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Women forget all those things they don’t want to remember, and remember everything they don’t want to forget. Then they act as do things accordingly.

So the beginning of this was a woman, and she had come back from being the dead. Not the dead & sick & ailing with friends at the pillow and at the feet; She had come back from the sleeper and floated the sudden dream their eyes flung wide open in judgment.

The people all saw her come because it was sundown. The sun was gone, but she left his footprints in the sky; it was the time for sitting on porches inside the roads; it was the time to hear things and talk. These sitters had been tongueless, earless, eyeless, voiceless all and the homestead and dusted the room. But the sun of homestead and lesser things. The skies felt human and powerful, tongues they sat in judgment.

Seeing her as she was made them remember the many the hardened minds and swallowed with relish. They made knew parts of their questions, and leavin’ toads out of laughter it was miles, cruelly, hard.

"What she doin’ comin’ back in den I never heard? I can’t she find no dress to put on? -- what’s dat blue satin dress she left her in? -- what all dat money her husband died and left her? -- what dat old foot year old woman done 100 and she had swammin’ down her back late some young gal? -- where she left dat young boy boy she want of from her book? -- what she was going to marry? -- where he left her? -- when he left her? -- what she done with all her money? -- Bitchin’ he off with some gal so you or he ain’t even got papers? -- why she don’t stay in this place? -- when she got to white they were turned in face on the back and spoke, they purred a noisy ‘good evening’ and left their horses setting open and there nigger eps. Her speech was pleasant enough, but she kept straight on to her goal. The people couldn’t talk for looking.

The men noticed her firm buttocks like she had grape fruits in that ship pockets, the great rope of black hair swung to her waist and unwinding in the wind like a plume, there her piquancies breasted trying to hole holes in her shirt. They were saving it in their mind what they least with the eye. The women took the faced shirt and muddy workalls and laid them away for remembrance.

But nobody moved, nobody spoke, nobody even thought to swallow spit until after her gate slammed behind her.
Ships at a distance have every man’s wish on board. Some people, they come in with the tide, for others, they sail forever on the horizon, never out of sight, never never landing till the watcher forgets and turns his eyes away.

J..s
Harley Zee N.1.6
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Their eyes were watching
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Pearl Stone opened her mouth and laughed real hard because she didn't know what else to do. She fell all over Mrs. Lumpkin while she laughed.

Mrs. Lumpkin scowled violently and scolded the truth.

"Humph! Well let her worry you, you ain't like me, ah ain't got her to stick 'bout. It she ain't got manners enough to stop and let fields know how she been makin' out, let her go on!"

"She ain't even worth talkin' after," Luke More chewed the corn cob, "She sits high, but she looks low. Don't see she was hittin' after young boys."

Phoebe Watson hitched her rocking chair forward before she spoke. "Well, nobody don't know if it's anything to tell or not, me and her least friend, and she don't know.

"All we know about things is what you do, that's all.

We ain't know how she went way from home and us who seen her come back. Taint no use in your tryin' to close no old woman's talk. Jamie started, Phoebe, friend or no friend.

"At dat she ain't as she was some if y'll all dat talking."

"She's way past forty to my knowledge Phoebe."

"No, more'n forty, two at de outside."

"She's way too old for a boy like Tea Cane."

"Tea Cane ain't been no boy for some time. He's rounded thirty, his ownself."

"Don't know what it was, she could stop and say a few words with us. She act like we done done something to her." Pearl Stone complained, "She de one been done wrong."

(ours) "What you ever know her to do so bad as y'll all made out."

The worst thing she ever known her to do was taking a few years off her age and dat ain't never harmed nobody."

Y'all makes me tired, you blame me,cause Amin bound to go take her some supper."

Phoebe stood up sharply.

"Don't mind us" Luke smiled "just go right ahead. I can do it. You better go see how she feel."

"Said" Pearl agreed "ah done searched all lil meat and tried too long to talk about. She kin stay way from home long as ah please. Mah husband ain't tiring."
you mean, you mad cause she didn't stop and tell us all her business. Aghow—
"Oh, le, Pheoby, if you're ready to go, ah could walk along done wrink. Mrs. Lumpkin volunteered, "It's sort o' duckin' down dark. Re-bogueer man might catch you.

"Now, ah thank yous, Nanny. Couldn't catch me dis feeb. Steps ah'm goin' anyhow. Ah'm goin' to tell my husband if he say no first class bogueer would have me, ef she get anything to tell you, you'll hear it."

She hurried on off with a covered bowl in her hands. She left the porch peering her boughs with inquired questions, they tipped the antsy glow lamp and returned.

Pheoby Watson didn't go in by the front gate and down the palmwalk to the front door. She walked around the fence corner and went in the intimate gate with her big spinning jenny.

B' Mulatto rice. Janie must be round that side.

She found Janie sitting on the steps of the back porch with the lamps all filled and the chimneys cleaned.

"Hello, Janie, How you comin'?"

"Aw, pretty good. Ah'm tryin' to make some mah de-}
treadiness and de dirt can't make feet." She laughed a little.

"Ah see you is. Gal, you show's good. You looks like you's own daughter." They both laughed.

"Man wid dim shoulders on, you shows yo' womanhood."

"Gwan! Gwan! You must think ah brought you somethin' when ah ain't brought home a thing but mahself."

"Dat's a gracious plenty, yo' friends wouldn't want nothin' better."

"Ah takes dat flattering offa you, Pheoby.Cause ah know it's from de heart." Janie extended her hand. "Good friend, Pheoby! Aint you done gone?" Pheoby grinned. "Ah don't "nations you thought me? Ah ain't had a thing on mah stomach today except dis pink bread." They both laughed easily, "Give it here and have a piece."

"Ah knowed gwine he hungry. No time to be huntin' dis time. Not enough green peas, but ah reckon it'll be right stone wood after dark. Wah mulatto rice ain't so good hungry."

"Hello, Janie, How you comin'?"
"Gal, it's too good, you swatches a mean funny sound in a kitchen!"

"Aw, dat ain't nothin' much to eat, Janie. But Daaliz, I'm glad you done come.

"I'm hungry and I didn't eat nothing. The Vee-colored cloud slow degrees. The last rain pictures."

\[\text{Here, Phoeby, take yo' ole plate. He ain't got a bit & use for a empty dish.}

Phoeby laughed at her friend's rough joke. "You're just as crazy as you ever was."

"Hand me dat towel on dat chair by you, honey, lemme dry maw feet." She took the towel, and rubbed vigorously, laughing. Came to them from the big road.

"Well, ah see Mouth-Albright is still sittin' in de same place. I of reason, they got me up in they mouth now."

"Yes, indeed, they know me. But you thank you do go self. On account what they's a proposition."

"If God don't think no mo' about 'em than dey agin in a lost ball in de high grass."

"Ah hears what they say cause they jest will collect round mah porch, cause it's on de big road. Mah husband git so sick I'm somethin' he makes some all git for home."

"Sam is right too. They just wearin' out yo' sittin' chairs!

"Yeah, Sam say most o' em go to church, so they's be some to nice in judgment. Don't de day yet every racist is spoilt in de magic round.

"They wants to the line and hear it all."

"Sam is too crazy, you can't stop laughin' when you see somethin' else."

"You know, he say he aims to be there himself so he can find out who stole his corn-ole flaps."

"Phoeby, dat Sam & yo' maw just won't quiet, crazy thing!"

"most o' deese jiggerous is so het up over yo', because all de trouble to hurry, themselves to judgment to find out about you if they be.

"Tell your baby he's a liars, and tell 'em that you ain't got none of yo' clothes dat you got to come back here in your hands."
"Ah don't mean to bother wid tellin' 'em nothin'," Phoebe told.

"Wid de trouble, you can tell 'em what ah say if you want to. Dats just de same as me cause mah tongue is in mah friend's mouth."

"If you so desire ah'll tell 'em what you tell me to tell 'em."

"To start off wid, people like them wastes up too much time puttin' th' mont on things they don't know nothing 'bout, now they got to look into me ownin' Tea Lake and see wheter it was done right or not! They don't know 'bout life is a muck o' somethin' deep.

"So long as they got a name to grow on they don't care who it is and what about; specially if they can make it sound like evil!"

"If they wants' see and know, why don't they come kiss and be married? 'Evolution of life, yessuh!" Grand Lodge, de Big Convention ain't seen me."

They sat there in the fresh, young darkness close together. Phoebe eager to feel and do though Janie, but hating to show her need for fear it might be thought desire curiosity. Janie felt that for a long time, but she couldn't help moving her feet. So Janie spoke.

"Ah still got nine hundred dollars in old bank, Tea Lake ain't wasted up no money o' mine, and he aint left me for no young gal, neither. He give me every consolatin' in de world. He'd tell 'em so too, if he was here. But he wasn't gone."

"Phoebe dilated all over with eagerness.

"Yeah, Phoeby, Tea Lake is gone. And dat's de only reason you see me knock here - 'cause he aint got nuthin' to make me happy no more where ah was at. Down in de

"It's hard fer me to understand what yo' mean, dawg..."
"You tain' nothing like you might think. So tain' no use in me tellin' you somethin' unless a give you dis understandin' to go on. I don' understand in this house. I look to you for dis. I got some work on you for dis. I

"S' all ready and waitin', if he ain' got some work to eat it, dat's his hard luck."

"Well then, we can set right where we is and talk. Ah got de house all opened up to let dis breeze get a little catchin'.

"Chechly, we been kissin' - friends for twenty years. If dis ain' standin' firm, dat, from dis time makes everything old, so the kissin', young, darkness -

Jamie saw her life like a great tree in leaf with the things suffered, things enjoyed, things done and undone. Dacon and doom was in the branches.

"Ah know exactly what a he got to tell yuh, but it's hard to know where to start at. But ah reckon we'd better commence at Ramm's gate. She called me to come inside de house because she seen Johnn Taylor kissin' me once at de gate."

It was a spring afternoon and Jamie had spent most of it under a blossoming pear tree. The scent of the house. She had been spending every minute she could after her chores. Under that tree for several days. In fact even since it had been in bloom. At called her to first to gaze on a mystery of bloom. Where? Where? Where? How? How? It followed her through all her with other vaguely felt questions that had stirred the soul. It was moments and sometimes in the sleep and connected itself. It was a deep observation and buried themselves in the trees. Then she had been summoned to behold a revelation. She was stretched on her back beneath the tree when the wondrous voice of a tree came to her. The alto chant of the bees, the Gold.
"Ah ain't never seen mah papa, and ah didn't know him if ah did. Mah mama, neither. She was gone from school
live long before ah was. Big enough tah know. Mah grandma.
She was quality white, white folks. She worked for Washburn.
She had to wash all de clothes and dated white folks. She'd
be called Mrs. Washburn. She had four grandchillun on de place and all
of us played together and date how come ah never called
her mother or de place called her. Nanny cause dat's what every
our devilmint and nick every young man on de place and
evah she always cause dem three boys and no two girls
know ah wasn't white till ah was round six years old.
pictures and without nobody's. Shelby, dat was de
oldest boy, he told ah to take um. Round a week later de
which she did, then give me all a good bidding.

So when we looked at de picture and everybody got pointed
so on. "Where is me? Ah don't see me,"

so on. "Where is me? Ah don't see me,"

Everybody laughed, even Mr. Washburn. Miss Yolanda, de mama
pointed to de dark one and said, "Dat's you, Alph, but don't you
know you own self?"

Day all us tell me Alph, because So many people
done named me different names. Ah looked at de picture a
long time and seen it was mah dress and mah hair," he said."
"ah, ah! ahm colored!"

Den day all laughed real hard. But before ah seen de picture ah thought ah was just b'a de rest got to tussin me bout livin in de white folks back yard. They made it sound real bad and crumpled mah hum helped her cut on it ank whole heap.