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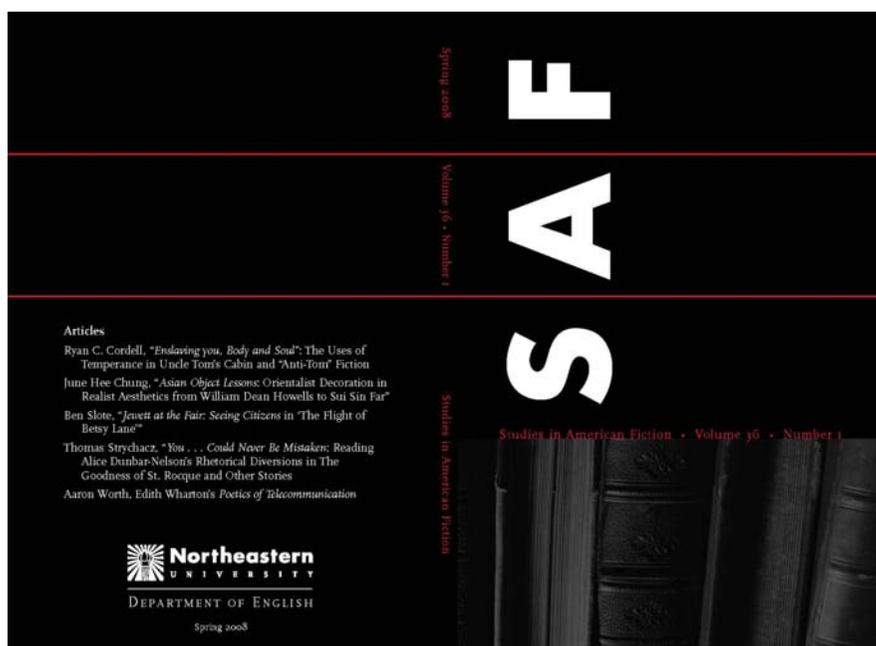
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Leslie Jamison, "*A Thousand Willing Forms*": *The Evolution of Whitman's Wounded Bodies*

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“A THOUSAND WILLING FORMS”: THE EVOLUTION OF WHITMAN’S WOUNDED BODIES

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For much of the past 150 years, critics have dismissed Walt Whitman’s fiction as mediocre at best, painfully beholden to the clichés of its time and largely irrelevant to the brilliant poetic innovations that would follow in its wake. Even Whitman once expressed his “serious wish to have all these crude and boyish pieces quietly dropp’d in oblivion.”¹ Yet it’s possible to see many of the guiding concerns of *Leaves of Grass*—the enigma of intimacy, the aftermath of injury (both personal and national), the predicament and potentiality of social adhesion—manifest in these early tales.

But even if it’s possible to find traces of Whitman’s later brilliance in his early mediocrity, why is it useful to search for them? This paper is fueled by the belief that these textual searches illustrate something more surprising than an obvious commonality of authorship. With their heavy-handed tragedies and hackneyed sentiments, Whitman’s early stories show an authorial consciousness coming to terms with the specter and the possibilities of violence: violent plot twists, violent intimacies, violent change. Violence becomes an important catalyst for the embodied empathy that charged Whitman’s poetry with such sympathetic force.

From Schoolboys to Soldiers: Proto-Rumblings of “Drum-Taps”

In general, Whitman’s early stories begin preciously rather than precociously, with mannered sound effects (“‘Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!’ went the little bell . . .”) or sentimentalized pastoral scenes: “Just after sunset, one evening in summer—that pleasant hour when the air is balmy, the light loses its glare, and all around is imbued with soothing quiet . . .”² These cheery openings are inevitably punctured—and rather quickly—by the sinister narrative devices that follow: innocent youths are corrupted by alcohol or greed, beautiful young women are stricken with vague illnesses, boys are destroyed by sadistic power figures or malicious rabble-rousers, and poets and maidens find their integrity challenged at every turn.

It is not hard to find the early ancestors of Whitman's stylistic signatures in these stories: his attachment to parenthetical asides, his bold use of omniscient roving narrators, and even an occasional arresting image (blossoms on a tomb, fingers clutching a body) nestled amidst the predictable paraphernalia of his generic milieu. But even his crudest strokes of sentiment—sensationalized plot twists, secrets sharpened by melodrama—gesture towards an evolving sense of the importance of violence to the project of empathy.

In these gestures, Whitman was certainly not alone. Nineteenth-century American authors were active agents inside a shifting cultural understanding of empathy. Increasingly, this shift marked a departure from the axioms of Enlightenment thinkers like Adam Smith, who deemed empathy something accomplished by “the imagination only,” because our “senses will never inform us of what [the wounded man] suffers,” and towards a sense of empathy as something mystical, visceral, and inescapably embodied, what Elizabeth Barnes terms “a kind of fleshly sympathy.”³ Glenn Hendler echoes this characterization of the shift as one that abandoned Enlightenment principles of mediated cognitive empathy—imagining oneself into the experience of another—in favor of a vision of empathy as something immediate and volatile, less easily controlled: “The mediation between a distanced observer and the sufferer is always at risk of collapsing.”⁴

Michael Moon examines the specific nature of this “collapse” in Whitman's work, understanding it as a breakdown permitting the double-tiered “radical embodiment” that makes his work so arresting.⁵ As Whitman dissolves boundaries between the bodies of his fictional figures, he manage to dissolve boundaries between the bodies of his readers and the body of the text. Moon is one of the only Whitman scholars who has attempted a serious reading of the early prose. His search for resonances across genres allowed him to articulate Whitman's achievement of this “radical embodiment” in more nuanced terms—as an essential element of his poetics that had been fomenting and crystallizing beneath the crude surfaces of his prose.

In the 1855 *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman frames the wounded body as a locus for radical declarations of empathic personal effusion: “I am the wounded slave,” his speaker famously declares in the poem that would become “Song of Myself,” “I wince at the bite of the dogs . . . I am the mashed fireman with breastbone broken.” There is an arrogance to these demonstrations of sympathetic immersion, and an explicit dismissal of more discursive strategies of identification: “I do not ask the wounded person how he feels . . . I myself become the wounded person” (*PP*, 65). But these empathetic engagements, how-

ever bold and deeply felt, remain discreet and fleeting: "Agonies are one of my changes of garments," he says, and they ultimately leave him "painless" after their multiple outfits of suffering—"exhausted but not unhappy" (*PP*, 65).

The speakers of "Drum-Taps," Whitman's cluster of Civil War poems, find their empathic "exhaustion" more overpowering. Sympathy becomes more than a catalogue of "garments," agony more than a costume: these speakers find themselves consumed by others' wounds, their very boundaries dissolved by the suffering they encounter. Their acts of identification necessitate the kind of complete collapse that Hendler and Moon describe. The speaker of "The Wound Dresser" finds that wounds function as apertures rather than spectacles, fissures that demand he travel "deep, deep" into another injured body. He cannot simply sympathize from a distance, apprehending "clinted lint . . . matter and blood" as the materials for yet another hypothetical costume. Instead, he feels the growing urge to implicate his own body in the wounded soldier's suffering, hoping not simply for identification but also for the irrational possibility of substitution: "I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you."⁶

There is a great distance traveled between the "garments" of *Leaves* (in 1855) and the wounds of "Drum-Taps." In these post-War poems, empathy demands more than passing fits of exhaustion. It overpowers Whitman's speakers rather than simply offering them the possibility of temporary empathic transcendence. The tragedy of the Civil War offered itself as an aesthetic crucible, allowing Whitman to re-articulate the links between violence and embodied empathy in more urgent terms. As Robert Leigh Davis argues, the "instability" of the Civil War was something that Whitman welcomed as "restorative," a chance to redefine the nation's political enterprise and "make possible the emergence of what is not yet named or known."⁷

The presence of war as an external event—a tragic condition rather than simply a set of mediated choices—lent the empathy of Whitman's war poems an urgency that the sympathies of *Leaves* lack. They seem more like acts of imaginative innovation—breathless leaps across traditional boundaries of class and circumstance—rather than genuine articulations of the "agony" that true identification would yield. They leave his speaker "exhausted but not unhappy," energized by his empathic capacities even while he is dismayed by the suffering they access. The stark, unchosen tragedy of the Civil War called for an empathy entirely distinct from these aesthetic forays. The external insistence of circumstance is exactly what the early stories prefigured, their plots studied with dramatic events that left Whitman's protagonists forced into

postures of empathy they could not have chosen for themselves.

Michael Warner has examined Whitman's early fiction—especially his temperance novel *Franklin Evans*—as writing engaged in an “extended treatment of dialectic between self-mastery and self-abandonment.”⁸ This tension between control and abandon, as it appears in the early fiction, is a useful lens through which to examine the divide between the speaker of *Leaves*—arrogant, roving, blustering—and the agonized effusive sojourns of *Drum-Taps*. This is essentially a clash between the self-mastery necessary to mediate the sympathetic exchange and the self-abandonment necessary to be overwhelmed by it. In *Whitman Possessed*, Mark Maslan argues for the importance of involuntary responses to Whitman's poetics. He uses the idea of the “involuntary” to link together Whitman's sexuality and his creativity, arguing that “poetry and sexual desire alike *violate* his identity in order to express themselves through him.”⁹

What shifted between the bodily ventures of *Leaves* and the bodily entanglements of *Drum-Taps*? And how do the early stories illuminate this shift? Whitman stresses the importance of bodily knowledge in the 1855 *Leaves*, but many of his celebrations of embodiment focus on epistemological exploration rather than interpersonal empathy. The “child” in the poem that would become “There Was a Child Went Forth” learns through the porousness of his physical form: “the first object he looked upon and received with wonder or pity or love or dread, that object he became / And that object became part of him” (*PP*, 138). But these objects function like the “garments” of agony and fear that have already appeared: they matter, certainly, but are easily supplanted. The primacy of each object is dislodged by the object that follows.

The physical engagement of the “wound-dresser,” on the other hand, necessitates less transient bodily entanglements. His own body registers contact with the wounded bodies around him as a “burning flame” in his breast that will not dwindle. Wounds become mediums through which speakers effuse into the bodies of dying soldiers, plunging “deep, deep” into their pain (*LG*, 261). Jimmie Killingsworth discusses Whitman's vision of physical connection as a form of “mystical passage that go[es] beyond identification . . . and enact[s] a kind of interpenetration.” This interpenetration—the “[sharing of] one another's actual flesh and fluids”—is a useful way to chart the evolution of Whitman's bodily empathy.¹⁰

While the speaker of Whitman's 1855 version of “I Sing the Body Electric” declares that “the bodies of men and women engirth me, and I engirth them” (*PP*, 118) this assertion lacks the visceral “interpen-

etration” that Killingsworth stresses. The situation of the poem—an expansive gesture towards collectivity—is too peaceful to inspire the urgency that fuels bodily communion in *Drum-Taps*, where extraordinary circumstances breed extraordinary acts of empathy. Katherine Kinney notes that few of the poems in *Drum-Taps* “contain extended catalogs in which the poet’s use of parallelism and repetition creates unity in multiplicity,” largely because the circumstances of these poems demand that their speakers remain “embodied in a specific time and place.”¹¹ Their speakers are denied the disembodied imaginative leaps of *Leaves*, but they are offered another opportunity—the chance to inhabit *bodies* within the boundaries of their poems, and to connect with other bodies from inside their own.

Kinney uses Whitman’s prose writings about the Patent Office Hospital to analyze his departure from the expansive sympathetic inventories of his early poetics. The Patent Office represented an architecture of display, offering a veritable “catalogue” of wounded bodies that Whitman’s war poems reacted against. He frames wounded soldiers within particular dramas rather than collective displays. His early stories bear traces of this impulse to generate empathy from dramatic situation rather than aesthetic organization. They use rudimentary tropes to create external conditions that will *force* their characters into empathy, an empathy fueled by tragic urgency rather than aesthetic abandon. Their melodrama stumbles towards the situational urgency that the Civil War ultimately provides.

As Killingsworth argues, the “physical eloquence” of Whitman’s poetry “revives dead metaphors” with its unflinching visceral innovations, but Whitman’s concern with these tropes runs deep into the awkward adolescence of his oeuvre.¹² It is a concern whose genesis and evolution is worth investigating—not primarily to excavate some value from the early prose, but to contextualize Whitman’s relationship to the war, as a national catastrophe and a poetic subject, in terms of some of his most enduring concerns. The Civil War did not overturn Whitman’s poetics of national adhesion and celebration, it gave him the chance to rediscover an old idea—the potentiality of violence and its aftermath—in more resonant and original language.

His formulaic early stories do have moments in which they betray their author’s restless conceptual sensibilities and his penchant for complication. Even in their slickest melodramatic guises, moments of violence manage to exert an eerie and resounding impact through the margins of these stories and the crevices between their clichés.

Flogging a Corpse: The Horror of Distance in “Death in the School Room (A Fact)”

Whitman’s first piece of published fiction, “Death in the School Room,” initially appeared in *The Democratic Review* in 1841. The story sketches a single incident of misguided (and ultimately tragic) corporal punishment under the despotic school-house tyranny of a sinister teacher named Lugare. Lugare is quickly banished to the ranks of caricatured villainy. One need only witness the way he “bulge[s] out his nose and cheeks with contempt” to imagine his transformation of the classroom into a “place so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crush’d” (*EPF*, 55–56). He appears as a Frankensteinian monster cobbled together from contemporary tropes—full of fierce glances, sarcastic vocal mannerisms, and (as a didactic parenthetical suggests) “many ingenious methods of child-torture” (*EPF*, 56). His victim is a “slight” boy named Tim Barker, whose “good-humor’d expression” betrays a “countenance . . . too unearthly fair for health” and a past riddled with shamelessly straightforward pity tags—a dead father, a bout of childhood sickness, a mother with whom he duly “struggle[s] on” (*EPF*, 58).

When Lugare accuses Tim of fruit thievery, the story unfolds in a fairly predictable manner—the omniscient narrative goes to awkward pains to insist the boy did not commit the crime while Lugare refuses to listen to the boy’s protestations of innocence. The story’s final moments are devoted to a histrionic portrayal of Lugare’s punishment—he brings his rattan “down on Tim’s back with a force and whacking sound which seem’d sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy,” and then (without pausing to assess the damage), he strikes again and again, “ply[ing] his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy’s back, and then on the other” (*EPF*, 59). After a few minutes of this frenzy, the story finally delivers on the promise of its title, though it is clear that Tim has actually been dead for a while—his classmates and teacher simply presumed he had fallen into a sudden, anxious slumber. This is where the narrative becomes most interesting: readers do not witness Tim’s death, they only witness Lugare’s belated discovery of his death: “his eyes were turn’d up, and his body was quite cold” (*EPF*, 60). This staging of revelation displaces the story’s primary tragedy: its keenest horror is not that Lugare has killed his pupil, but that he does not realize that he has killed him, and thus keeps on “flogging a corpse” (*EPF*, 60). This is a more interesting source of dramatic effect—not simply functioning as a depiction of violence

but as a depiction of the ways in which violence blinds us to the suffering of others, creating distance between bodies and obstructing their awareness of one another.

This horror is not principally about violence, it is about the failure of empathy—in its crudest form—and the breakdown of interpersonal sentiency. This vision of horror summons the work of two distinct theorists of bodily experience, Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Elaine Scarry, both interested in the possibilities of bodily empathy and the predicament of bodily alienation. Though Merleau-Ponty believes in “variations of belonging in the world, undivided between body and consciousness,” he also believes it is just as important to realize that someone’s body never has “quite the same significance” to another as it does to itself.¹³ This perpetual slippage—the gulf between two feeling individuals—creates an impetus for translating the pain of another into something internally felt, but it also means that agony can be kept at a distance by someone’s willfully limited gaze.

Scarry finds these willfully limited gazes inescapable and chilling. In her discussions of torture, an apt reference for a teacher well-versed in numerous methods of “child-torture,” Scarry asserts that “the distance separating [torturer and tortured] is probably the greatest distance that can separate two human beings.”¹⁴ She argues that this distance is a product of the torturer’s utter lack of awareness: he is “free of the pain originating in the agonized body so near him. He is so without any human recognition of or identification with the pain that he is not only able to bear its presence but able to bring it continually into the present, inflict it, sustain it, minute after minute, hour after hour.”¹⁶ The narrative emphasizes this lack of recognition when it depicts Tim’s punishment as a blindly ritualized repetition of motions: “blow follow’d blow,” inflicted by a “brutal wretch” who does not even wait “to see the effect of the first cut” because he is capable of remaining so terminally oblivious to the bodily agonies of his young victim.

Scarry’s observations suggest that Whitman’s ending is more innovative than first impressions might suggest. His conclusion is not simply invested in arousing readers’ sympathies for an unjustly murdered boy, it is interested in forcing them into contact with a situation in which one human being is utterly unaware of the suffering of another. Readers are even implicated in this lack of awareness, because the narrative does not allow them an understanding of Tim’s death that is more accurate or specific than Lugare’s. The story effectively subjects its readers to a state of empathic disenfranchisement—we are only allowed to witness Tim’s corpse when it’s already turning

cold, and we are not granted access to any internal view of his suffering. This narrative exclusion offers a formal enactment of the obliviousness that it portrays. Of course, readers are granted more knowledge than Lugare from the outset—because they know from the title that Tim will die—and so their exclusion from any interior perspective is coupled with an urgent desire to understand his suffering. Because readers are privileged with more information than Lugare, the schoolteacher's obliviousness creates an empathic vacuum for them to fill.

The subtleties of this ending complicate some of Whitman's more predictable tropes. Lugare dons another hackneyed guise of villainy as he investigates Tim's body, his outstretched limbs "quiver[ing] like the tongue of a snake," but the narrative quickly disrupts this caricature: Lugare's strength "momentarily fail[s] him," and we sense that the trope of snake-demon has been momentarily deflated as well (*EPF*, 60). For a moment, Lugare is transformed from a demonic creature into a fallible human being, a man briefly paralyzed by the horror of what he's done.

Drum-Taps explores similar dimensions of injury—its impact and its aftermath—from a richer set of perspectives, examining the ways that wounded bodies spark moments of unsettling empathy. For Whitman, violence was an important element all along, though the Civil War forced his preoccupation onto a larger cultural stage. Most of the speakers in *Drum-Taps*, of course, are healing injured bodies rather than injuring them, but the context of the war itself—in which men ostensibly joined together by one national body were destroying each other's bodies—meant that Whitman's depictions of healing were tinged with an awareness of the violent processes that made this healing necessary in the first place.

In poems like "The Wound Dresser," encounters with injured bodies become channels of access into the pain of others: beneath the dresser's "impassive hand . . . deep in [his] breast," there is "a fire, a burning flame" that echoes the pain of his patient. Even the language of their engagement suggests modes of connection that bridge the distances separating bodies in the school-room. The aching cadences of this assertion of action—"I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep"—gives a sense of linguistic struggle. The strain in its repetition of the long vowels of "deep, deep" formally mimics the intensity of the desire to achieve entry into what lies "deep" within. It's possible to hear the urgency of that desire in Whitman's repeated words, as the speaker follows the "deep, deep" opening of the wound into another interiority, eventually finding a powerful kinship in the felt experience ("deep . . . burning") of another's pain—a kinship that carves out a space for gentler sensations of intimacy: the memory of soldier's arms "cross'd

and rested” around his neck, or the lingering feel of their “kiss[es]” on his “bearded lips” (*LG*, 261).

The idea that empathy might manifest itself as an embodied echoing—a kind of “burning flame” to match the soldier’s pain—shows up throughout Whitman’s work. Even “Death in the School Room” makes stilted gestures towards this embodied correlative, calling our attention to physical parallels between the body of the torturer and his victim. Lugare’s mounting horror is inscribed upon a “countenance” that has turned to “leaden whiteness,” beaded with “great globules” of sweat coming “from every pore in his face” (*EPF*, 60). These descriptions are reminiscent of Tim’s manner during his accusation, when his silent anxiety is rendered in terms of corporeal response: “The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain-drops” (*EPF*, 56). The evacuation of expression (a blank whiteness) and the sublimation of expression (sweat) become *shared* expressions between these two figures.

These physical correspondences are legible upon a sensory register of inhuman objects—“wooden,” “leaden,” “raindrops”—that suggest that Lugare’s empathic failures have not only objectified his victim, they have objectified him as well. Merleau-Ponty discusses the breakdown of phenomenological empathy with similar language, suggesting that a limited gaze can “transform [another] into an object” and that “the objectification of each by the other’s gaze is felt as unbearable . . . because it takes the place of possible communication.”¹⁶ This process of reciprocal objectification effectively displaces any meaningful communication in the narrative as well. The story’s final tragedy of misapprehension thrusts the paraphernalia of Lugare’s abuse into sharper relief: because he can only see Tim as a “wooden” object, a receptacle for punishment, he himself becomes little more than an object in Tim’s (and our) phenomenal awareness as well, just an extension of the “ratan” he wields so viciously.

The opacity of Tim’s meek and reticent manner—betrayed only by small signals of pallor and perspiration—is a recognizable trope that Whitman (and his contemporaries) often forced upon their misaccused martyrs. For Whitman, it appears most offensively in Arrow-Tip, a character in “The Half-Breed” (1845) who often lapses into the stock racial profile of an “apathetic” and expressionless Native American. But while Lugare’s horror echoes Tim’s stoicism—his “leaden whiteness” reminding us of the pale muted manner of his defenseless victim—Arrow-Tip’s stoicism is paired with its opposite: the “phrenzied contortions” writ across the face of his would-be savior, Peter Brown. Brown is the only man who can save Arrow-Tip from death, and his failure to do so makes him feel indirectly—but power-

fully and viscerally—implicated in the execution. In one story, a boy's stoic expression becomes a strange channel of embodied evocation, while in the other, the victim's stoicism becomes a point of contrast for the expression of true empathy: Brown's sympathetic seizures.

At first glance, Tim seems like the generic incarnation of an archetypal innocent, but the story's final turn shows Whitman playing with this trope, revealing that Tim's final display of "wooden" stoicism is actually a sign that he's lost consciousness for good. When his passivity is mistaken for expressionless slumber, the narrative seems to be indulging in a kind of morbid joke—transforming this symptom of stylized predictability into a much more literal (and concrete) symptom of death itself.

The story's villain subverts one trope with another: the benevolent mentor is displaced by his sinister doppelganger, the abusive schoolteacher. In the zeal of its social consciousness, the story articulates a didactic aesthetic goal: that the "old-fashion'd school-maste[r], with his cowhide, his heavy birch-rod . . . will [soon] be gazed upon as a scorn'd memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine" (*EPF*, 56). This concern with societal institutions recurs throughout Whitman's poetry, as the cultural implications of his poetics grew less overtly awkward and more organically expansive.

"Brave Hands Pressed Forward": Agents of Rescue in "The Fireman's Dream" and "Shirval: A Tale of Jerusalem"

Whitman's enduring concern with mentorship—both authorial and pedagogical—also informed his model of the poet as a mentor for his future readers. The particular horror of "Death in the School-Room" is inspired by the same sensibility that articulated such admiration for benevolent figures of authority and aid in stories like "The Fireman's Dream" (with its glorification of rugged civil servants) and "Shirval: A Tale of Jerusalem" (with its depiction of an otherworldly agent of resurrection), or poems celebrating a variety of societal provisions ("A Song for Occupations") and societal governance (the Lincoln elegies). The sinister teacher Lugare is a vision of social authority gone *wrong*, while the wound-dressers and democratic leaders of later poems offer visions of social authority and engagement gone *right*—figures who are actually (and gloriously) fulfilling their obligations to other members of society.

"The Fireman's Dream," first published as an unfinished fragment in the *New York Sunday Times* in 1844, offers an occupational coun-

terpoint to the nefarious Lugare: its protagonist rises to the call of duty with predictably superlative bravery. Violence deepens and commemorates his valor rather than undermining it: he even suffers a traumatic head injury in the service of his fellow citizens, claiming their physical peril as his own physical burden. In turn, these citizens offer a series of physical reactions to his wounds—stretching out their hands in aid. Violence provides the occasion for communally embodied empathy: “involuntary exclamations . . . burst from the spectator’s lips” and “a thousand willing forms and brave hands pressed forward to drag the stricken down bodies of their comrades.”¹⁷ Sympathy and aid are corporeally manifest, not just rendered in the abstract language of ideas, intentions, or sentiments, but thrust forth as an array of “forms” and “hands.”

In contrast to these earthly saviors, mortal “forms” with mortal limbs, the “Being” at the center of “Shirval: A Tale of Jerusalem” is distinctly *unearthly*, an otherworldly Christ-figure with supernatural powers. Whitman’s obscure retelling of the Lazarus story from the Gospel of Luke first appeared in the March 1845 issue of *Aristidean*. Though it imports both its subject and its language from a Biblical register, it shows Whitman refining his vision of bodily redemption. This Christ-like “Being” allows him to explore the possibilities and limitations of hierarchical salvation—a manner of depiction he ultimately discards in favor of a more democratic poetics, empathy predicated on social equality and shared corporeality.

In moments of healing and empathy throughout “Drum-Taps,” humans find solace and sympathy from other humans—flawed, weak, full of echoes of their patients’ vulnerability and suffering—rather than superhuman creatures like the Being, a re-Christened Christ-figure without flaw or blemish: with a “beautifully clear . . . face” and “eyes . . . blue as the sky above” who “beamed forth benevolence and love” (*EPF*, 294). Even his physical features are suggestive of worlds beyond the realm of mortal physicality (the heavenly “sky”) and his “mortal look of sympathy,” though it is purportedly “*mortal*,” does not partake of any of the “agony and death” it gazes upon. It remains perpetually distanced with its “beautifully clear” countenance, reminiscent of Whitman’s evocation of the “disdain and calmness of martyrs” in the 1855 *Leaves*.

The Being remains distinct from more powerfully Whitmanian healers: figures who are unwilling to transcend the suffering of others, who find themselves implicated and embroiled in this suffering instead. These are the men who find they cannot raise fallen soldiers from the dead, and must commit—instead—to honoring and identi-

fying with those who have fallen. “Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night” embodies this vision of elegiac provision. During the course of a battlefield burial, its speaker reconciles himself to the impossibility of resurrection. He spends long “hours” holding vigil over the body of his “son and comrade,” but his final act of commemoration is one that resists the urge to reverse this death: he “[buries] him where he fell” (*LG*, 256), consecrating his death rather than defying it.

A similarly anti-ressurrectional vision of mourning is offered in Whitman’s most famous elegy, “When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d,” whose lyrical instrument—the “hermit thrush”—offers another example of embodied identification with the body of another. The thrush’s song is called the “song of the bleeding throat,” gesturing towards an elegiac poetics that demands some degree of suffering (bleeding) from those who commemorate the dead. Scarry argues that this kind of physical pain is actually “the equivalent in felt-experience of what is unfeeling in death.”¹⁸ Patricia Yongue suggests that the speaker of “Lilacs” wants to implicate himself in the process of violence as an expression of empathy. She points to the breaking of the lilac sprig as an attempt to “respond to violence with his own violence.”¹⁹ This speaker embraces the potentiality of violence, as regenerative force and commemorative mode, rather than trying to refute or nullify its impact.

This “bleeding” song testifies to Whitman’s enduring faith in non-discursive channels of empathy and remembrance. The occasions of his Civil War poems often involve some unspoken inheritance of bodily anguish. As William Arnes argues, these moments of inheritance bring Whitman’s speakers into contact with the “utterable” truths of other bodies and their bravery, what Whitman himself called the “free margins” beyond articulated experience.²⁰ In the later prose of *Specimen Days*, he emphasizes the limits of speech as an expression of empathy: “in the main [chamber of the army hospital] there is quiet—almost a painful absence of demonstration” (*PP*, 743). It is as if the “absence” of sound is necessarily “painful” because it forces the body of the observer to experience viscerally the pain it cannot audibly discern. It is the *bodies* of the soldiers that communicate their trauma most eloquently, with “pallid face[s]” and “dull’d eye[s],” and—conversely—it is physical touch that proves most conducive to healing: “the magnetic touch of hands [and] the expressive features” of nurses (*PP*, 778).

Whitman’s struggle to document the war is perpetually confronting the possibility that words cannot fully evoke its horrors—or that they could evoke without truly invoking, summon their object (the war) without truly overwhelming their subjects (the readers). Timo-

thy Sweet finds evidence of this futility in Whitman's blood-stained war notebooks, texts that literally "bear traces" of the violence they have abstracted into figurative language. Sweet argues that they testify—more directly than language ever could—to the "violated human body which cannot be represented."²¹ But what if we allow ourselves to view Sweet's "violated human body" as Whitman did? Sweet's "bloody" margins become "free margins" full of the possibility to create channels of empathy outside of traditional discourse, using the body—rather than simply the mind—as a vessel. Moon finds these marginal avenues crucial as well—to Whitman's prose as well as his poetry—remarking that he uses his technique of "radical embodiment" to engage in "projecting liminal spaces," summoning bodies to inhabit cultural margins full of homoerotic desire or violent intimacy.²²

The presence of this violent intimacy is what divides Whitman's truly mediocre early stories from those tales that prefigure his poetic innovations. A story like "Shirval" fails to depict its savior's empathy in resonant terms, largely because this empathy remains sequestered to the territory of expository sentiment. It never comes alive between *bodies*, and the Being ultimately achieves his resurrection with words instead of physical touch. The most poignant moments of the story are its most viscerally specific, when those who have found comfort in the Being's miracle "[kneel] upon the ground and ben[d] their faces on [his] earthworn sandals" (*EPF*, 295). The story gleans a brief moment of power from this haunting image, which is fraught with simultaneous invocations of intimacy and distance: the onlookers remain, importantly, beneath him as they kiss his sandals.

The "Hideous Object" of Violence: Empathic Mimicry and Possession in "The Half-Breed"

The Being who resurrects young Shirval from the dead represents one end of a continuum of characters in Whitman's fiction—characters who manifest various levels of culpability. The Being is wholly without blemish or guilt; he simply offers an entirely superhuman grace. But his grace depends upon the violence that necessitated his healing in the first place. The schoolteacher Lugare defines the opposite end of this spectrum—his violence is what necessitates empathy, but he can offer very little of this empathy himself.

The middle ranks of this spectrum are populated by characters like Peter Brown, whose empathy is fueled by the fact that he feels implicated in the circumstances of another man's death, even if he is

not legally or morally responsible for it. Arrow-Tip, the stalwart defendant and resident Native American caricature of the tale, has been accused of murdering Peter Brown, who finds out belatedly that his physical presence could instantly exonerate Arrow-Tip and save him from execution. But Peter cannot offer aid in time, and so his sympathy for Arrow-Tip—manifest across his “wild and ghastly visage” (*EPF*, 300)—is driven by a sense of circumstantial responsibility. Without meaning to, he has become complicit in another man’s wrongful execution, and this complicity prompts an agonized experience of deeply—almost cartoonishly—embodied identification with the hanged man. His face displays the “phrenzied contortions of a madman in his worst paroxysm,” a kind of disfigurement reminiscent of the “hideous object” of the corpse hanging from the scaffold (*EPF*, 301). His body even resembles the newly-dead man in its physical impotence: “his limbs fail him” (*EPF*, 301) as he pantomimes the obsolete gestures of his rescue. When Brown’s “head vibrate[s] to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock” (*EPF*, 301), his body effectively mimics the swinging motion of the corpse itself. In these parallel demonstrations of bodily suffering, traditional boundaries of race are punctured: the body of the white man mimics the body of the half-breed.

Brown crumples into “phrenzied contortions” (*EPF*, 301) that powerfully foreshadow the embodied sympathies of Whitman’s poetry, where empathy is not a choice but an involuntary response to the sight of suffering. Arrow-Tip’s death, and the grotesqueness of its spectacle, give rise to an empathy so urgent that it overwhelms its subject (Peter) with a kind of expressive violence commensurate to the occasion. Peter Brown’s contortions are not the gentle tears or moist eyes of fictional tropisms; they testify to an experience of “violation” worthy of Maslan’s term, overtaking his physical body in a way that connects him more forcefully to the broken body of the deceased.

Waking Dreams and Quivering Hearts: The Evolution of Remorse in “One Wicked Impulse”

Nowhere in the early prose does empathy take more wrenching form than in “One Wicked Impulse,” a hysterical tale of violence and remorse that Whitman published in the *Democratic Review* in 1845. The story’s protagonist, Philip Marsh, is positioned in an important place on the culpability spectrum discussed above—he is wholly responsible for another man’s death but deeply remorseful about his “wicked impulse” (*PP*, 1108) and its single casualty: a sinister lawyer

stabbed in a moment of drunken anger. Marsh is neither supernaturally benevolent nor unequivocally callous, effectively yoking together Lugare's capacity for anger and Peter Brown's capacity for empathy.

His guilt gives the story its pulse: a series of disembodied dream-visions that recall the "cold roll of the murder'd man's eye, as it turn'd up its last glance into his face" and the dying man's "shrill exclamation of pain—[as] all the unearthly vividness of the posture, motion, and looks of the dead . . . pursued him like tormenting furies" (*PP*, 1114). There is an enduring asymmetry in this mode of remorse because these slivered memories of his victim's body remain stubbornly *disembodied*, experienced in his mind rather than his flesh. Not only are they described as "waking dreams" that are "unearthly" in their composition, they never involve contact with an actual injured body—as is the case for Lugare and Tim, or Peter Brown and the "hideous" hanging corpse of Arrow-Tip. In Maslan's terms, they never fully "violate" Marsh by implicating him in the physical experience of pain. Instead, they stay quarantined within the nightmarish landscape of his intangible conscience. The only physical correlatives to Marsh's remorse are so conspicuously and obtrusively symbolic—"red roses" meant to conjure Marsh's "bloody hands" (along with a metonymic pedigree that extends back to Lady Macbeth)—that they can only offer meager visceral impact.

Because the initial stages of Marsh's remorse remain so abstract, his tale comes off as melodramatic and histrionic. It is only the later stages of his narrative that offer glimpses of a more sophisticated reckoning with suffering. Marsh's immediate response to injury, in its sweeping sentiment and stark melodrama, provides a remarkable point of contrast for the visceral gravity of Whitman's poetics: the wound-dresser sensing his way "deep, deep" into his charge, or the soldier-speaker of "A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest," who becomes aware of the suffering of wounded men as an inescapably *sensory* presence all around him. This speaker registers injury in terms of a highly visceral epistemology, smelling "ether" and "the odor of blood" as he watches soldiers in "the death-spasm sweating" or "bleeding to death" as "little steel instruments [catch] the glint of the torches" (*LG*, 256–57) and—with a kind of instrumental metonymy—invoke the specter of amputation. Katherine Kinney argues that this speaker's perception of the hospital "remains a disjointed collection of image, smell, and sound" that does not allow him "to recognize humanity" because his "powers of perception, on which depend his ability to feel and sympathize, are so diminished by disorientation and fatigue."²³

But Kinney fails to acknowledge the ways in which the speaker's gaze—infused with so much weariness—actually affords closer ap-

proximation of what the soldiers themselves experience. His “ability to feel and sympathize” is powerfully manifest in his perceptual disorientation, and his fractured awareness allows for more authentic engagement than orderly descriptions would have permitted. If the scene made more sensory “sense,” it would have kept everything suspended at colder aesthetic distance.

The final gestures of the poem, in which a “dying lad . . . calmly close[s]” his eyes and the speaker departs to “speed forth to the darkness” (*LG*, 257) suggest a concluding moment of bodily identification. The darkness beyond the boy’s closed eyes becomes an abyss that the speaker inherits as he returns to his own darkness, the night-march that continues past the church-hospital and away from the incident itself. This darkness becomes a point of commonality as these two figures share a deeply embodied encounter with mortality—one dies while the other is permitted access into the depths of a stranger’s inner dark.

The original version of “One Wicked Impulse” grants Marsh similar entry into an experience of shared darkness, a moment of bodily encounter textured by the visceral empathy so absent from the early stages of his remorse. The story’s original conclusion delivers a pointed anti-hanging message, steering Marsh towards narrative salvation by forcing him into the devoted service of New York City’s cholera victims. He goes out like a “merciful spirit . . . wiping the drops from hot brows, and soothing the agony of cramped limbs” (*EPF*, 316). Though this passage likens him to a “spirit,” his care-giving is deeply corporeal and fundamentally mortal, as he “cool[s] . . . hot cheeks with his own hands and lips” amidst the squalor of “noisome alleys and foul rear-buildings” (*EPF*, 316). His physical body becomes implicated in the suffering of others—“his eyes moist with tears of sympathy” as he “inhale[s] peril at every breath”—and it is this physical involvement that satisfies his “engrossing wish to cancel, as far as he could, the great outrage he had committed” (*EPF*, 317).

These acts of bodily provision gesture towards Maslan’s principle of “involuntary” involvement. Though Marsh has chosen to administer aid to the sick (despite the fact that one keenly feels the tyranny of authorial sensibilities guiding his choice), he cannot choose—or control—the ways that his body will be implicated in these ministrations. Vapors of contagion encroach upon his “inhalations” and sickness threatens the boundaries of his body. As is true for the speakers of “Drum-Taps,” things happen to the bodies of healers that cannot be controlled, and this relinquishing of agency is what deepens and authenticates their acts of empathy. Maslan describes this “devotion to the soldiers as *involuntary*—the result of an unnamed external force

having seized control of [the healer] and taken his body as sacrifice.”²⁴ In glimmers, Philip Marsh does prefigure the “sacrificial bodies” of Whitman’s poetic speakers in important ways, though this prefiguration is obscured by the cumbersome layers of melodrama that shroud his care-giving in sentimentality. This sentimentality is compounded by the story’s final turn, whose neat predictability eventually disappoints: Marsh achieves his “crowning act of recompense” by caring for—of all people—the sickly son of his murder victim.

This redemption, however forced, does manage to push Whitman’s ideas about embodied empathy even further than other early stories. When “Philip’s heart quivered as if some harsh instrument had cut into it,” he is subjected (indeed, “possessed”) by a direct visceral echo of the sensations his victim must have felt when he was stabbed to death in the chest (*EPF*, 316). Just as the “leaden whiteness” and “globules” of sweat across Lugare’s brow recall his victim’s pallor and perspiration; just as the “pendulum” of Peter Brown’s swinging neck mimics the “hideous object” of the swinging corpse; so do the specific—almost clinical—pangs of Marsh’s heart resurrect the physical impact of his crime, finally inscribing an abstract remorse onto the *body* responsible for the crime.

The initial execution of the deed itself is rendered in strikingly bodily terms: “the *arm* of the murderer thrust the blade, once, twice, deep in his enemy’s bosom!” (*EPF*, 313). In this act of impulsive violence, the “arm” of the murderer is given more syntactical responsibility than his mind, and so it seems natural that his sympathy would have to manifest itself in the flesh before he could approach “recompense.” It is as if—for the first time—Marsh is living through the experience of committing his crime. During the murder, he is “possess’d” by a “fiendish rage” that effectively displaces his own gentler nature, and so it seems appropriate that he would need to be “possessed” by some physical sensation to displace the “rage” that overwhelmed his better nature in the first place. Merleau-Ponty posits that every man’s “possession of [his] own time is always postponed until a stage when [he] may fully understand it,” and we see this process at work with Marsh, who can only reclaim the “time” of his violence once his own heart “quivers.”²⁵ Maslan’s language intersects Merleau-Ponty’s theory in the denouement of this process: in effect, Marsh can only begin to “possess” this moment when it takes possession of him.

Written years later, “The Artilleryman’s Vision” presents a more aesthetically sophisticated depiction of the memorial aftermath of violence. This poem documents the subtleties of interior awareness, lingering recollections that stay in the “fantasy unreal” of the mind’s-eye rather

than manifesting in the flesh. But while “One Wicked Impulse” feels mired in the ineffectual texture of its protagonist’s sympathy, “The Artilleryman’s Vision” is able to dramatize the futility of its speaker’s empathic impulses in deeply moving terms. The poem reads like a prescient lyrical case study in post-traumatic stress disorder, spoken by an artilleryman who is still haunted by the afterglow of “vari-color’d rockets” and “suffocating smoke,” even though the “wars are over long” and he is lying in bed with his wife. We see that these memories are habitual as we witness the speaker’s unsuccessful efforts to ignore their grimmest offerings: “And ever the hastening of infantry shifting positions . . . / (The falling, dying, I heed not, the wounded dripping and red I heed not, some to the rear are hobbling)” (*LG*, 267).

Though the poem’s primary pathos lies in the brutality of how these memories of war encroach upon this speaker’s consciousness, there is also something tragic about the distance between his body and the experience of war: the disembodied nature of his retrospective engagement also keeps him distanced from his own potential for empathy. He cannot fully “heed” the “falling, dying . . . the wounded dripping” even though we can sense that their existence still pains him, as they are thrust into prominence by their parenthetical quarantines.

“The Child and the Profligate”: An Early Draft of the “Pugilistic Art”

In “The Child and the Profligate,” the crippling aftermath of the past—the “vari-color’d rockets” of prior horror—actually deepens the protagonist’s capacity for empathy. The plot of this early story, first published in the *New World* in 1841, develops one of the earliest figurations of homosocial intimacy in Whitman’s entire canon. The story hinges upon the striking bond forged between an innocent youth and the mysterious stranger who comes to his rescue in a bar-room brawl. When young Charles is hit by a “one-eyed” sailor, the fashionable stranger, who is certainly “no stranger to the pugilistic art” himself, intervenes with sudden force and deep conviction. He offers physical defense, “shelter” in his bed, and ultimately lasting friendship and monetary support. Like the speaker-healers of Whitman’s poetry, who are inspired into empathy by an involuntary compulsion, the stranger (later named Langton) finds his own “rage . . . uncontrollable” (*EPF*, 74). He is overwhelmed by the impulse to intervene—“violated” by this impulse and thus re-defined by it.

Appearing as a kind of cosmopolitan *deus ex machina* in his spot-

less linen suit, Langton is not inspired by a direct sense of remorse towards the boy (he has never hurt him) but by a more generalized sense of moral failure. He is later identified as “a dissipated young man—a brawler—one whose too frequent companions were rowdies, blacklegs, and swindlers” (*EPF*, 76–77). He has seen his share of vice—indeed, the “New York police officers were no stranger to his countenance” (*EPF*, 77)—but his benevolent impulses towards the boy are not beholden to any simple arithmetic of guilt and reform. This ensures them a certain integrity and grants Whitman the liberty to suggest something larger and more generous about the human capacity for empathy: it does not have to be beholden to some tally of wrongdoing and responsibility, as it was for characters like Peter Brown.

Because readers only learn about Langton’s many vices *after* his intervention, we initially read his actions as natural instincts rather than guilty compensations—products of basic human impulses rather than any situational desire for “recompense.” The narrative seems invested in building up the mystery of this empathy, rather than translating it into some predictably reductive arithmetic of shame and remorse. The story steps out of its own dramatic frame to ask: “Why was it, too, that the young man’s heart moved with a feeling of kindness toward the harshly treated child?” This acknowledgment of the mystery of empathy—and the refusal to immediately undercut this mystery—suggests a primal “wish to love and be loved” that foreshadows Whitman’s poetry, in which the hunger for connection is an essential human trait. The stranger’s instant attachment to this vulnerable boy is portrayed as an innate human impulse rather than a strategic narrative device, and Whitman is eager to insist that “no scrap of this is sentimental fiction; ask your own heart, reader, for endorsement to its truth” (*EPF*, 74).

Langton’s empathetic impulse is sharpened into focus by the dramatic pause of a “strange” and “silent” human tableau: “In the middle of the room stood the young man, in his not at all ungraceful attitude—every nerve out, and his eyes flashing brilliantly. He seem’d rooted like a rock; and clasping him with an appearance of confidence in his protection, clung the boy” (*EPF*, 75). The stranger’s intervention becomes a performance that commands attention, and the theatricality of his empathy evidences a certain contagious engagement: just as the stranger’s sentiments are “uncontrollable,” so the rest of the “company” cannot help but “[start] from their seats . . . for a moment [holding] breathless but strain’d positions” (*EPF*, 75). The rest of the room has become engaged in the boy’s plight through the medium of visual spectacle, witnessing with “strain’d” bodies the outrage that has become externally legible on the body of the stranger—in his taut

“nerves” and “flashing” eyes.

The entangling of these two male bodies, their “clasping” and “clinging,” creates a physical precedent for their night of shared “shelter,” when Charles sleeps with his “arms around [Langton]” and his “cheek rested on his bosom” (*EPF*, 76). This physical intimacy prompts less tangible unions of mind and heart, as the profligate begins to consider his future “interwoven with the youth” (*EPF*, 77). The incident is striking for the ways in which it prefigures those celebrations of embodied homosocial bonding that appear throughout *Leaves of Grass*, particularly the lusty eroticism of the “Calamus” cluster and the hospital comradery of “Drum-Taps” and *Specimen Days*.

The physicality of these moments—one body clutching another body in the bar, or in the bed—is ultimately more poignant than the predictable expressions of empathy that follow them. The stranger ends up funding Charles’ education, rescuing his mother from destitution, and saving himself from a life of vice through these acts of altruism, but even the narrator acknowledges the perfunctory nature of these concluding strokes, admitting, “It needs not that I should particularize the subsequent events of Langton’s and the boy’s history” (78) because these events are already common features of the redemption-story genre. The story finds more resonance in the physical connection between these two men than it does in the narrative machinery surrounding their intimacy, a framework encumbered by the sentimental arc of a hard-working young boy and a mother wracked by “the sickening idea of her own poverty” (*EPF*, 71).

The opening pages of the story depict embodied sympathy in terms of recognizable tropes: tears are shared, blood is spilt, and Charles’ “passionate fit[s] of weeping” become “pangs” in his mother’s breast (*EPF*, 71). Here are faint preludes to the poignant reciprocity celebrated by Whitman’s poetics, but they are faint preludes indeed. It is the intimacy between Langton and Charles that becomes innovative and surprising, defying traditional (especially nineteenth-century) strategies of classification and categorization with its intertwining of illicit intimacy and violent energy. As Moon notes—in his classic study of the story against Whitman’s 1855 *Leaves*—the *leit motif* of fluids throughout the story (sweat, tears, liquor, rivers) becomes an aqueous correlative to its project of “eroding and dissolving . . . boundaries” between the bodies of its characters.²⁷

In Whitman’s prose, it can be difficult to distinguish between the early traces of an evolving authorial sensibility and the ghost-limb

relics of generic inheritance—tropes and narrative appendages that Whitman employs even though one senses (or would like to presume) that he did not fully believe in them. When do teary eyes cease functioning as sentimental tropes and start exploring more interesting facets of embodied sympathy? When do incidents of violence transcend the territory of melodrama and start prefiguring a more sophisticated poetics of injury and healing?

Exploring Whitman's early taxonomy of empathic variations does not require us to dull our critical sensibilities or elevate his early fiction—clearly stilted in its language and heavy-handed in its concepts—to the level of his poetry. It simply means acknowledging that Whitman's creativity was full of missteps, flaws, and inconsistencies, those same dimensions of selfhood that his later poetry would celebrate so eloquently. It means recognizing the stamina of his faith in the human potential for empathy—even, or especially, in the aftermath of violence—and his commitment to exploring the forms this empathy could take: the costumes it might wear, the exuberant variety of bodies it might inhabit, and the infinite channels of conception and expression it might follow.

Notes

¹ Walt Whitman, "One or Two Index Items, Preface to Specimen Days and Collect," *Walt Whitman: Poetry and Prose*, ed. Justin Kaplan (New York: Library of America, 1996), 951. Hereafter cited parenthetically as *PP*.

² Walt Whitman, *The Early Poems and the Fiction*, ed. Thomas Brasher (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1963), 55–68. Hereafter cited parenthetically as *EPF*.

³ Elizabeth Barnes, *States of Sympathy: Seduction and Democracy in the American Novel* (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1997), 4.

⁴ Glenn Hendler, *Public Sentiments: Structures of Feeling in Nineteenth-Century American Literature* (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 2001), 9.

⁵ Michael Moon, *Disseminating Whitman: Revision and Corporeality in Leaves of Grass* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1991), 28.

⁶ Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass and Other Writings*, ed. Michael Moon (New York: W. W. Norton, 2002), 261. All citations to "Drum-Taps" are from the 1981-92 edition in Moon, cited parenthetically as *LG*.

⁷ Robert Leigh Davis, "'America, Brought to Hospital': The Romance of Democracy and Medicine in Whitman's Civil War," *Wordsworth Circle* 25 (Winter 1994), 53.

⁸Michael Warner, "Whitman Drunk," *Breaking Bounds: Whitman and American Cultural Studies*, ed. Betsy Erkkila and Jay Grossman (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1996), 32.

⁹Mark Maslan, *Whitman Possessed* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 2001), 22.

¹⁰Jimmie Killingsworth, "Whitman's Physical Eloquence," *Walt Whitman: The Centennial Essays*, ed. Ed Folsom (Iowa City: Univ. of Iowa Press, 1994), 78.

¹¹Katherine Kinney, "War, Labor, and Whitman in Washington D.C." *Breaking Bounds: Whitman and American Cultural Studies*, ed. Betsy Erkkila and Jay Grossman (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1996), 180.

¹²Killingworth, 79.

¹³Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception* (1945), trans. Colin Smith (London: Routledge, 1958), 414.

¹⁴Elaine Scarry, *The Body in Pain: the Making and Unmaking of the World* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1985), 36..

¹⁵Merleau-Ponty, 36.

¹⁶Merleau-Ponty, 420.

¹⁷Cited in Herbert Bergman, "A Hitherto Unknown Whitman Story and a Possible Early Poem," *Walt Whitman Review* 1 (March 1982), 9.

¹⁸Scarry, 31.

¹⁹Patricia Lee Yongue, "Violence in Whitman's 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd,'" *Walt Whitman Quarterly Review* 1 (March 1984), 14.

²⁰William Arnes, "Almost Discover': The Spiritual Significance of Soldier Talk in Whitman's *Specimen Days*," *Walt Whitman Review* 28 (June-December 1982), 84-91; Whitman, *PP*, 852.

²¹Timothy Sweet, *Traces of War: Poetry, Photography, and the Crisis of the Union*, (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1990), 48.

²²Moon, 35.

²³Katherine Kinney, "Whitman's 'Word of the Modern' and the First Modern War," *Walt Whitman Quarterly Review* 7 (Summer 1989), 6.

²⁴Maslan, 88.

²⁵Merleau-Ponty, 402.

²⁶Moon, 29.

