

Transatlantic Tropology in James's *Roderick Hudson*

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I

Roderick Hudson (1875), Henry James's first fully realized novel, was for many years spurned by critics as a faltering piece of juvenilia. T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound deemed the novel mere "apprentice work" and Ford Madox Hueffer concurred, while Rebecca West in 1916 announced decisively, "It is not a good book" (Tintner 172). Yet James himself thought highly enough of this "apprentice work" to reassess and revise it for the New York Edition of his works—a trouble he did not take with the later novels *Confidence*, *The Bostonians*, *Washington Square*, or *The Europeans*—and his 1907 preface to the revised *Roderick*, if full of pointed self-criticism, is not entirely dismissive. More recent critics have taken their cue from James's ambivalent relation to the novel, rather than from its Georgian detractors. Part of what readers of *Roderick Hudson* have found fascinating is the very question of ambivalence within the novel, which founds itself on drastic dualisms only to oscillate between them in its valuations. These dualisms are both thematic (American innocence and priority versus European experience and lateness) and modal (allegory versus irony, romance versus realism). By shuttling back and forth between the Old World and the New, allegory and irony, innocence and experience, art and commerce, transcendentalism and aestheticism, *Roderick* dramatizes the youthful James's hesitations on these same thresholds: unsurprisingly, the fledgling novelist's *Kunstlerroman* bears more than a purely fictional freight.

But *Roderick Hudson*'s interest is not limited to psychobiography. James wrote in the 1907 preface, "*Roderick Hudson* was my first attempt at a novel, a long fiction with a complicated subject" (AN 4). As a "first attempt" (technically second to *Watch and Ward*, published in 1870), *Roderick* is also a Jamesian proving-ground against an array of influences.¹ This proving-ground is also a sacrificial ground, where the novel's protagonist must come to grief in his

strivings for artistic self-determination in order, perversely, to save the novelist from a similar fate. By this odd strategy, James attempts to stave off fatal indebtedness to a host of influences: Pater, Emerson, Goethe, the English Romantics, and most notably Hawthorne, whose *The Marble Faun* is *Roderick Hudson*'s nearest progenitor. Enough has been written about the echoes of Hawthorne's work in James's to establish the line of descent between the two texts beyond doubt. But I want to reopen this case-study in influence-evasion with the suggestion that critics have underestimated the elaborate defenses erected by *Roderick Hudson* against its Hawthorne-inheritance and have only partly understood the range of contortions James's novel undergoes in order to enjoy that inheritance without being infantilized by it.

Like Rowland Mallet, *Roderick Hudson* is an ambiguous creature, "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring"—neither uncritically allegorical nor unflinchingly ironic (RH 58).² This allegory/irony axis emerges as the novel's primary modal ambivalence: ironically, *Roderick* often deploys the very allegorical mode its author elsewhere deplores. Sheila Teahan's "Hawthorne, James, and the Fall of Allegory in *Roderick Hudson*" ably links the novel's vacillating stance toward allegory with the influence of Hawthorne, whose devotion to allegory James lamented. According to Teahan, *Roderick* acts in the novel as Hawthorne's allegorical stand-in, and *Roderick*'s fall tropes the fall of both allegory and its arch-practitioner, even as the allegorical mode which sponsors the sculptor's fall "reintroduces Hawthorne, in a kind of return of the repressed" (161).³ My reading of *Roderick Hudson* and the role of allegory in the James-Hawthorne relation responds to Teahan's article and revises it somewhat: the novel's use of allegory, I suggest, is too self-conscious not to see the irony in an allegorical slaying of allegory, too canny to foster an uncanny "return of the repressed." My discussion begins with James's reading of allegory and fallenness in *Hawthorne* (1879), which announces some of the Jamesian verdicts that *Roderick* only hints at. The argument then touches briefly on *The Marble Faun* before turning to *Roderick Hudson* and its wary deployments of allegory and irony against the shade of Hawthorne.

Before taking up the Hawthorne-James relation, however, I want to pause for a moment on the figure of Christina Light. If my discussion of male artistic agon seems to bracket Christina, it is because she vexes the very discourse of male artistry, with its gendered metaphysics of "originality" and "authorship," even as she embodies its supreme creation. Christina famously resists assimilation to a single role: the future Princess Casamassima is both a creature and a critic of male fantasy and anxiety, by turns embracing and mocking the role of *femme fatale* with an intense self-irony no other character in the novel quite shares.⁴ Priscilla Walton remarks in *The Disruption of the Feminine in Henry James* that the novel's patriarchal Realist ideology "cannot incorporate Christina, yet it cannot abolish her without the unravelling of its entire structure" (49). The novel, in other words, depends on Christina's both catalyzing and criticizing its male discourses, from its explorations of male agon and homosociality within art, to its moralizing about the dangers female sexuality poses to male artists. Because

of her ambiguous relationship to the novel's (explicitly male) artistic discourses, Christina can neither be simply bracketed, nor fully integrated by any responsible reading of those discourses. Thus a reading which attempts to understand *Roderick Hudson's* artistic patrilineage on its own terms must recognize in Christina both the precondition of male art—in her enabling roles as muse, *femme fatale*, and commodified *objet d'art*—and its most damning critique.

This much, at least, needs to be said about Christina Light in relation to what follows: she seems (importantly) to flood the novel's categories of debtorship and scarcity through her abundance of character, imagination, self-contradiction. If Roderick is a figure of indebtedness, Christina is one of plenitude, even of surplus: while the sculptor languishes for lack of inspiration, she complains to Rowland of imaginative excess: "I am tired of novels. I can imagine better stories for myself than any I read. . . . There's nothing I can't imagine! That is my difficulty!" (183, 231). This is not to suggest that Christina is more immune than Roderick to the dialectics of the marketplace. Mrs. Light, who reminds Rowland of "an old slave-merchant calling attention to the 'points' of a Circassian beauty" in her crowing over Christina, confesses that "I have raised money on that girl's face," and James's later revisions sharpen Christina's commodified status even further (163, 209). His 1907 preface to the novel figures her, accordingly, as surplus currency: "The multiplication of touches had produced even more life than the subject required, and that life, in other conditions, in some other prime relation, would still have somehow to be spent" (AN 19). James "spent" that surplus in *The Princess Casamassima*. Despite her losses, though, Christina survives where Roderick perishes. Her socialite career in Europe constitutes a flight—successful in its grim aims of marrying well—from her illegitimate parentage, even as Roderick's artistic career is a doomed flight from an all too legitimate artistic parentage. She endures by a stance the novel itself adopts in its own bid for survival: the saving stratagem of self-conscious irony.

II

No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wallflowers need ruin to make them grow.

—Hawthorne, preface to *The Marble Faun*

Hawthorne's beloved republic was not long to remain "stalwart" or free from the "gloomy wrongs" the writer found so fecund to his Old World romance. Perhaps the author of *The Marble Faun* had spent too long in England and Italy

to regard the foreshudderings of civil war in America as anything more than rumor. Or perhaps he preferred to assert his faith in the "commonplace prosperity" of his homeland. But for Hawthorne to have written so confidently of America's unassailable unity in December of 1859—a year that had already seen Emerson's canonization of anti-slavery martyr John Brown and the Supreme Court's upholding of the Fugitive Slave Act with *Ableman v. Booth*—seems as much a case of advanced denial as of remoteness or optimism. Twenty years after *The Marble Faun*, Henry James would attribute Hawthorne's denial of the Civil War to a certain obsolescence: with a mixture of fondness and impatience, James describes Hawthorne as "the last of the old fashioned Americans" and "the last specimen of the more primitive type of men of letters" (HT 149). Shortly after Hawthorne had praised his stalwart homeland, writes James, he witnessed this "best of all possible republics given over to fratricidal carnage" in a conflict which "marks an era in the history of the American mind":

It introduced into the national consciousness a certain sense of proportion and relation, of the world being a more complicated place than it had hitherto seemed, the future more treacherous, success more difficult . . . the good American, in days to come, will be a more critical person than his complacent and confident grandfather. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge. He will not, I think, be a sceptic, and still less, of course, a cynic; but he will be, without discredit to his well-known capacity for action, an observer. (HT 134–35)

The passage from James's *Hawthorne* is well known for its striking depiction of the American Civil War as a fall from innocence, as a national tasting of the "tree of knowledge." James's description of the post-bellum American hauntingly articulates some of the post-lapserian sensibilities of its time. But perhaps even more extraordinary is that the new American, in James's formulation, is specifically Jamesian. The post-bellum characteristics—proportion, relation, complication, criticism, observation—are ones we now recognize as belonging indisputably both to James's narrative stance and to the minds of many of his characters. In fact, the chief criticism implicit in Hawthorne's biographical narrative seems to be that Hawthorne was simply not Jamesian enough. If the figure of Hawthorne is sometimes obscured by such judgments, it is because the book also participates in the intellectual self-creation of its author. In analyzing Hawthorne's pre-lapserian innocence, James gives birth to himself in specific contradistinction to his literary forebear. James's statement of difference is both a challenge and a manifesto: his will be a measured consciousness, at once more careful and more critical than that of his "complacent and confident grandfather."

Of course, *Hawthorne* cannot in any literal way be considered the birthtext of James's intellectual project. By the time of its completion in 1879, James had already published four novels, the popular novella *Daisy Miller*, and a considerable amount of short fiction and criticism. James's biography of Hawthorne, then, is really more a testament that the younger writer no longer considered his forebear a threat to his own originality. With several literary accomplishments in

hand, James could re-examine Hawthorne's life and achievement without worries of being merely a derivative acolyte.

Among James's more vigorous criticisms in *Hawthorne* is a deprecation of the elder writer's use of allegory, a form James himself had experimented with in his short story "Benvolio" (1875), and with limited success.⁵ After praising the "more metaphysical of [Hawthorne's] short stories as graceful and felicitous conceits," James qualifies this judgment on the grounds "that they belong to the province of allegory":

Hawthorne, in his metaphysical moods, is nothing if not allegorical, and allegory, to my sense, is quite one of the lighter exercises of the imagination. Many excellent judges . . . delight in symbols and correspondences, in seeing a story told as if it were another and a very different story. I frankly confess that I have as a general thing but little enjoyment of it and that it has never seemed to me to be, as it were, a first-rate literary form. . . . When it shows signs of having been groped and fumbled for, the needful illusion is of course absent and the failure complete. Then the machinery alone is visible, and the end to which it operates becomes a matter of indifference. (70–71)

From the perspective of the English critical tradition, James's reaction is hardly surprising: the writer of *Hawthorne* likely inherits his distaste for allegory from Coleridge, whose *Statesman's Manual* contains a well-known indictment of allegory in favor of symbol. I will suggest later on that James deploys specifically Coleridgian operations of symbol and allegory against the indebtedness of *Roderick Hudson*. But what is peculiar in James's own condemnation of allegory in *Hawthorne* is that *Roderick Hudson* itself seems "nothing if not allegorical." Peculiar, too, is James's further rebuke that "the style, what the French call the *genre*"—in this case the romantic element of *The Marble Faun*—"is an inferior one" (HT 152). Again, it could be argued that *Roderick* has strong elements of the very romance genre James laments in Hawthorne's allegorical last novel, and thus that James's criticism of allegory and romance in Hawthorne winds up as the self-criticism of his own early novel, as criticism fallen on the head of the inventor.

If *Roderick Hudson* is in fact an undiluted romantic allegory, it would hardly be the only instance in James's career of a novel unwittingly reinscribed within the very traditions it seeks to skirt or overturn. James himself, in the retrospective 1907 preface to *The American*, realized that while he had set out to avoid "the stalest stuff of romance," he had all along "been plotting arch-romance without knowing it" (AN 24–25). Elsewhere in the James canon, as in *The Tragic Muse*, weirdly aestheticist strategies are mobilized against aesthete characters. But even in the "safe paradise of self-criticism" he found in the New York Edition prefaces, James gifts us with no such admission as to the unintentionally allegorical or romantic nature of *Roderick Hudson* (AN 10). Though James's self-criticisms here—that Northampton, Massachusetts is inadequately represented, that Christina is too largely painted, that the book displays "almost too stern a moral" in ushering Roderick so quickly to his fall—amount to a failure in the

realist's "art of representing [things]," there is no hint that such a failure owes to an unwitting surrender to allegory or romance (AN 12, 9). Sheila Teahan contends that the allegorical ending of *Roderick*, by allegorizing the writerly fall of Hawthorne, "reintroduces Hawthorne, in a kind of return of the repressed, in the form of allegory" (161). And it goes without saying that to allegorize the fall of allegory is merely to inaugurate a broader meta-allegory, to slide into the maw of a textual repetition-compulsion. But in keeping with the complications and circumspections that characterize the post-lapserian American, the Jamesian revisionary strategies are at once more deliberate and more elaborate. Instead of succumbing to the circular allegory of allegory, *Roderick* will enact the ironization of allegory, the inoculation of the textual whole against its allegorical parts.

III

The Marble Faun allegorizes the fall of humankind through a series of personal lapses: Donatello falls from the pastoral innocence of antiquity to modern guilt, Hilda from ignorance to knowledge of evil, Miriam from passivity to complicity, and Miriam's "model" from physical heights to physical depths. But where Hawthorne's romance performs (or at least reenacts) the originary fall, the America of *Roderick Hudson* is already fallen, both because it comes after Hawthorne and because it occurs in the wake of the "fratricidal carnage" of the Civil War. The novel hints at this loss of ante-bellum innocence in the diabolical language which pervades its earliest chapters. To Mrs. Hudson, her son is "a monster of depravity" and his patron "an agent of the foul fiend" (75, 77). Even before encountering the temptations and dissolutions of Europe, Roderick says his art is motivated by a "restless fiend" rather than by a purity like Hilda's (62). This insistence on the unholiness of the fallen "stalwart republic" is the first of James's many reversals of *The Marble Faun* which ironize the very project of Hawthorne's allegory by asking what it could mean to fall, however allegorically, in an already post-lapserian world. By exploring the nature and quality of American fallenness against the lapses of the Old World, James is establishing categories that will later be mobilized in his own bid to recuperate priority.

Importantly, the national lapse of the Civil War is figured in *Roderick* not simply as a fall, but specifically as a fall into dualism, as a splitting of both the nation and the American self. Not only is Roderick the scion of a divided family (his father was Southern, his mother Northern), but he is forced by the death of his Union soldier brother into a divided selfhood: "I have to fill a double place. I have to be my brother as well as myself. It's a good deal to ask of a man, especially when he has so little talent as I for being what he is not" (76). Roderick's artwork also betrays a splitting into a paradoxical dualism; it displays, thinks Rowland, not the naïveté of an innocent, but a certain "artless artfulness," an irresolvable combination of innocence and experience.

Other characters evince dualisms which are no less striking for not being direct products of the Civil War. In his upbringing, Rowland has been buffeted by the contrary forces of capitalism and asceticism, both components of a Puritan tradition the novel sees as cleft by hypocrisy. Rowland's captain-of-industry

father Jonas Mallet has used his "handsome fortune" to raise his son under "an exaggerated simplicity which was kept up really at great expense"—a costly mock-up of the ascetic Puritan education (56). As a result, the young millionaire is "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring," unwilling to renounce the wealth which allows him to travel and pursue his interests in the arts, but also unable to perceive a "moral advantage in driving a lucrative trade" (58). Rowland Mallet's surname (though his first name is also a surname, that of his mother's family) may suggest a sculptor's tool, but Rowland is only half of an artist, "a man of genius, half finished . . . the genius has been left out, the faculty of expression is wanting; but the need for expression remains" (53). In a doomed attempt to reamalgamate the divided American self, he and Roderick together will comprise a single artist, with the sculptor providing the genius that Rowland will fan with "the breath of criticism" (67).

Perhaps the one American from the opening chapters of *Roderick Hudson* who seems impervious to the dividedness characterizing Rowland and Roderick is the sculptor's employer, Mr. Striker. Like Mr. Spooner (and the Mallet family), Striker's workmanlike surname suggests the industrial, entrepreneurial background from which he springs, for the character is the type of the American self-made man. In Mrs. Hudson's parlor he denounces all the designs Rowland has made on Roderick in favor of his own production-minded work ethic, and his admonitions seem prophetic in the light of Roderick's eventual fall: "I didn't go off to the Old World to learn my business . . . take the word for it of a man who has made his way inch by inch and doesn't believe that we wake up to find our work done because we have lain all night a-dreaming of it" (89). Such wakeful advice refutes Rowland's earlier contention (which his "imitative" genius has encountered in a book) that genius "is a kind of somnambulism. The artist performs great feats in a dream. We must not wake him up lest he should lose his balance" (51, 66). Yet for all his prophecies Striker is hardly *Roderick's* moral center, and there is even a suggestion—or perhaps more a wish, given that the Gilded Age setting of the novel was the heyday of Strikerism—that men of his ilk should no longer exist in a country with the fundamental schisms resulting from a civil war. Roderick destroys his satirical bust of Striker even as it reposes tellingly between two other sculptures which trope the national division, a "colossal head of a negro tossed back, defiant" and a "sepulchral monument" to Roderick's brother Stephen Hudson, slain in the fighting (72). Striker's monistic claims of self-determination, shadowed by heroic memorials to a subjected race and a sacrificed generation, begin to ring hollow in the fallen landscape of the novel. Roderick, finally, will underscore the simultaneous erosion of the self-made man and the "stalwart republic" by mimicking Striker's reading of the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July (65). Along with the righteous egotism of the self-made man, the founding myth of American unity and integrity has been reduced to caricature in the post-lapserian world of James's novel.

If pre-lapserian Hawthorne thought America a land of "no shadow . . . in broad and simple daylight," James has vividly reimagined the fallen landscape rippling with the shadows cast by self-division. Yet it is important to remember that one can stand in two kinds of shadow. The America of *Roderick Hudson*

stands in its own shadow, lengthening now that the "broad and simple daylight" of unity and prosperity have moved out of the nation's noon. This is the shadow of dualism, by which the once-prominent unities and clarities of an unfallen time are now stalked by distortions, ambiguities, ambivalences. But Roderick's America as yet stands in no shadow but its own, which is to say originality and primacy are not yet eclipsed by the grandeur of previous achievements or traditions. Despite his internal dividedness, Roderick is still the type of the native talent—untutored, unselfconscious, and able; he is "the happy youth who, in a New England village, without aid or encouragement, without models or examples, had found it so easy to produce a lovely work" (60–61). His rhapsodizings about American art are buoyed by a faith in the possibilities of such an unschooled originality:

... he declared that he was above all an advocate for American art. He didn't see why we shouldn't produce the greatest works in the world. ... We had only to be true to ourselves, to pitch in and not be afraid, to fling Imitation overboard and fix our eyes upon our National Individuality. "I declare," he cried, "there's a career for a man, and I have twenty minds to embrace it on the spot—to be the typical, original, national American artist! It's inspiring!" (70)

Roderick's exhortation to "fling Imitation overboard" is nothing if not a half-baked reiteration of Emerson, perhaps even a restatement of specific passages from the Transcendentalist's "Self Reliance." "Insist on yourself; never imitate," Emerson writes in that essay; "your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession" (81). For James, writing of the early 1840s, Emerson's orations were undeniably original and inimitably American. They were "the most poetical, the most beautiful productions of the American mind, and they were thoroughly local and national. ... In the light, fresh American air, unthickened and undarkened by customs and institutions established, these things, as the phrase is, told" (HT 89). Emerson is, for James, the spokesman of the ante-bellum innocence of "undarkened" America—which is why James exaggerates the Emersonian sides of Hawthorne. But there is something eerie in Roderick Hudson's pseudo-Emersonian outpourings, the more so because the sculptor is ready at a moment's notice to consign "our National Individuality to perdition" for a chance to travel to the Old World. And though Rowland laments the "imitative" nature of his own genius and praises Roderick's originality, he will take his *protégé* to the Old World to "study the antique" by "imitating" it, rousing the somnambulist sculptor from his brief dream of American self-reliance by immersing him in antiquities (71, 86). The post-bellum American, James seems to suggest, cannot drink once from the cup of knowledge without thirsting, like Roderick's sculpture of the Greek Water-drinker, for more. Having encountered the shadows of self-division in his own land, he must now journey to the Old World which is thickened and darkened "by customs and institutions established." Emerson reads here like a prophecy of Roderick's doom:

"He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. . . . He carries ruins to ruins" (80).

Ruins are certainly what Roderick finds in an Italy the narrator describes as oppressively "historic, in the sense of being weighted with a ponderous past, blighted with the melancholy of things that had had their day" (225). Significantly, the Roman ruins encountered by the sculptor are not mere tourist destinations made banal by a Baedeker, but retain a power to "weight" and "blight" the present: the "ponderous past" is in some sense more present *than* the present in a landscape "where you stumble at every step on the disinterred bones of the past" (273). Roderick hardly settles in Rome before he begins to stagger from the burden of the past glories which surround him: "I have seen enough for the present . . . I have an indigestion of impressions; I must work them off before I go in for any more. I don't want to look at any more of other people's works for a month—not even at Nature's own. I want to look at Roderick Hudson's!" (103). If Roderick's overdose of antiquity sounds suspiciously Hawthornean, it is because the passage deliberately echoes not only the preface to *The Marble Faun*, but also the "exceedingly tiresome affair," reported by James, of Hawthorne's visit to the British Museum: "It quite crushes a person to see so much at once, and I wandered from hall to hall with a weary and heavy heart, wishing (Heaven forgive me!) that the Elgin marbles and the frieze of the Parthenon were all burnt to lime, and that the granite Egyptian statues were hewn and squared into building stones" (HT 148). Roderick's very wail of belatedness is no more than an oath of filiation to Hawthorne; uncannily, the American artist goes all the way to Italy only to find that the "disinterred bones" which haunt him there are American bones. The dead European masters are not the only artistic forebears who menace James and his protagonist in the late Italian terrain.

The novel's Italy is the land not only of death, but of debt. The sculptor's complaint implies a debt to the past which he might "work off" through his own artistic production. This accruing debt to the past, moreover, is only one in a series of debts which suggest that the Old World is, for James, the scene of indebtedness. Roderick's trip to Europe is itself predicated on debts: Roderick is indebted (and in a sense indentured) to Rowland for his passage and expenses, a debt he will discharge by completing a dozen statues. Rowland, at the same time, is indebted to Mrs. Hudson for lending him her son. And Mary Garland, who is to remain with Mrs. Hudson as long as Roderick is away, will act as a kind of human collateral for both loans, doomed to long evenings of needlepoint until Roderick can earn his freedom and enough money to marry her. Later on, the artist will articulate the sorrows of indebtedness with a reference to *The Merchant of Venice*: "It was so nominated in the bond," he tells Christina Light, relinquishing his ownership of her bust for the privilege of sculpting it (166). The debts that pervade the Old World suggest the "ruins" to which Roderick has come are specifically the ruins of deep indebtedness.⁶

Nonetheless, Roderick responds initially to the overdetermined ruins of Rome with confidence in his powers, as if rising to a challenge: "The other day, when I was looking at Michael Angelo's Moses, I was seized with a kind of

defiance—a reaction against all this mere passive enjoyment of grandeur . . . and it seemed to me, not perhaps that I should some day do as well, but that at least I *might!*” (104).⁷ The combative certainty of his words recalls the demonic vitalism of Blake or Byron—hardly surprising in an artist driven by “a restless fiend.” Several scenes later, at Rowland’s party for his artist-friends, Roderick’s grandiose plan to sculpt “America” and other allegorical subjects in the contortionless classical style is challenged by Madame Grandoni, who points out that “there are contortions enough in Michael Angelo.” Roderick’s rebuttal—“Oh, Michael Angelo was not me!”—elicits laughter, but is again striking in its monistic self-confidence (125). Such proclamations seem to station the sculptor as a nineteenth-century Miltonic Satan, striking down the dualism of fallenness with the monistic utterances, “Myself am Hell,” and “We know no time when we were not as we are now; / Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised / By our own quickening power” (86, 136).⁸ There are also echoes, again, of the radical and totalizing self-reliance which allows Emerson to say, “To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius” (47).

Roderick’s most vigorous bid for artistic autonomy and originality is tellingly haunted by (and in) the shades of dead writers. By Roderick’s belated day, self-begetting utterances cannot help but summon a whole tradition of similar utterances, and the speaker is again stumbling on the “disinterred bones” of the past. “We stand like a race with shrunken muscles,” says Roderick, “staring helplessly at the weights our forefathers easily lifted. But I don’t hesitate to proclaim it—I mean to lift them again!” (123). There is a strength in Roderick’s monistic vows “never to make anything ugly,” nor to produce art that is not “simple and vast and infinite,” but it is strength which can only react against the prior achievements of “our forefathers,” the strength not of an original man but of a fallen one, an autumnal denial of dualisms. Roderick’s cry that “Michael Angelo was not me!” cannot ultimately be a celebration of priority. It is at best a defense against a past that is all too present in art-clogged Europe. In the end, Rowland will denounce the foundered sculptor in explicitly Emersonian terms as a “transcendent egoist,” underscoring the failure of his friend’s monistic rhetoric to defeat the deadly claims of time and tradition. Though attempting to deny the power of “ruins” to blight his present powers, Roderick can only reveal the depth of his debt to the “bones of the past.”

Close on the heels of his vow to lift the weights of the ancients, Roderick begins to evolve another, markedly different strain of thought, one which is less vitalist than aestheticist:

“What becomes of our moments, our impressions,” he went on after a long pause, “all the material of thought that life pours into us at such a rate . . . ? There are twenty moments a week—a day, for that matter, some days—that seem supreme, twenty impressions that seem ultimate, that appear to form an intellectual era. But others come treading on their heels and sweeping them along, and they melt like water into water and settle the question of precedence among themselves.” (105)

Having, as James might have put it, “chucked” Emersonian self-reliance for a chance to go to Europe and imitate antique models, Roderick is now in the aestheticist terrain of Walter Pater, whose “Conclusion” to *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), with its imagery of melting water and fleeting impressions, begins to color Roderick’s speech. His earlier “indigestion of impressions” notwithstanding, the Paterian Roderick is one whose “appetite for novelty was insatiable . . . but in half an hour the novelty had faded, he had guessed the secret . . . and was clamouring for a keener sensation” (106). Oddly, it is just this “clamouring for a keener sensation” that leads Roderick out of Rowland’s watchful gaze and into the hands of more dissolute company, from whom he discovers the “charms of emulation,” a hint that the aestheticist creed, like Roderick’s earlier egotistical vitalism, is no guarantee of original artistic achievement (137). The hint seems borne out when Roderick, now bankrupt of artistic powers, appears in his boudoir as a wilted arch-aesthete. As Jonathan Freedman notes, the sculptor brings to mind “an aestheticist voluptuary, a parodic version of the Baudelairean dandy” when Rowland finds him languishing on a divan in a dressing-gown, staring up at the ceiling and “smelling a large white rose, which he continued to press to his nose” (Freedman 140; *RH* 302).⁹ Roderick, who began by mimicking his American employer’s reading of the Declaration of Independence, will end as an explicitly Continental caricature.

But how does an “insatiable” aestheticist appetite for sensation sour to an “indigestion of impressions” so extreme that the gourmand rejects all impression, avoiding “other people’s works for a month—even Nature’s,” and eventually even his own? Pater imagines time not as a medium that connects individual moments, but as a dissolving, isolating force that winnows experience into a kind of momentary impressionism:

Analysis goes a step farther still, and assures us that those impressions of the individual mind to which, for each one of us, experience dwindles down, are in perpetual flight; that each one of them is limited by time, and that as time is infinitely divisible, each of them is infinitely divisible also It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off—that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves. (60)

Because Paterian time is not a continuum but a perpetual “weaving and unweaving” of the self, it appears to free the subject from the temporal sorrows of belatedness, indebtedness, loyalty, even consistency. In an environment characterized by debt, obligation, and the weight of a “ponderous past,” nothing could be more alluring to an indentured artist than an aesthetic which claims to loose the bonds of time. Pater’s now-famous dicta, “Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end” and “art for art’s sake,” also resolve questions of aesthetics and epistemology, traditionally riddled with dualisms, by collapsing them to a simple tautology (60, 62). A whole string of troubling dyads—art versus morality, art versus

reality, art versus politics, art versus nature—is reduced to the immovable monad of “art for art’s sake.”

Roderick’s double dalliances, Paterian aestheticism and Emersonian monism, are alike in that both attempt to give the lie to time. But the repressed power of the past over the present always returns in *Roderick Hudson*, overshadowing the novel’s artist-hero; even the “insatiable appetite” of aestheticism cannot digest the “disinterred bones of the past” without experiencing a monstrous case of dyspepsia. Furthermore, because he dabbles in both aestheticism and monistic vitalism, Roderick ends up sandwiched in a binarism composed of two incompatible monisms: to insist on the power and primacy of the self is absurd if that self is perpetually woven and unwoven from one fleeting moment to the next. Such an impasse reveals both the aestheticist and vitalist strains as equally futile attempts to deny the tyranny of time. Gloriani’s prophecy, “‘you can’t fly; there’s no use trying’” bears itself out in the double-bind of Icarus: Roderick’s wax melts from the heat of his hubris and appetite for impressions even as his wings bog down from the artist’s immersion in antiquity (125).

Roderick’s Daedalian patron counsels his *protégé* to take the middle course of “passionate effort” (104). No stranger to the dualisms that trouble the artistic process, Rowland recognizes that the sculptor’s “beautiful faculty of production [is] a double-edged instrument, susceptible of being dealt in back-handed blows at its possessor” (190). But Rowland’s concern for his friend’s self-endangering “faculty of production” does not arise purely from altruism, but also from a desire to protect his own investments in Roderick. Though he may not speculate in the borax mines of Pennsylvania like his countryman Mr. Leavenworth, Rowland is no less engaged in a “speculation” with Roderick, and no less in command of the treacherous dialectics of the marketplace (98). From the outset, Rowland’s relationship with the artist is framed in the language of capitalism: in his “shrewd” speculation, Rowland makes a “gamble” on Roderick’s “capital” artistic abilities—read “artistic capital”—which he will develop into a “profitable” return. If the “bargain” fails, Rowland will be “held to strict account” by Roderick’s maternal lender (98, 132, 101, 81). As Rowland knows, profit inheres in the successful manipulation of certain economic power-dyads: capitalist and capital, investor and producer, patron and artist. The sculptor Gloriani knows this too, and has overcome his own subjection in the artistic marketplace by mastering its dynamics: by catering to the consumer, he has made a “capital of his talent,” driving a “pretty trade” in the kinds of sculpture demanded by rich buyers (117). But because Roderick embraces the tautological rhetoric of “art for art’s sake,” he is unable to set the exchange rates of his own “capital” abilities, and remains feudally indentured to his patron, a mere means of “transmut[ing] . . . impressions into production” to Rowland’s profiteering ends (108). The economic power dynamic between Rowland and Roderick may be deeply sublimated into the debts of loyalty and friendship, but it surfaces periodically in tropes that reveal the artist’s subjection to his investor: when Roderick’s artistic stride first shows signs of slackening, Rowland feels like “a man who has been riding a blood-horse at a steady gallop, and all of a sudden feels him stumble and balk” (129).

Ultimately, Roderick will be ridden into the ground by his inability to master the dialectics of production.

The self-capitalizing Gloriani issues the most condemnatory—and revealing—prophecy of Roderick's fall. Reacting violently to Roderick's classical vow "Never to make anything ugly," Gloriani bellows, "'You will do worse! You will become weak. You will have to take to violence, to contortions, to romanticism in self-defence. This sort of thing is like a man trying to lift himself up by the seat of his trousers. He may stand on tiptoe, but he can't do more. Here you stand on tiptoe, very gracefully, I admit; but you can't fly; there's no use trying'" (125). The image of a man trying to fly by lifting the seat of his own trousers once again tropes Roderick's doomed monistic attempt to ascend without the dualist aid of a lever or a pair of wings. Romanticism, then—the use of "violence" alongside serenity and "contortion" alongside idealism—springs from the knowledge of one's fallenness into binarisms and the ability to turn such knowledge into profit. This romantic coping or "self-defence" is the strategy by which Gloriani makes "capital of his talent": by acknowledging that he inhabits a world fallen into profiteering and "contortion," the sculptor is able to find what will suffice, to avoid becoming the dupe of fatal economic and artistic dualisms. Through Gloriani, James supplies the survival tactic of a lapsed age.

Roderick does "stumble and balk" against his subjection by refusing to complete the allegory of Culture commissioned by Mr. Leavenworth. But Gloriani's prophecy is wrong in the sense that Roderick never fully resorts to romantic dualism. Though he falls away from the high classicism of Adam and Eve into sculpting a seated woman and a drunken *lazzarone*, they are among his last efforts, and he acquiesces to fallenness rather than turning it to his advantage. And Roderick never gives up his beloved monisms to cope with his dualistic environment. The more his abilities wane, the more drastic his all-or-nothing rejections of Gloriani's romanticism become: "'The end of my work shall be the end of my life. . . . Production with me must be either pleasure or nothing. . . . I won't do second-rate work; I can't if I would. I have no cleverness apart from inspiration. I am not a Gloriani!'" (196–97). But such attempts to deny the dualisms peculiar to genius merely put one to the blade of that "double-edged instrument" which deals "back-handed blows at its possessor."

More strenuous, too, are the sculptor's denials of indebtedness as he fails increasingly to produce original work in the art-laden environs of Rome. Upon completing a bust of his mother, Roderick proclaims, "'It's a masterpiece, though I do say it. They tell us we owe so much to our parents. Well, I have paid the filial debt handsomely!'" (277).¹⁰ This is but desperately to evade the artistic burden of "filial debt" by seeking refuge in the biological parent. Other debts continue to accrue: the deeper Roderick sinks into the languid hedonisms of aestheticism, the more conscious and resentful he becomes of his growing financial and artistic debts to Rowland, and the less capable of paying them off. "'I know they are tremendous—I know I shall never repay them. I am bankrupt!'" (320). If, as Mary Garland opines, "genius was to one's spiritual economy what a large bank account was to one's domestic," Roderick learns there is no guarantee "that [his] credit is for an unlimited sum" (338, 196). Meanwhile, his disappointed creditor

has begun to eye other, more profitable investments. Rowland thinks that "Life owed him a compensation" and looks to Mary Garland "as a man in want of money may think of certain funds that he holds in trust." "You are," he tells her, "a capital subject for development" (250, 263). Only Roderick remains an obstacle to his patron's intended erotic investment. Bankrupt of all other capitals and currencies and of the art that is coextensive with his life, the sculptor realizes he can only discharge his debt to Rowland by paying the debt of nature.

IV

In his preface to *The American*, James describes his plot as a "trap set, in fine" for Christopher Newman's "wary freshness," a trap "into which it would blunder upon its fate" (AN 24). As *Roderick Hudson* nears its close, we hear similar traps—the text's carefully laid binarisms and double-binds—snapping shut on the desperate monisms of the novel's protagonist. But Roderick is not alone in being clapped in the jaws of the text's deadly dualisms; his philosophical forebears accompany him. By condemning the arch-Aestheticist and the arch-Egotist alongside his hero, James neutralizes two of his own precursors, robbing them of the power to menace his work. Roderick's fall unmasks Pater's aesthetic of "art for art's sake" as a tautology in the artistic economy and a solipsism in the social economy. The sculptor's failure also exposes the titanic monisms of the "spiritual sun-worshipper" Emerson as untenable self-aggrandizements in an age sunken in the shadows of both belatedness and self-division (HT 99). Survival, James implies through the "romantic" medium of Gloriani, no longer involves raw rhetorical force, but canny manipulations of the subtler dualisms of fallenness. This will be the legacy of the Jamesian "good American" described in *Hawthorne*: not dandiacal self-indulgence, nor Satanic self-reliance, but observation, proportion, criticism—the ability to finesse the fallen categories to one's advantage.

It seems odd that James's strategies should be articulated in the novel by Gloriani, a figure the narrator seems to scorn as a corrupt sell-out.¹¹ James himself, after all, may have borne a closer resemblance to Sam Singleton in his assiduous work habits, though his own agonized relations with the artistic marketplace distinguish him from the mousy painter. But to have a Jamesian truth dropping from the lips of a distinctly non-Jamesian character is part of the novelist's signature irony, his embrace of restless self-division. Besides, the commercial marketplace is not to be confused with its parallel vector, the textual economy where debts of influence replace debts of currency. But then Gloriani's harangue begs a further question of debt: to what extent is a romanticism characterized by dualism and fallenness—contortion tethered to idealism, violence to serenity—indebted to the romance of *Roderick Hudson*'s parent-text, Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*?

If crepuscular James dismisses Emerson as a "spiritual sun-worshipper," he is at least willing to concede to Hawthorne the "cat-like faculty of seeing in the dark" (HT 99). As such, Hawthorne would seem eligible for the darkened, post-lapsarian sensibility James so jealously guards, and Hawthorne himself, in his preface to *The Marble Faun*, evinces the romancer's affinity for the shadowy ruins

where his nocturnal art flourishes among "poetry, ivy, lichens and wallflowers." But elsewhere in *Hawthorne*, James fondly memorializes his subject as a pre-lapserian, "the last of the old-fashioned Americans," having earlier condemned Hawthorne's beloved allegory as a second-rate literary form, "quite one of the lighter exercises of the imagination" (149, 70). James seems to equivocate in his judgment of his precursor, unsure whether to bathe himself in the reflected glow of Hawthorne's achievement or in the harsher light of filial criticism.

At this juncture, it is worth going back to my earlier point that in the Jamesian universe one can stand in two kinds of shadow: the shadow of self-division or the shadow of eclipse by another self. For James, Hawthorne's night vision equips him to see solely in the dark of eclipse—the eclipse of the present by the past. Hawthorne is post-lapserian insofar as he is at home in a gloomy, shadow-filled Italian landscape which is really no more than a "sepulchral storehouse of the past" (HT 312). This is the same belated Hawthorne who goes to the British Museum only to deplore the grandeur of the Elgin marbles and Egyptian statues, wishing them "burnt into lime" and "hewn and squared into building stones" (148). But however much Hawthorne may understand and lament the belatedness of his age, he will always remain pre-lapserian for James in that he antedates, for all purposes, the national lapse into self-division precipitated by the Civil War. For James, then, Hawthornian romance is a belated form, but not a self-divided one. Gloriani's romanticism, by contrast, is a form which not only acknowledges belatedness, but comprehends, laments, and takes advantage of self-division.

The aesthetic James articulates through Gloriani is romantic in another respect: it descends, particularly in its scorn for allegory, from the Coleridgian school of English Romanticism. James and Gloriani have different reasons for discounting the allegorical mode—James deems it too mechanical, while Gloriani finds it too difficult to maintain—but both inherit Coleridge's preference for symbol over allegory as set forth in *The Statesman's Manual*. "Allegory," writes Coleridge, "is but a translation of abstract notions into a picture-language which is itself nothing but an abstraction from the objects of the senses," while symbol "is characterized by a translucence of the Special in the Individual or of the General in the Especial or of the Universal in the General" (30). Coleridge coins the term "tautegorical"—"expressing the same subject with a difference"—to describe symbol, in contrast to the "expression of different subjects with a resemblance" performed by the allegorical (Hodgson 285). The tautegorical symbol, then, reduces to a synecdoche, in which the whole is translucent in the part, while allegory distills to metaphor, or the resemblance of otherwise different objects. James takes up the synecdoche not only as a romantic strategy of "self-defence" in *Roderick Hudson*, but throughout his work as a trope central to epistemology, a kind of hermeneutic prejudice which is at once necessary for interpretation and, more often than not, lamentably misleading.¹²

In a sense, Roderick fails because he lacks the synecdochic or tautegorical sensibility of *community*: "He never saw himself as part of a whole; only as the clear-cut, sharp-edged, isolated individual, rejoicing or raging, as the case might be, but needing in any case absolutely to affirm himself" (325). Really, Roderick

is neither tautegorical nor allegorical, but occupies the solipsistic, tautological hinterland between them. Over the course of *Roderick Hudson*, James goes to lengths to develop this tropological or modal geography, mapping the shadows of eclipse onto the Old World and the shadows of self-division onto the New. In America, Emerson advocated a monism which has eroded into dualisms, while in Europe Pater deploys aestheticism to deny the decay of priority into belatedness. Fallen Europe, land of tradition, sustains Hawthornian romance; America, land of sedition, gives birth in its fall to Jamesian romanticism, which is to say realism, the mode of criticism, proportion, circumspection. "Transcendent egotist" Roderick Hudson, bringing his American ruins to the ruins of Europe, is unequipped to cope with the shadows in either land; he is crushed, as if in a tectonic binarism, between the dividedness of one and the belatedness of the other.

Allegory and irony map onto the Jamesian geography as well. As the chief mode of the romance Hawthorne sought among the ruins of the Old World, allegory belongs to Europe. Appropriately, it is also the trope of belatedness, for it involves both a temporal disjunction and an enfiliation to the past. The annotator of *Roderick Hudson* cannot, for example, interpret the recurrent "little blue-streaked flower" as "a symbol of happiness . . . common in Romantic literature" without invoking that symbol's interpretive tradition, citing the German author Novalis, in whose work "the search for the blue flower is an allegory of the poet's life" (390-91). Without fealty to its contextual tradition, allegory cannot exist. The allegorical mode, then, tropes belatedness not only because it only functions within a pre-existing interpretive context—from scriptural typology to morality plays to Arthurian romance—but because every use of allegory constitutes an oath of filiation to that context, to that past.

The double interpretive strata attained by such an oath would seem to make allegory a self-divided and thus "American" mode (according to the logic of *Roderick*), split into its "literal" reading and its "allegorical" one. But the relationship between these readings can allow no slippage, since allegory's capacity to convey a moral is predicated on the simultaneity and one-to-one correspondence of its literal and allegorical layers. Again, without such a bond, allegory loosens into metaphor. Hawthorne may bewail the belatedness of Europe, but he displays a faith in the power of the allegorical romance mode to deliver his "thoughtful moral" without distortion. To achieve such a delivery, the two levels of reading within allegory must run in tandem, perfectly calibrated by their interpretive tradition.

If allegory is the mode of tradition, irony is the mode of sedition. However one defines irony—the swerving of event from context, the divergence of what is said from what is meant, the straying of appearance from reality—the mode involves a peculiarly "American" fall into dualism, in which a heterodox reading secedes from the union of orthodoxy. Unlike allegory, which must be at one with itself in doubleness, irony thrives on self-division. Whereas allegory is created by context, irony undermines context even as it depends upon it; where allegory performs the marriage of temporally divided meanings, irony carries out the divorce of simultaneous meanings. While the parallel readings of Hawthorne's allegory are bound by his moral message, no moral imperative limits the prolif-

eration of meanings in irony, and thus the "American" mode is also a dangerous one. But James does not use irony because it is amoral, nor because he sympathizes with the politics of Confederate secession. James employs irony because *not* to employ it is to follow Hawthorne, to deny the fallen realities of the present with a nostalgia for an irrecoverable past. Realism—the "romanticism" of Gloriani—may acknowledge past priorities and unities as irrecoverable, but concerns itself less with nostalgia than with the pragmatic business of coping with the present, of mastering its binarisms to the extent possible. Though rejecting the hollow Satanic monisms of "Myself am Hell," James's realism follows Milton's anti-hero in a rare moment of *dualist* vitalism, the moment of proclaiming that it is "Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven" (Milton 13).¹³

In coping with these fallen categories and attempting to turn them to advantage, realism's chief tool—irony—will transform James's "filial debts" into profits by manipulating the dialectics of the novel's textual economy. But the curious end of *Roderick Hudson* seems framed, at first glance, in an allegorical rather than an ironical tradition. It is while questing after the elusive blue flower of allegorical happiness that Roderick first encounters the metaphoric abyss—here, a precipice near the Coliseum that resembles "the face of an Alpine cliff"—into which he will plummet in the grand tradition of Satan and Adam, not to mention Miriam's tormentor in *The Marble Faun* (214). As the novel moves toward Roderick's physical and allegorical "fall," the Alpine landscape swells to *Prelude*-like proportions, invoking the "untrodden ways" of a Wordsworthian sublime where a "colossal figure" strides in the shadow of a famous crag suggestively named "the Jungfrau" (358–59, 361, 368). In this overdetermined setting, Roderick repeats the falls of his predecessors. Whirled about in a fittingly Byronic storm, the "transcendent egotist" plunges into the allegorical abyss of monism which cleaves egotism from aestheticism, production from speculation, division from belatedness, America from Europe—a range of towering dualisms. When the storm passes, the dead sculptor has enunciated James's oath of fealty to the allegorical tradition of The Fall.

So straightforward a reading as this requires a Hawthorne-like faith in the union of literal and allegorical levels of meaning to produce an unproblematically "thoughtful moral." But James ironizes the allegorical components of the novel's climax at every turn. The "colossal figure" which tropes an angry Yahweh stalking in the garden turns out, in a moment of comic deflation, to be none other than "little Sam Singleton," (358–60). Having heard Rowland's confession of love for Mary Garland, Roderick's next-to-last words descend almost to the level of bathos: "It's very strange! It's like something in a novel." And when Roderick's body is finally found after having "fallen from a great height" and spent a night in a downpour, it is "singularly little disfigured . . . it looked almost handsome" (377, 386). Though the pristine condition of the corpse may refer allegorically to the beauty of God's handiwork when liberated from corruption—or to the Romantic tradition of dying young and leaving a beautiful corpse in the manner of Chatterton and Keats—Roderick's mannequin-like repose seems laughable in a world otherwise presented with the precision and realism of a guide book, a

world which has also witnessed the horrors and disfigurements of the American Civil War.

Roderick's allegorical fall is not only ironized, but it begets a series of ironies on the novel's concluding pages. Though his death supposedly constitutes a repayment of his debts to Rowland by freeing his patron and fiancée from their commitments to him, Roderick also knows that Mary "idolises me, and if she never were to see me again she would idolise my memory" (378). He is right, and the self-abnegating gesture that was to have freed Mary merely enslaves her to his memory; Roderick's purported self-sacrifice, then, is really the summit of his selfishness. And though Rowland was also to have been freed by the death of his burdensome *protégé*, the millionaire now finds that "Roderick had filled his life. His occupation was gone" (387). When irony is the profit-making medium, the ironist is also vulnerable to irony: the profiteer, more often than not, will also be profited *by*. In the novel's final meta-irony, Rowland Mallet, profiteer extraordinaire, is prevented by the very profit-making mode of James's irony from cashing in on his own erotic investments. Rowland's emotional bankruptcy at the novel's close warns that the speculator can "lose big" as easily as "profit." Through irony, then, James has contorted the *felix culpa* occasioned by Adam's fall into a violent *infelix culpa*.¹⁴

But Roderick's fall, however ironized, is not the only allegory to be found in James's novel. The transatlantic geography I have traced in the work—the alignments of realism, division, and irony with America and romance, belatedness, and allegory with Europe—itself constitutes a kind of allegory of difference, as does my own likening of Roderick and Rowland to Icarus and Daedalus. James's strategies of ironic dualism seem to be subsumed into these larger meta-allegories of dualism: the ironization of allegory is swallowed by the allegory of irony. The specter of infinite regress arises, suggesting the allegory of irony might in turn be engulfed by a still larger irony, and so on.

James himself seems to have oscillated between the two modes as often as he took ship from one side of the Atlantic to the other. Though we think of James as primarily ironic, the titles of *The Sacred Fount*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl* announce governing metaphors which sometimes broaden into allegory. But this very process of oscillating between modes which seem locked in irresolvable conflict belongs, finally, to the dualist terrain of irony. Irony can accommodate allegory as one term of a binarism, but allegory cannot ultimately accommodate irony without ceasing to be at one with itself, and thus *becoming* irony. Even to fall victim to your own unwitting allegories, as James does in *Roderick Hudson*, is ironic in its betrayal of meaning dislodged from intention. This omnivorous meta-irony is James's chief revision of Hawthorne and the romance tradition. In the novel's textual economy, irony gets you more meaning for your initial investment of words. Borrowing Hawthorne's allegory as the venture capital for his own realist speculations, James profits by turning his "filial debts" into the profits of irony.

There is another final meta-irony at work in *Roderick Hudson*: the ironic sense that realism can never lay romance to rest without resorting to suspiciously

romantic strategies. Roderick, as the type of the doomed romantic protagonist, cannot be engulfed by realism without a spectacularly allegorical death. Seeking to disable romance, James deploys the Coleridgian symbol or synecdoche in a romantic strategy of self-defense against the return of influence: the whole can be neutralized by the use of its own strategies, *in part*, against itself. There are parts of Hawthorne's romance in *Roderick*, but just enough to produce the self-defense of realism. There is also allegory in the novel, but just enough to activate the defenses of irony, to subsume allegory into meta-irony. So, too, there is part of Roderick in James, but just enough for the novelist to sacrifice his protagonist to save himself. To be fallen, for the post-lapserian James, is in some sense to have fallen ill with influence. By injecting a part of the threatening whole into the text, the synecdochic vaccine summons the saving defenses of irony. As the self-divided mode of James's realism, irony inoculates *Roderick Hudson* against the influenza of influence.

NOTES

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¹The study of literary influence is often wrongly appended to psychobiography, perhaps owing to misreadings of Harold Bloom's writings on influence, which engage Freudian paradigms. The psychobiographer views texts as repositories of authorial anxieties, ambitions, and ambivalences; the study of influence views texts as realizations of textual and intertextual anxieties, ambitions, and ambivalences.

²The Penguin edition reprints the 1879 revision of *Roderick Hudson* (London: Macmillan, 1879) rather than the 1907 New York Edition, and I agree with editor Geoffrey Moore's assessment that the 1879 English edition is "more faithful to the spirit of the original" (33). I have keyed my notes to the Penguin edition because of its wide availability.

³Teahan has extended and developed her analysis of *Roderick Hudson* in her recent book, *The Rhetorical Logic of Henry James* (68–93). Teahan's project illustrates that a concern for the mechanics of figuration and representation need not constitute a flight from material and political analysis—that concerns with rhetoric, history, and ideology can dovetail in James criticism as they do in James's own writings. There are a number of general points of contiguity between Teahan's reading of *Roderick* and my own: both use Coleridgian definitions of allegory to explore the novel's agonistic relation to Hawthorne, while also reading allegory more broadly as the vapor-trail of the sign in time, and thus as the essence of belatedness.

⁴Mrs. Light observes that "When [Christina] goes into a studio she is fatal to the pictures" (148). Not only does Christina shame artistic renderings of female beauty, but her own powers of imagination challenge the male artist's project of translating the female subject's beauty into a monument to male artistry. Mrs. Light's insistence on owning Roderick's bust of her daughter, and Christina's reminder to the sculptor that "you have not a grain of property in your work" jar the artwork partly loose from the domain of male artistic property—if only to place it into the hands of Christina's "slave-merchant" mother (150, 166, 163).

⁵One might even read the anti-allegory passage in *Hawthorne* as James's own self-reproach for the awkwardness of "Benvolio," whose eponymous hero vacillates in his affections between a worldly countess and Scholastica, the bookish daughter of a professor. If James found the "machinery" of Hawthorne's allegories too visible, it is all the more so in "Benvolio." For a variorum edition of "Benvolio," interlarding James's 1879 revisions, see LB 127–56.

⁶It may seem quixotic to connect financial and artistic "debt" by more than a metaphor, but in *Roderick Hudson* the two kinds of debt are inseparable: the sculptor's descent into artistic debt leads him simultaneously down the slippery slope of financial debtorship. To argue that one kind of debt here merely tropes the other—for example, that succumbing to forebears *means* succumbing to creditors—is to tumble in to the very allegorizing the novel questions. The history of both debtorships in the West, however, does suggest a connection beyond metaphor: the nineteenth century saw a rise in both the awareness of an accreting and "wealthy" artistic heritage, and in the availability and

acceptability of consumer credit. The connective tissue between the two "debts" has yet to be anatomized.

⁷Roderick's "defiance" here recalls his own early sculpture of a "colossal head of a negro tossed back, defiant" (72). His gesture is a familiar one: the male artist, in struggling to break free of tradition, appropriates the images and conditions of real subjection and revolt to create a mythology of artistic enslavement and rebellion.

⁸The fiendish language that peppers the New England scenes of *Roderick* may also echo earlier American diabolical romances, such as Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland*, or even Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown"—belonging to Puritanical rather than English Romantic tradition and its Miltonic roots. That the devil is so at home in Hawthorne's American tales makes curious his remark, in the preface to *The Marble Faun*, that the unfallen "broad and simple daylight" of America is romance-resistant.

⁹For another account of James's encounters with Pater's writings, see Ellmann, who argues that James read (and might even have reviewed) *The Renaissance* in 1873 (132–33).

¹⁰As his letters reveal, James's "filial debts" were as vexing (and as unpaid) as Roderick's around the time he was writing the novel. In a letter of November 1, 1875, to his family, James writes:

I have been haunted since I left home by the recollection of three small unpaid bills, which I pray mother to settle for me.

1. At Dollard's, the cobbler's. About 2 dollars.

2. Schönhof and Moellers. About \$3.00.

3.d. At Smith's, the tailor's, 7\$ for that summer coat: not 7.50, as his bill said, which I left on my bedroom table. Excuse these sordid details. This sitting still to write makes me swim and roll about most damnably.

Soon after James apologizes to his mother for his seemingly extravagant drafts on the parental account, and continues, "I cannot say how soon any returns from *Roderick Hudson* will come in; but of course as they do they are all father's to whom they will be sent." Proceeds from the very novel which anatomizes the artist's "filial debt" will go to pay off the author's real filial debts (SL 118–19). *Roderick Hudson*'s thematization of debt, both actual and figurative, makes James's 1873 comments on Eliot's *Middlemarch* read like a prescription for his own novel: "It is a tragedy based on unpaid butcher's bills, and the urgent need for small economies" (GE 655). For James, realism is the first literary mode to comprehend real debt.

¹¹Though it is perhaps less odd considering Gloriani's survival and reappearance, years later, in *The Ambassadors* as a more respectable, less ironized figure whom Strether finds crowned "with the light, with the romance, of glory" (199). Some commentators doubt whether the two Glorianis are in fact the same man, so different do their characters seem. But, as Tintner points out, James considerably dimmed down the corrupt elements of Gloriani's art and character in the 1907 revision of *Roderick Hudson*, most likely to make that younger Gloriani comport better with the older man in *The Ambassadors* (189 ff.).

¹²James muddles—perhaps intentionally—the Coleridgean distinction between allegory and symbol by taking "symbols and correspondences" to be synonymous with allegory, or at least part of its domain (HT 70). Here, the Jamesian "symbol" appears to refer to Coleridge's "allegory," the representation of different subjects with a similarity—in other words, metaphor as opposed to synecdoche. James seldom repeats his precursors without revising them.

¹³Another allegorical reading of James's novel might see Roderick's and Rowland's vexed relationship as a dramatization of the agon between the two R's of literary history, Romance and Realism: Wertheresque, Byronic Roderick strives heroically, only to perish in appropriately Chattertonian/Keatsian fashion. He is succeeded by Rowland, Jamesian figure of proportion, complication, observation—Realism. The capstone of this allegory is, of course, an irony: Rowland realizes after Roderick's death that the same man who had blocked his erotic desires "had filled his life. His occupation was gone" (387). Realism, unburdened of Romanticism, can only pine for it—much as in Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* Romanticism is retired in the form of the Byronic, disabled Rochester, only to generate nostalgic longing for the Romantic figure in its prime.

¹⁴Ironical postscript: perhaps an unavailable Mary Garland satisfies Rowland's desires exactly, providing him with just the occupation—fruitless, interminable patience—to replace his patronage of Roderick.

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