Obituary

William G. Crisman (1952-2002)

On March 4, 2002, Dr. William G. Crisman, a long-time member of the Stephen Crane Society, died at home after an extended illness. An expert in German and English Romantic literature, Bill received his Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley in 1983. Over the years, his scholarly interests broadened to include nineteenth-century American literature, film criticism, and philology. The author of some twenty-five refereed articles during his career, Bill also published a monograph entitled *The Crises of "Language and Dead Signs" in Ludwig Tieck's Prose Fiction* in 1996 with Camden Press. At the time of his death, Bill was working on a book-length study, *The Invention of Art Criticism in 1793*. In 1986, Bill joined the faculty of Penn State Altoona and quickly became known for his deep learning and high academic expectations. Those persons who had the privilege of knowing Bill cherished his sense of decency towards others and his wicked wit. Friends, students, and colleagues greatly mourn his passing, knowing how much Bill still wanted to contribute to both the profession and the lives of those around him.

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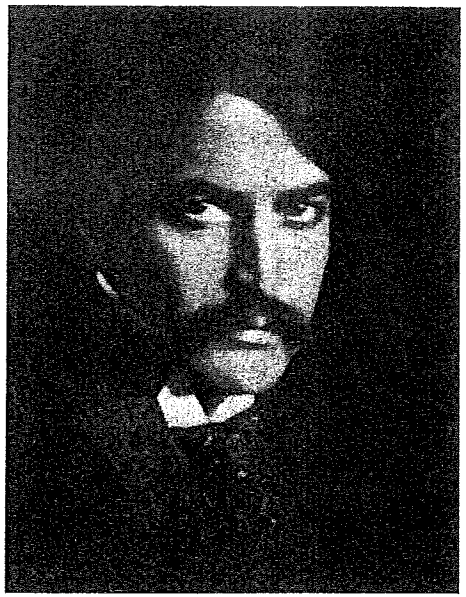

Stephen Crane Society

Stephen Crane Studies

Department of English
Virginia Tech

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Contributors' Notes

George Monteiro is the author *of Stephen Crane's Blue Badge of Courage*, published in 2000 by the Louisiana State University Press.

Marilyn Boyer is a doctoral candidate at Fordham University. Her concentration is in Disability Studies and Twentieth-Century American Literature. She is currently an instructor in the SEEK program at Lehman College.

Kathryn Hilt, an independent scholar, is writing a book on Stephen Crane and Women (University of Nebraska Press).

Ronald J. Nelson is currently preparing two articles on the dramatic, televised, and fictional adaptations of Crane's "The Blue Hotel."

"Solomon." In April 1900, less than two months before his death, the terminally ill Crane was fined 35 shillings by the British authorities in Sussex for "having five dogs without a license," though a family friend appeared in court on Crane's behalf to explain that not taking out the proper licenses was an "oversight." In a letter to his good friend and fellow author Joseph Conrad, Crane wrote that Conrad's son "must have a dog, a boy ought to have a dog." In addition, the last known photograph of Crane shows him sitting with his dog "Spongie."

In spite of their importance in his life, dogs do not play a major role in Crane's writings. Nonetheless, a dog does appear in the title of one of Crane's Sullivan County sketches, "The Black Dog," in one of his Bowery tales, "A Dark-Brown Dog," and in two of his journalistic sketches, "A Yellow Under-Sized Dog" and "The Dogs of War," as well as in the several "Jack" remnants. While no one, casual reader or scholar alike, would assert that any of these works is among Crane's finest, these "dog" sketches and tales—like the five "apprentice" novels of Herman Melville leading up to his masterpiece, *Moby-Dick*—give definite evidence of abiding themes and artistic techniques that signify the best of Crane's writing. As Edwin H. Cady writes, although these works are not "of Stephen Crane's finest artistic quality," such works contain "rich veins to be mined by the biographer, the literary and intellectual historian, the psychographer, or the student of genres." Cady goes on to point out that "Aside from his masterwork, the most interesting thing about any artist has to do with his provenience, his becoming, how he got that way." The dog sketches and tales of Stephen Crane provide such rich veins which, when carefully mined, explain and illuminate more fully the genius of Crane's artistry.

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The Publication of "A Fishing Adventure" in *Collier's Weekly*

George Monteiro
Brown University

The Virginia edition of Stephen Crane's works prints two versions of "The Octopush." The first version of this unsigned "Sullivan Country Nocturne" appeared on page 17 of the *New York Tribune* for July 10, 1892. The second version, titled "The Fisherman," is printed from a manuscript in the C. Waller Barrett Collection at the University of Virginia. This latter of the two versions appears to be an early draft for the much revised text published in the *Tribune* in 1892 that Cora Crane, after Crane's death, sent off to the literary agent Paul Reynolds as unpublished work.

Reynolds had a typescript prepared from the manuscript and returned the manuscript to Cora, informing her by the way that he had already sold "the fishing story," which he had entitled "'A Fishing Adventure,' to *Collier's*." But a "search of *Collier's Weekly*," writes the textual editor of the Virginia edition, "has failed to disclose the publication of the piece." Fredson Bowers then speculates that, possibly, *Collier's* "discovered the prior newspaper publication, or simply lost interest and never printed the sketch."[1]

All such speculation is moot, however, since *Collier's* did in fact publish "A Fishing Adventure." The sketch appeared in the "Sport Travel Adventure" section (edited by Walter Camp) of the August 25, 1900 issue of *Collier's Weekly Journal of Current Events* (Vol. 25, no. 21, page 25).

The version in *Collier's* matches up closely with the early manuscript in the Barrett Collection and published as "The Fisherman" in the Virginia edition, with only minor changes in punctuation, word-order, and paragraphing.

Note

[1] Stephen Crane, *Tales, Sketches, and Reports*, Vol. VIII of The University of Virginia Edition of *The Works of Stephen Crane*, ed. Fredson Bowers, introduction by Edwin H. Cady (Charlottesville: U P of Virginia, 1973), p. 853.

ation as an evasion, since critics seem to have tried to laugh away what was not immediately comprehensible to them.

Nevertheless, the violence and angst that permeate Crane's poems have counterparts in his other writings, many of them far more respected, no matter what form he used. His pictorialism, his grim comedy, his loner protagonists, his terse but hard-hitting written expression in his early poems, which frequently suggests actual dramatic, explosive conversationalness, and his overall bleak realism would become the very qualities acclaimed by many readers of his prose writings. The wit in his poems is reminiscent of the work of George Meredith and A. E. Housman; his imagery, arresting diction, and syntax anticipate the Imagist movement in the early twentieth century; and his loner protagonists stand as transition figures between Poe's poems and tales and those in twentieth- and twenty-first-century literature, who are haunted by what seems to them a world filled with alienating forces. Thus, what we encounter in early notices of Crane's poems foreshadows much that has subsequently entered the record in Crane scholarship.

The final speaker, Joan Frederick, Professor of English at James Madison University, focused on "Black, Brown, Yellow: Dogs in the Short Fiction and Sketches of Stephen Crane." In a short but poignant statement, Chester L. Wolford sums up the final days of Stephen Crane's troubled and trouble-filled 28-year-old life:

> In his last days, he was jostled by coach through England with his common-law wife, Cora Stewart; floated across the channel in a steamer; and trundled with a doctor, two nurses, a relative, and a dog, to a fashionable sanitarium in Badenweiler, Bavaria. There he died, on 5 June 1900, drowned by tuberculosis.

Frederick focuses on the word "dog." From his boyhood until his death, Crane was in the company of dogs. Even when in such a hostile environment at the front line of the Greco-Turkish War, Crane in his role as correspondent went to great effort to retrieve a small pup he had found in the road and care for it until he was able to bring it safely home. Crane's earliest preserved poem (an obviously amateur, even juvenile, verse attempt) is on the subject of a boy's abiding desire for a dog.

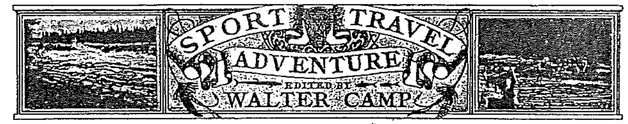
Melvin H. Schoberlin notes that Crane was at his happiest as a youth exploring the woods and tramping the rugged hills near Port Jervis, New York, in the company of his beloved Newfoundland,

with that of Poe. The second British review that Fisher cites is a more substantial one from the *London Daily Chronicle* of 26 April 1897, which stresses the qualities of the fable in Crane's poems. The reviewer hazards a guess that the poems were influenced by Justin McCarthy's *Omar Khayam* and by Stevenson's fables. The review is mixed—some of the fables being "too willfully gnomic, and some were hardly worth the trouble of writing down," while others have a meaning that is "plain enough, delightful little parables, sometimes marked with a grim irony or a savage humor, and at others touched with a charming human tenderness and poetic fancy." Quoting from "Many red devils ran from my heart/And out upon the page," the reviewer speaks of Crane's regarding human life as "either a tragedy or an illusion, or both, but three things make it worth living—courage, humor, and tenderness."

These British opinions of Crane's poems seem gentle when set against the general outlook of his own countrymen, although the British may well have followed in the footsteps of their American cousins in evaluating these poems. For example, the reviewer for the *Providence Journal* (2 May 1895) suggests that Crane may be "making game of his Decadent colleagues" and finds "no melody" and "no sense" in *The Black Riders*. The commentator for the Massachusetts *Springfield Republican* (5 May 1895) is particularly harsh: "The ideal reach of the present madness or rather imbecility of poets is quite attained in [*The Black Riders*]. . . . " He attacks the poems for their punctuation and for what he sees as their absence of meaning. The same publication later resumed its assault on Crane's poems (15 March 1896). The review in the *Hartford Daily Courant* was less acrid, suggesting that Crane's "work, strictly speaking, is not verse, but more or less rhythmical prose arranged in lines having no definite scheme of rhyme or meaning."

Sneers were darted at Crane's poetry because reviewers were either unsympathetic to free verse or because they sensed in the poems elements that to them smacked of decadence. The perception that Crane might have comic intents in some of the poems likewise aroused ire in certain quarters where gravity in literature was esteemed. That Crane was a typical 1890s writer who experimented in the collapsing of genres has not been so widely recognized as it ought to be.

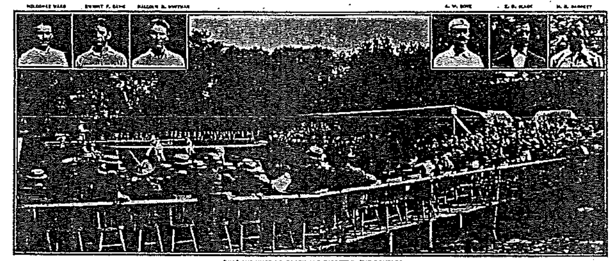
Fisher mentions the connection of Crane's British popularity to his writing on military matters and makes a case that Crane's experimentations with poetry do not dovetail with decadent verse, although it does share a certain spirit with the work of well-known decadents, like Dowson, Symons, Wilde, and Housman. Fisher also sees the charge that Crane's poems were too comical for serious consider-



A FISHING ADVENTURE

By STEPHEN CRANE

THE LATE STEPHEN CRANE



DAVIS AND WARD VS. BLACK AND BARRETT IN THE DOUBLES

INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS AT LONGWOOD, MASS., AUGUST 9

The Treatment of the Wound in Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*

Marilyn Boyer
Fordham University

The wound is the site/sight of undecidability. Both structurally and visually it is indeterminate. Is it alive or dead? Or, is it both? Since the wound, in itself, evolves and devolves through various stages, it is difficult to assess its exact nature with any consistent certainty other than a medical analysis. It could be said that the wound, from its incipience to its final state, whatever that may be, is in a constant state of flux. As new tissue grows, decaying tissue deteriorates and may even disappear, especially if followed by amputation or death. This uneven process can cause a concomitant reaction in its owner and in its viewer. The body that houses the wound, therefore, by extension, either experiences societal rejection or acceptance, depending on the circumstances surrounding its incurrence.

In Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, a novel of the Civil War, Henry Fleming's head wound is an applauded, revered, and complex site, solely because it is incurred during a national time of distress. Henry's wound functions as a mechanism that fosters his growth process through the onset of his personal reflections, his newly found courage, and his feeling of wartime involvement. Yet, initially, these positive inner metamorphoses are all based on lies. Although the wound itself, which he receives from a fellow soldier, is literally a gun wound, the problematic circumstances that precede and surround it force the reader's reactions to enter the hazy realm of moral undecidability. Is Henry's suspicious head wound emblematic of still more cowardice since it follows his desertion from battle, or, aren't all wounds, after all, evidence of the possibility of heroism, in that they test human limitations? The physical, visual, and moral undecidability of Henry's wound is translated to Henry himself as he attempts to hide this dilemma from his comrades who unknowingly ask subtle and pertinent questions of him, and also from the reader who must then sort out his varied reactions to the wound and to the wounded body of the protagonist. It is difficult to say whether Henry is a hero or a coward, and it is equally difficult to assess whether the reader, or the unknowing soldiers, will accept or reject him. Should it matter? Or, are our feelings, like the wound, undecidable? In this paper, I will focus on Crane's own treatment of the wound and its functions from the

exist in the world was a remote concept, relegated to fiction: what they saw in televised dramas or movies. But they readily recognized that Fred Collins, Crane's foolish protagonist who wonders if he had indeed become a hero, is an example of irony and absurdity. When Fred initiates his treacherous dash across a field for a drink of water, he is warned by his officers but pressured by his peers. Wert's students examined several snippets of dialogue, which poignantly relate to Fred's being goaded into action by his fellow soldiers, forced to become defensive about his inactivity, and made unsure of his own resolve. The students related to the idea that sometimes a person can realize the danger of a situation, but despite that knowledge, go through with the action nevertheless. That Fred finds it "supernaturally strange" to be in such a situation, which might be called "dramatically great," cements the irony of the story in the spectacle of the moment.

Fred Collins' actions while re-crossing the field with the bucket of water support the true nature of this dramatic spectacle and its ambiguity. When Fred does not stop to give the dying artillery officer a drink of water—in effect, refusing a dying man's wish—he fails the test of a hero with most of Wert's students. Although he doubled back to try to give the man a drink, it was too late. That the ending supplies the ultimate absurdity—the playful soldiers carelessly spill the contents of the bucket—did not go unnoticed by the students.

Wert's students' responses illuminate some subtle points about Crane's story. First, a hero cannot be defined by any one set of criteria, especially his own. An individual must also act as he would naturally act if he is to become heroic. A person's caving in to peer pressure might be "dramatically great," but that only makes him a person concerned with how a so-called heroic action is perceived. Rather than being concerned with the actual effects of his action upon a certain situation, Fred is merely a player upon the stage. He plays the role of the fool, not the hero, the role of the one who everyone knows has acted neither out of true boldness nor out of a sacrificial resolve to face death for someone else's benefit. Fred faces death for a bucket of water, although his own better judgment and even those of his peers and superiors indicate the absurdity that he is foolish enough to die for a taste of water.

Benjamin F. Fisher, Professor of English at the University of Mississippi, spoke on "Discoveries in Stephen Crane Studies," focusing on the British reception to Crane's poems. The first British notice of *The Black Riders and Other Lines* that Fisher identifies is from the *London Globe* for 6 July 1895, in which the reviewer links Crane's work

ily forceful and the fight scene bone-crackingly real.

At the end, the Swede is killed in the Pollywog Club, "a frontier gambling hall," where there is a private game of cards being played "in a sheltered alcove." The Swede interrupts the game forcibly, grabs the gambler by the throat, swings him out of the chair and jams him against the wall. All that is much stronger wording than in Crane and hence justification for the gambler's slaying of the Swede.

Just before the killing, the manager of the club has sent a hanger-on to hurry and fetch Scully, telling him that one of his guests is causing trouble. Then, just after the Swede's body is pierced, the others arrive—too late, the essential tragic quality. They get an earful from the Easterner about their complicity at this point. Hence, the unities of time, place, and action are preserved—rather than the implausible "Months later," when the cowboy and the Easterner are together on a ranch near the Dakota line. At the very end, the Easterner says, "And the weapon that killed him wasn't a knife. No. It was a lie . . . told in fun . . . a lie that he believed and it killed him." The camera is positioned "HIGH ANGLE DOWN" "as the Easterner looks at the others and then, slowly, moves toward the door, leaving them staring at the dead Swede and the spilled playing cards on the floor."

The second panelist, Justin Wert from the College of Charleston, spoke on "Crane's 'A Mystery of Heroism': Student Responses to War and Violence." While working on his Ph.D., Wert taught at South Panola Alternative School, where high-school-age students who wish to get some vocational training and work experience can do so as they attempt to achieve a G.E.D. diploma.

Not long after the tragic terrorist activities of September 11, 2001 shocked the nation and the world, Wert and his students read "A Mystery of Heroism." Death and destruction became so real and raw upon the minds of everyone that the usual flow of minutes, hours, and days was temporarily altered. When it came to reading stories, moreover, life and its ugly realities seemed to overwhelm anything fictional.

Nevertheless, reading Crane's story offered possibilities that other works of fiction did not: an ironic vision of war that exposes humanity at its most absurd and problematic. At a time when people were so fervently aligned against an enemy, Crane's story raised some questions about the abilities of human beings: to remain faithful to their own beliefs rather than give in to peer pressure, to act as integral parts of a social group such as the army, and to become genuine heroes.

For most of Wert's students, the notion that everyday heroes

perspectives of deconstruction and disability studies.

Jacques Derrida's unorthodox ideas challenge the ways in which we perceive the world. His writing "questions the usual notions of truth and knowledge" (Collins and Mayblin 12). Although it is impossible to pin him down to a particular methodology, he says that his writing has a matrix, the strands of which are "derailed communication and undecidability" (Collins and Mayblin 16). He locates these strands in the "virus." For Derrida then, "the virus introduces disorder into communication even in the biological sphere—a derailing of coding and decoding" (Collins and Mayblin 16).

The conceptual order is established by the contrast of binary oppositions that help to classify the world and to make decisions. "Undecidables disrupt this oppositional logic" by inhabiting both sides of the opposition and therefore no one side completely. (Collins and Mayblin 20). Undecidables "mark the limits of order" (Collins and Mayblin 21). When the zombie is killed in a very special way, order is then restored.

In *The Red Badge of Courage* the very undecidability of the wound permeates other components of the novel primarily because, in the midst of war, the soldier's life is in a non-stop, precarious position from one moment to the next. He is understandably fearful of pain, suffering, and death. This is the bottom line: we don't like pain, even though some people seem to. Pain can be embraced, but it seems improbable that it is ever loved. It just doesn't feel good in itself even if it might have some underlying purpose to fulfill. In other words, Christ's pain didn't feel good, but the purpose of saving mankind was the greater goal to be accomplished. Doubtless, He had to keep that larger perspective in mind in order to get through His sacrificial Crucifixion.

Death, then, inhabits wartime consciousness as an ever-present reality. This uncertainty invades the heart and soul while singling out the soldier as someone who must now exist within an unenviable set of alternative rules. War brings "individual men into humiliating situations, because it compels them against their will to murder other men" (Freud, "Why War?" 145). They learn to "translate danger into fraternity" to survive (Kaplan 94). The "mystic gloom" of a world turned upside down is connected to the wound itself because they both have mutual shares in the concept of undecidability (182). Branching out from the instability of war and the wound is the concept of a language that will echo the anxiety of a uniquely defined situation. In the context of undecidability, then, the language of *The Red Badge of Courage*

can be most effectively comprehended in the areas of rumor and interrogation.

The story begins with a rumor. What is a rumor? Is it a lie or is it a truth? Or, being neither, is it in any way reliable? Existing in the gap between the binary oppositions of truth and falsehood, the rumor of active warfare in the novel functions as a supporting indicator of the unstable nature of war and the wound. When the loud soldier, Wilson, says that he "don't believe the derned old army's ever going to move," the problem of uncertainty spreads to the rest of the camp (173). Rumor serves several functions in the novel. It keeps the army anxiously alert by fostering conversation, it expresses character, and it forges time and space for Henry to reflect upon his life and actions.

The understandably nervous infantry, upon hearing the rumor that they are "goin' t'move t'morrah," begins to participate "in a spirited debate" (173). Jim Conklin, the tall soldier who first introduces the rumor to the men, offers no proof for its certitude. His refusal to be specific about his knowledge ironically convinces the others that the rumor just might be true. The narrator states "He came near to convincing them by disdaining to produce proofs" (174). Why should it be that by not offering answers, one's statements become more believable? Is silence more persuasive than argument since it offers no material for contradiction?

Henry's reaction to rumors of combat enables him to reflect upon his present realistic situation through his past fantasies. No longer envisioning himself as a Greek hero, on the shores of Troy, Henry speculates that now "Men were better, or more timid" (175). "In this, he stands for all untried men" (Conrad 126). But which of these characteristics is true of Henry? Is he better than any soldier in the distant past? Or, is he more timid? Is he neither of these, or both? Henry, whose reflection that the ordeal with fear will become a matter of life and death, realizes that "he knew nothing of himself" (Levenson 159). This is certainly the beginning of wisdom for anyone who embarks on the voyage of self-discovery as Henry Fleming does.

The questions Henry asks himself and those asked by others are indicative of the type of language that disturbs and reveals. What is a question? Some questions are rhetorical in that they require no answers, while others might be direct, factual, and easy to answer. Therefore, it can be said that a question can contain uncertainty because it might be either answerless or answerable, and the one questioned might not know the difference. The question does not occupy the gap of undecidability in itself, but it causes an ambiguous effect

tensed, ready to spring and his eyes move nervously from his companions to the window." Thus, McGreevey provides visual reinforcement to the idea that the Swede does not fit into society. The conversation in the coach between the cowboy and the Easterner is not particularly engaging, but the audience is given that information by the Easterner in pregnant, poetic language far different from Crane's stark images: "The cowboy and I whittled away at our boredom with the dull blade of small-talk. But the Swede would say nothing. Even when asked a question, he only grunted or gave a high-pitched whinny of a laugh. And yet—I felt the man desperately wanted to talk." The whittling image ties in with a character introduced a few pages later: "An old man sits by the stove. He is whittling with a long knife." And, of course, the knife imagery ties in later with the stabbing.

When the stagecoach is predictably attacked, the cowboy gets out his six-gun and shoots one of the would-be robbers. This action serves to exacerbate the Swede's fear—his fingers have been described as "nervously [working] the loose skin of his throat" near the beginning—and so helps the audience to understand that fear. The cowboy has just killed someone: the Swede's internal conclusion must be that a person can be killed out here. During the conversation, the Swede discloses to the Easterner that his brother Lars was gunned down by killers, thereby giving further credence to the Swede's fear. In Crane's story the Swede presumably does not have a brother, and the reader is provided only with a nebulous explanation of the Swede's fear by the Easterner's supposition that the Swede has been reading too many "dime-novels." Here in McGreevey's version, though, there is a direct cause-effect, stimulus-response relationship. The reader also learns that the Swede's brother Lars "had a claim. He thought there was much gold on it. Now, it belongs to me," says the Swede. Hence, the reader is provided with a distinct reason for the Swede's presence there rather than not even a suggestion of the reason in Crane's story.

McGreevey's adaptation contains many other changes to Crane's story, but one of the chief variations is that once the Swede supposes that "there've been a good many men killed in this room," Scully and the others decide that they will have some "real fun with him." In McGreevey's version, Scully has a "sadistic side" to him that is greedy and diabolical. Instead of getting the Swede drunk, Scully feigns fear of the Swede and pleads with him to leave and not harm those in the hotel. The Swede buys into the hoax and his arrogance is therefore based on his fundamental insecurity, lack of self-knowledge, and gullibility. In McGreevey's adaptation, the Swede is extraordinar-

Crane Studies in Cincinnati

Ronald J. Nelson
James Madison University

The College English Association held its 33rd Annual Conference, "Challenges for the Discipline: New Perspectives on Texts and Teaching," in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 4-6, 2002. The Crane panel, chaired by Ronald Nelson, was entitled "New Slants on Stephen Crane's Fiction" and presented on April 4. It provided perspectives on Crane's poems and several short stories and sketches.

The first speaker, Ronald Nelson, Professor of English at James Madison University, addressed "John McGreevey's Television Adaptation of Crane's 'The Blue Hotel' for the *Schlitz Playhouse*." The production was aired on CBS-TV on 16 April 1957. Although efforts to obtain a copy of the show, which would have been a kinescope, have so far proven unsuccessful, the 37-page teleplay by John McGreevey does exist. That document forms the basis for Nelson's paper.

The cast of McGreevey's teleplay included Vincent Price as the Swede, a "terrified tenderfoot in the old west"; Adam Kennedy, as Johnnie Maiben, a "townsman bested in a fist fight [sic] with Price"; Wallace Ford as Scully, the "practical-joking innkeeper"; Tris Coffin, "a gambler not in on the joke"; Lee Van Cleef as the cowboy, "a tough cowhand"; Chick Chandler as the Easterner, "the narrator and helpless witness of the proceedings" and four male actors in unidentified roles (Phil Chambege, Dick Wick, Jack Jordan, and Stuart Wade).

Since the teleplay had to fit within a 30-minute time frame, minus commercials that brought it down to 22-24 minutes, McGreevey had to be extremely selective in deciding what to include and what to exclude. In the process of adapting Crane's story, McGreevey creates a new work of art for the viewer's contemplation. His changes include plot elements designed to tighten the logic of what happens, while simultaneously elevating the diction on occasion to the realm of poetry.

Whereas Crane's story begins with the travelers alighting from a train and being seduced by Scully to enter the strange-colored hotel, McGreevey's version starts with a stagecoach scene involving the cowboy, Swede, and Easterner. The Easterner from the outset assumes a more reportorial role than he does in the Crane story. The Swede, on the other hand, is a large man, but is at first "constantly huddled." He is dressed in a "cheap, ill-fitting suit. His hat is too small. He sits

upon the one being questioned, in this case, Henry Fleming.

Throughout the novel, Henry is asked certain questions that are difficult for him to answer and also hard for the reader to assess. The tattered man, who has two wounds, "two of 'em—little ones," is curiously called a man instead of soldier (217). He has "lean features," is called "honey" by the sergeant, and has a voice "gentle as a girl's" (217). When questioning Henry, he does so timidly. These details contain nuances of difference in the tattered man. Perhaps these perplexing defining characteristics imply that he is a man who is very young. Three times he asks Henry the same question: "Was a pretty good fight, wasn't it?" (210). Is he asking the question repeatedly in order to subconsciously force Henry into facing the truth of his desertion, or is it a tool used by Crane to make the reader ally more deeply with Henry as the only two who know the truth, that he has no clue if the fight was good or bad because he fled the battle scene. We feel the pain that Henry feels as he "quickened his pace," because we are privileged partners in the knowledge of his secret (211). We, as readers, are perpetual secret sharers who provide a safety net for individuals who will only be encountered in print. Perhaps it is a fair question for the tattered man to ask Henry "Where is your'n located?" with reference to his supposed wound (217). Does the tattered man suspect that Henry has no wound because it can't be seen, or is Henry feeling the "knife-thrusts" of the question because he, and we, the readers, know that even if there is no actual wound visible, there is a deeper psychological wound that Henry is dealing with: "he wished he were dead" (218).

Henry Fleming desires death because the burden of being a coward is too ponderous for him to bear. Yes, he ran away from battle, but he most likely wasn't the only one to do so; he is just the only one we know about with any certainty. The act of desertion is connected to the wound in its undecidability because it occupies the gap between the binary oppositions of self-preservation and cowardice.

After having successfully fought hard in the first battle, Henry, self-satisfied, thinks that a second battle is an impossibility. He is under the mistaken impression that the enemy would "stop, apologize, and retire bowing" (201). As shots are fired, Henry, in a moment of "revelation," without shame, "ran like a rabbit" (202). This central action of desertion in the novel takes on huge proportion in Henry's mind. What exactly has he done? It's true that he runs from battle, but is he just being human, trying to protect his life, or is he "chicken" (202)? According to historian Howard Zinn, the Union army during the Civil War had over 200,000 deserters so it's understandable that

momentarily, Henry "ran like a blind man" (202). This is not a well-calculated decision but an instinctive escape from imminent death. Why is it when one escapes death during battle by leaving the site, this is not called a defense? What does it really mean to be a coward? Is Henry protecting himself through cowardice? Or, is he, by running away, risking the safety of his fellow soldiers or of the people back home? Should Henry have fought the impulse to flee and taken a hit for the country?

These complex questions cannot easily, or perhaps ever, be answered with total certainty but they sorely need discussion. Not only Henry, but the reader also, must make the inquiry into the nature of wartime priorities in order to more fully understand how to view the situation and how to assess one's own actions and feelings. Do we sympathize with Henry or do we immediately think of him as a coward? If one doesn't run away from battle, does one then have a death wish? Again, what is cowardice?

There are things in Henry's world that we can speak of with some degree of assurance and other things that we can only begin to explore, since we are not really living the experience of the protagonist. Perhaps there are things we cannot really know unless we experience them. If we judge Henry's action through an examination of what his mindset is afterwards, then, it is still difficult to say whether or not he should have fled. But, if Henry's desertion is considered a cowardly act, it can still be the more valuable experience since he learns, through his consequent suffering about it, more about his own character. He never says that he wouldn't have run if he had the chance to reconsider his act. In fact, it would seem that Henry Fleming not only should have run, but also *must have* run. He must partake of the unstable nature of the act of desertion in order to, on a new day, run back and act differently. He must become confused before he can be whoever he chooses to be.

As Henry retreats from battle, he rationalizes his behavior by calling his action "sagacious" (205). Yet, he keeps on retreating, "seeking dark and intricate places" (206). Yes, he is running from battle, but now, he is running from battle and shame. He is searching for the oblivion of the womb that he needs to find in order to be reborn. Henry claws through the forest and finds answers in the deepest, hidden, quiet recesses that nature has to offer. Now he has the time to regenerate himself. Nature complies with Henry's decision to run, especially when he throws a pinecone at a squirrel that also runs away. But, Henry is not a squirrel. He is not merely a bundle of reflexes, but a much more

throws on Stephen Crane. However, in terms of cultural history Jonathan Townley, Mary Helen, and Agnes Crane are significant in themselves. Until his conscience caused him to remove himself from the Methodist mainstream, Stephen's father was a rising intellectual star of the Methodist church, itself a significant factor in American life of the nineteenth century. Helen Crane's WCTU, as well, was a major force in the United States of the latter part of the nineteenth century, a power to be reckoned with. It and similar volunteer organizations were the only way that hundreds of intelligent, religious, middle-class women could find a socially accepted outlet for their energies. As for the stories of Agnes and her mother, they exemplify certain types of popular fiction of the time—the humorous dialectical monologues and the simple, happily concluded romances read mainly by women.

Whether for gaining insight into the young Stephen Crane and his family or for gaining insight into the mind of the late nineteenth-century America, this book is to be recommended.

mother's "adept representation of colloquial speech," in his earliest effort, "Uncle Jake and the Bell-Handle," written when he was 14, as well as in his most skillful fiction, *Maggie* and *The Red Badge of Courage.*

Among the rustic, often heavy-handed humor of the Jerusha Ann monologues, one finds homespun feminist philosophy, pointing out an unfairness when "a man gets three dollars a day for struttin around and bossin a job, while his wife manages the family, as mother, housekeeper, seamstress, nurse, chambermaid and oftentimes laundress too, just for her victuals and close, and the close dont mean seal skin sacks nor dimonds nor velvet gowns either."

Gullason has a particular fondness for Agnes and apparently has acquired a significant collection of her writing and other memorabilia. In two previously published pieces, he provided valuable biographical material on Agnes, and he dedicates this book to "the favorite sister and mentor of Stephen Crane."

Crane students have long credited Agnes with being Stephen's surrogate mother and a major source of encouragement for his infant literary efforts. To be sure, the attribution of influence is founded mostly on plausible assumption. Documentary evidence is scant, consisting mainly of a handful of references to her little brother in Agnes's journals and an article on Stephen's childhood in which Agnes is referred to as his "good angel."

However, knowing Stephen Crane's sympathy for women who suffer and knowing his bleakness of vision, one can conclude that Agnes's very life was to profoundly affect him. As Gullason has written elsewhere, Agnes's story was characterized by "complex regions of pain, suffering, courage, and tragedy." In Agnes's journals she bemoans her lack of beauty, berates herself for wasting her life, and cries out in loneliness. Her attempt at being a governess was a disaster; and, as Gullason has earlier documented, her first teaching job ended in an embarrassing request from the superintendent for her dismissal. After nursing her sister-in-law through a terminal illness, she herself died a horrible death of meningitis at 28.

Along with poems and essays, Gullason offers for the second time Agnes's four known short stories. These stories are not as revealing of Agnes as her journals. Also, as Gullason acknowledges, they are hardly works of art. Still, they are testimony to the creative environment in which the writer Crane developed. And they reveal an essential irony similar to that which more successfully pervades Stephen's fiction.

Most who acquire this book will surely do so for the light it

complicated being. When Henry gropes into "greater obscurity," he comes upon the threshold of an Edenic bower with "high, arching boughs [that] made a chapel" (207). He is shocked to see a dead man in an upright position seemingly staring at him. The journey of desertion from battle has led him to a confrontation with the death he has been avoiding, and with himself who, like all of us, unconsciously is convinced of his own immortality (Freud, "Reflections . . ." 122). Since Henry doesn't know who the dead man is, he comes to represent every dead soldier, perhaps even an image of Henry as he might have been, or should have been. As "the dead man and the living man exchanged a long look," Henry feels that, perhaps, since the corpse is unburied, it is, in some way, capable of action. Henry flees, but this time, where can he go? He has confronted death in Eden where death began after the Fall of Man—this must have some serious psychological or archetypal implications that Henry absorbs. As he makes his reemergence into the world, he comes to grips with the forces of nature and he realizes that he must play his part in it in order to respect himself. He heads back "in the direction of the battle" (208). Henry's life, pitted against the death surrounding him in nature, the corpse, and the wounded soldiers, forces him to come to the realization "that Nature could not be quite ready to kill him" (209). This new attitude allows Henry to be able to rejoin his regiment and act like the brave soldier he knows he can be. In the skirmishes that follow, he is indeed bold, courageous, and a regular "war devil" (244). After all, since "He had performed his mistakes in the dark . . . he was still a man" (236). Any uncertainty he has had about the war or his stance concerning it has been altered by the desertion he has undergone, whether caused by a need for self-preservation or cowardice. The undecidability of action leads Henry to his final revelation in the experience of actually being wounded and in his encounter with the wounded body.

According to Rosemarie Garland Thomson, the notion of disability can be widely categorized as that which "encompasses congenital and acquired differences, mental illness and retardation, chronic and acute illnesses, fatal and progressive diseases, temporary and permanent injuries, and a wide range of bodily characteristics considered disfiguring, such as scars, birthmarks, unusual proportions, or obesity" (13). In accepting this definition, then, it could be said that all of us have experienced disability to some degree, however slight, throughout our lifetimes. We all know what it's like to feel cooped up, unable to participate in the usual movements of our daily rituals, even if it's just a minor ailment that we're dealing with. It still stops us. We feel

differently about ourselves. Or, do we feel ourselves to be different? These ideas that underline the elaborate definition of disability quoted above have their effects upon the disabled person, the viewer of that person, and with regard to literature, the reader.

Even though some disabilities are visible and some not, they all share in the "experience of stigmatization" (Thomson 15). Erving Goffman asserts that "The Greeks, who were apparently strong on visual aids, originated the term *stigma* to refer to bodily signs designed to expose something unusual and bad about the moral status of the individual" (203). Today, the term is applied more to "the disgrace itself than to the bodily evidence of it" (Goffman 203). Although we tend to believe that the person with a stigma is less than human, that individual is very likely to use his disability for "secondary gains" (Goffman 205, 208).

According to Madonne Miner, males who undergo the experience of disability react differently from females. Whereas the man participates in a system of agency, the woman participates in a "system of shame" (285). Actually, in *The Red Badge of Courage*, the protagonist feels more stigmatized by his act of desertion, which could be called his psychological disability of guilt-ridden cowardice, than by his head wound, which functions as a signified source of success and manhood. In wartime then, the usual "Western European convention that subordinates body, treats it as 'other' and marks it as that for which we must feel shame," especially for women, is overturned (Miner 289). For Henry Fleming, then, the worst thing that he could possibly endure would be his cowardice which feminizes him: "to be a man is to be an actor; this action may result in the loss of limb, perhaps even of life, but such losses are minor in comparison to the loss of manhood associated with agency's alternative: passivity" (Miner 287). Therefore, with his desertion, Henry's story turns from "horror story" to "heroic story" when he receives his head wound (Miner 287).

Henry Fleming's initial encounter with the casualties of war occurs during the first skirmish with the enemy. Although he himself is unscathed, the lieutenant takes a shot in the hand. This wounding is of critical importance in the novel because Crane deals with the first reactions of a soldier who is wounded and the way that those around him act during a stressful occurrence. The narrator states that the lieutenant "held the wounded member carefully away from his side so that the blood would not drip upon his trousers" (194). Although it makes sense that he doesn't want to soil his uniform, there are deeper reasons why the lieutenant holds his hand away from his body. What

which Jonathan had written as a student for the Princeton literary magazine. Other pieces, such as temperance fiction by Crane's father and essays by Agnes, have never before been published.

In introducing each writer, Gullason speculates as to his or her influence on Stephen. Helpful as these speculations are, one at times may feel that a connection is rather far-fetched, as in the assertion that Stephen's "sense of loss" at Agnes's death led to his pursuing "her pristine image in cultured young ladies at Claverack College." These young objects of Crane's Claverack flirtations had little in common with Stephen's wallflower sister.

Gullason's selections of Jonathan Crane's writing frequently serve to show a gentler side to Stephen's father than might have been inferred from his books of religious instruction often cited by Crane biographers. The minister is represented by diverse pieces, ranging from poetry and college essays, to a previously unpublished temperance novella, to later essays and sermons. The sentimental dialogue and the didacticism of the novella may render it unpalatable for the modern reader. However, the nonfiction, especially the essays written during his ministerial career, provide insight into the irony and wit from the father of a writer acclaimed for those traits. To be sure, the minister's wit is sometimes almost buried within the ponderous prose, yet the reader never completely loses sight of warmth and humor. Even the temperance story occasionally rises above the earnest preaching into comedy, as when a drunken politician blunders through a speech.

The most intriguing of the book's three writers is Stephen's remarkable, complex mother, the equal of her husband in intelligence and ambition (and perhaps as contradictory in character as her son). Not willing to hide her leadership talents under a bushel, Helen Crane sought fulfillment in social causes, especially the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU).

Her devotion to temperance had, at the most, only a limited effect on her youngest and favorite son. However, as Gullason indicates, Stephen did inherit his mother's moral zeal. His fight against social evil stopped short of a crusade; however, especially in his early work, the fight against a society that tolerates poverty and hypocrisy is prominent.

Although Gullason reprints Helen's temperance pieces, he also provides evidence of her lighter side. He has done a commendable job of ferreting out humorous, dialectical monologues written under the pseudonyms of Jerusha Ann Stubbs and Hezekia Quidam. Perhaps overstating the case, he contends that Stephen was influenced by his

A Garland of Writings: Stephen Crane's Literary Family. **Ed. Thomas A. Gullason. Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 2002. xix, 257 pages, $26.95.**

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Any letters written by Stephen Crane as a child or adolescent are lost. In his adult letters, at least those which have been found, references to relatives are generally to his brothers and their families. As for his parents, the Reverend Jonathan Townley and Mary Helen Crane, the record has him writing little more than "Upon my mother's side, everybody as soon as he could walk, became a Methodist clergyman . . ." and "My father was also a clergyman of that church. . . . He was a great, fine, simple mind." If we discount a letter probably fabricated by Thomas Beer, he makes no mention at all of his sister Agnes. Nevertheless, his parents, as well as Agnes, must have been influential in the development of the child who became the writer Stephen Crane. At the very least, they provided the literary environment in which the young Stephen learned to respect books and the moral environment in which he learned to scorn hypocrisy. At the most, their influence may have determined the style and the themes that have come to be identified as Crane's.

In *Stephen Crane's Literary Family: A Garland of Writings*, Thomas A. Gullason shows connections between Stephen's writing and that of his parents and Agnes. All four Cranes, says Gullason, were "serious, critical, and compassionate, as well as ironic, witty, and humorous," qualities reflected in their writing. Gullason provides barely known, as well as previously unknown, works by both of Crane's parents and by Agnes. For those interested in Crane biography and in the workings of his mind, this book is a necessary supplement to the letters of Crane's parents at the University of Virginia and to the journals of Jonathan Townley and Agnes Crane.

The book's selections fall into three categories. Most, although published during the lifetimes of the writers, will be new to many Crane scholars. Included in this group are sermons and poetry by the Reverend Crane, temperance pieces and humorous sketches by Mary Helen Crane, and poetry by Agnes, as well as the valedictory address Agnes presented at Centenary Collegiate Institute. A second group is comprised of pieces which Gullason himself made available in earlier publications—short stories by Helen and Agnes and four essays and a poem

he does is to immediately isolate the body part as "other." It is no longer regarded as part of the whole person of the lieutenant. It is to be kept at a safe distance in order to be treated, understood, and marginalized. He, now, in sense, momentarily rejects his hand because it no longer contributes to the health of the remaining parts of his body. It could be said that he instinctually pushes away that which will harm him because it is now "abject" or "opposed to I," as Kristeva asserts (1). In terms of the wounded hand, then, it is "the jettisoned object" which is "radically excluded," drawing one "toward the place where meaning collapses" (Kristeva 2). If we agree with Kristeva, then, the bloody hand occupies the gap of undecidability between the binary oppositions of body and non-body or personal and non-personal. It is still part of the lieutenant but, in a way, not part of him because it is wounded and therefore, different. Yet, the hand is not dead, but not totally alive or in a state of health either. In this way, the wounded body, or part of the body, is related to the undecidability inherent in the ambiguity of the wound itself, both simultaneously alive and dead.

How the wound is treated by the surrounding soldiers is also indicative of the process one must go through in dealing with what one fears. Since the wound, fatal or not, is at the center of the deepest fears of the soldiers, it is understandable that they attempt to relate to it in some manner. As the captain binds the hand of the lieutenant, the men "disputed as to how the binding should be done" (194). It is critical that the soldiers talk about ways to rid themselves of the lieutenant's wound by covering it because we all need to talk about things we don't fully comprehend in order to attempt to come to grips with being confounded by the unimaginable. The lieutenant himself swears at his wound, which causes the men to "laugh nervously" but which also "relieved the tightened senses of the new men" (194). Most likely, to get past the horror of the sight of blood and the fear that one may be the next to die, the men release anxiety by laughing at curse words rather than at the wound itself. They are most likely glad that it's now covered and relieved that the lieutenant is still alive, as well as themselves.

A little later on, another man is injured with a shattered knee joint. Since the battle is becoming more chaotic now, the man "gripped the tree with both arms" and held on waiting for aid from his fellow soldiers (199). Facing serious disability, the man holds on to what is familiar and real to him because this wound is so incredibly abnormal. Nature is kind at times; it provides at the very least, momentary solace. The tree, then, represents the stability of nature and the injured

man's reliance upon it, which comes to signify the limits of a man in a hostile, wartime environment. One man's strength is just not enough to fend off the world's brutality. He needs others to make life more meaningful and more comfortable in war or in life.

This camaraderie that links the soldiers to one another through identification with the same event is evidenced in the figure of the tattered man who befriends Henry. Like the lieutenant whose hand is kept at a distance from the body, the tattered man has an arm wound "making that member dangle like a broken bough" (210). In this case, though, nature is used as a simile of disruption, with the arm being an appendage detached from its life source. The arm becomes a thing to be observed as if it has a life or death of its own, apart from the man. It no longer functions as it normally would, lifting, holding, or embracing. The idea of a body part not acting in accordance with normal expectations can be grotesque and odd, but nonetheless interesting. The more severely dissociated from its source, the more monstrous and fascinating the isolated body part becomes. It disconcerts the victim and its viewer in an exaggeration of the fate of wartime.

When Henry meets up with the tall soldier on his way back from his desertion, Jim has been shot. The narrator states "He reiterated this fact in a bewildered way, as if he did not know how it came about" (212). Again, here is an instance of wounds being so incomprehensible that they elicit a compulsive, repetitious narrative in an attempt to verbally sort out the fact of being wounded from the fiction that it could never happen to oneself. The need to repeat words in order to come to terms with magnanimous happenings is not an uncommon theme in literary works. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" tells his story of the albatross's revenge over and over again because it is such a fantastic and overwhelming experience to him. According to Freud, repetition compulsion "overrides the pleasure principle" (*Beyond* 24). He states that the "compulsion to repeat" could have something to do with experiences that bring no pleasure whatsoever (21). It is painful to remember what is repeated but "unpleasure for one system and simultaneously satisfaction for the other" (Freud, *Beyond* 21). In re- experiencing a painful time through repetition of it, one can, with distance, deal with it successfully (Freud, *Beyond* 21). In this light, then, Jim Conklin and other wounded soldiers repeat their agonies in order to put them in the past. But for Jim, his wound is fatal. He wants only to make sure that his body isn't run over by artillery wagons. As he dies, his body moves in "ritelike movements" as if he were having a religious experience (214). After he stiffens and bounces about, his

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erful work, but when looked at closely and carefully, it can sustain an even more intensive read. Utilizing the "wound" as the center of various theoretical debates stretches the limits of the book. If the wound is "undecidable" in its nature, then language, action, and the body can also follow a similar interpretation. The ideas that I have imposed as alternatives to the more historical interpretation of the novel can help to widen the sphere of approaches to it, and in doing so, render Crane's vision even more spectacular than it is. Fear, running, and returning, are ultimately, through the perspectives of deconstruction and disability studies, examples of universal experiences. Through these milestones, we come of age, but with the undecidability of the wound at the center, they take on the added significance of being cosmic uncertainties not only applicable to the hero/charlatan at war but also to all human beings living in perilous times.

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wound is described "as if it had been chewed by wolves" (215).

In this case, both the reader and Henry are acquainted with Jim's wound after death. The narrator here concentrates on the dignity in Jim's form of dying. The fact of the hidden nature of his wound could be juxtaposed against Henry's wound, which is about to be received. Henry inflates his own wound, which is neither fatal nor hidden, for the purposes of forging his own self-worth. Jim Conklin, on the other hand, doesn't need a wound to validate his being. He begins the novel with dignity and self-knowledge and ends his life similarly. He really had nothing to learn in the story, but he could be learned from. His side may be missing but he is of great importance to Henry and the tattered soldier.

Jim Conklin is a Christ-like figure, whose initials "J.C." are only a minute evocation of the Son of God (Stallman 135). The whole religiosity surrounding his death appears to be loosely based on the death of Christ. His movements of lurching, stretching, and heaving are reminiscent of what could be a crucified God. His side is ripped out, not unlike that of Jesus when "one of the soldiers pierced his side with a lance" (Luke 19.34-35). Jim even makes a "supreme" call on the way to his rendezvous with the next life (214). The "two watchers," who are the tattered solder and Henry, could even be accurate replacements for the two thieves on either side of the dying Christ: the tattered solder as the good thief who bravely bears his wounds and Henry, who doesn't really even incur a great wound but who steals all of the glory nonetheless (215).

The tattered man, who thinks that Henry is also a wounded victim of the war, asks him "Where yeh hit? (211). This causes Henry to stammer because he feels "that his shame could be viewed" (211). In other words, if a soldier is not visibly wounded in war, he must then feel like an outcast, apart from the group, desirous of disability. Henry, who is not yet wounded, may very possibly be a deserter. But no one knows that except Henry and the reader. At this point, he wishes that he too had a "red badge of courage" to offset the "letters of guilt" he feels within his head (212). Since, in this case, only a wound could overturn a word imprinted in the mind, Henry finally receives his wound from an angry, retreating comrade whose rifle "crushed upon the youth's head" (224). Henry, who is now fighting "in an intense battle with his body," experiences all of the physical enervation of a wounded soldier with one exception: this wound is tainted with uncertainty (224). Since an ally delivered it, is it a wound to boast of? Does Henry deserve a silver star for extraordinary bravery? Yes, the

wound is a red badge that might signify courage but what has he done to deserve the glory or compassion that comes with a wartime wound? We, as readers, are able to look more deeply into the meaning of Henry's badge. A wound is still a wound even if the circumstances surrounding it differ from what one might expect. There is still pain, blood, and suffering. What Henry now has is a visible award for the mental anguish he has undergone since the moment he ran away from battle. Since the wound is atypically acquired, Henry's heroism and the wound that sustains it are undecidable. Is he a hero who deserves validation and honor even though he abandons the battle scene and incurs a wound from the wrong side of a rifle? Perhaps he is. Or, is he a charlatan who never reveals the truth to anyone else about his real actions? Perhaps he is.

In a closer investigation of his reaction to this new marvel of an experience of being wounded, Henry touches the wound and stares at his bloody fingers. But what causes him terrific concern is the "new silence of his wound" (225). When it pains him, he can deal directly with it by not exciting it too much; when he feels no pain at all, but a silence, then the gap between sound and silence fills with fear and doubt. The soldier's faith is "Having known great things, to be content with silence," but, as of yet, Henry isn't content with much (Holmes 5). Will he die? What will he do next? Is this a real wound or just a scrape? Is he a hero? Who is he? Who does he want to be?

When Henry is finally escorted back to camp by the cheery solder, he says that he was shot in the head and separated from the regiment. Unknowingly truthful, the attending corporal states that the wound looks as if someone had clubbed him. A nasty headache will follow. Now, since Henry has hidden the truth of the wound, "he was still a man" (236). He becomes a courageous, overly zealous soldier who fights the enemy and has fought the enemy within himself. He gains new self-respect and is a model soldier to whom "new eyes were given" (247). The undecidability of the wounded body in Henry Fleming has allowed him to choose which code he wishes to follow, and it is indicative of a positive path: he will accept this wound as a "red badge of courage" and then he will be a courageous fellow (212). He will try to live up to the wound's assumptions of bravery, and he does.

Later on, during a respite, before Henry and Wilson look for water at the stream, they witness the wounded soldier Jimmie Rodgers, who is "shot through the body" (245). As they suddenly stop before his writhing, the wounded Jimmie "damned them" for their "instant's

hesitation" (246). What seems to anger Jimmie most then is the uncertainty of Henry and Wilson. Are they coming to help him or not? It is most disconcerting when people who are expected to be of aid when one is in a desperate situation decide that it's better to retreat. Their hesitation fills Jimmie's head with hopes that are then dashed as they abandon him. It is this moment of indecision, of not following through on a purpose of rescue, which infuriates Jimmie. This moment of indecision, though, is also ironically a moment of decision. They "halt as if they feared to go near" (246). They are no angels of mercy. But the wounded body brings with it many problems, especially that of stigma. Jimmie is stigmatized and marginalized as different, and he has entered the realm of undecidability. Yes, he is still human, but he is in a strange, ambiguous state, one that Henry and Wilson are not used to dealing with on a personal level. What can they do, especially since "it seems that what gives stigma its intensity and reality is fear" (Coleman 225)?

Similarly, when the color sergeant dies, Henry and Wilson do not go near him until he is dead. He clutches the flag tightly and they have difficulty wrenching it out of his hands because, although now dead, his body is still moving. This idea of a body that is dead but still stirring, as if alive, is uncanny. As "One arm swung high, the curved hand fell with heavy protest on the friend's unheeding shoulder" (253). So, is he alive or dead? Or is he somewhere in between in the gap of undecidability. Certainly he is dying, in a state of transition, with parts of his body still pumped with blood and nerves. It could be said that the color sergeant's flag is taken away from him as a kind of punishment for his "Corporeal departure from dominant expectations" and these departures never go unpunished (Thomson 7). After the color sergeant swings "in ludicrous and awful ways," Henry and Wilson pounce upon him, and punish him by removing the one thing that he lived for during the war—the flag (253). As "the curved hand fell with heavy protest," he dies not without exerting a final, physical plea for ownership of the flag that is "a symbol both for the group and for the superior individual" (Wolford 130). Henry then becomes his replacement as the new color- bearer, which helps to legitimate his newly found purpose of hero. It is only "after he hears his regiment denigrated, and realizes its ultimate insignificance" that Henry is healed (Holton 112). But only when he "puts on the garments of humility and loving kindness for his fellow men" does he then become a new man (Stallman 135).

Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* is really quite a pow-