TRACING HENRY JAMES

Tracing Henry James

Edited by Melanie H. Ross and Greg W. Zacharias

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TRACING HENRY JAMES

Editors' Introduction

MELANIE H. ROSS AND GREG W. ZACHARIAS

The third international conference of the Henry James Society was held from 12–15 July 2005 at American International University on the island of San Servolo, Venice, Italy. Like the first international meeting in New York in 1993, held to celebrate the Sesquicentennial of Henry James's birth, and the second held in Paris in 2002, the Venice meeting featured many of the best newer and established James scholars in the world, who represented countries from around the globe and explored a wide range of James texts and subjects related to Henry James's life and writing. With such a group of Jamesians in Venice, the conference was offered a clear signal of the international membership of the Henry James Society and of Henry James studies overall. With the diversity and mixing of national cultures comes a diversity of readings of James. As it did in Venice, we hope that the diversity represented in these pages will continue to enrich James studies and to nurture individual scholars and their relations with each other.

From the 85 papers read over four days in Venice, 28 were selected for this volume. We believe that the range of these essays represents the range of papers at the conference. But publication brings with it the opportunity for expansion. So while each of the 28 papers in this volume began as essays written for presentation in Venice, all have been adjusted for this project.

Another adjustment for book publication was the arrangement of papers. Without the three and four-paper panels that structure a conference, we were free to arrange the papers, now separated from their panel companions, in a way that made sense for this book.

We decided to follow a rather simple organizational plan organized by the following general concepts: introductory essays, which includes this one, “Henry James’s Shorter Fiction,” “Henry James’s Longer Fiction,” “The American Scene and James’s Travel Essays,” “James and Criticism,” and “Henry James’s Letters.” In this volume we hope to provide a geographically and theoretically varied map to the current state of James studies, through which readers can trace their own way.

Creating Scholarly Community: A Thirty-Year View of the *HJR* and the Henry James Society

DANIEL MARK FOGEL

It is quite wonderful to me to see, in 2005, the Henry James Society flourishing under the extraordinarily capable leadership of Greg Zacharias and the support and participation of academic and independent James scholars around the world. It is also wonderful to see the journal that gave birth to the Society, the *Henry James Review*, embarked under Susan Griffin's superb editorial leadership on its second quarter century. That all of us are here today in Venice, scores of Jamesians from nearly every continent—I think only South America and Antarctica are not represented—is vivid testimony to the ongoing vitality of the Society. That I myself am here is for me a treat and a surprise, for which I want at the outset of these remarks to give happy thanks to Greg and to Eric Haralson, who preceded Gert Buelens as James Society President, for inviting me to take part in the conference and to provide some perspective on the institutional history that by a commodious vicus of recirculation has brought us to this moment in the Serenissima.

I have to confess that today's talk is not the one I have wanted to give for most of the past year. Eric wrote to me on July 3, 2004: "On behalf of the Henry James Society, it is my great pleasure to invite you to deliver a luncheon talk in Venice next summer, for the 'Tracing Henry James' conference. Greg and I have been thinking that something on the origins of the Society and the journal would be very welcome, but of course the topic is your own to choose." It had been nearly a decade since I'd given up editorship of the HJR, eleven years since the James Sesquicentennial Symposia in New York (the last Jamesian gathering I attended), and nearly fifteen years since I'd entered central administration full time. How gratifying to

be remembered by the James gang after all that time. But the suggested topic did smack somewhat of a rote assignment, something on the order of "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," and for much of the past year I have fantasized a really "literary" talk, for which I reread *The Golden Bowl* and enjoyed for the first time Colm Tóibín's wonderful *The Master*, not without turning over in that fecund soil the germs of a number of papers I might have written. But then it came over me that what I had to say about reading Henry James would after all add only one more note to the richly layered symphony of voices on James that we are hearing now in Venice. By contrast, I realized, the story I have to tell about the history of the HJR and of the Society perhaps will not be told again and can come only from me. So I resolved just recently to give you, as Eric and Greg suggested, something on the origins of the Society and the journal.

I do want to plant a disclaimer on the threshold of these remarks. Memory plays funny tricks on us, as any student of autobiography or of legal theories of witness identification can readily attest. When my students packed the archival files of the HJR and the James Society to ship them up to Susan Griffin in Louisville ten years ago, I stayed out of the office, partly because I was simply too busy helping to run LSU and partly, to be sure, because it would have been too painful for me to witness the transfer I had set in motion when I resolved to give up the editorship of the journal and, ultimately, the direction of the Society. That was a hard renunciation. When I started the HJR, I thought I would do it for perhaps five years and then pass it on. But instead I found myself holding on to HJR and Society alike, like Bilbo Baggins cherishing his ring, for a good part of a lifetime. So in 1995 I kept nothing—none of the founding documents, none of the correspondence (I don't even have any of the many letters I exchanged with Leon Edel)—and I was, it seems to me now, somewhat derelict in not supervising the students to make sure that particular items were preserved when many feet of files were inevitably discarded as the shipment to Kentucky was prepared. So I've been sitting up in Vermont, with nothing in the way of primary documents, nothing to venture out on but the tricky waters of memory, thinking of Wordsworth's figure of the memoirist "Incumbent o'er the surface of past time" "As one who hangs down-bending from the side / Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast / Of a still water," who "often is perplexed, and cannot part / The shadow

from the substance, rocks and sky, / Mountains and cloud reflected in the depth / Of the clear flood, from things which there abide / In their true Dwelling." I can only suppose that there may be some errors in the detail of what follows, though I am sure the main outline will be true to what occurred.

It is perhaps technically incorrect to say that the *Henry James Review* gave birth to the Henry James Society. They were materially of twin birth. It is nevertheless the case that my first thought as I began to think about addressing an obvious gap in the world of James studies was to launch a scholarly journal devoted to Henry James. The idea, which I'd first conceived in 1968, as an undergraduate, began to grow on me, and I mentioned it to a few of my teachers and fellow students, in 1974–75, as I was preparing to write the Cornell dissertation that would become my first scholarly book, *Henry James and the Structure of the Romantic Imagination*. That book drew heavily on my interest in English Romanticism and on my study with M. H. Abrams. I was and still am of the party that holds Wordsworth to be one of the supreme spirits to have walked the face of the earth, and, with a commitment to supporting the always tenuous economy of humanities scholarship with some of my own skin in the game, I took out a personal subscription to *The Wordsworth Circle*, a very compelling journal with what was at the time the homemade look of stapled typescript. It was edited at Temple University by Marilyn Gaull, who had founded the journal in 1970. The ten-dollar annual subscription (enough for a good week's worth of groceries at the time) included, as the masthead stated, membership in the Wordsworth-Coleridge Association. Professor Gaull, who became later on the clear-eyed and high-minded guiding spirit of the Council of Editors of Learned Journals, thus provided both a model of inspired journal editorship and the idea of tying the as yet unborn *Henry James Review* to a scholarly society.

The path that led to the actual launching of the journal and the Society was neither easy nor uninterrupted. It unfolded over the course of the next few years. Most of my effort from 1975 through 1977 was devoted to writing my dissertation, to getting settled into post-Cornell life as an assistant professor at Louisiana State University, and to turning the dissertation into a book. I continued, however, to think about the project, and in the summer of 1977, when an NEH Summer Stipend took me back from

Baton Rouge to Ithaca for a happy summer burrowing in Olin Library at Cornell, I had a very lucky encounter in the home of my wife's parents, on the shore of Cayuga Lake. My wife's aunt, Hannah Barsky, was visiting. She questioned me about my work. I told her about my idea of starting a James journal. She said that she had an old friend, a Barnard College classmate, who was deeply into James scholarship. They had been undergraduates together with Margaret Mead, who had written about their group in her memoir *Blackberry Days*. Who, I asked, was that? The name she gave me, Adeline Tintner, was one I knew well from voluminous entries in the MLA International Bibliography. She mentioned that Tintner was an old friend of Leon Edel. I asked for Tintner's address, and not long after Aunt Hannah's visit she mailed it to me.

That fall of 1977 I sent out a number of letters. I wrote to William Stafford, editor of *Modern Fiction Studies*, seeking his advice on founding a James journal. He wrote back that he had tried to start one himself but that his efforts had come to naught because of the opposition of Leon Edel. He also told me that at least two other persons had tried to start James journals, Robert Gale, at the University of Pittsburgh, and Maurice Beebe, editor of the *Journal of Modern Literature*. He suggested I write to both of them, and I did. They both applauded the project and offered to help. Both commented on Edel's power and on his intransigent opposition to the creation of a journal. Realizing that I would need to finesse the opposition others had faced from the dominant figure in the field—Edel had recently been the subject of an extensive New Yorker profile titled "Chairman of the Board"—I wrote to Adeline Tintner, introducing myself with reference to Aunt Hannah, outlining the project for a journal and associated Henry James Society, and asking for Ms. Tintner's advice in negotiating the critical passage of enlisting Leon Edel's support—or at very least in disposing him to be other than oppositional. Might I come to New York City to consult with her?, I asked.

Her reply, I now know, was utterly characteristic of her. She said that of course I was welcome to come to see her. But she was utterly diffident, even self-deprecatory, about her status in the world of James studies. She was an independent scholar. She had no academic affiliation, no real standing. She suggested, therefore, that if I were to come to New York I should also consult with a Jamesian at NYU, Professor James Tuttleton,

who had been Edel's colleague in the NYU English Department. I wrote back to her to say that I would make a trip down to New York, if it wasn't inconvenient, when I was in Ithaca for the winter break in December, and I wrote to James Tuttleton, seeking an appointment with him at the same time.

Now before I tell you about those first meetings in New York City, let me take a short detour to sketch the state of Henry James studies as I recall the field in the mid-1970s. The thumbnail version would be that when I was writing my dissertation, Henry James studies largely referred to criticism and scholarship untouched by the rising tide of Continental literary theory, by phenomenology and reader response, by structuralism and deconstruction, by feminism, gender studies, and queer theory, and by the new historicism. Any reading list for students of the novelist was freighted heavily with commentators from the 1940s and '50s and in fact from earlier decades: Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, F. O. Matthiessen, F. W. Dupee, and Elizabeth Stevenson. Critics in the late '50s and the 1960s broke some new ground, often in very traditional veins or in markedly eccentric ways: Wayne C. Booth, J. A. Ward, and Laurence Holland, with high distinction among the former, and, to my mind, Quentin Anderson and Maxwell Geismar among the latter. The period from the late 1960s through the mid-1970s saw, to be sure, some harbingers of the innovative work to come in the years ahead—Sallie Sears's *The Negative Imagination* was perhaps the first book-length study of James deeply colored by the first wave of modern feminism (and just think, it was published in 1968 and must therefore have been conceived and written in the mid-1960s, in the immediate aftermath of Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*). Tzvetan Todorov wrote about James and the fantastic in 1970 (though *The Fantastic* was not published in English until 1975). And John Carlos Rowe brought out *Henry Adams and Henry James: The Emergence of a Modern Consciousness* in 1976. Even so, the established authorities, going back to the era of Trilling and Matthiessen and Dupee, still loomed very large, and bestriding them all was the colossus of Leon Edel, who in 1972 had brought out the final volume of *The Life of Henry James*, with its thorough if careful (and I would argue under-appreciated) discussion of what Edel called James's "homo-eroticism."

And here was I, a second-year assistant professor, riding the Greyhound

bus from Ithaca to New York City in December of 1977 to seek from Adeline Tintner and James Tuttleton clues on how to beard Leon the lion in his den. Both visits went exceptionally well. Each, in its way, smacked of the fabulous. First, there was Addy Tintner. I was astonished by this vigorous sixty-five-year old. She was tall, rangy, twitchy with energy. She was barely contained in the clutter of her elegant apartment at 180 East End Avenue, directly across the narrow street from Gracie Mansion, the official residence of the mayor of New York. Her naturally large gestures were constrained by bookshelves jutting into rooms at right angles to the bookshelves along the wall. They were laden with multiple first editions of James and his contemporaries. There were tabletops adrift with note cards, manuscripts, offprints. The apartment held incredible riches yet to disclose—James and Wharton autographs; the presentation photograph of Sargent's 70th birthday portrait of Henry James, signed by Sargent, given to each donor to the project (the same portrait Virginia Woolf said she kept before her writing table at Monk's House); the leather, "HJ" monogrammed trunk, lined with red velvet that Walter Berry had given to Henry James. Tintner's place was itself the stuff of legends. Tintner urged me to approach Edel in a posture of exaggerated respect for his eminence and importance. She offered to commend me to him in advance of the letter she proposed I send to him in Hawaii. I gratefully accepted (and was relieved she did not stipulate an outright pilgrimage there, which I feared would have been beyond my means).

Jim Tuttleton, author of *The Novel of Manners in America* and editor of the Norton Critical Edition of *The American* (which came out the following year, in 1978), could not have been more different from Tintner, though he was equally kind and his advice matched hers almost word for word. Dry, restrained, conservative, he took me to lunch at the Century Association. He showed me John LaFarge's delicate portrait of the nineteen-year-old Henry James (owned by the Century and not exhibited to the public until it was loaned to the Morgan Library exhibition for the James Sesquicentennial). Before lunch, Tuttleton insisted that we have the "club drink," a rum concoction served in silver cups out of a collection comprised of one cup donated by each member of the Century. When the frost was wiped from the side of my chilled vessel, it revealed the name of Henry James, who had briefly been a member before embarking on his life abroad. Two

decades later, Jim was still insisting with a straight face that it was pure chance that the James cup had been brought to us that day. He also told me a story about a dinner at the Century Association, when Oscar Cargill, the author of a collection of James essays, who had long chaired the NYU English Department, was feted at his retirement before an all-male audience, since women were at that time barred from the precinct. I was utterly shocked, not so much that the club was once restricted, but that Cargill should have allowed such a venue for his retirement function. Distinguished women colleagues such as Miriam Allott were represented by their husbands! (I can only think that Henry James himself would have disapproved: Can you imagine HJ looking kindly on Edith Wharton's being represented by the "cerebrally compromised" Teddy?) Tuttleton told me that Cargill made a speech in which he went around the room denigrating every one of his colleagues with his unvarnished view of their standing, of how each one had disappointed him. When he came to Edel, he said, "And you, Leon, you would still be a cheap Canadian journalist if I hadn't pulled you out of that gutter."

Edel had in fact had a rough time getting established in the academy. It is hard to think he was not a victim of anti-Semitism. Many of you will remember Jonathan Freedman's talk at the Sesquicentennial Symposia, which included Diana Trilling's anecdote of a senior colleague at Columbia calling on the Trillings to say, "Now just because we've tenured you, Lionel, don't think that means we're going to let another Jew into the department." I hasten to add that Edel himself, in conversation with me in the early 1990s, rejected the suggestion that anti-Semitism had stymied his career. In any case, some twenty years passed between the award of his doctorate and his tenure-track appointment at NYU, and except for the war years during which he served in the U.S. Army and the Guggenheim year in the late 1930s for which Edith Wharton was one of his referees, he had to support himself as a journalist while steadily carrying forward the Jamesian research on which he'd begun at age twenty, in 1927. By 1977, he was in every way "the Chairman of the Board," but he still had something of the abused outsider's chip on his shoulder. And yet, with advance recommendations from Tintner and Tuttleton as a result of my New York expedition, he could not have been more gracious in his response to my first letter. He explained that he had previously opposed creation of a jour-

nal and a society because he had felt that such developments would only reinforce a widely held view of James as the object of coterie devotions. His view had changed. He now believed that James's stature and position in world literature were sufficiently established to make such apprehensions moot, and he declared himself supportive of the launch of a Society along with its affiliated scholarly journal. He would not accept an invitation to serve on the editorial board, even as an "honorary" member, but he would provide moral support, counsel, and a contribution to the first issue of the journal. Clearly my letter to him had struck the right tone, reinforced by testimonials to him on behalf of my proposal from Tintner and Tuttleton. I could not have been more pleased.

Thereafter, the launch picked up steam fairly quickly. I enlisted LSU faculty colleagues to serve on the editorial staff (originally Bainard Cowan and James Babin, later John Lowe, who followed Bainard as HJR book review editor and who is with us today). I enlisted the inaugural editorial board, which spanned the range from very "old school"—including my dissertation director, Arthur Mizener, Jean Frantz Blackall (who was also my teacher at Cornell), Robert L. Gale, and Adeline Tintner—to some of the colleagues I admired for breaking new ground in the decade immediately preceding, notably Sallie Sears and John Carlos Rowe. I applied to LSU's Graduate Faculty Research Council for seed money (which was generously granted, fueled in part, I'm sure, by a vivid institutional memory of how well LSU's standing in the intellectual world had been served by another journal founded in my department, in 1935, when Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks launched the *Southern Review*). (The original grant was $1,500; later, even more generously, LSU kicked in $16,000 to clear an accumulated deficit to the journal's account, which otherwise would have prevented Johns Hopkins from taking on the HJR in 1988). I recruited half a dozen graduate students to assist me (including at least three who have stayed in our profession: Carol Dole, Patricia Gabilondo, and Cheryl Torsney), and we set out first to build a mailing list of persons who had published on Henry James, building off the MLA International Bibliographies and going back, I think, at least two and perhaps three or more decades. Remember that we were doing this before the introduction of the personal computer and the internet, using paper bibliographies, big, bound faculty directories, index cards, and typewriters: no small task.

Some time in 1978, I can't recall precisely when, we used that mailing list to send out hundreds of fliers with a cover letter announcing the formation of the HJR and the Society. The flier listed the editorial board, the aim and scope of the journal, subscription prices, editorial guidelines, including a solicitation of a series of Centennial Essays marking the hundredth anniversaries of publication of important works by HJ, and, of course, subscription information. It went not only to individual James scholars but also to major academic and municipal libraries. (Our very first orders came from the Huntington Library in California and from the Enoch Pratt Free Library of the City of Baltimore). The cover letter solicited colleagues for their interest in helping with the formation and organization of the Society.

I recall perhaps fewer than a dozen replies to that call for people to participate in the creation of the organization. One that I followed up on came from a very bright and energetic individual, Carren Osna Kaston. Carren agreed to organize the first meeting of the James Society, slated for San Francisco in December of 1979 in conjunction with that year's annual meeting of the Modern Language Association. Because the Society was brand new and was far from qualifying for admission as an Affiliated Organization of the MLA, Carren had the doubly difficult task of arranging the substantive session and of handling all of the logistics, including finding a venue (which was a Berkeley Extension Center in San Francisco, with a handsome auditorium). She played a key role in leadership of the Society, especially during four years of intense and indispensable activity from 1979 through 1982, when the Society was granted Affiliate status and could arrange its meetings as MLA Sessions. In effect, Carren functioned as the President of the Society during those years, after which we followed the regular election cycle still in effect. Not only did she arrange the first meeting in San Francisco but also the second, also free-standing in conjunction with MLA in Houston, in 1980, and the MLA Special Sessions the Society sponsored in 1981 and 1982. Thereafter we enjoyed the privilege of all Affiliated Organizations to sponsor two sessions and a business meeting during the annual convention.

All of the years of dreaming and planning came together in 1979, and the launch of the journal, with volume 1, number 1, in November of that year, and of the Society the following month really set the tone that I think

has prevailed down to the present day—a commitment to excellence in scholarship and criticism under the broadest, most welcoming, and eclectic of umbrellas. The first issue of the journal featured Edel, as well as J. A. Ward, Adeline Tintner, and the Indian James scholar Darshan Singh Maini, among others, and the first meeting of the James Society featured presentations by, and a spirited discussion among, Edel, Tintner, and John Carlos Rowe, who challenged us, to Tintner's forcefully pronounced incredulity, to abandon Henry James the Master and to ride whooping in the radical deconstructionist war party of Henry James Chief (a spiel we soon published, with Donald Barthelme's collage of James in Sioux warrior headdress, in the HJR). My inaugural "From the Editor" column declared our aspiration that the journal be "not a thing, an artifact, a product, or a repository of writings on James" but "a center of activity, a catalyst for a continuous process of reviewing knowledge about James, and a stimulator of dialogue and research"; we pledged never to publish mediocre material merely because it was about Henry James (one of the worst potential pitfalls for a single-author journal); to treat all approaches to James studies honestly and fairly; to strive always to play a constructive tutorial role for authors (and indeed I think we improved much of the work that we published, informed in positive ways the development of much of the work we declined to put into print, and called a great deal of important work into being that would not otherwise have existed); and "above all to create a forum that any student of James will be able to turn to in order to see where" his or her own work "fits into the field as a whole."

Many other milestones followed, including the move of the *HJR* to the Journals Division of The Johns Hopkins University Press as distributor and publisher (with the editorial office still at LSU) in 1988, the addition of American Literature Association meetings to the Society's calendar of organized paper sessions when ALA was founded in 1989, the James Sesquicentennial Symposia and exhibitions in New York in 1993, the transfer of the editorship of the journal to Susan Griffin at the University of Louisville in 1995, the passage five years later, in 2000, of the executive directorship of the Society from me to Greg Zacharias at Creighton University, and the Henry James Today conference in Paris in 2002. I must confess that this whole chronicle has for me a certain elegiac quality, if only because so many of the people who played major parts in the early

days—Leon Edel and Addy Tintner, Jack Ward, William Stafford, Maurice Beebe, Arthur Mizener, and Jim Tuttleton—have all died. The meetings we have been privileged to take part in here in Venice are nevertheless a testimony to the ongoing vitality of James Studies, of the *HJR* and the Henry James Society, and, above all, of the life and work of Henry James as objects of inquiry and discovery and as sources of illumination, of delight, and of thrilling new art, as Colm Tóibín has shown us. I want once again to express heartfelt thanks, in which I am confident all of the attendees will join me, to Greg, Rosella Zorzi, Gert Buelens, and all of the other organizers. I would be happy to respond to any questions or observations if we have time. Thank you.

Henry James and the United States

JOHN CARLOS ROWE

> But, after all, the United States wants no citizens by compulsion. And as a literary absentee Mr. James has a long line of predecessors, Byron and Landor, Turgenieff, Heine, Wagner, Nietzsche raise at once in the memory. To the literary man choice of his scene is to be granted. —*The New York Times* (July 31, 1915)

Ninety-three years ago, Henry James became a British citizen, for some formalizing what had been his social practice for forty years and for some registering a symbolic protest against President Wilson's delay in joining what James understood as the defensive war Great Britain and France were fighting against Germany.[1] James's decision in the year before his death has been discussed exhaustively by James scholars, and I have nothing new to add to the historical particulars. Alan James, writing as the Chairman of the State Department Board of Appellate Review, published in 1991 a very clear account of the legal particulars of Henry James's choice to be naturalized a British subject and the consequent loss of "his United States citizenship under the provisions of the Citizenship Act of March 2, 1907, which prescribed that any American citizen would be 'deemed' to have expatriated himself if he became naturalized in a foreign state."[2] Times and laws have indeed changed since 1915. Today, dual citizenship is possible for Americans in many different categories, indicating how the borders of those fictional entities, nation-states, have grown ever more

fragile, even as many among us become proportionately more desperate to fence ourselves in and shrilly declare our national purity.

At the interpretive level, however, I think we have had too little to say about this remarkable event, especially as it speaks to the necessarily troubled relationship between the great writer and his or her country of origin. In the general interpretation of Henry James as a central modernist writer, his decision confirms his cosmopolitanism and anticipates the choices of such American expatriates as Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Langston Hughes to live outside the United States.

Recent efforts to rethink modernist cosmopolitanism by Pheng Cheah, Bruce Robbins, and Kwame Anthony Appiah testify to the persistent appeal of a cultural ideal that might escape the horizons of the nation state and its tendency to create adversarial geopolitical relations with the rest of the world. In *Cosmopolitanism*, Appiah argues eloquently for the transnational ethics of the cosmopolitan, who takes "seriously the value not just of human life but of particular human lives, which means taking an interest in the practices and beliefs that lend them significance. People are different, the cosmopolitan knows, and there is much to learn from our differences."[3] Appiah's approach respects human differences, including those established by national boundaries and customs, but in doing so tries to develop an ethics that is not restricted to nation-specific knowledge and morality. As Appiah acknowledges, it is difficult for us to acknowledge the cosmopolitan ideal "that we have obligations to strangers," but even the smallest or most homogeneous "nation" is composed primarily of strangers.[4] Appiah suggests that by thinking internationally we may also recognize and appreciate intranational differences.

Henry James's life and works anticipate Appiah's cosmopolitan ideal. The ways his characters respond to "strangeness" or unconventionality within their communities (whether they are nations, social classes, or regions) usually express those characters' ethical values and imaginative powers. Daisy's refusal in *Daisy Miller* to conform to the social conventions of the expatriate American community in Europe exposes the provincialism of characters who pride themselves on their worldliness. In *The American*, the Bellegardes' Catholic royalism finds its match in Newman's smug self-reliance and deep sexism. Gilbert Osmond in *Por-*

trait of a Lady equates worldliness with power, not sympathy, envying as he does "the Emperor of Russia . . . and the Sultan of Turkey," even "the Pope of Rome—for the consideration he enjoys."[5] The Governess and Mrs. Grose in *Turn of the Screw* are obviously provincial, albeit in different ways, but the urbane Uncle surrenders his title of "man of the world" as soon as he abandons Miles and Flora to the Governess with his injunction that "'she should never trouble him—but never, never; neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything; only meet all questions herself, . . . and let him alone"[6]

In James's writings, moral value is based on the human capability to learn from cultural, social, and national differences. In *The Ambassadors*, Lambert Strether achieves genuine diplomacy when he recognizes Madame de Vionnet's love for Chad as different from what is involved in bourgeois marriage; this knowledge helps him understand his own confirmed bachelorhood as valuable in its own right, rather than a sign of personal failure. In *The Tragic Muse*, Miriam Rooth triumphs on the English stage playing Shakespearean heroines, not in spite of her German-Jewish lineage and her French education but *because* of these cosmopolitan qualities. In *The Wings of the Dove*, Milly Theale forgives Kate and Merton for their infidelity and treachery, and her bequest forces them either to learn from their immoral conduct or be doomed to repeat their mutual selfishness. James describes Milly's companion, Susan Stringham, as "a woman of the world," but Milly transcends Susan's mere worldliness by allowing others to make their own mistakes and still expressing her love for them.[7] "Mrs. Stringham was a woman of the world, but Milly Theale was a princess," by which title James seems to refer to some moral, rather than political, authority, "a state of uplifted and unlimited possession" that comes from her ability to "look down on the kingdoms of the earth" in all their variety (*WD* 1: 120, 124).If there is forgiveness in Maggie's concluding embrace of the Prince in *The Golden Bowl*, then it must come in part from her awareness of how she previously failed to *see* him as different from her: an Italian Prince without means other than his cultural heritage, good looks, and *savoir faire*.

The distinction James draws in his writings between a superficial worldliness and genuine cosmopolitanism belongs, of course, to high modernism. Pound condemns the "neo-Nietzschean clatter" of the modern age

in *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* and T. S. Eliot mocks “that Shakespeherean Rag—/ It’s so elegant/ So intelligent.”[8] Both poets offer their own works as alternatives, whose polylingual, culturally hybrid forms promise to redeem us from “the classics in paraphrase” and our modern alienation.[9] Their cosmopolitanism has been rightly criticized for its aestheticism, elitism, Eurocentrism, political conservativism, sexism, and racism, but such judgements may indicate only how inadequately these moderns lived up to their cosmopolitan ideals. Of course, mere cultural cosmopolitanism permits us to borrow superficially from other cultures without assuming the political and personal responsibilities these communities require of their members. In the cases of Eliot and Pound, their cultural borrowings from Chinese, African, South Asian, Mexican, and even U.S. cultures were routinely subordinated to European civilization, earning them criticism for their cultural imperialism.

In many respects, Henry James anticipates such cultural imperialism, especially in his admiration for the cosmopolitanism he often finds in the European heritage. Like Pound and Eliot, Henry James often seems more British than native-born friends and associates. The new cosmopolitanism Cheah, Robbins, and Appiah advocate is certainly not Eurocentric, much less Anglophilic; it depends crucially on one’s ability to think and live beyond the nation state, as well as to avoid cultural imperialism. Henry James’s decision to become a British citizen was not in itself “post-national,” as we would use the term today, unless we take James’s understanding of the British Empire to be a transnational entity with the promise of transforming the globe into what his contemporary Anthony Trollope had termed “the English World.”[10]

Nevertheless, Henry James’s enthusiastic patriotism for his adopted country during the critical days following Germany’s invasion of Belgium and France should not be understood as part of his defense of the British Empire. Although sympathetic to the Empire in his youth, James grew increasingly suspicious of its supposed benefits as time and events passed. By the 1890s his literary references to imperial Britain are consistently ironic, if not always openly critical. In *The Tragic Muse* (1890), Peter Sherringham proposes to take the actress Miriam Rooth away from it all to that “little hot hole in Central America” where he has been not so grandly posted by the Foreign Office.[11] Whatever we are to conclude from

the character and behavior of Beale Farange's lover, the infamous "dark lady" in *What Maisie Knew*, her possible Creole origin in "some American colony" suggests the various social and political problems initiated by colonialism, of which nineteenth-century Great Britain was the chief practitioner.[12]

As early as *The American* (1877), James registers various warnings about the U.S. following the violent legacy of Eurocolonialism, beginning with Christopher Newman's evocation of Christopher Columbus, and in ways that are integral to the plot, not merely thematic or editorial.[13] Yet what alternatives does Henry James propose to a modernization process that often worked out just the sort of perverse logic he was brilliant at analyzing and criticizing. *The New York Times*' comment on James's decision to become a British citizen takes for granted the customary rationalization for the artist or intellectual: "To the literary man choice of his scene is to be granted."[14] Bathed in the modernist aura, the literary "genius" belongs to his or her own country, creating that "world elsewhere" Richard Poirier once used to characterize the modernist utopia of an "American culture" beyond the historical realities and political problems of any actual country.[15]

However vigorously we try to untether the "balloon of experience" and drift off into the world of pure romance, James knew we could not live there or at least not for very long.[16] As expatriates, we may view ourselves with self-loathing as "'mere parasites, crawling over the surface; we haven't our feet in the soil,'" as Madame Merle complains in *Portrait of a Lady* about the Americans living in nineteenth-century Italy.[17] Or like Gertrude Stein, the expatriate may claim enthusiastically to be more at home in Paris than in her native country, but most of the modernists understood the difficulty of transcending national identification even as so many of them sought to create social alternatives to the nation-state in their own works and even the aesthetic forms they employed. Stein says that "writers have to have two countries, the one where they belong and the one in which they live really. The second one is romantic, it is separate from themselves, it is not real but it is really there."[18] Even Ezra Pound, who arguably went to the greatest lengths in the *Cantos* to create an alternative poetic community, ruled over by his "philosopher kings," those "thrones" cobbled rhetorically together from historical figures as di-

verse as Confucius, Malatesta, Jefferson, and Mussolini, ended up drawn back within the very national borders he had tried to transcend. Arrested by the U.S. military, imprisoned in Pisa, transported back to the U.S. for trial on charges of high treason, Pound was saved only by the intervention of his literary friends and then by serving his time at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C.

Even at their most radically "foreign," straining to be anything but "American," most literary expatriates have been drawn back into the U.S. canon, often with claims that they are even *more* American for their rebellions. In this same spirit, Henry James has been repeatedly "Americanized," not just according to that older distinction upheld by F. O. Matthiessen in his anthology, *The American Novels and Stories of Henry James* (1947) and Quentin Anderson's *The American Henry James* (1957), but today in the ways James is used to bolster a new "American Exceptionalism" which is at once deeply national and yet international in its ambitions. I think Henry James would be horrified by this commodification of him as an "American author," rather than a figure who forces us to recognize the inherent *problems* of "national authorship," and by the misinterpretation of his works as testaments to "liberal individualism" and "democratic freedom" often claimed to express the unique qualities of the American type. James would be horrified in part, because he was at times an elitist and aesthete drawn profoundly to the class-conscious, imperial Great Britain as his proper home. He would also be horrified, because he preferred to live in the liminal space between American futurity and the European cultural past—a space best exemplified by his own imaginative transits of the Atlantic.

James knew that the marginal space we identify with the "international theme" is extremely difficult to occupy in any enduring way. His story "The Patagonia" (1888) is an excellent imaginative rendering of the Atlantic as "between" national boundaries. Yet because the Atlantic provides no viable alternative to the social conventions and proprieties of its bordering nations, its freedom ends up being merely destructive for Grace Mavis, the young woman spurned by the callow American youth, Jasper Nettlepoint, on her voyage "to Liverpool on an errand of marriage" to another man.[19] The ship is aptly named for the furthest reach of the known world in James's late nineteenth century—a remote "Patagonia" which is still

not beyond the reach of murderous social conventions, such that Miss Mavis's slight disgrace can drive her to suicide.[20] James urges his readers to conceive social options to the confining nation-state and the restrictive moral code that dooms Grace Mavis, even if his own circumstances made dual-citizenship legally impossible.

I will not repeat here what I have written elsewhere about the recent film adaptations of James's works in the 1990s, except to draw a few brief conclusions from those films regarding Henry James as an American writer.[21] Ironically, Iain Softley's *The Wings of the Dove* makes the strongest case for James as an American author by adapting the international theme to a critique of modernization. Kate and Lionel Croy, Merton Densher, Lord Mark, and Maud Manningham represent various social problems of the British in the modern era: a decadent aristocracy (Lord Mark) and its acolytes (Lionel Croy), anachronistic high-society matrons (Maud Manningham),and worst of all meretricious moderns (Kate and Merton) intent on doing whatever the age demands. Milly's beneficent presence, sadly doomed by the era, is a conventional version of American innocence, not caused by her ignorance or even youth but rather by her abiding sense of every person's inherent goodness. Put another way, Softley pleads with his viewers to let American moral goodness save more than just the crumbling ruins of Venice but the world at large.

Merchant-Ivory's *The Golden Bowl* (2000) also transforms Henry James into a thoroughly *American* author. Ignoring James's career-long criticism of American capitalism, the film represents Adam Verver (Nick Nolte), "America's first billionaire," as a proponent of democratic pluralism. His museum in American City will bring "beauty" to the masses, especially those immigrant workers in his coal mines who labor "twelve hours per day, seven days a week." In Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script, Verver's European analogues are Holbein's macho *Henry VIII* and Amerigo's ancestral line of murderous, incestuous aristocrats, but Adam Verver is clearly a redeemed form of such men. In Merchant-Ivory's "home movies," Charlotte is saved by her Adam (both surrogate father as well as husband), thanks to the immigrant voyage she will take to America to discover her own democratic roots. As she embraces Adam in their final scene at Fawns, Charlotte discovers true "love," as her clutch at Adam's shoulder suggests, just as Amerigo finds his own deep love for Maggie and their child.