

A Collation of Two Editions of William Maxwell's *The Folded Leaf*

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ABSTRAKT

Cílem bakalářské práce je identifikovat úpravy ve dvou vydáních jednoho románu od amerického spisovatele Williama Maxwella, *The Folded Leaf*. Román byl autorem vydán v roce 1945 a následně autorem přepsán a vydán v roce 1959.

Bakalářská práce se nejprve zabývá autorem v kontextu americké literatury a srovnávaným románem v kontextu autorovy tvorby. Dále se pak zaměřuji na změny provedené v důsledku přepsání románu a nakonec zhodnocením změn a jejich dopadu na děj románu.

Klíčová slova: americká literatura, William Maxwell, *The Folded Leaf*, edice, rozdíly

ABSTRACT

The purpose of the bachelor thesis is to identify changes made in two editions of the same novel written by American writer William Maxwell, *The Folded Leaf*. The novel was released by the author in 1945 and subsequently rewrote and released in 1959 by the same author.

In bachelor thesis I firstly deal with the author in the context of American literature and also by collated novel in the context of author's writings. Further I targets the changes made in the novel in consequence of rewriting and finally by evaluation these changes and their impact on the novel's plot.

Keywords: American literature, William Maxwell, *The Folded Leaf*, edition, differences

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DECLARATION OF ORIGINALITY

I hereby declare that the work presented in this thesis is my own and certify that any secondary material used has been acknowledged in the text and listed in the bibliography.

May 13, 2009

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Hauskera

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INTRODUCTION

I am writing this bachelor thesis in order to collate two editions of William Maxwell's *The Folded Leaf*, because as I found, nobody did it before. For this work I used first edition of this novel from 1945 to collate it with the editions from 1959 when the novel was rewritten, but because the edition of 1959 was unavailable, I had to use the edition from 1996 which is supposed to be same as the one from 1959.

Phenomenon of rewritten editions is not so unusual in literature. For example Gore Vidal's *The City and the Pillar* has been published three times – 1948, 1965 and 1995. Also David Leavitt's *While England Sleeps* has two editions (1993 and 1995). These editions were analyzed by Pavla Francová in her bachelor thesis in 2008 – *A Collation of Two Editions of David Leavitt's While England Sleeps (1993, 1995) and Stephen Spender's World Within World (1951)*.¹

¹ P Francová, "A Collation of Two Editions of David Leavitt's *While England Sleeps* (1993, 1995) and Stephen Spender's *World Within World*", (Bc. Thesis, Tomas Bata University, 2008).

1 WILLIAM MAXWELL IN THE CONTEXT OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

William Maxwell was an American writer and editor of the 20th century, who wrote seven novels, three short-story collections, a memoir, a collection of essays and the book of fables. One of his novels – *So Long, See You Tomorrow* (1980) – won the American National Book Award in 1982. He was also a big part of his life a fiction editor at the New York magazine, where he worked for 40 years. He reached the age of 91 when he died of an old age. His wife Emily, with whom he spent 55 years, died just 8 days after his death.²

When I was finding materials for my bachelor thesis, I had difficulties with this because there is a little information about him in standard literary books. He is not mentioned in Richard Gray's *A History of American Literature* (2004) and he is also not mentioned in Richard Ruland's, and Malcolm Bradbury's *From Puritanism to Postmodernism: A History of American Literature* (1991). When I started with collecting materials, in the article *Maxwell Lives* from James Campbell, the author mentioned the textual evidence of gay literature in *The Folded Leaf*.³ I read about he is sometimes connected with American gay literature. But there is also no mention about him in Gregory Woods's *A History of Gay Literature: The Male Tradition* (1998) and also in Reed Woodhouse's *Unlimited Embrace: A Canon of Gay Fiction* (1998) Because of these facts I came to a conclusion that he was not so much important writer, he is only a marginal writer, both in American literature and also in gay literature.

Because of lack of information I talked about before, I was compelled to use only one basic resource Barbara A. Burkhardt's *William Maxwell: A Literary Life* (2005) supplemented by few other smaller resources.

1.1 Childhood

William Keepers Maxwell Jr. was born on August 16, 1908 in Lincoln, Illinois to Blossom and William Sr. Maxwell's. He had two brothers: the older one Hap, and the younger one Blinn who was born two days before his mother's died on Spanish flu in 1919.

² Harriet S. O'Donovan, "William Maxwell and Emily Maxwell", *The Guardian*, (2000), <http://www.guardian.co.uk/news/2000/aug/26/guardianobituaries>

³ James Campbell, "Maxwell's Lives", *Boston Review*, (2003), <http://bostonreview.net/BR28.1/campbell.ht>

When Maxwell was two years old, their parents bought a house on the Ninth Street, which became a model for houses in his novels. Every summer of his childhood with his family he was spending vacation in a cabin at Lincoln's Chautauqua, which was later used in his novels *So Long*, *See You Tomorrow* and *Time Will Darken It* (1948) and also in his another short stories. After two years since his mother died, his father married again, with Grace, and the family moved to Chicago, before his father was promoted to the vice resident of the Hanover Insurance company in the Chicago office. Nevertheless, Maxwell never forgot his childhood in Lincoln where he was surrounded by his relatives, who became an inspiration of his later novels. For example, his aunt Maybel, who told Maxwell and his older brother about mother's death, was a model for an Aunt Clara in *They Came Like Swallows* (1937).⁴

In Chicago Maxwell started to attend Senn High School, where he met Jack Scully, who became his real friend and they later both started visited the same University. Scully was an athlete and very handsome. On the other hand Maxwell was his opposite. They have later quite complicated relationship in their college years and this became a model for Maxwell's famous novel *The Folded Leaf*, which is quite autobiographical. At Senn he also started his literature carrier in a student literary magazine *Forum*.⁵

The summer he finished his junior year at Senn, he took a voluntary work on farm called Bonnie Oaks where he met Zona Gale who won Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1921 for her play *Miss Lulu Bett* (1920) and who became his close friend till her death in 1938, became his mentor and she raised his interest in writing. She was interested in mystic and psychic phenomena and she introduced him "new psychology" which Maxwell's writing was influenced by. After returning at Senn for his senior year, he was very influenced and started to read a lot, admired contemporary writers in 1925. He also became an associate art editor for the *Forum*.⁶

1.2 University years

Maxwell decided to go at the University of Illinois in Urbana because of Scully, but firstly only for a one year and then he wanted to go to art school. But at the university he was

⁴ Barbara A. Burkhardt, *William Maxwell: A Literary Life* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2005), 18-30.

⁵ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 30-32.

⁶ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 32-36.

influenced by two of his professors – Paul Landis (teacher of rhetoric, who introduced his students *To the Lighthouse* (1927) by Virginia Woolf – it was a book which influenced his first novels) and Bruce Weirick (teacher of Romantic poetry) and decided to remain. At the university he joined the Poetry Society, where he met Garreta Busey who became his mother figure. He also started to write sonnets and lyrics which were influenced by Elinor Wylie's and Walter de la Mare's style. In his poem *Lyric* we can see influence by de la Mare's "impossible she". During college years his relationship with Jack Scully became quite critical because of one girl and William tried to commit suicide. This was also an inspiration for writing *The Folded Leaf*.⁷

After graduating in 1930 and receiving a scholarship to Harvard graduate school, he met a poet Robert Fitzgerald in Cambridge and became lifelong friends. William showed him his poems and he advised him to try to write a prose. After leaving Cambridge with M.A. in 1931 he started to make an academic advisor of sorts, but in 1933 he left to New York to look for an opportunity as a writer.⁸

1.3 Time before *The New Yorker*

In New York he could not find any employment. Because of this he returned to the Bonnie Oaks where he started to write his first novel *Bright Centre of Haven* (1934) which he finished in four months. This novel is connected with some people living on the farm that time and focuses on domestic life and racial theme in which his friend Zona Gale was interested in. In this novel we can also see influence of V. Woolf who inspired Maxwell to use interior monologues.⁹

His next novel *They Came Like Swallows* he began to write again in Bonnie Oaks. This novel was based on his childhood and his mother's death. When this novel was accepted for publication, he started a job for Paramount Pictures, where he read books and must decide if it is acceptable for movie or not. During that time he was invited to interview to *The New Yorker*.¹⁰

⁷ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 36-44.

⁸ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 45-47.

⁹ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 48-56.

¹⁰ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 60-63.

1.4 *The New Yorker* Era

Maxwell started to work in *The New Yorker* at 3rd November 1936, firstly as the person who was intermediary between artists and the Art Committee and then as fiction editor. One year later his novel *They Came Like Swallows* was published and chosen by the book-of-the-Month Club the same year.¹¹

After the publication of *They Came Like Swallows*, he started to suffer from insomnia and also isolate himself. He was busy at *The New Yorker*, so he almost stopped his writing except his stories still appeared in *The New Yorker*. This time Maxwell started to visit psychoanalyst Theodor Reik, the student of Sigmund Freud, who became his friend and who also influenced his other novel *The Folded Leaf*. During this time he felt in love with Emily Gilman Noyes, who became his wife.¹²

In *The New Yorker* he met another person who influenced not only his writing, but who also became his very good and lifelong friend – poet, fiction writer and *The New Yorker* critic Louise Bogan. She supported his writing and as Theodor Reik did, she influenced his novel *The Folded Leaf*.¹³

When Maxwell began to write *The Folded Leaf* in 1940, he decided to leave *The New Yorker* to put his mind fully into writing of this novel. As it was written, Theodor Reik and Louise Bogan much influence this novel. On the advice of Theodor Reik, Maxwell changed some scenes of this novel and mainly the ending that should be more positive for Lymie to bring him better future according to him.¹⁴ Louise Bogan was also influenced by Freud because she herself suffered from depressions and this helped her to better infiltrate into Maxwell's mind. Maxwell gave Bogan read his novel during his writing and she made some complaints about some his ideas.¹⁵

In January 1944 Maxwell returns to his job in *The New Yorker* for three or four days a week.¹⁶ *The Folded Leaf* was published in 1945 and after that he started to write his other novel *Time Will Darken It*.

¹¹ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 64-65.

¹² See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 79.

¹³ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 80-82.

¹⁴ James Campbell, "Maxwell's Lives", *Boston Review*, (2003), <http://bostonreview.net/BR28.1/campbell.ht>

¹⁵ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 80-82, 84, 87.

¹⁶ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 95.

Several years after the WWII he made a trip to France with his wife and then he started to write *The Chateau* (1961) which took his almost 12 years to finish. This story was based on his experiences from this trip. Despite the fact that his novels were sold good, he still wrote and sold short-stories during writing *The Chateau*. The most famous from his short-stories are for example: *The Trojan women* (1952), *The Pilgrimage* (1953) and *The French Scarecrow* (1956).¹⁷

In 1955 Maxwell firstly met Russian emigrant Vladimir Nabokov when became his editor instead of Nabokov's previous editor Katherine White. Nabokov found Maxwell to be a protective editor and they became a friends. During their 20 years lasting relationship, Nabokov for example wrote *Pale Fire* (1962).¹⁸

After publishing *The Chateau* in 1961, Maxwell interrupted writing novels and was fully concentrated on short-stories in 1960s and 1970s. But in 1970 he again began to write other non-fiction family history *Ancestors* (1972), which is autobiographical and based on his childhood in Illinois and also on the people who were around him at that time. This history was published in 1972.¹⁹

Maxwell left *The New Yorker* in 1976 after 40 years. Four years later his novel *So Long, See You Tomorrow* was published and then he continued writing short-stories till 1995 (for example: *Billie Dyer and Other Stories* (1992)).

William Maxwell died at the age of 91, in August 2000 shortly before his wife.

¹⁷ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 171-172 .

¹⁸ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 182.

¹⁹ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 205, 208, 209.

2 THE FOLDED LEAF IN CONTEXT OF MAXWELL'S WRITTING

The Folded Leaf is the third of author's novel which was published in 1945. Before it was published, Maxwell rewrote this novel four times. Fourteen years later Maxwell novel rewrite and republished again. The novel is quite autobiographical. Maxwell described there the friendship of two opposite boys – one well-built boxer, Spud and one quite weak Latham whose mother died in his childhood and he stayed only with his father who did not understand him and did not care much about him. Their friendship started at the high school and lasted till their college times where this friendship was disturbed because of young lady named Sally and jealousy of the boys to each other. This story climaxed by Lymie's attempt to commit suicide. This is Maxwell's life. Mother's death, father who did not understand him and did not care much about him, friendship with an athlete Jack Scully with whom his visited the same high school and also university, the girl named Margaret Guild, crisis in relationship of these two boys and also an attempt of Maxwell to commit suicide during his studies in the university.²⁰

This novel is full of friends' love, but because of some scenes which can be described as "homosexual" such as sleeping in one bed, soaping on another in shower or hand-holding, it is sometimes considerate as gay novel.²¹

2.1 Themes

William Maxwell was really marked by his childhood in Midwest, his relatives and mainly by the death of his mother, who died when he was only ten years old.

As it was written before, his mother died in 1919 on Spanish influenza. That was hard times for him and for his family. The theme of the death of his mother is the most used theme throughout his writings. This theme is presented in *They Came Like Swallows*, *So Long*, *See You Tomorrow* and naturally in *The Folded Leaf*. This theme also appears in some of his short stories and in his novel *Ancestors*. Also the theme of his childhood in Midwest, the area of Midwest and his house on the Ninth Street are used almost in all his writings. It could be said that that almost all his writings have the same autobiographical core.

²⁰ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 44.

²¹ James Campbell, "Maxwell's Lives", *Boston Review*, (2003), <http://bostonreview.net/BR28.1/campbell.ht>

Theme of mother's death firstly appeared in novel *They Came Like Swallows* where is described the death of Elizabeth Morison after giving a birth to her third son during Spanish influenza in 1918 and consequently the life of her family including nostalgia of her sons and father's lack of interest to them is mentioned there. The story took place in Midwest and there is also described the house on the Ninth Street which William never forgot. His later novel, *The Folded Leaf* includes relatively the same, except Latham's mother died not after giving a birth and also the house is described only through memories of Latham. *So Long, See You Tomorrow* took also place in Midwest and again includes mother's death.²²

2.2 Change in style

According to his other writings, the author changed his style in *The Folded Leaf*.

2.2.1 Omniscient narrator

In this novel he firstly used the omniscient narrator, which make his writing more objective and we can see the story from camera-eye view. The omniscient narrator is free to express characters' thoughts more openly than in his previous works where thanks to influence of V. Woolf he used a lot of interior monologues.²³

2.2.2 From lyrics to realism

In his first novel *Bright Centre of Heaven* we can see remains of his university poetry. In this novel he uses poetic language, lyrical embroidery. He wrote it in indirect way and also this work shows us how Maxwell made subtle narrative shifts.²⁴

His later novels were written in a different style – realistic. He started to write in more direct way and more simply, his poetic language disappeared, he used undecorated sentences and also focused on detail.²⁵ In *The Folded Leaf* he also integrated some of the psychological theories he learned from Theodor Riek. It helps him to better express lives of his characters, to understand their thoughts.²⁶

²² See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 25.

²³ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 51, 66,67, 88, 105.

²⁴ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 50, 51, 52.

²⁵ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 66,67.

²⁶ James Campbell, "Maxwell's Lives", *Boston Review*, (2003), <http://bostonreview.net/BR28.1/campbell.ht>

3 IDENTIFICATION OF CHANGES

In this part there are mentioned changes in the texts. Firstly, there is always text from the original 1945 edition which is followed by the text of revised edition of 1996, because the original edition of 1959 was hardly available. Changes in both texts are highlighted in bold type.

If she **had happened to step** out of the room, the desk alone **would have restrained** them, held them in their seats, and kept their shrill voices down to a whisper.
(1945, p 8)

If she **stepped** out of the room, the desk alone **restrained** them, held them in their seats, and kept their shrill voices down to a whisper.
(1996, p 7)

But deep down inside of him he knew **what would have happened if he hadn't waited, and it was that, more than anything else, which made him keep on going until he was safely past LeClerc's.**
(1945, p 18)

But deep down inside of him he knew **as he hung up the phone what would have happened if he'd called earlier. And because he still carried that heavy knowledge around with him, when he got abreast of LeClerc's big plate glass window he looked in and saw everything there was to see but kept right on walking.**

Perhaps it was just as well; Lymie was only fifteen. But why, since he was so proud and in many ways older than his years, did he let himself be drawn into the Venetian Candy Shop farther up the street and come out half a minute later with a large red taffy apple and proceed to smear his whole face up with it, in public, walking along the street?
(1996, p 17, 18)

Near the center of the park—it was no more than an open field with young elm trees set at **monotonous** intervals around the edge—boys were playing touchball
(1945,p 20)

Near the center of the park—it was no more than an open field with young elm trees set at **regular** intervals around the edge—boys were playing touchball.

(1996, p 19)

The gas log had at one time or other been used, **but** it was not lit now.

(1945, p 21)

The gas log had at one time or other been used. It was not lit now.

(1996, p 20)

Every Friday night along about seven-thirty Andy used to appear at the front door **of the house in Wisconsin**, with his dark blue suit on, and his hair slicked down with water.

(1945, p 24)

Every Friday night along about seven-thirty Andy used to appear at the front door with his dark blue suit on, and his hair slicked down with water.

(1996, p 22)

The decoration was **modern**, except for the series of murals depicting the four seasons, and the sick ferns in the front window.

(1945, p 32)

The decoration was *art moderne*, except for the series of murals depicting the four seasons, and the sick ferns in the front window.

(1996, p 30)

At quarter of eleven Lymie Peters was still awake.

(1945, p 42)

Janet Martin with her hair in curlers and her face scrubbed clean of rouge and powder and lipstick was not so different from her sister Elsa, after all. In the dark they talked across the narrow space that separated their two beds, and yawned, and broke the sudden silences with more talk. Their voices grew drowsy and the things they had to say to each other more intimate.

Carson and Lynch, in spite of what they had seen in the movie house on Western Avenue, fell into a dreamless sleep the moment their heads touched the pillow.

At quarter after eleven Lymie Peters was still awake.

(1996, p 39,40)

The door to his room, the door to the guest room, the door to his mother's and father's room all opened off this upstairs hall.

(1945, p 44)

The door to his room, the door to the guest room, the door to his mother and father's room, **and the door to the sewing room** all opened off this upstairs hall.

(1996, p 42)

During most of the time that this was going on, Spud **Latham** had only one idea in his mind:

(1945, 54)

During most of the time this was going on, Spud had only one idea in his mind:

(1996, p 52)

The members of the initiation committee, **unaware of any risk involved**, were enjoying themselves thoroughly.

(1945, p 54)

The members of the initiation committee were enjoying themselves thoroughly.

(1996, p 52)

The night that Lynch was born, his father, then a young man of twenty-four, **walked up and down a hospital corridor for nearly seven hours**, with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

(1945, p 59)

The night that Lynch was born, his father, then a young man of twenty-four, **stood and stared at his son through the window in the hospital corridor** with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

(1996, p 58)

I could be dreaming that I'm awake and standing here in the bathroom, he told himself; **but** he actually was awake. **There** was no doubt about it.

(1945, p 60)

I could be dreaming that I'm awake and standing here in the bathroom, he told himself. **But** he actually was awake; **there** was no doubt about it.

(1996, p 59)

When she and Dede Sandstrom put on their coonskin coats and tied their woolen mufflers under their chins and went out, they left a **strange kind** of sadness behind them.

(1945, p 69)

When she and Dede Sandstrom put on their coonskin coats and tied their woolen mufflers under their chins and went out, they left sadness behind them.

(1996, p 67)

And when they went to the circus at night they never could stay for the Wild West show because his mother grew nervous as soon as they **started taking the tent poles down**.

(1945, p 94)

And when they went to the circus at night they never could stay for the wild West show because his mother grew nervous as soon as they **started loosening the ropes**.

(1996, p 90)

The English bulldog was missing, but **Carson** was too upset to notice this.

(1945, p 102)

The English bull-dog was missing, but **Lynch** was too upset to notice this.

(1996, p 98)

This struck Hope Davison, the girl in the third row next to the windows, as stuff and nonsense. Her fountain pen remained idle in her hand. Her face was small, delicate, and sober. Her mouth was nicely shaped but obstinate, and her eyes—the eyes as usual were the key to the house. They were gray and they left no room anywhere for the mysterious or the irrational. If voices had spoken to her out of a burning bush, she would have remained unimpressed. She would probably have regarded the bush with the same skeptical stare that she was now directing at poor Professor Severance. "Alastor loves beyond the Arab maid," ...

(1945, p 111, 112)

This struck Mrs. Lieberman—the small, quiet-faced, prematurely white-haired woman sitting in the third row next to the window—as just nonsense. Her fountain pen remained idle in her hand. She was enrolled as a listener and so it didn't matter

whether she took notes during the lecture or not. She wouldn't be called upon at some later date to fill two pages of an examination book with the house of cards that Professor Severance was now erecting, sentence by sentence. "Alastor loves beyond the Arab maid," ...

(1996, p 105, 106)

He spoke directly to **Hope Davison**, since she was the only person in the class who was looking at him. That he was well taken care of, there could be no doubt, **Hope** thought.

(1945, p 112)

He spoke directly to **Mrs. Lieberman**, since she was the only person in the class who was looking at him. That he was well taken care of, there could be no doubt, **she** thought.

(1996, p 106)

But on the other hand, Professor Severance didn't look like a married man, and his lectures—always beautifully phrased, models of organization, style, and diction—from time to time showed a shocking (or so it seemed to her) lack of experience.

(1945, p 112)

But on the other hand, Professor Severance didn't look like a married man. **There was never a flicker of complacency, and also** his lectures—always beautifully phrased, models of organization, style, and diction—from time to time showed a shocking (or so it seemed to her) lack of experience.

(1996, p 106)

The young man who sat **in front of Hope**, the blond athlete with the block letter sewed on the front of his white pullover, thrust one long, muscular football player's leg into the aisle and looked pained. **The boy on Hope's right**, his exact ...

(1945, p 112)

The young man who sat **on Mrs. Lieberman's right**, the blond athlete with the block letter sewed on the front of his white pullover, thrust one long, muscular, football player's leg into the aisle and looked pained. **In the row ahead of him**, his exact ...

(1996, p 106)

Professor Severance exclaimed and **Hope** decided that he must live with his mother.

(1945, p 113)

Professor Severance exclaimed and **Mrs. Lieberman** decided that he must live with his mother.

(1996, p 107)

...and so forget the others which...

(1945, p 114)

...and so forgot the others which...

(1996, p 108)

... who sat **on the other side of Lymie**, had on a red leather coat and a close-fitting gray felt hat with a clump of **coq** feathers over each ear. Her father was a full professor in the department of philosophy. The **coq** feathers were light green and ...

(1945, p 114)

... who sat on **Lymie's left**, had on a red leather coat and a close-fitting gray felt hat with a clump of **cock** feathers over each ear. Her father was a full professor in the department of philosophy. The **cock** feathers were light green and...

(1996, p 109)

Hope's tan coat and skirt, white sweater, and brown and white saddleback shoes **were as right for her as the coq feathers were for Sally. Hope disliked bright colors. Sometimes Professor Severance quailed under Hope's stare, but his face**, at that moment...

(1945, p 115)

Hope's tan coat and skirt, white sweater, and brown and white saddleback shoes **all said *There is a right and a wrong way to dress. Hope disliked bright colors, loud-voiced people, and any display of egotism. Her face was small, delicate, and sober. Her mouth was nicely shaped but obstinate, and her light blue eyes had an unnerving effect on young instructors who were not used to lecturing from a platform. They left no room anywhere for the mysterious or the irrational. If voices had spoken to her out of a burning bush, in all probability she would have stood waiting for some natural explanation to occur to her. Professor Severance did not mind being stared at. He had been teaching for twenty-two years, and knew that the faces that looked up at him***

would shortly be replaced by other faces not unlike them. His own face, at that moment...

(1996, p 109, 110)

... he spoke with such intensity of the despair that **tags all hope** ...

(1945, p 115)

... he spoke with such intensity of the despair that **dogs every hope** ...

(1996, p 110)

He bowed **the last of his students** out of ...

(1945, p 116)

He bowed **Mrs. Lieberman** out of ...

(1996, p 110)

The sky was clear and very blue, **for Indiana**. The air was warm, the leaves were coming down in showers. **Lymie and the two girls** descended the iron stairs at the back of the building, and then the two streams of traffic—one leaving University Hall, the other coming toward it, **forced them off the sidewalk**.

(1945, p 116)

The sky was clear and very blue. The air was warm, the leaves were coming down in showers. **Mrs. Lieberman was right behind Lymie and the two girls as they** descended the iron stairs at the back of the building, and then **were forced off the sidewalk by** the two streams of traffic—one leaving University Hall, the other coming toward it.

(1996, p 111)

"I suppose I am," Hope said, "but on the other hand, I didn't mean to **be taken so seriously either**."

(1945, p 116)

"I suppose I am," Hope said, "but on the other hand, I didn't mean to—"

(1996, p 111)

And if it isn't, will you? **Hope, watching them, saw something pass over Lymie's face that might have been disappointment. Was it because Sally was sending messages through**

him to another boy, she wondered. Did he want the message to be for him? If so, Hope was sorry for him. Sally's messages would always be for somebody else. And Lymie needed someone. You could tell that by looking at him. He needed more than an ordinary amount of love. What made her piek on him, Hope admitted to herself after she had left them and started on down the walk, under the high nave made by the overarching elm trees, was that she was there, waiting, and he didn't realize it.

(1945, p 117)

And if it isn't, will you: Mrs. Lieberman realized suddenly that neither of these girls was for Mr. Peters. Over a period of weeks she had built up an elaborate speculation about the intimacy in the row ahead of her and now in half a minute it was demolished. This was al-ways happening to her, and it didn't really matter, except she was sorry for him. He needed someone. He needed fussing over and caring for. He needed lots of love. She had two sons of her own, both in college, but when they came klop-klopping down the stairs in the morning, it sounded like horses, and they slipped past her and out of the house and into a world of their own making, where nothing she said ever penetrated.) And what grieved her as she started on down the walk, under the high nave made by overarching elm trees, was that she her-self had no daughter to push at him—for she would have liked very much to take him home, fatten him, and keep him in the family.

(1996, p 112)

..., in a quiet **and unpretentious** neighborhood.

(1945, p 123)

..., in a quiet neighborhood.

(1996, p 117)

...rows of shining **silverware**, and platters of fancy sandwiches.

(1945, p 124)

...rows of shining **tea-spoons**, and platters of fancy sandwiches.

(1996, p 118)

...the wife of the **Dean** of the Graduate School.

(1945, p 124)

...the wife of the dean of the Graduate School.

(1996, p 118)

Everyone **there** knew everyone else and it was a good deal like progressive whist, or some game like that. You went up to any group you felt like talking to. They opened automatically **like an oyster at low tide**, and there you were, allowed to pick up the threads of the old conversation or start a new one.

(1945, p 125)

Everyone knew everyone else and it was a good deal like progressive whist, or some game like that, **since it involved a frequent change of partners**. You went up to any group you felt like talking to. They opened automatically **and amiably**, and there you were, allowed to pick up the threads of the old conversation or start a new one.

(1996, p 119)

If it had only included **an enjoyment or even** an appreciation of respectability, she would have been happier.

(1945, p 126)

If it had only included an appreciation of respectability, she would have been happier.

(1996, p 120)

...that they go somewhere and have a **coke**.

(1945, p 128)

...that they go somewhere and have a **Coke**.

(1996, p 123)

She hadn't seen Spud, she said. It was just that she was so nearsighted.

(1945, p 129)

She hadn't seen Spud, she said. **Really she hadn't!** It was just that she was so nearsighted.

(1996, p 124)

...get over his **fury, or the** feeling that...

(1945, p 130)

...seem to get over his feeling that...

(1996, p 124)

...and then up went his **naked** legs...

(1945, p 131)

...and then up went his legs...

(1996, p 125)

The needle flew up to a hundred and **forty-seven** pounds.

(1945, p 134)

The needle flew up to a hundred and **fifty-seven** pounds.

(1996, p 128)

This time the needle rose more slowly and wavered at a hundred and **eight**. "Would you look at that!" Lymie exclaimed. "I've gained **a quarter of a pound**. It must be from skipping rope. It must be the exercise."

(1945, p 134)

This time the needle rose more slowly and wavered at a hundred and **nine**. "Would you look at that!" Lymie exclaimed. "I've gained a **pound and a quarter**. It must be from skipping rope. It must be the exercise."

(1996, p 128)

...which was located in a small **Indiana** town...

(1945, p 135)

...which was located in a small town...

(1996, p 129)

To celebrate all this they turned into a drugstore ...

(1945, p 139)

Feeling a need to celebrate all this they turned into a drugstore ...

(1996, p 133)

...until everyone in the dorm was awake and taking part in it. Sometimes the door would fly open ...

(1945, p 141)

...until everyone in the dorm was awake and taking part in it. **Sometimes two or three people in a row would stop when they came to Lymie's bed and shake him gently and say, "Want to pee, Lymie?... Do you have to pee?"** Sometimes the door would fly open...

(1996, p 135)

At "302" nobody cared. Spud spent at least an hour every evening tidying up the room.

(1945, p 143,144)

At "302" nobody cared. **Sometimes, while Lymie sat at his desk with a book open in front of him, Spud got himself into trouble (the crime was un-specified) and Lymie took the blame for it and gladly and willingly spent the rest of his life in prison so that Spud could go free. Then they were in a lifeboat, with only enough food and water for one person, and Lymie, waiting until Spud was asleep, slipped noiselessly over the side into the cold sea. Then they were fighting, back to back, with swords, forcing the ring of their enemies slowly toward the little door through which one of them could escape if the other went on fighting.** Spud spent at least an hour every evening tidying up the room.

(1996, p 137,138)

"When my mother's feeling better you must come and have dinner with us," Professor Severance said. "I've been wanting to tell you, Mr. Peters, how much I enjoyed reading your examination paper."

(1945, p 147)

Professor Severance said, "I've been wanting to tell you, Mr. Peters, how much I enjoyed reading your examination paper."

(1996, p 141)

... and Lymie appeared—**Professor Forbes's new system of moral thinking based on humanistic rather than religious values**— since it would ...

(1945, p 147)

...and Lymie appeared—**Spenser's indebtedness to the *Orlando Furioso***—since it would...

(1996, p 141)

...Professor Severance said. "**The man who first thought of it.** The one who...

(1945, p 149)

...Professor Severance said. "The one who...

(1996, p 143)

"...and warriors on the other. The mutual attraction of ..."

(1945, p 149)

"...and warriors on the other." "**I assume it is a traditional juxtaposition,**" Professor Forbes said. "**No doubt, but somebody must have thought of it for the first time.** The mutual attraction of ..."

(1996, p 143)

From "**303**" the shortest way ...

(1945, p 151)

From "**302**" the shortest way ...

(1996, p 143)

...the new dormitory for **boys.**

(1945, p 152)

...the new dormitory for **men.**

(1996, p 146)

All the hooks in the coatroom were taken and there were piles of coats on the floor. **Spud made a place for his and Lymie's in one corner, where no one would be likely to trample on them,** combed his hair in front of the mirror ...

(1945, p 153)

All the hooks in the coatroom were taken and there were piles of coats on the floor. **Spud took two of the coats off their hooks, dropped them on the floor, and hung his coat and Lymie's where they had been hanging. Then he** combed his hair in front of the mirror ...

(1996, p 147)

... was in another alcove partially concealed by potted **ferns**.

(1945, p 154)

...was in another alcove partially concealed by potted **palms**.

(1996, p 149)

They made tentative noises with their instruments and were silent.

(1945, p 154)

They made tentative noises with their instruments and **then** were silent.

(1996, p 149)

Dick Reinhart was from South Chicago. **He had been raised a Catholic and wore around his neck a small silver scapular medal in the shape of a cross. It had been blessed by Father Ahrens of Hammond, Indiana, and was the equivalent of five holy and miraculous medals. At the top of the cross, in relief, were the head and shoulders of Our Lord, with the right hand raised in benediction and the left hand pointing to the Sacred Heart. This same symbol appeared again larger, in the center of the cross. On the left arm were St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. On the right was St. Christopher with his staff and the Infant Jesus on his shoulder. At the bottom of the cross was a full-length figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who was also on the reverse of the medal, supported by clouds, with the Infant Jesus in her arms and around her head a ring of seven stars.** When Dick was two years old his father died and about a year later his mother married again.

(1945, p 159)

Dick Reinhart was from South Chicago. When he was two years old his father died and about a year later his mother married again.

(1996, p 153)

Although she had been dead for years now, **whenever he wanted to** he could still hear her voice ...

(1945, p 160)

Although she had been dead for years now, he could still hear her voice ...

(1996, p 153)

...he started taking **him** around with him at night.

(1945, p 160)

... he started taking **Reinhart** around with him at night.

(1996, p 154)

He had his scapular on when he fell, but then he could **so** easily have broken his neck.

(1945, p 165)

He could easily have broken his neck

(1996, p 158, 159)

"Lymie's an old **womanhater**," she said.

(1945, p 169)

"Lymie's an old **woman-hater**," she said.

(1996, p 163)

... she turned to Lymie and put her **claw-like** hands on his shoulders

(1945, p 183)

...she turned to Lymie and put her **clawlike** hands on his shoulders

(1996, p 175)

"It's damn nice of you," he said,...

(1945, p 192)

"It's **really** damn nice of you," he said, ...

(1996, p 185)

"Thanks," Spud said, **and with fumes of jealousy poisoning the air of his brain, he went down two steps and pulled open the front door viciously, as if it were the door to hell.**

(1945, p 194)

"Thanks," Spud said, **and a second later she heard the front door slam.**

(1996, p 186)

...Lymie believed that he was acting under a wholly unselfish impulse, **for which he wanted no credit. He wanted to give away not only the money but also the thing he valued most in all the world, the coat (in the story he told Sally and Spud) that was woven in the design of a snakeskin and softer than velvet.**

(1945, p 204)

...Lymie believed that he was acting under a wholly unselfish impulse.

(1996, p 196)

... all **were added to** the pile on ...

(1945, p 207)

... all **this and more was in** the pile on ...

(1996, p 198)

Lymie didn't mind too much about Spud's moving into the fraternity, as long as he saw Spud every afternoon at the gymnasium. But one day when Spud found somebody to box with, he brought his gloves over for Lymie to tie, **and** stood looking past Lymie at the trapeze net.

(1945, p 208)

He saw Spud every afternoon at the gymnasium. One day when Spud found somebody to box with, he brought his gloves over for Lymie to tie, as usual, **but he** stood looking past Lymie at the trapeze net.

(1996, p 198)

... without either looking at Lymie or speaking to him, **to give the signal which meant that he was** ready to go.

(1945, p 208)

...without either looking at Lymie or speaking to him, **to indicate that he was** ready to go.

(1996, p 199)

...he went into his own room, sat down at the desk **and wrote to Spud.**

(1945, p 211)

...he went into his own room and sat down at the desk. *Whatever it is that keeps you away, he wrote, so that we aren't able to talk to each other like we used to, I think it's*

time wee did something about it. If I've done anything to offend you, I'm sorry. You haven't done anything to me. And even if you had it wouldn't make any difference. Since my mother died you re the only person who has meant very much to me.

(1996, p 201)

"Hope had an exam in botany this morning, and she wasn't prepared for it—at **least she didn't think she was**. I was over at the house for supper last night, but I've been **studying** at home.

(1945, p 212)

"Hope had an exam in botany this morning, and she wasn't prepared for it—I was over at the house for supper last night, but I've been **living** at home.

(1996, p 202)

"Well then, you'd better not," Sally said. **Just as Lymie was on the point of asking her to deliver the note he had written to Spud, she reached into her coat pocket and produced a note of her own.** "For Spud?" he asked. "Did I ever give you a note to deliver to anybody else?" "No," Lymie said. "I guess not. But you'd better **give it to him.**" "Won't you be seeing him at the gym?"

(1945, p 213)

"Well then, you'd better not," Sally said. **He brought out the note and said, "Would you mind giving this to Spud?"** " Won't you be seeing him at the gym?"

(1996, p 203)

Lymie went up to the dorm early that night, hoping that he could fall asleep immediately and not know when Amsler came, ...

(1945, p 214)

Lymie went up to the dorm early that night, **knowing that if Spud were coming it would have been before this, because pledges were not allowed out of the fraternity house on a week night after seven-thirty.** He was hoping that he could fall asleep immediately and not know when Amsler came, ...

(1996, p 204)

... that the run of bad luck was beginning now for Spud. **There, there, he thought, I know it hurts. I know how you feel, but you'll get over it. This won't kill you. You'll be able to laugh about it some day. Only don't look at me like that, do you hear? I didn't do it. I wouldn't have had it happen for anything in the world. . . . None of this was actually said. When Spud's eyes met his father's for a second, Mr. Latham merely shook his head.** Spud sat down on a wicker settee.

(1945, p 226)

...that the run of bad luck was beginning now for Spud. **When Spud's eyes met his father's for a second, Mr. Latham shook his head in sympathy and understanding.** Spud sat down on a wicker settee.

(1996, p 215)

This morning I couldn't stand it any more.

(1945, p 227)

I just couldn't stand it any more.

(1996, p 216)

...with a big spoon. **She was determined, and had been for some time now, to take her mother away from her father (who didn't appreciate her because he was a man and like all men self-centered and inconsiderate) and away from Spud. Her mother was such a person as you only find one or two of (maybe) among hundreds of thousands of people.** All they ever...

(1945, p 232)

...with a big spoon. All they ever...

(1996, p 221)

All they ever saw in her was somebody who administered ...

(1945, p 232)

All they ever saw in her **mother** was somebody who administered ...

(1996, p 221)

...have to realize **how worthless he was, and** that nothing...

(1945, p 232)

... have to realize that nothing ...

(1996, p 221)

There was nothing that her mother did for her father that he couldn't get done for him in any decent hotel. And when Spud was finally on his own, a year or two from now, that was what her father ought to do—go and live in a hotel. And she and her mother could take some small place. It needn't be ...

(1945, p 232)

If anything happened to her father, they'd have to give up the apartment, probably, and she and her mother could take a smaller place. It needn't be

(1996, p 221)

This idea, **which would have shocked Mrs. Latham with-out any question if she had known about it**, had been in the back of Helen's mind ever since the letters had stopped coming from Wisconsin.

(1945, p 233)

This idea had been in the back of Helert's mind ever since the letters had stopped coming from Wisconsin.

(1996, p 222)

... obedient child. **If anyone had told Mrs. Latham about her daughter's pian, it wouldn't have made any difference.** She had ...

(1945, p 233)

... obedient child, **and so, if she had known what her daughter was thinking, she would have been surprised, as one is now and then by what children do and say. The pian itself would not have appealed to her.** She had ...

(1996, p 222)

... and **cladophora** were ...

(1945, p 238)

... and **chlodophora** were ...

(1996, p 227)

When he got outside he saw ...

(1945, p 240)

When he got outside **the building**, he saw ...

(1996, p 229)

Lymie started **the right way**, but ...

(1945, p 240)

Lymie started **home**, but ...

(1996, p 229)

... a hundred dollars, **even as a loan**.

(1945, p 243)

... a hundred dollars.

(1996, p 233)

... in the atmosphere it was not **strange that Spud's jealousy, which had been smoldering inside of him since the tournament, should break out again**. Lymie didn't know ...

(1945, p 245)

...in the atmosphere it was not **really surprising that again Spud was not himself. Lymie first noticed it when Spud walked past him and asked Armstrong to tie his gloves for him**. Lymie didn't know ...

(1996, p 234)

.... to be jealous of Lymie, **no cause to doubt Sally's love**. The way **she** looked at **Lymie** and the way she ...

(1945, p 245)

... to be jealous of Lymie. The way **Sally** looked at **him** and the way she ...

(1996, p 235)

... felt **about Lymie**, when he ...

(1945, p 246)

... felt when he ...

(1996, p 235)

... more thoughtful, **whom** he could ...

(1945, p 246)

... more thoughtful, **that** he could ...

(1996, p 235)

... and handed it to him. **Spud didn't even have to ask for it.** At such times **he** longed to lean over and whisper, "How'd we ever get started this way? **What happened?**" But he

...

(1945, p 246)

... and handed it to him, **ready to take it back if Spud decided to refuse the offer and write on the bare desk top instead.** At such times, **Spud** longed to lean over and whisper, "How'd we ever get started this way, **when you're the best friend I've got. The only one, when you get right down to it. Sally is something different. . .**" But he ...

(1996, p 235)

They started down the walk together, and at the intersection with the Broad Walk ...

(1945, p 251)

At the Broad Walk ...

(1996, p 240)

Hope had not ...

(1945, p 251)

She had not ...

(1996, p 240)

... it was obvious **that** she was ...

(1945, p 251)

... it was obvious she was ...

(1996, p 240)

Sally and Lymie walked in silence ...

(1945, p 252)

Sally and Lymie walked **on** in silence ...

(1996, p 240)

... a perfect stranger to him. **You know how he does sometimes.** As if he were trying to size me up. We had a terrible fight last night, **a regular knockdown, drag-out. I said every nasty thing I could think of,** then suddenly, ...

(1945, p 252)

... a perfect stranger to him. As if he were trying to size me up. We had a terrible fight last night, **and** then suddenly, ...

(1996, p 241)

... Spud was **still** there ...

(1945, p 252)

... Spud was there ...

(1996, p 241)

... at each other's **naked** buttocks.

(1945, p 253)

... at each other's buttocks.

(1996, p 242)

... not to look for Lymie. **But Lymie was there. Spud saw him standing against the wall near (but not too near) the punching bag, and went sick all over.** In spite of his lean, ...

(1945, p 254)

... not to look for Lymie. In spite of his lean, ...

(1996, p 242)

He was too tired to go on. **After a much worse beating, Lymie was still on his feet.**

I don't want to hurt him any more, Spud said to himself. **I'm chickenhearted, I guess, but** I don't want to ...

(1945, p 254)

He was too tired to go on. **Lymie was there. He was standing against the wall near (but not too near) the punching bag.** I don't want to hurt him any more, Spud said to himself. **I just** don't want to ...

(1996, p 243)

His mind went blank with pain and he doubled up, holding his arms across his stomach. *Oh, you damn fool* he cried. **He meant himself, but it was as if he were addressing another person, who had secretly arranged this accident. When the pain eased up a little, he realized that what had seemed to him like half an hour was a couple of minutes, maybe less.**

(1945, p 255)

Then he doubled up, holding his arms across his stomach.

(1996, p 244)

... something was wrong **with Spud** and came up to him.

(1945, p 255)

... something was wrong and came up to him.

(1996, p 244)

... on the other side. But the odd thing is ...

(1945, p 259)

... on the other side. **Most people aren't very brave, of course, and to try and skirt around a danger looks safer than to go right into the center of it. Unfortunately it isn't safer, because if you don't go through the center you meet with an ambush later on, and there the chances are totally against you.** But the odd thing is ...

(1996, p 247, 248)

... that the happiness **is not going to last very long.**

(1945, p 259)

... that the happiness **seemed, the first time, as if it would last forever, and that they now know better than to think that.**

(1996, p 248)

... and for a moment—**so long had it been since he had slept beside anybody—he** didn't know

(1945, p 260)

... and for a moment he didn't know ...

(1996, p 248)

... Lymie would have ready for him. **The gesture was characteristic, but no more so than the rubber band that fastened one of the bottom buttons of his shirt to one of the top buttons of his fly, and kept his shirt front smooth.** Washing and ...

(1945, p 260)

... Lymie would have ready for him. Washing and ...

(1996, p 249)

... a hero between the drop-leaf tables **and the walnut tables.**

(1945, p 261)

... a hero between two drop-leaf tables. **Lymie waited until he heard the front door close, and then he went back to his room. He was too happy and grateful to go back to bed, and it was too early to get dressed. He walked up and down with his hands clasped together, thinking. He was not grateful to Spud so much as he was grateful to life itself. Because you are born, he thought, and you learn to eat and walk and talk, and you go to school, thinking that that's all there is, and then suddenly everything is full of meaning and you know that you were not born merely to grow up and earn a living. You were born to ...**

On the back of a chair he saw a sweater. He picked it up, held it out in front of him, and smiled. The shape and size identified it beyond question, among all the navy blue sweaters in the world. In a sudden access of feeling he buried his face in it. He didn't do anything about the closet.

(1996, p 249, 250)

But Hope Davison saw it in his face ...

(1945, p 265)

But **Mrs. Lieberman** saw it in his face ...

(1996, p 253)

... looked not only older but smaller. Hope was at the concert also, ...

(1945, p 265)

... looked not only older but smaller, **and it was all she could do to keep from speaking to him after the hour. Now you can lecture**, was hat she wanted to tell him. *You're passed over. And I'd like very much to hear what you have to say about Matthew Arnold or Swinburne or yourself.* . .She was at the concert with her two sons. She smiled at Lymie and he smiled back, recognizing her vaguely. **The red-headed boy with her was the boy Spud got to give him a boxing lesson, that day last fall.** Hope was at the concert also, ...

(1996, p 253, 254)

"I can't stand to see you following **Latham** around and getting kicked in the teeth whenever he feels like it."

(1945, p 266)

"Sometimes it's all I can do to keep from taking a poke at him. I'd probably get the shit beat out of me but it would be worth it. I'd feel better afterward. But anyway, I can't stand to see you following him around and getting kicked in the teeth whenever he feels like it."

(1996, p 255)

" ... somebody ought to tell you **what's the matter.**" **"What is the matter?"** Lymie asked.

(1945, p 266)

"... somebody ought to tell you **something.**" **"What?"** Lymie asked.

(1996, p 255)

... he might as well try Lymie's, **though he knew it wasn't there.**

(1945, p 268)

... he might as well try Lymie's. **Lymie turned around and watched him. The sport coat wasn't there.**

(1996, p 257)

... a grave injury has been done. **The playwright, unfortunately, was not a very good one.** Spud raised himself ...

(1945, p 269)

... a grave injury has been done. Spud raised himself ...

(1996, p 258)

If Spud felt any emotion on learning that he had been betrayed, his face did not show it.

(1945, p 271)

Spud's expression did not change.

(1996, p 259)

... on the other side of town, **he had felt Spud's hands on his shoulders, and** Spud had said to him, *I don't hate you, Lymie old socks. I couldn't hate you. Let's forget it, shall we?* But there ...

(1945, p 271)

... on the other side of town, Spud had said to him, *I don't hate you, Lymie old socks. I couldn't hate you.* But there ...

(1996, p 259)

... like a shadow behind him, **some desperate action to convince Spud.** On a sudden impulse he went toward **him** and knelt down ...

(1945, p 271)

... like a shadow behind him. On a sudden impulse he went toward **Spud** and knelt down ...

(1996, p 260)

... and he himself never shed them. **It is hard to say why the devotion of years should have so little weight in Spud's particular set of scales, but then our choices, the final ones, are limited and, more often than not, predetermined by those that have gone**

before. In refusing to believe Lymie now, Spud was only turning away a second time from the strange boy who was waiting to speak to him in the school corridor. Perhaps he didn't want devotion. Many people don't, finding it a burden. And even the first turning away, that refusal to accept a sincere expression of gratitude lest it commit him to friendship, must have had others before it. They may have begun very early in his life or have been handed down to him from his mother who was, in spite of her warm, maternal qualities, an unyielding woman. When Spud lowered his eyes to his hands,

(1945, p 271, 272)

... and he himself never shed them. When Spud lowered his eyes to his hands, ...

(1996, p 260)

... and the five fingers coming out of the gauze. **It is quite possible that if Spud hadn't injured his hand, he might have believed Lymie. He had only one way of ridding his system of anger and suspicion, and that, for some time now, had been closed to him.** When Spud was able to box again, Lymie thought, someone else would tie his gloves on for him. **He would** no longer have access to any part of Spud. There was a strange, **rather calm** silence between them, ...

(1945, p 272)

... and the five fingers coming out of the gauze. When **he** is able to box again, Lymie thought, someone else will tie his gloves on for him. **I** no longer have access to any part of **him**. There was a strange **but not very long** silence between them ...

(1996, p 260)

... and he looked almost kind. **When friends separate for what is likely to be the last time, without hope of healing the breach between them, a species of false friendliness develops that is like the single bud that forms on a sick plant before its leaves wither and fall off.** With this Lymie would have no part, **and one must respect him for it. But then he turned** at the foot of the steps and said, "I forgive you everything!" As has been said before, the playwright was not a very good one, and they all have a way of using stock lines, cluttering up and even running the risk of spoiling their best climaxes with some cliché half a century out of date. Actually, Lymie didn't forgive Spud anything.

(1945, p 273)

... and he looked almost kind. With this **almost kindness** Lymie would have no part. **It seemed so unnatural, and so sad, to be separating for the last time.** At the foot of the steps **he turned** and said, "I forgive you everything!" **but that didn't work either, perhaps because when you really forgive someone, wholly and completely, your heart feels very much lighter and nothing like this happened to him.**

(1996, p 261)

... without having the slightest **intimation** of what was in store for him.

(1945, p 275)

... without having the slightest **premonition** of what was in store for him.

(1996, p 262)

... Mr. Peters took his derby hat and departed **forever.**

(1945, p 276)

... Mr. Peters took his derby hat and departed.

(1996, p 263)

... far out over the **streets**, and the sidewalks ...

(1945, p 276)

... far out over the **street**, and the sidewalks ...

(1996, p 263)

... he detected on Mr. Peters' breath. **It was no wonder the boy was emotionally unstable, coming from *that* kind of a home . . .** The dean was a teetotaler.

(1945, p 277)

... he detected on Mr. Peters' breath. . . . The dean was a teetotaler.

(1996, p 264)

... he said. **"For some reason Lymie never seemed to want to bring any of his friends home."**

"There is also a girl ...

(1945, p 278)

... he said. "There is also a girl ...

(1996, p 265)

... all are exposed to the common danger. During the middle of the last century a French soldier ...

(1945, p 279, 280)

...all are exposed to the common danger. **Or perhaps the horror stems from something else, something much less complicated: The suicide doesn't go alone, he takes everybody with him.** During the middle of the last century a French soldier ...

(1996, p 266)

The terrible expression that **Colter** and Fred Howard remembered seeing in Lymie's face that night when they passed through this room was, of course, the work of their own excited imaginations. **Freeman** remembered how Lymie had turned around **sadly** and watched him ...

(1945, p 280)

The terrible expression that **Freeman** and Fred Howard remembered seeing in Lymie's face that night when they passed through this room was, of course, the work of their own excited imaginations. **Colter** remembered how Lymie had turned around and watched him

(1996, p 267)

... in his room getting dressed. He listened carefully ...

(1945, p 282)

... in his room getting dressed.

"Lymie?" Spud said. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure" Reinhart said.

"But why?" Spud said. "What made him do a thing like that?"

"I didn't ask him," Reinhart said, "and he didn't tell me."

They both avoided each other's eyes.

Spud said, "I didn't think people—I mean, I thought he—" Shorty Stevenson came into the room, in his pajamas, rubbing his eyes and yawning. They waited in silence while he put on his glasses, looked at them cheerfully, and stood scratching himself.

"Did I interrupt something?" he asked, and when they still did not answer, he pulled

his pajama coat off over his head, picked up a towel, and went off down the hall to the bathroom.

"Where's he now?" Spud asked.

"In the hospital. I just came from there."

"I guess I don't understand anything," Spud said, "but I thought— Tell me what happened." He listened carefully ...

(1996, p 269, 270)

... and was on guard against it. **Somebody ought to paste him one, Reinhart thought; but he was too tired to do it. When he started for the door,** Spud said, ...

(1945, p 282)

... and was on guard against it. **But when Reinhart was finished,** Spud said, ...

(1996, p 270)

... in front of Lymie's dresser **reading a letter.** Reinhart turned away without making a sound. **The letter was the one Lymie had written to Spud in February and then not given to him: *Dear Spud, Whatever it is that keeps you away, so that we aren't able to talk to each other like we used to, I think it's time we did something about it. If I've done anything to offend you, I'm sorry. You haven't done anything to me. And even if you had, it wouldn't make any difference. Since my mother died, you're the only person who has meant very much to me. . .*** Spud had found the letter in the top drawer of Lymie's dresser, among a welter of socks, ties, handkerchiefs, collar buttons, dried-up cookies, and Christmas seals. **He read the letter through, frowning, and then he sat down in the Morris chair and read it again. In the same drawer he had found Lymie's bankbook. When he put the letter down his eyes had no expression in them. They focused slowly on the bankbook, which was lying on top of the desk. He got up and was about to restore both the letter and the bankbook to their proper place when some-thing made him change his mind.** He opened the bankbook and began to read the entries **slowly and carefully.** A few minutes later Spud appeared in the door of Reynar's room. Reinhart was at his desk studying, with his head supported by his hands. He didn't look up immediately. When he turned around, Spud was sitting in the big overstuffed chair. His eyes were closed and he was shivering and shuddering as if he had caught a chill, as if he were chilled to the bone.

(1945, p 283, 284)

in front of Lymie's dresser. Reinhart turned away without making a sound. In the top drawer of Lymie's dresser, among a welter of socks, ties, handkerchiefs, collar buttons, dried-up cookies and Christmas seals, **he came upon** Lymie's bank book. He opened it and began to read the entries.

(1996, p 271)

The rooming house, Mr. Peters decided, was as good a place as any to begin. He twisted the old-fashioned doorbell and was admitted by a middle-aged man with a barking dog at his heels. Mr. Peters explained who he was and what he wanted. The man led him through the front hall and up the stairs to Lymie's room. If Mr. Peters had come twenty-four hours earlier he would have found any number of clues. Now it was too late. The evidence had been destroyed. The room was anybody's room, and rigid with order. The man who had let him in lingered in the doorway. "I expect Lymie has told you about me," he said pleasantly.

(1945, p 288)

I expect Lymie has told you about me," **Mr. Dehner** said pleasantly.

(1996, p 274)

I could have stayed home oftener, and I could have been more patient. **There was no need for me to speak to him the way I did that day when he was trying to arrange the flowers on his mother's grave.** I could have spent ...

(1945, p 289, 290)

I could have stayed home oftener, and I could have been more patient. I could have spent...

(1996, p 275)

While Mr. Peters was accusing himself, he heard **footsteps and turning saw a well-built boy of about Lymie's age, with his right hand in a thick bandage. After a second he realized that the boy was Lymie's friend Latham.** "There's something I want to tell you," Spud said. "I didn't know the money Lymie loaned me was from him. I should have known it was from Lymie, but I didn't." "How much was it?" Mr. Peters asked. "A hundred dollars." Mr. Peters was shocked. A hundred dollars was a lot of money. Lymie

couldn't have managed that on his allowance. He must have dipped into his savings, **into the money he had put aside in case he wanted to go on studying after he finished college.** . . . The boy seemed to be waiting . . .

(1945, p 290)

While Mr. Peters was accusing himself, he heard **a slight noise and turned around.** "There s something I want to tell you," Spud said. "I didn't know the money Lymie loaned me was from him." **Though Mr. Peters had only met Spud once, he recognized him immediately.** "I should have known it was from Lymie, but I didn't," Spud said. "How much was it?" Mr. Peters asked. "A hundred dollars." Mr. Peters was shocked. A hundred dollars was a lot of money. Lymie couldn't have managed that on his allowance. He must have dipped into his savings. . . . The boy seemed to be waiting . . .

(1996, p 275)

. . . which the dean didn't know about. **And then the odd change that came over the boy's face just now, as if he were suffering.** And what happened to his hand, . . .

(1945, p 291)

. . . which the dean didn't know about. **And the look of suffering in the boy's face.** And what happened to his hand, . . .

(1996, p 277)

. . . layers of cigar smoke. **Whatever the secret was, the room held it. At the foot of the stairs,** Mr. Dehner was waiting . . .

(1945, p 292)

. . . layers of cigar smoke. **What the room knew, it was not saying.** Mr. Dehner was waiting . . .

(1996, p 277)

Another will have a gray cotton sweat shirt with **Popeye** the Sailor on the back— . . .

(1945, p 298)

Another will have a gray cotton sweat shirt with **Pop-Eye** the Sailor on the back— . . .

(1996, p 283)

... in the hospital, and **the anti-tetanus serum that had been injected into his abdominal muscles had caused his whole body to break out in a rash. His skin itched so**, he couldn't sleep.

(1945, p 300)

... in the hospital, and **something (the anti-tetanus serum?) had made him break out in a rash. His whole body itched.** He couldn't sleep.

(1996, p 285)

... he noticed a slight rigidness in his lower jaw. He tried not to get excited; like the rash, it could be a reaction from the serum. But the **nurse** hadn't said that his jaw would stiffen, ...

(1945, p 300)

... he noticed a slight rigidness in his lower jaw. **He put his book down and waited for it to go away and it didn't. Instead it grew worse.** He tried not to get excited; like the rash, it could be a reaction from the serum. But the **doctor** hadn't said that his jaw would stiffen, ...

(1996, p 285)

... after it was too late. . . . **The roller coaster of fear jerked him way up and then down, down and around. One terrifying curve followed another and he clung to the sides of the bed with fright.** He didn't want to die of lockjaw; he didn't want to die at all. The truth is that ...

(1945, p 301)

... after it was too late. . . . He didn't want to die of lockjaw; he didn't want to die at all. **He lay absolutely still, with the light on, wanting to cry out for help and not knowing where help would come from.** The truth is that ...

(1996, p 285)

He realized that, just before he woke, he had been dreaming. **He recaptured the dream—piece by piece. First it was about a boat. He was in a boat with six life guards, and one of them was Spud. That was why he got in the boat, in the first place: so he could be with Spud. But suddenly Spud was no longer there. Lymie looked from one to another of them and they turned their faces away from him, and at last he realized that Spud must be on the shore. Then he was in a classroom and he saw, in the**

third row, a boy and a girl with an empty seat between them. When he tried to sit down in it they leaned toward each other and so there was no room for him. Then he was in a place by the sea, with pink and white and green houses, and buildings that had balconies across the front and a park with a marble statue in the center of it. He made his way to the statue, which was of a woman. From there he saw that the houses along the street that faced the shore were real, but all the other houses were shells of houses, with banana trees and grass growing inside the walls, and no windows or doors. He went back to the houses along the shore, and this time he looked for the number twenty-eight. He had great difficulty finding it. People gave him directions which turned out to be incorrect, and the numbers changed in front of his eyes. But then suddenly he was in the house, in number twenty-eight, on his hands and knees. He was in the upstairs bathroom and this time it didn't hurt at all. It was quite pleasant, as a matter of fact, and when he finally got up off his knees and turned away from the bloody tub, Spud was stretched out dead beside him on the bathroom floor.

(1945, p 301)

He realized that, just before he woke, he had been dreaming. **He was in a place by the sea, and there were houses, and he made his way along the street, searching for a particular house, which he couldn't find. He was looking for No. 28. He stopped people and they gave him directions which turned out to be incorrect, and the street numbers changed in front of his eyes, but finally he found the house he was looking for—No. 28—and then those numbers changed too, while he was looking at them.**

(1996, p 285, 286)

The **rigidity** was entirely gone when the nurse ...

(1945, p 303)

The **stiffness** was entirely gone when the nurse ...

(1996, p 286)

Though he had **not** slept all night long, he felt like singing. He was alive and he knew that he was going to live for a long time. He **was going to** get well and go back to school ...

(1945, p 303)

Though he had **hardly** slept all night long, he felt like singing. He was alive and he knew that he was going to live for a long time. **He knew there were things he had not cared enough about, that he had taken for granted, that he would have missed if he had died.** He **wanted to** get well and go back to school ...

(1996, p 286)

He **would be able to** look into the faces of people that he didn't know and might never see again. **He would** hear rain in the night, ...

(1945, p 303)

He **wanted to** look into the faces of people that he didn't know and might never see again, hear rain in the night, ...

(1996, p 286)

They had been left at the desk **in a square white box with his name on it. And when she opened the box there wasn't any card. Actually, Hope Davison had gone to the woods alone, and had dug the flowers up herself with a trowel and planted them in the blue bowl.** Lymie **had the bowl placed** on the night table beside his bed. **He couldn't help but feel that the wildflowers were a sign, a blessing. He looked at them** with all the strength of his eyes, ...

(1945, p 304)

They had been left at the desk **downstairs and there wasn't any card.** Lymie **asked her to put the bowl of wildflowers** on the night table beside his bed. **While he was looking at them, his eyelids closed and he fell asleep. When he woke he went on looking at the wildflowers** with all the strength of his eyes, ...

(1996, p 286, 287)

The world began to take on its own true size. **Late in the afternoon of that same day** he heard running footsteps ...

(1945, p 304)

The world began to take on its own true size. **He slept on and off all day. That evening as it was beginning to get dark,** he heard running footsteps ...

(1996, p 287)

Other changes founded by collation of these two editions are caused by the fact that the last chapter of the first edition (chapter no. 62) was deleted in the second edition and some part of the deleted chapter were put into the chapter 61 which is the last chapter of the 1959 edition. Because of this fact, it is impossible to show changes made by this as I did in this part of my bachelor thesis.

4 COLLATION OF TWO EDITIONS

Because as you can see in previous chapter of my bachelor thesis, the author made a lot of changes in the text. As I mentioned before, these changes were various, so I choose the main changes and I divided them into the three main groups:

- Rewritten, added and deleted parts
- Replacement of some words by another
- Deleting the last chapter

Before writing about these changes I must notice again that before its first publishing, Maxwell rewrote it for four times thanks to influence of his psychoanalytic Theodor Reik and also his friend poet, Louis Bogan.²⁷

4.1 Rewritten, added and deleted parts

According to original version from 1945 which was influenced by Reik, the later was written in quite a different way. The original version contains less sentimentality, more vivid imaginary for describing things and language that shows better the psychology included in this work. Maxwell rewrote some parts because he did not want to be seen the influence of Reik so much and wanted it to more according to his first intention and thoughts. He also chose more economical way of writing. He sometimes omitted or shortened parts which were useless or omitted some unnecessary parts of some descriptions.²⁸

Example:

Dick Reinhart was from South Chicago. **He had been raised a Catholic and wore around his neck a small silver scapular medal in the shape of a cross. It had been blessed by Father Ahrens of Hammond, Indiana, and was the equivalent of five holy and miraculous medals. At the top of the cross, in relief, were the head and shoulders of Our Lord, with the right hand raised in benediction and the left hand pointing to the Sacred Heart. This same symbol appeared again larger, in the center of the**

²⁷ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 85-87.

cross. On the left arm were St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. On the right was St. Christopher with his staff and the Infant Jesus on his shoulder. At the bottom of the cross was a full-length figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who was also on the reverse of the medal, supported by clouds, with the Infant Jesus in her arms and around her head a ring of seven stars. When Dick was two years old his father died and about a year later his mother married again.

(1945, p 159)

Dick Reinhart was from South Chicago. When he was two years old his father died and about a year later his mother married again.

(1996, p 153)

4.2 Replacement of some words by another

As I said before, Maxwell used a different way of writing in the second edition. He used words more impressive and to reach better imagination he also change some phrases by using metaphor.²⁹

Examples of replacing one word:

The orchestra—a piano player, a drummer, saxophone, clarinet, trumpet, and slide trombone—was in another alcove partially concealed by potted *ferns*. → The orchestra—a piano player, a drummer, saxophone, clarinet, trumpet, and slide trombone—was in another alcove partially concealed by potted *palms*.

He picked it up without having the slightest *intimation* of what was in store for him. → He picked it up without having the slightest *premonition* of what was in store for him.

Example of metaphor:

Seeing handfuls of leaves coming down in a sudden stirring of the air outside, he spoke with such intensity of the despair that *tags all hope* and the resurrection through

²⁸ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 129-131.

²⁹ Burkhardt, *William Maxwell*, 123, 126.

scourging, that his words at last reached the minds of his students. → Seeing handfuls of leaves coming down in a sudden stirring of the air outside, he spoke with such intensity of the despair that *dogs every hope*, and the resurrection through scourging, that his words at last reached the minds of his students.

4.3 Deleting the last chapter

In the original edition from 1945, the end of the book is more positive because of influence of Theodor Reik. He wanted Maxwell to make a better ending for Lymie, to show that he has some future before him, that he can find himself. Because the character of Lymie is in fact the William, this resolution should help William to find his way.³⁰

After revising he deleted this last “positive” chapter (chapter 62) like was in his earliest versions and some of its ideas into put into the previous – new ending chapter 61. In the 1945 version the novel ends with the scene of Lymie in his dormitory room when he is convalescing from his injuries and everything seems to be on the better way, he makes plans for future traveling. It is a moment he realized that he left his childhood and became a real man. On the other hand the ending in the 1959 version is more indirect. It ends with Lymie still in the hospital thinking about he is alive, about things he wanted to do. It given by the thing that Maxwell wanted make the end like this – more indirect, open ... the first time he wrote this novel in 1945, but because of strong influence of Reik he change his mind, but in 1959 he returns to his previous idea – he was that time more emotionally stronger and did not lost in his memories.³¹

³⁰ James Campbell, “Maxwell’s Lives“, *Boston Review* ,(2003), <http://bostonreview.net/BR28.1/campbell.ht>

³¹ See Burkhardt, *William Maxwell* ,96-99

EVALUATION

Before I started to do my bachelor thesis, I expected to find changes caused by rewriting the first edition. During collation I found some passages missing, some parts fully rewritten and that the last chapter of the first edition is missing in the second edition.

Despite this fact, the plot of this story was not changed in any way. Only the missing chapter made the second edition ending more open that let me think about Lymie's future.

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