

REVISION: IN THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP AND IN THE CLASSROOM

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INTRODUCTION

In an attempt to explore the revision process, the *Journal of Education* invited a writer, who is also a researcher into the writing process, to keep a journal while he was revising a novel and several pieces of non-fiction. We also invited a researcher into the writing process, who is also a writer, to comment on the writer's journal and to point out the classroom implications of the writer's testimony.

The writer is Donald Murray, a Professor of English at the University of New Hampshire. During the period when he kept this journal — September 19, 1979 to December 8, 1979 — he revised a novel of more than 300 manuscript pages and revised four pieces of nonfiction. Donald Graves, the researcher, is Associate Professor of Education at the University of New Hampshire and Director of the Writing Process Laboratory. He is now working full time on an NIE-funded study of the writing processes of six-, seven-, eight-, and nine-year-old children. Through the direct observation of children with video and hand recordings, he and his two research associates, Susan Sowers and Lucy Calkins, are completing the second year of daily observation of sixteen children as they write, and collecting large group data from children in nine different classrooms in the same two year period.

Murray

Graves

Yesterday Aviva called and, apologetically, asked me to cut my chapter on "The Feel of Writing" from sixteen pages to twelve. She was surprised at my delight. Given no choice but to cut I become the surgeon. It would go fast, and I knew the piece would be better for the surgery.

* * *

Steph pointed out in my draft of a chapter for the Donovan-McClelland book that I incorrectly used "for" in the second paragraph. She suggested "because." My reaction was normal; I

Rebellion is not the exclusive property of the professional writer. I find it a healthy sign when children rebel in order to maintain control of their information or language. The child may be

rejected her suggestion, as I would reject any editor's suggestion. I overreacted and rewrote the whole paragraph. When I receive criticism, I normally put the draft aside and start a new one. It is probably the way I re-established control over my territory. Childish. But the paragraph was better. "For" became "who."

* * *

The principal changes in the chapter for Donovan and McClelland were inserts which developed important points toward the end of the piece or which wove concepts from the early part of the piece through the rest of it. The early pages were rewritten many, many times. The changes were reinforcements of what was discovered through the early rewriting of the beginning.

* * *

Yesterday I drafted a tentative new beginning of the novel; revising becoming rehearsing. I know what has to happen in the new beginning. In addition to all the usual things, such as introducing the story, the main characters, setting the scene, establishing the voice, I have to allow Ian to discover the murder of Lucinda's children, which he didn't know in the last draft until the middle of the novel. Sometime this summer, I realized he had to know from the beginning and that knowledge would give a necessary energy to the beginning of the novel. I recalled William Gibson's advice in *Shakespeare's Game*, "A play begins when a world in some state of equipoise, always uneasy, is broken by a happening."

* * *

I don't think while writing; I see. I watched him find the old newspaper clippings, saw, felt his reaction to the news. I do not think what Ian should do; I watch him and record what he

"wrong," but the greater issue in the long run will be the child's sense of control of the writing process. We are experts at stealing children's writing voices.

Our data show that children as young as eight years of age are capable of writing to *find out* what they mean. For such children, six to ten unassigned drafts are not unusual.

Murray has a different pace than that permitted in most school situations. He waits, listens, suspends judgement. He is surprised by his characters and information. The waiting is the best aid to redrafting. "Oh, this is missing. I forgot to say why he was upset."

Papers due within the same class period, or even in the short space of a few days, do not aid listening or that important sense of ownership of the writing.

does. And yet the technical problem has been thought out before. Planted. Was the scene I watched what grew from that seed?

To cut sixteen pages to twelve for Aviva. I count the lines on a page — twenty-seven — estimate where editorial changes have added lines, and come up with a total: one hundred nine lines to cut.

I have observed surgeons. I cut fast, clean strokes, no hesitation, and subtract each line from the total.

Thirty minutes, and I am at the end and have cut one hundred seventeen lines, eight over. I cut eight hundred twenty-seven words and added sixty-seven. I have eight lines to use to clarify, restore, or develop if necessary. Now I go through and look at the notes in the margins of copies I have given colleagues, after I have cut on instinct.

* * *

As I walked home from school today I rehearsed yesterday's idea. I could start the novel without a new first chapter, weaving the new material through the old.

* * *

Revision of one article I am doing is not revision by my definition. There are no new visions or insights, just simple editing for clarification. It is a bad article. It needs no work, has no possibilities hidden between its words.

* * *

When I reread a draft and disgust cramps my bowels, I've learned to back off. It's taken me a long time to

Starting with first grade, children have to become proficient in the time-space dimensions of writing on paper. "This will be a two page paper; oh, I'm stuck, where will I put this long word?"

When children write regularly, they rehearse while watching TV, riding on buses, in all sorts of places. Just knowing they will write every day enables them to think about writing when they are not actually writing. Professional writers "panic" at the thought of losing one day's writing, simply because it ruins thinking in between writing sessions. Picking up the cold trail for amateur or pro is a disheartening task. Children who compose as few as two to three times a week, lose out on the important thinking that goes on between writing episodes.

realize that I can't force a solution to a writing problem. What do I do when I'm stuck? I quit.

* * *

It has taken me years to realize that quitting doesn't make you a quitter. The football coach still yells in my ear. I keep coming back to the writing desk and keep quitting — without guilt (without too much guilt).

* * *

I am surprised how calm I am at the slow start of the revision of the novel. I feel it is perking, somewhere. I have identified a technical problem in the first chapter — the dialogue on the telephone — and I have a rough sequence of action. I have to get to the typewriter and that's not easy with the teaching schedule I've established for myself. I resent this dependence on the typewriter to get this revision going. Usually I revise by pen, but this particular Olympia Electric is necessary on these pages in some way I can't understand. Perhaps I have to make the writing real by seeing it in type. That may make it an object that I can study.

* * *

Beginnings are terrifying. You have to capture the reader instantly, and there is so much exposition and description that has to be wound into the narrative, so it can rapidly uncoil in the reader's mind.

* * *

I have to make sure that the new beginning is in the voice of the novel. Each piece of work has its own voice. If that voice is strong and I can hear it then I can easily return and confidently revise after interruptions. If the

The "can I have another piece of paper" syndrome is in many classrooms, especially where there are good readers who write infrequently. Their writing tools lag well behind their ability to read. They are painfully aware of the discrepancy between their written text and what they wish they could say.

Children erase, make brushing movements as if to make the paper crisp and clean. Sometimes they need to recopy, just to see it lined up, or just to simulate what final copy might be like. Unfortunately, too many children are intolerant of cross-outs and manipulations needed to make the text "messy in order to make it clear" (Calkins, 1979).

Six-year-olds are not terrified in the least. But with each passing year, as a sense of options, fear or failure, or growing sense of audience appears, the terror of the blank page becomes more real. This fear occurs with the best of teaching. Imagine the terror of the blank page when the teacher is punitive.

voice isn't clear, then I don't have a piece of writing, and there's no point in revising.

* * *

I rarely refer to the notes I make about a work in process during the writing.

* * *

I have been working on the novel in my head, but I am being drawn into the drafting by a force like gravity.

* * *

Chapter one just took off, and I'm running after it as fast as I can.

* * *

I was outside the novel and then, by writing, I was inside it. I have no longer any conscious consideration of technical matters. The novel has begun to tell me what to do.

* * *

I waited patiently, and now the story is working. I have three pages of draft without consciously selecting from the dozens of strategic choices in my journal and in my head.

* * *

Three pages in thirty-five minutes. I'm itching to start the next novel. The better one piece of writing is going, the more insistently the other pieces demand writing. There is an explosion of possibility. I want to do poems, stories, articles, plays — to prune, to paint.

* * *

When children receive more time for writing, and on a regular basis, they learn to wait more effectively. When children wait, they may confer with the teacher, or with other children, or just sit and read what they have already written. This gives distance to the text and greatly aids the act of revision.

And waiting is the prelude to the creative burst. It is rare, whether the writer be child or professional, that the *high quality burst* is not preceded by effective listening and waiting. Such activity has great carry-over to other curricular areas, simply because the child is in touch with himself or herself as a learner. Listening does that. As educators, I think we have to ask ourselves if we provide such high

quality listening time for children with our over-inflated curricula and time slots that must be filled.

Regular writing helps children to put the spelling and mechanical aspects of writing behind them. Only then can children give greater attention to the information. Regular daily writing, with effective challenge and response to the writing, aids the writer in reflecting on the craft itself.

I am aware, when I am writing as fast as I was this morning, that I am weaving threads, but I am not conscious of picking up the threads and using them any more than an experienced weaver is conscious of the learned act of weaving. I simply sense the need for action, referring back to a previous action, for setting up the beginning of a new pattern, of drawing together, knotting, loosening up, busy, busy, busy, at my clattering loom, but not thinking. Doing. That's the best thing about craft — you can get beyond thinking.

* * *

Is it the vocation of the artist to celebrate life by showing the moments of order within disorder? The greater the art, the more temporary these orders? Or the more the artist makes us aware of the forces threatening the temporary order, the more moving the work?

* * *

It is one of those rare mornings when the desk is clear, my tools are at hand, Mozart is on the radio, and the autumn sun pours through the yellow, baring trees. I feel happy and I have a slight headache, a bit of cramp in the bowels, fear that the work will not go — or go well. But the timer is on. I

must type up what is written to get to the point where I can weld the new beginning to the previous draft.

* * *

The draft is rolling. It is developing, increasing, growing full with additional information, revelations, connections. I follow it as it speaks, and then when it is really going well, I am compelled to step back, to go to the john, heat another cup of coffee, put a record on the phonograph, stand back, get distance, see if it is really going as well as I thought.

* * *

I am happiest when making imaginary worlds; I am still the only child whose playmates live in the walls.

* * *

This writing must be like skiing Tuckerman, hurtling down, almost out of control, the skis not quite touching the snow, faster, faster.

* * *

If I typed my own draft a hundred times, I would write a hundred different novels, for this imagined world is so real and has so many dimensions it can be seen a hundred different ways.

* * *

Fitting, joining, cutting, shaping, smoothing — the busy cabinetmaker in his shop.

* * *

Is there enough? Too much? Again and again, line by line, paragraph by paragraph, page by page, I must ask these same questions. And answering them by writing, ask them again of the new lines.

* * *

Murray mentions that he is *compelled* to step back from his writing. During the high point of an episode, I have seen children get up to sharpen pencils, wander around the room (where permitted) or talk to another child. This is particularly true if the child is trying something new, a logical transition not tried before, or a new description. The intensity of engagement actually demands disengagement.

"How long should it be? Are there enough pages?" The concept "it is good if it is long" begins at age six and continues on through advanced doctoral degrees. Small wonder that the idea of cutting rarely enters into the teaching of writing. Through effective questions, teachers can elicit informa-

It is easy to move chunks of writing around, or to fit new chunks in. There is never one way, but many ways.

* * *

Reading your own prose is an act of faith. It takes courage to leave in, not to cut, not to change.

* * *

I am suspicious when it works the way I want it to work.

* * *

Writing without thought. Just writing. No thinking about writing and then writing, but writing/thinking, writing that is thought.

* * *

There comes a time when you have to admit that the work can't be perfect. It will never match the vision.

* * *

tion needed to heighten one section and thereby make other sections seem unnecessary. Such questions as "Tell me in one sentence what this is about." can be a help with cutting.

The use of carets, wide margins, scissors and paste for reorganizing an early draft is useful for young writers. With daily writing and good teacher conferences, there is a cluster of eight-year-olds who are ready for this kind of activity. Too many children see writing, particularly their own, as fixed, immovable. They need to see how it can be moved around, and with profit. If teachers model these tools of reorganization with their own writing, children can see how the space-time issues of writing are solved in revision. We can live a lifetime and never see craftpersons revising their work.

Teachers who sense that an impossible road of perfection is defeating a writer need to help the writer to end the selection. They can even model an ending to their own writing. "It isn't perfect. I *feel* it isn't where I want it to be, but I am going to end the piece just the same." Children *need to see their teachers write*, not to copy but to sense their involvement in the task of writing.

Put something in on one side of the draft and something pops out on the other.

* * *

(From a letter I wrote to another writer) — "I've gotten the first draft of the first chapter of the novel revised and typed and moved ahead to those dreadful, awful, terrible chapters immediately after the first chapter (the first third of the novel). I knew that they would read like shit, but I knew that if I could grit my teeth I could face them and fight my way through. I sailed through them in a matter of hours, and I saw that the piece of writing had demanded the new beginning I thought so radical. To put it differently, I thought I would have to make a lot of changes to justify the new beginning. In fact, the 'changes' were made before the new beginning."

* * *

It took me from spring to autumn to create the new beginning of the novel. To put it differently, it took me months to hear what the novel had to tell me about its story. If I had listened to the draft it would have told me how to begin the novel. It did tell me. When I found the right beginning there were no major changes to be made in the text. The novel was waiting to be begun that way.

* * *

I am completely within the text. I start to add a sentence, and it is already there, written last January, just the way I would write it now. It must be the right sentence.

* * *

I wonder if extensive rewriting is not mostly a failure of prewriting, or allowing adequate time for rehearsal, a matter of plucking the fruit before it is ripe.

* * *

When the beginning is right the rest follows, and more quickly. As young writers develop, they learn to make decisions about the content of their writing at an earlier time. For example, some children do effective decision making at the point of topic choice. One topic is chosen, two excluded. Indeed, this can be an effective moment of revision. Then there are those who will try three to five leads. The more advanced the writer, the more they realize the importance of early decisions.

But you have to bite the fruit to know it is really ripe.

* * *

Much of the reordering in the text is making sure that the most important material is at the point of emphasis in the paragraph, in the sentence, in the scene. Where are the points of emphasis? At the end and at the beginning. The important information must be those points.

* * *

It's so hard to go back and face your copy. It is a mirror. It does not show the person you hoped to be but the person you are.

* * *

This page explodes with possibility. I must control it. I see a thousand stories at once, each superimposed on the other.

* * *

I hear myself say in my head what I read on the page seconds later.

* * *

The biggest problem in revising this morning is my itchy nose. I must be allergic to my own prose.

* * *

I have to keep stepping back, read a few pages of something else, keep my distance, or I'll be drawn into the story.

* * *

Sometimes I am drawn into my story. This is the reality, and I look back at the writer, at the desk, won-

This is the same location of attention with the young writer — beginnings and endings. For the young writer this is the easiest location to help them with revision.

Children who find that their selection is about two or three subjects, not one, should not be dismayed. When they keep a list of future topics, or collections of discarded material cut out of other drafts, they already have a start on another selection. No extra writing is ever wasted. They are merely shards of rehearsal for another selection.

Students need help with the process of gaining distance. Teachers help through the writing conference. "What did you have in mind here? Underline the one line that says more than any other what this selection is about."

Stand back and watch an entire group of children in the process of writing. Some compose with their noses on the

dering who he is, why is he bent over, his nose almost touching his knuckles, making marks on paper, muttering to himself.

* * *

The story makes jagged unexpected moves. I laugh in surprise and chase after it.

* * *

After revising, I am much more observant when I walk to school, noticing the way women stalk in boots, how the three North African students gesture to each other. I see a man turn from a woman and make up reasons, whole movies in my mind.

* * *

In revision, we are constantly adjusting distance, the distance between writer and experience, writer and meaning, writer and the writing, writer and reader, language and subject, text and reader.

* * *

I have only one reader while I am revising — myself. I am trying to make this page come clear. That's all.

* * *

The writer has a split brain — creator and critic — or competing forces — freedom and discipline.

* * *

paper; others put their cheeks on the paper and look across at their pens writing; others squirm and jump in their chairs, place knees on the desk, whereas others lean far back, almost to the point of retreat.

Children do extensive reading when they reread and revise their own texts. Just how much reading is involved in the writing process is just beginning to dawn on our research team. Large amounts of time have been taken from formal reading instruction and given over to time for writing in rooms where the study is being conducted. Surprisingly, reading scores did not go down; they went up, and significantly. Since writing is the *making of reading*, children may decode for ideas differently than if they had never written at all.

There is no right or wrong, just what works within this situation.

* * *

Every change in the text affects the text fore and aft, sets off a chain reaction of new meanings.

* * *

The mad weaver keeps dozens of threads in his mind, weaving so hard he is only rarely aware of the weaving, and worried when he becomes aware of it. His weaving should appear natural, not contrived. He contrives to be natural.

* * *

How do you know what works? By the satisfying sound it makes when it clicks into place.

* * *

Why is it so hard to get working when it is so good to be lost within the experience, to lose all sense of time until there is a sudden coming to, and I stretch. My legs, arms, back are stiff, as if I had been asleep or in a trance.

* * *

I think I have made no changes within a page, but I count two hundred thirteen words put in and taken out.

* * *

What do I do when I revise? I read to add what is needed to be there, cut what isn't needed, reorder what must be moved.

* * *

Or, as one teacher in Scotland told me, "I don't speak of the paper as right or wrong. It is only finished or unfinished. That's the way it is with art."

At about the age of eight, with effective conferences, there is a growing group of advanced writers who recognize the effect that one change can have on an entire selection. Recognizing the relationship of parts and wholes is an important developmental phenomenon.

Without knowing it, Murray has just listed the developmental order in which children learn to revise: 1) add material, 2) cut, 3) reorder.

I hear my writing as loud as if I speak it. Sometimes I do speak it. The final test is always, "How does it sound?"

* * *

Yesterday I read some of the novel in Becky's class. It is helpful to read before an audience. I heard Frank's voice in my voice, clearer than I had ever heard it when I wrote it.

* * *

Each day I learn to write. No, each day I learn to see. If I can see clearly the writing will be easy.

* * *

Revision, or perhaps rehearsal for revision, goes on all the time, while I am in the car, walking to class, waiting for a meeting to start, eating, going to sleep, watching television. I constantly revise in my head, fitting things together to see if they work. I am convinced that what I know of this activity is only a small proportion of what goes on while I am awake and while I am asleep. My head is constantly writing.

* * *

The satisfaction of rearranging words is a physical satisfaction. Once you have the order right, you can thump a sentence the way a trucker thumps tires. The sentence will give off a satisfying sound.

* * *

How does it sound? Does it sound exciting, beautiful, funny? Children strive to put the sounds of speech back into their writing through prosodic markers (darkened letters, capitals for points of emphasis), the use of exclamation points, over-use of interjections, or conversation. Children are bothered by the silence of their words on the page. They like "noisy" pages.

Rehearsal is an important act for all writers. Children are no exception. Rehearsal begins with drawing (when children need to *see* what they mean) just prior to the act of writing.

Gradually, children rehearse farther from the actual act of writing. Or, the first draft becomes a rehearsal for the second. Rehearsals become more frequent and tentative. Daily writing leads to an increase in effective rehearsal. The most difficult writing of all is that writing where rehearsal begins simultaneously with the assignment. When children write infrequently, this is precisely what happens, and is one of the major reasons why writing is the hated act. Indeed, unfamiliarity breeds contempt.

The quality of the writing often comes from detail.

* * *

The piece of writing detaches itself from the writer. The writer can look at it as if it were a stranger — the daughter who comes to visit with a new husband. She — and the draft — is familiar and strange at the same time.

* * *

I like to revise by hand so that I can enter into the text the way a surgeon plunges his hands down into a body and messes around.

* * *

I hear the words as I use them. Revising is an act of talking to myself. I sound out the words, testing them by my ear, listening to how they sound in relation to each other.

* * *

Revision requires a special kind of reading. The reader/writer must keep all the strands of the past writing in mind, and yet maintain a vision of what *may* come, of what is coming clear through the writing.

* * *

This is the same person who changes one sentence, yet sees the effect on the whole. But this person has a different pace, is a student of listening to the text. The teacher provides for this stance with a much slower pace for written selections as well as by asking listening-type questions in the writing conference. Teachers who provide a slower pace do not lower demands or expectations. Actually, it is a much higher level of demand because the student must learn to listen to his/her voice rather than that of the teacher.

Writing is a puzzle with no one solution. There are always many right solutions. Any one you choose sets up new puzzles.

* * *

There is no such thing as free writing. The work takes over and establishes its own discipline. The piece of writing has momentum, energy — a river in flood. Learning to be a writer is learning to go with the flood.

* * *

I knead language, pound it, stretch it, shape it, work it; I am up to my elbows in language.

* * *

Reading what isn't — yet — on the page is a special skill only distantly related to reading what is printed on the page.

* * *

Revising is, in part, a matter of making up reasons for what worked by accident, or at least what wasn't made consciously. It is the rational end of an irrational process. The intent often comes after the act.

* * *

The surprise during writing of reading what you have written. You thought you knew what you were going to write, you thought you knew what you were writing, now you find out what you have written.

* * *

Through revising, you let the meaning in the writing escape.

* * *

What usually appears most spontaneous, most natural, most casual in a writer's style, comes in the final editing.

* * *

The experience of writing is so intense that this is a real question to me: if a person imagines he is insane,

The work can take over when the teacher consciously works for students to find their own voices and to be responsive to the effect of voice on information. Students must teach teachers about their subjects, whether it be grade one or a dissertation.

The intent can come later if the audience is not introduced too soon into the writing process. Too much store is put in knowing an audience before the writer begins. It may be that intent and audience are both discovered in the later stages of revision. To be responsive to oneself, my own voice, the information before me, demands the suspension of both intent and audience.

to write about an insane person, does he actually become insane? (If a writer is insane and writes about a sane person, does he become sane?)

* * *

My dreams and my fantasies, the stories I have written in my head, are my reality. What I write, I have lived, and I no longer know for sure what is dreamt, fantasized, written, or lived.

* * *

It is simple to revise: just add, cut, and rearrange simultaneously.

* * *

The goal of revision is clarity, which does not mean simplicity, which would not allow complexity to be made clear.

* * *

There is the voice of the writer, the voices of the characters, and the voice of the piece of writing itself.

* * *

As I revise the novel, I am again within the story, within the lives of the characters. I can't remember how this scene works out. I am worried about them and surprised when I come to the solution on my page which I do not remember making up. I didn't make it up. I experienced it and wrote down what I saw and felt.

* * *

Too much store has been placed in "mature" syntax, increased subordinations, and large vocabularies with too little focus on choice and revision. The "t" unit has tended to dominate as an exercise of "good" writing. The jump from "mature" to "good" was inevitable and too easily made. The act of simple choice is a highly complex act. Yesterday one nine-year-old child said to another, "Your fingers are slipping from the branch and you are looking for a place to put your feet." This came as a summary of her companion's attempt to end her draft. Among hundreds of options, the economy of her language is impressive.

Revision has less to do with language than we think. To find the right language we do not look at the language, but through the language to the situation.

* * *

I do not feel differently revising fiction and nonfiction. I feel no difference in the process, and I can move from one to the other in the same morning without any conscious adjustments.

* * *

Is the work all written within the brain or within the paper and it merely has to be found, not made?

* * *

The work itself takes control of the writer. He is never in control of a successful piece of work; the work is in control of him.

* * *

Reading these entries over, I feel they are islands which are the peaks of an underwater mountain range. Most of what happened during these months of revision remains unseen and unexplored.

The entries, however, reveal an attitude toward work which is typical for many writers and alien to many classrooms. Writers respect evolving writing and look in to the draft, not out from the draft, to rulebook, published model of editor/teacher to see how the draft will solve its own problems with the assistance of the listening, watching, waiting writer.

I hope, reading this over, that my joy at being within the work is apparent. It was a good time, a productive period of work, and I am grateful to the drafts that produced interesting problems. I learned a great deal about writing and about the subject of the writ-

Murray shows so clearly that there is no difference between "creative writing" and other writing. All writing is an act of creation. Work in one genre aids other genres. The implications for writing across the curriculum, treating all writing as process and creation, are important.

Although our NIE study is a study of young writers and how they develop, the day-by-day monitoring of their problem solving provides us with an excellent opportunity to view the effects of teaching practice. We are fortunate to be gathering data where teachers have provided an entirely different place and pace for writing in the curriculum.

When teachers understand the writing process, practice it themselves, and respond intelligently to what children know, children write and write well. They revise as an internal dictate, not because the teacher has assigned it. They revise because they see their work as unfinished, not because they are in error.

This careful monitoring of children's writing has shown us that they must

ing in observing how those problems resolved themselves under my pen.

* * *

deal with many of the same problems as Murray and other professional writers. Indeed, the intensive monitoring and study of writers, amateur or professional, can be of benefit to both. We are just beginning to understand what is involved in the writing process and the potential of the children in our classrooms.

Below are two examples of revision in process:

My Father felt ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~part~~ ^{leg} ~~rub~~ ^{against} him. He thought it was my cat. He called her name, Comeon Patches. ~~Comeon~~ ^{Comeon}. He walked towards the ~~house~~ ^{garage} and whisled thinking she would come, but when he saw the white stripe.... I heard the garage door go down fast and my Father run up upstairs quickly. I was ~~surprised~~ ^{amazed} when he told me ~~the~~ ^{what} happened.

~~He got up behind and did ME what~~ ^{He got up behind and did ME what} ~~happened~~ ^{happened}

~~not~~ ^{not} rubbing him.

Walking beside him.

1/25/79 11-10/85

its ring. The trooper snapped it off the wall. "Trooper Healey here."

He ~~listened~~ ^{as} they ~~washed~~ ^{him} ~~and then~~ ^{listened. The trooper} grunted and handed it to Ian again, putting his hand over the mouthpiece ~~and~~ saying, "We'd better keep this ~~line~~ ^{one} open."

Again Ian projected into the telephone, concentrating on that gadget with all the ~~force~~ ^{force} of his personality. ^{Lucinda watched him} He nodded, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~hunched~~ ^{hunched} over, smiled, speaking softly and intensely, raising his eyebrows, and turning down his mouth, ^{yes} as that was a whispered chuckle. ~~That was a new experience.~~

Lucinda found herself looking around her kitchen ~~and as if it~~ ^{as Frank may have} would never be the same again. ~~It was not the same again. No longer would it be here in the way that it had been before she heard that news broadcast last night, no it was when Max came, no when Ian came to her bed, that late late, so tentative night, each of them holding back so long, each of them afraid of committing it. Not crime that for them, wisdom and and cook where the lack of wisdom had put them, into a crowded kitchen a mka making plans that meant nothing.~~ ^{It had been taken away from her.} ^{so Frank may have examined their Ohio house, to remember}

She tied into their talk of roadblocks, the possibility of National Guard help, ^{Not fair. She couldn't blame Ian for Frank. It was Frank's coming back which had changed everything. Frank. And Frank was also, and she was Frank. The better or worse. Shift} but that would take time, Thank God, she didn't want tanks and helicopters and hordes of little boy men all dressed up in costume with their toys tearing through her woods, cutting ~~across~~ ^{hacks} across her fields, expecting to be served ^{winning} pools of coffee from her kitchen.

She could imagine all these forces mobilizing against Frank, ^{he was} a man alone, come to find his family. She could feel his excitement. ^{man she married as the} so unlike ~~his~~ ^{he} he. Ohio, his safe house built with the money his father had made selling toilet & seats. Buy a joke toilet seat in the country and the chances are

part of your money goes to Florida to ^{a long way} freckle-faced, ~~the~~ potty old man with a open face and a hard eye, like the marbles kids used to play with. A man who denied ~~himself~~ his son, who would not come to the trial, who would not visit him in jail, who would not open his letters. ^{Lucinda, the mother of his dead child, used to} She opened his letters and she went to the trial and when he had wanted to see her, her she had visited, the first ^{was} three time in jail, when ~~she~~ ^{she} silent as ~~silent~~ ^{he} he. ^{next. She didn't know.} ~~I wonder as talked of the children and what they were doing until he~~

Not real one - the toilet seats. Todd said that one pinned or married, that made a mess of me long on robes, photographs, dappery things.

Reference
Calkins, L. M. Make it messy to make it clear. Forthcoming in Teacher.

