

## A RED BADGE SIGNIFYING NOTHING

HENRY FLEMING'S CORPORATE SELF



During the winter of 1892-93, as the United States stumbled toward the worst economic crisis of its short existence, Stephen Crane passed the time between newspaper jobs lounging about the studio apartment of his artist friend Corwin Linson, reading *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. From that source he attained the information about the battle of Chancellorsville that became the setting for *The Red Badge of Courage*. Besides offering an intimate perspective on Crane's adopted Bohemianism, Linson's narrative of those lean days contains a curious and telling anecdote. It seems that an artist named Emile Stangé brought by a sketch of an ocean liner set against the skyline of New York City. Upon seeing the painting, Crane immediately entitled it, "The Sense of a City is War."<sup>1</sup> Aside from demonstrating the young writer's adroit ability to conjure up amazingly disparate images—an ability he displayed to Hamlin Garland, his sometimes mentor, by almost spontaneously creating poems<sup>2</sup>—what this incident also suggests is that far from functioning as a reified proving-ground for manhood, war served Crane as an encapsulating metaphor for modern culture, a culture identifiable by its constant conflict.<sup>3</sup>

I choose the word "reified" carefully, for critics have long noted the absence of political or historical context in *Red Badge*, indisputably the most examined of Crane's many war narratives. Narrated from a limited omniscient perspective focused on a New York farm boy, the novel exhibits no comprehension of the ideological and political conditions of the Civil War. Like many recent Vietnam narratives, the primary characters often appear driven by little more than a desire for survival. This myopic focus precludes the possibility of any recognition of a broader

context beyond the blinding smoke of the soldiers' rifles. Recently, however, scholars have begun to recover in Crane's narrative political issues pertinent to his own time, some thirty years after the war. This is not to say that those issues had previously been wholly ignored. Indeed, in order to grant Crane membership to the club of literary naturalists, critics have for years noted the loss of "individual virtue in a world that has become suddenly cruel and mechanical."<sup>4</sup> Likewise, another reader reminds us that rather than search for the novel's literary antecedents, we should remind ourselves that Crane learned "from American society itself what the feeling of war was like."<sup>5</sup> But on the whole, critical emphasis traditionally has tended to focus on analyses of Crane's aesthetics, only recently shifting to investigations of the novel as "Crane's response to the underlying violence, turmoil and savagery of post-Civil War America."<sup>6</sup>

In that vein, I intend to reinvest *Red Badge* with an ideological component by focusing on the entitling emblem, the badge Henry Fleming obtains in Chapter XII, at the exact midpoint of the book.<sup>7</sup> In the badge and its various assigned meanings reside the keys to understanding the book as an examination of competing ideologies of the American self, one of which—the corporate self—was becoming increasingly recognizable in Crane's time, as the appallingly violent American society reorganized itself along lines perfected by the modern corporation, which in turn derived from a military model, in a process Alan Trachtenberg identifies as cultural incorporation.<sup>8</sup>

Clearly the key moment in the novel is Fleming's wounding, an event that serves as a watershed in the book's action, neatly dividing the two days of the battle and, as we shall see, the two aspects of his personality. Equally clear is that the meaning assigned the wound by his associates is highly ironic. After running from the battle and observing its ebbs and flows, Fleming is wounded while trying to interrogate another soldier about why he is fleeing. The soldier answers with a rifle butt to his head. Almost immediately, the wound is misinterpreted as a sign of courage both by the nameless soldier who comes to Fleming's aid and by the comrades he previously deserted when he is reunited with them that evening. Now certainly, I am not the first to recognize the irony of the message pasted on Henry Fleming's brow. But what is not usually discussed is the location

of the wound. His is not a wound in the viscera like Jim Conklin's nor in a limb like the tattered soldier's, either of which could have served Crane's ironic purposes equally well. Instead, his wound is on his head, the site of reason, rationality, knowledge. Thus, the location of the wound is crucial to understanding the novel as an exploration of identity, specifically American identity. Moreover, a head wound strikes me as a particularly apt emblem for much of Crane's distinctive ironic vision, one which repeatedly turns on epistemological breakdowns, as characters misinterpret or fail to understand the signification swirling around them.

In the case of *Red Badge*, the wound signifies courage to its interpreters, but there is no courage in Fleming to be signified. That is what he lacked when he ran from battle. His red badge is, thus, a signifier with no signified—an empty signifier—hollow at its core. I contend that, like the message inscribed upon it, Fleming's head is metaphorically empty, that is, empty of the self-determining ability to reason and then act based on that reasoning. Thus, the blow to his head symbolically deprives Fleming of his prior conception of himself as an autonomous individual, a conception based on the full presence between one's thoughts and actions. In its place emerges a kind of corporate self, devoid of self-determination and dependent on submission to a hierarchical structure as a basis for action, thereby effectively functioning only when incorporated into a social body.

When seen as a rehearsal of competing ideologies of the self, Crane's novel strikes at the heart of the paradox of American identity. The myth of the autonomous individual making his solitary way through the wilderness was receiving its canonical induction in 1893 in Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis. Interestingly, Turner attempted to reconcile that myth with the other great American myth, democracy. But in recognizing the disappearance of the continental frontier, he implicitly questioned the future of democracy, though it is safe to say that the rugged individual continued his Westward progression through the wildernesses of Hawaii and the Philippines.

In truth, however, neither myth finally squares with the reality of American life. The self that has developed in the United States has been from the beginning corporate, one that finds its true individuality neither in autonomous self-

determination nor the collective will of a democratic people but through selfless submission to a hierarchically predetermined consensus. From Winthrop's demand that "wee must be knitt together in this worke as one man . . . as members of the same body" to Emerson's assertion that the unity of the Over-Soul is that "within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other" and "to which all right action is submission,"<sup>9</sup> the American self has been most itself through "individual obedience to the determination of larger or higher powers."<sup>10</sup>

By the Panic of 1893, the higher corporate powers to which many Americans were directly or obliquely obedient were explicitly economic in nature. Though its origins extend back into the early decades of the nineteenth century, the modern corporation is largely a product of the last thirty years of the century, roughly the time-span of Crane's life. Those years are characterized by dramatically uneven business cycles brought on at least partially by the rapid development of the modern corporation in its extended form.<sup>11</sup> As the etymological origin of the name indicates, the corporation is predicated on the union of individuals in an abstract human body, which relies on a mental/manual distinction between management and labor for its actual operations. Consequently, in a structure perfected by Frederick Taylor, laborers of necessity lose personal mental authorization for their physical labor. The corporate self is, thus, largely devoid of autonomy and independence and is bound up in the collectivized machinery of modern economic structures. No longer self-determining, it resides in a hierarchy of control, and, in a dark realization of the democratic ideal, it finds itself in a web of interdependency with other overdetermined selves.<sup>12</sup>

In the change that comes over Henry Fleming after he gains his red badge, Crane plays on these competing ideologies of selfhood and their divergent sites of individual determination. Early on he identifies the modern factors leading to the abridgment of self-determination when Fleming twice ponders the difference between his age and prior heroic ones. "Greeklike struggles would be no more," he reasons. "Men were better, or more timid. Secular and religious education had effaced the throat-grappling instinct, or else firm finance held in check the passions."<sup>13</sup> Clearly Crane identifies with the Victorian fear of flabbiness in his vision of an earlier era populated by men

possessed of "physical and emotional vitality."<sup>14</sup> But significantly, he locates the modern loss of vitality in the convergence of the hierarchical controls of education and religion. Moreover, his pun on firm finance—the "firm" grip on the individual by financial "firms"—also includes among the causes for degeneration modern economic structures, chiefly the corporation.

As this meditation indicates, Fleming's initial conception of himself is clearly romantic.<sup>15</sup> "Romantic," however, does not necessarily mean "heroic." In fact, by later identifying with the squirrel who scampers away from his missile, Fleming attempts to justify his cowardice by claiming that "Nature was of his mind" (41), clearly a romantic identification. Instead, the term refers to the belief that the individual's interiority is manifested in his external deeds or, in the semiotic language I earlier introduced, full presence exists between one's motivations and actions.<sup>16</sup> In the heroic era, Crane implies, full presence existed in individuals, but in the modern world the signifier no longer refers to a signified. Religion, education and business necessitate the absence of self-determination, replacing it with submission to authority. To be assimilated into the functioning corporate body, the individual must not act autonomously but instead look to his superiors for guidance.

From one perspective, recognizing Fleming's early romantic identity allows for a reading of the novel as a *Bildungsroman*, characterized by his shedding of youthful illusions in the face of actual war. Such a reading, however, must unironically accept the novel's closing assertion that, because he "had been to touch the great death, and found that, after all, it was but death" (109), he was now a man. And, of course, that very problematic conclusion has been for years a source of intense debate. But from another angle, acknowledging Fleming's initial romantic orientation can also lead to a puzzling question about the remarkably different personality he displays after his wound. Just exactly what kind of man did he become? A close examination of the text yields unexpected results.

In a realization of the personified structure by which the corporation is imagined, Crane repeatedly relies on bodily metaphors to describe the army. The opening sentence pictures "an army stretched out on the hills, resting" (5), and elsewhere it sits down "to think" (21). Later, the wounded streaming towards

the rear are the “flow of blood from the torn body of the brigade” (33), and the “sore joints of the regiment creaked” (35) as it prepares for another assault. Given the novel’s narrow perspective, such images are strikingly incongruous, for they assume a vantage point generally unavailable to Fleming. But they are quite consistent with the business metaphors Crane employs throughout—specifically those based on the head/body duality used to distinguish officers from enlisted men—which originate in the same corporate conception.

After the first Confederate attack, which leaves Fleming “grimy and dripping like a laborer in a foundry” (35), the slavelike soldiers “feel rebellion at [their master’s] harsh tasks” (35), yet a few pages later, a general observing the progress of the battle has “the appearance of a business man whose market is swinging up and down” (38). Likewise, war and its effects on the human body are often described in industrial metaphors. At one point the battle is like “the grinding of an immense and terrible machine” which Fleming desires to see “produce corpses” (43), and later as he falls in with the wounded, he notes that their “torn bodies expressed the awful machinery in which the men had been entangled” (45). Such metaphors unmistakably arise from Crane’s intimate knowledge of contemporary industrial horrors which he strikingly detailed in such journalistic accounts as “In the Depths of a Coal Mine.”

Significantly, the army on the first page must sit down before it can think. Otherwise, in moments of action, all thinking is done for it. The dilemma facing Fleming is that he cannot stop thinking, even in situations where he theoretically should let others think for him, a problem that leads to his vision of himself as different, unassimilated into the body of the army. Throughout the first half of the book, by far the most predominant verb Crane uses when characterizing Fleming is some form of “to think.” In her parting advice, his mother recognizes the potential for conflict and identifies its source:

“Don’t go a-thinkin’ you can lick the hull rebel army at the start, because yeh can’t. Yer just one little feller amongst a hull lot of others, and yeh’ve got to keep quiet an’ do what they tell yeh. I know how you are, Henry.” (8)

But he fails to perceive of himself as a corporate member in the army's body who allows others to do his thinking for him. On the contrary, the best he can achieve is feeling "a part of a vast blue demonstration" with one obligation: "to look out, as far as he could, for his personal comfort" (10). The abstractness of Fleming's "blue demonstration" stands in marked contrast with the otherwise personified army.

As his fears of running in battle mount, Fleming feels increasingly alienated. Orders to move bring about endless debates among his comrades concerning the regiment's impending action, but he, "considering himself separated from the others" (17), takes "no part in them" (16). Thinking of the other soldiers who little doubt their ability to follow orders in the heat of battle, he decides that he is "not formed for a soldier" (18). And in a telling recognition, Fleming sees himself as "a mental outcast" (19), who because of his romantic identity is unable to be assimilated into the corporate structure. As if to underscore Fleming's romanticism, Crane has him retreat to nature when his thoughts overwhelm him and he feels most alienated from his society, where, in a kind of pathetic fallacy, he perceives the mood of his surroundings to be "one of sympathy for himself in distress" (17).

Undoubtedly Crane exaggerates Fleming's inflated sense of self-importance for ironic effect. Fleming alone recognizes the danger lurking about the regiment as it approaches the battle. The generals "did not know what they were about," and his lieutenant "had no appreciation of fine minds" (23) such as his. And though his original intention was to step from the ranks and make an impassioned speech in order to alert his comrades to the imminent danger, he quietly assumes "the demeanor of one who knows that he is doomed alone to unwritten responsibilities," as he lags behind the rest, throwing "tragic glances at the sky" (23). Fleming's perception of himself as a tragic hero is preposterous but not unconnected to his romantic orientation. And despite the pleasure Crane obviously takes in exposing the absurd position of the romantic isolate, it must be noted that Fleming's inflated assessment of his self-worth only heightens his inability to function as a common foot soldier who must unquestioningly submit to the commands of his superiors. Fleming's romantic

character makes him mentally unprepared to function as an anonymous, submissive member of the vast body. Just exactly how unfit for soldiering he is becomes clear as he faces his first battle.

After digging in, his regiment is faced with the horror of observing other soundly defeated Union soldiers fleeing chaotically from the field. Fleming thinks that nothing could hold him in his place if he could have gotten "intelligent control of his legs" (29), but as his fear overwhelms his reasoning, it ironically leaves him welded in place. His impending loss of personal intellectual determination intensifies as he tries "to rally his faltering intellect" (30) and remember if he loaded his gun. Once the enemy is upon his line, however, he works "at his weapon like an automatic affair" (30), that is, without thought. In his loss of thought resides his ability to become momentarily "not a man but a member. . . . He was welded into a common personality" (30). The incongruity of Crane's image—the blend of machine ("welded") and human ("personality")—draws attention to the mechanical status of those who become members of this abstract body. But such a union results in Fleming's feeling a part of "the subtle battle brotherhood," that "mysterious fraternity born of the smoke and danger of death" (31). To emphasize the requisite loss of thought necessary to achieve this level of selflessness, Crane also resorts to animal metaphors to describe Fleming's actions. Thus, while fighting he is like "a pestered animal, a well-meaning cow worried by dogs," whose rage is like that "of a driven beast" (31). In an ambiguity typical of much of Crane's writing, selflessness borne in duress offers here the only apparent possibility for something approaching community, though achieving such a fraternity seemingly requires a thoughtless, beastly attitude on each individual's part.

Only after the first assault is repelled does Fleming awaken from his "battle sleep" (32), and, upon inspecting himself and finding that he has passed the initial test, he characteristically indulges in "an ecstasy of self-satisfaction" (34). But his reverie is short-lived, for the rebels immediately charge again. Thinking they must be "machines of steel" (36), a projection of his impending failure to remain welded into a common personality, Fleming fails to labor automatically and suppress his thoughts and fears. His desire for self-preservation overcomes his tempo-

rary fraternal concern, and, "shaken from his trance" (36) by the running of several men nearby, he drops his rifle and flees, deftly avoiding his lieutenant who stabs at him with his sword as he runs past.

Fleming's actions here are certainly less than heroic, but they are radically individualistic and are undoubtedly the external manifestation of some passion (for existence, primarily) originating within himself. In running from battle, he exercises his autonomy by acting on his own inner motivations, thereby defying those of his superiors in the process. In this way he is "a mental outcast" from the army, not because anything is defective in his ability to reason. On the contrary, that ability is his very problem, because a soldier who, like Fleming, stands at the bottom of the hierarchical scale of command must not think for himself. He must unthinkingly follow orders. And though it is tempting to see Fleming's flight as derived from instinct, Crane clearly equates his choice to flee with reason. Earlier, the lack of "intelligent" use of his legs kept him in place, and the moment he comes to consciousness after his battle sleep is the moment he runs. Instinct, the other of reason, is more closely identified with Fleming after his injury, when in the thick of battle he discovers within himself "the daring spirit of a savage" (103).

Immediately after running, Fleming rediscovers his prior self-satisfaction and wields it as a means of justifying his cowardice. He curses the gunners of a battery for being "Methodical idiots!" and "Machine-like fools!" (231), as they continue to work their guns automatically, with no thought of the impending doom he alone perceives. And even after hearing the general observing the battle shout that Fleming's regiment had held in the second assault, he launches into a rationalization originating in his misconstrued vision of himself as but "a little piece of the army" (39). In a twisted recitation of the conflict between the individual and the group informing his dilemma, he determines that if "none of the little pieces were wise enough to save themselves from the flurry of death" (39), there would be no army. From the individual's perspective, his reasoning rings true, but from a broader perspective, quite the opposite is equally true. Despite his mental machinations, his anger at his comrades for foolishly failing to run cannot finally overwhelm his personal shame.

He soon finds himself in line with the wounded soldiers staggering toward the rear. His growing shame is heightened when the tattered soldier asks the location of his wound, forcing Fleming to slink away from him. At this point, he begins to long for a badge of courage to cover the true message inscribed on his visage, "the letters of guilt he felt burned into his brow" (46). In fact, as he walks among the wounded, it is the absence of a badge that signifies his true status.<sup>17</sup> Like Dimmesdale, he feels certain that he "could not keep his crime concealed in his bosom" (53) and recognizes that the full presence of the message would eventually be readily apparent to all who saw him: "With his heart continually assuring him that he was despicable, he could not exist without making it, through his actions, apparent to all men" (57). The end result of such signification would be that among his comrades, he would be rendered "a slang phrase" (58). He realizes that what he must have in order to avoid further embarrassment is his own "red badge of courage" (46).

After standing by the tall soldier during his death dance, Fleming watches the battle from afar as he earlier had when, like the reified corporate laborer, he realized that his actions were but a small part in a much larger drama, a realization that should have deflated his ego and aided in a recognition of his insignificance. Such a recognition will eventually come to Fleming, but only after overhearing officers discuss the expendability of his regiment. But as he observes the melee he again dreams of his potential heroics, though at least now he is aware that "he was not like those others" (56) and would never be a hero, at least not given his current state of mind. His envy of the men rushing nobly into battle only reminds him of his separation from them. But then he gets his wish—his red badge—and his state of mind is literally changed. The blow is essentially a symbolic death for Fleming, who subsequently wanders "tall soldier fashion" (60) for some time.<sup>18</sup> And his new life is noticeably different from his earlier one. He still expects ridicule from his comrades despite his badge and, when reunited with them, weakly mentions he was shot in order to deflect their derision. But his story is accepted, despite the acute observation by the man investigating his wound that it looks like "some feller had lammed yeh on th' head with a club" (65).

On the second day of the battle, he fights in a dramatically altered manner. If before he was led to cowardly actions as a consequence of too much consciousness and too inflated a perception of himself and his reasoning capacities, after the wound he achieves seemingly heroic acts through a dearth of consciousness. As one critic notes, on the second day, "Physical action, for the most part, replaces psychological study."<sup>19</sup> Likewise, another critic remarks that in combat Fleming passes "into an absorptive trance in which he [is] conscious of little but perform[s] with intense automatism."<sup>20</sup> When his line is charged on the second day, he is "not conscious" (80) of himself as a person. In fact, at one point he falls down due to "the chaos of his brain" (80). Once that charge is repelled, Fleming is so unconscious that he continues firing long after his comrades around him have ceased, prompting his lieutenant to boast that "if I had ten thousand wild cats like you I could tear th' stomach outa this war in less'n a week" (81), quite an alteration from a day before when the same lieutenant attempted to halt Fleming's flight with a thrust from his sword. Unlike then, little or no thought now interferes with his automatic fighting. Far from being the defiant individual who, out of some inner stirring, ran from the battle, Fleming now epitomizes the automatic soldier, who, like the machine he resembles, must be turned off when the fighting is finished. With this loss of self-determination, he becomes beholden to his superiors for direction and can now work for the whole of the corporate body with little thought of self-preservation.

Later, when his regiment is called on to charge an enemy position, Fleming's eyes, "fixed in a lurid glare" (86), and his unkempt person result in his looking like "an insane soldier" (86). Crossing the opening between the woods, he is "unconsciously in advance" (86) of the reluctant regiment, though he attains a heightened awareness of the physical minutiae of the battlefield, save "why he was there" (87). Even as the color bearer, Fleming drifts into battle sleep, hearing "words coming unconsciously" (101) from himself as he observes the action unfolding around him. Eventually, when he and Wilson are singled out as the best fighters in the regiment, they receive the praise of the colonel who notes that "they deserve t' be major generals" (98). But what appears to be bravery is primarily blind obedience com-

bined with the "sublime absence of selfishness" (87). Fleming's actions no longer reflect his inner motivations but instead the dearth of them.

Only after the battle, as both armies withdraw from the field, does Fleming have a chance to reflect on what has happened and allow his mind to "resume its accustomed course of thought" (107). No longer caught in the terror of battle, "where many of his usual machines of reflection had been idle" (107), he credits himself with having become a man by performing nobly. But what kind of man? Can the assertion be taken as anything other than irony? Clearly, he no longer resembles his earlier idealized man of full presence, the man whose actions derive from his own interior drives and thoughts. Far from it. He is, at best, "an image of man diminished from that in 'Song of Myself' or 'Self-Reliance.'"<sup>21</sup> In comparison to those autonomous ideals, he has become, in a very real sense, a ghost of a man, an automaton, selflessly obeying orders and gratefully accepting his status as but a little piece in the vast military body. Surely, to call Fleming a man at the conclusion of the book is to recognize him as a corporate man.

All of this leads to rather unsettling conclusions. Though it is tempting to conclude that Crane unquestionably presents here a portrayal of the debilitating effects of the corporate self, such finally cannot be reasonably assumed. He appears to offer a critique of selfhood in both its autonomous and corporate forms, for what radical individualism fails to permit is a sense of community, connection with others, something Fleming ruefully ponders at the end of the book, particularly as he regrets his earlier refusal to minister to the tattered soldier. As is the case in "The Open Boat," Crane apparently embraces here the community available to a group of people brought together under dire circumstances. But significantly, becoming a functioning member of the corporate body in the case of *Red Badge* requires a veritable abnegation of self or, at the minimum, the suppression of self-determination. From this perspective, the closing assertion of Fleming's manhood appears not so much ironic as paradoxical: to become a man, one must give up that which makes one most a man. Each version of identity requires a certain loss, and in typical fashion, Crane never allows the tension between these ambiguities to be resolved.

Finally, this reading also broaches larger issues for Crane's entire work and, indeed, literary naturalism. The epistemological breakdown informing Fleming's transformation leads me to consider the book not, despite Crane's repeated avowals, as a realist tract but instead a bold statement of the naturalist ethos. The naturalist moment occurs when the reliability of surface meaning no longer inheres and is replaced by a deeper, more obscured process of signification, whether that be Darwinian biology, Freudian psychology, or Marxian economics. Realism depends on the empirical accuracy of the visual, but naturalism, by acknowledging the failure of that medium—think of the soft focus of Crane's celebrated impressionistic technique—searches beyond the visual for forces determining the actions of its confused characters. In *Red Badge*, the old systems of signification fail to mean. What appears to be a sign of courage is quite the opposite, and definitions of manhood are left in flux. To find meaning, Crane forces his readers to discard their received notions of manhood, bravery, and identity and search for meaning beneath the bloody rags binding Henry Fleming's wound. ☪

## NOTES

1. Corwin Knapp Linson, *My Stephen Crane*, Edwin Cady, ed. (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1958), 36-37.
2. James B. Colvert, *Stephen Crane* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1984), 56.
3. See Jay Martin, *Harvests of Change: American Literature 1865-1914* (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1967), 58; David Halliburton, *The Color of the Sky: A Study of Stephen Crane* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1989), 100-01; Robert Schulman, "The Red Badge and Social Violence: Crane's Myth of America," *Canadian Review of American Studies* 12 (1981): 1-19.
4. Frederick C. Crews, "Crane's Life and Times," *The Red Badge of Courage*, Donald Pizer, ed. (New York: W.W. Norton, 1976), 127.
5. Martin, 60.
6. Shulman, 1. Such critical investigations have largely been the work of the so-called new historicists, including Amy Kaplan, "The Spectacle of War in Crane's Revision of History," and Andrew Delbanco, "The American Stephen Crane: The Context of *The Red Badge of Courage*," both of which appeared in *New Essays on The Red Badge of Courage*, Lee

Clark Mitchell, ed. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986); Donald Pease, "Fear, Rage, and the Mistrials of Representation," in *American Realism: New Essays*, Eric J. Sundquist, ed. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1982). This perspective has recently been challenged by Terry Mulcaire in "Progressive Visions of War in *The Red Badge of Courage* and *The Principles of Scientific Management*," *American Quarterly* 43 (1991): 46-72 for failing to recognize Crane's realist aesthetic as a part of the progressive ideology of industrial capitalism.

7. Though many recent studies have relied on Henry Binder's reconstruction of Crane's manuscript drafts—*The Red Badge of Courage: An Episode of the American Civil War* (New York: Norton, 1982)—I choose as my text the 1895 Appleton edition, largely due to its ready availability and longstanding critical acceptance. If anything, however, the Binder edition only augments my reading, since much of what was omitted from the Appleton edition heightens the ironic treatment of Fleming, thereby rendering the *Bildungsroman* reading of the novel more problematic.

8. Alan Tachtenberg, *The Incorporation of America: Culture and Society in the Gilded Age* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1982), 3-7, 58, 100.

9. John Winthrop, "A Model of Christian Charity," *The Puritans*, Vol. 1, Perry Miller and Thomas H. Johnson, ed. (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), 198 and Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The Over-Soul," *Essays and Lectures*, Joel Porte, ed. (New York: Library of America, 1983), 385-86.

10. Frederick Newberry, "*The Red Badge of Courage* and *The Scarlet Letter*," *Arizona Quarterly* 38 (1982): 101-15.

11. Ray Ginger, *Age of Excess: The United States from 1877 to 1914*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1989), 45.

12. T.J. Jackson Lears, *No Place of Grace: Antimodernism and the Transformation of American Culture, 1880-1920* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1983), 17-18.

13. Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*, Donald Pizer, ed. (New York: W.W. Norton, 1976), 10. Subsequent references to this text are parenthetical.

14. Lears, 159.

15. Edwin Cady, *Stephen Crane*, Twayne's United States Authors Series 23 (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1962), 121.

16. M.H. Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp: Romantic Theory and the Critical Tradition* (New York: Oxford University Press, [1953] 1971), 48.

17. Halliburton, 99.

18. Cady, 120.

19. Newberry, 111.

20. Cady, 125.
21. Shulman, 15.