

Charles Caramello

## The Author's Taste, Or, Unturning The Screw

Quintessentially portly and heavy-lidded, Henry James, aged seventy, peers at us from the chiaroscuro of the memorial Sargent portrait. "Beyond the portliness," says Leon Edel, "Sargent has conveyed the sensitivity of the Master. James is caught in one of the moments of his greatness—that is a moment of 'authority.'" <sup>1</sup> A year after this portrait's completion, reports Edel, an irate spectator, wielding a meat-cleaver, gashes three holes in it. Some years after that, years after their famous falling-out, Wells writes of James: "He saw us all as Masters or would-be Masters, little Masters and great Masters, and he was plainly sorry that 'Cher Maître' was not an English expression."<sup>2</sup> And some years after that, last year in fact, Cynthia Ozick begins a brief essay called "The Lesson of the Master" on this note:

There was a period in my life—to purloin a famous Jamesian title, "The Middle Years"—when I used to say, with as much ferocity as I could muster, "I hate Henry James and I wish he was dead."<sup>3</sup>

Ozick had, as she says, "mistook," "misheard," James, had heard him say "*Become a Master*," rather than, as she would come to hear him, "keep [your] psychological distance from the supreme artists." She concludes with this advice to neophytes:

Try for what Henry James at sixty would scorn—just as he scorned the work of his own earliness, and revised it and revised it in the manner of his later pen in that grand chastisement of youth known as the New York Edition. Trying, in youth, for what the Master in his mastery would condemn—that is the only road to modest mastery. Rapture and homage are not the way. Influence is perdition.

And thus ferocity becomes sentimentality, however winsome; and thus appears the latest installment in the continuing and now very long legend of Henry James's mastery.

I would like to consider in this paper an ambivalence in James's sensibility with respect to mastery, an ambivalence that virtually anticipates the terms of our legend of James; and I would like to take as my

starting point a comment Lawrence Lipking made about Paul Valéry, a comment equally applicable to James:

Two opposing visions haunt him: a vision of perfection, in which the poem or essay would finally be purified, through a lifetime of revisions, into a flawless essence; and a vision of undying process, in which the poem or essay would remain open to every imaginable variant.<sup>4</sup>

I would use that insight to rehearse a variation on the theme that James conflated the idea of the book and the idea of a life and that opposing visions of each haunted him. I would use it then to propose that James eventually moved beyond that conflation and that, in the process of separating its elements, this most passionate reviser in English letters came to realize that he would, by necessity, give his book and his life over to every variant of "the imagined, the unimagined and the unimaginable."<sup>5</sup> I would use Lipking's insight, that is, to develop a scheme that has James pass through boyhood, youth, and initiation into art; that has him then pass through his very distinguished career as a novelist; that has him then attempt to reconstruct the products of that career into the presumed "flawless essence" of *The Novels and Tales of Henry James—The New York Edition*; that has him then attempt to reconstruct the first two periods of his life as such an "essence" in *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, the first two volumes of his so-called autobiographical writing; that has him then accentuate the opposing vision of "undying process" that was equally central to his work all along; and that has him finally, in *The Middle Years*, the third volume of autobiographical writing, and in the subsequent activities of his life, act on that opposing vision in a way that we can still read as an attempt at closure but that we should also read as quite the opposite. I believe that we should not construe James's final abandoning of *The Middle Years* and his subsequent work in the English war effort simply as instances of compensation for his having failed to serve in the Civil War. Though doubtless they are such compensation, these actions also reflect a more pervasive duality of vision, a duality that we as critics continue to reenact.

I would center this argument, as I have intimated, on two writings that, literally not "books," seem as "booklike," as totalized, as one can imagine. I mean the New York Edition of James as an entity and, particularly, the eighteen critical prefaces that bind its twenty-four volumes; and I mean *A Small Boy and Others*, *Notes of a Son and Brother*, and *The Middle Years*, the three late volumes that Percy Lubbock, in 1917, called "autobiographical reminiscences,"<sup>6</sup> and that F. W. Dupee, in 1956, consolidated under the title *Henry James: Autobiography*.<sup>7</sup> For its full development, such an argument would

require a detailed account of the publishing history of the New York Edition and the autobiographical volumes, a detailed presentation of James's view on these projects as revealed in his correspondence and notebooks, and, of course, a detailed analysis of the ways in which these very carefully "composed" verbal and material structures allow for—indeed, insist upon as a central theme—the processes of their own decomposition. The Master acknowledges in them that he cannot master it all; and if, on the one hand, he undertakes a lifetime of literal and figurative revision in order to recuperate that which eludes his control, on the other hand, he underscores throughout his work the degree to which such a recuperation is not only impossible but undesirable.

Consider, for example, the New York Edition, published in twenty-four volumes between 1907 and 1909. James revises his earlier work for the Edition, he carefully selects and arranges by theme the work he includes in it, and he writes eighteen critical prefaces which, among other things, ruminate brilliantly and endlessly on these processes of revision, selection, and composition. Edel notes that "the architectural form of James's monument . . . constitutes, in the totality of Henry James's work, a work of art in itself," and that is certainly true.<sup>8</sup> James's correspondence suggests perhaps an even greater investment, that this monumental Edition was to stand for, not just within, the totality of his work, and that—and here is the tension—though the Edition could still be tinkered with, expanded, refined, made more inclusive, it could never erase the traces of time having passed through it nor preclude subsequent visitations of time upon it. As early as 1908, in fact, James had written to Howells that he thought supplementary volumes would be needed—more revision, another preface—and as late as 1915, six months before his death, he wrote to Edmund Gosse of

my poor old rather truncated edition, in fact entirely frustrated one—which has the grotesque likeness for me of a sort of miniature Ozymandias of Egypt ("look on my *works*, ye mighty, and despair!")—round which the lone and level sands stretch further away than ever.<sup>9</sup>

And even then he continues to lament that new volumes had not been added and that he had not had the chance to revise *The Bostonians* for inclusion and to provide it with a preface.

A duality of vision haunts these letters, and this notwithstanding Scribner's having advertised that the New York Edition contains "all of the author's fiction that he desires perpetuated."<sup>10</sup> On the one hand, James perceived his Edition as "an all professedly comprehensive presentation of one's stuff"<sup>11</sup>—"stuff" perhaps having here a referent beyond the primary; on the other hand, James neither wished the rest of his work to disappear nor perceived the Edition as forever solidified.

The duality coalesces in the ironic allusion to Ozymandias, which is repeated twice in the letter to Gosse. Echoing the dramatic situation of Shelley's poem, James speaks from the point of view of Ozymandias about his Edition as his monument to his work and, perhaps, to himself. There may be aggrandizement in the allusion: the Edition, James notes, is "really a monument (like Ozymandias)" in the desert—the desert being one of James's persistent images for a society hostile to art. But there is also acknowledgement that the desire to monumentalize one's work and oneself may bespeak a moral failure. The point of the allusion, indeed, becomes even sharper when we recall that John Marcher in "The Beast in the Jungle," that Jamesian avatar embarked on "a great negative adventure," had also wandered through the deserts of Egypt, "and in wandering over the earth had wandered, as might be said, from the circumference to the center of his desert"—from the circumference to the center of himself *as a desert*.<sup>12</sup>

James may have wished his New York Edition to be a singular composition wholly under his control, and he may have wished it to be the final reconstruction of his career; but James himself knew that he needed to see his Edition as a totality, if not the totality, just as he knew that finally it could be neither.<sup>13</sup> And James knew, moreover, that the desire to construct an endlessly revised "flawless essence" to stand as a literary monument in the social desert must confront not only the recognition of an aesthetic impossibility but the moral recognition that to attempt that perfection is at least to *risk* turning oneself into a desert. One might well become a sterile consciousness falsely attempting to deny the "undying process" of variations open to itself and visited upon its products, variations that must forever elude its control. This tension, a pervasive theme in the critical prefaces, reaches its culmination in the closing passage of the last of them, that to *The Golden Bowl*, in which James asserts that "the whole conduct of life consists of things done," that "to 'put' things is very exactly and responsibly and interminably to do them." that we cannot retain control over our "vital or social performances," but that "our really 'done' things of this superior and more appreciable order [that is, 'literary deeds'] . . . leave us indeed all licence of disconnexion and disavowal, but positively impose on us no such necessity." Here is an extraordinary plea for the artist's ability "not to *be* disconnected," for the artist's "incomparable luxury" of recuperating his past, for "if he is always doing he can scarce, by his own measure, ever have done."<sup>14</sup> Yet this final plea for connectedness and for an ambiguous inconclusiveness is not the final word of the New York Edition; it is followed by the *The Golden Bowl* itself, that masterpiece of fissures in marriage and of a crystal bowl whose gilt conceals the fissure deep within it.

Consider, similarly, the autobiographical writing: *A Small Boy and Others*, published in 1913; *Notes of a Son and Brother*, published in 1914; and *The Middle Years*, published posthumously in 1917—the first two very long and finished volumes, the third is very brief and presumably abandoned work. The initial impetus for the project was the death of William James in 1910, which, James wrote Edith Wharton, “has cut into me, deep down, even as an absolute mutilation.”<sup>15</sup> The opening sentence of the first volume, *A Small Boy and Others*, speaks of “the attempt to place together some particulars of the early life of William James and present him in his setting”;<sup>16</sup> but this volume moves steadily toward Henry James, his early education, his complex relations with his father and elder brother, his initiation into the artistic sensibility; and it closes with James, sick with typhoid at age fifteen, falling “into a lapse of consciousness that I shall conveniently here treat as a considerable gap.”<sup>17</sup> *Notes of a Son and Brother* follows closely upon and closes this gap. It brings James to age twenty-seven; and it revolves, in every sense, on the Civil War, the pivotal incident being James’s association of his notorious injury, his “horrid even if an obscure hurt,” with the War itself—his conflation of the two into “a single vast visitation,” the body and the social body simultaneously mutilated.<sup>18</sup>

James spoke of these two volumes as constituting, together, his “Family Book”;<sup>19</sup> and, indeed, the second of them largely comprises letters of Henry James, Sr. (primarily to Emerson), letters of William James, letters of Robertson and Garth Wilkenson James written from the War, and a long and eloquent series of letters from James’s cousin, Minnie Temple, to a friend, in essence detailing what was to be her imminent death from tuberculosis and reflecting what appears to be her immense desire for life. James’s correspondence to Mrs. William James and to his nephew Henry, William’s son, concerning *A Small Boy and Others* and, particularly, *Notes of a Son and Brother*, makes it clear that he felt himself to be writing an “experimental” work, not so much a personal autobiography as a record of the James family, in all of the latter’s complexity.<sup>20</sup> And this complexity of content is compounded manifold by the record’s being told from the point of view of the elderly Henry James attempting to recapture the point of view of the younger Henry James on his family while allowing the members of that family to express through their letters their points of view—often about himself as a young man. One senses, in *Notes of a Son and Brother* and in the correspondence concerning it, a powerful tension between James’s willingness to let the other speak, his multiplication of points of view, and James’s desire to remain the controlling point of view, his appropriation of the recalcitrantly other. In a lengthy expla-

nation written to William's son in 1913, James defends his practice of literally revising his family's letters, of using them "as so many touches and tones in the picture," and he finally strikes this note:

I have to the last point the instinct and the sense for fusions and interrelations, for framing and encircling . . . every part of my stuff in every other—and that makes a danger when the frame and circle play over too much upon the image. Never again shall I stray from my proper work—the one in which that danger is the reverse of one and becomes a rightness and a beauty. . . .<sup>21</sup>

Some months later, in the spring of 1914, James again strikes the note of proper work to be done. Having sent Henry Adams a copy of *Notes of a Son and Brother*, James describes himself in a letter to Adams as "that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility. . . . It all takes doing—and I *do*. I believe I shall do yet again—it is still an act of life."<sup>22</sup>

James, in fact, would "do" again in the "superior and more appreciable order" of art and, at the same time, would "do" again "vital and social performances." It is the autumn of 1914 and James, aged seventy-one, is about to add a third volume to *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*. He has finished his "Family Book," has performed, in effect, the same service for William James that the latter, in editing *The Literary Remains of the Late Henry James*, had performed long ago for their father.<sup>23</sup> What would become the Great War breaks out, however, and, in his correspondence, James breaks out every adjectival, adverbial, and hyperbolic weapon in his verbal arsenal of outrage and horror. He also commences the serious work in the war effort that would engage him for the remainder of his life, and, in what is doubtless the major public gesture of that life, he soon changes his "status from that of American citizen to that of British subject." England having been his home for forty years, James would throw, as he says, his "all but imponderable moral weight" into its cause.<sup>24</sup> James nonetheless does dictate, during the autumn of 1914, *The Middle Years*, a work which need not, I believe, be perceived as "abandoned," at least not in the usual acceptance of that term. Recounting James's visit to England during the period of Minnie Temple's death in America, *The Middle Years* overlaps *Notes of a Son and Brother*; and, through subtle rhetorical maneuvers, it brings to completion other familial themes developed in *Notes* and *A Small Boy*. At the same time, it introduces the theme of James's initiation into artistic society; through recollections of this visit and of events occurring after his subsequent, permanent, move abroad, it recounts his entry as a young man into the public world of "great" artists. *The Middle Years* concludes with the apparently still young James, though

of an age unspecified, visiting “a house of the greatest beauty and interest” belonging to relations of the elderly painter Louisa Lady Waterford, a house which “fairly bristled . . . with coloured designs from her brush.”<sup>25</sup>

From 1907 to 1909, James reconstructs the body of his fiction as the New York Edition; from 1911 to 1913, following William’s death and his own long and serious illness, he reconstructs the body of his past in *A Small Boy* and *Notes of a Son and Brother* to the point of his embarking on the literary career whose products he had *already* reconstructed in his Edition. In both instances, revision is literal and figurative. James then dictates *The Middle Years*, which closes the familial themes of the autobiographical volumes, but which also opens the theme of James’s initiation into the world of novelists, poets, and painters—an opening, one might add, closed again by his having made *Roderick Hudson*, a tragic story of a similar initiation, the first novel in the New York Edition. And there is further imbrication in James’s having derived the title of *The Middle Years* from his much earlier tale, “The Middle Years.” This tale presents another Jamesian avatar, “poor Dencombe,” an elderly and terminally-ill novelist who is himself the author of a work called *The Middle Years*, a work which Dencombe continues to revise even after its publication. Of this tale, James had written in his notebooks:

The idea of the old artist, or man of letters, who, at the end, feels a kind of anguish of desire for a respite, a prolongation—another period of life to do the *real* thing that he has in him—the things for which all the others have been but a slow preparation.

James had then entertained two possibilities for the tale:

Some incident, then, to show that what he *has* done *is* that of which he is capable—that he has done all he can, that he has put into his things the love of perfection and that they will live by that. Or else an incident acting just the other way—showing him what he might do, just when he must give up forever. The 1st idea the best.<sup>26</sup>

Edel suggests that James got in the New York Edition the “better chance” not accorded Dencombe; and one is tempted to add that James got it yet again in the autobiographical writing.

In constructing the book of his books and the book of his life, in perhaps constructing them, together, as a vast, linear macronarrative, James would seem to have achieved through a lifetime of revisions one perfect book, one “flawless essence.” But James, to accord him the privilege of his ambiguities, did not allow Dencombe his “better chance” *in art*. It is, rather, precisely Dencombe’s past quest for perfection in art that enables and informs his decision to abandon that

quest, to abandon his future in art, in an attempt to assure the young Dr. Hugh's future in life. One is reminded that James's highest praise for the exemplary Minnie Temple—whose death served him as “a too waiting conclusion” to his “Family Book,” whose death he and William had felt “as the end of our youth”<sup>27</sup>—was that she knew where and how “to look for the grand inconclusive.”<sup>28</sup> One is reminded that James, in 1912, chastised severely his friend Hendrik Andersen for his mammoth sculptures and his plans for a utopian city, for a megalomania that James called “the infatuated and disproportionate love and pursuit of, and attempt at, the Big, the Bigger, the Biggest, the Immensest Immensity, with all sense of proportion, application, relation and possibility madly *submerged*.”<sup>29</sup> And one is reminded that James, in 1913, stressed vigorously to Andersen that “the World is a prodigious and portentous and immeasurable affair.”<sup>30</sup> This is the James who would seem to have recognized that he could not close the fissures of his work or of his life against that teeming affair, the James who would seem to have recognized that, in art as in experience, “undying process” would supersede a “lifetime of revisions.” This is the James who, incapable of “doing things” during the Civil War, “could in default of other adventures still gape,”<sup>31</sup> who, some five decades later, would attempt to recuperate in his “Family Book” that “gaping” as a “doing,” but who, soon after that, would abandon himself as a young man in *The Middle Years* in a double image of artistic perfection precisely in an attempt to assure the elderly James's possibility for doing yet again acts of life.

Yet we, perhaps unfortunately, are left in a “process” saturated with the legend of James's mastery. Wells may have been right to assign much of the blame for that legend to James himself, and Ozick may be right—or at least seems not wholly wrong—in alternating between a sentimentality and a ferocity with respect to it. Many of us, I think, alternate on another, not unrelated axis, between, say, endorsement of Edel's lifetime reconstruction of the Master, profound, exemplary in its scholarship, as true to one side of the Jamesian sensibility as James himself was; and, say, endorsement of Shoshana Felman's dazzling deconstruction of the Master, engaged, awesome in its brilliance, and, to my mind, as true to the other side of the Jamesian sensibility as James was. On the one hand, we sustain our desire for James to be the “Immensest Immensity”; on the other hand, we affirm, as Felman puts it, that “James's very mastery consists in the denial and in the deconstruction of his own mastery,” that his “‘mastery’ turns out to be self-dispossession.”<sup>32</sup> In thus alternating, however, we actually reenact the alternation that I have attempted to specify as James's own.

James had written in the prefaces that

the "taste" of the poet is, at bottom and so far as the poet in him prevails over everything else, his active sense of life: in accordance with which truth to keep one's hand on it is to hold the silver clue to the whole labyrinth of his consciousness.<sup>33</sup>

I certainly do not pretend to hold that clue, and, indeed, I would proffer here only the inconclusive argument that James's own active sense of life involved a large increment of his monumentalizing his work and, perhaps, himself and of his then pointing out both the aesthetic flaws in the literary monument and the moral flaws inherent in the act of monumentalizing. This is the James who is haunted by opposing visions of his work and of his life, the James who sits, to echo Edel, in his pose of authority, even as he vests, to echo Felman, much of that authority in his readers; the James whose masterfully taught lesson instructs us precisely to be wary of lessons taught by masters. And this is the James who haunts us, who challenges us to answer the appeal behind those heavy lids; the James who had explained in *A Small Boy and Others* why that challenge must be met:

To look back at all is to meet the apparitional and to find in its ghostly face the silent stare of an appeal. When I fix it, the hovering shade, whether of person or place, it fixes me back and seems the less lost—not to my consciousness, for that is nothing, but to its own—by my stopping however idly for it.<sup>34</sup>

In their markedly different ways, Edel and Felman each meet that challenge, each answer that appeal. They provide us reconstruction without rapture or homage, deconstruction without gashing the portrait of the Master; together, they provide us James less lost to his own ambivalent consciousness. But how to put, together, these two critical visions, *this* duality—that remains the question.<sup>35</sup>

#### NOTES

1. Leon Edel, *The Life of Henry James* (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1977), II, 758. See also, Edel, *Henry James, The Master: 1901-1916* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1972), p. 488. The present paper draws much of its material from Edel's majestic *Life of Henry James*, from, specifically, volume two of the Penguin version and volume five of the Lippincott version.
2. H.G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography* (New York: Macmillan, 1934), p. 411. Also quoted in Edel, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 796; Lippincott, V, 537.
3. Cynthia Ozick, "The Lesson of the Master," in her *Art & Ardor* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1983), p. 291. Subsequent quotations are from pp. 296-7. Ozick's essay first appeared in *The New York Review of Books* of 12 August 1982.
4. Lawrence Lipking, "The Marginal Gloss," *Critical Inquiry*, 3 (1977), 649.
5. I borrow the phrase from James's *The Middle Years*.
6. See Lubbock's "Editor's Note" to James's *The Middle Years* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917) [vii].

7. The three volumes of James's autobiographical writing, first published, respectively, in 1913, 1914, and 1917, were reprinted as *Henry James: Autobiography*, ed. F.W. Dupee (New York: Criterion, 1956). This one-volume edition was reissued, in turn, by Princeton Univ. Press in 1983. I shall cite these three volumes by their individual titles, retained in the one-volume edition; my page references are to the consolidated edition of 1956.
8. Edelman, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin II, 627; Lippincott, V, 324.
9. For the letter to Howells, see *The Letters of Henry James*, ed. Percy Lubbock (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920), II, 98-104. For the letter to Gosse, see *ibid.*, II, 496-9; and see *Henry James: Letters*, IV, 1895-1916, ed. Leon Edel (Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard Univ. Press, 1984), pp. 776-8.
10. Quoted in Edelman, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 625; Lippincott, V, 321.
11. See previously-cited letter to Howells, in *Letters*, ed. Lubbock, II, 100.
12. See "The Beast in the Jungle," in *The Complete Tales of Henry James*, ed. Leon Edel (Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott, 1962-64), XI, 396-7. James speaks of Marcher's "great negative adventure" in the preface to Volume XVII of the New York Edition; see James, *The Art of the Novel: Critical Prefaces*, ed. R.P. Blackmur (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934), p. 247.
13. The question of James's attitude toward the New York Edition remains, of course, a complex and an open one. For Edelman's view, see the section called "The Better Chance" in *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 625-38; Lippincott, V, 321-39. For a differing view, see Michael W. Anesko, "'Friction with the Market': The Publication of Henry James's New York Edition," *The New England Quarterly*, 54 (1983), 354-81.
14. See *The Art of the Novel*, pp. 347-8.
15. Quoted in Edelman, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 725; Lippincott, V, 448.
16. James, *A Small Boy and Others*, p. 3.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 236.
18. James, *Notes of a Son and Brother*, pp. 414-5.
19. See, for example, James, *Letters*, ed. Lubbock, II, 345; and James, *Letters*, ed. Edelman, IV, 794-7, 801.
20. See James's letter to Mrs. William James of 13 November 1911 (*Letters*, ed. Lubbock, II, 205-8); his letter to Henry James III of 23-24 September 1912 (*Letters*, ed. Edelman, IV, 794-7); and his letter to Henry James III of 15-18 November 1913 (*Letters*, ed. Lubbock, II, 345-8; *Letters*, ed. Edelman, IV, 800-4).
21. James, *Letters*, ed. Lubbock, II, 346, 347; James, *Letters*, ed. Edelman, IV, 802, 803. By "proper work," James appears to mean fiction.
22. James, *Letters*, ed. Lubbock, II, 361, James, *Letters*, ed. Edelman, IV, 706.
23. See *The Literary Remains of the Late Henry James*, Edited with an Introduction by William James (Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1885).
24. See James's letter of 28 June 1915 to Prime Minister Herbert H. Asquith, in *Letters*, ed. Edelman, IV, 764. Also quoted in Edelman, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 790; Lippincott, V, 530.
25. James, *The Middle Years*, p. 599. For reasons somewhat related to my own, Dupee too suggests that in the three autobiographical volumes James "tells in its entirety what was probably the main story he had to tell." See his Introduction to *Henry James: Autobiography*, p. x.
26. *The Notebooks of Henry James*, ed. F.O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1947), pp. 121-2.
27. James, *Notes of a Son and Brother*, p. 544.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 524.
29. James, *Letters*, ed. Edelman, p. 612. Also quoted in Edelman, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 746; Lippincott, V, 473.
30. James, *Letters*, ed. Edelman, p. 682. Also quoted in Edelman, *Life of Henry James*, Penguin, II, 746; Lippincott, V, 474.
31. James, *Notes of a Son and Brother*, p. 456.
32. See Shoshana Felman, "Turning the Screw of Interpretation," *Yale French Studies*, no. 35/36 (1977), p. 205.
33. James, *The Art of the Novel*, p. 340.
34. James, *A Small Boy and Others*, p. 54.
35. This paper was first presented in May of 1983 to the Eighth Annual Conference of the International Association for Philosophy and Literature: "Deconstruction and Its Alternatives." Its specific context was a panel called "Undoing Person and Text."