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AN ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS OF Michael J. O'Bryant for the Master of Arts in English presented July 27, 1978.

Title: Stephen Crane's Ironic Vision.

APPROVED BY MEMBERS OF THE THESIS COMMITTEE:

Robert Tuttle, Chairman

James Hart

Philip Ford

Stephen Crane's major irony in his art is produced by contrasting his characters' illusions with reality. In Maggie that reality is an environmental indifference that is very much like the deterministic environment of the Naturalistic Novelists. Maggie's perceptions and expectations contrast with this reality, seeming very ironic. In The Red Badge of Courage, "The Open Boat," and "The Blue Hotel," each character's illusion is contrasted with a reality that is absolutely indifferent. It is in these works (as well as in his letters and poetry) that Crane affirms man's need to embrace those illusions which enable him to face reality. The contrast between illusion and reality still generates irony, yet, Crane accepts the irony as a fact of life in an ironic universe.

STEPHEN CRANE'S IRONIC VISION

by

MICHAEL JOSEPH O'BRYANT

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of

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in
ENGLISH

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1978

TO THE OFFICE OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The members of the committee approve the thesis of
Michael Joseph O'Bryant presented July 27, 1978

Robert Tuttle, Chairman

James Hart

Philip Ford

APPROVED:

Frederick O. Waller, Head, Dept. of English

Stanley E. Rauch, Dean of Graduate Studies and Research

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Stephen Crane's ironic vision is unusual in its lack of malice toward the characters. Although he mocks them and their illusions in the ironic tradition, ultimately, he affirms their choice to embrace those illusions which will enable them to survive. Rather than face an indifferent and, many times, harsh reality, his characters choose their own illusions. The result of this choice may be tragic, as in Maggie and "The Blue Hotel"; the result may be illusory growth, as in The Red Badge of Courage; or that choice may be for self-serving reasons, as in the last section of "The Blue Hotel." Whatever the outcome, the major contrast is always between the character's illusion and the reality of an indifferent environment. It is this contrast that is the source of Crane's irony. The contrast does not just contribute to a mockery of character, as Joseph X. Brennan would have us believe, but to a philosophy, a way of perceiving our human destiny. Crane's irony, then is not generated out of an ironic structure as much as it is out of the ironist's mataphysical view. In The Compass of Irony, D.C. Muecke says that modern irony is "much less often a rhetorical or dramatic strategy which they [the ironists] may or may not decide to employ and much more often a mode

of thought silently imposed upon them by the general tendency of the times."² There is, as Muecke claims, a trend in all serious modern literature toward the ironic view. Only popular literature is "predominantly non ironical."³

To show how Crane's irony works, I think it best to start with some definitions of irony and, then, to work toward a definition of how Crane uses irony in his own art.

I will bypass verbal irony, a simple form in which "the implicit meaning intended by the speaker differs from that which he ^{经过(不)说} ostensibly asserts."⁴ Crane uses this form of irony sparingly. ¹⁷ ¹⁷ ¹⁷ Moreover, any definition must begin by remembering that ¹⁷ ¹⁷ ¹⁷ "irony, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder and is not a quality inherent in any remark, event or situation."⁵ In other words, irony is a mode of perception, not a quality of events. ¹⁷ ¹⁷ ¹⁷

In defining irony, it is best, first, to go back to Greek drama. A.R. Thompson, in The Dry Mock, defines Sophoclean irony in this way: "when a speaker is made to use words bearing to the audience, in addition to his own meaning, a further and ¹⁷ ¹⁷ ¹⁷ ominous sense, hidden from himself, and usually from the other person on stage."⁶ This can especially be seen in what Thompson calls "irony of events" (another name for dramatic irony), which occurs when "chance or fate in real life, the author in fiction, makes the outcome ¹⁷ ¹⁷ ¹⁷ incongruous to the expectation, with painfully comic effect."⁷ It "is a device . . . which uses contrasts

as its means. Its essential feature is a discrepancy or incongruity between expression and meaning, appearance and reality, or expectation and event."⁸

D.C. Muecke gets much closer to the irony of Crane when he describes what he feels to be the essential elements of ironic expression. He says that irony is a "double-layered or two story phenomenon."⁹ There is a lower level, or the situation as it appears to the victim, and an upper level, or the situation as it appears to the observer, or to the ironist. Irony is created by an opposition of some kind (contradiction, incongruity, or incompatibility) between these two levels. This is simple irony. Double irony includes, in addition to the simple form, "a more obvious opposition within the lower level."¹⁰ In addition, except in sarcasm or very overt irony, there must be an element of innocence. In fact, irony can be made more or less striking by the degree of stress on character innocence. The method of the ironist, then is to place something, "without comment, in whatever context will invalidate it or correct it; to see something as ironic is to see it in such a context."¹¹

All the elements of irony that Muecke lays out are present, to some degree, in Crane. There is always the two-leveled situation: man and his illusions inhabit the lower level; the upper level is occupied, not by a God, but by environmental, or natural indifference. Maggie's

illusions (lower level) contrast with Crane's perception of Bowery environment (upper level). In "The Blue Hotel," man's illusions (the comfortable and safe interior of the Palace Hotel) contrast with the narrator's image of the cold and ^{whirling} environment. In "The Blue Hotel," in addition to simple irony, Crane also uses double irony in which one character's illusion is contrasted with another's. The Swede is convinced that he will find his death in Fort Romper (a lower level illusion). However, Scully argues that Romper is no longer a part of the wild West, that, in fact, Romper will soon become a "met-tro-pol-is"¹² (another lower level illusion). In light of Scully's argument, the Swede's beliefs appear ironic. But this all happens on the lower level of experience. On the upper level, or the level of reality as the author presents it, the Swede is killed in Fort Romper. Crane's use of irony is especially complex in this story. I will deal with it more fully later.

Crane's ironic intent, however, differs slightly from Muecke's definition. I don't believe that Crane intends to "invalidate" or to "correct," but, rather, he intends to show his character's illusions in the perspective of environmental indifference. From this perspective, man's illusions are clearly just that -- illusions. However, while Crane asks the observer to see the incongruities, he also asks that those incongruities be accepted as a necessary part of life. Morton Gurewitch, in European

Romantic Irony, says that "irony entails hypersensitivity to a universe permanently out of joint and unfailingly grotesque. The ironist does not pretend to cure such a universe or to solve its mysteries."¹³ Nor does Crane pretend to such a cure or solution. Without offering answers or judgements, Crane reflects the ironic view by contrasting the illusions of his characters with reality. This view is first a recognition and then an acceptance of the human condition.

Muecke comments on these ironies that are not corrective (like Crane's) by saying that they are "both more 'philosophical' because their subject matter is frequently the basic contradictions of human nature and the human condition, more modern because they are more self-conscious, more tentative (lacking the element of resolution)"¹⁴ "More tentative" is particularly appropriate to Crane. This lack of resolution, places a burden of thought and interpretation upon the observer. The extent of Henry Fleming's psychic progress is never resolved as, in The Red Badge of Courage, he marches away under the influence of yet another illusion. In "The Blue Hotel," Crane offers two endings and one resolution. But that one resolution, which is offered by the Easterner, is absurd. "The Open Boat" ends with the men on the shore feeling "that they could then be interpreters."¹⁵ Yet, that still leaves both the characters and the observer with

the problem of interpretation.

However, despite the lack of resolution, Crane does not intend to leave the reader with a sense of despair. His irony is not a "reductio ad absurdum." Some hope, or some alternative to total nihilism is offered. By contrasting Jimmie with Maggie, Crane implies that a correct perception of reality at least allows one to survive. Henry Fleming undergoes some positive transformation of character. It would be pretentious, however, to see a pattern of psychic rebirth in Henry's adventures, as does R.W. Stallman.¹⁶ The correspondent, in "The Open Boat," discovers insights into man's existence in an indifferent universe. In addition, he seems to find value in the comradeship experienced while in the boat. Perceiving existence ironically, Crane advises us to cling to our illusions, because, as the Easterner discovers, those illusions are necessary to our survival.

CHAPTER II-A

LETTERS

Jerre G. Mangione, in the May, 1930, Chap Book, says Stephen Crane "could not refer to his own life without suggesting a tense struggle going on within himself."¹ Stallman says that this struggle is "between uncompromising realities and deeply rooted ideals, one which filled Crane's soul with irony and despair."² These statements characterize both Crane's letters and his fiction. However, Crane gives only brief glimpses in his art of the despair which, many times, is the companion of an ironic vision. His characters, faced with these brief glimpses, quickly adopt an insulating illusion. For example, the Easterner, in "The Blue Hotel," realizes during the fight that the natural environment, with its freezing wind and swirling snow, is about to possess him. He feels indifferent about the fighters, and, to escape imminent despair, he goes quickly into the hotel to "embrace" the hot stove. With this act, the Easterner embraces an illusion which protects, or insulates, him from the indifferent reality of the environment. Even in his letters Crane has said that "I am doomed, I suppose to a lonely existence of futile dreams." However, before despair is able to take possession of him, he says that his lonely existence "has made me better, it has

widened my comprehension of people and my sympathy with whatever they endure."³ This positive attitude makes Crane's irony unusual. His ironic vision includes sympathy both with the world and with his characters. He may mock his characters, as Brennen asserts,⁴ but he does so with the sympathy of a man who does not expect his characters, nor the world, to be either perfect, or in harmony.

Crane spent his life (as short as it was) trying to resolve the disparity that he saw between the realities of the world and the illusions that men are driven to embrace. His view is that man cannot live his life expecting the natural environment to sympathize with his designs. Nor can he expect, like Henry Fleming in The Red Badge of Courage, to find a meaning in nature which will enable him to face life. Any man who expects this from the world will always look up, surprised, from his own struggles to see an indifferent blue sky.

From a very early age, Crane learned never to be surprised by the ironies and disappointments of life. Though he said that he "was always looking forward to success," his "first great disappointment was in the reception of 'Maggie, a Girl of the Streets.' I remember how I looked forward to its publication, and pictured the sensation I thought it would make. It fell flat. Nobody seemed to notice it or care for it."⁵ The illusions that

Crane had about his immediate success were brutally destroyed by the indifference of the reading public. However, Crane soon found the success he sought with the serialization and subsequent publication of The Red Badge of Courage. Fame, success, and the recognition of his genius were immediate. But, from this recognition, he learned an important fact about success. Writing about The Red Badge of Courage, he says:

Now that it is published and the people seem to like it I suppose I ought to be satisfied, but somehow I am not as happy as I was in the uncertain, happy-go-lucky newspaper writing days. I used to dream continually of success then. Now that I have achieved it in some measure it seems like mere flimsy paper.⁶

The success he achieved proved to be merely an illusion.

In a letter to Nellie Crouse, Crane expresses his thoughts about life stripped bare of illusions, and then he adds his own illusion:

For my own part, I am minded to die in my thirty-fifth year. I think that is all I care to stand. I don't like to make wise remarks on the aspects of life but I say that it doesn't strike me as particularly worth the trouble. The final wall of the wise man's thought however is Human Kindness of course. If the road of disappointment, grief, pessimism, is followed far enough, it will arrive there. Pessimism itself is only a little, little way, and moreover it is ridiculously cheap. The cynical mind is an uneducated thing. Therefore do I strive to be as kind and as just as may be to those about me and in my meagre success at it, I find the solitary pleasure of life.⁷

Crane's deepest and least evasive thoughts can be found in his letters to those women whom he loved. In these letters the incongruities of his personality become particularly apparent. For example, the above excerpt is from a letter that includes critical reviews of his own work as well as a statement claiming that "there is only one person in the world who knows less than the average reader. He is the average reviewer."⁸ He, at once, diminishes the importance of reviewers, while he allows the reviews to establish his success.

On the other hand, Crane's letters show that he is aware of life's incongruities. They also show that he is always personally and passionately involved. Both he and life are complex. Seeing the realities of life, he recognizes the need for illusion and embraces that illusion. The irony of his art is rooted in the irony of his everyday life.

CHAPTER II-B

POEMS

In a letter to an unidentified editor of Leslie's Weekly, Crane writes:

I suppose I ought to be thankful to "The Red Badge," but I am much fonder of my little book of poems, "The Black Riders." The reason, perhaps is that it was a more ambitious effort. My aim was to comprehend in it the thoughts I have had about life in general¹

Contrary to what he wrote in a letter to Nellie Crouse ("I'll go through the world unexplained, I suppose."²), Crane odes offer an explanation -- that is through his poetry. The poems in The Black Riders and Other Poems show Crane's complexity. He is a man at war with the Judeo-Christian concept of God (the Gods of wrath and of benevolence): he is a man who sees God as dead, or as coldly indifferent: he is a man who wants to believe in the Christian God, but is unable to do so. Crane is torn between the knowledge that there is nothing to believe in, and that man's need for belief is necessary in his struggle for survival. Consequently, his poems both expose and affirm man's illusions.

Each poem does not readily contribute to a larger pattern of dogma, but, instead, tends to treat each situa-

tion. A judgment is usually not made pointedly, but is, rather, a result of the irony. In Poem IX, Crane uses a seemingly innocent persona to make a comment about human nature:

I stood upon a high place,
And saw, below, many devils
Running, leaping
And carousing in sin.
One looked up, grinning,
And said, "Comrade! Brother!" 3

The use of a persona allows the author a distance from his subject that is essential to irony. The persona, the victim of the irony, must be innocent, or, in this poem, ignorant of his true nature in order for the irony to work. While he has placed himself above all others, he is, in reality, no better than they. He has thus made himself susceptible to the heavy irony of the last line. To the reader who sees this, the persona's high place becomes only pretension, an illusion about himself that protects him from the desperate and sinful struggle that he sees below.

Man's illusions are not always self-protective; some are self-serving. It is the self-serving type that men try to force onto others.

"Think as I think," said a man,
"Or you are abominably wicked;
"You are a toad."4

Crane damns this tendency of men to impose their thoughts

on others. His treatment of wise men who place themselves above others in order to control, or lead, is especially apparent throughout his poems. For example, in Poem XX, a "learned man" claims that he knows the "way". However, while showing the "way" he becomes lost. Knowing the "way" is different from showing the "way". Knowing is an illusion that protects man from reality; showing is an imposition of one man's illusion on another and is, therefore, self-serving. Showing also tests that illusion against reality. In this poem of the "learned man," reality exposes the illusion as a falsehood and each man, the "learned man" and his follower, are left facing reality with no protection.

Crane can also be subtle. In Poem XXXIII, the persona, or Crane, meets a man "upon the road/Who looked at me with kind eyes."

He said: "Show me your wares."
And this I did
Holding forth one.
He said: "It is a sin."

The persona does this several times, each time the man says "It is a sin."

And, finally, I cried out:
"But I have none other."
Then did He look at me
With kinder eyes.
"Poor soul," He said.⁵

The man on the road, like the persona of Poem VIII, places

himself above the persona of this poem, in a place of judgment. His illusion has become dogmatic and damning. What he labels a sin, he denies. It is a denial of other men's illusions that strengthens his own. In this way his illusion is self-serving rather than self-protecting. When a man does this, he sets himself up as a God over other men, as is suggested by the use of the upper case "He." This is presumptuous and leaves men with grotesque dogmas that are more damaging than is actual reality.

The implication is that there is a thin line of illusion on which men must balance their lives. On one extreme is the self-serving illusion of dogma. On the other extreme is reality, or man stripped of illusion. In Poem LXVI, the persona asks what would happen if he cast off his illusions:

If I should cast off this tattered coat,
And go free into the mighty sky;
If I should find nothing there
But a vast blue,
Echoless, ignorant,--
What then?⁶

Implicit in this poem is a scepticism of the existence of God. The persona (possibly Crane) is, in effect, wondering what would happen if he threw off the dogma of his religion. Would God still exist, or is God a part of "this tattered coat?" Poem VI, showing that God has lost control of the world, answers this question. The world is metaphorically

shown as a sailboat, shaped by God, and then set adrift upon the seas:

. . . forever rudderless, it went upon the seas
 Going ridiculous voyages,
 Making quaint progress,
 Turning as with serious purpose
 Before stupid winds.
 And there were many in the sky
 Who laughed at this thing.⁷

So, if the persona of Poem LXVI would "cast off" his "tattered coat," he would find just what his scepticism had led him to ask: he would not find God, but he would find "a vast blue, /Echoless, ignorant."

In other poems God actually does appear. But it is important to note that God's appearance in no way shows a definite belief in that God. He appears in two forms: as a wrathfull God and as a benevolent God. Both Gods are illusory, but Crane seems to mock the God of wrath (being a self-serving God) much more than he does the benevolent, Christian God. In Poem XIX, Crane shows the God of wrath beating a man:

The people cried,
 "Ah, what a wicked man!"
 And--
 "Ah, what a redoubtable God!"⁸

The heavy irony is generated by the situation of a bully-God beating a helpless man. Regardless of the reason for the beating, the size difference makes the beating unjust

and ridiculous. Yet, the people side with their God of wrath. Crane mocks the Hebrew God of wrath and those people who believe in such a God. In one stroke, he makes the mere concept of a wrathful God look ridiculous.

In Poem XII, Crane says;

Well, then, I hate Thee, unrighteous picture;
Wicked image, I hate thee;
So, strike with thy vengeance
The heads of those little men
Who come blindly.
It will be a brave thing.⁹

The God of wrath is reduced, with the last verbally ironic line, to a coward. He can play no useful part in man's life, except, perhaps, as a self-serving illusion. In the last poem of The Black Riders this God of wrath destroys a spirit who seeks His help:

Fleetly into the plains of space
He went, ever calling,
"God! God!"
Eventually, then he screamed,
Mad in denial,
"Ah, there is no God!"
A Swift hand,
A Sword from the sky,
Smote him,
And he was dead.¹⁰

And, Crane, in this sad and ironic poem, has a man destroy his own illusion, the God of wrath, and thus the man destroys himself.

Crane's view of a benevolent and sympathetic God is ambivalent. In Poem LI, a man flees the God of wrath and

goes to another God, "the God of his inner thoughts." This God shows sympathy "And said, 'My poor child!'"¹¹ He gives man what he wants. In light of the fact that man is able to choose Gods, is man actually capable of creating his own Gods? In other words, is this new, sympathetic and loving God an illusion? The answer is yes, He is an illusion, but not one in a pejorative sense. He exists because men need a God. So each man subjectively creates what he needs. His God is the illusion needed to protect himself from the reality of the world "Going ridiculous voyages/Making quaint progress,/Turning as with serious purpose/Before stupid winds." This is not the inner God of the Transcendentalists, nor does this God deliver eternal life (like the Christian God), regardless of what He offers. He gives only temporary protection from reality, as a self-protecting illusion. If there is salvation offered, it is only a temporary salvation from despair.

When facing despair, then, all that man needs in order to survive is an illusion. But, first, he must acquire the illusion. In Poem XLIX, Crane shows a man in the process of acquiring a belief, and then losing it:

I stood musing in a black world,
Not knowing where to direct my feet.

He is a man lost in the world, without belief, yet seeking something to direct his life. He sees "a quick stream of

men" who point the way to their belief.

I know not of it.
 But, Lo! in the far sky shone a radiance
 Ineffable, divine,--
 A vision painted upon a pall;
 And sometimes it was,
 And sometimes it was not.

The illusion is seen by the persona for what it, in reality, is -- an illusion "painted upon a pall." Yet he wants to believe. His doubt is apparent in his hesitation. He becomes frantic with desire:

So again I saw,
 And leaped, unhesitant,
 And struggled and fumed
 With outspread clutching fingers.
 The hard hills tore my flesh;
 The ways bit my feet.
 At last I looked again.

He sees nothing. The crowd of believers, now a "torrent", become more and more impatient as he cries "in despair."

And at the blindness of my spirit
 They screamed,
 "Fool! Fool! Fool!"¹²

When man is stripped of illusion, or when he is unable to transcend the "hard hills" of reality in order to establish that necessary illusion, he falls into despair.

Crane's is not the "uneducated mind" that he writes about in his letter to Nelly Crouse. He is not the cynic who, out of despair, unsympathetically mocks his characters.

Even in the above poem, Crane shows sympathy. The last lines do not mock the persona of the poem; Crane, instead, mocks the "quick stream of men" who embrace the "vision painted upon a pall" and who fail to show any sympathy with the man who sees reality too plainly to embrace their illusion. It is with this man that Crane sympathizes.

Even if that man did achieve his goal, what would he find? Crane, in seeking success, found "mere flimsy paper." In one of his poems "a man saw a ball of gold in the sky." But, when he achieved it, he found that "it was clay."

Now this is the strange part:
 When the man went to the earth
 And looked again,
 Lo, there was the ball of gold.
 Now this is the strange part:
 It was a ball of gold.
 Aye, by the heavens, it was a ball of gold.¹³

Is this really so strange? No. Men cling to their illusions no matter what evidence is offered to deflate them. In Poem XXIV, a man is chasing the horizon.

I accosted the man.
 "It is futile," I said,
 "You can never - - -"

You lie," he cried,
 And ran on.¹⁴

His illusion is that he can catch the horizon. The reality is that the attempt to do so is futile. Yet, after being told of the futility of his endeavor, he still chooses to

pursue his illusion rather than face the futile reality.
This illusion is necessary.

Man can even insulate himself from the fear of death. By romanticizing, or by creating an ideal method of death, even death can seem desirable. The "youth" in Poem XXVII, fails to see the reality of death because his romantic illusions protect him from that reality. As he faces his assassin, he says:

"I am enchanted, believe me,
"To die, thus,
"In this medieval fashion,
"According to the best legends;
"Ah, what a joy!"
Then took he the wound, smiling,
And died, content.¹⁵

The other extreme is when man's illusions and grand designs end in unwanted death:

Many workmen
Built a huge ball of masonry
Upon a mountain-top.
Then they went to the valley below,
And turned to behold their work.
"It is grand," they said;
They loved the thing.

Of a sudden, it moved:
It came upon them swiftly
It crushed them all to blood.
But some had opportunity to squeal.¹⁶

In the first poem, illusion allows the "youth" to ignore the reality of death: in the latter, illusion, or pretence, the grand designs of men, bring about the reality of

death. In a way, the first poem shows a self-protecting illusion: the second poem shows a self-serving illusion that becomes self-destructive.

This brings me to an important point in the philosophy of Stephen Crane: although men are able to choose their illusions, they are not capable of accurately predicting the consequences that that choice may have. Nor, in Crane's opinion, would they even want to see what those consequences might be:

I was in the darkness;
I could not see my words
Nor the wishes of my heart.
Then suddenly there was a great light--

"Let me into the darkness again."¹⁷

This seems to be the condition of Crane's characters. They choose illusion in the face of reality, with little, if any, thought of the consequences of the illusion. The immediate need is an insulation between themselves and reality.

Henry Fleming and the Easterner pursue their illusions and escape despair. Maggie and the Swede pursue their illusions and lose their lives. The world is neither just, nor sympathetic: it is indifferent. Man must adopt self-protecting illusions in order to survive. The outcome, however, is determined by chance.

It is by chance that the persona of Poem LX draws away the veil of the illusion "Good Deed."

And with rash and strong hand,
 Though she resisted,
 I drew away the veil
 And gazed at the features of Vanity.

This rash action exposes an illusion, one that has given meaning to life. The persona, after recognizing the vanity behind men's actions, is left with nothing.

And after I had mused a time,
 I said of myself,
 "Fool!"¹⁸

He is a fool because, as a result of his "rash" action, he has exposed himself to the reality of his own nature. The need to survive forces man to adopt self-protecting illusions: Vanity is what gives them substance and meaning. When the persona, by chance, exposes Vanity, he deflates the illusion of "Good Deeds."

In his poems, Crane looks at the many facets of man and his illusions. He shows how man attains an illusion and how he loses one, and he shows the consequences of that loss. He damns the self-serving illusion, that dogmatic illusion which is no longer just self-protecting. At the same time, Crane sympathizes with the man who wants and needs the self-protective illusion. This poor man, however, sees brief glimpses of reality which make it impossible for him to fully accept an illusion. He is left unprotected and in despair. The implication of Crane's poems is that man needs his illusions to protect him from

reality and from despair. This implication is even more explicit in his letters. In both his letters and his poems it is apparent that Crane sees and understands the irony of life -- that irony which is generated by the disparities between illusion and reality. Irony and the manner in which man reacts to it becomes a major tone and theme in his art.

CHAPTER III

MAGGIE: A GIRL OF THE STREETS

Maggie was Crane's first published novel. He had to publish the novel himself in 1893 and, in his own words, "it was a flop." After The Red Badge of Courage appeared in 1895, both in a serialization and as a full-length book, interest in Crane demanded that he republish Maggie (1896) and introduce some as-yet-to-be-published short stories. But Maggie, which he began to write in 1892, was his first. Thomas A. Gullason claims that the book. . .

. . .is directly autobiographical. He drew upon his life in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, where he lived for some years, and where he was a shore correspondent for his brother's news agency. At these summer resorts, Crane listened to, and heard and read about the well-known preachers and reformers who frequently lectured on poverty, the city slums, the plight of the children of the poor, unwed mothers, prostitution, crime, the terrors of drunkenness and gambling. Then, too, these problems of city life were literally present in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove and discussed in the local newspapers; references were made to an "Alleged disorderly house" in Asbury Park, an attempted rape case, slick confidence men, petty robberies, speakeasies, pick-pockets, card sharps, gamblers arrested, cases of orgery, embezzlement, and murder. 1

Certainly this background and newspaper experience must have helped Crane when constructing Maggie. It may even have been the impetus to creation. But the petty crime and degradation of a resort town in New Jersey cannot account for the impressionistic realism in Maggie. In his descriptions of the Bow-

ery, Crane captures the squalor, the poverty and the degradation of these New York City tenements like one who had been there. What Gullason forgets is that, although the initial story may have been conceived elsewhere, Crane finished the story while living off and on in New York City. He lived the poor life of an artist in 1892-93, borrowing when he had to, sharing when he had something to share. I think that the time he spent in the Bowery accounts for the realistic setting in the novel.

It is this frightening reality of the Rum Alley tenement, always present behind Maggie's illusions, that heightens the novel's irony. Crane is careful to present Bowery tenement life in as realistic and degrading a rhetoric as possible, particularly in the first three chapters of the book. The picture is frightening; so, too, are the prospects of the characters. In these chapters we are introduced, not just to the Bowery, but also to the members of Maggie's family, as well as to Pete, who will soon play a major role in Maggie's life and downfall. The major theme of the novel is also introduced--that of illusion versus reality.²

In the opening chapter Jimmie, Maggie's brother, is shown "upon a heap of gravel" defending the "honor of Rum Alley."³ He is fighting with a mob of "urchins" from Devil's Row, another Bowery tenement. Jimmie has already been abandoned by the others from Rum Alley. Yet, he continues

to defend his illusion--the honor of Rum Alley--as if there were such a thing as honor in the tenements. His defense of such a lofty virtue amid the tenement squalor contributes to the irony of his situation. He is being attacked by a mob from Devil's Row on whose "convulsed faces shone the grins of true assassins" (I,7). To further heighten the irony, Crane uses epic language, such as the Homeric Epithet, when Pete "smote the deeply-engaged one on the back of the head" (I,8); or the "two little boys fighting in the modes of four thousand years ago, did not hear the warning" (I,9).

At the end of chapter one, after Pete has rescued Jimmie, and after Jimmie's father has appeared, Crane strikes at the ridiculousness of illusion in the Bowery. He does this, not directly, but by exaggerating that illusion to absurdity

They departed. The man paced placidly along with the apple-wood emblem of serenity between his teeth. The boy followed a dozen feet in the rear. He swore luridly, for he felt that it was a degradation for one who aimed to be some vague kind of a soldier, or a man of blood with a sort of sublime license, to be taken home by a father. (I,10)

Crane immediately follows, at the beginning of chapter two, with:

Eventually they entered into a dark region where, from a careening building, a dozen gruesome doorways gave up loads of babies to the street and the gutter. (I,11)

This impressionistic view of Rum Alley makes Jimmie's illusions, his epic pride and honor, look absurd.

Crane continues with a realistic view of the Rum Alley tenement:

A wind of early autumn raised yellow dust from cobbles and swirled it against an hundred windows. Long streamers of garments fluttered from fire-escapes. In all unhandy places there were buckets, brooms, rags and bottles. In the street infants played or fought with other infants or sat stupidly in the way of vehicles. Formidable women, with uncombed hair and disordered dress, gossiped while leaning on railings, or screamed in frantic quarrels. Withered persons, in curious postures of submission to something, sat smoking pipes in obscure corners. A thousand odors of cooking food came forth to the street. The building quivered and creaked from the weight of humanity stamping about in its bowels. (I,11)

This picture of Rum Alley is so vivid and frightening that one wonders how a person could have thoughts of honor, as Jimmie does, or of love and the perfect man, as Maggie soon will.

Chapters two and three introduce Maggie and her family, and then show the atmosphere of ^{tenement} life. Maggie is "a small ragged girl." Tommie, her other brother, is a "red, bawling infant" (I,11). The father, Jimmie, Maggie and Tommie "plunged into one of the gruesome doorways. They crawled up dark stairs and along cold, gloomy halls. At last the father pushed open a door and they entered a lighted room in which a large woman was rampant" (I, 12). This is Mary, Maggie's mother. The scene immediately explodes into one of belligerence and cruelty. The father finally rushes from the room "apparently determined upon a vengeful drunk" (I,14). It is a scene in which no one has control. The children are too small to do anything other than briefly to escape, as Jimmie

will soon do. The father knows no way to soften his own wife's temper, which rages off and on like an autumn storm. Crane has already described Mary (an ironic use of name) as an animal in a cage ("a lighted room in which a large woman is rampant.").

If, by this point, Crane has not succeeded in convincing the reader that existence in the Bowery tenements is animal-like, then the dinner scene completes his argument. Dinner is ready:

The babe sat with his feet dangling high from a precarious infant chair and gorged his small stomach. Jimmie forced, with feverish rapidity, the grease-enveloped pieces between his wounded lips. Maggie, with side glances of fear of interruption, ate like a small pursued tigress. (I,14)

An animal-like existence is the reality of the Bowery. These are not free animals, either, but entrapped animals, like those in a zoo. If there is escape, it is only temporary escape from the cage, not from the zoo. The father escapes to drunkenness; Jimmie will only briefly escape the room; and Maggie will escape for a fatal interval into her own illusions.

The scene continues with Tommie finally being put to bed, "his fists doubled, in an old quilt of faded red and green grandeur" (I,14). Mary, too, quiets down. But this proves to be only a drunken, self-pitying quiet before the storm that is shattered when poor Maggie, weighted down by dishes, drops and breaks one. The abuse is unbearable and Jimmie, who has inched to the door during the quiet, escapes. He goes to an

old woman on the floor below. "The old woman was a gnarled and leathery personage who could don, at will, an expression of great virtue. She possessed a small music box capable of one tune, and a collection of 'God bless yehs' pitched in assorted keys of fervency" (I,16). With these instruments she begged daily on Fifth Avenue. However, this old woman does not provide the comfort or escape that Jimmie seeks. She sends him after a can of beer, which he buys. But, then, his father takes the beer and throws the can back at Jimmie's head. Jimmie can't go back to the old lady. Eventually, he goes back home.

Jimmie returns to a scene of depravity, one which Crane will have us believe is typical.

The small frame of the ragged girl was quivering. Her features were haggard from weeping, and her eyes gleamed with fear. She grasped the urchin's arm in her trembling hands and they huddled in a corner. The eyes of both were drawn, by some force, to stare at the woman's face, for they thought she need only to awake and all the fiends would come from below.

They crouched until the ghost-mists of dawn appeared at the window, drawing close to the panes, and looking in at the prostrate, heaving body of the mother. (I,19)

And this is where Crane leaves the two small children. By the next scene, Tommie has died, and Maggie and Jimmie have grown to young adulthood. Crane has written three important chapters in order to establish, beyond any doubt, the reality of the Bowery tenements. From this point in the novel, when Crane offers an illusion, he will, in some way, remind the

reader of this already-established, frightening reality of Bowery life. He now turns to the story and develops the characters more fully. Although these characters are not as complex and well-rounded as characters in his later works, they are sufficient as types to draw our sympathy or our disgust.

Jimmie's personality develops from out of the Bowery environment. He becomes very much what one would expect:

. . .his sneer became chronic. He studied human nature in the gutter, and found it no worse than he thought he had reason to believe it. He never conceived a respect for the world, because he had begun with no idols that it had smashed. (I,24)

After his father dies, he becomes head of the family. "As incumbent of that office [notice the exaggerated importance of this position] , he stumbled up stairs late at night. . . . He reeled about the room, swearing at his relations, or went to sleep on the floor" (I,24). Mary, the mother, became notorious in the courts, her "flaming face and rolling eyes were a familiar sight on the island" (I,25).

Maggie is different. Although she lives in the gutter, she apparently never studies human nature while there. As Crane puts it, she "blossomed in a mud puddle. She grew to be a most rare and wonderful production of a tenement district, a pretty girl" (I,24). The "mud puddle" is the environment of the tenements. Now, in addition to having to contend with the tenement environment, Maggie has to get a job. As her Bowery-wise brother puts it, "'Mag, I'll tell yeh dis! See?

Yeh've edder got t' go t' hell er go t' work!'" (I,24).

Hell in this sense is the dishonor of prostitution. He might have said that the Bowery is hell, working is hell, and that prostitution is worse than hell. Maggie chooses work.

By chance, she got a position in an establishment where they made collars and cuffs. She received a stool and a machine in a room where sat twenty girls of various shades of yellow discontent. . . .At night she returned home to her mother. (I,24)

She seems to have nothing to look forward to. Yet, as Crane has already established, Maggie is different. In the midst of this hell, she has managed to be a "Pretty girl."

Crane, however, shows through description and character that the Bowery lacks virtue. Therefore, the special attention that Maggie may receive because of her prettiness, is attention based upon seductive intent and not the romantic intent that Maggie expects. She is blind to this reality because of the strength of her romantic illusions. Whether Crane's intention in Maggie is to show these illusions as self-protective is not always clear. He is much more explicit on this point in his later fiction. There is evidence, particularly in her thoughts about Pete, that Maggie has adopted her illusions in order to protect herself from having to face her true destiny as a "Pretty girl" amidst the Bowery squalor.

Whatever Crane's intent, it is clear that Maggie maintains some very incongruous illusions about Bowery life, and it is no more apparent than when she first notices Pete. She

sees that his "mannerisms stamped him as a man who had a correct sense of his personal superiority. . . .Maggie thought he must be a very 'elegant' bartender" (I, 25). Pete's real character can be judged by his "tales":

"Dere was a mug in d' place d' odder day wid an idear he wus goin' t' own d' place!. . .I see he had a still on an' I didn' wanna giv 'im no stuff, so I says: 'Git d' hell outa here an' don' make no trouble,' I says like dat!" (I,25)

Pete is hardly "elegant," yet Maggie sees something in him:

Maggie perceived that here was the ideal man. Her dim thoughts were often searching for far away lands where, as God says, the little hills sing together in the morning. Under the trees of her dream-gardens there had always walked a lover. (I,26)

The disparity between illusion and reality is so great that the irony cannot be missed. If it should be, however, Crane makes it clear with Pete's noticing Maggie. Unlike Maggie's, his intentions are not pure.

Pete took note of Maggie.

"Say, Mag, I'm stuck on yer shape. It's outa sight," he said parenthetically, with an affable grin. (I,27)

The first statement is parallel to a statement a couple of pages earlier, "Maggie observed Pete" (I,25). Crane demands comparison. Maggie's intent is pure and romantic: Pete's intent is seductive. It is illusion versus reality and one does not have to be a cynic to see that reality will win.

Maggie's problems are not just the result of adopting incongruous illusions, but, also, that "she insists on acting upon them."⁵ In Poem XX of The Black Riders, the "learned man" decides to test his illusion by showing the way. Like the "learned man," Maggie has an illusion and unwittingly tests that illusion in reality. And, like the "learned man," her illusion does not stand the test, leaving her to face the lonely and desperate reality of prostitution and, finally, self-inflicted death.

Unfortunately, Maggie's "learned man," her "supreme warrior," her "knight," is learned only in Bowery reality and his own boasting superiority. Maggie sees none of the reality but, instead, makes Pete more and more a romantic figure as she waits for that fateful Friday.

She imagined some half dozen women in love with him and thought he must lean dangerously toward an indefinite one, whom she pictured as endowed with great charms of person, but with an altogether contemptable disposition. (I,29)

She even imagines him to "have great sums of money to spend" (I,28). Maggie's illusions have grown in proportion to her desire and imagination.

Pete arrives on Friday night to find Maggie amidst the apartment's shambles. In one of her frequent drunks, Mary has destroyed the apartment furniture. Yet, Maggie still expects, from now on, an ideal life with Pete. Crane is careful to show the reality of Maggie's situation:

When Pete arrived Maggie, in a worn black dress, was waiting for him in the midst of a floor strewn with wreckage. The curtain at the window had been pulled by a heavy hand and hung by one tack, dangling to and fro in the draft through the cracks at the sash. The knots of blue ribbons appeared like violated flowers. . . .Maggie's mother, stretched on the floor, blasphemed and gave her daughter a bad name. (I,29)

It is a disgusting and frightening reality, yet Maggie still expects an ideal night ("knight"). But the "violated flowers" and Maggie's mother sprawled on the floor, giving her daughter a bad name, point ahead to a tragic ending.

As Philip Ford has correctly pointed out, the theater scenes enhance the major theme in Maggie--that of illusion and reality. Each of these scenes reflects Maggie's degeneration through the story. On their first date, Maggie and Pete arrive in a crowded "great green-hued hall" (I,30). In this hall there "was low rumble of conversation and a subdued clinking of glasses. Clouds of tobacco smoke rolled and wavered high in air about the dull gilt of the chandeliers" (I,30). The entertainment consists of an "orchestra of yellow silk women and bald-headed men" (I,30). A girl, who sings and dances, does an encore. "She divulged the fact that she was attired in some half dozen skirts" (I,31). In the front row, men would bend forward, "intent upon the pink stockings" (I, 31-32). Yet, Maggie, missing the cheap, erotic intent of the dancer, "wondered at the splendor of the costume and lost herself in calculations of the cost of the silk and laces"

(I,32). The dancer is followed by a ventriloquist by whom Maggie is completely fooled: "'do dose little men talk?' asked Maggie" (I,32). Maggie is taken in by the entertainment simply because she is unable to perceive the reality of the theater situation (paralleling her inability to perceive Bowery reality correctly).

Maggie is especially taken in by Pete whom she sees displaying "the consideration of a cultured gentleman who knew what was due" (I,31). Again her perceptions are incorrect:

"Say, what d' hell? Bring d' lady a big glass! What d' hell use is date pony?"

Maggie perceived that Pete brought forth all his elegance and all his knowledge of high-class customs for her benefit. (I,31)

She is taken in by the illusion of the theater, as well as by Pete. And, she is especially taken in by her own illusion, that purity of heart is sufficient protection against the reality of the Bowery. When she refuses to kiss Pete good night at the end of chapter VII, saying "'dat wasn't in it'" (I,33), she is protecting a virtue that only exists in her illusory life. She is like Jimmie, standing atop the gravel pile, defending the honor of Rum Alley; only Maggie never grows out of her illusions until it is too late. She refuses to face the reality that purity does not exist in the Bowery. In fact, "to attempt to live as if [it] can exist can only lead to disaster."⁶

Even though Maggie refuses Pete a kiss that first night,

he continues to take her out. Her devotion to him grows. Her illusions about his character become more and more wild and romantic. "Swaggering Pete loomed like a golden sun to Maggie" (I,35). Her illusions about the Bowery and about Pete are all-consuming. This blindness to reality makes her that much more vulnerable. Her ruination is imminent. One evening Maggie's mother intimidates and damns everyone in the tenement house until Jimmie is finally able to force her back into the apartment. Pete arrives like a white knight. It is very much like a play of an earlier chapter in which the hero arrives just in time to save the heroine. However, as always, Pete's intentions are seductive.

At this instant Pete came forward. "Oh, what d' hell, Mag, see," whispered he softly in her ear. "Dis all blows over. See? D' ol' woman 'ill be all right in d' mornin'! Come ahn out wid me! We'll have a hell of a time." (I,41)

Maggie looks around the room at the debris and her mother, who yells "'Go t' hell an' good riddance'" (I,41). Maggie is vulnerable: Pete knows it and Jimmie suspects it. Crane follows with an ironic understatement: "Jimmie had an idea it wasn't common courtesy for a friend to come to one's home and ruin one's sister" (I,43).

Jimmie comes home the next night and meets the gnarled old lady waiting for him on the stairs. She passes on conclusive evidence that Maggie has been ruined. The whole tenement knows and, instantly, they turn against her, some saying that they suspected this up to two years before. The mother

says, "'She's d' devil's own chil', Jimmie. . . .Ah, who would t'ink such a bad girl could grow up in our fambly, Jimmie, me son'" (I,43). Suddenly these two, who were combatants the night before, now seem to be allied with each other against Maggie. The people of the tenement, who seem to lack any virtue themselves, turn against Maggie when her virtue is lost, as it inevitably must be in this virtueless hell. Yes, Maggie is "'d' devil's own chil','" not because she has failed to follow the example of her mother, but because, unfortunate as it may be, she has unwittingly followed her example. Hell is the Rum Alley tenement; the devil is Mary.

However, as we see in the second theater scene, Maggie continues to cling to her illusions. Pete is still that illusory knight and she still possesses the illusion that she is a woman of virtue. All of this is in spite of the fact that she now lives with and for Pete.

She imagined a future, rose-tinted, . . .

As to the present she perceived only vague reasons to be miserable. Her life was Pete's and she considered him worthy of the charge. She would be disturbed by no particular apprehensions, so long as Pete adored her as he now said he did. She did not feel like a bad woman. To her knowledge she had never seen any better. (I,52)

This theater scene, however, points out a reality different from the one Maggie has made for herself. The degradation of the scene reflects Maggie's own situation. It is now a "hall of irregular shape" (I,51). A ballad singer, with each successive encore, turns out to be a stripper. "The deafening

rumble of glasses and clapping of hands that followed her exit indicated an overwhelming desire to have her come on for the fourth time. . . ." (I,51) The crowd consists, not of men and women and immigrant families, as in the first theater, but of "Grey-headed men, wonderfully pathetic in their dissipation" and "Smooth-cheeked boys, some of them with faces of stone and mouths of sin" (I,52), all of whom Maggie felt to be watching her. Yet, she "considered she was not what they thought her" (I,52). Maggie "thought them all to be worse men than Pete" (I,53). The reality is that she is what they think and that those men are no worse than Pete. Her illusions, her failure to perceive the reality of her situation, have, by now, set her on the path to self-destruction.

When they leave, "Maggie perceived two women seated at a table with some men. They were painted and their cheeks had lost their roundness. As she passed them the girl, with a shrinking movement, drew back her skirts" (I,53). Although Crane seems to treat Maggie with sympathy overall, he shows very little sympathy in this passage. The passage points ahead to Maggie's future as a prostitute, but also places her on the same plane as those tenement house gossips who, regardless of their own guilt, condemned her. She insists upon maintaining her illusion in the face of a reality that is on the verge of overwhelming her. Soon she will see that her illusion is a lie.

The third theater is the place of realization. The

scene reflects Maggie's degeneration both in virtue and in spirit. Now she is totally dependent upon Pete and holds to him with "spaniel-like dependence" (I,57). The theater is now a "hilarious hall" with "twenty-eight tables and twenty-eight women and a crowd of smoking men. Valiant noise was made on a stage at the end of the hall by an orchestra composed of men who looked as if they had just happened in" (I,57). The smoke cloud was "so dense that heads and arms seemed entangled in it" (I,57). The hall is so noisy and thick with smoke that no one listens to, or watches, the low-class entertainment. Soon after Maggie and Pete arrive, a "woman of brilliance and audacity" walks in with a "mere boy" (I,58). Pete knows and admires her. Soon they are sitting together, Pete and the woman (Nell), Maggie and the boy. There are two sets of parallels here. Pete's relationship to Nell is the same as Maggie's relationship to Pete. Pete's condescending attitude with Maggie has become one of submission with Nell: Nell is condescending with Pete. The other parallel is the boy and Maggie, both of whom are "sulky" and totally submissive people. Eventually, Nell and Pete walk out together, never to return. Maggie is left wondering how her "leonine Pete" can be so submissive to this woman. She is also left with the boy, who thinks that she is a prostitute. Maggie, however, refuses to accept that role: "'I'm going home,' she said" (I,61). The boy is amazed that she has a home.

The remainder of Maggie is a masterpiece of condensed

development. Maggie makes one more appeal to Pete, only to be rebuffed. She is desperate and without an illusion to further shield her from Bowery reality. She approaches a minister whose "eyes shone good-will" (I,67). However, like the pilgrim of Poem XXXIII, this minister's religion is only self-serving: "he made a convulsive movement and saved his respectability by a vigorous side-step. He did not risk it to save a soul" (I,67). Maggie is now alone, facing a reality she has so long ignored. Her degeneration is quick. She becomes "a girl of the painted cohorts" (I,68), meeting a tall young man in evening dress and chrysanthemum. However, he "gave a slight convulsive start when he discerned that she was neither new, Parisian, nor theatrical. He wheeled about hastily. . . ." (I,69) From the uptown world of theaters and glamour, she walks into darker blocks. She is turned down by less appealing men and boys. Moving into "gloomy districts near the river" (I,70), she passes by an unappealing man "with blotched features" (I,70). Then she walks "into the blackness of the final block" (I,70). The scene reflects her condition.

At the feet of the tall buildings appeared the deathly black hue of the river. . . . The varied sounds of life, made joyous by distance and seeming unapproachableness, came faintly and died away to a silence. (I,70)

Maggie's death is close at hand.

Pete, too, degenerates. In his last scene, surrounded

by a half-dozen women, he insists that he is a "good f'ler," (I,71) while the women exploit his drunkenness. The other women finally leave.

The woman of brilliance and audacity stayed behind, taking up the bills. . . .A guttural snore from the recumbent man caused her to turn and look down at him.

She laughed. "What a damn fool," she said, and went.

The wine from an overturned glass dripped softly down upon the blotches on the man's neck. (I,74)

As a clue to how far Pete's degeneration has progressed, Crane compares him to the man with "blotched features" that Maggie meets on her way downward.

In the last chapter, Jimmie has become a "soiled, unshaven man" (I,75), when he breaks the news of Maggie to Mary, the mother.

"Well," said he, "Mag's dead."

"What?" said the woman, her mouth filled with bread.

"Mag's dead," repeated the man.

"D' hell she is," said the woman. She continued her meal. When she finished her coffee she began to weep.

"I kin remember when her two feet was no bigger dan' yer t'umb, and she weared worsted boots," moaned she. (I,75)

Mary's melodramatic reaction springs from the self-serving illusion that she has been a good mother to Maggie and that Maggie's death is an unlikely tragedy that has befallen a good family. At the insistence of the psuedo-Christian mourners that pack the tenement apartment, Mary finally says, "'Oh, yes, I'll fergive her! I'll fergive her!'" (I,77) To

the reader who recognizes the irony, as if any reader could miss it, this forgiveness is disgusting. Because of the disgust we feel, we are quick to blame Mary. This is not wholly justified. Pete and Jimmie, the minister who turned away, the environment of the Bowery, are all to blame. Crane explains this in his inscription of Maggie to Hamlin Garland:

For it tries to show that environment is a tremendous thing in the world and frequently shapes lives regardless. If one proves that theory one makes room in Heaven for all sorts of souls (notably an occasional street girl) who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people. 7

An illusion, as I mentioned in the section on the poems, is only good until tested by reality. The minister, when confronted with Maggie (all he saw was a prospective prostitute), side-steps the confrontation, never putting his soul-saving illusion to the test. Even Mary, while condemning her daughter by an illusory standard, fails to turn that standard inward, thus avoiding a confrontation with reality and risking the loss of that illusion. Again, the self-serving illusion that she is a good mother, allows Mary to say "'I'll forgive her!'" But most of the blame must fall upon Maggie. The quality of her illusion is not such that it can stand the test of reality.

CHAPTER IV

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

Like Maggie, who insists upon romance in the very unromantic Bowery, Henry Fleming insists upon heroism in a most unheroic battle, the Civil War Battle of Chancellorsville. Most of Henry's heroics, however, are in his imagination. In his search, he unwittingly finds that the heroic can only be found for him in his mind. Consequently, his imagination frequently elevates his actions to a heroic level. His perception is governed by his imagination. Because of this, he is never quite able to perceive the actions of the battle, or his own actions, correctly. In a comparison of Henry's ability to perceive correctly in the beginning and his ability to do so at the end of the novel, we see that there is very little progress. As the column marches away, he seems to be formulating another illusion.

At the same time, there is a change (one that could be thought of as progress) in his actions during battle. He fights his first engagement as if he is caught in a machine and cannot escape. His fighting is lackluster, but at least he doesn't run. When immediately confronted with another charge, however, his imagination takes control and he does run. Henry wanders both in his mind and in the field looking

for affirmation of his actions. However, while his illusions are able to affirm anything that he wants affirmed, the physical world only turns a cold shoulder. It is as indifferent to Henry's search for courage as it is to death in the natural chapel, or to Jim Conklin's dramatic end.

Despite the indifference of the natural world, Jim Conklin's death seems to be the central episode of the novel. It is at the height of Henry's guilt and his imagination, and at a low point in his outwardly heroic action. However, contrary to R.W. Stallman's opinion that this episode marks Henry's salvation, this episode may actually point out that salvation has no part in the story. As if to prove this, Henry abandons the tattered soldier, receives a "red badge of courage," which has nothing really to do with courage, and again continues his absurd imaginative flights. Even though his outward actions (his conduct in battle) improve, they are shown not as manifestations of courage, but of a battle brotherhood which Crane describes as beast-like behavior. As Henry retreats with the rest of the regiment, his imagination finds glory in the actions of the day, while he puts his more unheroic deeds into the back of his mind.

In the opening paragraphs, Henry is waiting in an army camp. Since there is little to do, camp life is monotonous. Rumors abound and are spread quickly. Then Crane takes us back to Henry's enlistment in the Union 304th New York Regiment. At that time Henry's perception of what battle should

be like is Homeric. He dreams of battles as "vague and bloody conflicts," and of past eras of "heavy crowns and high castles."¹ But he looks upon factual reports of the Civil War with distrust, as if they were "some sort of a play affair" (II,5). He begins to despair that he will never witness a Greek-like battle.

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. (II,5)

As is shown later in the novel, man has not yet progressed beyond the "throat-grappling instinct" or the passions of war. On the contrary, Henry will later find those very things to be "easy."

Eventually the newspapers and gossip, embellished by his own imagination, "had aroused him to an uncheckable degree" (II,5). He enlists:

He had burned several times to enlist. Tales of great movements shook the land. They might not be distinctly Homeric, but there seemed to be much glory in them. . . . His busy mind had drawn for him large pictures extravagant in color, lurid with breathless deeds. (II,5)

His imagination also projects a glorious send-off. But his mother disappoints him by dwelling on morals, socks, shirts and blackberry jam. She says nothing whatsoever about "returning with his shield or on it" (II,6). He plans on a beautiful scene with touching words, but is disappointed.

However, he is to find his glory in other places. At school, in uniform, he feels a gulf between him and his school-mates "and had swelled with calm pride" (II,8). He struts. On his way to Washington the "regiment was fed and caressed at station after station until the youth had believed that he must be a hero" (II,8). The youth is caught up in projections of glory and heroism. Before he even reaches his regiment he sees himself as a hero; and before he sees a battle he is beginning to believe that Greek-like qualities are possible. After all, he thinks, isn't he already an example?

But, then, Crane again returns us to the monotony of camp life and we see the ironical contrast between Henry's thoughts and his situation. The camp is very unlike war, particularly the heroic concept of war. For six months he has been living in a cabin which is more like a hunting lodge than a bivouac. He is beginning to feel like "they were in a sort of eternal camp" (II,4). Gradually, he returns to the idea that a Greek-like struggle is a thing of the past. "He had grown to regard himself merely as a part of a vast blue demonstration" (II,8). All that there is to do in camp is to drill and to wait around for this "vast blue demonstration" to get a chance to demonstrate. Henry's ideas of war have changed considerably, from the individual Greek-like struggle to the struggle of two huge armies. He gets lost in the machine of war which now appears to have no room, nor vehicle, for heroism.

But, as we shall find again and again, Henry's thoughts are fleeting growths of his imagination as it responds to each event. When Jim Conklin comes into camp with news of movement, Henry's imagination responds by causing Henry to doubt his own, unproved heroism. He asks himself how he will perform in battle. Will he run?

He felt that in this crisis his laws of life were useless. Whatever he had learned of himself was here of no avail. He was an unknown quantity. He saw that he would again be obliged to experiment as he had in early youth. He must accumulate information of himself and, meanwhile, he resolved to remain close upon his guard lest those qualities of which he knew nothing should everlastingly disgrace him. (II,10)

This is, perhaps, a mature attitude. But we have seen that Henry's perceptions of reality are blown out of proportion by his over-active imagination. How, then, will he ever accumulate accurate information of himself? His imagination will continually push his perceptions to extremes.

At first, Henry tries to "mathematically prove to himself that he would not run from a battle" (II,9). But, with unusual insight for the youth, he realizes that "he could not sit still and, with mental slate and pencil, derive an answer." He goes on to say that to "gain it, he must have blaze, blood and danger. . . . So he fretted for an opportunity" (II,13). This shows a self-centered attitude in which nothing matters but the proof of his own heroism. He gives no thought to his own safety, let alone the probable cost of

human life in this "blaze, blood, and danger." His thoughts waver from a feeling that others are all courageous to the opposite--that "his fellows were all privately wondering and quaking" (II,14).

Although several days late, this particular rumor proves to be correct. On a gray morning Henry finds himself in the ranks of his regiment. While they are lining up for what is merely to be a long march, Henry's imagination begins to project this movement in images of romantic proportions. He conceives the fires across the river to be "the orbs of a row of dragons, advancing" (II,15), and expects gigantic clashes at any moment. The regimental colonel takes on romantic and heroic proportions: "black and patternlike, loomed the gigantic figure of the colonel on a gigantic horse" (II,15). He seems to have lost control of his imagination as it takes each image and event and makes them seem very disproportionate to reality.

The regiment begins to move in serpentine fashion and Henry again lapses into his own thoughts. He seems unable to participate in the spirit of the march. Crane, with characteristic irony, draws back out of Henry's thoughts to look at the two columns of men, and at indifferent nature.

But the long serpents crawled slowly from hill to hill without bluster of smoke. A dun-colored cloud of dust floated away to the right. The sky overhead was of a fairy blue. (II,16)

The columns march on without regard to Henry's thoughts. Nature, too, shows no sign of regard. It is indifferent, both to the columns of men on their way to battle, and to Henry and his plight. Nature in no way reflects men's attitudes, illusions or events. It remains its own "fairy blue."

That night, after the long march, Henry isolates himself once more from the regiment. He thinks that everything that happens is related to himself. He searches for answers and sympathy in nature.

He lay down in the grass. The blades pressed tenderly against his cheek. The moon had been lighted and was hung in a treetop. The liquid stillness of the night, enveloping him, made him feel vast pity for himself. There was a caress in the soft winds. And the whole mood of the darkness, he thought, was one of sympathy for himself in distress. (II,19)

This egocentric view of nature in sympathy, when juxtaposed with the beautiful, but indifferent, "fairy blue" sky, reveals in Henry's behavior and thoughts a major irony in Crane's fiction--that of man's illusions in the face of nature's indifference.

The youth's egocentricity is then compared to the regiment's tendency toward group action. For example, during this rapid march, the "regiment lost many of the marks of a new command" (II,21). This is not an individual change, but a group change. "There was a sudden change from the ponderous infantry of theory to the light and speedy infantry of practice" (II,21). Henry, himself, again settles back into the

notion of a vast blue demonstration. The necessity of such thoughts is demonstrated as the regiment participates in its first skirmish. Once he adopts this attitude, Henry feels that "it would be impossible for him to escape from the regiment. It enclosed him. And there were iron laws of tradition and laws on four sides. He was in a moving box" (II,23). It is a naturalistic trap. However, as Crane later shows, it is group consciousness, or sacrificing the individual ego, which enables the regiment to fight as a unit. It is when Henry is under the influence of the "battle brotherhood" that he fights best. But, as we have seen, and will continue to see, Henry is unable, before he deserts, to be swayed by this brotherhood for any length of time. He continually lapses back into his egocentric consciousness.

As he again approaches battle, he is disappointed by the scene before him. "He was aware that these battalions, with their commotions, were woven red and startling into the gentle fabric of softened greens and browns." To Henry, it looked to be a "wrong place for a battle-field" (II,22-23). He tells himself that he could have gone marching on if there were only an "intense scene" of battle before him. But this "advance upon nature was too calm" (II,24). And, again, his imagination takes hold:

Absurd ideas took hold upon him. He thought that he did not relish the landscape. It threatened him. A coldness swept over his back. . . .

A house, standing placidly in distant fields, had

to him an ominous look. The shadows of the wood were formidable. (II,24)

He has mixed nature and the battle scene and found nature to be threatening. He imagines that nature reflects, and even participates in, the battle. Soft, unthreatening, even indifferent images of nature become a threat. His perception of reality is shown to be faulty. Finally, the brigade halts "in the cathedral-light of the forest" (II,25). Irony is created by the image of the two contraries, the battle regiment and a natural cathedral, inhabiting the same space. These battle-arrayed men are able to inhabit this serene cathedral without desecration only because nature is indifferent to their actions.

Finally, the regiment pushes into real battle. After momentarily worrying about whether he has loaded his gun, he finally discards his intellect and works "at his weapon like an automatic affair" (II,34). And, he. . .

. . . suddenly lost concern for himself and forgot to look at a menacing fate. He became not a man but a member. . . . He was welded into a common personality which was dominated by a single desire. . . .

There was a consciousness always of the presence of his comrades about him. He felt the subtle battle-brotherhood more potent even than the cause for which they were fighting. It was a mysterious fraternity, born of the smoke and danger of death. (II,34-35)

This battle-brotherhood is a real and necessary part of battle. Without it, each man would be more concerned with his own life than with the success or failure of each battle.

Everyone would run, as Henry will eventually do. However, it is ironic that any type of brotherhood would be used against other men. This brotherhood is a frenzy of irrational and immoral behavior.

He had a mad feeling against his rifle which could only be used against one life at a time. He wished to rush forward and strangle with his fingers. He craved a power that would enable him to make a world-sweeping gesture and brush all back. His impotency appeared to him, and made his rage into that of a driven beast. (II,35)

And, then, there is the irony of a bestial brotherhood. This battle does not fit the concept of Homeric battle which the youth once had. There are no heroic poses by the men, and the officers "neglected to stand in picturesque attitudes" (II,36).

After they repel the gray charge, Henry has a chance to see a battlefield left strewn with "ghastly forms" (II,37), and to hear the battle continue on another front. He is surprised. "Heretofore, he had supposed that all the battle was directly under his nose" (II,38). Even nature watches disinterestedly.

As he gazed around him, the youth felt a flash of astonishment at the blue, pure sky and the sun-gleamings on the trees and fields. It was surprising that nature had gone tranquilly on with her golden process in the midst of so much devilment. (II,38)

As the frenzy of the battle brotherhood falls away, the youth is suddenly confronted by his insignificance, both in the

huge war machine and in nature.

He quickly lapses back into his own thoughts. They are illusory, yet they protect him from the larger and ironic reality.

So it was all over at last! The supreme trial had been passed. The red, formidable difficulties of war had been vanquished.

He went into an ecstasy of self-satisfaction. He had the most delightful sensations of his life. Standing as if apart from himself, he viewed the last scene. He perceived that the man who had fought thus was magnificent. (II,39)

The irony created from the contrast between Henry's illusions and the realities of battle is two-fold. First, the youth now imagines himself as a heroic figure. Yet, the reality of battle is bestial, fostering no individual heroism, nor any heroic stances. Second, one battle is not a "supreme trial," nor is it over as he imagines. As he and the rest of the regiment are being self-congratulatory, the other army attacks once more. By this time Henry is so completely possessed by his illusion that he is unable to comprehend the reality of another attack. The comically ironic tone of Henry's thoughts reveals the extremity of this now self-serving illusion:

The youth stared. Surely, he thought, this impossible thing was not about to happen. He waited as if he expected the enemy to suddenly stop, apologize and retire bowing. It was all a mistake. (II,40)

He begins to "exaggerate the endurance, the skill, and the

valor of those who were coming" (II,41). This compounds his fear of the coming enemy. A man next to him runs. Then he, too, runs. "On his face was all the horror of those things which he imagined" (II,41).

The youth imagines the threat to be larger than it really is, and allows fear to dominate him. Hence, in horror and fear, he runs away from the battle. The danger of battle is, of course, real, but the threat is not as great as Henry imagines. These are not gray supermen attacking. Yet, in many ways, his imaginings are self-protective illusions. Despite the fact that they are disproportionate, the illusions that have caused him to run may have saved his life. However, by running, Henry has violated a code of conduct which dictates that men stay and face their enemy in battle--that, at all costs, they must protect and fight with their brothers in battle. Henry, who is conscious of this code, must now rationalize his actions. It is then that his illusions become self-serving. As he runs, he feels that everyone who hasn't fled is a fool. A new brigade heads into battle, and he thinks: "What manner of men were they, anyhow? Ah, it was some wondrous breed. Or else they didn't comprehend--the fools" (II,43). Even when the line holds, he refers to the victors as imbeciles. Finally, he elevates himself above everyone:

It was all plain that he had proceeded according to

very correct and commendable rules. His actions had been sagacious things. They had been full of strategy. They were the work of a master's legs.

He, the enlightened man who looks afar in the dark, had fled because of his superior perceptions and knowledge. He felt a great anger against his comrades. He knew it could be proven that they had been fools. (II,44)

He sees himself as a seer; one with acute perceptions; one of the few who have performed correctly in a difficult situation.

As Henry walks further into the forest, he looks to nature to support his self-serving illusions. He becomes aware of animal noises. "The sun, suddenly apparent, blazed among the trees" (II,46). He hears the rumble of battle off in the distance, but it seems that nature isn't listening.

This landscape gave him assurance. A fair field, holding life. It was the religion of peace. It would die if its timid eyes were compelled to see blood. He conceived nature to be a woman with a deep aversion to tragedy. (II,46)

Henry sees only those things which support and contribute to his self-serving illusion. He throws a pine cone at a jovial squirrel, which scampers up a tree to safety.

The youth felt triumphant at this exhibition. There was the law, he said. Nature had given him a sign. The squirrel immediately upon recognizing a danger, had taken to his legs, without ado. He did not stand stolidly, baring his furry belly to the missile, and die with an upward glance at the sympathetic heavens. . . .

The youth wended, feeling that nature was of his mind. She reinforced his arguments with proofs that lived where the sun shone. (II,47)

The irony is apparent in the disparity between Henry's illusions of nature in sympathy and the already-established fact that nature is indifferent to man and his thoughts and actions. Nor is nature "the religion of peace." While Henry is walking through a swamp (the condition, by the way, of his mind), ". . .he saw out at some black water, a small animal pounce in and emerge directly with a gleaming fish" (II,47). He fails to interpret this.

Henry arrives at a natural chapel. As in the earlier image of the cathedral-like forest, contraries also exist here--in extremity. Before, it was a forest cathedral that contained an army; now, it is a natural chapel which contains death:

He softly pushed the green doors aside and entered. Pine-needles were a gentle brown carpet. There was a religious half light.

Near the threshold, he stopped horror-stricken at the sight of a thing. (II,47)

It is the frightening reality of a dead and decaying man. Again, contraries exist with no apparent affect upon nature. The youth tries to escape, but feels trapped by nature. He hears the unnatural sounds of battle and, paradoxically, runs back toward the battlefield. He now feels that nature is hostile and that he must escape. The brambles, bushes, and limbs push against him, holding him from escape. "After its previous hostility, this new resistance of the forest filled him with a fine bitterness" (II,50).

This sudden change in his perception of nature pulls his imagination to the opposite extreme. He seems to have forgotten his own desertion:

Reflecting, he saw a sort of humor in the point of view of himself and his fellows during the late encounter. They had taken themselves and the enemy very seriously and had imagined that they were deciding the war. Individuals must have supposed that they were cutting the letters of their names deep into everlasting tablets of brass or enshrining their reputations forever in the hearts of their countrymen, while, as to the fact, the affair would appear in printed reports under a meek and immaterial title. But he saw that it was good, else, he said, in battle everyone would surely run save forlorn hopes and their ilk. (II,50)

The fact is that Henry himself had taken the enemy very seriously, and still ran. His detached view seems to have left him out of the action. There is an indication in this paragraph that he has learned something about the indifference of a large organization--that the individual is not important. But he fails to apply it to himself.

However, when Henry comes upon the retreat of wounded soldiers, he is forced to confront his own cowardice. He walks in the midst of these soldiers who had stayed to fight and he feels guilt. They suffer for their actions; he does not. He comes alongside a tattered soldier who begins to pester him with questions about where he is wounded.

The youth . . . turned away suddenly and slid through the crowd. His brow was heavily flushed, and his fingers were picking nervously at one of his buttons. He bended his head and fastened his eyes

studiously upon the button as if it were a little problem. (II,53)

In characteristic fashion, he becomes envious of those with wounds. "He conceived persons with torn bodies to be peculiarly happy. He wished that he, too, had a wound, a red badge of courage" (II,54). Later, he actually receives a wound that he will conceive to be a red badge of courage. Ironically, it is the result of cowardice. But, for awhile, he bases his concept of courage upon this imagined, and hoped-for, wound. This wish is ironically followed with a portrait of a spectral soldier. "As he went on, he seemed always looking for a place, like one who goes to choose a grave" (II,54). The reality of Henry's illusion is that it can cost him his life; and, up to this point, Henry hasn't seemed willing, consciously, to risk his life.

The spectral soldier is Jim Conklin, the soldier who spread the rumor of regimental movement in the first chapter, and a man who hadn't run from battle. R.W. Stallman² has asserted that Jim Conklin's death is the crucial episode of the novel. He sees Jim as a Christ figure through whom Henry finds salvation. There are, in fact, many clues in the story which could lead one to a conclusion that Jim Conklin is a Christ figure; his initials, J.C.; the wound in his side; "there was a resemblance in him to a devotee of a mad religion" (II,57); Henry on his knees before the dying soldier; the blood on his gory hand like nail holes; the "body seemed

to bounce a little way from the earth" (II,58); the tattered soldier's reaction, "'Gawd'" (II,58); and, finally, the sun appears as a "wafer," the Christian symbol for the body of Christ. These are very carefully selected clues. But Stallman ignores other evidence which suggests that Crane is mocking the tradition of Christ figures in literature.

While Crane leads us to believe that Jim is a Christ figure, he slyly pulls the rug out, showing that Jim is a mock Christ. Jim Conklin's initials are a trap for the reader. So is the wound in his side. The "mad religion" is "blood-sucking, muscle-wrenching, bone-crushing" (II,57), it is war. This is certainly not the religion of love. The ascension itself is a mockery. Bouncing "a little way from the earth" is not bouncing into heaven. The final mockery is the corpse; its "mouth was open and the teeth showed in a laugh" (II,58). The dignity of death is destroyed in this image, and so is the notion that this grinning corpse could be a Christ figure. The concluding wafer image is not a Christian symbol but merely an image like the seal on a legal document. Joseph Katz explains:

. . .this wafer is "pasted," like a seal. And the figure functions, as do other references to the aspect of the sky with which many chapters conclude, to establish the natural cycles that are uninfluenced by human activity. 3

So the image functions in a way that shows the indifference of nature to Jim's death.

The final proof, of course, would be in what Henry learns from Jim Conklin's death. Salvation is much more difficult to define than it is to show. However, if salvation is a part of this novel, one would expect a change in Henry's perceptions. On the contrary, Henry continues to perceive the world from his very egocentric viewpoint. As the story progresses, it becomes clear that Henry still suffers from the illusions of earlier chapters; that, in fact, salvation is neither a part of this novel, nor a part of Crane's philosophy. For Crane, salvation is more of an attitude toward life and is achieved by human kindness (as he indicates in a letter to Nellie Crouse), or in the "subtle Brotherhood of man" (as he shows in "The Open Boat"). This salvation, however, is not the Christian kind.

After Jim Conklin's death, Henry and the tattered soldier are left together. The other's condition is rapidly becoming grave. Henry is very unsympathetic, in fact, he sees in the tattered soldier only an example of a man who had stayed and fought. As his guilt mounts, so does his rage against this reminder of his own cowardice. He leaves the tattered soldier to wander helplessly.

The simple questions of the tattered man had been knife-thrusts to him. They asserted a society that probes pitilessly at secrets until all is apparent. His late companions' chance persistency made him feel that he could not keep his crime concealed in his bosom. It was sure to be brought plain by one of those arrows which cloud the air and are constantly pricking, discovering, proclaiming those things which

are willed to be forever hidden. He admitted that he could not defend himself against this agency. It was not within the power of vigilance. (II,62)

The youth is so worried about what people think of him that he is governed by a necessity to protect his own reputation.

Away from the probing questions of the tattered man, Henry again dreams about himself as a hero in battle. He sees himself as "a blue desperate figure leading lurid charges with one knee forward and a broken blade high" (II,64). Again, he sees battle in Homeric images and with himself in heroic stances. At his courageous death, he imagines himself as a "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" (II,64). Already the youth has forgotten the gray face in the chapel and the grotesque grin spread across Jim Conklin's dead face. But this is only a dream. Like many who lack the courage to act, Henry makes excuses for himself. He begins to see the difficulties of his dream. Where would he get a rifle--how would he find his regiment--how would he face his friends in the regiment? And, again, his mind is back to reality, facing his situation as a deserter. In despair, he knows that he is a "craven loon. Those pictures of glory were piteous things" (II,66).

Two things become very important to Henry: returning to his regiment, and a "moral vindication" (II,67) of his cowardly act. However, while his heart is continually re-

minding him that he is despicable, he feels that he cannot return to the regiment. His moral vindication must be the defeat of the army. A defeat, he "thought. . . would prove, in a manner, that he had fled early because of his superior powers of perception" (II,67). In defeat, he could then appear like those other men who have broken away from their regiments due to chaos, not cowardice.

They would be sullen brothers in distress and he could then easily believe he had not run any further or faster than they. And if he himself could believe in his virtuous perfection, he conceived that there would be small trouble in convincing all others.
(II,66)

His self-serving ethical relativism becomes odious, for his moral vindication would mean the death of many others. With quick, poetic justice, he comes across a rapid retreat of badly-frightened men and is struck down when trying to stop one. He now has his red badge of courage. It is ironic that he receives this symbol of heroism in such an unheroic way. It is one coward striking another. Suddenly, one of them, Henry, possesses the symbol (but not the heart) of a hero. Now, he can return to his regiment. It is an ironic moral vindication, an outgrowth of his self-serving illusion that now makes this wound a symbol of courage.

A cheery man comes along and, with kindness and sympathy, escorts the ailing Henry back to his regiment. He shows him the brotherhood which Henry failed to show the tattered man. Although Henry imagines that the men would

ridicule him upon his return to the regiment, they show him nothing but kindness. He is welcomed by Wilson, the loud soldier, with "husky emotion in his voice" (II,75). He shows true concern, helping Henry with his wound, giving him some food and even offering his own bedding for Henry's comfort. Finally, Henry is able to sleep: "He gave a long sigh, snuggled down into his blanket and in a moment, was like his comrades" (II,79). He is easily accepted back into the regiment. His worries and doubts now seem absurd. There is a promise here of a second chance for Henry. It remains to be seen in the third part of the story how he uses this second chance, based, as it is, upon a false moral vindication. In effect, he has been accepted back into the regiment on false grounds and through no moral action of his own, or change in his perceptions.

When he awakes, Henry perceives a change in his friend's demeanor. The loud soldier ". . . seemed no more to be continually regarding the proportions of his personal prowess There was about him now a fine reliance. He showed a quiet belief in his purposes and his abilities" (II,82). Henry wonders how this change had come about. If Henry had not run the day before, perhaps he would understand now. As it is, he sees that his friend "had now climbed a peak of wisdom from which he could perceive himself as a very wee thing" (II,82). Ironically, "the youth saw that, ever after it would be easier to live in his friend's neighborhood"

(II,82). This "peak of wisdom" is a humility earned in battle, stemming from the knowledge that a soldier is, in fact, a "very wee thing." On the other hand, Henry's lack of humility is very apparent. Evidently he believes that his sign of courage exempts him from judgment. He remembers the packet of letters that Wilson, in a weak moment, had entrusted to him and they become a weapon.

He now rejoiced in the possession of a small weapon with which he could prostrate his comrade at the first signs of a cross-examination. He was master. It would now be he who could laugh and shoot the shafts of derision.

The latter [the youth] felt immensely superior to his friend but he inclined to condescension. He adopted toward him an air of patronizing good-humor.

His self-pride was now entirely restored. . . . He had performed his mistakes in the dark, so he was still a man. (II,85-86)

There is no humility, human kindness, brotherhood in these thoughts. Henry may be restored to the regiment, but his perceptions continue to be egocentered. There is no sign of salvation and no sign that Henry has learned anything in all of his exploits.

He believes that, since his mistakes are unknown to others, he can be a man, even though his mistakes prove otherwise. And, since the loud soldier made his mistake (a very human one at that) in the open, he deserves all the derision and condescension that the youth can give. His arrogance mounts as his imagination takes hold.

Indeed, when he remembered his fortunes of yesterday, and looked at them from a distance he began to see something fine there. He had license to be pompous and veteran-like.

The lessons of yesterday had been that retribution was a laggard and blind. With these facts before him he did not deem it necessary that he should become feverish over the possibilities of the ensuing twenty-four hours. (II,86)

His arrogance overcomes any moral perceptions. It also overcomes fear as he begins to feel immortal and "doomed to greatness" (II,87). From this new and self-serving pinnacle of greatness, he derides the others who ran. He feels scorn for them. "They had surely been more fleet and more wild than was absolutely necessary. They were weak mortals. As for himself, he had fled with discretion and dignity" (II,87). Henry, then, continues with the same illusory perceptions of the day before. His perceptions were, and continue to be, governed by flights of imagination, which are, in turn, governed by a need to appear courageous in the eyes of other men. He has an illusory idea of courage, like a mold, into which he tries to fit himself. It proves to be a self-serving mold.

When he finally enters a real battle, he finds it a beast-like experience. In an animal frenzy, Henry continues to fight after there is no enemy left to fight. The company lieutenant makes a remark about Henry's ferocity: the men "looked upon him as a war-devil" (II,97). It is his bestial frenzy, the lieutenant's remark, and the reactions of the men that make him think about what he is doing.

It was revealed to him that he had been a barbarian, a beast. . . .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 over-come obstacles. . . .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. (II,97)

So, he first sees himself as bestial, which is as correct a perception as he will ever have. But then he makes a moral judgment of his actions. The incongruities of war become ironically apparent. It is, in fact, this incongruity that allows him to think of himself now as a hero. By the end of this passage, his imagination has elevated him to the heroic position of "knight."

Crane follows with two passages that deny, or at least belittle, Henry's assessment of himself.

The forest still bore its burden of clamor. . . .
A cloud of dark smoke as from smoldering ruins went
up toward the sun now bright and gay in the blue,
enameled sky. (II,98)

While Henry's thoughts are reflected in the tone of the first part, the second part, showing the indifference of nature, seems to be saying "so what?" Henry fails to understand the irony, as a more perceptive observer would. However, when he and Wilson search for water in the lull between battles, and he hears an officer say that the 304th fights "'like a lot 'a mule-drivers'" (II,101), he suddenly learns that he is very insignificant. When he gets back to the regiment and they are waiting to charge, he realizes that the

"world was fully interested in other matters. Apparently, the regiment had its small affair to itself" (II,102). Henry appears to be learning something here--something about his insignificance in the war machine. But he has yet to learn a thing about his own insignificance in a more universal context. In fact, he has no chance to learn this as the regiment begins a charge.

During the charge he lapses into the bestial frame of mind. "There was the delirium that encounters despair and death, and is heedless and blind to the odds. It is a temporary but sublime absence of selfishness" (II,105). This new behavior is not an illusion but is, in fact, a lack of illusion that is coupled with an absolute animal-like lack of awareness. This is a necessity and allows each soldier to fight self-lessly, without the paralyzing fear that would cause him to run. Then the fatigue of the regiment enables them to look around; they see their dwindling numbers and suddenly become aware of being fired upon. "This spectacle seemed to paralyze them. . . ." (II,106)

But they are driven back into the battle frenzy by the company lieutenant. The youth, who now fights commendably but has not really stood out in heroics, suddenly finds a reason for being in battle--the flag.

Within him, as he hurled himself forward, was born a love, a despairing fondness for this flag which was near him. . . . Because no harm could come to it, he endowed it with power. He kept near as if it could be a savior of lives and an imploring cry went from his mind. (II,108)

As Henry completes his thought, the flag bearer is killed. Henry fails to see the irony. He and Wilson grab for the flag and wrench it from the corpse of the flag bearer. Henry holds the flag erect and to the front, suddenly becoming a leader on the battlefield. Even when the regiment begins to fall back, he and the lieutenant are able to regroup most of the men for a stand against a counter-attack. They repel this attack of what proves to be new troops like themselves, and not the veterans that they had always imagined.

The impetus of enthusiasm was theirs again. They gazed about them with looks of uplifted pride, feeling new trust in the grim, always-confident weapons in their hands. And they were men. (II,115)

Typically, Crane has the men come back to face the derision of the other troops. The colonel is furious that the charge was halted one-hundred yards short of success. Their valuation of themselves as "men" is immediately shown to be illusory. The reader sees this, but the men "conceived it to be a huge mistake" (II,119).

Prior to the next battle Henry and Wilson discover that the regimental colonel has pointed them out as superlative fighters amidst these mule drivers.

They speedily forgot many things. The past held no pictures of error and disappointment. They were very happy and their hearts swelled with grateful affection for the colonel and the lieutenant. (II,121)

Henry can now go into battle with "serene self-confidence" (II,122), but only in himself. He is still concerned about

the "mule driver" assessment of the regiment. And, again, his imagination gets out of control.

It was clear to him that his final and absolute revenge was to be achieved by his dead body lying, torn and guttering, upon the field. This was to be a poignant retaliation upon the officer who had said "mule driver". . . .And it was his idea, vaguely formulated, that his corpse would be for those eyes a great and salt reproach. (II,125)

Despite Henry's great improvement as a soldier, his perceptions of his own insignificance, have not greatly changed. At several points in the story he seems to understand his insignificance in the framework of a military battle. He soon, however, forgets the lesson.

His fighting prowess does improve throughout the story, even though his perceptions do not. Henry no longer is thinking of running. In fact, in the last charge, he fixes a goal, a fence-line (a seemingly petty goal for the price), pushing himself, and urging others along, toward that goal.

He, himself, felt the daring spirit of a savage, religion-mad. He was capable of profound sacrifices, a tremendous death. He had no time for dissections but he knew that he thought of the bullets only as things that could prevent him from reaching the place of his endeavor. (II,128)

He has adopted the savage religion of war, that same religion that left Jim Conklin a corpse only the day before. It is clear that Henry sees his actions as heroic. He perceives his sacrifices to be "profound" and his imminent death to be "tremendous." He continues to perceive himself as sign-

nificant, yet, when the fence-line is taken and the remainders of the regiment settle down behind it, there is a nonchalant tone which makes them and their achievements seem very insignificant. This tone is supported in action when the Union Army begins an immediated withdrawal. Despite Henry's heroics, the Confederate Army had won a dubious victory.

In the end, while the long column marches away from battle, Henry thinks about his experiences on the battlefield. As in the opening sections of the novel, Henry isolates himself. He separates himself from the goings-on of the troops. In grand, biblical language, Henry's thoughts turn inward.

He understood then that the existence of shot and counter shot was in the past. He had dwelt in a land of strange, squalling up-heavals and had come forth. He had been where there was red of blood and black of passion, and he was escaped. (II,133)

His thoughts are as melodramatic as the theater scenes in Maggie. He seems to be developing an illusion that all is now in the past; that he has proved himself and that is all he will have to do. Then he turns to his actions. He witnesses his public deeds with pleasure and pride. "Those performances which had been witnessed by his fellows marched now in wide purple and gold. . . ." (II,133) But he must also look to his more private deeds. He had run in the midst of battle and, worse, he had deserted a fellow soldier in a time of need--the tattered soldier he had deserted in

the field. Henry shows that his major concern is not moral, but that it is detection. "For an instant, a wretched chill of sweat was upon him at the thought that he might be detected in the thing" (II,134). He is worried that this "would stand before him all of his life" (II,135).

Gradually, he is able "to put the sin at a distance" (II,135). And with this, Henry's imagination once more takes flight.

He found that he could look back upon the brass and bombast of his earlier gospels and see them truly. He was gleeful when he discovered that he now despised them.

With this conviction came a store of assurance. He felt a quiet manhood, nonassertive but a sturdy and strong blood. He knew that he would no more quail before his guides wherever they should point. He had been to touch the great death and found that, after all, it was but the great death. He was a man. (II,135)

How can Henry truly "see" when he puts his major sins at a distance? But he does claim this and goes on to create an imaginative and self-serving wisdom that belittles the importance of death while elevating himself to immortality. Henry is up to his old tricks as he marches away, turning "with a lover's thirst, to images of tranquil skies, fresh meadows, cool brooks; an existence of soft and eternal peace" (II,135). He is immersed in his own illusion. In a mockingly ironic sentence, Crane sets the perceptive reader straight: "Over the river a golden ray of sun came through the hosts of leaden rain clouds" (II, 135).

CHAPTER V

"THE OPEN BOAT"

"None of them knew the color of the sky."¹ The first line of "The Open Boat" immediately expresses a sense of fear and shows that these men perceive from a limited viewpoint. All that they see is the danger of a malevolent sea. In a wider sense the sentence expresses man's limited knowledge. The lack of color is a lack of light: the men appear unenlightened. But . . . all of the men knew the colors of the sea" (V,68), or so they think. They see it as threatening, as a malevolent force that works against them. As shipwrecked sailors they perceive the sea to be a purposeful threat to their lives. At this point in the story, they resemble the sailor in the second stanza of Poem 71 of War is Kind:

To the maiden
The sea was blue meadow
Alive with little froth-people
Singing.

To the sailor, wrecked,
The sea was dead grey walls
Superlative in vacancy
Upon which nevertheless at fateful time,
Was written
The Grim Hatred of Nature.²

The men in this open boat will gradually come to perceive

nature quite differently. Their thirty-hour ordeal, their continual exposure to the sea, will enable them to perceive nature as it is in reality, and to perceive their own illusions in relation to that reality. The knowledge that they gain will in no way resemble that of the maiden, who has apparently never confronted the sea that she romanticizes. Nor will it be like that of the ship-wrecked sailor who perceives nature as a malevolent force.

The ironies of "The Open Boat" are very different from those we have seen in Crane's other works. In this story, the characters gradually see the ironies, actually realizing their significance. Crane seldom uses sudden juxtapositions of illusion and reality in order to offer the reader the immediate irony, as he has before. Most of the irony is slow in coming. However, the story still deals with illusion and reality, or (another way of viewing it) faulty perception as opposed to correct perception. For example, the perception of the sea as malevolent is not changed until much later in the story when the men realize that the sea, although dangerous, is totally indifferent to their plight. The slow realization of the irony is due to the gradual enlightenment of the correspondent. It is through his perceptions that most of the story is told. As a result, we must wait for him to understand the irony. Unlike most of Crane's characters, these men learn from those ironies that they perceive.

From this enlightenment, they are able to say in the end that "they could then be interpreters" (V, 92). This is not to say that they have interpreted some kind of vague meaning in life, but that, now, they can look at life at least a little more clearly and in perspective.

The dinghy can be viewed as a microcosm of human society in which the various members of society (the assortment of types in the boat) cooperate and work toward the perpetuation of that society in the face of a harsh and malevolent nature (the sea). I also see the story as one of personal growth through knowledge gained of man's personal and communal plight in relationship to the universe. In life, each man must face a series of trials just as the men in this dinghy must face wave after menacing wave. As man masters each trial, it can be said that something has been learned and that he may have grown personally as a result of that knowledge. This does not necessarily mean that a supreme mover of the universe (a god) consciously arranges trial after trial in order to help man's growth. Crane does not perceive the universe in this very personal way. He would say that man merely confronts problems that appear by accident, from which he has the opportunity to learn. These are not trials that a malevolent God puts before each man in order to keep man in his place, nor are they for the purpose of providing man with materials for psychic growth. They are merely episodes in life in which

men directly confront an indifferent nature. As in life, the men, in the open boat must confront "each froth-top" (V,68) as it comes. "Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace" (V,69).

As can be seen, in the beginning the men view each wave as if it were a menacing threat with the purposeful goal of drowning each of them. Yet, they hold together as a unit and face each wave as it comes. They refuse to give in to a hopelessness that would destroy their camaraderie and effectiveness before this storm.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one.

"Do you think we've got much of a show, now, boys?" said he. (V,70-71)

To this we are "silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing" (V,71). They feel that to express optimism at this time would be "childish and stupid" (V,71). Yet, the "ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent" (V,71). It is an illusion to think that any of these thoughts could possibly have an affect upon the final outcome of their battle with the sea. However, except for the slight-

ly superstitious tone, Crane does not give us the full reality of the situation. As a result, the comparison of illusion and reality is postponed, and, of course, so is the irony of these remarks.

Out of this shared experience the men in the boat feel a brotherhood never before experienced.

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat, there was this comradeship, that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life. (V,73)

To think this while "wallowing miraculously, top up, at the mercy of five oceans," (V,73) may seem absurd. But it is all that man has to help him through this universe which, at first, seems to be malevolent and, later, is perceived to be absolutely indifferent. This is what Crane was writing about in his letter to Nellie Crouse:

The cynical mind is an uneducated thing. Therefore do I strive to be as kind and as just as may be to those about me and in my meagre success at it, I find the solitary pleasure of life.³

Like Crane, the correspondent is educating his mind. He sees the irony of life. Rather than waste his life with invective, like the cynic, he accepts those ironies. In

this way, in the midst of irony, he is able to find pleasure in his "subtle brotherhood."

Again I must stress that, in this story, the characters are much more aware of their predicament than characters in Crane's other stories. They are constantly confronted with the reality of the natural environment. This reality changes, not in physical fact, but as the perceptions of the men change. While their perception of reality changes, that "subtle brotherhood of man" remains constant. A feeling that is so personal and so heartfelt may seem absurd, with a raging ocean threatening them with each wave, yet it exists as "the best experience" of their lives and will continue until they all leave the boat in their attempts to swim to shore. This brotherhood is not consciously self-protective, but it certainly enables these men to face their predicament without submitting to the despair which that predicament could foster. Nor is this brotherhood necessarily an illusion. No one has any expectations of this brotherhood. The men do not expect it to provide food, warmth, or even refuge. It exists as real emotion and that is enough.

Not only do the men's perceptions of the sea change, but so do their perceptions of land. When newly-shipwrecked, they imagine land as a place of refuge where they will find safety and comfort. To them, reaching land is the same as being rescued. While rowing, their measurement

of progress is only how much closer to land they get. The patches of seaweed "informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land" (V,72). So, land is thought of optimistically. Finally they see the first sign of land, the light of a lighthouse which shines "like the point of a pin" (V,73). It is so small that the correspondent, who is rowing at the time, is unable to see it right away. It is in this small point of light that they rest all of their hopes and expectations of rescue.

From the top of a wave the men actually see the land. It "seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper" (V,74). Despite the unfriendly appearance of the land, they still think of it optimistically, as their refuge. The allusion to paper reminds one of Crane's metaphor for fame in his letters. Fame turns out to be an empty illusion: there is a foreboding in these lines that suggests that the land will also be an empty illusion, that safety will not necessarily be found there. But the men in the boat fail to perceive this right away. While their attitude is not completely optimistic, it is certainly more optimistic than it should be. Their failure is a failure to perceive that the land is not the warm, safe, comfortable refuge of their hopes. However, they will soon realize their mistake.

"Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white--trees

and sand" (V,74). They see a house on the shore, along with the lighthouse which now "reared high" (V,74). The shoreline grows, and with this growth . . .

. . . doubt and direful apprehension was leaving the minds of the men . . . In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore . . . (They) rode impudently in their little boat, and with an assurance of impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars and judged well and ill of all men. (V,75)

In this scene, four men, sitting in a tiny boat, confront the raging sea and huge, rolling breakers with comic assurance. They puff on huge cigars the same way that they puff on this huge illusion that their rescue is imminent. (//

But there is no sign of life, nor is there any sign of rescue. Slowly the mood changes in the boat as the men realize that they will not be rescued here. Crane adds, in one of his few authorial intrusions, that "there was not a life-saving station within twenty miles in either direction" (V,76). This comment heightens the irony of their situation as "four scowling men sat in the dingey [sic] and surpassed records in the invention of eptithets.

. . . There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign" (V,76). They begin to realize that their expectations of this land are not realistic.

They turn their reflections outward toward the universe. With rage each formulates his thoughts:

"If I am going to be drowned . . . , why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? . . . If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown men, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble? The whole affair is absurd " Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds. "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!" (V,77)

The last line shows just how ineffectual man really is. But, more important, this passage reflects the present knowledge of the four men. They approach despair in the opening line, but retreat from this despair into invective against a Fate which they believe to be purposefully organizing the events of their lives. The Fate that they imagine is, of course, absurd. Crane shows this as he follows with an image of nature:

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds, and clouds brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the southeast. (V,77)

This picture of nature is certainly not the image that the men imagine. Instead, it is a desolate scene in which the "building" of their illusion is burning.

The next time that land becomes significant is when they see a man on the shore. He begins to run toward a house and then stops. The great distance between the man

on the beach and the men in the boat causes many problems for the men in correctly perceiving the man on the beach. The burlesque that follows becomes a study in the relativity of perception.

"Look! There comes another man!"
 "He's running."
 "Look at him go, would you."
 "Why, he's on a bicycle." (V,79)

Then they see something else on the beach that they decide must be a boat -- mostly because they want it to be a boat. A man begins to wave a coat at them, which is mistaken for a flag. Finally, one of them realizes that the men on the beach do not intend to rescue them:

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter-resort hotel omnibus that has brought over some of the boarders to see us drown." (V,80)

Again their optimism begins to fade. They doubt the intentions of the people, who seem to be there only to watch the action. Nobody has dispatched a boat for rescue. In desperation one of the shipwrecked men hopes: "'They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us'" (V,80). Crane, in order to point out the irony, follows with:

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver. (V,80)

And with:

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. (V,81)

The men in the boat expect a moral action from those on shore. In other words they expect to be rescued. The men on shore, however, seem to have no moral intentions at all. They are there merely to watch. Up to this point the land has been as indifferent to their plight as has the sea. The sea and land, both, seem to be amoral -- and so do the people they have seen on land. Like the illusion of rescue they blend into the gloom.

The lighthouse finally vanishes from "the southern horizon The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf" (V,81). The lighthouse, their symbol of refuge, has vanished into the south as they continue their journey north along the Florida coastline. They face the darkness and loneliness of night: their thoughts turn inward as their spirits drop. Once again we hear the refrain, "If I am going to be drowned . . . ," but, this time, it is much shorter, as if the question is becoming half-hearted. The captain says "'Keep her head up! Keep her head up!'" (V,81) as an order to the oarsman to keep the bow into the oncoming waves. But it also rings as a warning to the men not to give in to

despair. To the south the final colors of a sunset "changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves" (V,82).

That night the men sleep as best they can, except for the oarsman and the captain. When the correspondent takes the oars "the particular violence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling" (V,82). The sea is perceived differently now. The perception is much closer to reality. The correspondent now has time to reflect. After the captain has fallen asleep "the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end" (V,83). He is beginning to understand nature's indifference. He is alone in the night. While the others lie in the bottom of the boat with arms around each other, like "a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood" (V,83), the correspondent is left to contemplate the present reality and those events since the shipwreck. He is, at this point, without the brotherhood that he experienced earlier, "and it was sadder than the end." Crane affirms this brotherhood by mourning the lack of it and by showing the need we have for it. A shark begins to circle the boat. The correspondent looks to the captain, and then to the other men, but they are all asleep and can offer no sympathy.

"The presence of this biding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone" (V,84).

The third refrain is even shorter than the previous two and ends in the pertinent question, "'why . . . was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?'" (V,84) The correspondent is now facing indifferent nature without the protection of the brotherhood of man. In an off-hand way he feels the injustice of his situation after he "had worked so hard, so hard" (V,84). But he cannot forget the lesson he has learned.

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. (V,84-85)

He knows now that nature is indifferent. He also realizes that God does not exist and that religion is illusion, but an illusion that men desire.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands suppliant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself." (V,85)

Nature's answer to this is ironic and points out to him "the pathos of his situation" (V,85). He discovers the

reality of man's situation as his thoughts are answered:

"A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him" (V,85). He learns that nature does not offer the sympathy that he needs. It is absolutely indifferent. For sympathy he must turn toward his fellow man.

And with this realization, he remembers a verse from his childhood; a soldier in Algiers lay dying. "But he had never regarded it as important" (V,85). He was indifferent to the plight of the soldier and could never understand the pathos of his situation. Now, however, he understands:

The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.
(V,86)

The correspondent has faced the indifference of nature and found it to be unsatisfactory for human existence. Now, he realizes that the sympathy and brotherhood of men is the only hope for man in this indifferent universe.

By this point, the attitude of the men in the boat toward the sea has changed considerably: "As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose" (V,87). The subtle brotherhood protects the men from the obtrusive power of the sea. We see, now, a new perception of the sea which Crane points-

out as an enlightened change. The morning "appeared finally, in its splendor with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves" (V,87). The men now know the color of the sky, as well as the color of the waves. They see reality clearly, and while they see, the subtle brotherhood protects them from the loneliness of that reality. The brotherhood of man differs from illusion in that it has been tested, yet continues to serve those men who deeply feel that brotherhood. On the other hand, the dream that land, itself, provides refuge has been tested and proved to be illusion. The men have expected everything from the land and have received only disappointment: they have expected very little from the brotherhood of man and have found the "best experience" of life.

The next time that they focus their attentions on the land they perceive it for what it is -- lonely and deserted. It offers no easy rescue!

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village. (V,88)

They see the shore this time as merely a group of objects. There is nothing which gives these things life and they certainly cannot offer to these men what they want most -- to be rescued. The men now know this. Rather than discuss the possibility of rescue, they turn the dinghy directly

toward the shoreline. As they begin to move into the breakers, the correspondent contemplates the wind-tower as a symbol.

It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual -- nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. (V,88)

In one symbol he sums up the truth of nature and the truth of man's struggles in the face of nature. And, as the boat is finally swamped, each individual begins his personal struggle with that nature.

As the correspondent is gripped by a "strange new enemy -- a current" (V,91), which suspends his motion toward the shoreline, he has an opportunity to look closely at his destination. He sees it as a very impersonal, indifferent thing:

The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff, topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who in a gallery looks at a scene from Brittany or Holland. (V,91)

This detached view shows the correspondent looking at nature in the same way that nature looks at him. The current has a hold on him. He falls into his last reverie: "'I am going to drown?' . . . Perhaps an individual must consider

his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature" (V,91). This is a reversal in his enlightenment, but, luckily, "a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current" (V,91).

Finally, he sees a man running along the beach. "He was undressing with most remarkable speed" (V,91). His intentions are to rescue the men in the surf. As he moves to help the correspondent, he is seen as "naked, naked as a tree in winter, but a halo was above his head, and he shone like a saint" (V,92). The amorality of the shoreline, then, has been shattered by moral man doing his duty.⁴ Man's own morality, his treatment of other men as brothers, is his answer to indifference. Without it, he may as well not live; he certainly would not be human.

However, just because man is a moral creature, that this "subtle brotherhood" is possible and necessary, does not mean that he will survive the indifferent forces of nature. Ironically the man most fit to survive, Billie the oiler, is the man who does not survive.

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler.
His forehead touched sand that was periodically,
between each wave, clear of the sea. (V,92)

As Marston LaFrance has suggested, when man faces nature, "both his comparative fitness to survive and the amount of work he has done are irrelevant . . . , and that man's moral realities of justice and injustice have no application what-

soever to external nature."⁵ In the end the "welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous" (V,92). However, the welcome for the dead man can only be the "sinister hospitality of the grave" (V,92). The survivors know and understand this when, in the end, they can finally say that "they felt that they could then be interpreters" (V,92).

CHAPTER VI

"THE BLUE HOTEL"

In "The Blue Hotel" Crane's ironic structure is more complex than in his other art. Earlier, when trying to understand Crane's method of irony, I stated that a double irony can be seen in this last of Crane's short stories. This double irony is a result of a two-level comparison of incongruities. In Crane's fiction, the lower level is the realm of each man's illusions: the upper level is the realm of absolute, indifferent reality. In the lower realm each person continually projects his own illusions on the world. He makes of the world what he wants. However, as he has done in all of his fiction, Crane makes sure that the reader sees the reality of every situation in perspective, thus creating the simple irony that is present in all of his works. In addition to this two-level comparison, double irony includes a contrast within the lower level. It is a contrast of one man's illusions with another. As readers we compare one character's illusions with another's and begin to commit ourselves to judgments. As this time Crane imposes brief glimpses of reality (Upper level) which make all of those illusions, and even our own judgments,

seem only a conceit of man.

In Maggie, Crane goes to great lengths to establish a reality (upper level) with which, as readers, we can compare Maggie's illusions. This puts emphasis upon reality, or environment, which I believe was Crane's intention in his earlier writings. He was, after all, greatly influenced early in his career by Howells and Norris. However, in "The Blue Hotel" he places greater emphasis upon illusion. While reality in Maggie (the Bowery slums) is shown to be a huge deterministic factor, it changes in his later writings, showing itself to be flatly indifferent. The comparison is now between man's illusions and the indifferent universe. Although this universe plays a major part in determining man's fate, it does so without purpose, intent, or malice. The focus has changed from what environment, or reality does to man, to what man does to himself and to how he interprets or perceives reality. Reality, then, has become a philosophical truth, a constant which continually exposes the irony of man's existence. Man can say or think anything that he wants, but, as we are reminded in "A Man Adrift on a Slim Spar," who, other than man, cares? -- "God is cold."¹ Crane, however, affirms man's need to adopt illusions. Illusions enable man to protect himself from the irony of his own existence in an indifferent universe. They give meaning and structure to an otherwise empty existence.

In "The Blue Hotel," Crane presents a setting, the

Palace Hotel; he uses characters that create illusions, Scully and the Easterner; and he uses a character encumbered by an illusion, the Swede. All project an illusion which they claim to be reality. The result on this lower level is to have each man's illusion conflict with the illusion of another man. While the reader is comparing illusions to discover, mistakenly, which deserves to be accepted as reality, Crane will move to the higher level of his ironic structure (reality). For example, the Swede predicts that he will be killed in Fort Romper. He projects these thoughts out of an illusion about the wild West. Unless the reader has noticed Crane's attention to illusion-contributing detail in the atmosphere of the Palace Hotel, he, like the other characters, will see the Swede's fear as irrational. Yet, the Swede will be murdered in Fort Romper. All the irony that the reader sees in this situation comes from that lower level of the double irony (the comparison of illusions). The higher level, however is always there for comparison, too. With that comparison comes the awareness of another irony; that irony of the disparity between man's illusions and the indifferent reality of the universe.

Because of the proprietor's strategy, the Palace Hotel becomes one of the central illusions of the story. It is a lonely hotel, close to the railroad, separated by some two-hundred yards from the city-proper of Fort Romper, Nebraska.

The exterior, "always screaming and howling,"² is a warning of its real character and reminds one of the coldness of an arctic storm, not the warmth that its proprietor offers. It is a blue that is "on the legs of a kind of heron, causing the bird to declare its position against any background" (142). The warning is clear, yet it is this choice of color by Scully, "the master of strategy" (V,142), that seems to draw patrons to the hotel. While he has their attention, he entices them in.

In this way Scully gathers three travelers; the Swede, the Cowboy, and the Easterner. No one, it seems, has heeded the warnings of the hotel's exterior. Compared with the extremes of a snow storm, the interior is like a different world. "It seemed to be merely a proper temple for an enormous stove, which, in the center, was humming with god-like violence" (V,143). Crane, I believe, intends the point of view to be that of the three travelers. The word "seemed" suggests that this is a subjective impression, introducing this impression as an ill-founded belief (an illusion) in which a violent God serves man in a benevolent manner. I have shown earlier what Crane thinks of this God of wrath. Couple this with a later poem, "A Man Adrift on a Slim Spar," and we see that, in Crane, God is indifferent (cold), not this warm, humming benevolent stove. This comforting warmth is illusory.

By the middle of the first section there are two

different perceptions of the hotel. The first comes from the narrator's physical description of the hotel's exterior. It includes warnings and clues as to its real character. These are quickly forgotten or, possibly, never perceived by the characters, as Scully, the seducer, works to create a perception of the hotel as warm, safe and comfortable. The travelers readily accept this illusion; all, that is, but the Swede, who is encumbered by his own illusion. He sees this front room of the hotel as one in which "'there have been a good many men killed . . . ,'" (V,145-146) and he is next.

The situation is an invitation to the reader to decide which perception of the hotel is most correct -- Scully's, the Swede's, or the narrator's objective view. The hotel can be viewed as a microcosm of human society. It is man's artificial civilization, the exterior serving as a bastion against the cold, swirling storm outside (reality); the interior becomes whatever each man perceives and believes. But perceptions and beliefs are subjective, ruled by illusion. They are ever-changing, showing none of the constancy that the snow storm does outside. This storm is cold and indifferent, unchanging, a constant that should be contrasted to man's illusions. This contrast will show man's differing illusions to be merely pathetic. The hotel, then, becomes a metaphor for the reason why and the way in which man adopts illusions. In order to avoid confrontation with a harsh

reality, he will build an elaborate structure of illusion as protection. To be perfect, however, this structure would be without window or door. The Palace Hotel has both. As will be seen, Scully's illusion will be exploded.

Scully is the proprietor of the hotel. It is his job to create and, then, to maintain the illusions of warmth, comfort, and safety within the hotel -- those illusions which will maintain his business and establish his reputation. To do this he has become a seducer, a "master of strategy." Painting the hotel blue in order to draw attention is a part of his strategy. By naming it the Palace Hotel, he attempts to create in the hotel an illusory aura of importance and spaciousness. However, if he is able to create an illusion of palatial comfort, which he does, a bastion against the driving snow storm, it doesn't matter that the hotel, in reality, is not a palace. He would "go every morning and evening to meet the leisurely trains that stopped at Romper and work his seductions upon any man that he might see wavering, gripsack in hand" (V,142). Scully is waiting at the train station when the three travelers arrive. He performs "the marvel of catching" (V,142) them. Crane establishes Scully as a man of deception, as a con man. Then, Crane changes point of view and moves into the minds of travelers: "He was so nimble and merry and kindly that each probably felt it would be the height of brutality to try to

escape" (V,143). The reader should see the irony that Crane creates by juxtaposing Scully the seducer and "master of strategy" with Scully as seen through the eyes of the travelers, "nimble and merry and kindly." To heighten the irony, Crane adds a description of Scully:

He wore a heavy fur cap squeezed tightly down on his head. It caused his two red ears to stick out stiffly, as if they were made of tin. (V,143)

He becomes a satanic figure,³ contradicting the men's perceptions. But the warning goes unnoticed as the men walk towards the promised comfort of the Palace Hotel.

Scully, overplaying his role, "elaborately, with boisterous hospitality, conducted them through the portals of the blue hotel" (V,143). Again, Crane gives a clue to Scully's true personality: with "a loud flourish of words he destroyed the game of cards, and bustled his son upstairs with part of the baggage of the new guests" (V,143). They only see what he does for them, not what he does to others. They continue to be taken in by Scully's performance.

It was notable that throughout this series of small ceremonies the three travelers were made to feel that Scully was very benevolent. He was conferring great favors upon them. He handed the towel from one to the other with an air of philanthropic impulse. (V,143)

The oblique look into the travelers' minds shows the degree

of success that Scully is having as he weaves the illusion of warmth, safety, and comfort in the blue hotel.

When the Swede threatens this illusion with one of his own, it is Scully who attempts to restore it. To do so, he first tries to talk the Swede out of his fear that this is the wild West and that he will die here. "'Why, man, we're goin' to have a line of ilictric street-cars in this town next spring'" (V,149). He goes on to say that "'in two years Romper'll be a met-tro-pol-is" (V,150). This just may be Scully's own dream. After all, civilization is not there yet, nor does civilization always provide safety, regardless of what it promises. But the Swede, who sees Scully as resembling a "murderer" (V,149), will not accept even this illusion. So Scully tries to soften him by becoming personal. This doesn't work. The only thing left, since he can't change the Swede, is to dull the Swede's fear with whiskey.

Downstairs again, the Swede becomes arrogant, yet Scully, always attempting to maintain his illusion says:

"Why, he's all right now It was only that he was from the East and he thought this was a tough place. That's all. He's all right now."
(V,153)

Scully attempts to minimize the importance of the Swede's illusion and, at the same time, to re-establish the illusory safety of the hotel. Later he even seems to be+

lieve, himself, that the Swede is "all right now" as he "took up his paper and for a long time remained immersed in matters which were extraordinarily remote from him" (V,155) {

Immediately, the illusory comfort of the hotel is exploded with: "'You are cheatin'!'" (V,156) The elements of discord have been present since Section I of the story -- the Swede, Johnny and the card game. What happens, then, is not simply a sudden change of tone. It is a discovery that the harmony which Scully has tried to maintain is false. Discord, which paradoxically feeds the Swede's paranoia, is the reality. Scully now suspends his illusion-creating tactics and sides with his son Johnny against the Swede. Significantly, they move out into the cold storm for the fight.

On his arrival in Fort Romper, it is apparent that the Swede is encumbered by an illusory concept of the wild West. He seems to have adopted this myth in its most romantic form, believing that the western code is drastically different from that of the East, and much more dangerous. He is fearful, first appearing in the story as "shaky and quick-eyed" (V,143) and resembling a "badly frightened man" (V,144). Thinking that everyone recognizes and accepts his myth as a reality, he finally says (through the narrator) "that some of these Western communities were very dangerous" (V,144). The others just "looked at him wondering and in

silence" (V,144).

Up to this point (the end of Section I) the Swede has brought all of his suspicions and paranoia with him into the story. Possibly he has recognized the warnings of the hotel's exterior or has seen through Scully's mask. But there is really no indication that these matters have influenced his perceptions. Now, however, he has reason for fear. He is alone in his illusion and, therefore, alienated from the group. While Scully is announcing the obvious blizzard, and Crane is echoing the prevailing feelings of the men in the hotel ("No island of the sea could be exempt in the degree of this little room with its humming stove" (V,144).), the Swede is sitting "aloof, but with a countenance that showed signs of inexplicable excitement" (V,145). While the others sit, relaxed and comfortable, the Swede feels the tension in the room of which he is one of the causes. His attitude oddly echoes the storm outside.

Later, during a lull in the card game, the Swede will say "'I suppose there have been a good many men killed in this room'" (V,145-146). Is he acting only out of his illusion when he says this? -- probably not. The tension now is very real. Already the old farmer has left the hotel after a quarrelsome game with Johnnie. Now they are playing cards again. The Swede is losing. Like a slap in the face, the Cowboy, whose team is winning, boardwhacks. Combine all of these tension-producing events with the

already-existing illusion of the wild West and we see why the Swede would say what he does. The others, under Scully's spell, do not respond to this tension at all. This further alienates the Swede from the group. He over-reacts again with:

"Gentlemen," he quavered, "I suppose I am going to be killed before I can leave this house!" In his eyes was the dying-swan look. (V,147)

His reaction is to a real tension in the hotel, magnified by his own encumbering illusion. The others, however, neither feel the tension nor accept his illusion: they are trapped in their own.

All of this, it must be pointed out, is taking place on the lower level of the double irony. Crane shows that the ironies and paradoxes of this level are governed by man's illusions. As an ironic counterpoint he again shows the constant reality of the storm.

Through the windows could be seen the snow turning blue in the shadow of dusk. The wind tore at the house and some loose thing beat regularly against the clap-boards like a spirit tapping. (V,147)

This image shows the reader a growing relationship between the storm and the blue hotel. The Swede has briefly exploded the illusion within the hotel and now Crane shows us just how close reality is approaching. As in his poems, if an illusion is exploded, man is left looking at reality; and

he is left seeming very unimportant.

The Swede's main concern is to escape what he believes to be his own imminent death. Scully's main concern is to preserve the reputation of his hotel. Being unable to pull the Swede into the hotel's illusion, he gambles by trying to calm him with whiskey. As long as he can convince the Swede that he need not leave, then he still has the chance to maintain his hotel's reputation. The Swede drinks, but only because the romantic code of the wild West insists that, when asked, a man must drink. While doing so, "he kept his glance burning with hatred upon the old man's face" (V,157).

Although the Swede's fear is now dulled, he does not abandon his illusion. He still believes that he is in the wild West, but he no longer feels like a victim. He feels like a participant. Before dinner he "began to talk; he talked arrogantly, profanely, angrily" (V,153). Now, when beginning to play cards, he doesn't stride "toward the men nervously, as if he expected to be assaulted" (V,145), as he did before. Instead, it is he who insists upon the game of high-five. He becomes the board-whacker and it is he who explodes the illusion that Scully has created with "'You are cheatin'!'" The Swede is living his own illusion in which he is no longer the victim; the others are. In fact, his illusion has become everyone's. Johnnie insists on fighting for being called a cheater (romantic western myth); Scully consents; the Cowboy and the Easterner both

side with Johnnie. They are all caught up in playing in the Swede's illusion -- to the reader it is beginning to look like a silly, yet terrible, game.

To the Swede, winning the fight is an affirmation of his illusion, leading him to believe that he not only can live in this wild West atmosphere that he perceives, but that he can dominate in it. As he "tacked across the face of the storm" (V,165), he felt no pain, only pleasure. He feels no sense of loneliness, although he "might have been in a deserted village" (V,165). It is his conceit that moves him, that allows him to ignore his apparent insignificance in the face of this storm. Crane explains man's situation in this manner.

We picture the world as thick with conquering and elate humanity, but here, with the bugles of the tempest pealing, it was hard to imagine a peopled earth. One viewed the existence of man then as a marvel, and conceded a glamour of wonder to these lice which were caused to cling to a whirling, fire-smote, ice-locked, disease-stricken, space-lost bulb. The conceit of man was explained by this storm to be the very engine of life. One was a coxcomb not to die in it. However, the Swede found a saloon. (V,165)

Stripped of illusion and facing reality directly, it is hard for one to imagine humanity, let alone their conceits. Yet, it is "the conceit of man," our illusions, which enable us to establish our humanity and to survive in the face of cold reality. By investing our illusions with importance we are

able to survive with dignity.

The Swede walks into the saloon with an air of importance. However, there is no illusory warmth here as there was in Scully's hotel. As he walks in a "sanded expanse was before him" (V,165), like a wasteland. At the end of this expanse are four men playing cards, for real -- for money. All are indifferent of the Swede's illusion. The group is not made up of western outlaws and ruffians, but of two prominent businessmen, the district attorney, and a professional gambler. "But a scrutiny of the group would not have enabled an observer to pick the gambler from the men of more reputable pursuits" (V,166). The gambler even has a wife, two children and "a neat cottage in a suburb" (V,167). He is not a gambler that fits the Swede's wild West mode: he does not even recognize the code of conduct, nor do the others. Consequently, they will not consent to drink with him. The Swede, however, is on top of his illusory world and will not tolerate this disregard of the wild West code. After the gambler repeatedly refuses a drink, the Swede pulls him from the chair:

There was a great tumult, and then was seen a long blade in the hand of the gambler. It shot forward, and a human body, this citadel of virtue, wisdom, power, was pierced as easily as if it had been a melon. (V,168-169)

What an irony in this last sentence, beginning with the Swede's estimation of himself and ending in reality. It is

like illusion getting the knife of reality in the ribs. Whether the Swede learns anything or not is moot. His dead eyes are now fixed upon the cash-machine: "'This registers the amount of your purchase'" (V,169).

Crane provides Section IX for those who see the Swede's death as a neat tragedy. This section is not just tacked-on as a twist-type ending for a popular market, but is, in fact, an important part of the story, showing the absurdity of one of man's main conceits -- that of fixing an order to the universe. This is just what the Easterner tries to do; to place a frame of casuality over the story.

"We are all in it! This poor gambler isn't even a noun. He is kind of an adverb. Every sin is the result of a collaboration. We, five of us, have collaborated in the murder of the Swede. Usually there are from a dozen to forty women really involved in every murder, but in this case it seems to be only five men -- you, I, Johnnie, old Scully, and the fool of an unfortunate gambler came merely as a culmination, the apex of a human movement, and gets all the punishment." (V,170)

It seems plausible because it is logical. But logic is a conceit of man, a framework that man puts over the universe in order to explain it. Like Scully's whiskey, it dulls man's fear of the chaotic and irrational universe. The Easterner's reference to a "dozen to forty women" is perhaps Crane's way of showing how ridiculous this explanation, or way of thinking, really is.

Yet, the Easterner's character is not quite so simple.

His perceptions during the fight between Johnnie and the Swede approach closer than any other character to that wisdom experienced by the correspondent in "The Open Boat."

During this pause, the Easterner's mind, like a film, took lasting impressions of three men The entire prelude had in it a tragedy greater than the tragedy of action, and this aspect was accentuated by the long mellow cry of the blizzard, as it sped the tumbling and wailing flakes into the black abyss of the south. (V,159)

His objectivity enables him to see and to relate this storm to the present situation. He is no longer looking at the storm out of a hotel window. Instead, he is now in it and is affected by its force.

The Easterner was startled to find that they were out in a wind that seemed to come direct from the shadowed arctic floes. He heard again the wail of the snow as it was flung to its grave in the south. He knew now that all this time the cold had been sinking into him deeper and deeper, and he wondered that he had not perished. He felt indifferent to the condition of the vanquished man. (V,162)

Indifference is a reality of the universe that he, like the correspondent, has discovered for a few moments. But who can live with this harsh reality for very long? Not the Easterner. He "rushed to the stove. He was so profoundly chilled that he almost dared to embrace the glowing iron" (V,162). The Easterner prefers to embrace an illusion rather than to face that cold and indifferent reality. It is this embraced illusion that he presents to the Cowboy

in the last, confusing, section. Earlier in the story, Crane had shown man's need to embrace illusions. Now, in this last section, he shows one man doing just that -- creating, and then embracing an illusion. His illusion is a structural overlay which bonds together and explains all of the events of the Swede's murder.

One may wonder why Crane, who has gone into the Easterner's mind more than once, does not let us in on the knowledge that Johnnie actually does cheat at cards. An argument could easily be made that Crane manipulates the reader's response by withholding knowledge. After all, the twist-type, formula short story was very popular and sold well at the time. However, by 1894 Crane had renounced "the clever school" of literature for one more true to art, to life, and to himself. Perhaps, then, the answer can be found in Crane's artistic intent. He works hard in this story to show that appearance is a matter of knowledge and perception and that it can differ drastically from reality. If Crane tells us, through the Easterner's perceptions, that Johnny actually is cheating, our animosity would shift from the Swede to the Easterner for not making the truth clear to the others in the hotel. The Swede's death, then, would appear pathetic. I think Crane's intent, however, is to involve the reader in the same feelings and animosities that the characters experience. He does this, then by withholding the knowledge that Johnny cheats.

Throughout this story, Crane presents five different characters with, perhaps, five different illusions that clash on the lower level of the ironic structure. The main clash, however, is between Scully's and the Swede's illusions. They both expect their illusion to be shared by the others. In the last section, the Easterner, too projects an illusion (his explanation of events) which he expects to be accepted by the Cowboy. The explanation, in fact, includes all of those men who take part in the story. By naming everyone as an accomplice, he takes the total weight of blame off of his own shoulders and distributes that weight among the group. His illusion becomes self-serving in that he does not have to face the fact that the Swede may have died as a result of his own inaction. The Cowboy, however, refuses to accept any part of the guilt. We are left at the end of the story, then, with another clash of illusions.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

It is a shame that Crane died in his twenty-eighth year. Despite his early death, however, he still had time to create at least one classic American novel and two short stories that are considered among the best in their genre. His poems, although less known than his more famous fiction, deserve more attention than they get. His youth may be more apparent in these poems, but his intuitive genius still shows through. With the possible exception of Maggie, his fiction shows a maturity and an objectivity that is unusual for his young age, especially his mastery of irony. Perhaps the romantic thought that he would die early in life forced him to come to terms with the ironies of existence earlier than he normally might have. Whatever the reason, his art employs the ironic mode, and reflects an ironic view of life.

If we look back over Crane's fiction with the theme of illusion and reality in mind, we can see a change toward the universal. Maggie, despite its attempt at objectivity, can be viewed as a social comment on slum conditions. It is a concrete statement in the tradition of American Naturalism. Granted, Crane's style differs from that of other naturalists, particularly in the lack of tedious detail and in his use of

impressionism. Yet, there is little that evokes a universal human condition. The Red Badge of Courage, however, leans toward a universal statement. War, itself, seems to be the universal human condition. Henry's war with his own imagination serves as an interesting parallel with the concrete Battle of Chancellorsville: both come to almost nothing. Crane implies that man's universal condition and constant preoccupation is battle. To be at war with oneself and one's environment, however, never allows for a permanent resolution. As Henry marches away from one battle, the battle in his mind between illusion and reality continues.

In "The Open Boat," Crane uses concrete experience to express the universal condition of men. The men in the boat, a symbolic microcosm of human society, form their own illusions about existence, yet the immensity of the ocean makes those illusions very insignificant. The correspondent, like Crane, however, comes to an understanding of his own significance and his need for illusion. The "subtle brotherhood of men," then, becomes a very important factor in his ability to shield himself from the reality of existence; and, it is a very high quality illusion to possess. In fact, of all the fiction, this illusion is the only one to survive the test of reality. Granted, it doesn't save the oiler's life; but no one expects it to save anyone's life. That would be too much to expect from an illusion.

"The Blue Hotel" also tends to evoke a universal

condition, although less so than "The Open Boat." The Palace Hotel, like the dinghy, is a microcosm of society and serves symbolically, as well as in reality, to protect the men from a harsh and indifferent snow storm. In this story, Crane shows the Swede pushing his illusion to an extreme. Although the illusion survives the test of the Palace Hotel (which, itself, offers only illusory warmth and safety), it doesn't survive the test of reality. The gambler will not accept the Swede's illusion, and the Swede loses his life. Throughout all, the irony is created by the contrast of illusion and reality. When illusion is tested against reality, illusion will always lose. Still, it is better to embrace an illusion than it is to face reality without one. Crane's understanding and acceptance of an ironic universe has not led him to deny men's illusions. On the contrary, it has led him to a mature understanding of men and their illusions.

NOTES

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4. M.H. Abrams, A Glossary of Literary Terms (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1957), p. 80.
5. Muecke, p. 14.
6. A.R. Thompson, The Dry Mock (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1948), p. 4.
7. Thompson, p. 9.
8. Thompson, p. 10.
9. Muecke, p. 19.
10. Muecke, p. 20.
11. Muecke, p. 23.
12. Stephen Crane, "The Blue Hotel," The Works of Stephen Crane: Tales of Adventure, V. 5 (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1970), p. 150.
13. Gurewitsch (Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1957), p. 13: taken from Muecke, p. 27.
14. Muecke, p. 27.
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16. Robert Wooster Stallman, "Notes Toward an Analysis of The Red Badge of Courage" The Red Badge of Courage: Text and Criticism, eds. Richard Lettis, Robert F. McDonnell, William E. Morris (Harcourt, Brace & World: New York, 1960), 140-144.

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5. Letters, #111, p. 79.
6. Letters, #111, p. 79.
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6. Poems, #LXVI, p. 41.
7. Poems, #VI, p. 5.
8. Poems, #XIX, p. 12.
9. Poems, #XII, p. 8.
10. Poems, #LXVIII, p. 42.
11. Poems, #LI, p. 31.
12. Poems, #LXIX, p. 29-30.
13. Poems, #XXXV, p. 20.

14. Poems, #XXIV, p. 14.
15. Poems, #XXVI, p. 16.
16. Poems, #XXXI, p. 18.
17. Poems, #XLIV, p. 26.
18. Poems, #LX, p. 37.

CHAPTER III--MAGGIE: A GIRL OF THE STREETS

1. Thomas A. Gullason, "Stephen Crane: The Novelist at War with Himself," Stephen Crane's Career: Perspectives and Evaluations (New York: New York University Press, 1972), p. 395.
2. Philip Ford, "Illusion and Reality in Crane's Maggie," Arizona Quarterly, 25 (1969) 293-303.
3. Stephen Crane, Maggie: A Girl of the Streets. The Works of Stephen Crane: Bowery Tales, V. 1. (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1969), p. 7.

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4. Joseph Katz, ed., The Portable Stephen Crane (New York: The Viking Press, 1969), p. 4.
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3. see Hugh N. McClean, "The Two Worlds of 'The Blue Hotel,'" Modern Fiction Studies, 5 (1959), 266.
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