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“THE GILDED IMAGES OF MEMORY”

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE AND “THE VETERAN”



Stephen Crane assumed that the real experience of war is beyond expression or representation: that one is subject to one's own delusions, or the delusions of history, when faced with combat. *The Red Badge of Courage* may be read, therefore, as a reaction against prevailing views about war and the possibility of capturing its essence through rhetoric.

Crane's central character in *Red Badge* is essentially lost. Henry Fleming strives to impose meaning and text upon something that defies reification. Finding that all of the histories and traditional paradigms that he had been taught for making sense of battle are erroneous, Fleming goes through a crisis of existential proportions, discovering that the god of battles and glory is not in his heaven and that all is not right with the world. Fleming recovers his sense of equilibrium, however, when he imagines his own ending.

Traditionally, the short story “The Veteran,” written soon after the novel, has been seen as a sequel, and one that confirms Henry Fleming's moral vindication. But a re-consideration of the relationship of the story to the novel may show that “The Veteran” is rather a fiction of the young Fleming's imagination in his re-invention of himself. Henry creates a narrative thread from disparate elements in his very human need for narrative, in order to help him make sense of an activity that society falsely taught him had a narrative causality. He assumes that there must be causality to his experiences; he must matter. It is Henry Fleming's narrative that Crane presents in *Red Badge*, and “The Veteran” appears to be a daydream from within the context of the novel.

Not only does Crane consciously undermine the narrative tradition of battle writing, but he also intends for us to see Henry Fleming ironically. Much has been made over Henry Binder's reconstruction of the *Red Badge* manuscript and how Ripley Hitchcock of Appleton publishers prevailed upon Crane to delete large sections of the novel and thus make Henry a more conventional hero, emerging educated by events from a rite of passage.¹ But even with the Appleton changes, there is sufficient textual irony in the final edition to convict Henry of the moral perfidy that he himself fears he is guilty of. Like Ambrose Bierce's Captain Graffenreid ("One Officer, One Man"), Henry Fleming cannot bear to exist with the fear that others may think he is fearful. But Henry is able to re-write the experience to fit the need and emerge at the end victorious. Graffenreid cannot successfully revise his own text and consequently destroys himself (110-12).

If we were to imagine a conventional war romance, it might carry (as so many of them do) a plot like this: a young novice full of dreams goes off to war where he is profoundly disillusioned by combat and deserts his post; but having been educated and matured through the man-making fury of battle, he comes to find his courage and at the end, sadder but wiser, leads a charge or conducts some other act of heroism. He has passed through a rite of passage called war. Henry often imagines scenes from just such a story and writes himself into it: "In visions he had seen himself in many struggles. He had imagined peoples secure in the shadow of his eagle-eyed prowess," we are told in the opening chapter. "His busy mind had drawn for him large pictures extravagant in color, lurid with breathless deeds."² Later, he imagines this tableau:

Swift pictures of himself, apart, yet in himself, came to him—a blue desperate figure leading lurid charges with one knee forward and a broken blade high—a blue, determined figure standing before a crimson and steel assault, getting calmly killed on a high place before the eyes of all. He thought of the magnificent pathos of his dead body. (55)

This passage indicates that Henry, affected by the traditions of narratives and artistic representations, has tried to weave himself into the myths themselves.³

What Crane does in *Red Badge* is to take a situation that to another observer may appear to be a conventional war romance as I have outlined above and to look beneath the surface for the psychological drama. He thus reveals the craven heart of a "hero" who has not really been matured by events, which themselves have no apparent meaning beyond the narrative sequence and selection that the hero himself may impose upon them through hindsight. It is a burlesque of the conventional war tale. Crane is not re-writing the War; he is writing it. Or rather, Henry is writing it, since the battle's events have no inherent text until manipulated by his artifice. Having shaped, sometimes with violent soul wrenching, the story of his own behavior in the battle, Henry basks in the warmth of self-admiration:

Those performances which had been witnessed by his fellows marched now in wide purple and gold, having various deflections. They went gayly with music. It was a pleasure to watch these things. He spent delightful minutes viewing the gilded images of memory. (107)

The aesthetic aura with which he must imbue his memories reveals just how much they are products of art. It is memory enhanced. It is the result of contrivance, not of mere self-actualization.

Henry's dilemma is that he is looking for a narrative framework for the fight, much like the lurid tales and romantic pictures and stories with which he was familiar, one that would offer an interpretation of events. He wants some divine text, pronounced with scriptural authority and meaning in the grand, orderly march of history, a text that has a place for him in it. This is why, for instance, he is represented as hearing the guns "speaking" or having a "conference," or of the battle as "an eloquent being, describing" (43). Such language reveals a desire on Henry's part to read text and meaning into anything. He imagines that the events themselves are imbued with rhetorical sentience: they speak and reveal their meaning.

When Henry first happens upon the field, he expects "a battle scene." Instead of a carefully composed portrait, what he gets is a mass of seemingly incongruous and unrelated details:

There were some little fields girted and squeezed by a forest. Spread over the grass and in among the tree trunks, he could see knots and waving lines of skirmishers who were running hither and thither and firing at the landscape. A dark battle line lay upon a sunstruck clearing that gleamed orange in color. A flag fluttered. (22)

There is no apparent order or causality to the things Henry observes: men firing at apparently nothing, flags which indicate no special point or position, battle lines and skirmishers with no apparent logical relationship to each other. Even the syntax avoids establishing causal relationships (22). We note the expectation of a traditionally derived scene such as Copley, West, or Lentz might have painted.

This is why Henry's dominant impulse throughout his experiences is to invent a text where none exists. He finds an absence of the kind of traditional, gilded frame of text and significance he had expected. He cannot bear to face the logical end of realizing this absence, and therefore invents the text himself, not surprisingly with himself as the hero. Since he is the screenwriter as well as director, producer, and lead actor, he can manipulate events and shadows as his heart has need.

This rhetorical need to write a narrative which reflects his actions in a heroic light leads him to lie in order for his "little red badge of courage"⁴ to be his alibi when telling his comrades of the day's experiences. Note the distinctly melodramatic and therefore false tone of the revised story he offers to Wilson upon their reunion:

"Yes, yes. I've—I've had an awful time. I've been all over. Way over on th' right. Ter'ble fightin' over there. I had an awful time. I got separated from th' reg'ment. Over on th' right, I got shot. In th' head. I never see sech fightin'. Awful time. I

don't see how I could a' got separated from th' reg'ment. I got shot, too." (64)

Henry's normally laconic manner is missing here. The repetition, the lack of specific detail regarding his own actions, and the conventional phrases for eliciting sympathy (such as "had an awful time") all indicate a fabrication. Only Wilson, being so caught up in his newly found compassion for his fellow creatures, misses it. He also fails to notice Henry's mention of being shot the first time around, and so Henry repeats it, as if not sure himself. Crane means for us to see that Henry's speech betrays him, and that he is perfectly aware of the duplicity of his own narrative. Later, even his comrades perceive that he is overdoing it, and one of them chides Henry for his too-enthusiastic ranting over generals' incompetence: " 'Mebbe yeh think yeh fit th' hull battle yestirday, Fleming.' The speech pierced the youth" (76).

On the second day he begins rewriting the experience, recasting himself in a more sagacious role— or rather, he anticipates being able to rewrite it. Angered at the renewed enemy attacks, Henry muses: "For to-day he felt that he had earned opportunities for contemplative repose. He could have enjoyed portraying to uninitiated listeners various scenes at which he had been a witness or ably discussing the processes of war with other proved men" (78-79). Having classified himself with other "proved men," he contemplates his behavior in the fight:

Regarding it, he saw that it was fine, wild, and, in some ways, easy. He had been a tremendous figure, no doubt. By this struggle he had overcome obstacles which he had admitted to be mountains. They had fallen like paper peaks, and he was now what he called a hero. And he had not been aware of the process. He had slept and, awakening, found himself a knight. (81)

This passage reveals not only the process of constructing his heretofore unassumed heroism, but it also shows how heroism is, in Crane's aesthetic, a product not of deeds but of rhetoric and artifice. And here we have been specifically told that Henry's becoming a hero was not an act of his conscious will; hence, we

can assume that his acts on this second day of battle are no proof that he had grown or matured in any way. He becomes a hero in spite of himself, and certainly not by an exercise of moral will.

It is the final chapter of the novel that most clearly shows us the fullness of Henry Fleming's moral perfidy in Crane's eyes. Here we see how *Red Badge* is not so much a portrayal of Henry Fleming in battle as it is a portrayal of Henry Fleming's portrayal of himself in battle. It is the story of him writing his own story; we see him engaged in the narrative act of imposing order on the chaos of his perceptions:

Later he began to study his deeds, his failures, and his achievements. Thus, fresh from scenes where many of his usual machines of reflection had been idle, from where he had proceeded sheeplike, he struggled to marshal all his acts.

At last they marched before him clearly. From this present view point he was enabled to look upon them in spectator fashion and to criticize them with some correctness, for his new condition had already defeated certain sympathies. . . . He spent delightful minutes viewing the gilded images of memory.
(107)

That this memory is selective and embellished ("gilded") is clear. But the Binder manuscript, in one of the cut passages, casts these reflections of Henry's into a decidedly invidious light. The deletion has Wilson suddenly concerned for Jimmie Rogers, a comrade who had earlier threatened Wilson and later been shot in battle. Wilson is told that Jimmie Rogers is dead, to which Wilson, obviously grieved, responds with swearing. "But the youth, regarding his procession of memory, felt gleeful and unregretting, for, in it, his public deeds were paraded in great and shining prominence" (ms. 106). It is less than accurate to say, as some critics have done, that Henry is gleeful at Jimmie Rogers' death specifically, but he is clearly unmindful of it and so blinded by the splendor of his own creation that he can feel no compassion for others. His glorious deeds in the fight have only heightened this sense of his own importance.

Following this, the narrator informs us: "He saw that he was good. He recalled with a thrill of joy the respectful comments of his fellows upon his conduct" (107). We hear again hints of the narrator's sarcasm in this. However, the memory of the tattered man, the abandonment, also appears to torment his guilty conscience. Wilson's solicitude for Jimmie Rogers who had hated Wilson, contrasting with Henry's own desertion of the tattered man who had shown kindness to him, must have rankled. This "vision of cruelty" hangs over him like a pall and "darkened his view of these deeds in purple and gold. Whichever way his thoughts turned they were followed by the somber phantom of the desertion in the fields" (108). In the Appleton published version, however, the text tells us with no explanation that suddenly "he mustered force to put the sin at a distance," and that "his eyes seemed to be opened to some new ways." New ways of what? Of continuing his narrative of Henry Fleming, Hero? Perhaps. But the manuscript provides the missing piece of what the new ways are, and how he rationalizes his cruelty to the tattered man:

At last, he concluded that he saw in it quaint uses. . . . It would become a good part of him. He would have upon him often the consciousness of a great mistake. And he would be taught to deal gently and with care. He would be a man. (ms. 108)

There is a savage and yet subtle irony here, aside from the clearly ironic tone of the last sentence. Henry has decided that this sin will be of great advantage to him, providing him with some flaw or error that will give him a sobering, and humanizing influence, as if he would shine too brightly without it and rise too high. There is a distinct note of hubris in his magnanimous acceptance of this humility; even now, he assumes an egotistical stance and attributes his humility to his greatness of soul.

The question still remains as to whether Henry redeems himself. He is like Conrad's Lord Jim in that we suspect, at the end of the novel, that he will forever feel the inadequacy of his constructions on his experiences: the few weeds growing in the corners of his self-made world. He will forever search for a way to prove himself. We have noted Henry's reluctance to allow

anything to interrupt the outcome of his conventional rite-of-passage tale. And what is that outcome? What future does he narrate for himself during his experiences? For he certainly does write his future as well as his present.

Many critics have mentioned the short story "The Veteran," but few have examined closely its relationship to *Red Badge*. It is not merely a sequel. The story, part of Crane's *The Little Regiment* collection of Civil War stories, is an oddity in Crane's writing. The book itself, also published by Appleton, was obviously put together in an attempt to capitalize on the success of *Red Badge*. Ripley Hitchcock was also the editor for this book. According to James Colvert, the stories were begun almost immediately after *Red Badge* came out in late 1895, and were published a year later.⁵ But we know that most of the stories, including "The Veteran," were written by the end of February 1896 (Colvert xiv). James Colvert offers this assessment of the collection:

When *The Little Regiment* appeared in 1896, the reviewers almost unanimously declared it to be an expedient repetition of *The Red Badge*, a view largely echoed by historians up to our own time. The general opinion, then and now, is that it is also decidedly inferior to the novel, which it undoubtedly is. It was written grudgingly and apparently against what Crane took to be his artistic conscience. And it is repetitious, though chiefly in the sense that it draws heavily upon the system of rhetoric and symbolism of *The Red Badge*. (xxiii)

But in fundamental ways, these stories are not at all like *Red Badge*. For one thing, the philosophical underpinnings are different. They appear to be written for the middle-class reading public for which Crane had some contempt. They all have either an upbeat or comical ending. There is none of the existential bleakness that we find in *Maggie* or *Red Badge*. One story, "Three Miraculous Soldiers," tells of a determined Southern girl, who, having helped several Southern soldiers escape their Yankee captors from her own barn, is distraught over the Yankee sentry that was hurt in the escape. The sentry turns out to be all right, and one of the

Yankees expresses surprise at her zeal for the life of an enemy. Another Yankee rejoins, "War changes many things; but it doesn't change everything, thank God!"⁶ This is an ending calculated to please the reading public at the time. It also goes decidedly against the grain of Crane's views on war's meaninglessness in *Red Badge*. "A Gray Sleeve" uses a conventional plot of the Northern soldier falling in love with a Southern belle. In "A Mystery of Heroism," a soldier named Collins risks his life to get water for his comrades under fire, and returns a hero, but with the bucket empty. "An Indiana Campaign" shows rustic country folk who mistake a homeward-bound drunk for a marauding Rebel. Even "The Little Regiment" tells of two rough-hewn and quarrelsome brothers who cannot hide the love they have for each other. All of these characters have some nobility of soul.

But in "The Veteran," we have the supposed redemption of Henry Fleming, where he, a man of experience respected by the community, runs into the barn and sacrifices his life to save some colts. The conventional reading of this story is that this is Henry Fleming grown old, apparently reconciled with his past, and yet making one last heroic gesture to vindicate his youthful indiscretions. But such a reading does not satisfy if we consider the novel to be open-ended, and that Henry has not in fact undergone any growth in his baptism of fire in battle as a youth. Why the change in the intervening years? It could be, rather, that "The Veteran" is the text of the young Henry Fleming's fantasy, a day-dream, about how his future as a hero will be, utilizing his sin to advantage. Perhaps this story is a fiction from the mind of the youthful Henry in *Red Badge*, from the novel's time.

In the text of *Red Badge*, the youth is continually worried about his future reputation in the community. His rather superficial concerns are not with how he feels about his soul but what others think of his actions. After his flight, while wishing for the army's defeat, he contemplates his future at home:

A moral vindication was regarded by the youth as a very important thing. Without salve, he could not, he thought, wear the sore badge of his dishonor through life. With his heart continually assuring him that he was despicable, he could not exist with-

out making it, through his actions, apparent to all men. (57)

Later, his thoughts of the future are more specific, and in revising the future he imagines for himself a place of honor and veneration in the community. After he supposes that he is now a man of experience, now wearing the red badge, he decides not to torment Wilson with the little packet of letters. Counting it as a "generous thing" that he spares his friend's feelings, and feeling the consequent glow of self-approbation, he muses:

After this incident, and as he reviewed the battle pictures he had seen, he felt quite competent to return home and make the hearts of the people glow with stories of war. He could see himself in a room of warm tints telling tales to listeners. He could exhibit laurels. They were insignificant; still, in a district where laurels were infrequent, they might shine.

He saw his gaping audience picturing him as the central figure in blazing scenes. (74)

It is here, perhaps, that he dreams "The Veteran." The title "The Veteran" is a bit pretentious from Crane's point of view when we consider the ironic portrayal of Henry's service in the novel. But if Henry himself is the narrator for this story, then we expect him to devise a title such as this. This daydream recurs in the novel later:

There had been many adventures. For to-day he felt that he had earned opportunities for contemplative repose. He could have enjoyed portraying to uninitiated listeners various scenes at which he had been a witness or ably discussing the processes of war with other proved men. (78-79)

The distinct irony of "proved" at this point undercuts his projected authority as one who has looked upon the face of battles and may interpret for the dull and common masses.

The story of "The Veteran" itself is an unlikely one for Crane to have written. The opening scene is one of pastoral and rustic simplicity:

Out of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow that was resplendent in springtime green. Farther away, the old, dismal belfry of the village church loomed over the pines. A horse meditating in the shade of one of the hickories lazily swished his tail. The warm sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the floor of the grocery.⁷

This is more like the description of a scene in a genre painting and not at all like Crane's usual impressionistic technique. What follows is a line from one of the townsfolk gathered in the general store—a line so romantically trite and obsequiously fawning as to have come from the self-congratulatory imagination of the young Henry Fleming himself: "Could you see the whites of their eyes?" said the man who was seated on a soap box." Old Henry Fleming, the object of the question, obviously relishes the occasion, since it offers an opportunity to debunk the romantic notions of the uninitiated. "Nothing of the kind," replied old Henry warmly. "Just a lot of flitting figures, and I let go at where they 'peared to be the thickest. Bang!" (LR 185).

Following this, we may observe that the lines and manners of the characters are calculated and rehearsed, as it were, so as to contrast sharply with the impressionistic disjointedness of Crane's novel style. Perhaps Crane wants us to see this text as more contrived: not realistic, but the product of a romantic imagination:

"Mr. Fleming," said the grocer—his deferential voice expressed somehow the old man's exact social weight—"Mr. Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battles, was you?"

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing his manner, the entire group tittered. (LR 186)

This gesture by old Fleming strikes us as especially contrived, and performed with a studied sense of timing; it certainly brings about the desired effect on his listeners. " 'Well, I guess I was,' he answered finally. 'Pretty well scared, sometimes. Why, in my first battle I thought the sky was falling down. I thought the world was coming to an end. You bet I was scared' " (*LR* 186). His responses are vague and conventional. They are also not accurate: we never get the sense from Henry's consciousness in *Red Badge* that the world is coming to an end, nor that the sky is falling (although the audience misses the allusion to *Chicken Little*). But these clichés are more expedient than telling what he really felt. The crowd's response to this practiced confession is predictable:

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them that a man should admit the thing, and in the tone of their laughter there was probably more admiration than if old Fleming had declared that he had always been a lion. (*LR* 186)

Something sounds familiar in this passage: an allusion to Henry's rationalization of his craven flight and abandonment of the tattered man. In deleted portions of the last chapter in the *Red Badge* manuscript, Henry is in a quandary as to how to reconcile his abandonment of the tattered man. Then he considers the possible "quaint uses" of such a flaw:

He exclaimed that its importance on the aftertime would be great to him if it even succeeded in hindering the workings of his egotism. It would make a sobering balance. It would become a good part of him. He would have upon him the consciousness of a great mistake. And he would be taught to deal gently and with care. He would be a man. (*Red Badge* ms. 108)

If we see "The Veteran" as one of Henry's daydreams on the field of battle during *Red Badge*, then we can see the story as a prescribed "utilization of a sin" which will make his war stories more credible and endow him with a certain pathos conducive to

the telling of stories. It endears him to his listeners as being more human in his flawed greatness. He weighs it for its dramatic effect.

Immediately following old Henry's confession of fear comes the crowd's reaction:

Moreover, they knew that he [Fleming] had ranked as an orderly sergeant, and so their opinion of his heroism was fixed. None, to be sure, knew how an orderly sergeant ranked, but then it was understood to be somewhere just shy of a major general's stars. (LR 186-87)

We recall how Henry had mused over and over in the novel about his colonel's declaring that Henry (and Wilson, whom Henry leaves out of the picture in his memory) deserved to be made major generals. Henry Fleming, young or old, could not have scripted better his neighbors' opinions of his bravery than if he had written them himself, which leads us to believe that he did. Crane wrote this story as if it were Henry himself as his own narrator constructing his ideal future.

The ending of the story has all of the elements for a conventional battle narrative with Old Fleming as the hero. The barn catches fire, and the old man becomes a machine of action. The fight to put it out and rescue the livestock is cast in terms of a battle, as, for instance, a tongue of flame leaps up the wall from a corner of the opened barn doors: "It was glad, terrible, this single flame, like the wild banner of deadly and triumphant foes" (LR 192). As in the battle of his youth, Henry leaps at the taunting of that enemy banner. He plunges headlong into the barn, cuts loose the horses, and re-emerges with his hair singed away and his clothes on fire. Note the drama of the prose, as when we hear "the terrible chorus of the flames, laden with tones of hate and death, a hymn of wonderful ferocity" (LR 193). His hip is smashed, yet he runs around to the basement to get the cows out. In the process, he saves his hired man the Swede. Then, on top of all this, he runs back in once more to save the colts. The prose of this section is so stilted as to shock any reader familiar with Crane into recognizing the stock, conventional devices such as one finds in popular fiction. Note the

precision of expression and completion of thought that is not usually a mark of Crane characters' dialogue, especially in times of alarm:

It was true; they had forgotten the two colts in the box stalls at the back of the barn. "Boys," he said, "I must try to get 'em out." They clamoured about him then, afraid for him, afraid of what they should see. Then they talked wildly each to each. "Why, it's sure death!" "He would never get out!" "Why, it's suicide for a man to go in there!" Old Fleming stared absent-mindedly at the open doors. "The poor little things!" he said. He rushed into the barn. (LR 196)

The triteness of the men's expressions, combined with the melodrama of the scene, may very well belie a subtler purpose. One is reluctant to imagine Crane purposely writing such stuff and intending it to be serious fiction. The last paragraph is sentimental to a fault, and makes self-conscious reference to his sense of guilt from his battle as a youth. This time he does not abandon those who are helpless; and then, he loses his life finely:

When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky, as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genie of fable. The smoke was tinted rosehue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to daunt the color of this soul. (LR 196)

If we can imagine Henry himself dreaming this epic-like ending—when he is old and therefore ready—we can recall once again from the novel when he "thought of the magnificent pathos of his dead body" (55). Rather than a vindication of Henry's courage, as might be believed by those who see *Red Badge* as an initiation tale, this story is more likely a grand deception: the youth Henry Fleming imagining his final vindication. The old Henry Fleming may not be so much a product of Stephen Crane's imagination as of Henry Fleming's.

Red Badge, like Ambrose Bierce's stories, is about the failure of language to deal with the experience of war. Traditional structures—text, narrative, romance, conventional codes of conduct—break down in the face of combat. To impose a structure upon it is to acknowledge its apparent formlessness, and thus invalidate one's own narrative. It is as if Crane agrees with Whitman that the War is yet unwritten because it is the nature of the thing to resist codification and reification. ☞

NOTES

1. All references to the Binder manuscript shall be indicated with "ms." and the page number citation. I intend to make use of the manuscript to illustrate and develop irony and tones already present in the Appleton version of the novel, without attempting to resolve the controversy over the validity of Binder's contention that the manuscript is the true novel as Crane intended it. See also, Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage: An Episode of the American Civil War*, Henry Binder, ed. (New York: W.W. Norton, [1894] 1979) and Henry Binder's article in that volume, "The *Red Badge of Courage* Nobody Knows," 111-58.
2. Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*, Sculley Bradley, Richmond Croom Beatty, E. Hudson Long, and Donald Pizer, eds., 2nd Norton Critical Edition (New York: W.W. Norton, 1976) 7. Subsequent references to this text are parenthetical.
3. One recalls the traditional battle paintings that were so popular during the nineteenth century. Crane was likely influenced here by the numerous battle paintings of the Civil War which, in his day, were stock fare at museums. In his *Traces of War*, a study on art and literature in the War, Timothy Sweet makes a case for the people wanting an art and "literature that made ideological reference to the war, in order to explain and justify its horrors." Timothy Sweet. *Traces of War: Poetry, Photography, and the Crisis of the Union*. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins, 1990), 5.
4. The word "little" was excised during the Appleton revisions, no doubt because it clearly diminishes the wound, as well as belittles Henry's motives for wishing he had one. Parker points out, tellingly, that leaving in the word "little" would have made the title more blatantly ironic, and more clearly put Henry Fleming in the position of wanting a wound "big and bloody enough to impress his fellows (and not, any reader would understand, big enough to hurt much)." Hershel Parker, "Getting Used to the 'Original Form' of *The Red Badge of*

Courage," *New Essays on The Red Badge of Courage*, Lee Clark Mitchell, ed. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986), 36.

5. James Colvert, Introduction, *Tales of War*, Stephen Crane, Vol. 6 of The University of Virginia Edition of *The Works of Stephen Crane*, Fredson Bowers, ed. (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1970), xiv.

6. Stephen Crane, *The Little Regiment and Other Episodes of the American Civil War* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1896), 185. Subsequent references to this text are parenthetical, indicated by "LR."

7. Coming so hard on the heels of *Red Badge*, the sequel effect of "The Veteran" would hardly have been lost on Crane, who, although an artist, reveals himself often to be more concerned with the salability of his writing than some might suppose.