hour. They're there's no killing. Machines kill. We've no machines. Hate kills. We've no hate. Hate needs no sides and we've got no sides. Quick, man, under the counter. Ain't nobody looking, under the counter.

Who will be responsible of after the happiness one of you kills?

After the happiness, time is sleep. Here's the dice, quick, the steam ...

One of you will kill, and I am not responsible. Here is the steam, give me the dice, and go ...

O'Brien leaves. Gracie asks Maggie to boil water, she's going to clean up Henry. Puts cold towel to his head. Henry gets up & begins railing against old man. Tired of supporting him all these years, damned near getting myself killed for that lazy sonuvabitch, he ain't no good to anybody, I'm gonna get him. He wobbles over to stairs. Gracie tries to stop him. He shoves her out of way, Maggie tells her to let him go; he climbs up stairs shouting drunkenly - "I'm gonna get you, you ol' bastard". Inside room, Willie gets up seized with panic. In dark, he fumbles under bed for gun, rushes to door, opens it, Henry running, old man tumbles down stairs, sprawled out at bottom <sup>with</sup> hemorrhage. Henry laughs drunkenly, goes into room & falls on bed in stupor.

Gracie sends Maggie to get doctor, Bramble.

Jim Mulroney saw his hand at the back of his neck at his one dollar Imperial poker-winner, and said he had to check in at the call-box on Hillis' corner. He would drop back later on, just in case. Gracie thanked him, and he left through the front door.

Henry lay fallen on the sofa, drugged and senseless. There were stages to the "smoke" intoxication - first, happiness, and then, the coma. Henry's eyes were closed like marbles. His legs and arms were like dead lumber. Spots of broken glass, and clumps of mud & grass were scattered all over his white shirt and blue summer pants, both drenched with sweat and smelling. A band of grime was smeared across his forehead, and his yellow-hair was crumpled like dirty straw.

"Maggie, go boil some hot water," said Gracie. She stood above the sofa, staring down at her son, the strong brave son. The tints of shame which at first flooded his eyes were gone, and she stood now, an exhausted but determined woman. She knew she was weak, but at moments like this a strength from some source deep inside always came to her. Only now she was weary because of the day, the fightness, because of tomorrow.

At length, she took her hands free from the traps, and she moved into the kitchen. Out in the yard she heard Roman growling to be let in and she told Maggie, "Let him out 'em. He'll be gettin' in the way in there."

She returned to the living room with two towels, one damp, the other dry.<sup>for wiping.</sup> She placed the dry one on the arm of the sofa, and with the damp one she began wiping her son's face. The small eyes were sharp and his nostrils twisted. Henry had wet in his pants. She couldn't help thinking it, his big frame son had peed in his pants. He was a kid after all, only his body was grown, only his arms were thick and strong from swinging the hammers and throwing out the buckets. But <sup>in his mind</sup> he was still the same child she had held in her arms before the barn-door. The factory had thinned his legs, had coaxed his forearms in muscle, had given him a chest he could throw out as he stood along the street where girls would look, but beneath his yellow hair and behind his grinning brow, the factory had put nothing. Nothing, but temper, and fight, and cursing, and meanness. Who could blame the factory whose ~~goal~~ it need is miles of muscle, and men who fight and curse to throw out more buckets a day than another? But, to be sure, the factory was a school, and what kind of school is it that puts nothing behind the brows except temper, nothing below the brain except fight?

She wiped away the scars of dirt from his forehead, then passed the damp towel along the cheeks, under his nose, beneath his chin, around his lips. The lips of his mouth were cracked and purple, and with every exhaled breath there came the strong sting of alcohol. "My boy," Grace said with a sob.

She wiped his eyes again and a droplet of water trickled down

into the corner of his eye. For a moment, she felt a mere twinge, and then his eyelashes fluttered open. He stared out before him toward the rolled curtain on the screen door, but in his stare there was no recognition.

"I'll get you some coffee," said Gracie. She stood up and walked slowly through the dining room toward the kitchen, having closed his eyes again, and held them shut for a moment. Then he opened them once more and blinked as though in a trance. The dog touching the ceiling, the lamp stood on one edge, the wall curved downward toward the sofa. He snapped his eyes shut and groaned. In his stomach something twisted and burned and he tasted the pain on his purpled lips. He groaned again and his mouth remained twisted in a painful snarl.

He tried to sit up and felt an aching in his thighs and chest, a thundering numbness at the back of his head. He heard hammering on bucket-handles and the steel-wheels of a trolley-car rattling across the crown of his brow. He moaned and groaned, then with his stiff arms he pulled himself to a sitting position.

He felt the sofa against the back of his head, and he tried to look before him. Everything came in waves, in waves & cycles. The mirror and mantelpiece swirled round, the picture frames and the American flag flashed up, even the drab wallpaper took on life. Everything was pulpy and walter, gliding one into another, shifting into place, toppling out of focus, limning and sweeping. He shook his head vigorously and stared hard and cold. The mirror

grewes above the mantelpiece and then froze, the frame <sup>pattern</sup> shuddered back into shape, and the light came out softly and in waves. He was in his own living room.

"Get Coffey's boilin, I'll be ready in a minit," said Gracie, retreating to the dimly-lit room.

He looked at her and the snarl remained about his lips.

He was home, being why home? the tank, the Xylofon, the dining room, Charley Peters, home, the staircase... Suddenly he climbed warily to his feet and Grace saw a fierceness come over his face, a hotness in his eyes, and she heard him shout through his snarled lips, "Where's it at ole Shumwulitch! Where's he? Home at ~~less~~ 'im - at goodfurniture' backterd eatin' up my money—" and he screamed "WHERE'S HE?"

Grace leaped in front of him, and threw her little fists on his soggy chest. "Henry, sit down! Wait till you sober. Henry, please, ye caused me mif trouble t'nite... Sit down, Henry."

"Get outta me way," he growled. With his left arm he threw the little woman aside as though she were a curtain. She cried out in pain as she fell against the door-jamb of the dining room.

Henry tottered forward uncertainly, he crushed the lamp to the floor with his right arm, he pulled down the drapes which hung in his way, a chair he thrust aside with his leg. He was like an enraged gorilla, maddened and howling obeying drums of his most primitive instinctual impulses.

"I'll get in ab this... nine yearsh eatin' off

my hole... kill myself for 'im... die, goodfumkin' busy  
bun ammosable... he ain't no good ter nobody, goddam  
Scum... lemme at 'im..."

Grace came again toward him, her entire body shuddering  
with pain, her arms attempting to restrain the wild monster who  
was her son, but her thrust her aside again and she fell  
against the wall with a resounding clap, and she stood weeping in  
tears. Magic stood against the kitchen doorway, shies in terror,  
pained to flee her into the yard should her brother come her  
way.

His foot was lifted on the staircase and with his hands  
flat against the walls he braced his tottering ascent. The stiffness  
was gone from his arms, the numbness from his legs, his body  
flowed with wildness and anger and drunken hate. "I'm gonna  
get ye - y' ole basterd - I'm comin' to get ye, Scumface ole  
Ammosable..."

This voice rolled in thundering waves up the hallway, and  
his fleet feet <sup>clattered</sup> climbed up the stairs making noise like  
great men with a harness that made the staircase tremble.  
The entire house seemed to quake under the impact of his  
outburst.

And the quaking came quickly to the front room where  
Willie lay. Through the walls he heard the angry blaring  
of the son to whom he felt nothing but revile, and he felt  
caught in wild-eyed gazing. He had just fallen asleep and

now he was up because his son had come to murder him.

He must save himself, even kill his son, don't save himself.

It is dark in the room and pain comes greater in the darkness. The blood pounds in Willie's head, it thunders in his temples, but in his sleepy and dimmed awareness he ~~reaches~~ reaches his mind reaches out for the gun which is his last Surety of survival.

His eyes burst open and the covers, and he tumbles out of bed in his blue shirt and shorts. His pants and the gun. In his clouded mind these two stand out. Now, put the gun. He hears the barking and the barks outside his door. The gun, the gun! Who's the gun? Willie is on his knees, his cold fingers search frantically under the bed. He cannot remember where he put it. The blood is full in his head. He hears the four heavy steps outside the door. Lock the door, Willie! Lock the door! He knows it is his blood-filled head, and he hears it in a woman's cry farther from the distance. Lock the door!

Across the room he walks, his blue shirt wet on him, his feet wet on the floor. The blood boils in his head, it grows difficult to see, to feel. At last he is at the door, but it is already open. The clouded head, filled with thickness. He has stepped through the open door. This is a blow, a shrieking gloating laugh, and a blow.

"Y' ole shumwabbit, I gotcha!" Henry, his chest gushing with laughter, stands half-leaning, his arms against the walls of

the hallway, his white glistening eyes gleaming down at the bottom of the staircase. "I gotcha, y'ole basterd... no more'a my hole... I gotcha..."

At the foot of the staircase, Gracie kneels over the dead man, then shrieks with ~~woman~~ anguish. A pool of blood has spilled from a gash in his side, gurgled from the fallen man's nose and mouth, from what appears, his entire face. Magie has come down the kitchen and now stands behind her mother. Her face is streaked with the sight of the blue shirt and the shorts and the glistening pool of red.

"I'll get the doctor," she says and she runs through the dining room past the fallen chair, thru the living room and the crushed lamp, and into the night for the doctor, healer of men.

THURS

XIX

Funeral is set for 3<sup>pm</sup>. Willie dressed in new suit bought from  
Carton money. Handful of visitors (Volk & Son, Eleanor & lover, Howard, Albert & Evelyn,) old washwoman friend of Willie's; he was a good man, had his funny ways,  
but a good man, never smoked, nor chewed, nor played around)

Two cars (Howard's with Grace, Marge, Robbie, Albert & Evelyn) & Eleanor's.  
<sup>(presumably car)</sup> They drive out to Cherry lawn Cemetery. BEAUTIFULLY hot day as  
they gather around grave. Grapes begin services & Marge hints.  
They notice her, says she doesn't feel well - Howard takes her home in car,  
calls doctor who says she's pregnant.

title  
written  
was  
printed  
in the paper

A funeral parlor is a different kind of place. It is different from ~~Hui's~~ store and it is different from Eddie's saloon because in these places you can come and go ~~every day~~ <sup>turn the doors with the trickling</sup> bells, you can laugh and curse and be happy or melancholy, you can buy horsy-bars or a box of Kola or a cold glass of beer with a bread on it or a shot of whisky for twenty cents and tell a dirty joke. You can do all these things as you feel disposed. But to a funeral parlor you come once, or twice, or at most, three times in all your life, and you sit quiet in the cool room with the palm fronds, your knees close together, your eyes dry or moist, and you have but one deep feeling which is in the room even before you enter. You listen to the man in black with the Subdued pipe-organ voice and the drawn face with its funeral pallor, you listen, with your eyes either dry or moist, to the instructions. And then you listen to the other man in black with the black little book in his hand, and while you listen you wonder how much alike are both these men in black, living in this world of darkened cool rooms with palm fronds, moving softly on tip-toe in and out and around the Willie Buttersfords who no longer stir, whispering over their boxes in pipe-organ voices which seem to have foot-pedals always pressing down.

At another time, standing <sup>out</sup> front or walking by the heavily-curtained windows with the black-bordered sign in it, you might feel to laugh or to pity these two in black with the drawn faces, who walk on tiptoe and who speak in whispers all their days among the boxes. But as you sit here now, all

of you, with your eyes either dry or moist, you feel ~~natural~~ <sup>necessary as this & these -</sup> to laugh  
now to pity, for these two, are necessary for you now, for this  
black and the coal and the palm fronds are, a consolation, their  
tiptoe measures your sorrow or your relief, ~~sings~~ and their whispering  
voices are like a drug which settles on the nerve and stills the  
beating pulse.

You cannot think much longer of them for you have not  
come here to think of these in black, for they are still living, although  
in the world of the dead. Yet one more thought, odds and batters and  
<sup>Shabby workers,</sup> ~~effortless,~~ on the tired mind, is permitted. Why does not Fred Taggart, the  
who is among you, rule in black, and walk on tiptoe and speak in  
whispers in and out and about the factory at night, for the factory  
dies at the setting of each Son Sun, and the machines are without  
heat in their leathered <sup>Covers</sup> Coffins, and the office the rooms are cold  
and dark, and the life is gone from the great thrashing Soul of  
Matthew Bucket Company. Why not, Fred Taggart, why not in black for  
the death of the great machine soul, which dies and is lifelss as  
the unmoning ~~and~~ <sup>Covers</sup> Willie Rutherford before us? But it is an  
idle thought. For Willie has died and we shed a tear, and  
Willie is buried this Thursday evening and will never stir again,  
never never in a million million years. But the factory, Fred  
Taggart, will stir again in the morning, will cleave and hammer  
again at noon, and will pound and hammer again at after-noon.  
And when it does come to rest in the evening, it will be but  
a pause, a slaving is an unhealthy cycle, a time to stretch  
the coil-springs and give rest the fibers, but only a slaving for

O (That makes of her husband so poor his son becomes the master?) The

deceit of wife to the blushing of herself? The death of Hammedah in  
not in the hands of Howard? Three young lives in an accident explosion  
are taken into impure working for freedom upon their own children?

But didn't God command us children should do what we can  
for our parents and want to work, should never shirk housework?

Shouldn't we not all should be well to please God and man?

And should we not always and every day do better and do more?

At times of joy your work and behaviour should be not underneath me.

In times of trouble you should be good and stand by your parents

and protect your property as without it you'd have the devil in your house.

And when you're good and work hard you'll get paid out for it.

And when you're bad and shirked your work you'll get nothing.

So here's my advice to you all: work hard, shirk less,

and don't be poor, if you work hard, you'll be rich.

And when you're good and work hard you'll be happy.

And when you're bad and shirked your work you'll be unhappy.

And when you're good and work hard you'll be successful.

And when you're bad and shirked your work you'll be unsuccessful.

And when you're good and work hard you'll be happy.

And when you're bad and shirked your work you'll be unhappy.

And when you're good and work hard you'll be successful.

And when you're bad and shirked your work you'll be unsuccessful.

And when you're good and work hard you'll be happy.

And when you're bad and shirked your work you'll be unhappy.

this is a deathless soul. And what if it should die and cease its pounding? who will bury this soul of springs and coils and pipe, and who will shed a tear? Neither you nor us. Fred Taggart, but another machine. Another machine will enter this machine, another machine will perform the last rites, and in the heart of the dying machine only Mr. Matthew will shed a tear.

Greer sat stiffly in her dark dress, her hands clutching a handkerchief in her lap, her knees close together. Her eyes were red-rimmed and moist, although she had really ceased crying the morning after Willie's death. On that night, she had been ~~crying~~ <sup>asleep</sup> in a geyser of tears, a bitter flow that had welled over and was without containment. She had sobbed in grief not so much over the death of her husband but <sup>over</sup> the manner in which he died and over the hands at which he came to his end. Willie Butcher had been ready for death, she had known and she has ~~quietly~~ wished it so. But not in this way. Even in her deepest bitterness toward Thomas, who had made her life <sup>so</sup> miserable, she never wished it should have come this way. And now she would be free and her son a fugitive upon the land. Drunken, screaming with laughter Henry had come down the staircase, crossed over the bleeding body, and raced into the night, a mad wild cry, the howling of a wolf, up the street and gone in the night. Must it always be thus, freedom to one at the <sup>endowment</sup> <sup>hand</sup> price of slavery for another? No one would know for she had told them differently how it happened. It was dark, he had sought the outhouse and fell in the darkness to his death. No one would ever know that a wild son had killed his father, not even Howard,

and magic had swum, cross her heart and Christ kill me  
 Stony dead, never never to tell how it happened. But why was  
 Henry not among the mourners now? It was not asked audibly  
 and it was understood without asking.

A sense of peace had come over Gracie, and time was no more  
 on her shy white unpassing face. It was the first peace she had  
 known in, who can say how long? It was like a great soft  
 Shawl that had settled over her, over her entire body, her set face,  
 her unblinking eyes. It was like the early days when they came  
 together in the white-Staples Church, came on bushboards, came in  
 Model-T fads, sat together with her father and son in the front  
 row, and listened to the flowered ~~top~~ sermons of the parson, and  
 then the Singing, loud and roun' do's and the funniness. And it was  
 like the day up at Howard's with the sun coming in thru the  
 bedroom windows and the smell of honeysuckle.

She looked up at Howard who was standing in the corner,  
 and a faint smile brushed across her face. She thought they were  
 sharing the same thought. But Howard didn't smile back. He  
 stood resolute in the corner, in his neat grey suit; he looked as  
 handsome in his suit, the first time she had seen him in it,  
~~and she that it was~~  
~~it was~~ probably his marrin' suit; but he stood there, listening,  
 his head tilted in appropriate reverence. So handsome and a gentleman.

All who were present in this dark coal room could  
 sense the air of peace about Gracie. Being a widow now almost  
 gave her a feeling of significance; she was in a new category and she

seems to adapt himself to his new station in life. She always needed to be in a category to feel she had a place - the category of wife, the category of mother, the category of lover, each shifting to another when one fell apart. And now the category of widow. One could run in fear of Categories.

Some wondered again about the absence of Henry, but the atmosphere prevailed upon elevated their discretion. The other children were present, Robbie, awkward in his blue suit which was tight across his shoulders, and fidgeting at the starched collar buttons at his neck, but proud of the blue rayon tie, bought at Hui's, flashing with its silver streaks which framed the brown horse's head. He was much pleased with the tie when he bought it at Hui's this morning, but he was disturbed at the waste of money, for in a day he would leave for the Army, and blue ties with silver streaks and horse's head would hardly be regulation. Robbie sat next to

[He flung, sitting next to Robbie, from the moment Dr. Bramble announced the]

his mother, his eyes gazing forward. He had liked the old man and he was honestly moved by his passing, all could tell.

And Marge, sitting next to Robbie, From the moment Dr. Bramble announced the death of Willi Interveld, Marge had gone into mourning. She wore dark dresses during the past three days, and a low plaintive mask covered her visage. It was as though the death of her father was the greater catastrophe ever to befall her, like tearing a pair of new shoes. When she

to school

entered Mie's store, she walked solemnly, her eyes lowered. She had asked for bread or milk or what ~~was~~ pertains in so hoarse whispers. And the women in the store would look at her and nod and sympathize. "Ahh, ah, poor child...". And Marge would solemnly raise in her eyelids as though to say, "Please, please. No sympathy. My loss has been great and I will bear it alone". This, the death, the pity, the attention, was a new act in her life and she played her part, winning the sympathy that was there to be won, playing the lady as though dear father had wanted it this way. And now she sat next to her brother, sunk in mourning, a delicate and fragile mourning wreath of admiration.

Next to Howard stood Albert and his fiance, Evelyn, a little girl frightened by death, terrified by the smell of the funeral parlor, and perplexed over whether it was right for her to be here while a Protestant minister was reciting. Albert <sup>wore</sup> the dignity of a pall-bearer, erect, serious, and concerned. His eyes glistened as he lost himself in the deep voices of abiding truth and everlasting love. There was a fervor in his attentiveness, and in his wapt attention he seemed more enthralled with the power of words than the circumstance of his father's death.

Gracie surveyed her family and felt pleased. They had made a good showing and Willie would have been pleased. Only why did she sister, Eleanor, have to wear a loud green dress, and brown-and-white pumps? And so much rouge! Her brother was a tall, good-looking man, of course, not as handsome as Howard was,

in his masculine way, but from the way his arm looped about Eleanor's waist, she could tell he loves her. (Frank Christie)

She was glad Sister Viola came and brought her purple-faced Sam. It kinder built up the crowd. She was worried about Sister Viola, the way she was run down, her face bleak and haggard with thick furrows. Was it bronchitis or tuberculosis? She never said. But Sister Viola looked worried and ~~feverishly~~<sup>anxiously</sup> interested in the operations and prices of the funeral parlor, in the fees the pastor asked for.

And Fred Toffert, the only stranger, came from Eleanor's town. He's a nice man, always spoke good of Willie, they got along so perfectly together. Willie'd never pass by the watchmen's door without stopping to greet Fred, to look up at the sky with him and predict the weather, or to comment on the noise that came from the people across the street, the way the kids beat the ball around without care for people's life or limb. Nice man, Fred, <sup>an ~~quite~~ respectable man. glad he came.</sup>

Grazi was glad they had chosen this funeral parlor. The owners were polite and they gave Willie much personal attention. At first, Grazi took Grazi to a large glass upstairs, but when she tried to tell the bald-faced man there behind the big desk about price, she decided to come back to her own neighborhood where it was cheaper to sit. Besides, she later told Howard she didn't like the way they ran that big place upstairs, with all the rooms operating like a bustling factory, with bodies piled mostly on slabs pulled in

and out in accordance with the daily time schedule, with processions running from one room to another to say <sup>the last words of</sup> consolation to the bereaved families, with two parking lot behind the marble building filled with shiny cars. No, she had told Howard, she didn't like that big funeral place; it was too much like Matthew Brady Company on a busy day.

And she was pleased with this small place, just a mile from home and so near to Highway 61, by which they would travel toward Cherrylawn Cemetery. It was handy, and the attendants also gave Willie such personal attention. They had cleaned Willie all over and dressed him in the suit which Shurt and coarse second-hand blue suit which Grace had bought with Willie's left-over carpet money. Willie looked so good, laying there in the coffin, silly and peaceful, a gentle look on his white face. Grace recalled this is how he looked when they first married thirty-one years ago next month. If he only could have stayed this way, silly and peaceful. But, she thought wistfully, embalming fluid wouldn't have done my Willie any good while he was alive, he wanted none but no medicines but aspirins and Alka-Seltzer.

When the instructions and words of consolation were at an end, they filed out of the funeral parlor in twos, Howard's Buick Stove behind the limousine in which the coffin now rested, and behind the Buick stood Frank Chidley's green Chevrolet. Howard helped Grace into the front seat, and as she settled most to the gear-shifter, Margie moved in beside her. Robbie then sat in

the back seat behind Margie; Fred Taggart stepped in & fell gruffly beside Robbie. Then Miles sat down, kissing Evelyn on his lap. With the car filled, Howard drove the front gear behind the steering wheel. Then the rear-view mirror, he could see Fred Chester, and Eleanor, riding behind them, Oola, her simply-faced son, and Cousin Horace.

With a low growl, the limousine pulled into the street and the caravan was under way. Having flicked on his dim lights and noticed that Fred Chester did the same. Until they reached Hamm Street bridge and entered into Highway No. 1, there was silence in the car. Then Margie, looking out the window at the bay in the distance, said in her mournful way, "He looked good, didn't he?"

Scout  
for pity at only  
2 cars  
at start of  
life's  
contests;

Strangely, there was no response. Gracie sat staring thru the windshield at the ~~brownish~~ <sup>dead</sup> glowing under the brilliant sun <sup>as it moved through the afternoon to offer</sup>. It was a hot day, she thought. She felt Howard's ~~hand~~ <sup>a cigarette smudge from his lips.</sup> though next to hers, and she looked down. His hand rested on the chattering gearshift between his kneecaps. She looked up at his face, set, intense. He was a sensitive man, moved powerfully by death. He had said few words since Willi's death & Gracie wondered over his silence.

Somewhat, Gracie felt detached from this moment. She didn't feel the tension a widow should feel in a death caravan, riding to the cemetery to inter her husband. Perhaps, after this week of emotional upsurges, of violent peaks of fury, there was no tension

① what does one think about at these times? She had never  
spoken to WR about death - they never had time to think  
about death for it was always trouble worrying them life. Death  
now comes, sometimes peaceful, sometimes violent; whether wanted  
or not or unwanted - it just comes; and there's no stopping. She knew  
these thoughts were untrue, but she thought them anyway.

and so what small peace now comes out from death  
death gives us that natural and best sorrow and don't make

I am afraid when people have passed with unnatural suffering death  
comes out like visitors, quickly and (and) not as needed even though  
most all now believe not in these visitors but as just as the

and small ones leave again and now death appears

nowhere at natural passing time and the visitation with  
the visitors that I thought life was a way the world

and death death death death death death death death

it is as though the person who created life does without life  
and for me, natural death is

unnatural death unnatural death as now all natural life dies

unnatural death unnatural death unnatural death unnatural death

left in her. She was tired and exhausted and it would take a great deal to win her attention now, to upset her, or to move her. When the entanglement has already erupted, one becomes numb & insensitive to fair twinkling trunks & rumples in the <sup>ground.</sup> earth.

It's a mercifully hot day, she thought again. She was riding a ride in the country; & felt the heat. A long pleasant peaceful ride with the family, in the country. The cows are lowing in the meadows, the dust whisks up behind the tractor cutting deep in the earth, the fields are lush and green, and the corn is high & ripe with tassels. A ride in the country, it felt just like that. Tomorrow, she on the next day, she would be living in the country, she and Howard, living in the beautiful home, quiet and embowered, with the entanglement far away. These are not her thoughts one finds on the way to the cemetery, she knew, but these were her thoughts anyway.

The three cars parked up the gravel path entrance to the cemetery. They passed them an acre, braying with garlands around the gate-litter - Cherry Lane Cemetery. It was at this moment trans your feet like a window, it was here Willie, her husband, form of her children would be put to rest, next to his father & mother. In a few moments, Willie would be out of her life forever and their 31 years would settle down in the ground <sup>burred deeper</sup> with every spade of earth. An episode in her life would come to an end, and now, the

next chapter.

The cars came to a halt before the cottage-office. In a few moments, they were had scrambled out of the cars, and now stood with bowed heads before the open grave. The thick smell of grass & turned-up earth hung in the air. A low bugle wailed around the casket, then departed. The minister began speaking in the low deep voice which made Albert's eyes glisten. And as he spoke, tiny drops about the hot merciless sun, pouring down on them and the sweat which ran along their collarless necks and made their dresses sticky and clinging.

"William Brewster was a good father, an honest man, decent, respectable, and law-abiding," informed the minister. He spoke with feeling, as though he had known the man all his life. As the voice droned on extolling the virtues of William R. the loyal husband, William the Christian, William the father & friend, Grace's free tears crowding into her eyes, and running over. She was sobbing. The words were so beautiful, she felt respectful toward her husband, but she didn't want to cry with Howard at her side. Howard stood resounding, his eyes toward the <sup>red</sup> oblong of fit. Secretly Mrs. glances up to see the minister, and in his mind the lyre of the words lingued. He had forgotten about Evelyn who stood trembly at his side.

Robbie was not ashamed that tears were in his eyes; he felt clean and honest and he wanted to cry. He felt

a closeness to his father; no one had understood him, the decent honest father no one understood, what a pity, what a terrible pity that he died misunderstood. Everything else we could understand, gadgets and machines and devices and grimicks we could understand, foambots we could understand, and fly-wheels we could understand, but this poor lonely man we could not understand, what a pity! And Robbie cried and he was not ashamed.

The minister raised his eyes slowly toward the shies, and the words began to form on his lips, "May his soul rest in peace ...". But the words never came out, for suddenly Margie gave out a brief cry, and fell to the ground.

Howard held her yellow head on his knee and dabbed away the sweat with his handkerchief. "She's fainting from the heat..." Grace, her eyes red and her face streaked with drying tears, bent over to open the collar of the daughter's blue dress. The others gathered around, and Howard asked them to please step back & let in some air. Frank Chester offered to get some water, but Howard said not to.

"Don't move of you both. Continue with the services," minister Howard said, "I'll take her over to the Cottage-Office where there's water and shade..."

"I'll come with ye," said Grace.

"No." Howard stared harshly at her. How could she leave the very moment they were to bury her husband. "No," he repeated. "I'll take care of her. When you finish the services, come

to the office."

Howard lifted the crumpled form onto his arms & carried Margie across the short path to the open. "She's faints," he told the man inside.

The shabby little man in green overalls stepped outside and came back with a pail of cold water. Howard had placed Margie on a wooden bench, and he now draped her hair with his wet handkerchief. He ran the damp cloth around her face and along her open collar. At last her body moved and her eyes fluttered.

"What happened?" she groaned in a daze.

"Don't mind, you rest a minute," Howard said. The shabby man with the round sunburned face handed Howard a ladle of water. "Let 'er drink this," he said.

"Here, drink this." Howard placed his hand under Margie's neck, and held the ladle toward her mouth. She leaned forward & touched her lips to the metal rim. Suddenly a spray of water spouted from her mouth and nostrils, <sup>and</sup> she choked. Her head jerked to a side and she vomited on the floor.

Both Howard and the caretaker waited. The little man rushed to the corner to get a mop. He couldn't be won't stay on the floorboards for a minute; it would stick in this hot weather.

"What's wrong?" Howard asked, easing Margie's head back to the bench.

"I'm Sork," she cried, "oh, I'm Sork, I'm Sork, I'm Sork, I'm Sork..." Margie began wailing like a crushed little animal, twisting restlessly from side to side.

"All right, control yourself. They'll be back in a few minutes, and we'll take you to a doctor..."

Howard stood silently at Margie's washed-out face, pale & glistening; he saw the bone of her breast compressed against her bosom - steep, and then the smell of the mess on the floor came to his nostrils.

He turned to the caretaker and said, "Get me the mop."

Dr. Bramble got off the edge of the bed and the Grimes crept back into place.

"This is where I examined Willie, wasn't it?" The huge man wheezed, then laughed into his handkerchief.

"Yes, it was..." Gracie said impatiently. She wanted to know what was wrong with her daughter and Doc Bramble spoke around the point and took so long to get to the point.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get to her funeral, been busy all day," he said.

"Doctor?"

The doctor looked up through his large eyes at Howard, "What's your name again?"

"Howard... Howard Grimes"

"You're the mechanic here of the family, eh?" bring me news something  
about him, that he had a character fit of gossip.

"Yes," Howard answered, then impatiently, "Doctor, what..."

"You've had a lot of trouble this week, Gracie," he seemed to disregard Howard's attempt to speak or ask or do whatever he wanted. "First Henry running away. Then Willie's passing."

He paused, then continued, "He was a good honest fella... could of been more careful with his health and cleanliness... but an upright man."

Gracie had lost all patience. She blurted out at last:

"Doctor, what's the matter with my daughter. You trying to hide somethin' from me?"

A serious look came across the doctor's jowled

face. He looked straight at Gracie, then at Howard. He nodded his head back toward the bed where Margie lay, and said, "She's pregnant."

"What?" Gracie screamed.

"You sure?" asked Howard, touching the doctor's black sleeve.

"Damned foolin' I'm sure." Dr. Bramble resented the inquiry.

"To make double sure, I'm gonna give her the rabbit test."

"Is there anything we can do?" Gracie said, fishing desperately for a solution.

"There's nothing legal we can do. And good friends as we are and have always been, Grace, I don't intend at this stage of the game to start doing anything illegal," the Dr. said.

Gracie left her sister's body. She ran her fingers through her hair and cried, "Oh, Lord, Lord!"

Moving to her side, the grown doctor put his arm around her shoulder, and advised, "Let's leave her alone for awhile. Let her rest, it's been a hot and trying day."

As they turned toward the door, the doctor's face lit up. "Don't feel badly, Grace. Look at it this way, you'll be a grandmother..."

When Mr. Bramble had left, Gracie turned to Howard who stood beside her at the doorway.

"I'm gonna go up to find out who it was," she said. Her eyes glowed with fireness. The composure of the funeral parlor had left her completely, and she was no longer the sitting widow. She was now an outraged mother whose daughter had been wronged. She was vengeful, ~~desperately~~ relentless, seeking justice for her seduced daughter from the seducer.

"Not now, Grace. Let her rest." Howard tried to calm her.

"Now, Howard." There was no restraining her. The savagery was gone from her face and a bitterness had set in. Her jaws were tight around her mouth, & her veins stood out on her neck.

"I'm gonna find out now, Howard. If it was that Redd Kelley, I'll make him marry my daughter or I'll have his whole family in jail."

"Easy, Grace, easy." Howard counseled. He grasped her arms below the elbow, and spoke softly to her. "Look, you gals' gettin' yourself worked up. You've had a terrible time this week. If you don't relax, I'm afraid of what'll happen to you. Now sit down, just for a few minutes."

There was a knock on the screen door. Gracie knew it was a truck driver. "One minute," she said. "I'll open it for ye." She turned toward the kitchen for the keys. "Even on funeral days," she mumbled.

"Here, I'll get it," Howard said. He took the keys down

her hands and went out the front door.

The sun was hot and blinding, even as it lowered behind the house across the street.

"I see there was a death in the family," the driver said  
pointing to the flowers on the door. Howard told him about  
Willie, and the driver said it was a shame, "one old guy"; he  
hadn't seen a man his age since he'd been in town.  
Howard closed the gate behind the truck & entered the  
living room. Grace was not there. He heard her voice upstairs  
and climbed the staircase and came into the floor  
room. Grace stood on the bed, her hands on her hips. She  
was shouting at Margie who looked up <sup>with fear</sup> trembly in her face.

"Ye know how to handle em, do ye? Miss Smarty-pants!

"You two who was never gonna work coz ye know how  
to handle em, why I oughta beat the living daylights outta  
ye!" Grace lifted her right arm in a threatening gesture,  
as though to beat the frightened girl on the bed.

Howard rushed over the bed and pulled Grace away.

"Don't Grace, control yourself..."

"Be playing with golden things in the park, are ye?"

"Grace, cut it out! That's enough. We're going downstairs."

Margie folded her legs in and crunched on one them. "He  
wasn't a bum, ma. I tell ye he'd come to get me an'

Grace looked up at Howard. "It was one of  
them loafers at the carnival. He fixed her up with a kid  
and done run off to Pennsylvania..."

"He'll come to get me, ma. He said he would," Maggi insisted. "Jim said he loved me... and that..."

"Warned him. I'd like to get my hands on him," Grace muttered vehemently.

"Come," Howard took her by the arm and led her downstairs, into the living room. Grace sat in the chair near the window, biting her thin lips until they were purple. Howard sat opposite her on the sofa. <sup>He leaned back and</sup> He closed his eyes. To such confusion, such terrible, violent, miserable confusion. Death, and adultery and vapors; a funeral, a grandchild, a pony, a soldier... Where's Robbie, the trooper? Occurred to him, and he groaned.

"He's in his room packing," Grace said. "He's leaving tonight. He don't want to stay here anymore and I can't blame him..."

Howard closed his eyes again and tried to think: What's <sup>he</sup> doing here? What's <sup>his</sup> role in this, in all this, why's he so involved? What's he doing here in a suit? Sitting in this part of the day in a suit on a sofa? Why's everything churning so? An open grave, a carnival ferris wheel, palm ponds, what in the hell is all this about?

"Howard?" the voice was Grace's and it came from the chair. He opened his eyes and looked across the room.

"Howard," Grace continued, said with concern, "can we take Maggi with us?"

"What?!" Howard sat up. "What?!" he repeated.

*Cought in a web, all he wanted was singularity; a single uncontrollable life, Jan and for once on a chart; not you could predict, if you can predict, you can shape it, form it - if it's unpredictable, it swallows you in. He felt himself being swalloed.*

G: Well, what's she want me to do with her?

H: It's her problem - she should've thought of it when  
she married underneath that guy - if

G: Howard, I know she's not been a good girl - I know  
she's had a bad streak in her - but at an IV in me -  
it give's him to leave her alone like this - we ain't  
no fly - we don't just give birth to children & leave  
her

H: Well, you're acting like a may-fly - because a may-fly  
drops her load and then dies off - an' that's what you  
want to do - you want to kill yourself - you want to murder  
whatever we got left for her - an' she don't deserve it -  
she don't deserve nothing, no pity, nothing... She's never  
worked a day in her life - she's been living off you & the boys  
like a leech - At least Willie was a fisherman - even then  
he worked much as he could - but she never helps a finger or  
works - clothes and candy and movies and boys - she's no good  
I tell you - I want none of her kind in my home -

G: It wasn't her fault, Howard... With all the fightin' & beatin'  
in this house, it couldn't have been different

H: Well, why didn't it affect the boys - look at Robbie & Albert -  
good decent hard-working boys. Why was it different with them?

G: They were making their own living and they has friends in  
the factory. She was too young to work - and she never had a  
girl-friend. None of the neighbor girls ever had anything to do

with her. All she had in her closet was her clothes. I dunno, she just seems seemed to fit in here with anybody. I guess none of us ever fit in here. We been here longer we all came here, we just never belonged.

H: She knew how to fit in with boys well enough

G: That's our fault

H: What?

G: She knew about us - <sup>about</sup> she ~~about~~ us all along - She knew we was sleeping together ... How come I tell him not to, when we was?

Howard struck by this, but he cannot yet get to idea of proposing Maggie in his home -

H: You know I claimed well she was not treat around before we even began, before I even come here - You admitted yourself she has a bad streak, like Henry - I don't want her around, that's all - let her go a job, let her marry one of her other boy friends, let her go to an institution - there are plenty in the city to take care of her son -

G: But how can I, my daughter, part of my family -

H: what family? you've ruined your life entire now because of this crazy Spots family. If you want to ruin mine now? what family? Not mine is a disease in your head. When people want to live together, when they want to help each other, they're a family. But when did you ever have a family who ever wanted to live together, wanted to help me other - Only reason you stood together because you had to -

None of you ever had anywhere else to go & you had to  
live together - it was cheaper this way - You'd have  
bitten off & you held up long ago and each lived  
his own way & in happiness, rather than together in  
misery. Sure family, I want a family - as much as  
you do - but a real family, not a fake family - and  
she isn't now part of it.

xxii  
~~Text~~

We'll have to wait awhile so the  
neighbors won't talk, but when we do

(4)

180

"I mean, when we get married ... will we take  
him to the home in the country." Grace spoke uncertainly, as  
though fearful of the consequences of her words.

"What do you mean?" asked Howard, disturbed. His bush  
was stiff (into叙述).

"I know she done wrong... but when we're ready to get  
married and go to the country... I mean, we can't leave her  
here alone..."

"Well, we certainly can't take him with us." A  
harshness underlay his tone. He was firm and definite; his mind  
was made up. "Look, Grace, when I marry you, I marry just you.  
I'm not marrying your daughter or your family." He paused  
to light a cigarette. The smoke came from his nostrils in  
plumes. As he spoke, the cigarette bobbed up & down in the  
corner of his mouth. "Maybe under other circumstances we  
might 've ... but not now..."

"But I can't leave her alone, Howard. Specially  
in her condition," Grace began pleading. "Maybe she'll stay  
with us awhile till we get in touch with their coroner's  
officer in Pennsylvania, an' he'll come ten marry her  
and everythin' ll then be like we planned it..."

You're always  
dreaming -

"Grace, you're dreaming." Howard stood up and paced  
in front of the table with the lamp. "Nobody's comin' to get  
her, an' you know it. If that guy promised her, it was just  
a lotta hell. Guys are always promising things until they

get in side, --- I don't even whether the guy promised her anything. She just likes it, that's all, liked it like she liked candy bars. Eat em up & put it on the bill. Well, this one's on her own bill and she's got to pay it, herself."

"Howard, I never heard ye took her this." Gracie said perplexed, twisting her fingers like she was burling knots. She could not suppress the worry which spread over her face.

"Because you never asked me before to become the form of a whore!" Howard called back in irritation.

"Howard!" Gracie stood up.

"Listen to me, Gracie!" A soothing note crept into his voice.

"Ye listen to me for a minute. She's my daughter, an' she's no whore! It was an accident, an' I ain't leavin' her here alone. If you're gonna take me, then ye gotta take her too. She's all that I got left of my family an' I ain't desertin' her like this..."

Anger smoldered in Howard's face, and he made a futile effort to control it. He stood squarely before Gracie and he said: "I don't want to get angry, and I don't want to be stubborn. I've offered to marry you because I want you as my wife." He raised his hand, pointing above him. "But I ain't taking her in my house." He paused to catch his breath, then he lowered his voice: "I had one like her once in my house, and one is enough. You know what happened.

(6)

182

Her kind is no good. She'll bring trouble whenever she goes, and I've had enough trouble in my lifetime. I want to build my home in peace and I don't want a curse - I don't want her kind anywhere near me..."

"I'm not leaving her, Howard. She's all I got left of my family and I ain't desertin'."

Howard sighed deeply. He looked searchingly Grace's face with his eyes and felt no understanding. Finally he said "I'm not going to argue with you, Grace. It's been a tough day. Rest up a bit and think it over. When you make up your mind, let me know..."

A look of exhaustion grew on her face. Her eyes grew small, and her lower lip fell open. "My mind's made up," she said.

Howard snatched his lips tight together, then crushed his cigarette in an ash tray on the table.

"Good bye," he said, and left them two screen doors.

Fall comes to street. Men in Bond House, across withing field, sun warm rays - men in miltion jackets & lunch hats - kids going to school - afternoon football teams from high school - this fence has taken down - Trees growing to have colored leaves -

Gilson comes cracks from sun. drain, now warping rains - it's too cold at night to sit out front. Graci & daughter sit together in darkened living room - dog between them. Graci sits & sews; Maggi reads comic books (<sup>loose</sup> dress or front door & back are locked. Every time man walks <sup>tidy</sup>) from street they stand & wait till gone to leave early - railroads are tough night rape them. Bobo bounces dog as protector.

<sup>girl whose</sup>  
M - I'd be real if Robbie & he ran into each other  
<sup>blouse is in,</sup>  
<sup>said he saw him</sup>  
<sup>Spring up.</sup> Somebody <sup>at this</sup> said he joined Merchant Marine  
Grace - I wish he'd drop us a post-card.

M - I'd be real if Robbie & he ran into each other  
somewhere like in China or Europe.

G - would wonder where they'd been to each other. I know Albert wouldn't speak to him. Said he got no use for him, way he done with in.

M - when Evelyn has had, will they let us in to church for baptism. Albert said they might not

G - I'm sure they will. Just because Albert became a Catholic don't mean I ain't his mother anymore.

I don't like this business dividing up families with religion -  
but Albert makes a good girl - clean & goes somewhere - Course,  
I don't see why he can't help us out a little - but I guess  
he ain't got much - has to take care home & what with baby.

Connie -

M - They're gonna have a lot of kids - Church wants him to -

G - It's his own affairs - but he won't be making any  
to have big family ...

M - I'm gonna need new dress soon - this getting to  
tight -

G - I'll have to fix it for ye. We ain't got enough  
for new dress - we got another month till Ruthie's next.  
Chesh - without tear I dunno what <sup>we'd</sup> ~~would~~ do - Glad we  
don't have to pay out anymore - nice of Mr. Matthew - saying  
tennis got will be our rent.

M - Well, it ain't gonna last too long - I hear they're  
gonna tear down house to make bigger garage - we get bout  
couple months here

G - we'll have to get a room then - it'll be tough on  
Ruthie's chesh ...

M - Howard - Howard was a fool for putting - couldn't  
keep base ball games

G - It's better he left

M - what'dya mean

G - Virtue - glad it's better - man had no feelin's -

M - Ma, there was nothing in the mail today, was there?

G - Only Robbie's card, why?

M - Letters! from Pennsylvania?

G - No.

M - I know - How long was it since I got that picture card?

G - bout 2 months ago.

M - At's when I wrote him. Look - wrote him a pretty post-card tellin' him bout giving birth - I ask him to write back sayin' when he was comin' to see me - an' to bring some money - Sure there was nothing in the mail?

G - Postcard (finally)

M - Ma, (smiling) ma, he was real nice. You'd like him. good-lookin and real nice. He was no harm. Went to school. He liked me, ma. Said he'd come after me. He will, ma. Soon's he gets my card, he will. I tellcha he'll come and take both of us away and set us up in a home in the country.

G - It don't take two months to get your post-card. If he's comin', he'd a answered by now.

M - Oh, he'll answer, I'm sure. He's probably busy with the carnival now. But soon as it closes for the winter I'm sure he'll come.

G - Well, maybe. How long has Robbie been in?

M - It's just <sup>or</sup> 3 months.

G - Hope he gets a leave soon - I want to see my boy.

not good to be alone in a house without a man.

M - He'll be back soon. I'm sure

G : You're sure of everything?

M - Ma - How long is he is li' fer?

G - 18 month - 15 now - year & 3 months

M - Think he'll stay in longer?

G - I doesn't - I hope not -

M - He says it be like it true - no worries, do what they tell you and everythin's all right - plenty food, clothes, lots of entertainment. Even learnin' how to dance - we woulda done that here - Rode a jug now - Better he stays in longer - Menist

G - I'm not gonna let him - I've got plans for us

M - What plans?

G - When he comes back, we're gonna get a farm, a small place in Country - raise rabbits for meat - Some goats or ducks - Set up a real nice place - his Kevin some money an' the government lend him some - yeah, we'll have a place like we used to have. He might still come out & live with us - as I say - he might change in the country - mighta never been glad if we stayed there... yeah, a real nice place with the family comin' together - as I say we'll go to church on Sunday mornin'

End - both going to sleep. taking dog up with them.

TUES

Grace comes home (6<sup>00</sup> pm) Howard meets her on pavement, tells her Margie is pregnant. Grace is dumfounded. They go into living room. Margie tells them it was carnival boy who left town.<sup>①</sup> Grace takes Margie upstairs to lie down, comes downstairs, asks Howard to accompany her, & take Margie along with them to County Home. Howard refuses, says he had <sup>②</sup> no intention of supporting entire family (incl. a bastard), he leaves.

- ① GR. Mrs. Great-gaunts, you know how to handle me, M?
- ② I've had half of one woman like Margie. I want no part of her around my home. She'll do the same thing my first wife did.

SAT

## Chapter XXIV ?

- ① Not having heard from Howard all day Fri, Sat won't take money (Walter's) for cab, goes to Howard's house. She tells Howard she didn't want to come out uninvited, but if it's the last thing in her life she wants to make it clear she loves him, she doesn't want to saddle him with burdens - but she believes it's their responsibility to take care of Margie until kid is born. She said she would've done it alone if necessary, but Robbie is joining army, Albert's getting married - (Henry left) she has no income left, factory's taking away house for garage (or something). She thinks they were responsible in part for it, because their love-making was just Margie's loosening.

Howard relents, then ~~says~~ shows her the bedroom which they enter.

(Shows her room - This is the Margie's & the kids.)

This is ours  $\rightarrow$  BED ROOM ~~bed~~.

- ① Sit trembling close doors, windows, hear rape by passerby - bear will not be here, count on him for protection

Typed as first paragraph in Chapter 24 -

(a)

Family happy on farm (secure in food material, content in being producers, united in common effort)

Come to the city (to establish "future" for growing children, to ease work of farm-life, to educate children, to get them wife, to enjoy civilized blessings - car, toilets, radio, gas electricity, washing machines - Children eager with joy of new schools gadgets

To survive in city, they must get jobs in factory. When Willie worked, there was great hope for future (children went to school but quickly fell up because they were big galoots in lower classes, they were out-door kids & couldn't stand indoors)

When Willie was laid off, his value as a producer (instrument of income) was at an end. Family began to despise him, disrespect him; he became pariah. Grace not only lost respect but affection for him - she begins to look dream of man to take Willie's place - man who is producer, who wins respect.

(b)

Willie feels family ganging up on him; in defense, becomes bitter, & suspicious of Gracie.

Family breakdown thus proceeds: Robbie, disgusted with family hatreds and tyranny of dangerous job, joins army; Henry, driven by hate of old man, becomes drunk; Margie, tormented in bitterness and conscious of mother's fornication becomes whore. Albert seeks refuge in Catholic Church.

With death of Willie and family disrupted, Grace looks for future with Howard; her loyalty to family leads her (mother instinct) to bring pregnant Margie with her. Howard, lonely and seeking to rebuild family left, would marry her; but his fears of harlot Margie bringing a black shadow in his home, dissuade him.

Margie & Gracie are left alone, wreckage of a family. All they have left is each other; their physical left-overs (dress trinkets); their dreams (Margie dreams of her fornicator returning with carnival; Gracie dreams of returning some day to farm with Robbie's support; take up like old days when they were happy).

Pt. of the story: Family leaves inherited farm to come to city  
in search of "future" for children (jobs, <sup>wives</sup>, booklearning) and easy  
life (made easy by city gadgets). To achieve this future, family  
must lose independence, must become involved in factory.

This involvement & loss of independence breaks down <sup>①</sup> tie which  
working on farm had forged between husband & wife (there  
mutual dependence), leaves way open for wife <sup>to build dream world,</sup> to have sex  
love with another man, which results in demoralization of  
family (defeat of original purpose in coming to city).

① early life no great romance, but they knew they could survive  
only together - challenge of farm, of home, fear of "public opinion";  
small possibility of whoring around - kept them together...; also  
- knowledge of common achievement (crops, building houses, has  
animal births)

In city, there is no common challenge and no independent  
achievement - there is no personal identification with machine (as  
with animals or crops) there is no sense of achievement with  
products - only result of labor is money (and this becomes measure  
of man's worth to family, and forces competitive wrangling among  
brothers). Failure of will to be productive in money reduces him  
to pariah, reduces family respect, invites <sup>increase strife,</sup> <sup>6</sup> man's whoring.

① boredom of jobs (as opposed to variety of farm-life) increases  
lust for adventure & excitement

problem for bogs' breakdown - uniformity of jobs increases  
craving for extraordinary experience - rivalry in output  
between bogs - inhumanity of machines (143 6 of w) -

- 1) When Gracie waves first at Howard & says we'll go back to country, Marge says no - She wants to stay here where there's so much excitement & life & things to eat & clothes to wear.
- 2) After Willie's death & Marge's pregnancy, Gracie asks Howard to marry him (to take Marge with them). He refuses because Marge is a widow & like his previous wife, she'll bring ruin to him & his home. He would consider marrying her w.o. Marge around. She says she can't - Marge is last vestige of family. He refuses and leaves.
- 3) Gracie & Marge sit in living room - and begin dream all over again; Gracie recalling farm days, what a good husband Willie was

Marge hoping she'll hear from Jimmie, hoping he'll marry her, hoping Robbie's check will come

you know, there's something about a brook  
that I like. I can still recall when I was  
a little kid there was one brook in particular  
that I got a lot of pleasure from watching. I  
remember that it started in a great green swamp  
surrounded by cat o'-nine-tails and tall gray  
mushes. And it wandered slowly into the grove  
of white birch trees where it turned into a  
laughing babbling, chattering brook - so merry that  
you just couldn't help falling in with its merriment.  
Then it grew quiet suddenly and tapped the  
smooth rocks so softly you could hardly hear it  
then the trees grew thinner & farther apart  
<sup>it lies</sup> and before you shining in the sunshine of song  
& rocky pasture - and there you see it a small  
pool surrounded by scraggly bushes, except for a  
well-trodden path where the cows came down to  
drink.

I liked to follow its winding course,  
crossing from side to side on flat slippery rocks  
to pick the beautiful wild flowers growing on its  
bank.

Or I liked to sit in the birch grove reading  
or lying back on the green leaves & soft moss listening  
to the chattering of the brook. I often wondered  
what it was trying to say, and I imagined

it was singing a gay song which could be understood by anyone who listened. The trunks of the white's Silver-gray birches were mirrored in its surface as they leaned toward the happy little brook, streaked with sun spots shining thru the rustling green leaves.

And while you were lying there you can imagine all sorts of things. You could almost see the fairies floating on leaves down the pool or flying on the backs of winged dragon flies. although you were alone you didn't feel lonely for you had some beautiful thoughts and you heard the birds sing merrily from the tree-tops & the frogs boomed in the swamp - and the air was filled with a silent music.

And as you wandered home through the pasture in the drizzling glow of the dying sun, you heard the trill of the cow-bells as the cows came down to drink. You walked by them sides, the sweet murmur of the bells in your ears, still thinking, till your thoughts were broken by the barking of your little dog as you reached the top of the steep hill & saw the light of your cozy home shining in the pale, eerie moonlight -

INFO NEEDED

- 1) Details on galvanizing room (See Soske) - temper of tanks - see <sup>for</sup> knowledge
- 2) Various positions of factory
- 3) firm details for County home (Baltimore)
- 4) High blood pressure (pregnancy)
- 5) funeral - w. of body
- 6) map of Cumberland or Western Md.
- 7) cap w. visor
- 8) weeds in field
- 9) Price paid for cardboard (junkyard scene)
- 10) gun - cartridge? magazine? for killing rabbits



4000  
21  
4000  
4000  
80  
84,000

Turns to side asks for box of permanent & ~~gum~~ bottle of oilka -  
to count out Salges.<sup>①</sup> Hands girl, two - dollars, doesn't hear her say to  
cashier, "Instead all this stuff, he oughta buy a bar of  
Soap..." with package proudly in arms

He leaves, with package with market Orwex, goes into  
air-conditioned 5 & 10. Dazzled by its sparkling  
glass & tin magnificence. He goes to counter, girl asks  
"Can I help you, sir?" He mumbles something, & begins  
trying on glasses. Tries on six, seven pair, selects first  
one, pays her 15 cents. Trudges home, tired but  
elated.

Now he sits in parlor with packages relishing  
his "buys". Tries on his new magnifying glasses,  
looking around room, stiffly at Rose. Suddenly  
remembers money in his pocket, picks up packages, goes  
down to cellar. Looks up stairs to see no one is  
watching him. Takes out two blocks from wall, puts  
money in cigar box, replaces it.

49  
49  
8.15  
145  
6.80

Comes upstairs. Can't understand where everybody's  
went to; Should never leave house alone like this -  
what if Matthew or Alexander Should come around?  
Decides he has to take a leak. Rose follows him  
out to yard. He sees clothesline hanging with men's  
gray pants, shirts, shorts & undershirts (buys are all blue)  
breaks into wild rage, tears down clothesline, tramples

on clothes, shirt free as Rover who madly races about yard trying to shake it off, barks furiously.

Yanks screen door open, stomps into kitchen, cussin' ~~sugas~~ energetically; Grace pushes down-stairs —

"What in the world —"

Willie, his eyes flaming & his cheeks flushing red, "what in the hell are those clothes doin' out there in ~~my~~ yard —"

"Willie —"

"Answer me, damn ya woman!"

"Willie, your blood pressure —"

"Boddam the blood pressure - what are ye doin' washin' that man's clothes & hangin' 'em ~~me~~ yard —"

"Willie interrupted, now stop your damned hollerin' - I ain't gonna stand for you cussin' at me —" She boils up too.

"No sooner'd turn my back, ye start foolin' with man — wal, I'm tellin' ye, ole woman," he snarls at her ruthlessly — "if I ever catch ye in bed with that man, I'll kill ye, I'll kill ye both —" He is screaming & his eyes are frozen & glazed

"Don't ~~ye~~ threaten me — I'll put ye in jail — Dammit, you cuss me again, I'll call 'em to

take ye to a crazy house — "

"If I ever catch him again on this here property,  
I'll throw my wood-ax at him — "

"ye crazy baboon. If ye don't stop this minute  
I'll leave ye — I'll go to my sister Eleanor's —"

He points toward the door — "Go — at's where ye  
belong — ye're two of a kind — ye're — ye're" with  
uncontrolled fury — "ye're both WHORES!"

She bursts into ~~hysterical~~ hysterical crying & he  
trudges down cellar-steps, picks up his ax &  
with maddening ferociousness chops deeply, angled turner  
after turner, into a massive tree stump.

VIII

VIII ①

With her passed  
On following Sunday morning, Willie in back yard making  
Gibson chairs. Grace says she's going to see Sister Viola's - takes pot  
of food with her. (Willie, <sup>informed by V. say earlier</sup> aware Viola is sick). She explains to Maggie  
that food is prepared for family, asks her to stay with old man (<sup>Wife</sup> <sup>spouse</sup>)  
Grace leaves house, walks up street, feels eyes on her, looks back,  
She's Maggie watching her from behind curtains over, & Willie (with  
hammer in hand) near the fence. Crosses tracks, up block, turns  
Kagle's corner, down to Wilhelm's Alley, sees Howard's truck, looks  
around, heart thumping, hops in, they speed away.

AMERICAN JEWISH

① During week, Willie sulks moodily - they don't talk to each  
other - She doesn't prepare food for him - He eats when no one  
is around - When alone in house with him she stays upstairs,  
terrified that he might break loose & kill her - She warns Howard  
to stay away, she'll see him Sunday - Children aware of  
her terror, Harry says he'll stop ole man down, she begs him  
not to - Maggie says it's her own damned fault for not leaving -  
Albert says it's crazy house - glad he's getting married; Robbie, it'll  
be all right - they're always like this