

Field, print culture, naturalism

That word ‘sociology’ has only to be mentioned, in practical-critical circles, to provoke the last sad look at the voluntarily damned.

Raymond Williams, “Literature and Sociology: In Memory of Lucien Goldmann,” *New Left Review* 1/67 (1971): 8.

The first fruit of this [sociological] imagination—and the first lesson of the social science that embodies it—is the idea that the individual can understand his own experience and gauge his own fate only by locating himself within his period, that he can know his own chances in life only by becoming aware of those of all individuals in his circumstances. In many ways it is a terrible lesson; in many ways a magnificent one.... The sociological imagination enables us to grasp history and biography and the relations between the two within society.

C. Wright Mills, *The Sociological Imagination* (1959; New York: Oxford University Press, 2000), 5–6.

In direct contrast to German philosophy which descends from heaven to earth, here we ascend from earth to heaven. That is to say, we do not set out from what men say, imagine, conceive, nor from men as narrated, thought of, imagined, conceived, in order to arrive at men in the flesh. We set out from real, active men, and on the basis of their real life-process we demonstrate the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life-process... Morality, religion, metaphysics, all the rest of ideology and their corresponding forms of consciousness, thus no longer retain the semblance of independence. They have no history, no development; but men, developing their material production and their material intercourse, alter, along with this their real existence, their thinking and the products of their thinking.

Karl Marx, *The German Ideology*, pt. 1 (1845–46), trans. Salo Ryazanskaya, in *The Marx-Engels Reader*, 2nd ed., ed. Robert C. Tucker (New York: Norton, 1978), 154–55.

The mirror—literature as the “reflection” of society—has currency well beyond Marxism. In one way or another the reflection model supports practically all work in the sociology of literature. Indeed, the strenuous efforts of critics to circumvent the mirror attest to the seduction of the metaphor.

Priscilla Parkhurst Ferguson, Philippe Desan, and Wendy Griswold, “Mirrors, Frames, and Demons: Reflections on the Sociology of Literature,” *Critical Inquiry* 14, no. 3 (Spring 1988): 427, www.jstor.org/stable/1343696. An introduction to a special issue on the sociology of literature during a very brief period in which it might have been cool.

By 1990...there was rather less need to specify a distinct school or approach called the “sociology of literature” because so many literary scholars were now...sociologists of literature. Wherever they might be located on the map of named and recognized subfields—postcolonial studies, queer theory, new historicism—their shared disciplinary mission was to coordinate the literary with the social: to provide an account of literary texts and practices by reference to the social forces of their production, the social meanings of their formal particulars, and the social effects of their circulation and reception....

And yet it seems unlikely that the “sociology of literature” banner will soon be raised again...While disciplinary binarisms may have softened within the humanities (as also within the sciences), those between humanistic and nonhumanistic disciplines have tended to harden.

James English, “Everywhere and Nowhere: The Sociology of Literature after ‘The Sociology of Literature,’” *New Literary History* 41, no. 2 (Spring 2010): viii, xiii, doi:10.1353/nlh.2010.0005.

Most generally, we may say fields emerge whenever we find a set of institutions that individuals tend to traverse in predictable ways with minimal dislocation of subjectivity. In all cases, the field is something that spans and coordinates institutions by allowing individuals to understand their past, current, and future situations in terms of position, trajectory, and similarity or closeness....

Field theory makes the exciting, nontrivial, and generative claim that action can be explained by close attention to field position as every position in the field induces a set of motivations that are subjectively experienced as “what should be done.” Field theory disappoints us in remaining vague as to precisely how this occurs and we hope that it can be eventually surpassed in this regard. Yet it promises the chance of combining rigorous analytic insight with attention to the concrete.

John Levi Martin, “What Is Field Theory?,” *American Journal of Sociology* 109, no. 1 (July, 2003): 42.

The distance to the center, the social space that must be traversed for cultural or symbolic capital to be converted into economic, is the space in which a long and complex game is played and in which the tactic of delaying convertibility may yield the best profits in the end. Bourdieu’s sociological work brings to light the identity of this game as an economy, exposing the “denial of the economy” as the move on which the game is founded. But it also enters into the spirit of this denial.

John Guillory, “Bourdieu’s Refusal,” *MLQ* 58, no. 4 (December 1997): 386.

A character is the effect that occurs when a figure is presented with distinctive, mostly human characteristics.

Mieke Bal, *Narratology: Introduction to the Theory of Narrative*, 4th ed. (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 2009), 104.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 2—Cubans here now feel that it never rains but it pours....Stephen Crane, the novelist, was on board, and was in Capt. Murphy's boat.

"The Tug Commodore Sunk," *New York Times*, January 3, 1897: 1, American's Historical Newspapers.

"Montgomery, Crane, and Murphy were washed to the beach, where citizens provided them with medical attendance. Higgins was killed by the overturning of the boat, which made ten Americans and six Cubans lost."

"Loss of the Commodore," *New York Times*, January 4, 1897: 1, American's Historical Newspapers.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 6.—It was the afternoon of New Year's. The *Commodore* lay at her dock in Jacksonville and negro stevedores processioned steadily toward her with box after box of ammunition and bundle after bundle of rifles. Her hatch, like the mouth of a monster, engulfed them. It might have been the feeding time of some legendary creature of the sea. It was in broad daylight and the crowd of gleeful Cubans on the pier did not forbear to sing the strange patriotic ballads of their island.

Everything was perfectly open. The Commodore was cleared with a cargo of arms and munition for Cuba. There was none of that extreme modesty about the proceeding which had marked previous departures of the famous tug. She loaded up as placidly as if she were going to carry oranges to New York, instead of Remingtons to Cuba. Down the river, furthermore, the revenue cutter *Boutwell*, the old isosceles triangle that protects United States interests in the St. John's, lay at anchor, with no sign of excitement aboard her.

"Stephen Crane's Own Story," *New York Press*, January 7, 1897; *Prose and Poetry* (New York: Library of America), 875. See also sites.lafayette.edu/crane-edition.

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UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT PRINCETON— OLD AND NEW

By James-W. Alexander

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH



The Water-tower.

THE ingredients of that composite but intangible thing that Princeton men worship under the endearing name of "Old Nassau" are so numerous, so varied, so indescribable, that it would be next to impossible to take them apart and classify them. Famous men, contributions to learning and science, friendship, escapades, hereditary ties, historic links, songs, and thousands of characteristic incidents combine through decades and centuries to form the mystic object of our love.

Besides the systematic instruction and research which go on in all colleges and universities, there is a life and atmosphere which is characteristic to each,

and which has much to do with making a well-rounded man. Who, for example, shall measure the stimulus of pride in college colors? It is only in modern times that distinctive colors have become an accepted college usage. The crimson of Harvard is a recent thing. They used to sport the magenta, and had a college paper of that name, afterward changed to the *Green* when the new tint was adopted. As for Princeton, it is less than a quarter of a century since she discovered that she had a color. It was there all the time, for the Princeton orange was hers the moment the Colonial Governor Belcher dubbed the first college building with the name of Nassau. But for more than a century Princetonians went without colors, excepting the light blue of Whig, and the pink of Chio, Hall. It was a custom, which hundreds of living graduates remember, for the students to wear the badges of those renowned societies on all public occasions

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THE OPEN BOAT

A TALE INTENDED TO BE AFTER THE FACT. BEING THE
EXPERIENCE OF FOUR MEN FROM THE SUNK STEAMER
COMMODORE

By Stephen Crane

I

NONE of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bath-tub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: "Gawd! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap. The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her,

though he command for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

"A little more south," sir," said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and, by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. 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.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dingey one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dingey. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave

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The Open Boat

And Other Tales of Adventure

By

Stephen Crane

Author of "Red Badge of Courage,"
"The Third Violet," etc.



New York

Doubleday & McClure Co.

1898

LXXXVI. THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (b. 1806, d. 1877) was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She wrote verse and plays at a very early age. "The Sorrows of Rosalie," published in 1828, was written before she was seventeen years old. In 1827, she was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton. The marriage was an unhappy one, and they were divorced in 1838. Her principal works are "The Unfiling One," "The Dream, and Other Poems," "The Child of the Islands," "Stuart of Dunleith, a Romance," and "English Laws for English Women of the 18th Century." She has contributed extensively to the magazines and other periodicals.

1. A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, so he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.
2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a comrade lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the lust of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.
3. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was eye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take what'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4. "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine).
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.
5. "There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scolding,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.
6. I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

7. His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak.
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Le'gion* (*pro. l'jun*), *division of an army*.
D*earth* (*pro. d'arth*), *scarcity*. E*bb*ed, *flowed out*. 2. *Come, a dead body*. 3. *Stead'fast, firm, resolute*. 4. *Co'quet-ry, trifling in love*. 5. *Ch'o'rus, music in which all join*. Yore, *old times*.

NOTE.—1. *Bingen* is pronounced Bin'gen, not Bî'gen, nor Bin'jen.

LXXXVII. THE WINOED WORSHIPERS.

Charles Sprague (b. 1791, d. 1870) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. He engaged in mercantile business when quite young, leaving school for that purpose. In 1820, he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank of Boston, which position he held until 1824. Mr. Sprague has not been a prolific writer; but his poems, though few in number, are deservedly classed among the best productions of American poets. His chief poem is entitled "Curiosity."

1. GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Caroline Norton, "The Soldier of the Rhine" [Bingen on the Rhine], in *McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader*, rev. ed. (Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg, 1879), 269–71. Hathitrust. Cited in David H. Jackson, "Textual Questions Raised by Crane's 'Soldier of the Legion,'" *American Literature* 55, no. 1 (1983): 77–80. DOI:10.2307/2925884.