

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

HENRY JAMES NUMBER

THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

AUGUST, 1918

Henry James
1843-1916

Henry James (as seen from the Yellow Book)

Ethel Coburn Mayne

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HENRY JAMES

(As seen from the "Yellow Book")

Ethel Coburn Mayne

MR. POUND has asked me to say what we of the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy* found specially stimulating in Henry James. "The things you saw clearest," he suggests, "we may have missed."

I am not versed in our younger writers' view of Henry James's work. This is probably a good thing. I may point out as "ours" the very lustres that they also hail; should I do this, it will reinforce my faith (and surely theirs) in both epochs. For we must, despite our differences, be at one in believing that artists at all times are after the same thing essentially; and therefore that real lustres do not fade, nor even turn rococo and amusing, like the lustres on the chimney-pieces.

Shortly, then, what we found stimulating in Henry James was the new world he took us to. No one had been there before him. His style was of course his own; he could not have been *chef d'école* without a personal style. We took that, in that sense, for granted; but the style, too, was the air of that new world in which we moved with fellow-creatures round us. It was like landing on the Moon or Mars, and finding the familiar turned into the strange, yet recognisable by the familiar and the strange within ourselves. That is to say, he was a master; this is the mark of all the masters.

But the newness had to die, for newness bears its death about with it. Here comes the test for permanence. If the younger writers, landing on the Jacobean planet, find that they can breathe its air, get food and drink, enjoy themselves, go forth from it refreshed to make new planets of their own—then all is well, and Henry James is great, and we, who could be dazzled by the newness, need not blush because we blinked.

The finest air of that planet was the magic of his earlier — not his earliest — manner. We read him at that hour of his career

as much to see how he would say it as to see what he would say. "I don't care what he does if he will go on doing it like that," we used to cry; and he went on doing it like that in *Washington Square*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The Aspern Papers*, in the many tales which had for theme that question—which it is? and which is which?—of the blessing or the bans of "success" or "failure" in the artist's life; in the great ghost-stories. All these were to us the source of joys as actual and exquisite as the joy of sunlight. The day we had a new Henry James to read could have no utterly bad moment, for there was always the volume or the story to come back to or go on to. We found—let us state it boldly—everything we wanted in them. There was the pure fable, whatever it might be, and we never found it, in those middle-period pieces, wanting in the fable-quality. His themes were intimately thrilling; then there was the method, subtle yet not over-subtle, lucid yet profound, still waters really running deep, the preparation and the involution, the return upon itself; and for "showing" of all this, there were the diction and the manner, beautiful and lustrous—pages that shone and shimmered and sparkled, that spread and spilt and built before our eyes the grass and flowers and trees, the streams and brooks, the old grey churches and old rose-red houses making up the English landscape that for Henry James was an elysian "description". The world is like a knell that very seldom summons us to heaven; but he did not describe. You found yourself in the enchanted place and never knew how you got there. Was it better than the "real" place? You often thought it was, and people told you you were decadent, that that was decadence—to find the words about it better than the thing itself. You said you didn't care; if this were decadence you were glad to be a decadent. It was a time, believe me, worth the living in, when Henry James was in his middle period.

This was the best time, for at both ends of his career he fell into extremes. At the beginning his ease threatened to, or actually did sometimes, turn into slickness. The blithe accomplishment would look like little more than that; you occasionally "wished he wouldn't". He soon felt this himself and—didn't. Then began the middle period; and it was for us what I have said. But it developed; there came the hesitation and retreat, the infinite circumlocution. At first, it was delightful (*The Awkward Age*; *The Wings of a Dove*); but even already, the reading of a Henry James became like the playing of a difficult piece of music. You knew you wouldn't be able to play it the first time; you must practise, you must finger

and pedal. His aspect had always better answered to the *volte-face* in his method of expression than to the facile early style. In the portrait of him as a little boy which fronts the first autobiographical book, you catch already the apprehension, humourous and mournful, of all that he could "see". I never beheld, for my part, any creature who struck me as to his degree assailed by the perceptions. The great, heavy-lidded eyes, upon my word, were more alarmed than piercing. They *were* piercing, but it was as if he wished they weren't, for dear life's sake.

All this was faithfully reflected in the latest literary manner—in no example more distressfully than in that critical essay on the Younger Novelists which for us who had adored him was the sad surprise of his career. He selected for that essay writers to whom he certainly did no great honour save in noticing them at all, but that he should notice them at all was our amazement and our grief. And that he dismissed with a contemptuous word the only one he rightly noticed—Mr. D. H. Lawrence—was a "turn of the screw" which still we groan to think of.

That fell mistake came out of the alarm with which he saw the onset of the new age, with its new orientation. The great eyes shut, and with them shut, he chose his prophets. He rushed, thus blind, into the wrong temple—rather, into none at all, not even a young lions' den, but a mere plaster meeting-house. Nothing that he ever wrote is difficult as this to read, and when it is read, you are poorer than before. True, that the bouquets thus bestowed are meagre to invisibility, but that he should have deigned to offer even those . . . !

We saw where Henry James went wrong in all these matters; yet earlier than the fatal essay, earlier even than the *volte-face* which became a running-away, we had perceived another question coming to assail devotion. Here again that shyness of his answers it. This man of the world was what we must call shy, because there is a deeper meaning in the word than the most commonly accepted one. He was shy as a race-horse is shy—all stares and starts, and for the same reason that the race-horse is. He was too highly specialised. A man of the world: as I wrote that. I saw that I was face to face with the question which transcends the other questions about Henry James. "The world": was he concerned with any world but one, that of the drawing-rooms? And, being concerned with that alone, with what about it? He saw no aspect of it but "relations"; at any rate, reacted to no other. The younger generation has abandoned that aspect. "Relations" are not the young

writers' game (as Henry James would certainly have said, with his delight in gentle slang). It is a new orientation; we Jacobbeans find the path a trifle stony. Our own was briery, not stony; tentacles were, so to speak, our tools and tentacles are useless against stones!

Nevertheless, we had seen, so far as it was given to us to see, the "feet upon the fender" note in him. He was always drinking tea in the drawing-room, we said. He made the drawing-room a working-model of the universe; and *was it?* To-day the question has been answered: it is not.

Here, of course, we tread upon the sacred ground of "subject". The writer's choice of subject is not matter for discussion; with treatment only is criticism concerned. The dogma, like all dogmas, may be pushed too far. At some hour in the judgement-day of writers the question will be put: "In how many directions could he see?" . . . This number of *The Little Review* is (as I hope) a proof that Henry James survives; yet I know one or two young writers of the serious sort who never read a word of him. That would not have been conceivable in our day, in those who really "meant it". Something must have happened and I hope Mr. Pound will tell us what it is.

Probably the drawing-room is at the bottom of it; but there is also what one of these who have not read a word of Henry James describes as the "bull-in-the-china-shop stunt". This young person does that stunt, and brilliantly; I who had called it, more respectfully the "square touch", cried out: "We were Aeolian harps, confound it!"—and the air of an orange, black-and-white and blue-and-purple studio became foul with shameful words. "Sensitive"; "sentimental"; "tremulous": the hideous sounds swept the full gamut of the damned Aeolian harp; but even to say damned was vain; I ought to have said bloody.

I think that is what has happened. The bull in the china shop has smashed up the Aeolian harp (it must have been a curiosity-shop); and what in Henry James was only "harp" will go, and what was not, will stay. Again, I leave to Mr. Pound the task of disentanglement.

IN EXPLANATION

Ezra Pound

I.

IT IS suitable that our discussion should be opened by one of Henry James's fellow contributors to the *Yellow Book*, by a representative of the decade of brilliancy and nuances. My own essay is a dull grind of an affair, a Baedeker to the continent. I have not answered Miss Mayne's questions very well. James, to the wildest and most vigorous "bull" of my generation, was "an extraordinary old woman but one of the few doing anything decent". That, I think, is as brief an expression of the "sérious" attitude of the younger and demi-ainé serious writers as can be compass'd.

Mr. Hueffer in his volume on James, has made a vigorous answer to the drawing-room or not-going-down-town question.

Mr. Rodker deals with the *Notes on Novelists*. I am not responsible for his opinions. I see no mystery in the matter. The *Times Literary Supplement* had got so groggy that something had to be done. Orders went forth from Shushan wherein is the palace, that "something had to be done". The "Lit. Sup." was on the blink; on the blink so shockin' an' staggerin' that something had to be done to boost up its giddy prestige. There were but two spotless paladins, two giddy Galahads available—Henry James and the impeccable Beerbohm. So Max and the great stylist were tackled, cajoled, bribed, wheedled and what not. And the *Notes on Novelists* were "got out of the late Henry somehow, after all". The *Times* is an institution, and Henry James was weak on institutions, on all things with traditions. The *Times* had probably never, in the sixty years previous, asked him to write. And the Literary Supplement is, after all, the most respectable weekly English publication which puts up a "literary" camouflage. It is duller than ditch-water. Its best and most openminded writer never gets an idea hard and fast. He absorbs a blur and is worried. The elder hacks ought to be given rats' bane. But still anyone might fall to an invitation to do the front page of the "Sup". Henry James was not above it. As Miss Mayne says, he might have done his job better. I remember when the two articles appeared, but only on the receipt

of the two MSS. included in this issue, had it ever occurred to me that anyone could be particularly grieved or particularly interested in this trifling unlustrous incident.

I set out, in my own essay, to explain, not why Henry James is less read than formerly—I do not know that he is. I tried to set down a few reasons why he ought to be, or at least might be, more read. A brief note done “before America came in”, before the posthumous works had appeared, seems rather more readable than my attempted recast. Let it stand as a preface; pardon chance repetitions.

B r i e f N o t e

Some may say that his work was over, well over, finely completed, and heaven knows there is mass—a monument of that work, heavy—for one man’s shoulders to have borne up, labour enough for two life-times; still we would have had a few more years of his writing. Perhaps the grasp was relaxing, perhaps we should have had no strongly-planned book; but we should have had paragraphs cropping up here and there. Or we should have had, at least, conversation, wonderful conversation; and even if we did not hear it ourselves, we should have known that it was going on somewhere. The massive head, the slow uplift of the hand, *gli occhi onesti e tardi*, the long sentences piling themselves up in elaborate phrase after phrase, the lightning incision, the pauses, the slightly shaking admonitory gesture with its “wu-w-wait a little, wait a little, something will come,” blague and benignity and the weight of so many years’ careful, incessant labour of minute observation always there to enrich the talk. I had heard it but seldom, yet it was all unforgettable.

The man had this curious power of founding affection in those who had scarcely seen him and even in many who had not, who but knew him at second hand.

No man who has not lived on both sides of the Atlantic can well appraise Henry James; his death marks the end of a period. The *Times* says: “The Americans will understand his changing his nationality”, or something of that sort. The “Americans” will understand nothing whatsoever about it. They have understood nothing about it. They do not even know what they lost. They have not stopped for eight minutes to consider the meaning of his last public act. After a year of ceaseless labour, of letter writing,

of argument, of striving in every way to bring in America on the side of civilization, he died of apoplexy. On the side of civilization—civilization against barbarism, civilization, not Utopia, not a country or countries where the right always prevails in six weeks! After a life-time spent in trying to make two continents understand each other, in trying, and only his thoughtful readers can have any conception of how he had tried, to make three nations intelligible one to another. I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. What I have not heard is any word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny; book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled "epos" or "Aeschylus". The outbursts in *The Tragic Muse*, the whole of *The Turn of the Screw*, human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage!* The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't "feel". I have never yet found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry.

And the great labour, this labour of translation, of making America intelligible, of making it possible for individuals to meet across national borders. I think half the American idiom is recorded in Henry James's writing, and whole decades of American life that otherwise would have been utterly lost, wasted, rotting in the unhermetic jars of bad writing, of inaccurate writing. No English reader will ever know how good are his New York and his New England; no one who does not see his grandmother's friends in the pages of the American books. The whole great assaying and weighing, the research for the significance of nationality, French, English, American. No one seems to talk of these things.

"An extraordinary old woman, one of the few people who is

* This holds, despite anything that may be said of his fuss about social order, social tone. I naturally do not drag in political connotations, from which H. J. was, we believe, wholly exempt. What he fights is "influence", the impinging of family pressure, the impinging of one personality on another; all of them in highest degree damn'd, loathsome and detestable. Respect for the peripheries of the individual may be, however, a discovery of our generation; I doubt it, but it seems to have been at low ebb in some districts (not rural) for some time.

really doing anything good". There were the cobwebs about connoisseurship, etc., but what do they matter? Some yokel writes in the village paper, as Henley had written before, "James's stuff was not worth doing". Henley has gone pretty completely. America has not yet realized that never in history has one of her great men abandoned his citizenship out of shame. It was the last act — the last thing left. He had worked all his life for the nation and for a year he had laboured for the national honour. No other American was of sufficient importance for his change of allegiance to have constituted an international act; no other American would have been welcome in the same public manner. America passes over these things, but the thoughtful cannot pass over them.

Armageddon, the conflict? I turn to James's *A Bundle of Letters*; a letter from "Dr. Rudolph Staub" in Paris, ending:

"You will, I think, hold me warranted in believing that between precipitate decay and internecine enmities, the English-speaking family is destined to consume itself and that with its decline the prospect of general pervasiveness to which I alluded above, will brighten for the deep-lunged children of the fatherland!"

We have heard a great deal of this sort of thing since; it sounds very natural. My edition of the volume containing these letters was printed in '83, and the imaginary letters were written somewhat before that. I do not know that this calls for comment. Henry James's perception came thirty years before Armageddon. That is all I wish to point out. Flaubert said of the War of 1870: "If they had read my *Education Sentimentale*, this sort of thing wouldn't have happened". Artists are the antennae of the race, but the bullet-headed many will never learn to trust their great artists. If it is the business of the artist to make humanity aware of itself; here the thing was done, the pages of diagnosis. The multitude of wearisome fools will not learn their right hand from their left or seek out a meaning.

It is always easy for people to object to what they have not tried to understand.

I am not here to write a full volume of detailed criticism, but two things I do claim which I have not seen in reviewers' essays. First, that there was emotional greatness in Henry James's hatred of tyranny; secondly, that there was titanic volume, weight, in the masses he sets in opposition within his work. He uses forces no whit less specifically powerful than the proverbial "doom of the house", — *Destiny, Deus ex machina*, — of great traditional art.

His art was great art as opposed to over-elaborate or over-refined art by virtue of the major conflicts which he portrays. In his books he showed race against race, immutable; the essential Americanness, or Englishness or Frenchness—in *The American*, the difference between one nation and another; not flag-waving and treaties, not the machinery of government, but “why” there is always misunderstanding, why men of different race are not the same.

We have ceased to believe that we conquer anything by having Alexander the Great make a gigantic “joy-ride” through India. We know that conquests are made in the laboratory, that Curie with his minute fragments of things seen clearly in test tubes in curious apparatus, makes conquests. So, too, in these novels, the essential qualities which make up the national qualities, are found and set working, the fundamental oppositions made clear. This is no contemptible labour. No other writer had so essayed three great nations or even thought of attempting it.

Peace comes of communication. No man of our time has so laboured to create means of communication as did the late Henry Jaems. The whole of great art is a struggle for communication. All things set against this are evil whether they be silly scoffing or obstructive tariffs.

And this communication is not a levelling, it is not an elimination of differences. It is a recognition of differences, of the right of differences to exist, of interest in finding things different. Kultur is an abomination; philology is an abomination, all repressive uniforming education is an evil.

A SHAKE DOWN

Ezra Pound

I HAVE forgotten the moment of lunar imbecility in which I conceived the idea of an “Henry James” number. The pile of typescript on my floor can but annoyingly and too palpably testify that the madness has raged for some weeks.

Henry James was aware of the spherical form of the planet, and susceptible to a given situation, and to the tone and tonality of persons as perhaps no other author in all literature. The victim and the votary of the “scene”, he had no very great narrative sense, or at the least, he attained the narrative faculty but *per aspera*, through very great striving.

It is impossible to speak accurately of "his style" for he passed through several styles which differ greatly one from another; but in his last, his most complicated and elaborate, he is capable of great concision; and if, in it, the single sentence is apt to turn and perform evolutions for almost pages at a time, he nevertheless manages to say on one page more than many a more "direct" author would convey only in the course of a chapter.

His plots and incidents are often but adumbrations or symbols of the quality of his "people", illustrations invented, contrived, often factitiously and almost transparently, to show what acts, what situations, what contingencies would befit or display certain characters. We are hardly asked to accept them as happening.

He did not begin his career with any theory of art for art's sake, and a lack of this theory may have damaged his earlier work.

If we take *French Poets and Novelists* as indication of his then (1878) opinions, and novels of the nineties showing a later bias, we might contend that our subject began his career with a desire to square all things to the ethical standards of a Salem mid-week Unitarian prayer meeting, and that to almost the end of his course he greatly desired to fit the world into the social exigencies of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's characters.

Out of the unfortunate cobwebs he emerged into his greatness, I think, by two causes; first by reason of his hatred of personal intimate tyrannies working at close range; and secondly, in later life, because the actual mechanism of his scriptorial processes became so bulky, became so huge a contrivance for record and depiction, that the old man simply couldn't remember or keep his mind on or animadvert on anything but the authenticity of his impression.

I take it as the supreme reward for an artist; the supreme return that his artistic conscience can make him after years spent in its service, that the momentum of his art, the sheer bulk of his processes, the (*si licet*) size of his fly-wheel, should heave him out of himself, out of his personal limitations, out of the tangles of heredity and of environment, out of the bias of early training, of early predilections, whether of Florence, A. D. 1300, or of Back Bay of 1872, and leave him simply the great true recorder.

And this reward came to Henry James in the ripeness of his talents; even further perhaps, it entered his life and his conversation. The stages of his emergence are marked quite clearly in his work. He displays himself in *French Poets and Novelists*, constantly balancing over the question of whether or no the characters presented

in their works are, or are not, fit persons to be received in the James family back-parlour.

In *The Tragic Muse* he is still didactic quite openly. The things he believes still leap out nakedly among the people and things he is portraying; the parable is not yet wholly incarnate in the narrative.

To lay all his faults on the table, we may begin with his self-confessed limitation, that "he never went down town". He displayed in fact a passion for high life comparable only to that supposed to inhere in the readers of a magazine called *Forget-me-not*.

Hardy, with his eye on the Greek tragedians, has produced an epic tonality, and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is perhaps more easily comparable to the Grettir Saga than to the novels of Mr. Hardy's contemporaries. Hardy is, on his other side, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott.

Balzac gains what force his crude writing permits him by representing his people under the ἀνάγκη of modernity, cash necessity; James, by leaving cash necessity nearly always out of the story, sacrifices, or rather fails to attain, certain intensities.

He never manages the classic, I mean as Flaubert gives us in each main character: *Everyman*. One may conceivably be bored by certain pages in Flaubert, but one takes from him a solid and concrete memory, a property. Emma Bovary and Frederic and M. Arnoux are respectively every woman and every man of their period. Maupassant's *Bel Ami* is not. Neither are Henry James's people. They are always or nearly always, the bibelots.

But he does, nevertheless, treat of major forces, even of epic forces and in a way all his own. If Balzac tried to give a whole civilization, a whole humanity, James was not content with a rough sketch of one country.

As Armageddon has only too clearly shown, national qualities are the great gods of the present and Henry James spent himself from the beginning in an analysis of these potent chemicals; trying to determine from the given microscopic slide the nature of the Frenchness, Englishness, Germanness, Americanness, which chemicals, too little regarded, have in our time exploded for want of watching. They are the permanent and fundamental hostilities and incompatibles. We may rest our claim for his greatness in the magnitude of his protagonists, in the magnitude of the forces he analyzed and portrayed. This is not the bare matter of a number of titled people, a few duchesses and a few butlers.

Whatever Flaubert may have said about his *Education Sentimentale* as a potent' al preventive of the débâcle of 1870, if people had read it, and whatever Gautier's friend may have said about *Emaux et Camées* as the last resistance to the Prussians, from Dr. Rudolph Staub's paragraph in *The Bundle of Letters* to the last and almost only public act of his life, James displayed a steady perception and a steady consideration of the qualities of different western races, whose consequences none of us can escape.

And these forces, in precisely that they are not political and executive and therefore transient, factitious, but in precisely that they are the forces of race temperaments, are major forces and are indeed as great protagonists as any author could have chosen. They are firmer ground than Flaubert's when he chooses public events as in the opening of the third part of *Education Sentimentale*.

The portrayal of these forces, to seize a term from philology, may be said to constitute "original research"—to be Henry James's own addendum; not that this greatly matters. He saw, analyzed, and presented them. He had most assuredly a greater awareness than was granted to Balzac or to Mr. Charles Dickens or to M. Victor Hugo who composed the *Légende des Siècles*.

His statement that he never went down town has been urged greatly against him. A butler is a servant, tempered with upper-class contacts. Mr. Newman, the American, had emerged from the making of wash-tubs; the family in *The Pupil* can scarcely be termed upper-class, however, and the factor of money, Balzac's *ἀνάγκη*, scarcely enters his stories.

We may leave Hardy writing Sagas. We may admit that there is a greater *robustezza* in Balzac's messiness, simply because he is perpetually concerned, inaccurately, with the factor of money, of earning one's exiguous living.

We may admit the shadowy nature of some of James's writing, and agree whimsically with R. H. C. (in the *New Age*) that James will be quite comfortable after death, as he had been dealing with ghosts all his life.

James's third donation is perhaps a less sweeping affair and of more concern to his compatriots than to anyone who might conceivably translate him into an alien tongue, or even to those who publish his writings in England.

He has written history of a personal sort, social history well

documented and incomplete, and he has put America on the map both in memoir and fiction, giving to her a reality such as is attained only by scenes recorded in the arts and in the writing of masters. Mr. Eliot has written, and I daresay most other American admirers have written or will write, that, whatever anyone else thinks of Henry James, no one but an American can ever know, really know, how good he is at the bottom, how good his "America" is.

No Englishman can, and in less degree can any continental, or in fact anyone whose family was not living on, say, West 23rd Street in the old set-back, two-storey-porched red brick vine-covered houses, etc., when Henry James was being a small boy on East 23rd Street; no one whose ancestors had not been presidents or professors or founders of Ha'avwd College or something of that sort, or had not heard of a time when people lived on 14th Street, or had known of someone living in Lexington or Newton "Old Place" or somewhere of that sort in New England, or had heard of the New York that produced "Fanny", New York the jocular and uncritical, or of people who danced with General Grant or something of that sort, would quite know *Washington Square* or *The Europeans* to be so autochthonous, so authentic to the conditions. They might believe the things to be "real", but they would not know how closely they corresponded to an external reality.

Perhaps only an exile from these things will get the range of the other half of James's presentations! Europe to the Transpontine, New York of brown stone that he detested, the old and the new New York in *Crapey Cornelia* and in *The American Scene*, which more than any other volumes give us our peculiar heritage, an America with an interest, with a tone of time not overstrained, not jejune over-sentimentalized, which is not a redoing of school histories or the laying out of a fabulous period; and which is in relief, if you like, from Dickens or from Mark Twain's *Mississippi*. He was not without sympathy for his compatriots as is amply attested by Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hayes of New York (vide *The Birthplace*) with whom he succeeds, I think, rather better than with most of his princely continentals. They are, at any rate, his bow to the Happy Genius of his country — as distinct from the gentleman who displayed the "back of a banker and a patriot", or the person whose aggregate features could be designated only as a "mug".

In his presentation of America he is greatly attentive, and, save for the people in *Coeur Simple*, I doubt if any writer has done

more of "this sort of thing" for his country, this portrayal of the typical thing in timbre and quality—balanced, of course, by the array of spittoons in the Capitol (*The Point of View*).

Still if one is seeking a Spiritual Fatherland, if one feels the exposure of what he would not have scrupled to call, two clauses later, such a wind-shield, *The American Scene* greatly provides it. It has a mermaid note, almost to outvie the warning, the sort of nickel-plate warning which is hurled at one in the saloon of any great transatlantic boat; the awfulness that engulfs one when one comes, for the first time unexpectedly on a pile of all the *Murkhn* Magazines laid, shingle-wise on a brass-studded, screwed-into-place, baize-covered steamer table. The first glitter of the national weapons for driving off quiet and all closer signs of intelligence. *

Attempting to view the jungle of the work as a whole, one notes that, despite whatever cosmopolitan upbringing Henry James may have had, as witness *A Small Boy's Memoirs* and *Notes of Son and Brother*, he nevertheless began in *French Poets and Novelists* with a provincial attitude that it took him a long time to work free of. Secondly we see various phases of the "style" of his presentation or circumambiance.

There is a small amount of prentice work. Let us say *Roderick Hudson*, *Casamassima*. There are lucky first steps in *The American* and *Europeans*, a precocity of result, for certainly some of his early work is as permanent as some of the ripest, and more so than a deal of the intervening. We find (for in the case before us criticism must be in large part a weeding-out) that his first subject matter provides him with a number of good books and stories: *The American*, *The Europeans*, *Eugene Pickering*, *Daisy Miller*, *The Pupil*, *Brooksmith*, *A Bundle of Letters*, *Washington Square*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, before 1880 and rather later, *Pandora*, *The Four Meetings*, perhaps *Louisa Pallant*. He ran out of his first material.

We next note a contact with the *Yellow Book*, a dip into "cleverness", into the epigrammatic genre, the bare epigrammatic style. It

* I differ, beyond that point, with our author. I enjoy ascent as much as I loathe descent in an elevator. I do not mind the clerk of brass doors. I had indeed for my earliest toy, if I was not brought up in it, the rather slow and well-behaved elevator in a quiet and quietly bright huge sanatorium. The height of high buildings, the chasms of New York are delectable; but this is beside the point; one is not asked to share the views and tastes of a writer.

was no better than other writers, not so successful as Wilde. We observe him to be not so hard and fine a satirist as is George S. Street.

We come then to the period of allegories (*The Real Thing*, *Dominick Ferrand*, *The Liar*). There ensues a growing discontent with the short sentence, epigram, etc., in which he does not at this time attain distinction; the clarity is not satisfactory, was not satisfactory to the author, his *donnée* being radically different from that of his contemporaries. The "story" not being really what he is after, he starts to build up his medium; a thickening, a chiaroscuro is needed, the long sentence; he wanders, seeks to add a needed opacity, he overdoes it, produces the cobwebby novel, emerges or justifies himself in *Maisie* and manages his long-sought form in *The Awkward Age*. He comes out the triumphant stylist in the *American Scene* and in all the items of *The Finer Grain* collection and in the posthumous *Middle Years*.

This is not to damn incontinent all that intervenes, but I think the chief question addressed to me by people of good-will who do not, but are yet ready and willing to, read James is: Where the deuce shall I begin? One cannot take even the twenty-four volumes, more or less selected volumes of the Macmillan edition all at once, and it is, alas, but too easy to get so started and entailed as never to finish this author or even come to the best of him.

The laziness of an uncritical period can be nowhere more blatant than in the inherited habit of talking about authors as a whole. It is perhaps the sediment from an age daft over great figures or a way of displaying social gush, the desire for a celebrity at all costs, rather than a care of letters.

To talk in any other way demands an acquaintance with the work of an author, a price few conversationalists care to pay, *ma che!* It is the man with inherited opinions who talks about "Shelley," making no distinction between the author of the Fifth Act of *The Cenci* and of the *Sensitive Plant*. Not but what there may be a personal *virtu* in an author—appraised, however, from the best of his work when, that is, it is correctly appraised. People ask me what James to read. He is very uneven author; not all of his collected edition has marks of permanence.

One can but make one's own suggestion:—

The American, French Poets and Novelists, The Europeans, Daisy Miller, Eugene Pickering, Washington Square, A Bundle of Letters, Portrait of a Lady, Pandora, The Pupil, Brooksmith, What

Maisie Knew, and *The Awkward Age* (if one is "doing it all"), *Europe*, *Four Meetings*, *The Ambassadors*, *The American Scene*, *The Finer Grain* (all the volume, i. e., *The Velvet Glove*, *Mona Montravers*, *Round of Visits*, *Crapey Cornelia*, *Bench of Desolation*), *The Middle Years* (posthumous) and *The Ivory Tower* (notes first.

I "go easy" on the more cobwebby volumes; the most Jamesian are indubitably *The Wings of a Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*; upon them devotees will fasten, but the potential devotee may as well find his aptitude in the stories of *The Finer Grain* volume where certain exquisite titillations will come to him as readily as anywhere else. If he is to bask in Jamesian tickle, nothing will restrain him and no other author will to any such extent afford him equal gratifications.

If, however, the reader does not find delectation in the list given above, I think it fairly useless for him to embark on the rest.

Part of James is a caviare, part I must reject according to my lights as bad writing; another part is a spécialité, a pleasure for certain temperaments only; the part I have set together above seems to me maintainable as literature. One can definitely say: "this is good"; hold the argumentative field, suffer comparison with other writers; with, say, the De Goncourt, or De Maupassant. I am not impertinently throwing books on the scrap-heap; there are certain valid objections to James; there are certain standards which one may believe in, and having stated them, one is free to state that any author does not comply with them; granting always that there may be other standards with which he complies, or over which he charmingly or brilliantly triumphs.

James does not "feel" as solid as Flaubert; he does not give us "Everyman", but on the other hand, he was aware of things which Flaubert was not aware of, and in certain things supersedes the author of *Madame Bovary*.

He appears at times to write around and around a thing and not always to emerge from the "amorous plan" of what he wanted to present, into definite presentation.

He does not seem to me at all times evenly skillful in catching the intonations of speech. He recalls the New England "a" in the "Lady's" small brothers "Ha-ard" (Hnahr-d) but only if one is familiar with the phonetics described; but (vide the beginning of *The Birthplace*) one is not convinced that he really knows (by any sure instinct) how peoples' voices would sound. Some remarks are in

key, some obviously factitious.

He gives us more of his characters by description than he can by any attribution of conversation, save perhaps by the isolated and discreet remarks of Brooksmith.

His emotional centre is in being sensitive to the feel of the place or to the tonality of the person.

It is with his own so beautiful talk, his ability to hear his own voice in the rounded paragraph, that he is aptest to charm one. I find it often though not universally hard to "hear" his characters speaking. I have noted various places where the character notably stops speaking and the author interpolates words of his own; sentences that no one but Henry James could in any circumstances have made use of. Beyond which statements I see no great concision or any clarity to be gained by rearranging my perhaps too elliptical comments on individual books.

Honest criticism, as I conceive it, cannot get much further than saying to one's reader exactly what one would say to the friend who approaches one's bookshelf asking: "What the deuce shall I read?" Beyond this there is the "parlor game", the polite essay, and there is the official pronouncement, with neither of which we are concerned.

Of all exquisite writers James is the most colloquial, yet in the first edition of his *French Poets and Novelists*, his style, save for a few scattered phrases, is so little unusual that most of the book seems, superficially, as if it might have been written by almost anyone. It contains some surprising lapses . . . as bad as any in Mr. Hueffer or even in Mr. Mencken. It is interesting largely in that it shows us what our subject had to escape from.

Let us grant at once that his novels show him, all through his life, possessed of the worst possible taste in pictures, of an almost unpunctured ignorance of painting, of almost as great a lack of taste as that which he attributes to the hack-work and newspaper critiques of Théophile Gautier. Let us admit that "painting" to Henry James probably meant to the end of his life, the worst possible late Renaissance conglomerations.

Let us admit that in 1876, or whenever it was, his taste in poetry inclined to the swish of De Musset, that it very likely never got any further. By "poetry" he very possibly meant the "high-falutin" and he eschewed it in certain forms; himself taking still higher falutes in a to-be-developed mode of his own.

I doubt if he ever wholly outgrew that conception of the (by him so often invoked) Daughters of Memory. He arrived truly at

a point from which he could look back upon people who "besought the deep blue sea to roll". Poetry to him began, perhaps, fullfledged, springing Minerva-like from the forehead of George Gordon, Lord Byron, and went pretty much to the bad in Charles Baudelaire; it did not require much divination by 1914 (*The Middle Years*) to note that he had found Tennyson rather vacuous and that there "was something in" Browning.

James was so thoroughly a recorder of people, of their atmospheres, society, personality, setting; so wholly the artist of this particular genre, that it was impossible for him ever to hold a critical opinion of art out of key with the opinion about him—except possibly in so far as he might have ambitions for the novel, for his own particular métier. His critical opinions were simply an extension of his being in key with the nice people who "impressed" themselves on his gelatine "plate". (This is a theoretical generalization and must be taken *cum grano*.)

We may, perhaps, take his adjectives on De Musset as a desperate attempt to do "justice" to a man with whom he knew it impossible for him to sympathise. There is, however, nothing to hinder our supposing that he saw in De Musset's "gush" something for him impossible and that he wished to acknowledge it. Side by side with this are the shreds of Back Bay or Buffalo, the mid-week-prayer-meeting point of view.

His most egregious slip is in the essay on Baudelaire, the sentence quoted by Hueffer.* Notwithstanding this, he does effectively put his nippers on Baudelaire's weakness:—

"A good way to embrace Baudelaire at a glance is to say that he was, in his treatment of evil, exactly what Hawthorne was not—Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the human consciousness. Baudelaire's infinitely slighter volume of genius apart, he was a sort of Hawthorne reversed. It is the absence of this metaphysical quality in his treatment of his favourite subjects (Poe was his metaphysician, and his devotion sustained him through a translation of *Eureka*!) that exposes him to that class of accusations of which M. Edmond Scherer's accusation of feeding upon *pourriture* is an example; and, in fact, in his pages we never know with what we are dealing. We encounter an inextricable confusion of sad emotions and vile things, and we are at a loss to know whether the

* "For a poet to be realist is of course nonsense", and, as Hueffer says, such a sentence from such a source is enough to make one despair of human nature.

subject pretends to appeal to our conscience or—we were going to say—to our olfactories. 'Le Mal?' we exclaim; 'you do yourself too much honour. This is not Evil; it is not the wrong; it is simply the nasty!' Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should feel if a poet, pretending to pluck 'the flowers of good', should come and present us, as specimens, a rhapsody on plum-cake and *eau de Cologne*".

Here as elsewhere his perception, apart from the readability of the work, is worthy of notice.

Hueffer says * that James belauds Balzac. I cannot see it. I can but perceive Henry James wiping the floor with the author of *Eugénie Grandet*, pointing out all his qualities, but almightily wiping the floor with him. He complains that Gautier is lacking in a concern about supernatural hocus-pocus and that Flaubert is lacking. If Balzac takes him to any great extent in, James with his inherited Swedenborgianism is perhaps thereby laid open to Balzac.

It was natural that James should write more about the bulky author of *La Comédie Humaine* than about the others; here was his richest quarry, here was there most to note and to emend and to apply so emended to processes of his own. From De Maupassant, De Goncourt or Baudelaire there was nothing for him to acquire.

His dam'd fuss about furniture is foreshadowed in Balzac, and all the paragraphs on Balzac's house-furnishing propensities are of interest in proportion to our interest in, or our boredom with, this part of Henry James's work.

What, indeed could he have written of the De Goncourts save that they were a little dull but tremendously right in their aim? Indeed, but for these almost autobiographical details pointing to his growth out of Balzac, all James would seem but a corollary to one passage in a De Goncourt preface:—

"Le jour où l'analyse cruelle que mon ami, M. Zola, et peut-être moi-même avons apportée dans la peinture du bas de la société sera reprise par un écrivain de talent, et employée à la reproduction des hommes et des femmes du monde, dans les milieux d'éducation et de distinction — ce jour-là seulement le classicisme et sa queue seront tués . . .

"Le Réalisme n'a pas en effet l'unique mission de décrire ce qui est bas, ce qui est répugnant . . .

* Ford Madox Hueffer's volume on Henry James, to be dealt with in a later number of the *Little Review*.

"Nous avons commencé, nous, par la canaille, parce que la femme et l'homme du peuple, plus rapprochés de la nature et de la sauvagerie, sont des créatures simples et peu compliquées, tandis que le Parisien et la Parisienne de la société, ces civilisés excessifs, dont l'originalité tranchée est faite toute de nuances, toute de demi-teintes, toute de ces riens insaisissables, pareils aux riens coquets et neutres avec lesquels se façonne le caractère d'une toilette distinguée de femme, demandent des années pour qu'on les perce, pour qu'on les sache, pour qu'on les attrape — et le romancier du plus grand génie, croyez-le bien, ne les devinera jamais ces gens de salon, avec les *racontars* d'amis qui vont pour lui à la découverte dans le monde . . .

"Ce projet de roman qui devait se passer dans le grand monde, dans le monde le plus quintessencié, et dont nous rassemblions lentement et minutieusement les éléments délicats et fugaces, je l'abandonnais après la mort de mon frère, convaincu de l'impossibilité de le réussir tout seul."

But this particular paragraph could have had little to do with the matter. *French Poets and Novelists* was published in '78 and Edmond De Goncourt signed the preface to *Les Frères Zemganno* in '79. The paragraphs quoted are interesting, however, as showing De Goncourt's state of mind in that year. He had probably been preaching in this vein long before setting the words on paper, before getting them printed.

If ever one man's career was foreshadowed in a few sentences of another, Henry James's is to be found in this paragraph.

It is very much as if he said: I will not be a megatherium botcher like Balzac; there is nothing to be said about these De Goncourts, but one must try to be rather more interesting than they are in, let us say, *Madame Gervaisais*. *

Proceeding with the volume of criticism, we find that *Le Jeune H.* simply didn't "get" Flaubert; that he was much alive to the solid parts of Turgenev. He shows himself very apt, as we said above, to judge the merits of a novelist on the ground that the people portrayed by the said novelist are or are not suited to reception into the household of Henry James senior; whether, in short, Emma Bovary or Frederic or M. Arnoux would have spoiled the so

* It is my personal feeling at the moment that *La Fille Elisa* is worth so much more than all Balzac that the things are as out of scale as a sapphire and a plum pudding, and that *Elisa*, despite the dull section, is worth most of James's writing. This is, however, aside from the question we are discussing.

delicate admosphere, have joggled the so fine susceptibilities of a refined 23rd Street family at the time of the Philadelphia "Centennial".

I find the book not so much a sign that Henry James was "disappointed", as Hueffer puts it, as that he was simply and horribly shocked by the literature of his continental forebears and contemporaries.

It is only when he gets to the Théâtre Français that he finds something which really suits him. Here there is order, tradition, perhaps a slight fustiness (but a quite pardonable fustiness, an arranged and suitable fustiness having its recompense in a sort of spiritual quiet); here, at any rate, was something decorous, something not to be found in Concord or in Albany. And it is easy to imagine the young James, not illuminated by De Goncourt's possible conversation or writing, not even following the hint given in his essay on Balzac and Balzacian furniture, but sitting before Madame Nathalie in *Le Village* and resolving to be the Théâtre Français of the novel.

A resolution which he may be said to have carried out to the great enrichment of letters.

II.

Strictures on the work of this period are no great detraction. *French Poets and Novelists* gives us a point from which to measure Henry James's advance. Genius showed itself partly in the escape from some of his original limitations, partly in acquirements. His art at length became "second nature", became perhaps half unconscious; or in part wholly unconscious; in other parts perhaps too highly conscious. At any rate in sunnier circumstances he talked exactly as he wrote, the same eleborate paragraph beautifully attaining its climax; the same sudden incision when a brief statement could dipose of a matter.

Be it said for his style: he is seldom or never involved when a direct bald statement will accurately convey his own meaning, *all of it*. He is not usually, for all his wide leisure, verbose. He may be highly and bewilderingly figurative in his language (vide Mr. Hueffer's remarks on this question).

Style apart, I take it that the hatred of tyrannies was as great a motive as any we can ascribe to Galileo or Leonardo or to any other great figure, to any other mythic Prometheus; for this driving force

we may well overlook personal foibles, the early Bostonese bias, the heritage from his father's concern in commenting Swedenborg, the later fusses about social caution and conservation of furniture. Hueffer rather boasts about Henry James's innocence of the classics. It is nothing to brag of, even if a man struggling against natural mediævalism have entrenched himself in impressionist theory. If James *had* read his classics, the better Latins especially, he would not have so excessively cobwebbed, fussed, blathered, worried about minor mundanities. We may *conspuer* with all our vigour Henry James's concern with furniture, the Spoils of Poynton, connoisseurship, Mrs. Ward's tea-party atmosphere, the young Bostonian of the immature works. We may relegate these things mentally to the same realm as the author's pyjamas and collar buttons, to his intellectual instead of his physical valeting. There remains the capacious intelligence, the searching analysis of things that cannot be so relegated to the scrap-heap and to the wash-basket.

Let us say that English freedom legally and traditionally has its basis in property. Let us say, à la Balzac, that most modern existence is governed by, or at least interfered with by, the necessity to earn money; let us also say that a Frenchman is not an Englishman or a German or an American, and that despite the remark that the aristocracies of all people, the upper classes, are the same everywhere, racial differences are *au fond* differences; they are likewise major subjects.

Writing, as I am, for the reader of good-will, for the bewildered person who wants to know where to begin, I need not apologise for the following elliptical notes. James, in his prefaces, has written explanation to death (with sometimes a very pleasant necrography). Leaving the *French Poets and Novelists*, I take the novels and stories as nearly as possible in their order of publication (as distinct from their order as rearranged and partially weeded out in the collected edition).

1875. (U. S. A.) *A Passionate Pilgrim and other Tales*. Eugene Pickering is the best of this lot and most indicative of the future James. Contains also the title story and *Madame de Mauves*. Other stories inferior.

1876. (U. S. A.) *Roderick Hudson*, prentice work. First novel not up to the level of *Pickering*.

1877. *The American*; essential James, part of the permanent work. *Watch and Ward*, discarded by the author.

1878. *French Poets and Novelists*, already discussed.

1878. *Daisy Miller*. (The big hit and one of his best.) *An International Episode, Four Meetings*, good work.

1879. Short stories first printed in England with additions, but no important ones.

1880. *Confidence*, not important.

1881. *Washington Square*, one of his best "putting America on the map", giving us a real past, a real background. *Pension Beaurepas* and *Bundle of Letters*, especially the girls' letters, excellent, already mentioned.

1881. *The Portrait of a Lady*, one of his best. Charming Venetian preface in the collected edition.

1884. *Tales of Three Cities*, stories dropped from the collected edition, save *Lady Barberina*.

1885. *Stories Revived*, adding to earlier tales *The Author of Beltraffio*, which opens with excess of the treading-on-eggs manner, too much to be borne for twenty-four volumes. The pretence of extent of "people" interested in art and letters, sic: "It was the most complete presentation that had yet been made of the gospel of art; it was a kind of æsthetic war cry. People had endeavoured to sail nearer 'to truth', etc."

He implies too much of art smeared on limited multitudes. One wonders if the eighties did in any great aggregate gush up to this extent. Doesn't he try to spread the special case out too wide?

The thinking is magnificently done from this passage up to page sixteen or twenty, stated with great concision. Compare it with *Madame Gervaisais* and we find Henry James much more interesting when on the upper reaches. Compare his expressiveness, the expressiveness of his indirectness with that of constation. The two methods are curiously mixed in the opening of *Beltraffio*. Such sentences as (page 30) "He said the most interesting and inspiring things" are, however, pure waste, pure "leaving the thing undone", unconcrete, unimagined; just simply bad writing or bad novelising. As for his special case, he does say a deal about the author or express a deal by him, but one is bothered by the fact that Pater, Burton, Hardy, Meredith were not, in mere history, bundled into one; that Burton had been to the East and the others had not; that no English novelist of that era would have taken the least notice of anything going on in foreign countries, presumably European, as does the supreme author of *Beltraffio*.

Doubtless he is in many ways the author Henry James would have liked to meet and more illustrative of certain English tones

and limitations than any historical portrait might have been. Still Henry James does lay it on . . . more, I think, than the story absolutely requires. In *Beltraffio* he certainly does present (not that he does not comment to advantage) the two damn'd women appended to the gentlemanly hero of the tale. The most violent post-Strindbergian school would perhaps have called them bitches *tout bonnement*, but this word did not belong to Henry James's vocabulary and besides it is of too great an indistinctness. Author, same "bloody" (in the English sense) author with his passion for "form" appears in *Lesson of Master*, and most of H. J.'s stories of literary *milieux*. Perpetual Grandisonism or Grandisonising of this author with the passion for form, all of 'em have it. *Ma ché!* There is however great intensity in these same "be-deared" and be-"poor-old"-ed pages. Really got a main theme, a great theme, he chooses to do it in silver point rather than in the garish colours of, —well, of Cherbuliez, or the terms of a religious maniac with three-foot long carving knife.

Novel of the gilded pill, an aesthetic or artistic message, dogma, no better than a moral or ethic one, novel a cumbrous camouflage substitute not for "that parlour game"* the polite essay, but for the impolite essay or conveyance of ideas; novel to do this should completely incarnate the abstraction.

Finish of *Beltraffio* not perhaps up to the rest of it. Not that one at all knows how else . . .

Gush on page 42† from both conversationalists. Still an adumbration of the search for the just word emerges on pages 43-44, real cut at barbarism and bigotry on the bottom of page 45 (of course not labelled by these monstrous and rhetorical brands, scorched on to their hides and rump sides). "Will it be a sin to make the most of that one too, so bad for the dear old novel". Butler and James on the same side really chucking out the fake; Butler focussed on Church of England; opposed to him the fakers booming the Bible "as literature" in a sort of last stand, a last ditch; seeing it pretty well had to go as history, cosmogony, etc., or the old tribal Daddy-slap-'em-with-slab of the Jews as anything like an ideal:—

* T. S. Eliot.

† Page numbers in Collected Edition.

"He told me more about his wife before we arrived at the gate of home, and if he be judged to have aired overmuch his grievance I'm afraid I must admit that he had some of the foibles as well as the gifts of the artistic temperament; adding, however, instantly that hitherto, to the best of my belief, he had rarely let this particular cat out of the bag. 'She thinks me immoral—that's the long and short of it', he said as we paused outside a moment and his hand rested on one of the bars of his gate; while his conscious expressive perceptive eyes—the eyes of a foreigner, I had begun to account them, much more than of the usual Englishman—viewing me now evidently as quite a familiar friend, took part in the declaration. 'It's very strange when one thinks it all over, and there's a grand comicality in it that I should like to bring out. She's a very nice woman, extraordinarily well-behaved, upright and clever and with a tremendous lot of good sense about a good many matters. Yet her conception of a novel—she has explained it to me once or twice, and she doesn't do it badly as exposition—is a thing so false that it makes me blush. It's a thing so hollow, so dishonest, so lying, in which life is so blinked and blinded, so dodged and disfigured, that it makes my ears burn. It's two different ways of looking at the whole affair,' he repeated, pushing open the gate. 'And they're irreconcilable!' he added with a sigh. We went forward to the house, but on the walk, halfway to the door, he stopped and said to me: 'If you're going into this kind of thing there's a fact you should know beforehand; it may save you some disappointment. There's a hatred of art, there's a hatred of literature—I mean of the genuine kinds. Oh the shams—those they'll swallow by the bucket!' I looked up at the charming house, with its genial colour and crookedness, and I answered with a smile that those evil passions might exist, but that I should never have expected to find them there. 'Ah it doesn't matter after all,' he a bit nervously laughed; which I was glad to hear, for I was reproaching myself with having worked him up."

Really literature in the XIXth and the beginning of the XXth centuries is where science was in the days of Galileo and the Inquisition. Henry James not blinking it, neither can we. "Poor dears" and "dear olds" always a little too plentiful.

1885. (continued) *Pandora*, of the best. Let it pass as a sop to America's virginal charm; as counter-weight to *Daisy Miller*, or to the lady of *The Portrait*. Henry James alert to the German.

"The process of enquiry had already begun for him, in spite of his having as yet spoken to none of his fellow passengers; the case being that Vogelstein enquired not only with his tongue, but with his eyes—that is with his spectacles—with his ears, with his nose, with his palate, with all his senses

and organs. He was a highly upright young man, whose only fault was that his sense of comedy, or of the humour of things, had never been specifically disengaged from his several other senses. He vaguely felt that something should be done about this, and in a general manner proposed to do it, for he was on his way to explore a society abounding in comic aspects. This consciousness of a missing measure gave him a certain mistrust of what might be said of him; and if circumspection is the essence of diplomacy our young aspirant promised well. His mind contained several millions of facts, packed too closely together for the light breeze of the imagination to draw through the mass. He was impatient to report himself to his superior in Washington, and the loss of time in an English port could only incommode him, inasmuch as the study of English institutions was no part of his mission. On the other hand the day was charming; the blue sea, in Southampton Water, pricked all over with light, had no movement but that of its infinite shimmer. Moreover he was by no means sure that he should be happy in the United States, where doubtless he should find himself soon enough disembarked. He knew that this was not an important question and that happiness was an unscientific term, such as a man of his education should be ashamed to use even in the silence of his thoughts. Lost none the less in the inconsiderate crowd and feeling himself neither in his own country nor in that to which he was in a manner accredited, he was reduced to his mere personality; so that during the hour, to save his importance, he cultivated such ground as lay in sight for a judgment of this delay to which the German steamer was subjected in English waters. Mightn't it be proved, facts, figures and documents—or at least watch—in hand, considerably greater than the occasion demanded?

"Count Vogelstein was still young enough in diplomacy to think it necessary to have opinions. He had a good many indeed which had been formed without difficulty; they had been received ready-made from a line of ancestors who knew what they liked. This was of course—and under pressure, being candid, he would have admitted it—an unscientific way of furnishing one's mind. Our young man was a stiff conservative, a Junker of Junkers; he thought modern democracy a temporary phase and expected to find many arguments against it in the great Republic. In regard to these things it was a pleasure to him to feel that, with his complete training, he had been taught thoroughly to appreciate the nature of evidence. The ship was heavily laden with German emigrants, whose mission in the United States differed considerably from Count Otto's. They hung over the bulwarks, densely grouped; they leaned forward on their elbows for hours, their shoulders kept on a level with their ears: the men in furred caps, smoking long-bowled pipes, the women with babies hidden in remarkably ugly shawls. Some were yellow Germans

and some were black, and all looked greasy and matted with the sea-damp. They were destined to swell still further the huge current of the Western democracy; and Count Vogelstein doubtless said to himself that they wouldn't improve its quality. Their numbers, however, were striking, and I know not what he thought of the nature of this particular evidence."

For further style in vignette:

"He could see for himself that Mr. and Mrs. Day had not at all her grand air. They were fat plain serious people who sat side by side on the deck for hours and looked straight before them. Mrs. Day had a white face, large cheeks and small eyes; her forehead was surrounded with a multitude of little tight black curls; her lips moved as if she had always a lozenge in her mouth. She wore entwined about her head an article which Mrs. Dangerfield spoke of as a 'nuby', a knitted pink scarf concealing her hair, encircling her neck and having among its convolutions a hole for her perfectly expressionless face. Her hands were folded on her stomach, and in her still, swathed figure her bead-like eyes, which occasionally changed their direction, alone represented life. Her husband had a stiff grey beard on his chin and a bare spacious upper lip, to which constant shaving had imparted a hard glaze. His eyebrows were thick and his nostrils wide, and when he was uncovered, in the saloon, it was visible that his grizzled hair was dense and perpendicular. He might have looked rather grim and truculent hadn't it been for the mild familiar accommodating gaze with which his large light-coloured pupils—the leisurely eyes of a silent man—appeared to consider surrounding objects. He was evidently more friendly than fierce, but he was more diffident than friendly. He liked to have you in sight, but wouldn't have pretended to understand you much or to classify you, and would have been sorry it should put you under an obligation. He and his wife spoke sometimes, but seldom talked, and there was something vague and patient about them as if they had become victims of a wrought spell. The spell however was of no sinister cast; it was the fascination of prosperity, the confidence of security, which sometimes makes people arrogant, but which had had such a different effect on this simple satisfied pair, in whom further development of every kind appeared to have been happily arrested."

Pandora's approach to her parents:

"These little offices were usually performed deftly, rapidly, with the minimum of words, and when their daughter drew near them, Mr. and Mrs. Day closed their eyes after the fashion of a pair of household dogs who expect to be scratched."

The tale is another synthesis of some of the million reasons why Germany will never conquer the world, why the Hun is impossible, why "bosche" is merely "bursch". The imbecility of a certain Wellsian journalist in treating this gem is again proof that it is written for the relatively-developed American, not for the island écaillère. If Henry James, as Ford Madox Hueffer says, set out to civilize the United States, it is at least an easier job than raising British Suburbia to a bearable level. From that milieu at least we have nothing of value to learn; we shall not take our tonality from that *Niveau*.

In describing *Pandora's* success as "purely personal" Henry James has hit on the secret of the Quattrocento, 1450 to 1550, the vital part of the Renaissance. Aristocracy decays when it ceases to be selective, when the basis of selection is not personal. It is a critical acuteness, not a snobbism which last is selection on some other principle than that of a personal quality. It is servility to rule-of-thumb criteria, and a dullness of perception, a timidity in acceptance. The whole force of the Renaissance was in the personality of its selection.

There is no faking the amount of perceptive energy concentrated in Henry James's vignettes in such phrases as that on the parents like domestic dogs waiting to be scratched, or in the ten thousand phrases of this sort which abound in his writing. If we were back in the time of Bruyère, we could easily make a whole book of "Characters" from Henry James's vignettes.* The vein holds from beginning to end of his work; from this writing of the eighties to *The Ivory Tower*. As for example Gussie Braddon:

"Rosanna waited facing her, noting her extraordinary perfection of neatness, of elegance, of arrangement, of which it couldn't be said whether they most handed over to you, as on some polished salver, the clear truth of her essential commonness or transposed it into an element that could please, that could even fascinate, as a supreme attestation of care. 'Take her as an advertisement of all the latest knowledges of how to "treat" every inch of the

* Since writing the above I find that some such compilation has been attempted; had indeed been planned by the anthologist, and, in plan, approved by H. J.: "Pictures and Passages from Henry James" selected by Ruth Head, (Chatto and Windus, 1916), if not exactly the book to convince the rising generation of H. J.'s powers of survival, is at any rate a most charming tribute to our subject from one who had begun to read him in "the eighties".

human surface and where to "get" every scrap of the personal envelope, so far as she is enveloped, and she does achieve an effect sublime in itself and thereby absolute in a wavering world."

We note no inconsiderable progress in the actual writing, in *maestria*, when we reach the ultimate volumes.

1886. *Bostonians*. Other stories in this collection mostly rejected from collected edition.

Princess Casamassima, inferior continuation of *Roderick Hudson*. His original subject matter is beginning to go thin.

1888. *The Reverberator*, process of fantasia beginning.

1888. *Aspern Papers*, inferior. *Louisa Pallant*, a study in the maternal or abysmal relation, good James. *Modern Warning*, rejected from collected edition.

1889. *A London Life*. *The Patagonia*.

The Patagonia not a masterpiece. Slow in opening, excellent in parts, but the sense of the finale intrudes all along. It seems true but there is no alternative ending. One doubts whether a story is really constructed with any mastery when the end, for the purpose of making it a story, is so unescapeable. The effect of reality is produced of course, by the reality of the people in the opening scene; there is no doubt about that part being "to the life".

The Liar is superb in its way, perhaps the best of the allegories, of the plots invented purely to be an exposition of impression. It is magnificent in its presentation of the people, both the old man and the Liar, who is masterly.

Mrs. Temperly is another such excellent delineation and shows James as an excellent hater, but expresses a concentration of annoyance with a greater polish and suavity in method; and neither explains, theorises, nor comments.

James never has De Maupassant's reality. His (H. J.'s) people almost always convince, i.e., we believe implicitly that they exist. We also think that Henry James has made up some sort of story as an excuse for writing his impression of the people.

One sees the slight vacancy of the stories of this period, the short clear sentence, the dallying with *jeu d'esprit*, with epigram no better than, though not inferior to, the run of epigram in the nineties. It all explains James's need of opacity, his reaching out for a *chiaroscuro* to distinguish himself from his contemporaries and in which he could put the whole of his much more complex apperception.

Then comes, roughly, the period of cobwebs and of excessive cobwebs and of furniture, finally justified in *The Finer Grain*, a book of tales with no mis-fire and the style so vindicated in the triumphs of the various books of *Memoirs* and *The American Scene*.

Fantasias: *Dominic Ferrand*, *Nona Vincent* (tales obviously aimed at the *Yellow Book*, but seem to have missed it, a detour in James's career. All artists who discover anything make such detours and must, in the course of things, (as in the cobwebs), push certain experiments beyond the right curve of their art. This is not so much the doom as the function of all "revolutionary" or experimental art, and I think masterwork is usually the result of the return from such excess. One does not know, simply does not know, the true curve until one has pushed one's method beyond it. Until then it is merely a frontier, not a chosen route. It is an open question, and there is no dogmatic answer, whether an artist should write and rewrite the same story (à la Flaubert) or whether he take a new canvas.

The Papers, a fantasia, diverting; *The Birthplace*, fairygod-mother element mentioned above, excellent. *Edmund Orme*, inferior *Yellow Book* tale, not accepted by that periodical.

1889-1893. Period of this entoilment in the *Yellow Book*, short sentences, the epigrammatic. He reacts from this into the allegorical. In general the work of this period is not up to the mark. *The Chaperon*, *The Real Thing*, fantasias of "wit". By fantasias I mean sketches in which the people are "real" or convince one of their verity, but where the story is utterly unconvincing, is not intended to convince, is merely a sort of exaggeration of the fitting situation or the situation which ought to result in order to display some type at its apogee. *The Real Thing* rather better than other stories in this volume.

Thus the lady and gentleman model in *The Real Thing*. London society is finely ladled in *The Chaperon* which is almost as a story, romanticism.

Greville Fane is a scandalous photograph from the life about which the great blagueur scandalously lies in his preface (collected edition). I have been too diverted comparing it with an original to give a sane view of its art.

1890. *The Tragic Muse*, uneven, full of good things but showing Henry James in the didactic role a little too openly. He preaches, he also displays fine perception of the parochialism of the British political career. It is a readable novel with tracts inter-

polated. (Excellent and commendable tracts arguing certainly for the right thing, enjoyable, etc.) Excellent text-book for young men with ambitions, etc.

1892. *Lesson of the Master* (cobweb). *The Pupil*, a masterpiece, one of his best and keenest studies. *Brooksmith* of the best.

1893. *The Private Life*. Title story, waste verbiage at the start, ridiculous to put all this camouflage over something au fond merely an idea. Not life, not people, allegory, dated to *Yellow Book* era. Won't hold against *Candide*. H. J.'s tilting against the vacuity of the public figure, is naturally, pleasing, i. e., it is pleasing that he should tilt, but the amusement partakes of the nature of seeing cocoanuts hurled at an aunt sally.

There are other stories, good enough to be carried by H. J.'s best work, not detrimental, but not enough to have "made him": *Europe* (Hawthorny), *Paste*, *The Middle Years*, *Broken Wings*, etc. Part of the great man's work can perhaps only be criticised as "etc."

1895. *Terminations*, *Coxon Fund* perhaps best of this lot, a disquisition, but entertaining, perhaps the germ of Galsworthy to be found in it, (to no glory of either author) as perhaps a residuum of Dickens in Maisie's Mrs. Wix. Verbalism, but delightful verbalism in Coxon affair, sic:

"Already, at hungry twenty-six, Gravener looked as blank and parliamentary as if he were fifty and popular."

or

"a deeply wronged, justly resentful, quite irreproachable and insufferable person"

or (for the whole type)

"put such ignorance into her cleverness,"

Miss Anvoy's echo concerning "a crystal" is excellently introduced, but is possibly in the nature of a sleight of hand trick, (contemporary with *Lady Windermere's Fan*). Does H. J.'s "politics" remind one of Dizzy's scribbling, just a little? "Confidence, under the new Ministry, was understood to be reviving", etc.

Perhaps one covers the ground by saying that the James of this period is "light literature", entertaining if one have nothing better to do. Neither *Terminations* nor (1896) *Embarrassments* would have founded a reputation.

1896-97. Improvement through *Other House* and *Spoils of Poynton*. I leave the appreciation of these, to me, detestable works to Mr. Hueffer. They seem to me full of a good deal of needless fuss though I do not mean to deny any art that may be in them.

1897. The emergence in *What Maisie Knew*. Problem of the adolescent female. Carried on in :

1899. *The Awkward Age*, fairy godmother and spotless lamb and all the rest of it. Only real thing the impression of people, not observation or real knowledge. Action only to give reader the tone, symbolising the tone of the people. Opening *tour de force*, a study in punks, a cheese *soufflé* of the leprous crust of society done to a turn and a niceness save where he puts on the *dulcissimo, vox humana*, stop. James was the dispassionate observer. He started with the moral obsession; before he had worked clear of it he was entailed in the obsession of social tone. He has pages of clear depiction, even of satire, but the sentimentalist is always lurking just round the corner. This softens his edges. He has not the clear hardness, the cold satiric justness that G. S. Street has displayed in treating situations, certain struggles between certain idiocies and certain vulgarities. This book is a *specialité* of local interest. It is an *étude* in ephemera. If it contained any revelation in 1890, it no longer contains it. His characters are reduced to the status of *voyeurs*, elaborate analysis of the much too special cases, a bundle of swine and asses who cannot mind their own business, who do not know enough to mind their own business. James's lamentable lack of the classics is perhaps responsible for his absorption in bagatelles . . . He has no real series of backgrounds of *moeurs du passé*, only the "sweet dim faded lavender" tune and in opposition to modernity, plush nickel-plated, to the disparagement, naturally, of the latter.

Kipling's "Bigod, now-I-know-all-about-this manner, is an annoyance, but one wonders if parts of Kipling by the sheer force of content, of tale to tell, will not outlast most of James's cobwebs. There is no substitute for narrative-sense however many different and entrancing charms may be spread before us.

The Awkward Age might have been done, from one point of view, as satire, in one-fourth the space. On the other hand, James does give us the subtly graded atmospheres of his different houses most excellently. And indeed this may be regarded as *his* subject.

If one were advocate instead of critic, one would definitely claim that these atmospheres, nuances, impressions of personal tone and quality are *his subject*; that in these he gets certain things that almost no one else had done before him. These timbres and tonalities are his stronghold, he is ignorant of nearly everything else. It is all very well to say that modern life is largely made up of vellities, at-

mospheres, timbres, nuances, etc., but if people really spent as much time fussing, to the extent of the Jamesian fuss, about such normal, trifling, age-old affairs as slight inclinations to adultery, slight disinclinations to marry, to refrain from marrying, etc., etc., life would scarcely be worth the bother of keeping on with it. It is also contendable that one must depict such mush in order to abolish it.*

The main feeling in *The Awkward Age* is satiric. The dashes of sentiment do not help the work as literature. The acute observer is often referred to:

Page 131. "The ingenious observer just now suggested might even have detected . . ."

Page 133 "And it might have been apparent still to our sharp spectator . . ."

* Most good prose arises, perhaps, from an instinct of negation; is the detailed, convincing analysis of something detestable; of something which one wants to eliminate. Poetry is the assertion of a positive, i. e., of desire, and remains, endures for a longer period. Poetic satire is only an assertion of this positive, inversely, i. e., as of an opposite hatred.

This is an highly untechnical, unimpressionist, in fact almost theological manner of statement; but is perhaps the root difference between the two arts of literature.

Most good poetry asserts something to be worth while, or damns a contrary; at any rate asserts emotional values. The best prose is, has been a presentation (complicated and elaborate as you like) of circumstances, of conditions, for the most part abominable, or at the mildest, amendable. This assertion of the more or less objectionable only becomes doctrinaire and rotten art when the narrator mis-states from dogmatic bias, and when he suggests some quack remedy, (prohibition, Christianity, social theory of one sort or another), the only cure being that humanity should display more intelligence and good-will than humanity is capable of displaying.

Poetry = Emotional synthesis, quite as real, quite as realist as any prose (or intellectual) analysis.

Neither prose nor drama can attain poetic intensity save by construction, almost by scenario; by so arranging the circumstance that some perfectly simple speech, perception, dogmatic statement appears in abnormal vigour. Thus when Frederic in *L'Education* observes Mme. Arnoux' shoe-laces as she is descending the stair; or in Turgenev the statement, quotation of a Russian proverb about the "heart of another", or "Nothing but death is irrevocable" toward the end of *Nichée de Gentils-hommes*.

Page 310 "But the acute observer we are constantly taking for granted would perhaps have detected . . ."

Page 323 "A supposititious spectator would certainly have imagined . . ." (This also occurs in *Ivory Tower*. Page 196.)

This scrutinous person wastes a great deal of time in pretending to conceal his contempt for Mrs. Brook, Vanderbank, the other punks, and lays it on so *thick* when presenting his old sentimentalist Longdon who at the one critical moment behaves *with a stupidity*, with a lack of delicacy, since we are dealing with these refinements. Of course neither this stupidity of his action nor the tone of the other characters has anything to do with the question of *maestria*, if they *were* dispassionately or impartially rendered. The book is weak because all through it James is so manifestly carrying on a long *tenzone* so fiercely and loudly, a long argument *for* the old lavender. There is also the constant implication that Vanderbank ought to want Nanda, though why the devil he should be supposed to be even mildly under this obligation, is not made clear. A basis in the classics, castor oil, even Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* might have helped matters. One's complaint is not that people of this sort don't exist, that they aren't like everything else a subject for literature, but that James doesn't anywhere in the book get down to bedrock. It is too much as if he were depicting stage scenery not *as* stage scenery, but as nature.

All this critique is very possibly an exaggeration. Take it at half its strength; I do not intend to defend it.

Epigrammatic manner in opening, compare Kipling; compare De Maupassant, superb ideas, verity, fantasia, fantasia group, reality charming stories poppycock. *Yellow Book* touches in *The Real Thing*, general statements about their souls, near to bad writing, perfectly lucid.

Nona Vincent, he writes like an adolescent, might be a person of eighteen doing first story.

Page 201. "Public interest in spiritual life of the army". (*The Real Thing*.)

Page 201. German Invasion, 1893.

Loathsome prigs, stiff conventions, editor of cheap magazines ladled in Sir Wots-his-name.

In the interim he had brought out *In the Cage*, excellent opening sentence, matter too much talked around and around, and *The Two Magics*. This last a Freudian affair which seems to me to have attracted undue interest, i.e., interest out of proportion to the

importance as literature and as part of Henry James's own work, because of this subject matter. The obscenity of *The Turn of the Screw* has given it undue prominence. People now "drawn" to obscene as were people of Milton's period by an equally disgusting bigotry; one unconscious on author's part; the other, a surgical treatment of a disease. Thus much for progress on part of authors if public has not progressed. The point of my remarks is that an extraneous criterion comes in. One must keep to the question of literature, not of irrelevancies. Galdos *Lo Prohibido* does Freud long before the sex crank got to it. Kipling really does the psychic, ghosts, etc., to say nothing of this having the "sense of story."

1900. *The Soft Side* collection containing: *The Abasement of the Northmores*, good; again the motif of the vacuity of the public man, the "figure"; he has tried it again in *The Private Life* which, however, falls into the allegorical. A rotten fall it is too, and Henry James at his worst in it, i.e., the allegorical. *Fordham's Castle* appears in the collected edition only—it may belong to this period but is probably earlier, comedietta, excellently, perhaps flawlessly done. Here, as so often, the circumstances are mostly a description of the character, of the personal tone of the "sitters"; for his people are so much more, or so much more often, "sitters" than actors. Protagonists it may be. When they act, they are apt to stage-act, which reduces their action again to being a mere attempt at description. (*The Liar*, for example). Compare Maupassant's *Toine* for treatment of case similar to *Fordham Castle*.

1902-05. *The Sacred Fount*, *Wings of a Dove*, *Golden Bowl* period.

Dove and *Bowl* certainly not models for other writers, a caviare not part of the canon (metaphors be hanged for the moment).

Henry James is certainly not a model for narrative novelists, for young writers of fiction; perhaps not even a subject of study till they have attained some sublimity of the critical sense or are at least ready to be constantly alert, constantly on guard.

I cannot see that he will harm a critic or a describer of places, a recorder of impression whether they be people, places, music.

1903. Better sort mildish.

1903. *The Ambassadors*, rather clearer than the other work. Etude of Paris vs. Woollett.

1907. Exhortation to the idle, well-to-do, to leave home.

1907. *The American Scene*, triumph of the author's long practice. A creation of America. A book no "serious American" will neglect. How many Americans make any attempt toward a realiza-

tion of that country is of course beyond our power to compute. The desire to see the national face in a mirror may be in itself an exotic. I know of no such grave record, of no such attempt at faithful portrayal as *The American Scene*. Thus America is to the careful observer; this volume and the American scenes in the fiction and memoirs, in *The Europeans*, *The Patagonia*, *Washington Square*, etc., bulk large in the very small amount of writing which can be counted as history of *moeurs contemporaines*, of national habit of our time and of the two or three generations preceding us. Newport, the standardized face, the Capitol, Independence Hall, the absence of penetralia, innocence, essential vagueness, etc., language "only definable as not in *intention* Yiddish", the tabernacle of Grant's ashes, the public collapse of the individual, the St. Gaudens statue. There is nothing to be gained by making excerpts; the volume is large, but one should in time drift through it. I mean any American with pretenses to an intellectual life should drift through it. It is not enough to have perused "The Constitution" and to have "heard tell" of the national founders.

1910. *The Finer Grain*, collection of short stories without a slip. *The Velvet Glove*, *Mona Montravers*, *A Round of Visits* (the old New York versus the new) *Crapey Cornelia*, *The Bench of Desolation*.

It is by beginning on this collection, or perhaps taking it after such stories as *The Pupil* and *Brooksmith* that the general literate reader will best come to James, must in brief be convinced of him and can tell whether or not the "marginal" James is for him. Whether or no the involutions of the *Golden Bowl* will titillate his arcane sensibilities. If the reader does not "get" *The Finer Grain* there is no sense in his trying the more elaborate *Wings of a Dove*, *Sacred Fount*, *Golden Bowl*. If, on the contrary, he does feel the peculiar, unclassic attraction of the author, he may or may not enjoy the uncanonical books.

1911. *The Outcry*, a relapse. Connoisseurship fad again, inferior work.

1913. *A Small Boy and Others*, the beginning of the memoirs. Beginning of this volume disgusting. First three pages enough to put one off Henry James once and for all, damn badly written, atrocious vocabulary. Page 33 a few lines of good writing. Reader might start about here. Any reader, that is, to whom New York of that period is of interest, New York of the fifties is significant, in so period is of interest, New York of the fifties is significant, in so far as it is typical of what a hundred smaller American cities have been

since. The tone of the work shows in excerpts :

"The special shade of its identity was thus that it was not conscious—really not conscious of anything in the world; or was conscious of so few possibilities at least, and these so immediate and so a matter of course, that it came almost to the same thing. That was the testimony that the slight subjects in question strike me as having borne to their surrounding medium—the fact that their unconsciousness could be so preserved . . ."

Or later, when dealing with a pre-Y.-M.-C.-A. America.

"Infinitely queer and quaint, almost incongruously droll, the sense somehow begotten in ourselves, as very young persons, of our being surrounded by a slightly remote, yet dimly rich, outer and quite kindred circle of the tipsy. I remember how, once, as a very small boy, after meeting in the hall a most amiable and irreproachable gentleman, all but closely consanguineous, who had come to call on my mother, I anticipated his further entrance by slipping in to report to that parent that I thought *he* must be tipsy. And I was to recall perfectly afterwards the impression I so made on her—in which the general proposition that the gentlemen of a certain group or connection might on occasion be best described by the term I had used sought to destroy the particular presumption that our visitor wouldn't, by his ordinary measure, show himself for one of these. He didn't to all appearance, for I was afterwards disappointed at the lapse of lurid evidence: that memory remained with me, as well as a considerable subsequent wonder at my having leaped to so baseless a view . . ."

"The grim little generalisation remained, none the less, and I may speak of it—since I speak of everything—as still standing: the striking evidence that scarce aught but disaster *could*, in that so unformed and unseasoned society, overtake young men who were in the least exposed. Not to have been immediately launched in business of a rigorous sort was to *be* exposed—in the absence I mean of some fairly abnormal predisposition to virtue; since it was a world so simply constituted that whatever wasn't business, or exactly an office or a "store", places in which people sat close and made money, was just simply pleasure, sought, and sought only, in places in which people got tipsy. There was clearly no mem, least of all the golden one, for it was just the ready, even when the moderate, possession of gold that determined, that hurried on disaster. There were whole sets and groups, there were "sympathetic" though too susceptible, races, that seemed scarce to recognise or to find possible any practical application of moneyed, that is, of transmitted ease, however limited, but to go more or less rapidly to the bad with it—which meant even then going as often as possible to Paris . . ."

"The field was strictly covered, to my young eyes, I make out, by three classes, the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster . . ."

"It has carried me far from my rather evident proposition that if we saw the "natural" so happily embodied about us—and in female maturity, or comparative maturity, scarce less than in female adolescence—this was because the artificial, or in other words the complicated, was so little there to threaten it . . ."

On page 72 he quotes his father on "flagrant morality". In Chapter X we have a remarkable portrayal of a character by almost nothing save vacuums, "timorous philistine in a world of dangers". Our author notes the "finer civility" but does not see that it is a thing of no period. It is the property of a few individuals, personally transmitted. Henry James had a mania for setting these things in an era or a "faubourg", despite the continued testimony that the worst manners have constantly impinged upon the most brilliant societies; that decent detail of conduct is a personal talent.

The production of *Il Corteggiano* proves perhaps nothing more than the degree in which Castiglione's contemporaries "needed to be told". On page 236 (*Small Boy and Others*) the phrase "presence without type". On page 286, the people "who cultivated for years the highest instructional, social and moral possibilities of Geneva". Page 283 "discussion of a work of art mainly hung in those days on that issue of the producible name". Page 304. "For even in those days some Americans were rich and several sophisticated". Page 313. The real give away of W. J. Page 341. Scarification of Ste-Beuve. Page 179. Crystal Palace. Page 214. Social relativity.

One is impatient for Henry James to do people.

A Little Tour in France. The disadvantage of giving impressions of real instead of imaginary places is that they conflict with other peoples' impressions. I do not see Angoulême via Balzac, nor do I feel Henry James's contacts with the places where our tracks have crossed very remarkable. I dare say it is a good enough guide for people more meagrely furnished with associations or perceptions. Allow me my *pieton's* shrug for the man who has gone only by train.

Henry James is not very deep in ancient associations. The American's enjoyment of England in *The Passionate Pilgrim* is more searching than anything continental. Windy generality in *Tour in France*, and perhaps indication of how little Henry James's tentacles penetrated into any era before 1600, or perhaps before 1780.

Vignette bottom of page 337-8 (*Passionate Pilgrim*) "full of glimpses and responses, of deserts and desolations". "His perceptions would be fine and his opinions pathetic". Commiseration of

Searle, vs. detachment in *Four Meetings*.

Of the posthumous work, *The Middle Years* is perhaps the most charming. *The Ivory Tower*, full of accumulated perceptions, swift illuminating phrases, perhaps part of a masterpiece. *The Sense of the Past*, less important. I leave my comment of *The Middle Years* as I wrote it, but have recast the analysis of notes to *The Ivory Tower*.

Flaubert is in six volumes, four or five of which every literate man must at one time or another assault. James is strewn over about forty—part of which must go into desuetude, have perhaps done so already.

I have not in these notes attempted the Paterine art of appreciation, e.g., as in taking the perhaps sole readable paragraph of Pico Mirandola and writing an empurpled descant.

The problem—discussion of which is about as “artistic” as a street map—is: can we conceive a five or six volume edition of James so selected as to hold its own internationally? My contention is for this possibility.

My notes are no more than a tentative suggestion, to wit: that some such compact edition might be, to advantage, tried on the less patient public. I have been, alas, no more fortunate than our subject in keeping out irrelevant, non-æsthetic, non-literary, non-technical vistas and strictures.

“THE MIDDLE YEARS”

E z r a P o u n d

THE MIDDLE YEARS is a tale of the great adventure; for, putting aside a few simple adventures, sentimental, phallic, Nimrodic, the remaining great adventure is precisely the approach to the Metropolis; for the provincial of our race the specific approach to London, and no subject surely could more heighten the pitch of writing than that the treated approach should be that of the greatest writer of our time and own particular language. We may, I think, set aside Thomas Hardy as of an age not our own; of perhaps Walter Scott's or of L'Abbé Prevost's, but remote from us and things familiarly under our hand; and we skip over the next few crops of writers as lacking in any comparative interest, interest in a writer being primarily in his degree of sensitization; and on this

count we may throw out the whole Wells-Bennet period, for what interest can we take in instruments which must of nature miss two-thirds of the vibrations in any conceivable situation. In James the maximum sensibility compatible with efficient writing was present. Indeed, in reading these pages one can but despair over the inadequacy of one's own literary sensitization, one's so utterly inferior state of awareness; even allowing for what the author himself allows: his not really, perhaps, having felt at twentysix, all that at seventy he more or less read into the memory of his feeling. The point is that with the exception of exceptional moments in Hueffer we find no trace of such degree of awareness in the next lot of writers, or until the first novels of Lewis and Joyce, whose awareness is, without saying, of a nature greatly different in kind.

It is not the book for any reader to tackle who has not read a good deal of James, or who has not in default of that reading, been endowed with a natural Jamesian sensibility (a case almost negligible by any likelihood); neither is it a book of memoirs, I mean one does not turn to it seeking information about Victorian worthies; one does not, any more than one did when the old man himself was talking, want to be told anything; there are encyclopaedia in sufficiency, and statistics, and human mines of information, boring sufficiency; one asked and asks only that slow voice should continue—evaluating, or perhaps only tying up the strands of a sentence: "And how my old friend . . . *Howells* . . ." etc.

The effects of H. J.'s first breakfasts in Liverpool and —, invited upstairs at Half Moon Street, are of infinitely more value than any anecdotes of the Laureate (even though H. J.'s inability not to see all through the Laureate is compensated by a quip melting one's personal objection to anything Tennyson touched, by making him merely an old gentleman whatsoever with a gleam of fun in his make-up).

All comes to the contrary, and the proportionate sale of his works, and statistics whatsoever to the contrary, only an American who has come abroad will ever draw *all* the succulence from Henry James's writings; the denizen of Manchester or Wellington may know what it feels like to reach London, the Londoner born will not be able quite to reconstruct even this part of the book; and if for intimacy H. J. might have stayed at the same hotel on the same day as one's grandfather, and if the same American names had part in one's own inceptions in London, one's own so wholly different and less padded inceptions; one has perhaps a purely personal, selfish,

unliterary sense of intimacy: with, in my own case, the vast unbridgeable difference of settling-in and escape.

The essence of James is that he is always "settling-in," it is the ground-tone of his genius.

Apart from the state of James's sensibility on arrival nothing else matters, the "mildness of the critical air," the fatuity of George Eliot's husband, the illustrational and accomplished lady, even the faculty for a portrait in a paragraph, not to be matched by contemporary effects in half-metric, are indeed all subordinate to one's curiosity as to what Henry James knew, and what he did not know on landing. The portrait of the author on the cover showing him bearded, and looking rather like a cross between a bishop and a Cape Cod longshoreman, is an incident gratuitous, interesting, but in no way connected with the young man of the text.

The England of a still rather whiskered age, never looking inward, in short the Victorian is exquisitely embalmed, and "mounted" as is, I think, the term for microscopy. The book is just the right length as a volume, but one mourns there not being twenty more, for here is the unfinished work . . . not in *The Sense of the Past*, for there the pen was weary, as it had been in *The Outcry*, and the talent that was never most worth its own while when gone off on connoisseurship, was, conceivably, finished; but here in his depiction of his earlier self the verve returned, undiminished.

HENRY JAMES, AND THE GHOSTLY

A. R. Orage

I HAVE seen it written that Henry James was a greater psychologist than his brother William, and I have seen it denied with indignation. The dispute might have been saved by the true statement that, as psychologists, the two brothers were equally accomplished but in different fields. The field of William James was in the main the field of normal and of abnormal conscious psychology; the field of Henry James was the field of the sub-conscious, both normal and abnormal. The difference to those who know what the terms mean, is not only considerable; but it accounts entirely for the difference of method employed by the two brothers and even, to a great extent, for the difference in their modes of life. The conscious can be studied by the scientist in the laboratory; the

material is, moreover, largely under his control; and all the ordinary rules of scientific research apply to it. But the sub-conscious is a shyer creature altogether. It is not susceptible of direct observation; it cannot be conjured up or laid at will; it must be watched, attended upon, and delicately, oh most delicately, observed; it entails a discipline of the imagination and of the senses, and a discipline of the mind of the observer who must beware of even so much as breathing in the presence of the subconscious subject; in a word, its study is much more an art than a science.

I am not suggesting that Henry James arrived by his method at any conclusions likely to be of value to the science of psychology.

Conclusions were not what he aimed at; he aimed, like every author, at representation. Nor, again, am I suggesting that Henry James held intellectually any theories on the sub-conscious. He was, as it were, professionally inclusive and professional open-minded. At the same time, it would be possible, I hold, to discover in the solution of his works quite definite conclusions and quite definite theories which the intellect might precipitate into the crystallised dust of formal definitions. But why attempt it if Henry James himself did not? Why translate into terms of science a work of art? Why substitute for representation mere definitions? Only, if it be done, to convince his readers that they are really in the current of the most recent and the deepest thought of our day.

For the surprising thing about Henry James's novels is that one approaches them as stories and leaves them having assisted at a piece of life. One begins to read him as a diversion and finds at the end of him that one has had real experiences. He is, in fact, the magician of psychology, who not only describes—who, indeed does not describe, but portrays,—but reveals. He takes his readers through a new world. This marvellous magical gift, moreover, is exercised, like all true magic, by the simplest of means. For the most part Henry James's characters cannot be said to be selected for their extraordinariness; nor had he the accessories of the stage-magician for his properties. Quite ordinary people in quite ordinary surroundings are sufficient for his purpose — which is to show us, not the conscious, but the sub-conscious, in man. "There," he seems to say,—having placed his reader at a point of vantage for observation,—“just observe and listen and hold your mind in readiness to catch the smallest gesture and the lightest tone. These persons you will notice, are not at the first glance anything out of the common, nor are they up to anything very unusual. Neverthe-

less, watch them and try to see and to feel what they are doing!" And as his readers look at the figures through Henry James's eyes, they are aware of a strange transformation in the ordinary people before them. While still remaining ordinary, extraordinary manifestations begin to be visible among them. They arouse wonder, they arouse pity, they arouse admiration, they arouse horror or fear. There are few emotions they are not capable of producing under the wand of Henry James. Yet, all the time—I must insist upon it—these people remain ordinary.

Such an art of second-sight as this was not likely to be confined to the merely incarnated. If Henry James drew our attention to the sub-conscious "double" or psychic penumbra of living figures, he was almost certain in the end to present his figures as doubles without a body, in a word, as ghosts. And I was among the critics who, long before Henry James had written his *Two Magics* prophesied that he would shortly be writing of shadows directly. No student of his works can fail to observe how imperceptibly his method of dealing with real persons shades into his dealing with ghosts. There is a little more quietness, a little more mystery, a little more holding of the breath in the process of observation; but fundamentally the method is the same. His stories of the unembodied are, I think, the flower of his art. In these Henry James rose to the perfection of his observation. In them he examined the sub-conscious, as it were, face to face.

I have remarked on another occasion that Henry James would be happy among the dead, for he understood them while he was still living. But let me supplement the remark here by the observation that Henry James did not commune with the disembodied alone, but aloud and in the hearing and in the experience of all his intended readers. His mission (if I may use the word and grieve for it) was to act as a kind of Charon to ferry the understanding over the dark passage of the Styx and to show us that we are such stuff as ghosts are made of.

IN MEMORY

T. S. Eliot

HENRY JAMES has been dead for some time. The current of English literature was not appreciably altered by his work during his lifetime; and James will probably continue to be regarded as the extraordinarily clever but negligible curiosity. The current hardly matters; it hardly matters that very few people will read James. The "influence" of James hardly matters: to be influenced by a writer is to have a chance inspiration from him; or to take what one wants; or to see things one has overlooked; there will always be a few intelligent people to understand James, and to be understood by a few intelligent people is all the influence a man requires. What matters least of all is his place in such a Lord Mayor's show as Mr. Chesterton's procession of Victorian Literature. The point to be made is that James has an importance which has nothing to do with what came before him or what may happen after him; an importance which has been overlooked on both sides of the Atlantic.

I do not suppose that any one who is not an American can properly appreciate James. James's best American figures in the novels, in spite of their trim definite outlines, the economy of strokes, have a fullness of existence and an external ramification of relationship which a European reader might not easily suspect. The Bellegarde family, for instance, are merely good outline sketches by an intelligent foreigner; when more is expected of them, in the latter part of the story, they jerk themselves into only melodramatic violence. In all appearance Tom Tristram is an even slighter sketch. Europeans can recognize him; they have seen him, known him, have even penetrated the Occidental Club; but no European has the Tom Tristram element in his composition, has anything of Tristram from his first visit to the Louvre to his final remark that Paris is the only place where a white man can live. It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European—something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become. Tom is one of the failures, one of nature's misfortunes, in this process. Even General Packard, C. P. Hatch, and Miss Kitty Upjohn have a reality which Claire de

Cintré misses. Noémie, of course, is perfect, but Noémie is a result of the intelligent eye; her existence is a triumph of the intelligence, and it does not extend beyond the frame of the picture.

For the English reader, much of James's criticism of America must merely be something taken for granted. English readers can appreciate it for what it has in common with criticism everywhere, with Flaubert in France and Turgenev in Russia. Still, it should have for the English an importance beyond the work of these writers. There is no English equivalent for James, and at least he writes in this language. As a critic, no novelist in our language can approach James; there is not even any large part of the reading public which knows what the word "critic" means. (The usual definition of a critic is a writer who cannot "create"—perhaps a reviewer of books). James was emphatically not a successful *literary* critic. His criticism of books and writers is feeble. In writing of a novelist, he occasionally produces a valuable sentence out of his own experience rather than in judgment of the subject. The rest is charming talk, or gentle commendation. Even in handling men whom he could, one supposes, have carved joint from joint—Emerson, or Norton—his touch is uncertain; there is a desire to be generous, a political motive, an admission (in dealing with American writers) that under the circumstances this was the best possible, or that it has fine qualities. His father was here keener than he. Henry was not a literary critic.

He was a critic who preyed not upon ideas, but upon living beings. It is criticism which is in a very high sense creative. The characters, the best of them, are each a distinct success of creation: Daisy Miller's small brother is one of these. Done in a clean flat drawing, each is extracted out of a reality of its own, substantial enough; everything given is true for that individual; but what is given is chosen with great art for its place in a general scheme. The general scheme is not one character, nor a group of characters in a plot or merely in a crowd. The focus is a situation, a relation, an atmosphere, to which the characters pay tribute, but being allowed to give only what the writer wants. The real hero, in any of James's stories, is a social entity of which men and women are constituents. It is, in *The Europeans*, that particular conjunction of people at the Wentworth house, a situation in which several memorable scenes are merely timeless parts, only occurring necessarily in succession. In this aspect, you can say that James is dramatic; as what Pinero and Mr. Jones used to do for a large public, James does for the intelli-

gent. It is in the chemistry of these subtle substances, these curious precipitates and explosive gases which are suddenly formed by the contact of mind with mind, that James is unequalled. Compared with James's, other novelists' characters seem to be only accidentally in the same book. Naturally, there is something terrible, as disconcerting as a quicksand, in this discovery, though it only becomes absolutely dominant in such stories as *The Turn of the Screw*. It is partly foretold in Hawthorne, but James carried it much farther. And it makes the reader, as well as the personae, uneasily the victim of a merciless clairvoyance.

James's critical genius comes out most tellingly in his mastery over, his baffling escape from, Ideas; a mastery and an escape which are perhaps the last test of a superior intelligence. He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it. Englishmen, with their uncritical admiration (in the present age) for France, like to refer to France as the Home of Ideas; a phrase which, if we could twist it into truth, or at least a compliment, ought to mean that in France ideas are very severely looked after; not allowed to stray, but preserved for the inspection of civic pride in a Jardin des Plantes, and frugally dispatched on occasions of public necessity. England, on the other hand, if it is not the Home of Ideas, has at least become infested with them in about the space of time within which Australia has been overrun by rabbits. In England ideas run wild and pasture on the emotions; instead of thinking with our feelings (a very different thing) we corrupt our feelings with ideas; we produce the political, the emotional idea, evading sensation and thought. George Meredith (the disciple of Carlyle) was fertile in ideas; his epigrams are a facile substitute for observation and inference. Mr. Chesterton's brain swarms with ideas; I see no evidence that it thinks. James in his novels is like the best French critics in maintaining a point of view, a view-point untouched by the parasite idea. He is the most intelligent man of his generation.

The fact of being everywhere a foreigner was probably an assistance to his native wit. Since Byron and Landor, no Englishman appears to have profited much from living abroad. We have had Birmingham seen from Chelsea, but not Chelsea seen (really *seen*) from Baden or Rome. There are advantages, indeed, in coming from a large flat country which no one wants to visit: advantages which both Turgenev and James enjoyed. These advantages have not won them recognition. Europeans have preferred to take their notion of the Russian from Dostoevski and their notion of the

American from, let us say, Frank Norris if not O. Henry. Thus, they fail to note that there are many kinds of their fellowcountrymen, and that most of these kinds, similarly to the kinds of their fellow-countrymen, are stupid; likewise with Americans. Americans also have encouraged this fiction of a general type, a formula or idea, usually the predaceous square-jawed or thinlipped. They like to be told that they are a race of commercial buccaneers. It gives them something easily escaped from, moreover, when they wish to reject America. Thus the novels of Frank Norris have succeeded in both countries; though it is curious that the most valuable part of *The Pit* is its satire (quite unconscious I believe; Norris was simply representing faithfully the life he knew) of Chicago society after business hours. All this show of commercialism which Americans like to present to the foreign eye James quietly waves aside; and in pouncing upon his fellow-countryman after the stock exchange has closed, in tracking down his vices and absurdities across the Atlantic, and exposing them in their highest flights of dignity or culture, James may be guilty of what will seem to most Americans scandalously improper behaviour. It is too much to expect them to be grateful. And the British public, had it been more aware, would hardly have been more comfortable confronted with a smile which was so far from breaking into the British laugh. Henry James's death, if it had been more taken note of, should have given considerable relief "on both sides of the Atlantic," and cemented the Anglo-American Entente.

THE HAWTHORNE ASPECT

T. S. Eliot

MY OBJECT is not to discuss critically even one phase or period of James, but merely to provide a note, *Beitrag*, toward any attempt to determine his antecedents, affinities, and "place". Presumed that James's relation to Balzac, to Turgenev, to any one else on the continent is known and measured—I refer to Mr. Hueffer's book and to Mr. Pound's article—and presumed that his relation to the Victorian novel is negligible, it is not concluded that James was simply a clever young man who came to Europe and improved himself, but that the soil of his origin contributed a flavour discriminable after transplantation in his latest fruit. We may even

draw the instructive conclusion that this flavour was precisely improved and given its chance, not worked off, by transplantation. If there is this strong native taste, there will probably be some relation to Hawthorne; and if there is any relation to Hawthorne, it will probably help us to analyse the flavour of which I speak.

When we say that James is "American", we must mean that this "flavour" of his, and also more exactly definable qualities, are more or less diffused throughout the vast continent rather than anywhere else; but we cannot mean that this flavour and these qualities have found literary expression throughout the nation, or that they permeate the work of Mr. Frank Norris or Mr. Booth Tarkington. The point is that James is positively a continuator of the New England genius; that there is a New England genius, which has discovered itself only in a very small number of people in the middle of the nineteenth century—and which is *not* significantly present in the writings of Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Miss Eliza White, or the Bard of Appledore whose name I forget. I mean whatever we associate with certain purlieus of Boston, with Concord, Salem, and Cambridge, Mass. : notably Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Lowell. None of these men, with the exception of Hawthorne, is individually very important; they all can, and perhaps ought to be made to look very foolish; but there is a "something" there, a dignity, about Emerson for example, which persists after we have perceived the taint of commonness about some English contemporary, as for instance the more intelligent, better educated, more alert Matthew Arnold. Omitting such men as Bryant and Whittier as absolutely plebeian, we can still perceive this halo of dignity around the men I have named, and also Longfellow, Margaret Fuller and her crew, Bancroft and Motley, the faces of (later) Norton and Child pleasantly shaded by the Harvard elms. One distinguishing mark of this distinguished world was very certainly leisure; and importantly not in all cases a leisure given by money, but insisted upon. There seems no easy reason why Emerson or Thoreau or Hawthorne should have been men of leisure; it seems odd that the New England conscience should have allowed them leisure; yet they *would* have it, sooner or later. That is really one of the finest things about them, and sets a bold frontier between them and a world which will at any price avoid leisure, a world in which Theodore Roosevelt is a patron of the arts. An interesting document, of this latter world is the *Letters* of a nimbly dull poet of a younger generation, of Henry James's generation, Richard Watson Gilder, Civil Service Reform, Tenement House Commisison, Municipal Politics.

Of course leisure in a metropolis, with a civilized society (the society of Boston was and is quite uncivilized but refined beyond the point of civilisation) with exchange of ideas and critical standards would have been better; but these men could not provide the metropolis, and were right in taking the leisure under possible conditions.

Precisely this leisure, this dignity, this literary aristocracy, this unique character of a society in which the men of letters were also of the best people, clings to Henry James. It is some consciousness of this kinship which makes him so tender and gentle in his appreciations of Emerson, Norton and the beloved Ambassador. With Hawthorne, as much the most important of these people in any question of literary art, his relation is more personal; but no more in the case of Hawthorne than with any of the other figures of the background is there any consideration of influence. James owes little, very little, to anyone; there are certain writers whom he consciously studied, of whom Hawthorne was not one; but in any case his relation to Hawthorne is on another plane from his relation to Balzac, for example. The influence of Balzac, not on the whole a good influence, is perfectly evident in some of the earlier novels; the influence of Turgenev is vaguer, but more useful. That James was, at a certain period, more moved by Balzac, that he followed him with more concentrated admiration, is clear from the tone of his criticism of that writer compared with the tone of his criticism of either Turgenev or Hawthorne. In *French Poets and Novelists*, though an early work, James's attitude toward Balzac is exactly that of having been very much attracted from his orbit, perhaps very wholesomely stimulated at an age when almost any foreign stimulus may be good, and having afterwards reacted from Balzac, though not to the point of injustice. He handles Balzac shrewdly and fairly. From the essay on Turgenev there is on the other hand very little to be got but a touching sense of appreciation; from the essay on Flaubert even less. The charming study of Hawthorne is quite different from any of these. The first conspicuous quality in it is tenderness, the tenderness of a man who had escaped too early from an environment to be warped or thwarted by it, who had escaped so effectually that he could afford the gift of affection. At the same time he places his finger, now and then, very gently, on some of Hawthorne's more serious defects as well as his limitations.

"The best things come, as a general thing, from the talents

that are members of a group; every man works better when he has companions working in the same line, and yielding the stimulus of suggestion, comparison, emulation."

Though when he says that

"there was manifestly a strain of generous indolence in his (Hawthorne's) composition"

he is understating the fault of laziness for which Hawthorne can chiefly be blamed. But gentleness is needed in criticising Hawthorne, a necessary thing to remember about whom is precisely the difficult fact that the soil which produced him with his essential flavour is the soil which produced, just as inevitably, the environment which stunted him.

In one thing alone Hawthorne is more solid than James: he had a very acute historical sense. His erudition in the small field of American colonial history was extensive, and he made most fortunate use of it. Both men had that sense of the past which is peculiarly American, but in Hawthorne this sense exercised itself in a grip on the past itself; in James it is a sense of the sense. This, however, need not be dwelt upon here. The really vital thing, in finding any personal kinship between Hawthorne and James, is what James touches lightly when he says that

"the fine thing in Hawthorne is that he cared for the deeper psychology, and that, in his way, he tried to become familiar with it."

There are other points of resemblance, not directly included under this, but this one is of the first importance. It is, in fact, almost enough to ally the two novelists, in comparison with whom almost all others may be accused of either superficiality or aridity. I am not saying that this "deeper psychology" is essential, or that it can always be had without loss of other qualities, or that a novel need be any the less a work of art without it. It is a definition; and it separates the two novelists at once from the English contemporaries of either. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray, certainly, had the smallest notion of the "deeper psychology"; George Eliot had a kind of heavy intellect for it (Tito) but all her genuine feeling went into the visual realism of *Amos Barton*. On the continent it is known; but the method of Stendhal or of Flaubert is quite other. A situation is for Stendhal something deliberately constructed, often an illustration. There is a bleakness about it, vitalised by force rather than feeling, and its presentation is definitely visual. Hawthorne and James have a kind of sense, a receptive medium, which is not of sight. Not that they fail to make you *see*, so far as necessary, but sight is not the essential

sense. They perceive by antennae; and the "deeper psychology" is here. The deeper psychology indeed led Hawthorne to some of his absurdest and most characteristic excesses; it was for ever tailing off into the fanciful, even the allegorical, which is a lazy substitute for profundity. The fancifulness is the "strain of generous indolence", the attempt to get the artistic effect by meretricious means. On this side a critic might seize hold of *The Turn of the Screw*, a tale about which I have many doubts; but the actual working out of this is different from Hawthorne's, and we are not interested in approximation of the two men on the side of their weakness. The point is that Hawthorne was acutely sensitive to the situation; that he did grasp character through the relation of two or more persons to each other; and this is what no one else, except James, has done. Furthermore, he does establish, as James establishes, a solid atmosphere, and he does, in his quaint way, get New England, as James gets a larger part of America, and as none of their respective contemporaries get anything above a village or two, or a jungle. Compare, with anything that any English contemporary could do, the situation which Hawthorne sets up in the relation of Dimmesdale and Chillingworth. Judge Pyncheon and Clifford, Hepzibah and Phoebe, are similarly achieved by their relation to each other; Clifford, for one, being simply the intersection of a relation to three other characters. The only dimension in which Hawthorne could expand was the past, his present being so narrowly barren. It is a great pity, with his remarkable gift of observation, that the present did not offer him more to observe. But he is the one English-writing predecessor of James whose characters are *aware* of each other, the one whose novels were in any deep sense a criticism of even a slight civilization; and here is something more definite and closer than any derivation we can trace from Richardson or Marivaux.

The fact that the sympathy with Hawthorne is most felt in the last of James's novels, *The Sense of the Past*, makes me the more certain of its genuineness. In the meantime, James has been through a much more elaborate development than poor Hawthorne ever knew. Hawthorne, with his very limited culture, was not exposed to any bewildering variety of influences. James, in his astonishing career of self-improvement, touches Hawthorne most evidently at the beginning and end of his course; at the beginning, simply as a young New Englander of letters; at the end, with almost a gesture of approach. *Roderick Hudson* is the novel of a clever and expanding young New Englander; immature, but just coming out to a self-consciousness

where Hawthorne never arrived at all. Compared with *Daisy Miller* or *The Europeans* or *The American* its critical spirit is very crude. But *The Marble Faun* (*Transformation*), the only European novel of Hawthorne, is of Cimmerian opacity; the mind of its author was closed to new impressions though with all its Walter Scott-Mysteries of Udolpho upholstery the old man does establish a kind of solid moral atmosphere which the young James does not get. James in *Roderick Hudson* does very little better with Rome than Hawthorne, and as he confesses in the later preface, rather fails with Northampton.*

He does in the later edition tone down the absurdities of Roderick's sculpture a little, the pathetic Thirst and the gigantic Adam; Mr. Striker remains a failure, the judgement of a young man consciously humouring, too suggestive of Martin Chuzzlewit. The generic resemblance to Hawthorne is in the occasional heavy facetiousness of the style, the tedious whimsicality how different from the exactitude of *The American Scene*, the verbalism. He too much identifies himself with Rowland, does not see through the solemnity he has created in that character, commits the cardinal sin of failing to "detect" one of his own characters. The failure to create a situation is evident: with Christina and Mary, each nicely adjusted, but never quite set in relation to each other. The interest of the book for our present purpose is what he does *not* do in the Hawthorne way, in the instinctive attempt to get at something larger, which will bring him to the same success with much besides.

The interest in the "deeper psychology", the observation, and the sense for situation, developed from book to book, culminate in *The Sense of the Past* (by no means saying that this is his best) uniting with other qualities both personal and racial. James's greatness is apparent both in his capacity for development as an artist and his capacity for keeping his mind alive to the changes in the world during twenty-five years: It is remarkable (for the mastery of a span of American history) that the man who did the Wentworth family in the '80s could do the Bradhams in the '00s. In *The Sense of the Past* the Midmores belong to the same generation as the Bradhams; Ralph belongs to the same race as the Wentworths, indeed as

* Was Hawthorne at all in his mind here? In criticising the *House of the Seven Gables* he says "it renders, to an initiated reader, the impression of a summer afternoon in an elm-shaded New England town", and in the preface to *Roderick Hudson* he says "what the early chapters of the book most 'render' to me today is not the umbrageous air of their New England town."

the Pyncheons. Compare the book with *The House of the Seven Gables* (Hawthorne's best novel after all); the situation, the "shrinkage and extinction of a family" is rather more complex, on the surface, than James's with (so far as the book was done) fewer character-relations. But James's real situation here, to which Ralph's mounting the step is the key, as Hepzibah's opening of her shop, is a situation of different states of mind. James's situation is the shrinkage and extinction of an idea. The Pyncheon tragedy is simple; the "curse" upon the family a matter of the simplest fairy mechanics. James has taken Hawthorne's ghost-sense and given it substance. At the same time making the tragedy much more ethereal: the tragedy of that "Sense", the hypertrophy, in Ralph, of a partial civilization; the vulgar vitality of the Midmores in their financial decay contrasted with the decay of Ralph in his financial prosperity, when they precisely should have been the civilisation he had come to seek. All this watched over by the absent, but conscious Aurora. I do not want to insist upon the Hawthorneness of the confrontation of the portrait, the importance of the opening of a door. We need surely not insist that this book is the most important, most substantial sort of thing that James did; perhaps there is more solid wear even in that other unfinished *Ivory Tower*. But I consider that it was an excursion which we could well permit him, after a lifetime in which he had taken talents similar to Hawthorne's and made them yield far greater returns than poor Hawthorne could harvest from his granite soil; a permissible exercise, in which we may by a legitimately cognate fancy seem to detect Hawthorne coming to a mediumistic existence again, to remind a younger and incredulous generation of what he really was, had he had the opportunity, and to attest his satisfaction that that opportunity had been given to James.

THE NOTES ON NOVELISTS

John Rodker

THAT Henry James found time to produce these criticisms of contemporary writing in the leisure left by his other work is an equal mystery with Balzac's working day of fifteen hours and the twenty-three hour-or-so day of Michael-Angelo. But that his

valuations should remain at the same time so just and so unlikely to be revised by posterity, that is a greater miracle.

It is true, of course that James does not give away very much or let himself go too thoroughly, but that is the caution of age and experience. He admires the spirit that could impel Zola to contemplate a series like the *Rougon Macquart*, but — and little by little in his gentle way he wears away the whole structure till nothing remains. The end of his essay leaves a figure, crumbling rapidly, with perhaps an odd finger untouched by the rot. With Balzac too it is much the same thing. "O yes, the *Comedie Humaine*, most wonderful, inconceivable energy, but really you know, critics have said that three quarters of Balzac might quite well have been omitted." Even his praise, instead of enhancing the value of his subject serves only to depreciate it.

"Every piece we handle is so full of stuff, condensed like the edibles provided for campaigns and explorations, positively so charged with distilled life that we find ourselves dropping it in certain states of sensibility, as we drop an object unguardedly touched that startles us by being animate. We seem really scarce to want anything to be so animate." This is of course the complaint of a comprehensible god, and one has heard it before.

But what then does Mr. James want. He is pleased when he meets "saturation" in the novels of Mr. Walpole and "tone" is to him the "Je-ne-sais-quoi" that makes for permanence and a colossal conception is entirely praiseworthy and awe-inspiring: but —

Flaubert he treats with most sympathy, and that presumably because each treated his subject in a somewhat similar manner. He does not trouble here to point out felicities, or to analyse influences. His criticism in this case is "en-bloc" and his references to Flaubert's characters are entirely sympathetic.

But what really excites Henry James is not the work as such but the prospect of the writer overwhelmed by his task—like an ant with a large piece of stick, gathering all its power to get the quarry home. James sees the author in his library (with Flaubert, on his bed) gathering himself together for this altogether superhuman effort, and then its painful accomplishment. This is the point where our critic's control gives out. He too claps with the audience. Indeed how could he refrain when it was himself he saw on that identical stage.

The queer thing about these notes is that in the case of George Sand and Balzac time only confirms his judgment, as can be seen

from the three articles on George Sand dated 1897-99 and 1914 and those on Balzac of 1902 and 1913.

The notes on George Sand leave the strongest impression on the reader, probably because her literature was more open to him. Like all of us, James could not but love a "cause célèbre", and the interactions of George Sand upon her lovers — "interesting figures all of them"—centuple the original interest which would have attached merely to her vices. James seems to have found her a fascinating figure, and indeed to any scholar the spectacle of one who lived so hard could not but be engrossing. Physiologically too it appears easier for a woman to expend herself prodigally in a way that nature will not permit man, and this element of *bizarrerie* made her the more interesting.

For the artist there appears to be a ratio between life and art. Thus life plus art equals 1, this being the unit of permanence. One could have Life as 1, or Art as 1 or as complementary fractions. George Sand who used practically the whole of her unit in living has yet made herself permanent; though her writing as such may very well soon be only of interest to bibliographers. "She lived with all her perceptions and in all her chambers—not merely in the showroom of the shops".

This irrepressible energy for life, so nearly akin to his own for literature makes him tell this story so appreciatively.

"Prosper Merimée was said to have related that during a term with the author of *Lélia*, he once opened his eyes in the raw winter dawn to see his companion in a dressing gown, on her knees before the domestic hearth, a candle-stick beside her and a red Madras round her head, making bravely with her own hands the fire that was to enable her to sit down betimes to urgent pen and paper".

The story, it is said, chilled Merimée's ardour but only awakened that of James, who saw in it an "afflatus" so divine that he remained open-mouthed. Merimée probably felt it was a little indecent—it probably struck him that she was about to chronicle all that had gone before, before the bloom was off.

But that of course is the difference. From the study, her excesses may be forgiven her and faults in taste do not scandalise younger generations.

At home James was not on such sure ground. His article on "The New Novel", although fairly adequate is I think emphasised wrongly. He gives Mr Wells his true value, without allowing a certain cheapness in the make-up of his genius, of a kind without

parallel in men of equal talent. And the notes on Mr. Cannan etc., are exceedingly kind, although his critical genius was at fault when he did not realise that Mr. D. H. Lawrence was in a class apart; and that if there is a future for the rhapsodical and lyrical novel it is in his hands.

THE REVISED VERSION

Theodora Bosanquet

WHEN Henry James undertook to prepare his tales and novels for publication in the definitive edition he had cultivated the habit of forgetting past achievements almost to the pitch of sincere conviction that nothing of his produced before about 1890 could come with any credit through the ordeal of a critical inspection. He consequently set about the business of re-reading and selecting with two rare advantages—unfamiliarity and an adverse prejudice. The prejudice often, happily, gave place to appreciation as the unfamiliarity passed into recognition, but it must be clear to any reader of the prefaces to the New York edition that he never lost the sense that he was paternally responsible for two distinct families. For the earlier brood, the acknowledged fruit of his alliance with Romance, he claimed indulgence on the ground of their youthful spontaneity, their confident assurance, their rather touching good faith. One catches echoes of a plea that these elderly youngsters may not be too closely compared, to their inevitable disadvantage, with the richly endowed, the carefully bred, the highly civilised and sensitised children of his second marriage with Experience. Attentive readers of the novels may find the distinction between these two groups less remarkable than it was to their writer. They may even wonder whether the second marriage was not a silver wedding, with the old romantic mistress cleverly disguised as a woman of the world. It is quite possible that the different note struck so audibly for Henry James's ear by his later work may have been due more to his substitution of dictation for the use of pens and ink than to any change of heart. The interesting thing to note, whatever the reason, is that he found it necessary to do a great deal of work on the earlier tales before he considered them fit for appearance in the company of the later

ones. Some members of the elder family he entirely disowned, not counting them worth the expense of the contemplated new clothes. Others he left in their place more from respect for the declared taste of his reading public than because he loved them for their own sake. It would, for instance, scarcely have been possible to exclude *Daisy Miller* from any representative collection of his work, yet the popularity of the tale had been almost a grief to him. To be acclaimed as the author of *Daisy Miller* by persons blandly unconscious of *The Wings of the Dove* or *The Golden Bowl* was a reason among many for Henry James's despair of intelligent comprehension. His feelings about *Daisy* resembled those of some *grande dame* possessing a jewel-case richly stocked with glowing rubies and flashing diamonds, but condemned by her admirers always to appear in the simple string of moonstones worn at her first dance.

From the moment he began to read over the earlier tales he found himself involved in a highly practical examination of the scope and limits of permissible revision. Poets, as he pointed out, have frequently revised their verse with good effect. Why should novelists not have equal license? The only sound reason for not altering anything is the conviction that it couldn't be improved. It was Henry James's profound conviction that he could improve his early writing in nearly every sentence. Not to revise would have been to confess to a loss of faith in himself and it was unlikely that the writer who fasted for forty years in the wilderness of British and American misconceptions without yielding any scrap of intellectual honesty to editorial or publishing tempters should have lost faith in himself. But he was as fully aware of the limits of revision as he was of the scope. He knew that no novelist can safely afford to repudiate his fundamental understanding with his readers that the tale he has to tell is at least as true as history and the people he has set in motion at least as unalterable at a given moment as the people we see in offices and railway carriages. He allowed himself few freedoms with actions or appearances already recorded, which makes it worth our while to note one of these rare exceptions, a deliberate substitution in the second version of *The American*. Originally the old Marquise de Bellegarde had acknowledged the introduction of Newman by returning his handshake "with a sort of British positiveness which reminded him that she was the daughter of the Earl of St. Dunstan's." On her crea-

tor's second thoughts that friendly gesture was refused. "Newman came sufficiently near to the old lady by the fire to take in that she would offer him no handshake Madame de Bellegarde looked hard at him and refused what she did refuse with a sort of British positiveness which reminded him that she was the daughter of the Earl of Saint Dunstons." There were two good reasons why the Marquise should not have extended a welcoming hand to Newman. Her attitude was throughout to be consistently hostile and should never have been compromised by the significantly British grip, and she had lived too long in her husband's country not to have adopted its views as to the uses of a lady's hand. Nevertheless it is really shocking to see her revoking her very first card after playing it for so many years. She was to perform less credible actions than shaking hands with an intrusive American, as her progenitor was aware. He invited his readers, in the preface to *The American*, to observe the impossible behaviour of the noble Bellegarde family, but he recognised that since they had been begotten in absurdity the Bellegardes could under no stress of revision achieve a very solid humanity. The best he could do for them was to let a faint consciousness flush the mind of Valentin, the only perceptive member of the family. In the first edition Valentin warned his American friend of the Bellegarde peculiarities with the easy good faith of the younger Henry James: "My mother is strange, my brother is strange, and I verily believe I am stranger than either. Old trees have crooked branches, old houses have queer cracks, old races have odd secrets." To this statement he added in the revised version: "We're fit for a museum or a Balzac novel." A similar growth of ironic perception was allowed to Roderick Hudson, whose comment on Rowland's admission of heroically concealed passion for Mary Garland: "It's like something in a novel," was altered to "It's like something in a bad novel".

But the real business of revision was, for Henry James, neither substitution nor rearrangement. It was the demonstration of values implicit in his early work, the retrieval of countless lost opportunities for adequately "rendering". "It was," he remarked, "all sensibly, as if the clear matter being still there, even as a shining expanse of snow spread over a plain, my exploring tread, for application to it, had quite unlearned the old pace and found itself naturally falling into another, which might sometimes indeed more or less agree with the original tracks, but might most often, or very nearly, break the

surface in other places. What was thus predominantly interesting to note, at all events, was the high spontaneity of these deviations and differences, which became thus things not of choice, but of immediate and perfect necessity: necessity to the end of dealing with the quantities in question at all." "The act of revision," he explained in the same preface (to *The Golden Bowl*), "the act of seeing it again, caused whatever I looked at on any page to flower before me as into the only terms that honourably expressed it; and the 'revised' element in the present Edition is accordingly these terms, these rigid conditions of re-perusal, registered; so many close notes, as who should say, on the particular vision of the matter itself that experience had at last made the only possible one." It will be noticed that there is no lack of confidence in these words. The man of literary genius, in secure possession of his "faculties", did not bother himself with doubts as to his ability to write better at the end of a lifetime of hard work and varied experience than at the beginning. He knew that he could write better.

It is true that the case for the revised version cannot rest on its greater elegance. It is not so simple or so smooth or, on the whole, so pretty as the older form. But it is nearly always richer and more alive. Henry James was more concerned to give the sense of an emotional tension than to sketch a pretty picture. Truth was dearer to him than a smooth surface and accurate registration of each perceived tone more valuable than a selection of harmonies. In the later version early abstractions give place to sharp definite images, loose vague phrases to close-locked intensities of meaning. As a sample of the kind of thing he was trying to do one may take the changes in a sentence in *The Madonna of the Future*, a tale first published in 1879. This is the original form: "His professions, somehow, were all half-professions, and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background." In the New York edition it has become: "His professions were practically, somehow, all masks and screens, and his personal allusions, as to his ambiguous background, mere wavings of the dim lantern." It would be easy to pick out passages where the gain in verbal beauty has been as striking as the gain in expression. There is a passage forming part of the fine account of Newman's silent renunciation, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, of his meditated revenge. In the old edition it runs: "He sat a long time; he heard far-away bells chiming off, at long intervals, to the rest of the world. He was very tired; this was the best place he could be in." This was transformed to:

"He sat a long time; he heard far-away bells chiming off into space, at long intervals, the big bronze syllables of the Word. He was very tired, but such a place was a kingdom of rest."

It would, of course, be equally easy to select examples of prettiness sacrificed to sincerity and the rhythm of a sentence destroyed by qualifying clauses; just as one might set against the gain in vigour introduced by idiom and abbreviation into the dialogue the loss in verisimilitude due to adverbial interpositions. I propose to quote, therefore, an extract of sufficient length to give the general sense of the revision. The passage is taken from *Four Meetings*, a work which was revised with extreme care.

Here is the earlier version. The relater of the tale is showing a book of photographs of places in Europe to the little New England spinster, Caroline Spencer. They have just come upon a representation of the Castle of Chillon.

She looked awhile, and then she asked if it was not where Bonivard, about whom Byron wrote, was confined. I assented, and tried to quote some of Byron's verses, but in this attempt I succeeded imperfectly.

She fanned herself a moment and then repeated the lines correctly, in a soft, flat and yet agreeable voice. By the time she had finished, she was blushing. I complimented her and told her she was perfectly equipped for visiting Switzerland and Italy. She looked at me askance again, to see whether I was serious, and I added, that if she wished to recognise Byron's descriptions she must go abroad speedily; Europe was getting sadly Byronised.

"How soon must I go?" she asked.

"Oh, I will give you ten years."

"I think I can go within ten years," she answered very soberly.

"Well," I said, "you will enjoy it immensely; you will find it very charming."

The new version runs:

She looked a while and then asked if it weren't where Bonivard, about whom Byron wrote, had been confined. I assented, trying to quote Byron's verses, but not quite bringing it off.

She fanned herself a moment and then repeated the lines correctly, in a soft flat voice but with charming conviction. By the time she had finished, she was nevertheless blushing. I complimented her and assured her she was perfectly equipped for visiting Switzerland and Italy. She looked at me askance again, to see if I might be serious, and I added that if she wished to

recognise Byron's descriptions she must go abroad speedily — Europe was getting sadly dis-Byronised. "How soon must I go?" she thereupon enquired.

"Oh I'll give you ten years."

"Well, I guess I can go in *that* time," she answered as if measuring her words.

"Then you'll enjoy it immensely," I said; "you'll find it of the highest interest." "

I quote another passage from the final "meeting", at which the indignant narrator watches Caroline ministering to the vulgar French cocotte who has imposed herself on her hospitality as the widow of a graceless American cousin. The cousin had previously stripped the innocent little New Englander, at the moment of her disembarkation on European soil, of all her gathered savings. His relict is not likely to allow of any further sums being scraped together by her unfortunate hostess.

At this moment Caroline Spencer came out of the house, bearing a coffee-pot on a little tray. I noticed that on her way from the door to the table she gave me a single quick, vaguely appealing glance. I wondered what it signified; I felt that it signified a sort of half-frightened longing to know what, as a man of the world who had been in France, I thought of the Countess. It made me extremely uncomfortable. I could not tell her that the Countess was very possibly the runaway wife of a little hairdresser. I tried, suddenly, on the contrary, to show a high consideration for her.

In the definitive edition the passage has been packed full of additional meaning.

Our hostess moreover at this moment came out of the house, bearing a coffee-pot and three cups on a neat little tray. I took from her eyes, as she approached us, a brief but intense appeal — the mute expression, as I felt, conveyed in the hardest little look she had yet addressed me, of her longing to know what, as a man of the world in general and of the French world in particular, I thought of these allied forces now so encamped on the stricken field of her life. I could only "act" however, as they said at North Verona, quite impenetrably — only make no answering sign. I couldn't intimate, much less could I frankly utter, my inward sense of the Countess's probable past, with its measure of her virtue, value and accomplishments, and of the limits of the consideration to which she could properly pretend. I couldn't give my friend a hint of how I myself personally "saw" her interesting pensioner — whether as the runaway wife of a too-jealous hair-dresser or of a too-morose pastry-cook, say; whether as a very small bourgeoisie, in

fine, who had vitiated her case beyond patching up, or even as some character, of the nomadic sort, less edifying still. I couldn't let in, by the jog of a shutter, as it were, a hard informing ray and then, washing my hands of the business, turn my back for ever. I could on the contrary but save the situation, my own at least, for the moment, by pulling myself together with a master hand and appearing to ignore everything but that the dreadful person between us *was* a "grande dame."

I have tried to indicate, so far as it is at all possible to indicate anything within the limits of space and copyright restrictions, the general direction of Henry James's revision. Anyone who wants to discover for himself the mode of growth of a great artist's sensibility, "the how and the whence and the why these intenser lights of experience come into being and insist on shining", may profitably read the old and the new versions of *The American*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The Princess Casamassima*, and any of the shorter tales published during the 'seventies and the 'eighties. Such an adventurer will be as well qualified as he can be — "granting, of course, to begin with, a mind accessible to questions of such an order" — for judging between a provocative young critic's verdict that "all the early works have been subjected to a revision which in several cases, notably *Daisy Miller* and *Four Meetings*, amounts to their ruin," and their writer's confident hope that he "shouldn't have breathed upon the old catastrophes and accidents, the old wounds and mutilations and disfigurements, wholly in vain . . . I have prayed that the finer air of the better form may sufficiently seem to hang about them and gild them over — at least for readers, however few, at all *curious* of questions of air and form."

THE NOTES TO "THE IVORY TOWER"*

E z r a P o u n d

THE great artists among men of letters have occasionally and by tradition burst into an *Ars Poetica* or an *Arte nuevo de hacer Comedias*, and it should come as no surprise that Henry James has left us some sort of treatise on novel-writing—no surprise, that is, to the discriminating reader who is *not*, for the most part, a writer of English novels. Various reviewers have hinted obscurely that some such treatise is either adumbrated or concealed in the Notes for *The Ivory Tower* and for *The Sense of the Past*; they have

* Recast from an article in *The Future*.

said, indeed, that novelists will "profit greatly", etc., but no one has set forth the gist or the generalities which are to be found in these notes.

Divested of its fine verbiage, of its clichés, of its provincialisms of American phrase, and of the special details relating to the particular book in his mind, the formula for building a novel (any novel, not merely any "psychological" novel); the things to have clearly in mind before starting to write it, are enumerated in *The Ivory Tower* notes somewhat as follows:—

1. Choice of names for characters; names that will "fit" their owners, and that will not "joggle" or be kakophonic when in juxtaposition on the page.

2. Exposition of one group of characters and of the "situation". (In *The Ivory Tower* this was to be done in three subdivisions. "Book I" was to give the "Immediate Facts").

3. One character at least is hitched to his "characteristic". We are to have one character's impression on another.

4. (Book III.) Various reactions and interactions of characters.

5. The character, i.e., the main character is "faced with the situation".

6. For *The Ivory Tower* and probably for any novel, there is now need to show clearly and definitely the "antecedents", i.e., anything that had happened before the story started. And we find Henry James making up his mind which characters have interacted before this story opens, and which things are to be due to fresh impacts of one character on another.

7. Particular consideration of the special case in hand. The working-free from incongruities inherent in the first vague preconceptions of the plot. Thus:

- (a) The hinge of the thing is not to be the effect of A. on B. or of B. on A.; nor of A. on C. or of C. on B. but is to be due to an effect all round, of A. and B. and C. working on each other.

- (b) James's care not to repeat figures from earlier novels. Not a categorical prohibition, but a caution not to sail too near the wind in this matter.

- (c) A care not to get too many "personally remarkable" people, and not enough stupid ones into the story.

- (d) Care for the relative "weight" as well as the varied "tone" of the characters.

(We observe, in all this, the peculiarly American passion for "art"; for having a system in things, *cf.* Whistler).

- (e) Consideration how far one character "faces" the problem of another character's "character".

(This and section "d" continue the preoccupation with "moral values" shown in James's early criticism in *French Poets and Novelists*.

8. Definite "joints"; or relations of one character to another finally fitted and settled.

This brings us again to point 5. The character, i.e., the main character definitely "faced" with the situation.

9. The consequences.

10. (a) Further consideration of the state of character C. before contact with B., etc.

- (b) The effect of further characters on the mind, and thence on the action of A.

- (c) Considerations of the effect of a fourth main character; of introducing a subsidiary character, and its effect, i.e., that of having an extra character for a particular function.

11. The great "coup" foreshadowed.

(In this case the mild Othello, more and more drifting consciously into the grip of the mild Iago—I use the terms "Othello" and "Iago" merely to avoid, if not "hero", at least "villain"; the sensitive temperament allowing the rapacious temperament to become effective).

- (a) The main character in perplexity as to how far he shall combat the drift of things.

- (b) The opposed character's perception of this.

(These sub-sections are, of course, sub-sections for a psychological novel; one would have different but equivalent "joints" in a novel of action).

- (c) Effect of all this on third character. (In this case female, attracted to "man-of-action" quality).

- (d) A.'s general perception of these things and his weighing of values, a phase solely for the psychological novel.

- (e) Weighing of how much A.'s perception of the relations between B. and C. is to be dénouement, and how much more or less, known.

(To be continued)

Announcements

The New York edition of Henry James, in twenty-six volumes, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

The Novels of Henry James, in twenty-four volumes, Macmillan, London, 1908.

"A Small Boy and Others, 1913, "Notes of a Son and Brother", 1914, Macmillan, London.

"The American Scene", Chapman and Hall, London, 1907.

"The Ivory Tower", The Sense of the Past", and "The Middle Years", W. Collins and Son, London, 1917.

Further MSS. on Henry James for which there is not room in this number will appear in later issues of the *Little Review*.

Episode VI. of James Joyce's "Ulysses" and the conclusion of Ford Madox Hueffer's "Women and Men" will appear in the next number.

"In Memory of Robert Gregory", by William Butler Yeats, will be a feature of the September number; and seven new lyrics by Mr. Yeats will appear in October.

Errata

Through some untraceable mistake the *Little Review* for January 1918 was printed as Volume V., No. 9. Please correct your copies as follows:

January 1918, Volume IV., No. 9

February 1918, Volume IV., No. 10

March 1918, Volume IV., No. 11

April 1918, Volume IV., No. 12

May 1918, Volume V., No. 1

June 1918, Volume V., No. 2

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