AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATES IN EUROPE

SINCE 1865

presented by

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for the degree of

PH.D.

October, 1963
May, 1964

ABSTRACT

The purpose of this study is to examine both the cultural relations of Europe and America and the social situation of the writer in the United States by considering the recurrence of expatriation among American writers. It is particularly concerned with the important phases of expatriation to Europe which occurred between about 1907 and 1914 and again between 1919 and 1929. During these periods a very large proportion of the most promising and original American writers chose to live abroad, though at this time American literature was in fact "coming of age."

These phases of expatriation are located historically, and analysed in the assumption that such systematic and group activity can be explained in terms of general cultural tensions, and in psychological and sociological as well as literary terms. The early chapters are thus intended to offer a general historical account of literary contact with England or Europe and America and of the situation of the American writer as it developed during the nineteenth century, in order to show how these factors are related to the phenomenon of the growth of expatriation and to show how the topic became a subject of national debate. In the American context,

expatriation becomes a gesture of large meanings, and the first three chapters attempt to trace these meanings for the American mind, by indicating the forces up to 1900 which make such expatriation as became commonplace in America likely. The rise and decline of expatriation during the twentieth century is studied in terms of the changing social role of the American writer, the shift in cultural relations between Europe and America, and the instinct toward cosmopolitanism which is judged to be an important characteristic of the American writer. The conclusion seeks to account for this cosmopolitanism, to consider why the forms of literary expatriation from America are changing, and to estimate the general importance of expatriation in the overall development of American literature.

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NOTE

No portion of this thesis has been submitted in support of an application for any degree at any university.

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CHAPTER ONE.

FACTORS IN AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION.

1. INTRODUCTION

The number of American writers who have chosen to live and work for an extended period outside their native land has long been found sufficiently large to provoke comment. So, too, has their persistent choice of Europe as a destination - a choice that has been thought by many commentators, from the eighteenth century onward, to be a fundamental violation of the American direction and the American dream. American artistic and literary colonies grew up in London, Paris, Rome and Florence in the eighteenth century and persisted long after American art and American literature was supposed to have come of age. Many American novels, poems and works of criticism, aesthetics and history have been written in Europe, and frequently have had their first publication there. Van Dyck Brooks has commented on the number of American books written in Paris

> from the days of Franklin, Jefferson and Joel Barlow to the days of Hemingway, Dos Passos and Scott Fitzgerald. There Cooper wrote The Prairie and Irving The Tales of a Traveller, and John Howard Payne Home, Sweet Home. Henry Adams followed the precedent of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia when he had his Tahiti privately printed in Paris, where Stephen Vincent Bénét wrote John Brown's Body. Writing in Paris is one of the oldest American customs. It all but antedates, with Franklin, the founding of the republic.(1)

A similar list could be composed for London or Rome, as wide-ranging in subject and, as far as London is concerned, yet further extended in time.

There is, not surprisingly, a whole long history of American experience in Europe, and attitudes towards Europe have played an important part in the formation of American literary as well as political opinions, from the very earliest colonial days. A large section of the American literary experience,

conceived as an intellectual and imaginative tradition, has been shaped there. Even the most dauntlessly American of writers braved the European experience for their own ends, discovering themselves, or something outside themselves, in the process, affording a fascinating series of vignettes - of Washington Irving visiting the English wakes and fairs, of Cooper examining in detail the operation of the European class-system among different grades of servants, of Hawthorne sitting in a poky consul's office in Liverpool, of Melville shocked at the poverty of the same city, of Emerson reading Goethe in Naples, of the older Henry James, so stifled by European class-consciousness that he longed to be back in a cabin among the Indians, of Margaret Fuller begging Rome to turn its back on the past, of Henry James complaining in a London hotel that England had an excess of the superfluous and not enough of the necessary, of Henry Adams sitting on the steps of Santa Maria di Ara Coeli, of Bret Harte at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, of Gertrude Stein talking to workmen down the Paris manholes, of Ezra Pound sitting in a Kensington teashop founding the Imagist movement, of Ernest Hemingway losing a briefcase full of short stories in Paris, of Scott Fitzgerald, writing home

> [t]here was no one at Antibes this summer except me, Zelda, the Valentinos, the Murphys, Mistinguet, Rex Ingram, Dos Passos, Alice Terry, the MacLeishes, Charles Bracket, Maude Kahn, Esther Murphy, Marguerite Namara, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Mannes the violinist, Floyd Dell, Max and Crystal Eastman, ex-Premier Orlando, Etienne de Beaumont - just a real place to rough it and escape from the world.(2)

The literary struggle with Europe, which paralleled a similar struggle in other spheres, is well documented throughout American writing, entering into essays, fiction, poetry, polemic. It is a history of experience shared in many ways by American readers as well as American writers - "The entrance to these grounds (as all my readers know, for everybody now-a-days has been in

Rome) is just outside of the Porta del Populo," writes Hawthorne in Chapter VIII of The Marble Faun. For definition of the American present, for discovery of the humanist past, Europe has served, in actual experience and as fictional symbol, throughout American literature.

The habit of literary expatriation has obvious origins in the circumstances of America's founding, as has Europe's frequent use as a point of reference. America derived from Europe and remained an intellectual colony of it long after it had declared its political independence. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries very close literary and intellectual contacts existed between the United States on the one hand and England and Europe on the other. The relationship with England, established during the earliest colonial period, underwent several periods of difficulty but never seriously disintegrated. The early relationships had been those of personal encounter, of letters, of mutual intellectual respect (Cotton Mather was elected a fellow of the Royal Society though he never visited England):

> There was [from the early days of the final settlements] a steady sea traffic, and a trip to England, by those who could afford it, was not regarded as an extraordinary affair. An active correspondence was maintained, by the leading men of New England, with the English scientists, divines, and men of letters of the day... Every English ship brought casefuls [of books], and from time to time...a whole library was shipped from England and bought for Harvard or broken up. (3)

Benjamin Franklin spent many years in England, and so did many of his compatriots, who were quite as cosmopolitan as their European colleagues. The Journal of John Woolman shows that sailings were frequent to Europe and passages easily obtained. The Americans who came to England in the years before the Revolutionary War seem to have felt themselves at home; some were elected to Parliament for English constituencies, others were long-term visitors like Thackeray's The Virginian. Many came for schooling,

particularly to Scotland. There was a New England coffee house in Threadneedle Street and in 1775 Samuel Curwen founded the New England club which met at the Adelphi Tavern for a weekly dinner, its members including Samuel Quincy, Daniel Silsbee, William Cabot, and John Singleton Copley.(4) At the end of the eighteenth century a number of American artists of world-wide reputation had their homes in London - Copley, West, Trumbull, and others.(5)

Relationships with other continental countries matured rather more slowly, but Franklin's and Jefferson's reception in France began a close contact. There was also the revolutionary connection.(6) Visits to Europe were sufficiently common for many Americans to have taken the European grand tour; and study in England, Scotland, and in Continental countries was sufficiently recognised as a desirable part of education for Jefferson to wonder whether it was indeed so advantageous. These relationships with Europe manifested the conventional features of that between any cultural province and its cultural metropolis, and America remained colonial in cultural matters well after the revolution.

During the nineteenth century, however, the relationship was modified by the growth of a distinctive and consciously American literature. The attempts of many American writers to make a positive declaration of intellectual independence were in part inspired by patriotic motives and in part by a conviction of the distinctiveness of American thought, American materials, and American audiences. The new aspiration was much criticized, especially by the English Reviewers, who complained that literature was "one of those finer manufactures, which a new country will always find it easier to import than to raise".(7) Such periodical criticism, and the criticisms of those who

distrusted a "democratic" conception of literature, was strong, and to some extent influential. There was however a growing European interest in, and respect for, the evidently American features of this literature. Among English men of letters like Coleridge there was considerable interest in America and in American literature, while for the romantic poets generally the American revolution had something of the same interest that the French revolution had. Increased respect for American writing was important, for in the developing reputation of many American writers their European reputation was influential. Even before the Revolutionary War the American book was a not uncommon feature of the English and Scots book trade; many books first published in America were reprinted in England, while others were printed first in England.(8) In the early nineteenth century the habit of pirating British texts had, amongst other effects, that of encouraging American writers to publish in England, as did the influence of European reviews with the American reading public.

At the same time most Americans were conscious of the European parts of their intellectual and cultural heritage, aware that though their situation was American, much of their intellectual stock came from Europe. The growth of a native thought and culture, a transatlantic response to American experience, took place side by side with the persistence of European habits and influences. Up to the early nineteenth century the expatriation of writers is explicable simply in terms of the close intellectual ties between America and Europe, the general cosmopolitanism of the eighteenth century and the difficulties of writers seeking to adapt English literary traditions to American materials. Publication by native writers was difficult in

America; America seemed "of all countries one of the least favorable to all sorts of works of the imagination",[9] and there was much to learn in Europe and take back. In addition Europe had the charms of the past, the flavour of romance and the sense of old kinship that Hawthorne characterises in Edward, Redclyffe:

> He began to feel the deep yearning which a sensitive American - his mind full of English thoughts, his imagination of English poetry, his heart full of English character and sentiment, - cannot fail to be influended by, - the yearning of the blood within his veins for that from which it has been estranged...(10)

Many writers of the early nineteenth century found Europe "a Romance",[11] as Cooper put it, and the element of the charm of Europe was added to the traditional cosmopolitan duty to visit it ("Spend the winter as diligently reading as you have the summer riding and in the spring you will be fit to go to Europe", wrote William C. Preston [12]). The European movement towards libertarian thought, of which America was in many senses a product, provided a sustained link between American and European literature. European romanticism, with its evidently libertarian interests, its evocation of man alone, its stress on the encounter of man and phenomenal matter, its concern with natural rather than social locales, appeared immediately congenial to American writers. There was indeed a strong literary influence, exerted by European and particularly by English romanticism, which encouraged American writing in the direction of the romance, the Gothic novel, the nature poem, and some of the best work in the romantic genre in fact begins to emanate from America. German and French philosophical thought equally proved influential. For these and other reasons, the literary contacts were maintained, and

European travel continued on a large scale. Despite the interruptions of international difficulties and the war of 1812 cultural contacts remained remarkably close.

It is in the nineteenth century that we get distinctively the spectacle of the American literary expatriate - the culturally dedicated man, travelling or living abroad for largely artistic reasons - as a phenomenon of the cultural tensions arising from the difficulty of the American artistic heritage. Many American writers and artists visited Europe frequently, seeking stimulus, companionship, artistic education, or simply pursuing their royalties, their best hopes of reputation, or their friends. A number of these lived in Europe, in some cases forming new colonies, or joining those already in existence in London, Paris and Rome. Such groups had existed during the eighteenth century, which also had its expatriate figures, particularly artists for whom commissions and stimulus were most likely to be found in European capitals, and were thus driven there by direct artistic necessity. But during the nineteenth century European and American literary contacts rapidly intensified. Thus many English writers spent long periods in the United States, and indeed some, attracted by its openness, its democratic air, its utopian experiments, considered living there - though others, like Arnold, found it depressing and uninteresting. But the view that America offered something different from, complementary to, the dense social life of Europe, was often expressed; it was held in reverse by American writers, who went to Europe with the same kind of speculative curiosity, wondering whether they would care to live among what Washington Irving called the "storied

associations" and away from the "all-pervading commonplace". The two countries, or rather the two continents, began to appear in literary thought on both sides of the Atlantic as polar opposites, and they frequently are represented thus in fiction, poetry, and public debate. Americanization was an issue in Europe; Europeanization was an issue in America. Growing freedom and ease of travel and literary economics reinforced contacts of this sort. English writers went to America in the hope of ensuring their copyrights; American writers went on the same errand to England, particularly after 1854, when it became law that the foreign author who first published a book in England was only entitled to British copyright if he was a resident in the United Kingdom at the time of publication.(13) "The best method of securing a valid British copyright" says Clarence Gohdes, speaking of books published simultaneously in England and the United States, "was, of course, to be in England when one's book appeared. This fact may help to explain the prolonged foreign residence of such American authors as Washington Irving, Bret Harte, and even Henry James"(14) - particularly since possession of valid British copyrights made it more likely for the writer to receive a full and respectful handling by English critics, who deeply influenced American opinion. Gohdes cites here the case of the reviews of Hawthorne's Transformation (the English title of The Marble Faun) which received many more reviews in England than any of his previous romances because its English publication occurred while the novelist was living in Europe.(15) Further, from Washington Irving and John Neal onward, there was a very large body of American contributions in the English magazines, and a sizeable part of it was original material by

transatlantic authors living in Europe. Irving, early in the century, was in fact offered the editorship of an English magazine by Sir Walter Scott, and at the end of it Henry Harland edited the Yellow Book. John Neal's discussions of American literature appeared in many magazines; N. P. Willis was a frequent contributor to such journals as the Court Magazine and Coburn's New Monthly; Moncure Conway was a prolific writer for English periodicals; and later in the century such expatriate writers of fiction as Bret Harte, Francis Marion Crawford, Henry James, Robert Barr, Henry Harland, Julian Hawthorne, and Stephen Crane provided a substantial American element over a wide range of magazines and newspapers.(16) The effect of this, in addition to uniting the English and American periodicals more closely, was to provide a financial motive, or support, for living abroad, and to create further a literature of expatriation which forms a substantial part of American writing.

In such a context the gesture of literary expatriation takes on greatly increased significance. Supported by various social and economic factors and by the difficulties of the literary career in America, the need for relationships with Europe sharpens. Indeed, as the literary tradition in America developed, it can be said that one aspect of it was expatriation, of looking eastward and travelling eastward. The decision to travel or live abroad takes on the quality of a testimony; it becomes a statement of a complex literary allegiance. The publication of American books in England meant that American writers began increasingly to think of an international audience for their work; and this sense of having a European audience affected them to a remarkable degree. Clarence Gohdes gives figures to show that "[f]rom 1840,

and perhaps earlier, on to the end of the century the English people read more books by American authors than by all the writers of the European continent combined. In the number of reprints, authorized or pirated, in the number of first editions, and in the number of titles imported from the United States the American portion was larger than all of the other non-British elements in the English booktrade."(17) This large audience for American books in England was further extended by the establishment of branch houses of American publishing firms, particularly after 1870; in the period between 1856 and 1875, 7.5 per cent of new books offered for sale in England were American imports, while reprints account for a further substantial proportion. There was an enormous market for works by Poe, Irving, Lowell, Thoreau, Cooper, Holmes, Hawthorne, Howells, and Twain, particularly in the last two decades of the century, when consumption of books by Americans grew even further. Such an audience is, for the writer, at least a stimulus to the idea of literary expatriation, and the number of expatriates and visitors to England over this period increased enormously, England clearly being the most promising country in this respect. American writers were particularly well received there after about 1870, when they became lions at English dinner tables. The appearance of a richer social life in London, the sense of already established intercourse with readers and also writers in a foreign country, the notion of England as a cultural treasure house upon which America had always drawn, the prospect of winning new readers and new editions for one's work, all supported the choice. Growing freedom of travel, and increased wealth in America, made the journey an easy and a familiar one, and the boom in American tourism was another stimulus. Thus it was not only to London but to Europe generally that writers

and would-be writers came at this time. Other places had other associations - Paris was connected with libertarian movements, aesthetic experiment and the vie de bohême; Rome had clear associations for the classicist and the romantic, who met over its ruins, and for the aesthete and the literary historian. In different ways, for different needs, Europe grew more and more attractive.

Thus, though the mode of literary expatriation had its origins in America's colonial situation, it was not until after the Civil War that literary expatriation became a substantial movement in American letters, and the explanation of the reasons for this must be complex. Clearly, in cultural matters, the colonial situation can extend beyond an actual declaration of independence, but expatriation continued well into the twentieth century. The difficulties of American authorship and the romantic dissidence of American writers are other important factors. There were still, after the Civil War, writers who found they could not face their own country, who disliked the way America was developing, and who were struggling with the problem of the survival of cultural values in a society dominated by business values. The recruitment of writers is often from among the discontented; and in the American situation during the nineteenth century the psychological state of dislocation common among artists was exacerbated by a number of objective social factors. Their dissatisfaction was linked with a divided loyalty characteristic of a colonial or post-colonial situation, one likely to produce psychic strain in the artist, and at the same time produce striving, artistic fervour, intellectual ferment. The artist's rootlessness and his internationalism were apt to

make him impatient of provinciality. One of the factors moulding a writer's perspective is the awareness of other traditions, against which he can more fully measure up his own experience. The presence in European life of an existing model of the arts and of the picturesque was challenging, and as the practical facilities for expatriation increased the style among artists grew, drawing upon an already established tradition.

2. FACILITIES FOR EXPATRIATION

Unnecessary?

One curious and attractive feature of the writer's profession is that, unlike most professions, crafts or trades, it can be done anywhere. The growing freedom of the artist from commitments to patrons or supporters or to a clearly defined audience during the nineteenth century meant that his role changed substantially and that his freedom greatly increased. The writer is his own plant and machinery, his product does not need to be distributed in the society in which it is produced, and he is thus able to pursue his professional existence in one land and have his home in another, once he has established an income and an audience. The American artist had available to him an extended, international audience; in the later years of the century his rewards increased and the interest of that audience in travel and tourism enabled him to make extensive use of foreign materials in his writing. In the latter part of the century the Americans themselves became great travellers; the American abroad was a familiar figure, widely represented in many literatures, while caricatures of the American tourist were common throughout Europe, and doubtless elsewhere. By 1891 90,000 tourists a year

were returning through the American customs, and Americans seemed to have taken over the role of the English as the great world travellers.

The actual means and facilities of travel had improved radically throughout the world during the nineteenth century, and by the end of it tourism was a major industry in many places. Further, travel is a function of wealth, and America was becoming the world's richest nation. "Cotton fields traveled then; rents and dividends travel now", says a character in Henry B. Fuller's novel The Other Side (New York, 1898).(18) American investment abroad, and the establishment of American companies there, had increased enormously. The growth of commercial contacts between Europe and the U.S.A. meant improved communications, greater travel, greater tourism, greater contacts. "Anglo-American marriages have ceased to cause any especial excitement; they occur daily - chiefly among the titled and professional classes", wrote John Morgan Richards, himself an example of the growing commercial contacts stimulating transatlantic travel, in 1905.(19) Favourable rates of exchange for Americans often made it cheaper for the American to live abroad than at home, and this was a large motivation for the American expatriates in Paris and Germany after the first world war.

Although an amazing amount of transatlantic travel took place before the regular passenger services, the slow development of such services must have proved a considerable obstacle to close cultural relationships between the United States and Europe. When we learn that it took Irving thirty-eight days to make his first voyage to Europe, and Emerson's took forty, we can see that travel to Europe was, for Americans, both difficult and exciting. The first regular sailing packet line as a private enterprise did not begin until 1816.

This was the Black Ball Line, sailing from New York to Liverpool with four ships of 500 tons, and carrying largely immigrants. Soon other lines began; sailings into Philadelphia on the American side and to London and the continent on the European side, developed. In 1827 a service between Boston and Liverpool offering excellent first-class accommodation, with library and 'bathroom', made travel much more comfortable. With the development of the Cunard Line, which used steamships, established regular classes of travel and maintained regular sailings, transatlantic travel changed radically. The service began in 1840 and sailed between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, the outward journey from Liverpool taking less than fifteen days. As steam made way against sail, and as the cheap passage came in with steamships, freedom and speed of travel grew. Emigration out of Europe was the great stimulus to the Atlantic trade, and enabled the lines to build floating palaces which so made European travel for Americans easier. At first the steamers only carried the moneyed, but by the civil war the sailing ship, which carried the immigrants and those who wanted cheap travel, began to fade. The journey instead of taking one to three months took a mere ten days by steam, and was considerably safer.(20) Just as this encouraged temporary immigration from Europe into America so it encouraged temporary expatriation to Europe.(21) As the trade developed, there was not a part of Europe which could not be easily reached by shipping line, while the number of lines and the regularity of sailing made such travel, from most of the American ports, a simple matter to arrange.

In spite of all the difficulties in the sailing ship period, however, the tradition of European travel was strong, even before the regular

packet service which started up when immigration was resumed after the ~~war of~~ war of 1812. The idea of the "grand tour" was felt as strongly in America as in Europe, and in addition to the tourists who travelled to Europe there was a regular traffic across the Atlantic of immigrants returning on holiday to visit relatives left behind, men with connections on both sides, artists paying visits to France and Italy, and the like. The sea-voyage, which could easily last forty days, was something of a social occasion. Washington Irving's The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. is conceived in the manner of the tourist's sketch book: "As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humour has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book." To Irving, in the early years of the century, the long voyage was a significant event, a phase during which the traveller could develop a state of mind "peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions", while the taste for travel is shown as a romantic passion - a "rambling propensity", a "roving passion" which he has been fortunate enough (or perhaps unlucky enough) to be able to gratify.(22) The possibilities of such travel being a misfortune are expressed by a quotation from Lyly's Euphues: "I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so that traveller that stragleth from his own country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with

his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would."[23] The debate had in fact already well begun, and Irving is speaking within an established convention of uncertainty.

References to transatlantic voyages appear in American novels throughout the nineteenth century, and even before the days of the steamship they are presented as a matter of course as well as a matter for romantic excitement. Cooper, using both treatments, sets several of his novels on transatlantic voyages, helping to make sea-voyages a familiar subject for fiction, and also developing the international theme (that is, the theme of the comparative difference between European and American cultures) as a significant subject. In Melville, and also in many lesser writers, these themes reappear. By the time we reach James's novels such journeys are regarded as a familiar activity of the east coast patriciate from which most of his American characters come. Though travel to Europe is an important and significant occasion, usually linked with an educational purpose, the journey itself is easily arranged and easily accomplished. In Washington Square it is a matter for only modest excitement, though it plays a large part in the action; and "Let me take her to Europe and bring her out in Rome", says Mrs. Keith to Roger Lawrence in James's first novel Watch and Ward (1871), while Nora, the girl referred to, quickly accepts the opportunity but is urbane about it. Steamship fiction - that is, novels set for a considerable part of their action on such ships - is a commonplace up to the present day, frequently inviting treatment of a cosmopolitan group of travellers of several nationalities.

Travel had, for these American voyagers, all the interest that it had for the eighteenth-century and the romantic spirits who went abroad as an act of self-education. Travel diaries were often kept by such voyagers; impressions and insights were recorded to maintain a report of the effect of the events on the soul. One kept by Herman Melville describes a crossing of nearly four weeks from New York to London on the packet-boat liner Southampton in late 1849. The vessel was a square-rigged sailing ship (already being superseded by steam) on which the stateroom passengers included George J. Adler, the philologist, Dr. Franklin Taylor, who had accompanied his brother James Bayard Taylor on the pedestrian tour which is recorded in the latter's Views A-Foot, and a Scottish painter. On these ships the captain lived in close society with his passengers, and staterooms ("It is as big almost as my own room at home") are shared, though Melville had one to himself. The voyage involved a man overboard (a suicide Dutchman) and a debate on the comparative merits of a monarchy and a republic with the captain in the chair.(24) Many other passenger lists must have been equally distinguished, and many other voyages equally eventful. The family of the elder Henry James made a number of such passages, and from 1855 the entire family (including the young William and the young Henry) lived, on and off, in different parts of Europe for five years. On the continent, moreover, the familiar tourist spots were sufficiently established, the sublime views well enough known, and a taste established by Irving and by European writers was followed by many of the successive travellers.

The idea of the wanderjahre was well established among Americans, the formative grand tour seeming of more importance than ever when one was remote from the traditional landscape and townscape among which such educational journeys took place. Much travel to Europe was of this sort; the purpose was travel as education and exploration, but its aim was return. Many great Americans did thus spend their lives vacillating between the continent of instruction, education, sensibility - Europe - and the continent of their history - the United States. Such journeys, either of wanderjahre or expatriation (the line, as W. D. Howells began to realise when he had been in Italy for four years, was hard to draw), were particularly common among writers and artists. Painters and sculptors particularly found that they spent large parts of their lives in Europe, and many settled. As Henry James comments in his book on the expatriate sculptor William Wetmore Story, "there are occasions when it comes home to us that, so far as we are contentedly cosmopolite to-day and move about in a world that has been made for us both larger and more amusing, we owe much of our extension and diversion to those comparative few who, amid difficulties and dangers, set the example and made out the road."(25) Because training, materials, even facilities for examining great works of art in the days before the printed reproduction, could not be obtained but by visit to or residence in Europe, many artists found themselves in American colonies in Rome, Florence, or Paris. Thus Washington Allston went to London in 1801 to study under Benjamin West, moving to Paris in 1804 and to Rome in 1805, later returning to England and taking on Samuel F. B. Morse as a pupil; so the tradition continued. In this way developed the idea of "the favouring air" that James so insists upon, the idea that

literary and artistic creation could be stimulated and promoted by the place of creation, affording materials and subjects, or an atmosphere, or a style of life and a community in which art was important, or facilities for instruction and discussion. At various times different European cities were found attractive by different persons for different ends. Some were places of instruction, some had American communities, some were traditional romantic repositories of the picturesque. Spain, as Irving shows in his Alhambra, was such a centre of the picturesque. So too was Italy, as Cooper, Longfellow, and T. G. Appleton felt. To Henry James Rome was for this reason a dangerous place, the most pleasant city in the world, with the softening "golden air" that weakened William Wetmore Story, who offered for James the lesson that "the 'picturesque' subject, for literary art, has by no means all its advantage in the picturesque country; yields its full taste, gives out all its inspiration, in other words, in some air unfriendly to the element at large."(26) But Italy's attractions were various, manifold; as Van Wyck Brooks points out,(27) Italy has been a tradition common to all schools of art, and a centre for all the nationalities and styles of Europe. It drew not only Benjamin West, Story, Santayana, Berenson, but also Irving, Hawthorne, Howells, Henry Adams. It could contain Stendhal and Heine, Gogol and Zola, Turgenev and Dostoyevsky, Ibsen and Wagner, Byron and Browning. It was a land that drew scholars - Ticknor, Prescott, Everett, Bancroft - and a land stirring to the Gothic imagination, a land of antiquities and the picturesque, with its brigands and castles. Thus, as Irving said in his notebooks, it was a land of poetic fields, far different from the American hills and dales, where stubborn fact

presides; Hawthorne called it "a central clime, whither the eyes and heart of every artist turn, as if pictures could not be made to glow in any other atmosphere, as if statues could not assume grace and expression save in the land of whitest marble."[28] The other great cities of Europe all had similar associations for Americans, some of them more precisely historical, to do with racial origins, and others libertarian, aesthetic, romantic. The landscape of Europe, familiar to Americans through literature even before they had been there, was readily populated by them when the opportunity arose.

3. THE DRAMA OF EXPATRIATION

Thus expatriation, which had its roots in America's colonial situation, remained common long after political independence and the many declarations of intellectual independence which followed it, becoming a style, a custom, an habitual American drama - so much more of a drama because it violated the established direction of American movement. America was a traditional defender of the legal right of the individual to expatriate himself; one of the issues of the war of 1812 was American disagreement with the doctrine of allegiance, which held, in the words of Blackstone, that "It is a principle of international law that the natural-born subject of one Power cannot by any act of his own (no, not by swearing allegiance to another) put off or discharge his natural allegiance to the former; for this natural allegiance was intrinsic..."[29] Jefferson spoke of the "natural right" of expatriation. Eventually in 1868 after much controversy with Great Britain, Congress ordained that "The right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people, indispensable to the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit

of happiness."[30] American society was thus composed of voluntary expatriates, and the gesture in the reverse direction had a special quality of self-consciousness; hence literary expatriation was regarded as having national importance, and attained much public discussion. When it became more common, after the Civil War and during the nineteen-twenties, it was often compared with the westward migrations and wanderings of the nineteenth-century Russian and Hungarian writers, and regarded as evidence of a cultural problem or crisis. In the latter stages of the debate, therefore, the issue, so much talked about by American writers and critics, takes on greater interest and importance.

In the nineteenth century then, when the pulls and allegiances experienced by the artist grow much more complex, the expatriate, though by no means a new American figure, becomes much more fascinating, and much more discussed. With the growth of a distinct American literary tradition, expatriation becomes not a matter of necessity but rather a deliberate act of choice, a significant decision whose terms are defined in a running debate from Hawthorne, Cooper, and Poe to the present day. Many writers wrote voluminously on the issue. The definition of the attractions of Europe begins to vary, and European support is claimed for a variety of literary and intellectual stands taken by various writers. Poe associates Europe with his search for a literary elite, and to some degree tries to manufacture a literary society on the European model in the south, an attempt that was needless to say founded on illusion. His ambivalence toward Europe, one which he shared with many of his literary contemporaries, was founded on an

uncertainty about the way literature in American circumstances was to develop; and the debate in which he was involved can be found in many of the American periodicals of the time, in which Europe is called upon to stand for a variety of causes. As the century went on, the debate grew more subtle, and Europe became associated less with the picturesque landscape or with an elitist situation but rather with an artistic tradition, a heritage of production and consumption in the arts which America had not yet acquired, an experienced attitude toward life and art which contrasted with American simplicities. In response to these changes of attitude, the direction of expatriation itself began to change, and various European cities had phases of attractiveness - Paris because it was bohemian, London because of its density, its solidity of specification, and Rome for its "golden air". The issue of political relations with Europe, powerful in the outbreak of the War of 1812, began to alter in character. The American literary scene began to grow in size and intellectual variety, to become more open to influences from other foreign sources. The decline in disputes and squabbles between England and the United States, the growing acceptance in England that the republican constitution of America was workable, the movement of England towards democracy all helped to promote a closer transatlantic relationship.(31) The English aristocracy, middle-classes and intelligentsia grew more and more friendly toward the United States and its citizens. "Our influence in England will be strong enough to carry a new reform through in ten years," wrote Henry Adams in a letter.(32) Anglo-American trade, travel and marriages all expanded; in America there was a growth of Anglophilia, resulting in part from the increased

non-Anglo-Saxon immigration, which reminded many Americans of their Anglo-Saxon heritage, and the development of an American "aristocracy" with social links with European aristocracies. Anglo-Saxonism had some considerable force on both sides of the Atlantic;(33) liberal links had strengthened considerably; and the reception of American writers in England had steadily improved. In the intellectual ferment that followed the American Civil War, Europe took on a number of new roles. The growth of vernacular and populist literature, and the challenge to the literary hegemony of the East, promoted links between the American writers of the "genteel tradition" and Europe. The remarkable increase in expatriation among writers at this time can in one way be explained as protective, an attempt to retain the advantages, which survived in Europe, of the local literary culture which had developed in New England prior to the war and played a large part in the promotion of the Northern cause, and which was threatened to some extent by the cultural crudities of the Gilded Age. On the other hand, it can be explained as a phenomenon of the increased wealth of that age, which promoted a growing internationalism, a reaching outward for European contacts, social and intellectual.

Many American critics, seeking to account for the increase in literary expatriation in this post-Civil War period, have discerned a radical difference in purpose and nature between pre-Civil War and post-Civil War expatriates. Thus Van Wyck Brooks comments:

> The most exotic writers, hitherto, had had the unquestioning instinct of homing pigeons, which brought them back from every foreign journey. The great tradition of the Revolution, the feeling of the national destiny, the prevalence of the classical studies that always made the mind its "own place", had rooted them in the Western soil. They had felt they

> were building a civilization; and, in fact, it was not until after the Civil War that the great diaspora began and with it the tradition of deracination. Then, as the old causes grew dimmer and dimmer, as the European peasants arrived in thousands, as wealth advanced and tourists multiplied, as the human imagination felt crampted and thwarted in the vast industrial beehives, as classical studies declined and young men forgot the Plutarchian patterns, then this yearning for an older homeland rose in people's minds and men of sensibility flocked to Europe, not to study, as in former days, and carry the spoils back, like travelling Romans, but as if they could reascend the river of time.(34)

This is a rather simplified and somewhat tendentious picture, for more complex reasons and passions were involved, and the difference is by no means so clear; nor are the expatriates in any obvious way less American. Their ambitions in Europe tend to change, certainly, and their sense of being formative members of a new tradition is in some ways less strong, though the experimental spirit remains strong throughout nineteenth- and twentieth-century American letters. One important factor was the feeling that they had acquired a double culture, national and international, to which they owed a double debt. A further important factor was the change in the American social patterns, particularly with the decline of the east coast patriciate, after the Civil War, which tended to promote a division between artistic and social allegiance, a characteristically modern distinction that had already had a history in the minds of American writers. It is not really until the nineteen-twenties that writers conceived of their act as a gesture of dissociation. At this time expatriation became a solution sanctioned by tradition to difficulties with which writers felt themselves particularly beset. The separation of artistic from social purpose, which Blackmur has noted,(35) became particularly apparent. Thus one American critic can fairly describe the movement of expatriation in the nineteen-twenties as being a traumatic

symptom rather than a Grand Tour:

> The writer now wished actually to sever relations with his native culture in order to discover a more propitious cultural setting.... For some the act was a deliberate choice based on vocational considerations, primarily their belief that a writer could better realize his power where an active intellectual and aesthetic tradition continued to operate. For others it was mainly an attempt to evade the constricting effect of American manners and morals in a more congenial environment, one that allowed the individual greater scope for self-development and self-expression in both art and life.(36)

One might stress here that these writers felt, surely, that they were taking a traditional American course, and the tendency in later years among those who were expatriates at this time has been to stress the temporary nature of the movement, and to emphasize the economic motives (cheap money in Europe) behind it. Certainly their conduct was controversial, deliberately so. The same controversial element is present in James and in Pound, but then it was present in the forerunners also. The debate began early and still continues.

Voluntary exile had historically been the solution to many American literary problems. Every country has its literary expatriates; one of the benefits of the literary profession, as it has been practised in modern times, is the freedom it affords, the responsibility it allows. It can be pursued with ease in remote places, places that are pleasanter, cheaper or more stimulating to live in than one's native land. No close connection is absolutely required between producer, publisher and reader; the economic arrangements in the relationship permit the writer to select his subject and his own circumstance very much at whim; indeed, the expectations placed upon the modern writer, and the expectations he is apt to place upon himself, favour his exploration, his travel, the assertion of his freedom and his

disinterestedness. In America, however, there has been a sustained tradition of literary expatriation which has, as I have suggested, taken place in the context of an extended debate and argument about the writer's role, obligations, and nature. This tradition is found in its extreme manifestation in the mass-migration of American writers to Paris in the nineteen-twenties, to which this study points. The debate which this expatriation produced in the American newspapers and magazines of the day is an interesting indication of the national controversy that has always attached to this action. Many organs of opinion in America clearly felt (with the touchiness that characterises opinion in expanding nations) that this movement of expatriation on the part of a single literary generation was a challenge, a deliberate running against the direction of the American dream. Equally, many of the writers who made the journey to France were conscious of the symbolic significance of their action, regarding it as an explicit statement of discontent. It was not of course simply discontent with their native land that sent these young men and women to Europe; but they stressed the importance of their action in a number of books and articles, relished the idea that their generation was a lost one, and emphasized that Paris afforded a freedom that seemed to them lacking in their native land. They spoke of their dislike of their materialistic and puritanical society; they expressed their desire for an aesthetic or distinctively literary style of life; they observed that life in France for the writer was both cheaper and freer than the life they could live at home. In doing so they drew upon a tradition, indeed a habit, that had been established by writers in the preceding century,

and upon the whole dialectic, the whole pattern of problems and feelings, that had been historically associated with the action.

4. DISSATISFACTION WITH AMERICAN CULTURE AND LIFE

The Romantic condition of the separation of the writer from his society and audience appears to have been felt particularly early, and sharply, in the United States. We commonly find in American writers a curious division of purpose and allegiance, an intense idea of the special value of American life coupled with a remarkable degree of detachment from their society. Melville could believe that America was as a nation "the advance guard, sent on through the wilderness of untried things", that God had predestined and that mankind expected great things of the race, and equally complain "I feel I am an exile here."(37) This duality of feeling was common in American romantics, drawn one way by their perfectabilitarian creed and another by the fact that American society, without a tradition of patronage and without any clear role for the writer, seemed to be slow in developing the audiences that enabled their work to exist. One scholar comments of the retarding forces that seemed to prevent the spread of an American literature at the beginning of the nineteenth century:

> The innumerable essays and orations which dealt with these retarding forces - the mercenary spirit, the absence of a polite society, party factionalism, and the lack of copyright protection - were at last but diverse attempts to account for one salient fact in post-Revolutionary America: the man of letters was neither honored nor respected by the majority of his compatriots.... As American authors looked about them, they singled out the various social agents of their frustration: Dennie blamed the 'Usurer, Speculator, or Jew' and also the Southern planter,

> whose literary interests seemed to be confined to advertisements for fugitive slaves; Alexander Wilson included 'most of the pretended literati in America', whose taste and imagination he thought inferior to those of 'an ignorant ploughman in Scotland'; James Nelson Barker felt himself the victim of those 'hypercritics' who could be pleased only by the 'mellow tints which distance gives to every foreign object.' Like most later generations of American authors, this first generation often considered itself 'lost' and traced its plight to a society whose values were too confused and crude to sustain a mature literary art.(38)

Thus on the one hand there existed among writers the feeling that America was a special society smiled on by Providence; on the other was the sense that the individual talent and conscience had insufficient place. This sense of separation was deeply felt by many American writers - Melville, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, and others. Hawthorne, writing in depression from Italy to his publishers, could comment: "To confess the truth, I had rather be a sojourner in any other country than return to my own. The United States are fit for many excellent purposes, but they are certainly not fit to live in."(39) He did however return home two years later to speak on the opposite side of the case. Such feelings, even down to the containing of two incompatible views, were common among American writers through the nineteenth and into the twentieth century. This was largely because it was commonly felt that the theoretic need for American writers was mot matched with practical opportunities, as de Tocqueville had observed.(40) In such a situation the writer could begin to distrust his creative instinct. We feel this strongly in Hawthorne's introductory chapter to The Scarlet Letter (1850), where he describes moving into the Custom House and finding that "all the imaginative delight [I felt in nature] passed out of my mind." When he discovers the rag of cloth which should, and later does, promote the tale he finds that

"[m]y imagination was a tarnished mirror" - as long as he remained among his fellow men in the Custom House an "entire class of susceptibilities, and a gift connected with them" was gone. Only when he is free of the place, when the Custom House becomes a village in cloud-land, is he able to write; but this in turn cuts him off from men. Thus Hawthorne describes his double need, for contact with his fellow Americans, and for the artistic endeavour which necessarily separated him from them.(41)

James Fenimore Cooper deals further with the special difficulties of the American writer in Notions of the Americans (1828). After remarking that "so far as taste and forms alone are concerned, the literature of England and that of America must be fashioned after the same models", he contended that the only peculiarity which could, or ought to, be expected in American literature was that connected with the promulgation of the nation's distinctive political opinions. This left little room for an American genius. "Solitary and individual works of genius may, indeed, be occasionally brought to light, under the impulses of the high feeling which has conceived them; but I fear, a good, wholesome, profitable and pecuniary support is the applause that talent most craves." Because of the popularity of English books, sold in pirated editions, and because of the lack of materials in America nourishing to the writer, there were few temptations to draw men into literature. "Talent is sure of too many avenues to wealth and honor in America, to seek, unnecessarily, an unknown and hazardous path. It is better paid in the ordinary pursuits of life than it would be likely to be paid by an adventure in which an extraordinary and skillful, because practiced, foreign competition

is certain."[42] In short, economics and the social situation combine against providing those conditions in which the native artist can function best. Examples of this kind of feeling among American writers in the first half of the nineteenth century can be multiplied, and I shall illustrate the matter in further detail hereafter, for the idea of expatriation became associated with the long-term difficulties of the social role of the writer in the United States. Many of these difficulties are characteristically those of the romantic artist, uncertain of the significance of his social position, inclined to value his separation from other men, given to travel and wandering in pursuit of a higher truth; they were difficulties that had their counterparts in the experience of their European contemporaries. But the American writers of the early nineteenth century had to cope with difficulties that seemed to them specifically American, problems which arise when a society comparatively unformed inherits the intellectual and artistic tradition of a culture highly developed and finished. The idea of expatriation has been historically linked, in America, with the belief that the American artist labours under special difficulties. The conclusion that tends to emerge is that indicated by Melville in Pierre (1852), that the artist cannot dwell in America - or rather that his imagination could not. Europe thus takes on all those special associations that the foreign clime and the place informed by active imagination had for many romantic poets. Many nineteenth-century American writers and artists speculated about the conflict of duties that developed when a mature nation found itself and must then recreate its relationship with the intellectual and artistic tradition out of which it has emerged. America was a country with an intellectual

colonial situation, which had experienced early and sharply the problems of adapting the arts, with their traditional aristocratic connections, to democratic social circumstances. Writers as intellectually various as Washington Irving and Emerson, Melville and Henry James, wrote in similar terms on these problems, which de Tocqueville rightly saw as essential issues in the development of the literary arts in the United States. All were intensely conscious that many of the things which had stimulated European art, from things social and intellectual to matters of landscape, were absent from the American situation, and equally conscious of the need to find a national tradition characterising the new enlightenment and distinctive experience of their country. These problems have been decisive in forming the spirit of American writing and shaping the artistic psychology of American writers. Debate on the subject preceded Independence and is still alive today.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the debate had grown substantial, the problems much more finely poised. The same sense of special difficulty runs through the early work of Henry James, as a fictional subject. Thus in his story The Madonna of the Future (1873) an artist observes:

> "We're the disinherited of Art! We're condemned to be superficial! We're excluded from the magic circle! The soil of American perception is a poor little barren artificial deposit! Yes, we're wedded to imperfection! An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European! We lack the deeper sense! We have neither taste nor tact nor force! How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely conditions, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so! We poor aspirants must live in perpetual exile."

This often quoted pronouncement is however only one part of a debate, for James is presenting the two sides of an often disputed case. Thus the artist's interlocutor, the narrator of the tale, replies:

> "You seem fairly at home in exile," I made answer, "and Florence seems to me a very easy Siberia. But do you want to know my own thought? Nothing is so easy to talk about as our want of nursing air, of a kindly soil, of opportunity, of inspiration, of things that help. The only thing that helps is to do something fine...."(43)

This kind of speculation frequently occurs in James's early work, and represents a personal conflict. Between 1869 and 1875, when he finally settled in London, he explored, painfully and thoroughly, what he believed to be a fundamental American artistic dilemma, concerning the opposing pulls of Europe and America and the difficulties of life in his own land. The quandary appears in another work of the period, Roderick Hudson (1876), when Rowland Mallet, a civilised patron of the arts, feels his 'uselessness' in the United States and is drawn away:

> "It's a wretched business," he said, "this virtual quarrel of ours with our own country, this everlasting impatience that so many of us feel to get out of it. Can there be no battle then, and is one's only safety in flight? This is an American day, an American landscape, and American atmosphere. It certainly has its merits, and some day when I'm shivering with ague in classic Italy I shall accuse myself of having slighted them."(44)

With James the problem of the artist's alienation becomes an actual part of his literary subject and a centre for his international theme. It is open to such dramatisation because it is seen as a universal American problem, part of the "complex fate" of every American, who has the responsibility of fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe. The search for an unsuperstitious valuation is of course one of the main themes of James's international

fiction. In James indeed the temptations of Europe and the uselessness of the sensitive American at home become very closely linked.

This striking element in American writing - "our writers' absorption in every last detail of their American world together with their deep and subtle alienation from it" - is said by one recent critic to produce a characteristic lean and shadowy tragic strain in these writers which makes their work distinctively modern.(45) Indeed there is throughout American writing a profound awareness of the power and the difficulty of the writer's cultural situation - so that the works of the classic period of American literature "bear the stigmata of the modern consciousness, among which are a sense of social disintegration, of cultural decadence, and of the widening schism between the individual and his moral and material environment"(46) and show the writer's sense of being thrown back upon the separateness of his own existence, confined, as de Tocqueville put it, "entirely within the solitude of his own heart". American artists seem to have suffered early the difficulties of being 'intellectuals', in our modern sense of the word, because the arts in America never established a secure social status. The literary role itself lacked prestige, and radical changes in taste brought about new waves of American literature, each claiming to be more American than the last. Strong elements of frustration are evident in much of the literary expatriation that took place in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, frustration about the relative lack of respect paid to the arts and to artists. The general uncertainty about 'culture' in the United States and the ever-changing reading public made the problem exceptionally sharp. Literature never gained from any secure association with a class sympathetic

? solvent

towards a literary elite.

In this situation Europe served the somewhat curious function of a place of escape, a social dissolvent, enabling the writer to avoid coming to terms with some of his native social difficulties. It was the gradual decline of Europe as a cultural mecca that assisted American literature to 'come of age'. Prior to that the American writer was able to appeal to traditional and 'superior' cultural values and, if necessary, to pursue them by living elsewhere where their power was more evident. Thus Henry James who, unlike earlier American writers, was totally concerned with pursuing cultural and artistic experience, devoted to maturing an urbanity of mind that transcended any social or national situation, was prepared to live wherever circumstances seemed most propitious for the production of a full and modern art. His kind of expatriation was conservative, in that his aim was to maintain threatened cultural standards and improve his own social position as a writer. Such a conservative position was felt by many American writers, to some degree, and represented one of the main grounds for distrust of American life - its lack of stable cultural experience. But for James, and for other writers, a further attraction existed in Europe, and this was that the arts there seemed to him not only stable in their existence but inquisitive and expansive in their nature. The "favouring air" of Europe was not simply a matter of a satisfactory social environment nor only of an active literary tradition, but also of a general stimulus to the arts exerted by climate, institutions, established manners, codes of value, and the general air of having experienced and understood that was conveyed by societies with a substantial and often bloody history. European cosmopolitanism contrasted

with American simplicity and innocence. His sense of the incompleteness of American life was one shared by many other American writers before and after him.

5. COSMOPOLITANISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

The great artistic dilemma of the writer in early nineteenth-century America was, it has been said, that of recomposing European literary materials in the American situation and of "grafting foreign ideas and literary interests on characteristically native ways of thinking";[47] and this was a cultural situation which tended to create a cosmopolitan bent to the American mind. In his excellent study America and French Culture, Howard Mumford Jones, questioning the commonly expressed premise that there is such a thing as a totally independent American cast of mind and a totally independent American literature, points out the intellectual isolation of the founders, who, without even an American folk-tradition in the early days, necessarily looked back to Europe. He discerns, as one of the formative parts of the American mind, a cosmopolitan spirit that existed in the earliest colonial period and remained ever since, conflicting with the frontier and middle class minds in America, maintaining connections and sympathies outside the United States. He finds such a mind inevitable in a "debtor culture" and acknowledges its formative part in creating a valuable eclecticism in American thought. The various declarations of literary Americanism exist within an intellectual framework created by the presence of these three lines of thought. Thus one can illustrate such writers as Poe, or Whitman, or Twain,

or Cooper, vacillating between intellectual extremes associated with Europe on the one hand and the frontier on the other. The tendency to play down the cosmopolitan elements in American thought and literature has in recent years been steadily reversed - "The accepted view of colonial Americans as a singularly provincial people, isolated from the great cosmopolitan traditions of the world, is gradually being revised as investigation progresses into the cultural heritage of America" writes a recent scholar,(48) and the same might be said for later periods.

The cosmopolitan issue, that is, a sense of concern and responsibility about the superstitious valuation of Europe, had been alive since the early colonial days, as has been recently shown.(49) It followed inevitably from the knowledge that American culture was transplanted. Strong strands of nativist thought grew up, in literature as elsewhere, and when Emerson complained in his lecture on "The Young American" that "Our people have their intellectual culture from one country and their duties from another"(50) he expressed a disquiet that had long been felt; he represents, one might say, the cosmopolitan mind in reaction against cosmopolitanism. During the nineteenth century, cosmopolitanism continued as an intellectual tradition, particularly on the Eastern seaboard, where it was partly a reaction against nativism and Know-Nothingism further west. After the Civil War Whitman made his famous remark that "the best of America is the best cosmopolitanism", and admitted that the New World culture he prophesied must rest solidly on the old cultures of Europe and the eastern seaboard.(51) There can be no doubt of the strength of this cosmopolitan vein in American thought; the evidence

is there, if nowhere else, in the frequency with which it is questioned or deplored. Stanley T. Williams has pointed out that writers who looked to Europe in the nineteenth century were not simply engaged in a retreat from reality into a narrow propriety; the cosmopolitan impulse in American literature had strong and substantial causes. One was the wistfulness that emerges whenever a younger civilisation surveys the treasure of an older:

> With or without a competing frontier, the dependence of one literature upon the richer cultural models of another, is no newer than the intellectual relationship of Rome and Athens. Thus, when the Irvings in 1804 sent their gifted youngest brother to Rome, to Paris, and to London, the journey was but a version of the eternal "Grand Tour", which we still desire both for ourselves and our children.(52)

This situation was fortified by the fact that "in a sense not true of the relationships between England and Italy or those of Rome and Greece we had belonged to Europe. Ours was a completely transplanted culture..."(53) This was a fact never forgotten by Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Prescott, Ticknor, and Hawthorne, all of whom were deeply aware that American literature was cosmopolitan, drawing a considerable part of its life from the incomparable cultural resources of Europe. Thus a glow of romance became associated with Europe, and its countryside had, for American writers and readers, a familiarity that came of repeated description. Those who travelled in Europe took on reputation, and Sherwood Anderson shows that in his boyhood in Ohio men and women became famous by way of European visits: "Out in my own country, when I was a boy, going to Europe meant something tremendous, like going to war for example. It was of infinitely more importance than, let us say, getting married. Such and such a one had been to Europe three times. He was consulted on all occasions, and was allowed to sit on the platform at

political meetings..."[54] American culture thus in many ways faced toward Europe. American magazines during the nineteenth century were full of travel accounts and discussion of European affairs and literature; instruction in continental languages was widespread and, as Williams says, "[t]raveler, editor, teacher - all looked, along with the men of letters, toward Europe", which had, he observes, many meanings for different people. Thus Irving loved Europe for its romantic scenery, Longfellow, steeped in its literature, loved it for its books and learning, while Henry James loved it for its society and the mind of that society. And as Europe grew more distant intellectually and America more positive, the attitudes of Americans grew more complex; thus if Irving is close to the colonial relationship, a man seeking what is lacking at home, James is conderned with Europe as capital and America as colony in a very different and more sophisticated way. As Williams argues, the cosmopolitan tradition and the cosmopolitan state of mind continuously plays a large, always developing part in American writing,[55] and it thus made the gesture of expatriation comsiderably more significant, a special case. Thus, while expatriate writers from England could flourish contentedly in Italy or the South Seas, claimed Van Wyck Brooks in The Opinions of Oliver Allston, American writers were different - transplant them and they die. But other writers on the subject found American literary men unique for precisely the opposite reason, because they had as a natural possession the cosmopolitan view ("We can deal freely with forms of civilisation not our own," as Henry James put it). The resulting ambivalence is expressed interestingly in Sherwood Anderson's A Story Teller's Story, where he declares that he wants to belong to "an America alive, an America that

was no longer a despised cultural foster child of Europe" and to be able to "mature in one's fanciful life", yet he has to admit that in Europe the artist "is more freely accepted than he is among us." He would like to stop at home - "One had first of all to face one's materials, accept fully the life about, quit running off in fancy to India, to England, to the South Seas. We Americans had to begin to stay, in spirit atlleast, at home." But many stayed in spirit and went in fact. Many American writers saw the motion of the American dream as a Eastward one, away from Europe and toward the frontier, away from the gilded courts and toward the unaccommodated creature. "I am glad," wrote Henry James Senior to his son the novelist, a young man intoxicated by his first visit to Rome, "on the whole that my lot is cast in a land where life doesn't wait on death, and where consequently no natural but only an artificial picturesque is possible. The historical consciousness rules to such a distorted excess in Europe that I have always been restless there, and ended by pining for the land of the future exclusively. Condemned to <u>remain</u> there I should stifle in a jiffy."(56) Europe is the discarded past, America the open future; and it is the sense of contrast that gives the matter a symbolic weight, so that in fact the older James alternated between living in Europe and living in America.

Thus, for the artist, the confrontation of America and Europe took on a good deal of symbolic as well as actual weight, and it was as if America could not be properly judged as a nation unless it was judged from the standpoint of Europe; since America was largely a projection of European ideas, the visit to Europe gave a convenient measure of national progress. But to judge

from the standpoint of Europe was to judge by the standards of a culture and a civilisation that was sophisticated yet hostile in many ways to American aims and ambitions. Emerson, Poe, Cooper, Hawthorne, and many others felt a deep conflict in this respect; they respected and resented Europe in virtually equal parts, so creating a tension which is expressed within, and nourishes, their work. Almost all retained a strong sense of American advantages, and yet in different ways had to express their dependence. James Fenimore Cooper wrote, in an early letter from Switzerland, before he had become somewhat disillusioned with democratic manliness:

> I am of opinion that we should be the subject of general dislike throughout all Europe, precisely for the reason that we enjoy advantages which time and chance have taken away from them. We never shall get to be the thoroughly manly people we ought to be and might be, until we cease to look to European opinions for anything except those which are connected with the general advancement of the race.(57)

His indignation was felt in many quarters in America. To go to Europe, many Americans felt, was to learn the lesson of experience, but they simultaneously placed a positive value on American 'innocence'; Europe, they felt, had both the urbanity and the decadence of a highly developed society. Hence many nineteenth-century Americans, writers, politicians, and individual citizens felt the need to define their own relationship with Europe, to expiate their dependence or to prove their independence. And what was a conflict within many individual American minds was also a conflict within American society, with its growing democratic institutions, its expanding frontier, its enlarging middle class. The cosmopolitan spirit within American thought was challenged by a new nativism and isolationism as the country spread westward,

while English attacks on America, and the increasing numbers of non-English immigrants, made the nation cosmopolitan in another sense, for it began to make extra-national attachments elsewhere. The uncertainty about what attitudes to take to England and Europe, "the complex fate" that Henry James spoke of, made the debate about "cosmopolitanism" and "nationalism" a burning issue from the period before the War of Independence through to the twentieth century. The rejection of Europe had in a sense been the foundation of America, and a self-conscious nativism was always alive to counteract the tendency to make ties with Europe, just as a steady immigration kept Europe alive in America. America was then a cosmopolitan society, a melting-pot society, a land where many languages could be heard on the streets and on the plains, and a society cosmopolitan in its ties in matters of intellect and fashion with the countries out of which it was founded. The consequent division of loyalties was a basic problem for American artists, who were particularly and necessarily sensitive to the issue, as I wish to show hereafter.

However, the implications of the word "cosmopolitan" are more complex; we can use it in a general sense to denote an individual frame of mind in which the multiplicity of various ideas and value-systems is accepted. This is equally relevant to the situation of American writers in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In this sense "cosmopolitanism" is characteristically a property of an intelligentsia or some other free-floating class open to variety, a class associated with cities, travel, and international contacts, all of which things promote eclecticism, intellectual and moral variety. It

is a familiar sociological premise that social and intellectual growth tends to take place at the point where two cultures interact, characteristically in the city; and sociologists have distinguished between the traditional literati of ancient cities and seats of learning and the modern intelligentsia, characterised by greater freedom and detachment and greater social mobility, who typically populate the 'generative' city, the city in growth.(58) Thus, though artists have been long associated with travel and wandering, we can distinguish between the pre-romantic and the post-romantic artist as traveller by the latter's highly conscious internationalism. In one of his guises the romantic artist is the wanderer and the expatriate, searching for new knowledge and for suffering - like Stephen Dedalus he must go out and seek his misfortune, severing ties with family, country, and religion in order to become an artist.(59) His kinship is with Cain and the Wandering Jew and his travels are mythic encounters with the universe.(60) As the arts took on during the nineteenth century a more ~~specifically~~ extended educational role, and their relation to culture and ideas was emphasized, more stress was put upon the way in which the culture of a whole society affected the creation and appreciation of the arts within that society, and on the way national cultures could influence one another. The cosmopolitan attitude grew; and the concept of the international republic of letters, stretching from America in the west to Russia in the east, became more consciously and deliberately articulated as the traditional links between these counties weakened under the pressure of a growing nationalism. Writers aspired to maintain an intellectual internationalism, and the Renaissance ideal of the uomo univer-

ale, and the eighteenth-century idea of the citizen of the world, was transposed into the notion of the member of the international literary republic. Many American writers, particularly after the Civil War, felt they had in their own national heritage a particular tradition for this self-conception.

Further, since writers were traditionally peripatetic, and since their natural contacts were increasingly with other writers, art itself was growingly conceived as a country, and to be an artist was to have a special citizenship. Many American writers, like Hawthorne, have written on the sacrificial nature of their American life, and Henry James remarked that he was "to go without many things, ever so many - as all persons do in whom contemplation takes so much the place of action."(61) He, particularly, was conscious of American provincialism, of the need for criticism and detachment, and saw how that detachment could come to the American from Europe - "the effect of detachment" he wrote of some Newport citizens, "was the fact of the experience of Europe."(62) He made the characteristic intellectual discovery that in proportion as he took his art seriously, even in Europe, he was cut off from his audience, and what Europe provided was a set of broad universal standards and a fullness of experience lacking in America, even though "to be...a cosmopolitan is of necessity to be a good deal alone." (63) The repeated erosion of the classes in which cultural values were embodied, from which standards came, was a singularly American and democratic phenomenon. The artist in America never attained secure social status, and this uncertainty shaped his art and his life-style. Thus the general tendency was, with the growing professionalism of the arts, with the growing

detachment from audience as that audience widened in range of value and became less personal and more indeterminate, and with the associated redefinition of the artist's role, for a positive commitment to 'culture' and 'criticism' as an intellectual ordering or discipline to develop. A spectrum of words associated with the intellectual life - "disinterestedness", "urbanity", and "cosmopolitanism" - having to do with the wide area of thought upon which that life depends and from which it takes its stimulus, and with the kind of separateness and detachment that are supposed to characterise it, began to emerge. Many of the connotations of these words exist long before the nineteenth century, in classical thought and in the revival of learning at the Renaissance, but with the growth of the self-selected intelligentsia whose nature is open rather than caste-like, whose predominant tone is sceptical rather than authoritative, whose situation is urban and detached rather than local and committed, and whose audience is wide and varied in allegiance, they take on greater importance and relevance throughout western art. The modern city, the 'melting pot' which encompasses variety and heterogeneity and tends to dominate local, provincial cultures, and which tends to destroy kinship and cultural groups and stress professional or occupational commitments, is itself a 'liberal' locale, and the movement of intellectuals into urban enclaves with a strong professional and liberal caste is distinctive during the nineteenth century.

The attraction of the great city was deeply felt by many American authors, such as Hawthorne, who said in a letter that he felt more at home in London than in Boston or in Salem - "Being in the great metropolis of the

world, it is every man's home."[64] The increased movement of writers for reasons connected with changes in their craft and wealth made this gathering in cities a possibility, and there was considerable mobility within America itself. As the concept of provincialism sharpened in a society placing increased value on education and on ideas, it became more important than ever to escape the limitations of a local environment. This again American writers, faced conspicuously with such limitations, well understood. To make do with less than the city was to be provincial; the artist deserved and needed nothing less than - to use the formulation of one of the most important spokesmen of this understanding - "the best that was known and thought throughout the world." He needed, Matthew Arnold went on to observe, "disinterestedly intellectual and spiritual movements" and a society that was in the fullest measure "permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive."[65] Thus the disinterested artist in search of 'civilisation' was a nineteenth-century spectacle, the product of a changing notion of culture, of expanding economies which made artists into a new leisure class, of improved travel and communications, of international publishing. Intellectual and cultural aspirations could become so detached from national aspirations as to make the artist frequently into the social reformer and the revolutionary. So artists exiled for their dissidence swelled in Europe the numbers of those who moved about in search of the best ideas, the pleasantest climates, and the most stimulating atmosphere. Since by this artistic scale the countries which were most democratic and willing to tolerate large varieties of opinion were the most attractive;

since revolutionary ideas in politics as well as in art were part of the new artistic discourse; and since a regard for exiles was a sure sign of hospitality to artists, it was England and France which tended to be most tempting. Italy, though not always politically appealing, was kind to exiles, aroused thoughts of liberty, and pleased the nineteenth-century standard of the beautiful and the 'picturesque'. Arnold conveniently typifies some of the values associated with this international ideal - the aim of disinterestedness, the fear of provinciality, the need for a conscience in intellectual matters, the "severe discipline necessary for all real culture."(66) Urbanity is an essential literary quality:

> Now to get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture; a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable, for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin. Work done after men have reached this platform is classical; and that is the only work which, in the long run, can stand. All the scoriae in the work of men of great genius who have not lived on this platform are due to their not having lived on it.(67)

Arnold had an international mind, and made European comparisons; he believed that art grew from the intellectual vigour of societies, and that each cultivated country had its own weaknesses and strengths (he was particularly concerned for English weaknesses, which came, he felt, from an absence of good and of disinterested, unpolitical thinking and from the impenetrability of most of the society to ideas). If society played such a part in the creative process, then Europe as an entity should do so much more than any one country in it:

> Let us conceive of the whole group of civilised nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more.(68)

The appeal to 'Europe' was an appeal to a standard higher than any single nation could produce; it represented 'civilisation', a community of values.

Along with the notion of Europe as an artistic country of its own, as a cultural unity, there grew up the idea of special artistic capitals. At different times, and for different arts, various cities became centres for persons interested in the arts and seeking a meeting place, a finishing school, a favouring air. Many of them contained an American colony. Thus Rome was a centre more for painters and sculptors than novelists, though to writers it was of special interest for its picturesqueness, its evident antiquity and its political atmosphere. By the 1870's, it was considered that the artistic aupremacy of Italy was fading, and the best training in art was to be had in France or Germany. In art and architecture Paris stood out as far as Americans were concerned; this was largely because Richard Morris Hunt, the architect who designed Biltmore for George Vanderbilt, had trained at the École des Beaux Arts, one of the first Americans to do so. Germany had become a centre for American scholars; it was difficult for Americans to attend French universities, as American degrees were not recognized there. Germany had also a reputation for intellectual hospitality and distinguished learning, and from 1860 until after the turn of the century it was a centre for American scholars and thus German

methods in science and learning strongly influenced the style and manner of American universities. Paris became a centre for Bohemianism, which one critic has described as "Grub Street romanticized, doctrinalized and rendered self-conscious",[69] the romanticization being achieved by Henry Murger's Scènes de la Vie de Bohême, which gave to the difficulties of poor artists and writers and to the affectations of dandies like Gautier and de Nerval the air of a 'style'. Unconventional behaviour and garret life became almost essential conditions of art; and they were taken up by people who could afford to live in better circumstances but were struck by the touch of protest and 'shock' which, they felt, supported their artistic claims. 'Bohemias' grew up not only in Paris, in the Montmartre and Montparnasse quarters, but also in London, Munich, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and New York, their leaders in that city being Henry Clapp and Ada Clare who, after spending some years in Paris, returned in the fifties and set up court at Pfaff's beer salon on Broadway.[70] Paris always remained however the centre of bohemianism, and as the artist and writer felt himself free to be unconventional and advanced, so he relished Paris for its permissive atmosphere. Until about 1914, London continued to draw Americans, usually of a more conservative type, attratted by the social rewards and the lure of our old home; but there were many Byronic figures, like Crane, Whistler, and Pound, who chose England for other reasons.

The dominance of certain cities over other cities has been examined by the sociologists, who call such centres "cosmopolitan cities". The city tends to be, as the sociologist Simmel has observed, a repository of

'objective' as opposed to 'individual' culture, and so has its own independent intellectual growth;[71] and there develop, in the field of the arts as in other fields, certain cities which have international influence, their hinterland extending beyond the nation to which they belong. These cosmopolitan capitals have the power to attract men from their national metropolis. The artist who moves tends to become a member of a community which has a distinctive value system of its own, and to make his attachments with other writers rather than with, say, his readers directly. As Robert Park has said:

> The reason why Rome is the centre of the Catholic world and Paris dictates the fashions to Europe and to America seems to be because both Rome and Paris, in respect of the specific cultural interests they represent, are, at the same time, each the locus of tradition and the centre of news.
>
> This means that it is possible in these cities to act more promptly and with greater precision with respect to the special interests with which these cities elsewhere are concerned.[72]

Because such cities are responsive to all which concerns a specific interest, they gradually acquire a prestige and a tradition which makes them into the centre of that function; their dominance, whether economic, religious, political, or cultural (and these things are in fact intimately connected) usually involves a centre from which dominance is exerted at which the specialists are thickest, ans the resources of the function are most present. Thus the museums and galleries of Italy or the publishing resournes of London support the attractiveness of those places. Since modern art and literature are, in their manner of production, metropolitan and indeed international, depending upon urban skills and contacts, the circulation from a centre of literary news and standards, and highly

advanced methods of communication and distribution, literature itself tends to take on a cosmopolitan flavour. Despite the agrarian or provincial emphasis of many writers, therefore, such writers are nonetheless part of an internationally conceived method of publishing and of literary discussion and debate, while their professional circumstances and life-style necessarily tend toward the metropolitan.

It is evident that expatriation is a gesture on the part of persons more than usually dislocated and more than usually international in perspective, and indeed the disinterested and international view is increasingly necessary for the modern artist. Thus, despite the desire of many modern writers to root themselves in a culture more firmly founded than modern urban civilisation, the conditions of the production of art tend to encourage the writer to move toward the city. This movement toward cosmopolitanism can be seen growing throughout the nineteenth century in all western literatures, and it culminates in the great international novelists of the twentieth century. The aesthetic movement in art is distinctively a movement of literary independence, a movement concerned to free art from social and moral pressures and prejudices, an attitude closely related to the freedom the artist was gaining not only from his traditional duties toward particular classes and attitudes but also from his traditional financial difficulties, relieved in many cases by the new wealth coming from industrialism and economic growth. The post-Civil War writer was often both the product of and an escaper from a highly technologised business civilisation, whose wealth left him free to go where art led him - which

was frequently to Europe. Henry James is perhaps the most considerable example of the cosmopolitan American of this period, and his own books examine the figure in some detail. Thus Gilbert Osmond, in The Portrait of a Lady (1881), is a cosmopolite, as are several of the other characters; he is also the aesthete, seeming "to hint that nothing but the right 'values' was of any consequence". He "lives in Italy; that's all one can say about him or make of him" and has slipped into indolence and complete detachment, inhibited by his desire for perfection. He is the artist who produces nothing, but he requires to be financed. This is the trap into which Isabel Archer falls. James presents Osmond as unattractive not simply because he is an aesthete and a cosmopolitan but because he has made aestheticism and cosmopolitanism an excuse for artistic and moral inertia. James himself, despite his ethical rootedness,(73) is an ideal figure of the cosmopolitan, travelling in order to find the perfect atmosphere, moral, social, and aesthetic, for creation. A large number of other writers visited Europe on the same quest. Conscious of the cosmopolitan forces in their history, they felt an obligation to unite the varied strands in their literary heritage, to come to terms with the multiverse of experience that formed the education of Henry Adams. In doing so, they laid the foundation for the literary eclecticism that is a distinctive feature of American culture.

Thus over this period western Europe served the role of the great cultural capital of the west, and to its centres - London, Paris, and Rome in particular - came the artists from outlying provinces, America in the west, Russia and Hungary in the east. In this sense, America contributed,

as R. P. Blackmur has put it, to the experiment of setting up cultural capitals separate from political and economic capitals, assuming that the arts and learning could be divorced from power and resources of society without danger to both.(74) The search for internationalism, characterised at best by that kind of international novel that James created, in which the local is left behind and a larger unit of value is assimilated, appeared necessary at this phase in the American development, though it is clearly less necessary today. Expatriation does in fact have a subtle relation to the changing patterns of political and cultural power, which in more recent years have increased the influence of American capitals and decreased that of European capitals. Henry James, particularly sensitive to this type of change, spoke of New York "rapidly taking on the capital quality, the large worldly sense that dear old London and dear old Paris, with other matters in hand for them as time went on, the time they were 'biding' for me, indulgently didn't grudge it"(75) and in The American Scene he is throughout conscious of the growth of 'force' in America. The decline of expatriation - and James too was to hint at this - in the period after 1930 need not then represent a decline in this spiritiof cosmopolitanism among many American artists, but an actual shift of power, in which the characteristics of the cosmopolitan capital have been acquired on the American continent. This balancing out of the American-European relationship, difficult as it is to measure, seems indeed to have occurred in the last forty years, changing the nature of literary contacts between the two continents - as I hope hereafter to show.

CONCLUSION

In this study, I shall consider American literary expatriates - by which I mean those American writers who have chosen to live outside their native land for predominantly literary reasons - not simply as individuals responding to personal problems, but as persons coping in an extended tradition with the long-term difficulties of their social role. My assumption in developing this view is that expatriation became in America something of a style, was talked about and written about as a traditional solution to special difficulties, and that it had deep roots in America's colonial situation. There are many such reasons why it should have become such a style, and these, too, I wish to develop further. The idea of expatriation has in America long been linked with the sense of special difficulties under which American artists labour; many of these are characteristic difficulties of the romantic artist in a democratic industrial society, but others are specifically American. American literature began late and drew heavily on European traditions; it began in colonial status; it developed in a country rapidly creating a high degree of civilisation where there had been none before, and where the artist had to recreate his relationship to the matured tradition out of which his art sprang. In that society the artist had an uncertain role, which he had to define for himself in circumstances more democratic than those obtaining in Europe, where the artist's position appeared more secure and settled. The history of the writer in America is to some extent the history of a struggle for national respect for the literary arts, and it may be said that in

certain phases these arts themselves were virtually expatriated. Such problems have been decisive in forming the spirit of American writing and in shaping the psychology of those who have pursued the artistic life in America. Further, since in such circumstances those who take up the artistic life tend themselves to be disinherited persons, cultural dilemmas were often exacerbated by personal psychological factors.

The subject is one which leads naturally into speculation about the relation of a writer - particularly the American writer - to his society, about the conditions under which writers conceive, at different periods, that they may write best, and about the complexities of international cultural relations. With the separating off of intellectuals and writers into distinctive groups tending towards their own life-style, expatriation becomes a dramatisation of the artist's separation from his social environment. The establishment of literary and cultural enclaves, such as the bohemian milieux of various European and American cities, is part of the same process. This is thus associated with the search, conducted by many writers, for a place where they can pursue their profession of dedication most favourably. The assumption, common among artists in the west over the last 150 years, that there exist certain cultural situations and localities particularly stimulating to creation, and that these can be sought out by conscious action, is an aspect of this. If for the romantics such a place tended to be a natural setting, a repository of the picturesque, a place where the creative encounter of solitary man with phenomena was most alive, the tendency for later writers was rather to seek a particular

social situation, where art was highly valued or in which the social pattern was particularly susceptible to literary treatment. The significance of such movements for international cultural relations becomes evident when we consider the kind of challenge that is posed in expatriation of this sort, for much of this kind of expatriation is evidence of a lack of cultural confidence about the native situation. Even in the twentieth century, with which I am particularly concerned, the same uncertainty is present in America until 1930, after which expatriation tends to decline. One may deduce from this that out of the debate has come a spirit of cosmopolitanism which has planted itself firmly on native soil, until the modern writer is no longer conscious of American limitations.

There are a number of issues related to this study on which I touch only lightly. It is interesting to ask in each individual case what a writer learned in Europe, what personal balance he made between European and American materials and ways of writing, how he treated his experiences throughout his work. The whole question of literary relationships between England and America merits further study, and so too does the history of actual contacts that existed between European and American writers. My own concern is rather with general phenomena than with individual writers. In his book The Complex Fate Maurice Bewley comments that the largest problem confronting the artist in nineteenth-century America, and which still occupies him, may be defined as "the nature of his separateness, and the nature of his connection with European, and particularly with English, culture."(76) It is with this matter in the most general terms that I am concerned. Mr Bewley considers the subject within literature itself,

analysing the kind of art this concern produced, while I attend rather to general motivations, and to the relevance of the subject for the cultural relations of Europe and America. I have indicated some of the perennial ideas and the pressures that created an atmosphere favourable to literary expatriation, and made it so significant a part of the American literary psychology. The chapters that follow deal with the matter in more detail. My first section deals with the growth of expatriation during the nineteenth century, offering an historical account of literary contacts between Europe and America, of the situation of the American writer, and of the growth of expatriation as a phenomenon and a matter of discussion and debate; it illustrates how the debate developed and shows the expansion of expatriation after the Civil War. My second section is concerned with two periods of literary expatriation in the twentieth century - the group of American writers who settled in England in the early years of the century, up to the end of the first world war and in some cases long beyond; and with the mass-migration of writers who settled in France, Italy, and Germany during the nineteen-twenties up to the early nineteen-thirties and in some cases long beyond. My final chapter presents some general conclusions about the psychology of expatriation among American writers, and considers why, in recent years, the movement, once so important, seems to have declined save in a number of special cases. The whole is conceived as a study in European-American cultural relationships, with which American Studies in Europe can, I think, be particularly fruitfully concerned.

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Gohdes, op. cit., p. 17

14
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15
Gohdes, op. cit., p. 18. Another effect of residence in Europe was to encourage publishers to print works in a regular limited edition rather than in a series. As Gohdes points out(p.33),

> Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, John Neal, Nathaniel P.Willis, Moncure D.Conway, Bayard Taylor, Charles G.Leland, Bret Harte, James Russell Lowell, Henry James, Francis Marion Crawford, Harold Frederic, Nathaniel and Julian Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller -- all these and many more -- profited by residing in Europe at a time when certain of their books were first published in London, and thus enjoyed, with royalties presumably greater than the average for Americans, publication in a more dignified and expensive format, and so, often received, through the business connections of their publishers , more favourable attention in the review columns of newspapers and magazines. Some other American authors took advantage of shorter visits to Europe, as well as the service of friends resident abroad, to arrange for a type of production more respectable than that of the series or 'library'...

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Herman Melville, q. in Matthew Josephson, Portait of the Artist as American (New York, Harcourt Brace, 1930).

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B.T.Spencer, The Quest for Nationality: An American Literary Campaign (Syracuse,N.Y., Syracuse University Press, 1957), p. 58.

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Nathaniel Hawthorne, letter to Ticknor, q. in Caroline Ticknor, Hawthorne and His Publisher (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1913), p. 214.

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Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America (1835/40) De Tocqueville observed that Americans were able to enjoy the treasures of the intellect without having to amass them:

> Although America is perhaps in our days the civilised country in which literature is least attended to, still a large number of persons there take an interest in the productions of the mind, and make them, if not the study of their lives, at least the charm of their leisure hours. But England supplies these readers with most of the books which they require.

This situation naturally affects the nature of such writers as America does produce.

> The larger part of that small number of men in the United States who are engaged in the composition of literary works are English in substance, and still more so in form. Thus they transport into the midst of democracy the ideas and literary fashions among the aristocratic nation they have taken for their model.

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Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter (1850)

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James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916).

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Thus see Bernard Blackstone, The Lost Travellers: A Romantic Theme with Variations (London, Longmans, 1962).

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Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 277.

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Henry James, letter to Grace Norton, 7 Aug, 1877, q. in The Letters of Henry James, selected and ed. by Percy Lubbock (London, Macmillan (2vols), 1920), I, p. 55.

64 Nathaniel Hawthorne, letter to Ticknor, in The Ticknor Letters, I, p. 118, q. in Lawrence Sargent Hall, Hawthorne Critic of Society (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press (Yale Studies in English, Vol. 99), 1944), p. 86.

65 Matthew Arnold, "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" In Essays in Criticism: First Series (1865).

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67 Matthew Arnold, "The Literary Influence of Academies". In Essays In Criticism: First Series.

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69 Malcolm Cowley, Exile's Return: A Literary Odyssey of the 1920's (New York, 1934). References to Revised Edition New York, Viking Press, 1951), p. 55 .

70 Albert Parry, Garrets and Pretenders: A History of Bohemianism in America (New York, Covici, Friede, 1933). References to Revised Edition (New York, Dover Publications, 1960), p. 14.

71 Georg Simmel, "The Metropolis and Mental Life" in The Sociology of Georg Simmel, translated, edited and with an introduction by Kurt H.Wolff (Glencoe, Illinois, The Free Press, 1950)., pp. 409-424. Simmel comments that a characteristic of the city is its power of "functional extension beyond its present boundaries", and that the city becomes the seat of cosmopolitanism:

> The horizon of the city expands in a manner comparable to the way in which its wealth develops; a certain amount of property increases in a quasi-automatic way in ever more rapid progression. As

> soon as a certain limit is passed, the economic, personal, and intellectual relations of the citizenry, the sphere of intellectual predominance of the city over its hinterland, grow as in geometrical progression.... At this point, the quantitive aspect of life is transformed directly into qualitative traits of character. The sphere of life in a small town is, in the main, self-contained and autarchic. For it is the decisive mature of the metropolis that its inner life overflows by waves into a far-flung national or international area. Weimar is not an example to the contrary, since its significance was hinged upon individual personalities and died with them; whereas the metropolis is indeed characterized by its essential independence even from the most eminent individual personalities.

Simmel adds that the city can allow for variousness and individual freedom by extending the spatial and temporal action and effect of the individual. And indeed the 'expatriation' of writers and thinkers to cities and other countries is frequently motivated by a desire to extend their influence and reputation.

72

Robert E.Park, Human Communities: The City and Urban Ecology (Glencoe, Ill., The Free Press, 1952), pp. 138-89.

73

Thus see Marius Bewley, The Complex Fate: Hawthorne, Henry James and Some Other American Writers (London, Chatto and Windus, 1952), who argues (pp. 8-9):

> In the end one can say that Hawthorne literally gave James a tradition, for it was through Hawthorne that James found New England artistically accessible. And it was, finallyl this sense of rootedness, or more accurately, of fine and enduring relation, that safeguarded him from becoming a kind of Edwardian Maugham. Later, when his novels became a dialectic of nations, the Moderator, instead of a displaced cosmopolitan, was a novelist whose values were centred and whose aims were clearly focused.

And see too Quentin Anderson, The American Henry James (London, Calder, 1958).

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CHAPTER TWO.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1. LITERARY ATTITUDES TOWARDS EUROPE, 1750-1820.

The remarkable and interesting period of American literary expatriation occurs after the American Civil War, when American writers in considerable numbers chose, or felt themselves forced, to live abroad, and when the word 'expatriation' became associated with a self-conscious and deliberate withdrawal from national life. If one looks backward over American literary history, however, one can see that the writer in America has long been attracted toward Europe. The extent to which the cultural life of America depended upon that of Europe, and the evident attraction that Europe had for those in America who were interested in or committed to the arts, was an issue even before Independence. During the colonial period, European

contacts, and particularly contacts with England, were inevitably close.[1] Imaginative awareness of the power, influence and fascination of Europe, and a strong emotional kinship with England, were of course inevitable. The American mind had always to be aware that two thousand miles eastward lay a continent to which it was linked by ties of blood and intention as well as by political contact.

The desire for cultural independence existed in colonial America, and was of course much strengthened by the conflict with England. Benjamin Franklin, who spent altogether some sixteen and a half years in England, and was an exemplary figure of the eighteenth-century cosmopolitan writer and thinker, has some revealing comments on the subject in his letters. Thus in 1763 he wrote about the intellectual life of England:

> Why should that petty Island, which compared to America is but like a stepping-stone in a Brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry; why, I say, should that little Island enjoy in almost every Neighbourhood, more sensible virtuous and elegant Minds, than we can collect in ranging 100 Leagues of our vast Forests? But 'tis said the Arts delight to Travel Westward.[2]

Franklin was under no illusions about the merit of native American art and observed that, because Americans were not rich enough to encourage the fine arts, "our geniuses all go to Europe."[3] To many eighteenth-century American thinkers, this was inevitable and right, and was to

the advantage of America. John Adams, for instance, disapproved of the premature development of the arts and advised his own generation to concentrate on the necessities of practical education, leaving artistic pursuits for his grandchildren to cultivate.[4]

The distrust of Europe that existed in ~~cultural~~ political matters did have cultural consequences, however, and doubts were expressed about the wisdom of European travel, common as this was. Thus in a letter of 1785 Thomas Jefferson expresses this unease. "Let us view the disadvantages of sending a youth to Europe," he comments, and goes on:

> He acquires a fondness for European luxury and dissipation, and a contempt for the simplicity of his own country; he is fascinated with the privileges of the European aristocrats, and sees, with abhorrence, the lovely equality which the poor enjoy with the rich, in his own country...; he returns to his own country, a foreigner, unacquainted with all the practices of domestic economy necessary to preserve him from ruin.... It appears to me, then, that an American, coming to Europe for education, loses in his knowledge, in his morals, in his health, in his habits, and in his happiness....[5]

Since, too, pursuit of the arts was associated with the pattern of European civilisation, it was not uncommon for the importance of their cultivation to be denied. It was often assumed that literature was a recourse of settled societies, or that since there was already a literature in the English language imitation could only be inferior. Thus literature in America began amid

doubts and embarrassments, and a sense of an inferiority to English literature affected it throughout the nineteenth century.

Since American society was founded in historical daylight and out of matured European standards, since it had "the startling look about it of a human artifact, constructed for specific socio-political and economic purposes in a given period, a period well-known and thoroughly documented,"[6] the awareness among the early American writers of beginning their literature late was necessarily sharp. This situation has two interesting consequences. One is the intensification of the Romantic strain in American writing, the strain of visionary symbolism, social criticism, and psychological and technical criticism, not characteristic of all literatures; the other is its spirit of literary eclecticism, its readiness to borrow from other literatures. American literary culture was a borrowed one, acquired largely from England. This led to a sense of cultural community with Europe, and those who were concerned with the arts tended to be drawn eastward. Even Jefferson, writing a letter from France in 1785, confessed that he envied the country its fine arts, though he found America more advanced in human institutions and in science:

> In science, the mass of the people are two centuries behind ours; their literati, half a dozen years before us. Books, really good, acquire just reputation in that time, and so become known to us, and communicate to us all their advances in knowledge. Is not this delay compensated, by our being placed out of the reach of that swarm of nonsensical publications which issues daily from a thousand presses, and perishes almost in issuing?[7]

There was in fact agreement on both sides of the Atlantic that the literary activity of America was unimportant, and it was not really until after the War of 1812 that America began to feel uneasy about its cultural dependence upon Europe.

The years after 1812 saw the growth of a feeling of independence evident in all departments of American life. The war stressed the importance of indigenous American trade; it had thrown the emphasis on the west and the frontier and made it clear that the eastern seaboard patriciate did not represent the United States. It also brought a distrust of ~~America~~ England and Europe generally which was not to soften for many years. Foreign criticism -- particularly the criticisms of British travellers in America -- and the commercial war with England encouraged self-consciousness about Americanism. The growth of trade brought about the rise of new business classes, and the weight of influence passed westward and away from the cosmopolitan and settled east. Literature too felt the westward pull. The traditional cultural

relationship with Europe was strained. In England, Tory criticisms of America grew stronger, and the famous attacks of the Scotch Reviewers, particularly The Edinburgh and The Quarterly, on all aspects of American life, encouraged a sense of indignant independence. The reviewers poured on the notion of an American literature the same scorn that they poured on the young Keats, and this encouraged the movement for literary independence. "Heaven bless the Quarterly Review, say I!" wrote Cooper a few years later, "I do believe the Quarterly Review has done more towards alienating the feelings of America from Great Britain than two wars."[9] The promise that American writers held out before themselves was one of emancipation from European models, and of the growth of a native literature based on American themes and democratic values. Yet it became possible to suspect that as one moved away from the European one moved away from literature. In European and English society the writer had a function; but in America the role of the writer had not yet really been defined. American writers, protesting their independence, found still that it helped to go to Europe, found still that American taste had been formed by English writers, found that they too could best begin by imitating English models.

Since most of the books in circulation at the turn

of the century were English, it was hardly surprising that the American literary consciousness was painfully aware of the English performance. The English writers were the ones with whom they had to compete, and they competed on painfully unequal terms. There were two main problems; one was the lack of those things in the American landscape and social scene which might sustain novels in the English manner, with the then preoccupying concerns with the past, the gothic, the beauties of nature. The other was simply that the English writers had got in first. The pirating of English books by American booksellers may not have pleased their authors, but they both established the dominance of the English literary tradition in America, and kept the American author, who needed payment, out. The English author thus had an unwanted advantage; the publishers did not have to pay royalties, and they had a certain sale, so their preference was against the American. The painfully slow careers of writers like Hawthorne, Whittier, Melville, Poe and others, the fact that they had to live by other means than writing, and pursue political favours, had much to do with the fact that publishers were not disposed to print American writers and pay them when they could have Dickens for nothing[10]. For these reasons there was some suspicion that there was no place for a writer in a democratic land, particularly because America was heavily pressed with

commercial concerns. The Rev. Samuel Miller, in his Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century (1803) had said that there was little leisure for the cultivation of literature, and that the commercial spirit of the land offered small encouragement to learning; it seemed he might well be right.

There was a natural desire among American writers to prove in Europe that their genus existed, and that American literature could enter the world's cultural scene. At the same time the effort was painful; it was an admission of what was lacking in the United States; American writers depended, still, on British reviewers. The hope was that it would not be lacking for long; that in a hundred years time people would be asking who reads an English book. The promise lay in the intellectual revival that came, with the industrial revolution, to New England; the Romantic movement charged the American imagination, since it seemed almost specifically American in character, setting the free spirit against institutions, which America saw as being far more oppressive in Europe, and seeing man as full of infinite possibilities which had yet to be realised. By this view, America was in front. And in fact this optimism was justified, by the remarkable flowering of literature that took place in New England between 1820 and the Civil War.

2. LITERARY ATTITUDES TOWARDS EUROPE, 1820-1865.

The problem of the period was characterized by de Tocqueville's remark that American writers "transport into the midst of democracy the ideas and literary fashions which are current among the aristocratic nation they have taken for their model"[11]. American literature was an importation, and this involved the transplantation of the British attitude toward art existent at the time. In eighteenth century England artistic culture was dominated by the aristocratic ideal; gradually, in the nineteenth, there grew up a more middle-class view that art was a means of instruction. Howard Mumford Jones points the consequence:

> The American colonial leisure class accordingly took over the attitude of the British upper classes; the development of the second notion of the function of art grows in the United States pari passu with its development in England. In either case there was no possibility for the development of an indigenous art life in America, since the aristocratic attitude looks abroad, and the bourgeous attitude looks away from art to the practice of ethical virtue.[12]

The American scene was beheld with British eyes and those eyes had been trained to look in a semi-aristocratic context. The cosmopolitan classes in the first instance (and their influence lasted longer than their social dominance, because in cultural matters they inspired imitation of the middle class) and the middle class in the second "looked to the European tradition for its literary

norm";

> ...the triumph of democracy strengthened, rather than diminished, the American taste for European books, and the reason is to be sought, I think, in the desire of the middle class to be as cosmopolitan as they could, and in the fact that British literature in these years was on the whole solid, moral, and respectable. Desirous of manifesting an imitative interest, the middle class found a European literature in their own language which presented exactly the qualities they admired.[13]

The American author had a not surprising response. "It made him less "American" in theme and treatment, but essentially more American in attitude -- if we assume, as we must, that a literature which faithfully meets the need of national life is by so much nationalistic."[14]

English literature, as James Russell Lowell pointed out, had an "emigrating tendency"; it was not narrowly nationalistic, and any literature which put nationalism above universality was apt to confine itself unbearably. Thus the demands for literary independence were more often made by writers themselves, trying to stake out a territory, than by their audience, who was not too unhappy with the books being imported. Many readers were content to agree with Lowell when he said that it might not be America's destiny to produce a great literature, and that other forms of social organization had to be attended to first.[15]

Thus in spite of these gestures of independence, the European contacts continued. After the War of 1812 was over, American scholars, writers and travellers once again

poured into Europe to bring back the ideas and the manners of the Old World. Reasons varied, but there was no stigma, no charge of alienation; indeed, for the scholar, the lawyer, the preacher, the politician, a visit to Europe was a valuable qualification. Historians like Ticknor, Everett, Motley and Prescott studied at German Universities and toured Europe, building up immense libraries of historical material which they brought back to Boston -- and Harvard. In 1815 Washington Irving went to England and spent the next seventeen years in Europe. His aims and interests were plain. Like most writers who travelled before the Civil War, he sought ideas and contacts, particularly perhaps the latter, and he sought the treasures of age. American travel in Europe was a quality of the American intellectual scene, which had its roots in the more humble colonial returns of the period before the revolution. In this period, the travels of writers were not expressions of literary discontent; they were no different from those of other educated persons. Irving went in the colonial spirit. The rewards of Europe, and the contrasting interest of America, are plainly set forth in his comments in The Sketch Book:

> But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very

> ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement -- to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity -- to loiter about the ruined castle -- to meditate on the falling tower -- to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.[16]

Here Irving displays the spirit of a new romantic fondness for the past, for the gothic, which had taken hold in Europe and was to grip the American imagination proportionately the more as it had no past to feed on. Increasingly one of the attractions of Europe came to be the quaintness and shadowiness of the old, and the charm of associations. Even Hawthorne, for whom the case was patently so much more complex than this[17], did not say much more in his famous preface to The Marble Faun than that the absence of such storied associations, while happy for America, was hard on the writer of romance. Hawthorne did, in fact, add another notion -- in Doctor Grimshawe's Secret and Our Old Home -- and this was the image of "our old home", the England from which the Western wanderer had been so long estranged, leaving him with a strange yearning in the blood to return. This myth of a heritage, a culture and a personality lost by emigration, grew the stronger as races other than Anglo-Saxon poured into America[18].

A further interest in Europe for the writer was the sense of belonging to the international republic of letters

which extended from Boston in the West to Russia in the East. The intellectual renaissance in New England had made Boston the literary centre of America, and it had usurped Philadelphia and New York so completely that Emerson saw fit to describe it, in his Natural History of Intellect[19] as "the town which was appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America" (and more than North America, the whole planet, Oliver Wendell Holmes claimed). By 1820 Boston thought itself as distinguished an intellectual centre as any in the world; knowing the good at home, the Bostonians recognised it when it flowed in from Europe. Emerson himself, who in his famous oration The American Scholar[20] held that America had listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe, and that the day of dependence and apprenticeship was coming to a close, had a strong sense of the international republic of letters, and of the cultural riches offered to an American in Europe. He had toured Europe and returned home laden with the liberal ideas of Goethe, Carlyle, Wordsworth and Coleridge, the minds that were to stimulate (and irritate) the new radical generation in American letters and to provide the basis for transcendentalist philosophy; in persons like Emerson the romantic spirit of America took shape. And it was the sense of a lively literary scene, conveyed by The Edinburgh Review, that had drawn him to England[21].

In English Traits Emerson goes on to develop another reason that should draw the American to England -- it constitutes the American challenge:

> In all that is done or begun by Americans towards right thinking or practice, we are met by a civilisation already settled and overpowering. The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims.... The American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious.[22]

Emerson is probably flattering his English reader slightly; he might have said "very propitious". For the view that is commonly expressed in this generation is that all European culture is part of the American heritage, while the American is uniquely able, in his freedom from tyrannous institutions and his independence from Europe (which enables him to synthesise), to put it to use. Given all the riches of European thought as their right, and the unique prospect of a society in the process of being made, one that can be moulded by new ideas, many American intellectuals thought with Emerson that America was playing the game with immense advantage. Indeed Henry James, Senior, thought Emerson's kind words about England too generous; the English were, he felt, an intensely vulgar race, not worth studying, and the prejudices one had about them were scarcely worth correcting. "They belong, all their good and their evil, to the past humanity, to the infantile development of the mind, and they don't deserve, more than any other nation, the least reverence from a denizen of the new world"[23].

But he himself admitted the value of European ideas in America; he was, indeed, an ardent Swedenborgian; and it was to Europe he took his children, in order that they should get (as he put it in a letter to Emerson) a better "sensuous education" than they would in America[24]. It was the conservative associations of Europe he abhorred; one would stifle in England, he felt, under the weight of its hideous class distinctions, its abject snobbery and servility, and no American could stand it.

There existed, then, an intellectual tradition of European contacts, with individuals and ideas, in the confidence that Europe, and particularly England, contributed many terms to the American debate. It is interesting to observe that both American conservatism and American radicalism found stimulus in England; the two parties equally gained support from English opinion, though the reformist spirit in America began to attract the hopes of English liberals who thought that reform in America would hasten the pace in England. It is interesting, too, to notice that, while in England the hopes of many people lay in America's moving away from the aristocratic, towards a democratic and reformed society, the persons in America who were most fond of England were the conservatives, the federalists, the remnants of the American aristocracy[25].

Yet to Emerson the contribution of English minds came from Godwin, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and then of course there was

the contribution from the German mystics. Writing in The Dial in 1843, Emerson almost reversed his declaration of intellectual independence made in The American Scholar four years before. He commended to scholars a study of the literary and ethical influence of Cunard steamers:

> But at present we have our culture from Europe and Europeans. Let us be content and thankful for these good gifts for a while yet. The collections of art, at Dresden, Paris, Rome, and the British Museum, and libraries offer their splendid hospitalities to the American. And beyond this, amid the dense population of that continent, lifts itself ever and anon some eminent head, a prophet to his own people, and their interpreter to people of other countries.[26]

Hawthorne, in England in the consular service in the 1850's, found that the good gifts were not wasted on Americans. He was amazed by their vagabond habits -- "it seemed to me that nothing was more common than for a young American deliberately to spend all his resources in an aesthetic peregrination about Europe, returning with his pockets mearly empty to begin the world in earnest"[27]. It was, indeed, a kind of apprenticeship; George Ticknor's father wrote to his son in Europe to remind him that he had left his father to grow wiser and better, and to learn how to be more useful to himself, his friends and his country. Henry Adams decided that he would like to study at a German university:

> Charles Francis Adams, the father, felt no love for Europe, which, as he and all the world agreed, unfitted Americans for America. A captious critic might have replied that all the success he or his father or grandfather achieved was really due to the field that Europe gave them, and it was more than likely that

> without the help of Europe they would have all remained local politicians or lawyers...[28]

It was an apprenticeship equally appropriate to the Brahmin and the radical. And, largely speaking, the travels of writers did not represent discontents or interests wider than this notion, that intellectual apprenticeship involved European contacts. Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell all knew Europe well. Of these, Cooper was the most conspicuously disturbed by his European experiences; he returned to America in 1833 to be shocked by the changes that had taken place during his seven years absence -- the growth of commercialism, demagogery, vulgarity in behaviour. Irving, returning the year before, had been met by an "all-pervading commonplace"; but Cooper's shock was the stronger in that he had been immensely hopeful for American society and for the rise of the common man. He had defended America violently in Europe. Others found the translation between the two cultures easy. Longfellow's "solution" seemed to Henry James quiet and pleasant; how, wondered James, had he done it? Perhaps by working up his American conciousness to that mystic point at which it could feel nothing but continuity and congruity with his European[29]. Of Lowell, spending his last years in London, James comments: "His theory was that of the American for whom his Americanism filled up the measure of the needful; his practice was that of freely finding room for any useful contribution to the quantity

from without"[30]. It was, nonetheless, over this period that the experience of expatriation was pioneered.

3. AMBIVALENCE TOWARD EUROPE IN HAWTHORNE AND COOPER.

It was not until after the Civil War that writers in America emerged distinctively as a class, and the notion of expatriation formulated itself as a positive part of the literary imagination. By this time, writers in America had come to take it for granted that the conditions under which American society was developing constituted special difficulties for the artistic imagination, and the positive sense of the alienation of writers as a class became widespread. Like writers in Russia, a land with not dissimilar cultural problems, they had become a discontented faction in the society, a Europeanized group with a sense of living among special dilemmas[31]. The discontents of the earlier expatriates -- the uncertain expatriates like Irving, Cooper and Hawthorne, the expatriates in the field of art who swept out of Boston for Rome and later Florence, people like Story and Paul Akers, simply unable to pursue their ends in America -- were the discontents of artists in a land where the arts had not gained a firm foothold, and their difficulties appeared to be those of a literature founding itself and developing American characteristics. To James, they represented the early days of the problem,

delightful yet almost embarrassing in their simplicity. And when James wrote of Hawthorne or Story, it was in the consciousness that the possibility of conducting the artistic life was here being pioneered, and that the possibilities, in such an environment, of a writer's becoming successful, doing major work, were so slight as to be heroic.

The difficulties of the American writer at this time had to do with what Poe called "convincing the mother country that her sons were not all brainless" and snapping asunder "the leading-strings of our British grandmamma"[32]; he had to make an American -- and by implication -- a democratic literature out of the aristocratic tradition he, and his readers, had inherited; he had to tempt his American reader, whose taste had been developed on English literature, to his own native product; he had to find materials in a society as unsettled and unformed as his own, on which to build his art; he had to find a means of financing his literary endeavour; and he had, as was pointed out in the last chapter, to try to forge a social role for himself and win the esteem of his fellows in a land where there was no tradition of such regard.

New England, in the early nineteenth century, was possessed of sufficient intellectual ferment, sufficient interest in culture, for this kind of development to be a possibility. However, the cultural ferment was both

Anglicized and provincial; it was arrogant, bourgeois and moralistic. Between 1820 and 1865, indeed, New England had perhaps one of the most advanced cultures, in terms of the proportion of its population that maintained highly developed cultural interests, that the modern world has seen. Thus Bret Harte said that you could not shoot in any direction without bringing down the writer of two or three volumes, and a Cambridge, Mass.,lady said that when she met a Cambridge man and conversation faltered, she had only to ask, how is your book coming on?[33] This had not always been so, as Emerson noted in his journal in 1852: "From 1790 to 1820 there was not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought in the State [Massachusetts]. About 1820, the Channing, Webster, and Everett era begun, and we have been bookish and poetical and cogitative since."[34] In the field of literature and ideas, (according to Van Wyck Brooks, a highly partisan witness) Cambridge and Boston, in the middle nineteenth-century, wrote for the world, and the world was represented there as it was in Oxford or Rome:

> ...when, a hundred years ago, the zeitgeist penetrated New England, with its train of world-ideas, it found a sensibility prepared for it; and a man like Thoreau, who scarcely stirred out of his little Concord, instinctively understood Mazzini and Kossuth...[35]

New England took in ideas from all over the world, weighed them and gave them an American cast, added something new and sent them out again all over America. It produced schoolteachers,and was the publishing centre, for the whole

of the country.

Thus when Henry James, in 1879, published his study of Hawthorne[36], and it was found that he had described the New England of fifty years before as "unfurnished", a great deal of protest was aroused. Yet James's comment was justified by the fact that New England culture was a precarious thing. It was separated from what was happening in other parts of America. There was, in New England, an elite of sorts, an aristocracy on the English model, which encouraged the arts and learning and brought them to a high level of attainment. The precariousness of this class was shown by the rapidity with which it disappeared; the social alteration of the Civil War and the rapid immigrations thereafter pushed the class so firmly from the centres of power that Boston had to forego its claims to being the cultural capital of America and allow New York to take on this uncertain title. In this the literary flowering of New England bore similarities to the rise of Russian literature, which took place in the hothouse atmosphere of a class almost completely internationalized and detached from the concerns of Russian society generally.[37] James himself noticed the similarity between the American writer's situation and that of Turgenev, a writer "out of harmony with his native land", one who had "a poet's quarrel with it"[38]. Social change had brought to the surface in Russia "a deluge of hollow

pretensions and vicious assumptions, amid which the love either of old virtue or of new achievements finds little gratification". The effect of this on an artist might be to inhibit the imagination so that the artist would withdraw, not into fantasy, but to a distance, where the old virtues and the new achievements may be seen in perspective; the role of "wrapt watcher" may be a literary necessity.

To Henry James, the split between the culture and the society, the permanent 'thinness' of New England, occasioned a special relationship between the writer and his culture. The moral, the paradigm afforded by the case of the early American talents from which James learned was made clear at the beginning of his book on Hawthorne:

> This moral is that the flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep, that it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature, that it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion. American civilization has hitherto had other things to do than to produce flowers, and before giving birth to writers it has wisely occupied itself with providing something for them to write about.[39]

James does, in a very special sense, exaggerate the 'unfurnished' quality of the New England scene and its provisions for a writer who grew up with the century. Certainly both Hawthorne and Cooper complained of the plainness of the American scene, as material for the writing of fiction. But to James the point was that New England was lacking, as he saw it, in the conditions most conducive to the successful production of literature, literature at

its self-aware and at its most civilised. These conditions were contact with other writers, with whom the novelist might discuss working problems and receive the stimulus of ideas; the circulation of exacting criticism (the writer in New England was too easily and simply admired, said James); a tradition which has given the writer an orientation, a point of vision and technique from which he might develop; and, as a part of the last, a civilisation in which persons and manners are sufficiently complex, developed and interesting to offer full human prospects for the writer.

In Hawthorne's New England, there was, said James, only the individual talent; his was "a simple, democratic, thinly-composed society; there is no evidence of the writer finding himself any variety or intimacy of relations with any one or anything"[40]. The writer's role was undefined; James remarks that it was still, in his time, a matter of discomfort not to be in business, the problem being not that the writer was thought an idler but that "he has but a limited place in the social system, finds no particular bough to perch on". He is in fact held in some hnnour -- "if the tone of the American world is in some respects provincial, it is in none more so than in the matter of the exaggerated homage rendered to authorship" -- but the admiration is often too undiscriminating to be an encouragement to good writing. James goes on to elaborate the

conditions under which writers prosper most:

> ...fifty years ago, greatly more than now, the literary man must have lacked the comfort and inspiration of belonging to a class. The best things come, as a general thing, from the talents that are members of a group; every man works better when he has companions working in the same line, and yielding the stimulus of suggestion, comparison, emulation. Great things of course have been done by solitary workers; but they have usually been done with double the pains they would have cost, if they had been produced in more genial circumstances.[41]

The solitary worker, losing the profit of example and discussion, was bound to be an "empiric".

Admittedly New England, in James's view, gave <u>something</u>:

> Out of the soil of New England he /Hawthorne/ sprang-in a crevice of that immitigable granite he sprouted and bloomed. Half of the interest that he posseses for an American reader with any turn for analysis must reside in his latent New England savour; and I think it no more than just to say that whatever entertainment he may yield to those who know him at a distance, it is an almost indispensible condition of properly appreciating him to have received a personal impression of the manners, the morals, indeed of the very climate, of the great region of which the remarkable city of Boston is the metropolis.[42]

There was, then, the mood of the Transcendentalists, which had once more for James the high interest of a social group with its own intellectual tone, a special tone peculiar to the locality -- "the soil of the old New England morality, gently raked and refreshed by an imported culture". But this was not the centre of things; there were drawbacks. "It bore, intellectually, the stamp of provincialism; it was a beginning without a fruition, a dawn without a noon; and it produced, with a single exception /Emerson/, no great talents"[43]. Moreover, New England had not yet

learned to enjoy:

> American life had begun to constitute itself from its foundations; it had begun to be, simply; it was at an immeasurable distance from having begun to enjoy. I imagine there was no appreciable group of people in New England at that time proposing to enjoy life.... I say that he must have proposed to himself to enjoy, simply because he proposed to be an artist, and because this enters inevitably into the artist's scheme.[44]

Hawthorne's real excellence was, in James's view, that out of such a background he produced so much. For the impression afforded by his Notebooks is so much one of "an extraordinary blankness -- a curious paleness of colour and paucity of detail", affording the image of "the crude and simple society in which he lived". He is struck by the large number of elements absent from Hawthorne's circumstances, and "the coldness, the thinness, the blankness...present themselves so vividly that our foremost feeling is one of compassion for a romancer looking for subjects in such a field"[45]. Hawthorne himself, in his famous preface to The Marble Faun, confessed to the difficulty:

> Italy, as the site of this Romance, was chiefly valuable to him [the author] as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. 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 wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow.[46]

Although Hawthorne did indeed regard the commonplace prosperity -- by which he meant not simply the accumulation of goods but the evidence it gave of a new resourcefulness (the view that materialism was a danger to the life of the spirit took much longer to develop; one sees it begin to grow in Emerson and Thoreau) -- as a happy thing, the remark shows signs of strain[47].

Hawthorne did indeed feel deprived; but what he felt deprived of is suggested in his comment that poetry, like ivy and lichen, needs ruin to make it grow. He was not a realist, but a writer of romances, and he is speaking of the difficulty of writing in his genre; but the interesting thing is that he should want to write in this vein at all, and should want to challenge the American imagination with tales of American artists expatriated in Italy or Americans seeking their old heritage in England, and with a style of imaginative fantasy. Thus he felt the thinness, the absence of forms (he complained in a letter to Longfellow that he had nothing but thin air to work with) and, it is evident, his search for an atmosphere of a certain texture and mystery was a guiding force in his reference back to Europe. His sense of deprivation was very much, perhaps, a suspicion of personal rather than artistic failure; and it took Henry James to restate the issue in terms that gave it solidity, that set it as a symbol for the anguishes the artist went

through in the early formative years of American writing. But it has its own solidity, too, a solidity that comes from the bleakness with which Hawthorne held the view that he had been deprived of many of the happinesses of life, and that he had missed the pleasures of innocence and the simple past.[48] The sense of deprivation blends in with the straightforward social observation and the moral analysis that Hawthorne pursues in the face of the Anglo-American relationship. His aim was to vivify the pained face of guilt, to expose the rigorous code of his brand of Puritanism, and in seeking a decor against which to set such a drama he sought a landscape less clear and open than that of America. That of Europe beckoned; it had all the glow that Irving hinted at, and like Irving, seeking to tell ghostly tales of a glamorous past in a landscape almost too plain to bear it, he felt the split between his sharp sense of the past and the coldness of an America which was so much the present.

The issue, almost, is whether he has any right, as an American, to disturb the artistic corners of the imagination at all. Hawthorne was not writing of actualities; he was helped by a "fairy precinct". But, he seems to imply, if romance-writers and poets need ruin to prosper in, perhaps we are better off without them. For, when he appeals to other authors ("no author...can conceive"), we can only imagine that he is calling to writers who are not Americans; to writers in England, in fact, and is pointing up with some

comfort the fact that an American writer has to go abroad for his ruins...unlike a European one. And when he speaks of the wants of the American landscape, it is to take some comfort in the society; he is talking simply of technical difficulties. James, elaborating the point, makes it an issue of the hardships of a writer in a land where not only landscape but also those appurtenances of life which sustain the writer are lacking...but James, writing from a subtler standpoint, was enriching the issue.

Hawthorne, it is true, maintained a constant flirtation with Europe, and his notebooks show him permanently unsure whether he admired England, the 'old home', or despised it. In 1860 we have him writing from England: "As regards going home, I alternate between a longing and a dread", and his letters too show him vacillating back and forth; now he is weary of England, now he feels that he can never be as free in America[49]. His responses in England are defensively American, yet he is grateful for the fact that our old home is a home. The hint is there in Dr. Grimshawe's Secret:

> There was a fragrance of old learning in this ancient library; a soothing influence, as the American felt, of time-honoured ideas, where the strife, novelties, uneasy agitating conflict, attrition of unsettled theories, fresh-springing thought, did not attain a foothold...[50]

He was able, as a recent critic has pointed out, to regard Britain and America as individual stages of a single social growth, with Britain standing for the security of traditions, and America for the movement forward toward an ideal state

of society. He found London "every man's home", "our forefathers' land; our land; for I will not give up such a precious inheritance." America, in several stories, becomes the expelled brother, but the commitment to England may not be too great, or America would be discovered in vain. So he points out that the American who persuades himself he is one with Englishmen makes a great mistake -- "at least, if he is correct in such an idea he is not worthy of his own country, and the high development that awaits it"[51]. He is impressed, the same critic observes, by the fact that no country has come to such a sense of collective social mission as has America in the nineteenth century, and in a letter of October 12, 1855, he stresses his feeling that America is a country in the van of the world, while England is in decline:

> After all the slander against Americans, there is no people worthy even to take second place behind us, for liberality of idea and practice. The more I see of the rest of the world, the better I think of my own country, and, thank God, England's day is past forever.[52]

The temptation for the writer to be the social critic was strong at the time (most nineteenth-century American writers felt it part of their task to reflect upon society) and, in Hawthorne's case as in Cooper's, the role was apt to conflict with their role as writers. This fact helps to explain Hawthorne's ambivalent attitude toward Europe; he was speaking with two voices. As a writer he looked hard to England for his help, and his tension is at times

a strain about whether he should have been a story-writer at all. He is aware that the penalty of genius is isolation, and that his role is a challenge to the Jeffersonian ideal[53]. Hence when Poe criticised Hawthorne for being too perfect, for listening too hard for the voice of New England, for trying to do for that part of the world what other writers in other lands had tried to do with their part of the world, instead of trying to deal with the unformed lump of American life, he hit upon Hawthorne's dilemma, which was that of a man straining for a tradition and a past which was his country's, and yet which led him back to Europe again. The literary imagination of American writers well into the nineteenth century was formed by the English Romantic movement, even to the point where it took no account of the difference between England and America. So when the poet used landscape, and its effect upon man, as a subject, he was inclined to turn to the Wordsworthian response in an America that was far from Wordsworthian. The use of symbols of nature and the past, crossing over the Atlantic, suffered a sea-change and became something artificial rather than alive. The Romantic belief that literary quality depended on the natural associations which existed in the author's mind as he wrote made the American writer feel self-conciously limited. As one critic has noted:

Since America had no familiar past, he could either

> stay at home and make shift with the humdrum associations of his natural surroundings, or he could go abroad and make a belated attempt to acquire associations with a past which American readers could not share and into which he himself could not fit as naturally as could a European.[53a]

It is for this reason, perhaps, that we have a sense that it is often the less well-educated, less 'literary' writers (Melville and Whitman, Twain and Poe) who emerge as the more American, the more able to give the American cast to the tradition. And, one might add, these are mostly the writers who are less concerned with society and social criticism, more concerned with large sweeps of the imagination.

Yet the writers who were conscious of Europe represent a solid American tradition. One American critic, Marius Bewley, has argued that the European theme is a central subject in American literature[54]. Before there was an American literature, there was a critical attitude toward it, and it was an attitude that posed, consequentially, the question of Europe; the issue had to do with a split in the American experience itself, a division determined, as Bewley has put it, by "deprivations of which the practising American novelist was deeply aware, for they confronted him with a society in which the abstract idea and the concrete fact could find little common ground for creative action," The division is one which calls up all the questions of choice between tradition and progress, liberalism and conservatism, past and future, Europe and America. In

Cooper and Hawthorne, particularly, the issues are presented with great complexity. Both spent time in Europe; both returned to question the direction of the American ideal, both were social critics. Indeed, the social debate which has always characterised America was very much in the hands of the creative writer in the nineteenth century; it was as if he was not able to conduct his business until he had presented his social philosophy. And it was particularly the expatriate writers, the writers who spent time in Europe, whose voices sounded strongest in the debate.

Cooper, for example, conducted an untiring enquiry into the balance of intellectual, moral and political power between America and Europe, and his attitudes altered violently from time to time as he let his critical personality play over questions raised not only by his long stay in Europe but also by the decline he felt he observed on returning to America. From his first visit to England as a seventeen year old sailor, he was suspicious of a quality in the English character. He had always known the Anglophilia of his race "who looked up to England as to the idol of their political, moral and literary adoration"[55], but he was inclined to challenge English superiority, English reserve, English rudeness, and to view English society as the polar opposite of the open prairie -- it represented civilization exploiting its people. He criticized American

institutions from two points of access; in the Natty Bumppo novels, he makes his observations through the figure of Rousseau-esque natural man, escaping westward from American institutions, and, in the European novels, he performs the task by presenting Europe as an antithesis. From this point of view, America has, in the political sphere at least, patent virtues; it also has staggering cultural defects, exposed in the decline of its own aristocratic tradition. In a novel like The Redskins, he draws the American torn in different ways by the opposing pulls of Europe and America, the man who believes that while America can teach the old world, it can learn a little from it. Such sketches, as Marius Bewley points out, must have given a lead to James, and there is a common sense of America's cultural deficiencies in the two authors. There exists, in short, in Cooper's work the germ of the international novel, with all its ambivalence of feeling toward American institutions, and with its promise both of Americanness and universality. Bewley notes "the ardent patriotism qualified by a persistent restlessness in the presence of republican plainness that sometimes looks a little like radical distaste"; he observes, I think rightly, that Cooper defines a central paradox in this tradition -- "Where so much animus seems to exist against the surfaces of American life, doesn't it, shouldn't it, indicate a rooted dislike for America herself?" -- and he asserts that it

doesn't simply because this animus lies in an American tradition stemming from Adams and Jefferson and Hamilton, and that it represents a basic historical tension in American sensibility[56].

We are indeed, as Bewley says, confronted in Cooper with a deeply rooted ambivalence of feeling about American customs and institutions, an ardent patriotism qualified by a persistent restlessness in the presence of republican plainness. In the preface to his second novel, The Spy, he defended his reasons for picking his own land as a setting, but he admitted that there was a strong case on the other side -- America was too familiar and it had no moats, castles, lords or any of the other attractions that made English novels so attractive to American readers, especially female ones. In 1826 he went to Europe for seven years, with the aim of improving his health, educating his children, and making better arrangements for European publication of his books. Europe made him write about America, and uphold the superiority of American principles; but on his return he began to write about American faults and follies and the way in which America was betraying the democratic faith, which he saw as being the right of men to do as they wished. He published several books on his European travels, and his later novels use an international scene and an international measure of value.

However, he was as strongly aware as Hawthorne of the difficulties of the literary role. He campaigned, on behalf of Scott, when Scott appealed to the Americans to buy future works only from an authorized edition; forwarding Scott's appeal to his American publishers, Cooper pointed out that by denying copyright to foreigners the American government had made it possible for England to continue, through literature, her moral domination over America -- "the law throws the resistless power of money into the foreign side of the scale"[57]. His plainest statement of this case appears however in his Notions of the Americans: Picked up by a Travelling Bachelor where, in explaining America to Europe, he discourses on American literature in terms that immediately recall Hawthorne's. He begins by pointing out that although Americans have never been without the wants of civilization, and although books are widely read, "in America the printer came into existence before the author"; in consequence, few books are of native origin. "The principal reason of this poverty of original writers is owing to the circumstance that men are not yet driven to their wits for bread." It is obvious, he declares, that

> ...the literature of England and that of America must be fashioned after the same models. The authors, previously to the revolution, are common property, and it is quite idle to say that the American has not just as good a right to claim Milton, and Shakespeare, and all the old masters of the language, for his countrymen, as an Englishman.

The American writer thus has two great obstacles to overcome. The first is that authorship is obstructed by

the reprinting of English books without fee, and after reviews in England have established what is likely to sell well in America. The second obstacle is the poverty of materials:

> There is scarcely an ore which contributes to the wealth of the author that is found here in veins as rich as in Europe. There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry. The weakest hand can extract a spark from the flint, but it would baffle the strength of a giant to attempt kindling a flame with a pudding-stone. I very well know there are theorists who assume that the society and institutions of this country are, or ought to be, particularly favorable to novelties and variety. But the experience of one month, in these States is sufficient to show any observant man the falsity of their position.

Cooper then goes on to argue (much as Hawthorne was to) that democracy can be a valuable form of society but a poor stimulus to art. He remarks that Americans are all very much alike, and finds this good; and he continues:

> In short, it is not possible to conceive a state of society in which more of the attributes of plain good sense, or fewer of the artificial absurdities of life, are to be found, than here. There is no costume for the peasant (there is scarcely a peasant at all), no wig for the judge, no baton for the general, no diadem for the chief magistrate. The darkest ages of their history are illuminated by the light of truth; the utmost efforts of their chivalry are limited by the laws of God; and even the deeds of their sages and heroes are to be sung in a language that would differ but little from a version of the ten commandments. However useful and respectable all this may be in actual life, it indicates but one direction to the man of genius.[58]

The issues that Cooper and Hawthorne confronted were

the essential issues of American literature and the question of 'furnishing' -- that 'furniture' being not simply a matter of forms for the imagination but of the circulation of those ideas which keep art alive -- was perhaps the largest issue of all. Over this period, artists of other kinds -- painters and sculptors -- found no alternative to expatriation. They made for Rome, "that central clime", as Hawthorne called it, "whither the eyes and heart of every artist turn, as if pictures could not be made to glow in any other atmosphere, as if statues could not assume grace and expression save in that land of whitest marble"; and Hawthorne, observing the colony of American artists there -- William Wetmore Story, Cephas Thompson, Thomas Crawford, Maria Lander and Harriet Hosmer -- , clearly wondered if this should not be the resolution for the writer too. American standards in the arts were drawn from the Italian rules and styles and if America was to have artists at all it had to have them abroad. By the eighteen-thirties, Rome had taken the place of London as the European centre for American artists and here it was that American painting and sculpture was developed. Van Wyck Brooks quotes John Quincy Adams's apostrophe to the sculptor Hiram Powers:

> Artist! may fortune smile upon thy hand!
> Go forth, and rival Greece's art sublime;
> Return, and bid the statesmen of this land
> Live in thy marble through all after-time! [59]

But the writer has a more complicated relation to his materials; and it is, perhaps, for this reason that the era of literary expatriation comes somewhat later. It was people like Hawthorne and Cooper who showed how difficult the case actually was for the American writer; and it was, as James pointed out, people like Story who "made Europe easy" for the cosmopolitan artists of the era after the Civil War. Living, said James, in the pleasantest place in the world, Rome, it was Story's fate to be interrupted and scattered, and of him little remained except the experience of being happy;

> It becomes interesting, in the light of so distinct an example, to extract from the case -- the case of the permanent absentee or exile -- the general lesson that may seem to us latent in it. This moral seems to be that somehow, in the long-run, Story paid -- paid for having sought his development even among the circumstances that at the time of his choice appeared not alone the only propitious, but the only possible. It was as if the circumstances on which, to do this, he had turned his back, had found an indirect way to be avenged for the discrimination. Inevitably, indeed, we are not able to say what a lifetime of Boston would have made, in him, or would have marred; we can only be sure we should in that case have had to deal with a quite different group of results. The form in which the other possibility presents itself is that of our feeling that though he might have been less of a sculptor "at home", he might have been more of a poet.[60]

REFERENCES.

CHAPTER TWO.

1

Thus see G.S.Gordon, Anglo-American Literary Relations; Lewis Einstein, Divided Loyalties: Americans in England during the War of Independence (London, Cobden-Sanderson, 1933); R.E.Spiller, The American in England : during the First Half Century of Independence (New York, Holt, 1926); and R.B.Mowat, Americans in England. Mowat points out that by the eighteenth century travel between England and America was common, and Einstein points out the degree of respect in which American painters like Benjamin West were held in England and Europe. The eighteenth century was indeed a period of cosmopolitanism; never before had people travelled so much and taken root so easily in one country or another. Mowat makes the point that Benjamin Franklin (like Voltaire, Rousseau, Leibnitz and many another) can rightly be called a citizen of the world. The Americans who came to England before the Revolution all seem, like Franklin, to have found themselves at home; they were agents for the colonies, merchants, young men sent (chiefly from Virginia) to school at Eton or Westminster. Colonial gentry were in fact sent to England for schooling and there was no medical school in America until 1769. There were strong educational contacts with Scotland. At the end of the eighteenth century, as again at the end of the nineteenth, American artists (Copley, West, Trumbull, etc.) made their homes in London and achieved world-wide reputation (Mowat, p. 73).

2

Benjamin Franklin, letter to Miss Mary Stephenson, 25 Mar, 1763, in Writings, ed. with a life by A.H.Smyth (New York/ London, Macmillan (10 vols.), 1905-1907), 1V, p. 192.

3

Benjamin Franklin, letter to Ian Ingenhousz, in Writings, 1X, p. 45. (q.Einstein.)

4

q. by Einstein, op,cit., p. 327. Einstein remarks that most

eighteenth century American thinkers would agree, and observes that artists were despised in Boston. Thus painters like Copley naturally wished, because of the disregard for painting in their homeland, to settle in England; moreover Copley wanted to see works of art and in Boston there was not a portrait worthy to be called a picture. (Einstein, p. 328.) Other expatriate painters of the period include John Trumbull, Gilbert Stuart, Mather Brown and Patience Wright. Henry James argues in William Wetmore Story and His Friends that these were the pioneers of expatriation, the makers of the road.

5

Thomas Jefferson, letter to J.Bannister, Jun., 15 Oct., 1785, q. in Discovery of Europe: The Story of American Experience in the Old World, ed. Philip Rahv (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1947), p. . Jefferson also accepted, and was gratified by, the colonial relation in literature and the arts.

6

Philip Rahv, "Introduction: The Native Bias" in Literature in America: An Anthology of Literary Criticism, ed. Philip Rahv (New York, Meridian, 1957), p. 12.

7

Thomas Jefferson, letter to Mr. Bellini, 30 Sept., 1785, q. in Discovery of Europe, p. .

8

9

The attacks of the Reviewers began in about 1815 and reached their height about 1819. Sydney Smith's famous "Who reads an American book?" rankled in the minds of American writers until the present century.

9

James Fenimore Cooper, Gleanings in Europe: England (1837). Cooper was throughout his life conscious of the Anglophilia of his race "who looked up to England as to the idol of their political, moral, and literary adoration". (James Grossman,

James Fenimore Cooper (London, Methuen (American Men of Letters Series), 1950.) As Marius Bewley points out, his own work shows the germs of the international novel, and shows a deeply rooted ambivalence of feelings about American customs and institutions, an ardent patriotism qualified by a persistent restlessness in the presence of republican plainness, while the notion that American life was too simple and American character too undifferentiated to be satisfactory literary material was, as Grossman says, one that he shares with most of the writers in the long course of American literature. Marius Bewley, The Eccentric Design: Form in the Classic American Novel (London, Chatto and Windus, 1959), p.85.

10

Thus see Howard Mumford Jones, America and French Culture, where he points out that in the early republic Americans read largely foreign books; in 1820 only 30per cent of American publications were by native authors and in 1840 the percentage was still only 50 per cent, with school books largely accounting for the increase. (p.296.)

11

Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America (1835/40).

12

Howard Mumford Jones, op. cit., p. 293. Jones goes on to comment that the dominance of the cosmopolitan attitude in America lasted longer than the social dominance of the class that produced the formula, due to the fact that the next classes to rise to social control, the middle class and the frontier, were not at first especially interested in the arts. As the middle class rose and became interested in literature, it looked to Europe still for its literary norms because British literature had also become dominated by middle-class taste.

13

Ibid, p. 297.

14

Ibid, p. 297.

15
James Russell Lowell, "Nationality in Literature," in the North American Review (1849).

16
Washington Irving, "The Author's Account of Himself" in The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. (1819).

17
"For both men [Hawthorne and Henry James] the immediate pressure of the American scene was the reverse of stimulating, and yet it was irrevocably their subject. But it was a subject that had to be seen at an angle and from a proper distance." Marius Bewley, The Complex Fate, p. 63.

18
See on this Philip Rahv's "Introduction" to Discovery of Europe, where he interestingly illustrates the depth of American nostalgia for the old world and comments:

> In the phantasy of the lost heir that haunts some earlier American books there is, after all, something disquieting for the security of the New-World ego.... But of course the attachment to 'Mother England' is in itself only a very close and concrete version of the attachment to the Old World generally.... To go to Europe is for an American not at all the same thing as going to Asia or Africa. His background and quality are tested in Europe as they are tested nowhere else; going to Europe thus becomes a cognitive act...

19
Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The Natural History of the Intellect"(1870; published 1893).

20
Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The American Scholar" (1837).

21
"Like most young men at that time, I was much indebted to the men of Edinburgh, and of the Edinburgh Review — to Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Hallam, and to Scott, Playfair, and De Quincey, and my narrow and desultory reading had inspired the wish to see the faces of three or four

writers -- Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, De Quincey, and the latest and strongest contributor to the critical journals, Carlyle; and I suppose if I had sifted the reasons that led me to Europe, when I was ill and advised to travel, it was the attraction of these persons."
Ralph Waldo Emerson, English Traits (London, 1856).

22
Ibid.

23
Henry James, Snr., letter re. Emerson's English Traits q. by R.B.Perry, The Thought and Character of William James (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press (2 vols), 1935), I, pp.122-3. The sense that America was playing the game with immense advantage was common to most Americans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, including Emerson, Cooper, and Hawthorne. It was even felt in the area of fruits and vegetables. Thus Abigail Adams wrote from London in 1786: "Do you know that European birds have not half the melody of ours? Nor is their fruit half so sweet, nor their flowers half so fragrant, nor their manners half so pure, nor their people half so virtuous; but keep this to yourself, or I shall be thought more than deficient in understanding and taste." Hawthorne seventy years later wrote: "For my part, I never ate an English fruit, raised in the open air, that could compare in flavour with a Yankee turnip."

24
Henry James, Snr., letter to Emerson 1849 q. in F.O. Mattiessen, The James Family: Including Selections from the Writings of Henry James, Senior, William, Henry and Alice James (New York, Knopf, 1947), p. 44. The letter runs:

> ... looking upon our four stout boys, who have no playroom within doors, and import shocking bad manners from the street, with much pity, we gravely ponder whether it would not be better to go abroad for a few years with them, allowing them to absorb French and German and get a better sensuous education than they are likely to get here.

Cooper, with similar reservations, took a similar step.

25
Thus see Howard Mumford Jones, op. cit. and Van Wyck Brooks,

The Flowering of New England (London/New York, Dent/Dutton, 1936). Henry Pelling, America and the British Left: From Bright to Bevan. (London A & C. Black, 1956) and G.D. Lillibridge, Beacon of Freedom: The Impact of American Democracy on Gt. Britain 1830-1870 (London, Oxford University Press, 1954; Philadelphia, Pa., University of Pennsylvania Press, 1955).

26 Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Europe and European Books" printed in The Dial, April, 1843.

27 Nathaniel Hawthorne, Our Old Home (1863). Pub Place

28 Henry Adams, The Education of Henry Adams: A Study in Twentieth-Century Multiplicity (U.S.A., privately printed, 1907). References are to the Popular Edition (New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1927). p. 70.

29 Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends, I, p. 312.

30 Ibid, II, p. 187.

31 Many American writers have drawn this parallel. Two particularly interesting examples are Henry James, in his essays on nineteenth century Russian novelists, and Malcolm Cowley in Exile's Return: A Literary Odyssey of the 1920's (U.S.A., 1934: Revised edition, New York, Viking Press, 1951). Dostoyevsky's attacks on Hertzen and others -- on the figure of the man who was 'born an emigrant' -- offer interesting parallels with American critics of their own national expatriates.

32 Edgar Allan Poe, "J.G.C.Brainard" (1842),q. in The Shock of Recognition, ed. Edmund Wilson (London, Allen, 1956), pp.85-92. Poe's attitude on this subject in fact varied enormously, as he fluctuated between the idea of a literature on

aristocratic models, directed towards an American literary intelligentsia, and a popular literature, directed towards a mass audience. His phases of opinion are closely related to the reception of his work at a particular time. I am indebted to discussion with Mr. Michael Allen for this point.

33 q. by Van Wyck Brooks, New England: Indian Summer, 1865-1915. (London/ New York, Dent/Dutton, 1940), pp.23-4.

34 Ralph Waldo Emerson, Journals; ed. with annotations by E.W.Emerson and W.E.Forbes (Boston, Houghton Mifflin (10 vols.), 1909-1914), VIII, p. 339.

35 Van Wyck Brooks, The Flowering of New England, p. 97n.

36 Henry James, Hawthorne (1879). Page references here given are to the edition of 1909 (London, Macmillan (English Men of Letters series), 1909). p.3.

37 Thus Dostoyevsky, The Diary of a Writer, trans. and ed. by Boris Brasol (New York, George Braziller, 1954).

38 Henry James, "Turgenev."

39 Henry James, Hawthorne, p.3.

40 Ibid, p.45.

41 Ibid, p. 31.

42 Ibid, p. 3.

43
Ibid, p.84.

44
Ibid, p.29.

45
Ibid, p.42.

46
Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Preface" to The Marble Faun (1860). The Marble Faun bore the English title Transformation.

47
As Marius Bewley suggests, The Complex Fate, p.66.

48
See Hyatt H.Waggoner, Hawthorne: A Critical Study (Cambridge, Mass., Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1955) who develops this view.

49
See Mark Van Doren, Nathaniel Hawthorne (New York, William Sloan Associates (American Men of Letters Series), 1949) who points out that Hawthorne never did decide whether he preferred American manners, and American life, to English. He quotes the letter to Fields, in the spring of 1860, cited by me, and the March letter to Ticknor "I shall enjoy nothing till I have touched my native soil again" which contrasts with the earlier letter "I shall never again be so free as I have been in England and Italy" and the even more positive "United States are fit for many excellent purposes, but they certainly are not fit to live in." In Rome he found a group of expatriated artists -- William Wetmore Story, Cephas Thompson, Thomas Crawford, Maria Lander, and Harriet Hosmer, who, like Hiram Powers whom he saw later in Florence, were citizens of a colony whose spirit he worked hard to understand; their striking quality was that they were happy and had clearly gained by leaving home. The pattern can be followed through The American Notebooks by Nathaniel Hawthorne ed. Randall Stewart (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press (O.U.P.), 1932; The English Notebooks by Nathaniel Hawthorne, ed. Randall Stewart (New York, Modern Lang.Assoc.1941).

50

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Dr. Grimshawe's Secret. (1882).

51

Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Ancestral Footstep" (1883). The critic here referred to is Lawrence Sargent Hall, Hawthorne Critic of Society (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press (Yale Studies in English, Vol. 99), 1944). Hall shows that Hawthorne thought that the revolutionary principle in English life had been exiled to America, where it ripened into Jacksonian democracy. By reasserting kinship with the conservative branch, western civilisation might reasonably press a claim to those institutions which its ancestors had rejected. Later he came to believe that the strands were irreconcilable, that English society had to assimilate itself into the American if reunion was to take place, that England's day was past forever.

52

Nathaniel Hawthorne, letter to Ticknor, 12 Oct., 1855, q. from The Ticknor Letters by Hall, op. cit.

53

Marius Bewley, The Eccentric Design, pp. 114-5.

> Here, then, is a clearly defined split in the consciousness of the American artist of the time. Wasn't it possible that the practice of his art, which by its very nature set him apart from society as an observer and as an analyst -- wasn't it possible that it somehow constitutes a betrayal of his own nature as an American? It often seemed so to Hawthorne's New England conscience. But, with a shift of mood, wasn't it perhapsthe artist after all who was betrayed by his political and social traditions? The problem could cut both ways and did.... To state the case succinctly: Hawthorne's compulsive affirmation of American positives, particularly in the political sense, led to a rejection of the idea of solitude; and solitude as an expression of aristocratic withdrawal seemed to side with Europe rather than America when the two traditions stated their respective claims. But unfortunately it also seemed to side with the practice of his art.

53a

Leon Howard, Literature and the American Tradition (New York, Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1960), p.90.

54
Marius Bewley, op. cit. p.18.

55
James Fenimore Cooper. Gleanings in Europe: England (1837). The English title was England: With Sketches of Society in the Metropolis.

56
Marius Bewley. The Eccentric Design, pp85-7.

57
James Fenimore Cooper, letter to Carey and Lea, 9 Nov., 1826, Letters and Journals of James Fenimore Cooper, p. 172.

58
James Fenimore Cooper, Notions of the Americans: Picked up by a Travelling Bachelor (1828).

59
Van Wyck Brooks, The Dream of Arcadia, p. 42n.

60
Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends, II, pp. 222-3.

CHAPTER THREE

AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION TO EUROPE BETWEEN 1865 AND 1900.

1. THE SOCIAL CONTEXT OF INCREASED EXPATRIATION.

Between 1865 and 1914 a great many American writers went abroad, for extended visits or for good. Even those who thought of themselves as solidly rooted in America -- writers like Howells, Poe and Twain -- travelled in Europe and responded in some degree to its spell. Many found themselves at home in England, though France and, to a lesser extent, Italy attracted others. The wave of travellers included such figures as Henry James, Edith Wharton, Bret Harte, Henry Harland, Harold Frederic, Marion Crawford, Stephen Crane, Henry Adams, Howard Sturgis, Gertrude Stein and Stuart Merrill. The reasons why these people went were varied; some went with artistic aims, some with social ones and some were inspired by the thought that Europe could provide culture.

This was, too, an unprecedented era of travel, the era of the American Grand Tour. The years after the Civil War were years of remarkable material expansion, and there developed a whole new leisure class, from which many of James's American travellers were drawn. Many of the new rich were in search of culture -- they had discovered, as one American observer put it[1], that man does not live by bread alone, or rather that when a man has bought all the

bread he can use and still has money left over, he can buy culture; this was a simpler and more innocent era, and there were many American innocents abroad. Travel and wealth go together; thus the English had, in the eighteenth and nineteenth century, been great travellers, because they had more wealth than other nations. Until after the Civil War, most Americans were tied to their sources of income. By the closing years of the century many had secured more portable wealth, and no less than 90,000 tourists returned through the New York customs in 1891[2].

This same social change saw a decline in the cultural amenities which had given the American writer such standards and support as he had. The Civil War brought about not only the destruction of the old land-holding gentry of the south, but of the whole patrician notion of society that had survived after a fashion from the eighteenth-century. The dream of a Greek democracy existed to some extent outside as well as in the South, taking perhaps the form of hopes for a civilised upper class setting the values of society. The Civil War was a victory for the raw entrepreneur, the go-getter, the smart businessman. Where anything with claims toward being a society had grown up -- in Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, Boston -- it had depended on Europe for its manners. Thus if claims to intellectual independence were essential to the confidence

of the American writer, a dependence on Europe in the field of taste and fashion was essential to the society of the eastern seaboard of which he formed a part. Insofar as the patrician families and the professional middle classes set the standards of taste, they did so in relation to the values of Europe; insofar as they pursued cultural ends, it was European culture that was pursued; insofar as they made claims to represent an American society it was by the manners of Europe that they represented it. The basis of the allegiance was colonial; though other European countries offered something, it was England that was the real source of influence, and not necessarily England of the current moment. The sanctions by which the patriciate of the Eastern seaboard survived were challenged from early in the nineteenth century and, as the status and prestige of the class declined, Anglophilia and a fondness for English social life increased.

Charles Sumner, who all his life carried letters from English duchesses and noblemen in his pockets, holding on to these attachments in proportion as he was estranged from Boston society for his political views (free-soil and anti-slavery), wrote to Justice Story in 1838 of his impending first visit to England in frank Anglophilia:

> I start for England, and how my soul leaps at the thought! Lord of my studies, my thoughts, and my dreams!... I shall at once leap to the full enjoyment of all the mighty interests which England affords; I shall be able to mingle at once with its society,

> catch its tone and join in its conversation, attend its courts and follow all their proceedings as those at home. Here then is a pleasure which is great almost beyond comparison -- greater to mind than anything else on earth except the conciousness of doing good.[3]

The true Bostonian spirit of the last phrase heightens the compliment; though what else there was for a Bostonian to do besides doing good and going to England one wonders. As Henry Adams commented of the tone of this whole pre-Civil War period, English standards always counted for something, especially at the beginning of the century and in the days towards the Civil War when the patrician class felt its grip slipping. "The tone of Boston society was colonial. The true Bostonian always knelt in self-abasement before the majesty of English standards; far from concealing it as a weakness, he was proud of it as his strength. The eighteenth century ruled society long after 1850"[4]. In New York, Charleston and even Philadelphia much the same was true, though here society was more mannered and fashionable. This was among the shocks that faced Cooper when he returned to New York in 1833; when he had gone it had been so -- "I had been born, and I had hitherto lived, among those who looked up to England as to the idol of their political, moral and literary devotion," he said of his youth[5] -- and he looked at modern New York society to find, as he said in Home as Found, that America was a country for which England did all the thinking. Henry James describes how in the small, compact and ingenuous

society of New York at mid-century "the ancient order had somehow to be invoked" when comparisons were made and values set:

> All our books in that age were English...What else can have happened but that, having taken over, under suggestion and with singular infant promptitude, a particular throbbing consciousness, I had become aware of the source at which it could best be refreshed? The consciousness, so communicated, was just simply of certain impressions, certain sources of impression again, proceeding from over the sea and situated beyond it... I saw my parents homesick, as I conceived, for the ancient order and distressed and inconvenienced by many of the more immediate features of the modern, as the modern pressed upon us, and since their theory of our better living was from an early time that we should renew the quest of the ancient on the very first possibility I simply grew greater in the faith that somehow to manage that would constitute success in life.[6]

But such standards were by no means universal. This was a special corner of society and, as James explains, though the family fortunes had been won in business, not for two generations had anyone in the family been guilty of a stroke of business, and he speaks of their embarrassment on this score in the face of a society in which everyone was. Thus there was no really leisured class; there were old families, but few were truly aristocratic, since settlement in America had been largely middle and lower class. As Edith Wharton pointed out in A Backward Glance, in New York society there were only three or four families who could claim aristocratic origin[7]. With the American industrial revolution the manufacturers had taken over from the landowners and the traders. New York had been given over

to commercial progress and could not even claim the moral and intellectual interests of Boston, where the codfish aristocracy and the manufacturers from inland took an interest in Unitarianism and the Romantic revival. These tendered to the new middle-class philosophy of man as an acquisitive animal. Boston society was federalist; its town meetings were run by an oligarchy; but the old federalism had to be adapted to the new needs of business. Somehow, over the period after 1820, New England became liberal; later to take up the cause of abolition, it was soon the centre of reform, of idealistic movements, of new philosophies. One of the reasons was that it maintained an influential educated middle class:

> Down to 1850, and even later, New England society was still directed by the professions. Lawyers, physicians, professors, merchants were classes, and acted not as individuals, but as though they were clergymen and each profession were a church. In politics the system required competent expression; it was the old Ciceronian idea of government by the best that produced the long line of New England statesmen. They chose men to represent them because they wanted to be well represented, and they chose the best they had.

Even before 1828, when Andrew Jackson followed John Quincy Adams (the last New Englander to hold the presidency until Coolidge) into presidential office, and the mob at his inauguration swarmed into the White House, standing on damask-covered chairs and breaking crystal, the American patricians were challenged. There was the challenge of agrarianism; and Jackson was a westerner, a spokesman of the common man, attacking the entrenched wealth of the

eastern bankers and industrialists[9]. The consequences of his policies were not really evident until after the Civil War. He was popular with liberal thinkers and with most of the writers -- Irving, Cooper and Poe, among others -- of his period; Emerson and Henry James, Senior, saw the basis of a new and free society in this relaxation of institutions, this freeing of property. Yet the spirit of Boston whiggery, which Emerson so distrusted, was in fact essentially that of the robber barons of the post Civil War period, whom Jackson's policies helped to produce.

Society itself was able, by making compromises, to survive the upheaval of the war. It was not society as it was, but it survived, while the professional men who had worked in the government, and the liberal reformers, were no longer of any use; this was the class that suffered. What suffered too were the ideals of culture and scholarship that had been a part of the Boston mind. The Brahmin class, those who identified culture with society and wealth -- all being in the area of the civilised -- was likewise to be sacrificed. By 1881 Howells, in his move from Boston to New York, had -- as Alfred Kazin has suggested[10] -- taken the literary centre of America with him. The later days were a restoration of the old patrician principles, of the warm Anglophilia; at the same time there was a corresponding movement towards the genteel. It was not simply that this was the age of Victoria, and all America was becoming more genteel; it was not simply that culture had passed into

the hands of that frightening and influential force, the new American woman; the fact of the matter was that Boston was genteel and that this was its mood. It had always been concerned with manners and morals; it had long been concerned with improvement and reform. Prudery was at home here, and as the genteel tradition, hard-pushed from the west, became more genteel, Boston ceased to be the place where books were published and became the place where they were banned. Boston was genteel, too, in its notion of what was civilised; it had maintained a culture and an intellectual society, manners and good form, against the threats of the uncivilised, the challenge of the west and the entrepreneur, until it seemed that civilisation depended on seasoned wealth and good manners. The genteel tradition that Santayana spoke of was the disease of New England -- an unworldliness and a starved and abstract quality that led to a final sterility of spirit[11]. The Brahmins -- and Holmes meant by this phrase not the Boston patricians but the learned class of New England -- had become stiff-minded, conservative in social and political viewpoint. Its more radical hopes had been disappointed, and the material aims of the Gilded Age appeared as a betrayal[12]. Sarah Orne Jewett, in a letter toward the end of the century, complained: "The trouble is to us old-fashioned New Englanders that 'the cheap streak' so often spoils what there is of good inheritance, and the wrong

side of our great material prosperity is seen almost everywhere"[13].

The effect of the Civil War was to push the old New England families firmly out of the centre of power, and the Brahmin culture they had supported went with them. The whole notion of an ordered society, devoted to the pursuit of culture, maintaining with the support of business a leisure class given over to the study of ideas, was being challenged in the west; and the result was that if individual claims for status on the grounds of one's civilised-ness, one's capacity for intelligent living and cultural appreciation, were to be made, they had better be made abroad. Increasingly the Anglophilia of the East Coast became associated, further west, with two things -- the pretensions of a class seeking the status of an American aristocracy, and the operations of capital, which seemed to be manipulated from the East and from England itself. These resentments took shape in the Populist movement, which was by and large isolationist, anti-East coast, anti-British. This spirit of Anglophobia on the one hand, Anglophilia on the other, was indicative more of tensions within American society than of any sound recognition of the value of Anglo-American contacts. People turned to Europe because of American strains, strains involving the rise or diminution of their own social function or interest.

One American critic, R.P. Blackmur, has seen the case

as being one where the cultural and political intelligence of man seemed unequal to controlling or understanding the actual changes brought about by the great access of economic and physical power. America tried the experiment of setting up cultural capitals separate from political and economic ones, so ratifying the dangerous heresy that the arts and learning can be divorced from power and the resources of society without danger to both[14]. That some such divorce did occur within the unit of American society is apparent enough. The Grant administration was the end of the participation of the intelligent, educated young man in government; indeed, over the next twenty years a class which had educated itself for good government was pushed out of the political arena, or withdrew because of its own fastidiousness.

> Grant's administration outraged every rule of ordinary decency, but scores of promising men, whom the country could not well spare, were ruined in saying so. The world cared little for decency. What it wanted, it did not know; probably a system that would work, and men who could work it; but it found neither. Adams had tried his own little hands on it, and had failed. His friends had been driven out of Washington or had taken to fisticuffs. He himself sat down and stared helplessly into the future.[15]

His form of education had failed him in that it did not serve to provide him with the place in the political scene he was trained for; and the problem was how to change the education without losing the values. It was a question of making a function of one's lack of function; like James, he succeeds in participating in his society by providing

an image for it, even if it meant pursuing the condition of failure, or the myth of failure, because it is in the end a social truth. The educated middle class that Adams had seen as the essence of good society and good government was defeated as much by its own scruples as by its enemies in government. This class as a whole, nurtured on New England ideals of culture and morality, and believing that government belonged in the hands of the well-off, high minded educated man, was to be found not only in New England but in New York and the middle west. Their unrest expressed itself in the election of 1884, when, disturbed by corruption in political matters and by the rising influence of the new rich, they formed an independent liberal wing to the Republican party -- the Mugwumps -- and rejected the Republican candidate, allowing Cleveland to get in[16]. What in fact took place was, to use Richard Hofstadter's phrase, a 'status revolution' in which the main resentment felt by this class against the new American plutocracy -- the Vanderbilts, Carnegies, Rockefellers, Goulds and Morgans -- was not that it decreased their fortunes but that it overshadowed them in prestige and comparatively belittled their economic and social status[17].

The tensions that encouraged expatriation after 1870 were then of several kinds, but they mostly had to do with the way in which big business was developing, the way in which the professional and mercantile middle class of long

standing was losing local and national influence, the way in which the intellectual classes were participating less in affairs and in opinion-making, and the way in which culture appeared to be declining. Our main interest is with the literary expatriate, but there are enough analogies between his kind of withdrawal from the American scene and those of other groups to make comparisons important. For most of the expatriate groups went for social reasons, and were largely conservative in spirit. The notion of culture, or society, sought by them involved something that had, in America, already been tasted. Many of them sought to retrieve a past which seemed still to exist in Europe; or at least to participate in society where society still existed in a less corrupted form. There were many to whom the reforms of English society were a constant irritation; they wanted things as they were. This group was largely made up of the members of former society in Boston, New York or Charlston.

Meanwhile the new rich who had developed since the Civil War and who wished to match their wealth with social standing were seeking to penetrate society, their right to entry being simply wealth and nothing else. After some resistence, it became evident that wealth was enough. In The Age of Innocence, Edith Wharton gives a clear picture of the process, as it took place in the 1870's. The essential irony of the book is that the person who challenges the conventions, all borrowed from Europe, is herself from

European society, though of American birth. Finding that New York society is essentially bound by conventions -- conventions that are both false and unchanging because they are not a native growth -- and by the spirit of compromise compelled upon those who believe in society and want it to endure, she puts the challenge: "....It seems stupid to have discovered America only to make it into a copy of another country"[18]. "I've always thought that people like the Countess Olenska, who have lived in aristocratic societies, ought to help us keep up our social distinctions, instead of ignoring them"[19]: this is the complaint against her. The contest is between standards of two kinds, the conventions and manners that society lives by, and the standards that can be set against them, which are standards as discriminations. The challenge in the book is made from the cultural point of view. Society uses culture as it does the Opera, as a social appurtenance; it rejects the intellectual spirit. There were societies in the world where writers were sought as much as dukes; but in New York the thought is unsettling. Ned Winsett is "a pure man of letters, untimely born in a world that had no need of letters"; he tells the hero, Newland Archer, that life is not much fit for either of them, for Archer has no hope of going into politics -- "the country was in possession of the bosses and the emigrant, and decent people had to fall back on sport or culture". Ned Winsett protests:

> Culture! Yes, -- if we had it! But there are just a few little local patches, dying out here and there for lack of -- well, hoeing and cross-fertilising: the last remnants of the old European tradition that your forebears brought with them. But you're a pitiful little minority: you've got no centre, no competition, no audience. You're like the pictures on the walls of a deserted house: 'The Portrait of a Gentleman'. You'll never amount to anything, any of you, till you roll up your sleeves and get right down into the muck. That, or emigrate... God! If I could emigrate...
>
> Archer mentally shrugged his shoulders and turned the conversation back to books, where Winsett, if uncertain, was always interesting. Emigrate! As if a gentleman could abandon his own country! One could no more do that than one could roll up one's sleeves and go down into the muck. A gentleman simply stayed at home and abstained....[20]

But in the end all the compromises are made, after all; the old class sells itself to the new rich and marries off its sons and daughters to them; the gentleman does go into politics, following the example of Theodore Roosevelt, who made the first gesture; and Archer, visiting Paris, has a sense of its golden light, its rich atmosphere and "the incessant stir of ideas, curiosities, images and associations thrown out by an intensely social race in a setting of immemorial manners"[21].

The notion that one did not emigrate was not held in all quarters of society, as the novels of James and the action of Edith Wharton shows. But over the next few years the distinctions between the old aristocracy, with its manners and contempt for money, its notion of seasoned wealth, and the new rich was thoroughly obscured. The values and class manners that preserve distinctions in England did not

survive in America. The 'robber barons' stepped into the social capitals of the nation, as well as into politics; they became, further, not only senators and socialites, but lay readers in churches, benefactors of libraries, founders and trustees of universities, and they did not fail to use their influence in these places to commend the social structure as it was, to advance the protestant ethic and to stress the dangers of change. Though largely uncultivated and ill-educated[22], they had no qualms about beseiging the old society until it permitted them entry. For society was essential to them; it was a confirmation of status, and its very exclusiveness, its special manners were the attraction. The spectacle was Veblenite: the older society had not given itself over entirely to leisure, but the new figures did, and conspicuous waste and a constant search for new and more striking means of consumption appeared, one of the forms of conspicuous consumption being the grand tour of Europe. There culture -- or the portable forms of it -- could be picked up and brought home in what Tennessee Williams has since called 'the great European fire-sale'.

The leader of society was Mrs. William B. Astor, of an older generation of entrepreneurs (John Jacob Astor arrived in Baltimore from Germany in 1784 with twenty-five dollars, and seven flutes to sell; by 1837 he had made himself rich by buying and foreclosing on land and he set up a vast

commercial empire in the fur trade), and with Ward McAllister this influential lady set up in 1876 the notion of the Four Hundred. Four generations of gentlemen were required for admission, but the rule was interpreted liberally in special cases. With no personal tradition of civilised intercourse, with no standards of taste to follow beyond what could be taken out of society itself, the new rich were under constant pressure to invent new extravagances and displays and to acquire fresh trophies as a proof of status. Social uncertainty made them violently conservative and they looked to European traditions to strengthen their position. They were, after all, a new nobility, as Henry Clews claimed: "The modern nobility spring from success in business. The personelle (sic) of the English nobility makes a sorry showing beside that of young George Gould, the young Vanderbilts and others of our wealthy Americans"[23]. The final sanction came when they were accepted by the English aristocracy on their own terms, and were able to marry their daughters into the European nobility, in a wave of marriages that culminated in the famous marriage of Mrs. William K.Vanderbilt's daughter Consuelo to the Duke of Marlborough in 1895. As R.H.Heindel has observed, one of the first modern enterprises for the English peerage in the field of commerce was the discovery of New York as a matrimonial market[24]. Such dowry hunting was accepted, and the press published lists of marriageable heiresses, with

fortunes down from ten million to one million dollars. They also reported the amounts which American wives supplied toward relieving the difficulties of their European husbands -- thus Miss Anna Gould brought three million pounds to Comte Boni de Castellane, and Miss Vanderbilt two million to the Duke of Marlborough and Blenheim Palace, with three times that sum to come on the death of relatives.

The older patrician class whom we have already considered suffered from a loss of standing which had led to different forms of social disorientation, expatriation being one of them. This second group, on the contrary, was a rising class which had become increasingly influential, emulated and respected in society; its aims and values were shared by many who believed this expansionist phase in American society to be a demonstration of a fundamental American individualism. Unlike the class it had dispossessed, the new class had no social discontents to serve as a basis for its expatriation, unless they were those of upward mobility. Nevertheless it was drawn to Europe, not because Europe represented a way of life that it had tasted and lost, but because there it found the height of its social aspiration, the last challenge of all. In this sense, its expatriation was not nostalgic; the class sought not what it had lost but what it had never had. However, it accepted uncritically the standard set by those who had lost; it

accepted that the social rules in America were set in Europe, and most of all in England. Hence there was, in Europe, the pleasure of being treated like a gentleman. There grew up, therefore, large colonies of Americans in England, in Paris and Florence and Rome. Herbert Hoover felt that the period before the First World War was the happiest period in the history of the Western world. "Pre-war England was the most comfortable place in which to live in the whole world. That is, if one had the means to take part in its upper life"[25]. The attraction was the flavour we obtain in reading the first chapter of James's The Portrait of a Lady, with its setting of the redbrick country house, afternoon tea on green lawns, and in the scene the American gentleman banker, the owner of all this peace. Perhaps the best known figure of this class to expatriate himself was William Waldorf Astor, one of New York's social arbiters, who moved from New York to England with his family in 1890; entry into English society was not easy, but possession of wealth was the key, and Astor drew rentals from Manhattan Island equal to those of the Bedford and Westminster estates. In 1899 Astor became a British subject and died Viscount Astor of Hever Castle. There were cases in which the reasons for expatriation were far from complex. Thus in 1897 one of the most famous and extravagant displays of conspicuous waste, the culmination of the fantasies that possessed the era, took

place when Bradley Martin gave a costume ball in New York in the Waldorf-Astoria, transforming the interior of the hotel into a replica of Versailles. An industrial depression had thrown many people out of work, and ruined others, and the public reaction, together with the enquiries of the income tax department, drove Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin off to England, to live abroad permanently thereafter[26].

By the turn of the century Americans were active in an international smart set which was already growing up (it is sketched in such novels as Upton Sinclair's World's End) and which reached its full development after the First World War. American influence of all kinds, in the fields of society manners, entertainment, commerce and so on, in England increased dramatically from the turn of the century onward, and some of this was certainly due to the fact that Americans were socially acceptable, that, as The Times commented, the House of Lords was "getting a good many American mothers"[27], and that American residents who hunted with the Pytchley and thought that English reform was going too far were to be found at society dinner tables. They hunted through records in the hope of finding a noble root to their family tree. Those who could not live in Europe took European castles back with them, stone by stone; they plundered the art world for the pictures which they observed to be part of the form of life of a leisure class. At the same time they were

scarcely interested in contemporary art, save in the work of a few artists -- like Sargent -- who were taken up and employed to paint portraits.

Henry Adams found the whole scene vulgar and disturbing. "I can understand how an American catches English manners; and how they do catch English minds! Especially how they do keep such in these days when the English mind is no longer good form even in England. The generation of Henry James and John Sargent is already as fossil as the buffalo. The British middle class must be exterminated without remorse..." he wrote in a letter of March, 1903[28]. Adams had experienced, on meeting Swinburne, the depressing insight that no number of centuries could ever educate his Boston mind to Swinburne's level, and his expectations of Europe were thus limited; other expatriates like James, wanting more, were perhaps more disappointed even than Adams that the cultivated taste of an older English generation was fading. The old Europe, said Adams, with England in its wake, vanished in 1870[29]; and at about this time the old America vanished too. The period of expanding American expatriation was a new era on both sides of the Atlantic.

1. ARTISTIC DISSATISFACTION AS A REASON FOR EXPATRIATION, 1865-1900.

By 1870 there had grown up throughout the western world a notion of the separation of the artist from his

society; there was indeed an international republic of letters, a supra-national standard for art; and throughout the west writers were finding their artistic life-style in gestures of exoticism, individualism or escape. There was Verlaine, who had more or less given up his nationality; there was Rimbaud, gun-running in Abyssinia; there were the Russian writers and intellectuals, mesmerised by the attractions of Europe; in Hungary, writers were drawn westward away from the grim realities and lack of intellectual resources in their own land. In many cases, the movements of writers about the world were associated with a wave of liberalism and reform whose standards they upheld; and the sight of a writer persecuted by the land of his birth was far from unfamiliar. And, as Conrad, who was, he believes, "the only case of a boy of my nationality and antecedents taking a, so to speak, standing jump out of his racial surroundings and associations", remarks in A Personal Record, "No charge of faithlessness ought to be lightly uttered"; there are, he feels, higher fidelities[30].

Every cultural tradition evolves its own dialectic and its own image of the artist's function. In America, this was a late flowering, as we have seen; and the cleavage between artist and society was there from the start. To a person like Henry James, devoutly and fully the artist, the solutions that had been found already to the question of what, in America, the artist's style and way of life might

be were of unending interest and pertinence; and it was constantly in his mind that "so far as we are contentedly cosmopolite to-day and move about in a world that has been made for us both larger and more amusing, we owe much of our extension and diversion to those comparatively few who, amid difficulties and dangers, set the example and made out the road"[31]. James's concern with the issue was part of his endless perplexity with the issue of what condition and kind of society constitute the most prosperous background for the best writing. It was the cause of a search almost unparalleled in literary history; where, the query was, could the writer set himself in order that the right sort of influences, the right kind of ideas and examples, might play over him? The view was the Arnoldian one that the writer prospers best in a critical atmosphere where the best that is known and thought in the world circulates about him. Some ages and societies, it seemed to James, afford ideal conjunctions of a lively and mannered society, expansion of all forms of thought, and practical conditions nourishing to the writer.

And the American -- herein James's real Americanness lies -- could, uniquely, choose; he was the primeval Adam who could pick out any one, or more than one, of the proferred apples. So we have the spectacle of James, as a young man, touring Europe, tasting and examining, asking, more or less, where he should fall. This was the plain sense

in which the American was the "Newman". James would have recognized the accuracy of T.S. Eliot's very American discussion of the relation of the individual talent to the tradition; tradition, to the American, might be looked for, and altered, and used, and one's relation to it might be a conscious relation.

Thus, to James, Hawthorne represented an interesting case. Reading The Marble Faun in Rome, James found that the book exhibited everything he had so early known America must have none of. It was charged with a tone which no other American book possessed:

> And the tone had been, in its beauty -- for me at least -- ever so appreciably American; which proved to what use American matter could be put by an American hand: a consummation involving, it appeared, the happiest moral. For the moral was that an American could be an artist, one of the finest, without "going outside" about it, as I liked to say; quite in fact as if Hawthorne had become one just by being American enough, by the felicity of how the artist in him missed nothing, suspected nothing, that the ambient air didn't affect him as containing. Thus he was at once so clear and so entire -- clear without thinness, for he might have seemed underfed, it was his danger; and entire without heterogeneity, which might, with less luck and to the discredit of our sufficing manners, have had to be his help. These remarks, as I say, were those I couldn't, or at any rate didn't, make to my Roman critic; if only because I was so held by the other case he offered me -- that of a culture for which, in the dense medium around us, Miriam and Donatello and their friends hadn't the virtue that shines or pushes through.[32]

However, Hawthorne's solution to the problem was to forego the novel of manners, the 'social' novel, and write what he called 'romance'[33]; even this form presented problems such

as he described in the preface to The Marble Faun, for shadow, antiquity, mystery and picturesque and gloomy wrong were lacking. Quoting this preface in his book on Hawthorne, Henry James then goes on to make a famous statement:

> It takes so many things, as Hawthorne must have felt later in life, when he made the acquaintance of a denser, richer, warmer European spectacle -- it takes such an accumulation of history and custom, such a complexity of manners and types, to form a fund of suggestion for the novelist. If Hawthorne had been a young Englishman, or a young Frenchman of the same degree of genius, the same cast of mind, the same habits, his consciousness of the world around him would have been a very different affair; however obscure, however reserved, his own personal life, his sense of the life of his fellow-mortals would have been almost infinitely more various. The negative side of the spectacle on which Hawthorne looked out, in his contemplative saunterings and reveries, might, indeed, with a little ingenuity, be made almost ludicrous; one might enumerate the items of high civilization, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life, until it should become a wonder to know what was left. No State, in the European sense of the word, and indeed barely a specific national name. No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages or ivied ruins; no Universities or public schools -- no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class -- no Epsom nor Ascot! Some such list asmthat might be drawn up of the absent things in American life -- especially in the American life of forty years ago, the effect of which, upon an English or French imagination, would probably as a general thing be appalling. The natural remark, in the almost lurid light of such an indictment, would be that if these things are left out, everything is left out. The American knows that a good deal remains -- that is his secret, his joke, one might say.[34]

James has been much criticised for the passage and many

critics have said, with Howells, that there is the whole of human life remaining. Indeed there is -- this, precisely, is the American's joke. We cannot suppose that James really believed that Eton and Ascot were essential conditions of the successful prosecution of literature; the American joke against the European is that he knows these things for what they are, and knows that without them life goes on. But James is concerned with a different sort of novel, and this accounts for the different sort of items he enumerates; he is concerned with the European novel of manners. James, the European American, saw these vestments as manners, or texture, or forms, which gave a settled order and a moral standard against which the tale could be measured[35]. His tone in this passage (it was taken in part from a note for a novel made in a notebook[36]) is surely half ironic. What the passage shows is the difference between his and Hawthorne's expectations of the foreign scene; Hawthorne needs mouldering ruins, but James needs 'the items of high civilization' in a society which has long been preparing them. Rich in 'manners' as the New England culture now was, it was not sufficiently extended to produce the civilised novel of scrupulous evaluation that James was to write in Europe. "It is on manners, customs, usages, habits, forms, upon all these things matured and established, that a novelist lives -- they are the very stuff his work is made of,"[37] he concluded, and this was the basis for his European search.

A lesson of another sort was afforded by the painters and dilettantes who, earlier than any other group, had expatriated themselves for a variety of artistic reasons. Their art had simply seemed impossible of execution in America; the light was of the wrong quality, the Puritan, buttoned strain of the New England character was inimical to art, Americans neither cared about nor understood the subject, and finally America simply had no pictures to show -- you could not import any number of copies of great masterpieces (as you could with books) so that artists could learn their profession and the public could develop their taste. In painting and the study of pictures, Boston was, as Van Wyck Brooks commented[38], out of the world; and the prospective painter or sculptor or dilettante or philosopher of art had to look elsewhere. It was not until the end of the century that the museum movement grew up in America, and collecting became the style. Up to then, most American artists made their reputations abroad, as Copley, West, Trumbull and Gilbert Stuart had. Washington Allston, whose powers as a painter came under immense strain when he returned to America, was proof that Europe gave art a climate. Said James:

> I think of the artist-fraternity in especial, the young Americans aspiring to paint, to build and to carve, and gasping at home for vital air, whose fortunes it is mostly impossible to follow, in particular cases, without the disposition to handle them gently. It is to them and the price <u>they</u> paid that we pillars of <u>ateliers</u>, winners of medals, favourites of 'juries', ornaments of Salons, are above all indebted.[39]

There were colonies of American artists in Florence and Rome, a Rome full of the antique, a supreme antithesis to New England, crumbling and mediaeval, with the pictures uncleaned and the ruins unexcavated; it was not, as Henry Adams said[40], a city that fitted into an orderly Bostonian scheme of evolution. In Rome were Story and Crawford, Paul Akers and Randolph Rogers, Harriet Hosmer and others, as well as the English colony with whom they were in contact; in Florence were Powers and James Jackson Jarves, perhaps the first American to enter on a systematic analysis of Italian art, to talk of taste, to attempt authentications[41]. This was the scene that Hawthorne found when he visited Italy in 1858, the scene he depicted in The Marble Faun. The case of one such artist, William Wetmore Story, who at over thirty gave up the law for Rome and art, was sufficiently interesting to draw James's attention. Story went in October, 1847; five years later he had become more or less convinced of his need for Italian life, as a sculptor and as a person -- he wrote to James Russell Lowell, "Every day that I live here I love Italy better and life in America seems less and less satisfactory. All that I want here is a few old friends"[40]. In 1855 he attempted to return to his native Boston and take up his life there; and James, in an enlightening passage, speaks of an inward drama of perception that enacts itself in the heart of many a "repatriated pilgrim" and which "has never been noted, reported, commemorated, in

a manner worthy of its intrinsic interest". James characterised the inward drama -- "the state of being of the American who has bitten deep into the apple, as we may figure it, of 'Europe', and then has been obliged to take his lips from the fruit". The point is not simply that he misses the European apple; there is something else -- "The apple of 'America' is a totally different apple, which, however firm and round and ruddy, is not to be (and above all half a century ago was not to have been) negotiated, as the newspapers say, by the same set of teeth". So Story returns to find himself in want of an audience which is intelligent and sympathetic; he sees his friends in New England starving themselves spiritually, and he fears being affected by the same condition. He fears, above all, the cold and critical atmosphere. He writes, in a very moving letter to Lowell:

> There's no such thing as flesh and blood; we hob-a-nob with spirits freely. We love nothing, we criticise everything. Even the very atmosphere is critical. Every twig is intensely defined against the sky. The sky itself is hard and distant. Earth makes never the hue of its heaven. The heart grows into stone. The devil-side of enthusiasm (irritability) possesses us. There is no hearty love of anything, for we are afraid of making a mistake. We love unhappiness...

He speaks of the Italians, with an attitude that we recognise as moving toward the twentieth-century sense of Italy, seeing in them "a real <u>clou</u> of passion; the heart forces them into pathos and moves enthusiasm and sympathy in others". He desires ardently to return to Italy -- "I have

not yet bought any house or land, but if I do not I shall never return to America"[41].

James, in a very perceptive passage, goes on to suggest that it was not the faults, but the very virtues, in Boston society that irritated him; his choice was fundamentally in favour of another order of life:

> What it all came to saying, however, was that, with an alienated mind, he found himself again steeped in a society both fundamentally and superficially bourgeois, the very type and model of such a society, presenting it in the most favourable, in the most admirable light; so that its very virtues irritated him, so that its ability to be strenuous without passion, its cultivation of serenity, its presentation of a surface on which it would appear to him that the only ruffle was an occasionally acuter spasm of the moral sense, must have acted as a tacit reproach.[42]

Indeed, the contrast between Story's Boston and Story's Rome had, for James, all the trappings of a moral drama; for if Boston was too critical, Rome was not critical enough. Thus Story was given the opportunity of a fine exercise in discrimination. He gave up a singularly precious heritage, the New England tradition at its best. "He preferred, with all the candour with which people were at that time, all over the world, preferring it, to become an 'artist' and he had to look his traditions well in the face to enunciate the preference"[43]. He had a New England origin which had left him "plenty to learn, to taste, to feel and to assimilate, but it had not formed him, fortunately, without a universal curiosity, a large appetite for life or a talent that yearned for exercise". Perhaps the mood ran through the finer spirits

of this generation, that of Lowell --

> In this happy valley of the Charles, at any rate, as described in 'Fireside Travels', the finer spirits of new boyhood and youth dreamed, adventured, rejoiced together, inheriting those fruits of neighbourhood which their elders had more soberly gathered; fruits that were to ripen afterwards under other suns, in maturity, in Italy, in England...[44]

This was the golden age of Rome; it was a place for the artist --

> The artist hovered there in the interest of concentration -- which was so much, in the matter, to the good; but the medium was one, in fact, in which that hard grain was apt richly to dissolve, and the result remained a delightful ambiguity. Concentration ceased, as it were, to be a pill -- it became a liquid element in which one could bathe and splash.[45]

And, as Adams said, as Santayana was to say, it was the antithesis to Boston. "The place was an aesthetic antidote to the rest of the world -- that is, of course, Anglo-Saxondom in especial -- and to become intimate with it was the warranted cure for taints unhappily contracted.... The faculty for dryness and dreariness peculiar to our race could never be quite the same thereafter". Story sought and found the secret of beauty for himself; but he never shut out the final question, never failed of that "plentitude of feeling -- in the fullness of time and on due occasion -- that a man always pays, in one way or another, for expatriation, for detachment for his plain primary heritage, and that this tax is levied in an amusing variety of ways"[46]. Story paid in the end by losing the intensity that makes an artist, an intensity New England should have given him. He

enjoyed the golden air of Rome too much.

This theme of 'giving up' and 'payment', which runs through James's writings, shows how he was always concerned to pursue just what it was that was lost by expatriation. Thus in The American Scene he turns again to "the inward drama...of the expatriated pilgrim", and to another kind of payment, exacted from this same class of artists and dilettantes who turned to Europe. Revisiting Newport, Rhode Island, he recollects that, in a "stretch of years that I have reasons for thinking sacred", there existed in that fashionable resort a considerable company of Americans who confessed brazenly to not being in business,

> a collection of the detached, the slightly disenchanted, and casually disqualified, and yet of the resigned and contented, of the socially orthodox: a handful of mild, oh delightfully mild, cosmopolites, united by three common circumstances, that of their having for the most part more or less lived in Europe, that of their having sacrificed openly to the ivory idol whose name is leisure, and that, not least, of formed critical habit. These things had been felt as making them excrescences on the American surface, where nobody ever criticised, especially after the grand tour, and where the great black ebony god of business was the only one recognised.

Where else could they have gone if not to Newport? -- this, James imagines, must be their main conversational note

> in their reduced establishment, over their winter whist, under their private theatricals, and pending constantly, their loan and their return of the Revue des Deux Mondes. I find myself in fact tenderly evoking them as special instances of the great -- or perhaps I have a right only to say of the small -- American complication; the state of one's having been so pierced, betimes, by the sharp outland dart as to be able ever afterwards but to move about, vaguely and helplessly, with the shaft still in one's side.[47]

Indeed, says James, in America accomodation to life is pecuniary only, for what sets the tune is the American scale of gain, more magnificent than any other, and by this the individual is more or less effectively 'squared':

> To make so much money that you don't 'mind', don't mind anything -- that is absolutely, I think, the main American formula.... The immense majority of people pull, luckily for the existing order, the string that consecrates their connection with it... Yet the withdrawal of the considerable group of the pecunarily disqualified seems no less, for the present, an assured movement; there will always be scattered individuals condemned to mind on a scale beyond any scale of making.[48]

It is those who 'mind', together with those with more specific cultural interests, who make up much of the expatriate group. They are those who uphold another standard against the standard of the times -- though it is interesting to consider that it was only because America had grown so affluent, and because many expatriates had shared the general prosperity, that expatriation became so possible and indeed that these people could be so easily spared.

Thus we have the spectacle of Americans wandering through the vaunted scene of Europe, their minds caught up with its aesthetic rewards, pursuing a quality of refinement and culture not to be found in America. In art there were such persons as Whistler, Millet, Abbey and Sargent, who made their homes in England, and the many American artists who trained in Paris (both Whistler and Sargent did) and found that there was evolving there a <u>vie de bohême</u>, a style of life to go along with the painting. In aesthetics there

were such figures as Berenson, Santayana, Logan Pearsall Smith and Leo Stein, who devoted their lives to connoisseurship and ideated experience. The Harvard aesthetes are indeed a remarkable case of men concerned purely for quality of experience, concerned to the point where they became, like Leo Stein, devout perfectionists, almost unable to produce anything and so finely pitched that living was a matter of endless tensions; "nobody before us had dedicated his entire activity, his entire life, to connoisseurship," said Berenson[49], and yet America was now able to throw up a class of urbane persons who have refined leisure to the point where this was possible. Like James, Berenson was in permanent search for cultivation and self-enhancement; like James, he was pre-occupied with what might have been had he not taken the course he did; like James, he believed that a man does not stay the same person but is changed by the part of the universe he inhabits. He believed that "the completest human being" is "the man of culture, and he is that because he has the fullest and most cheering and most inspiring sense of what man has been and therefore still may be"[50]. He makes it fairly clear that by becoming the aesthete, the man of culture, the socially ambitious young man is in fact able to run up the ladder to being in some way a gentleman; thus he says of the influence on him of Charles Eliot Norton

> his good and great influence /was/ not only over the young, breezy and not always high-bred barbarians who

> already were snobbizing Harvard, but over marginals like myself, on the ragged edge of the social body, with nothing to recommend them but their Pandora's box of personal gifts and characteristics.[51]

In a singularly revealing passage in Sketch for a Self-Portrait, Berenson speaks of the consequences of his taking that line; it accounts in part for his sense of failure:

> Perhaps there is a further reason for my failure in the fact that I have wasted too much of myself in attempting to establish my position as a monsieur -- a less ambivalent term than our word 'gentleman' which may refer to birth alone, whereas the French term refers to breeding and standing. Seeing I had no roots in any of the countries I was living in, it was but natural, though neither noble nor even wise, to harbour such an ambition, and to resent any question as to my right to a place in society.
>
> Whence came the intimate sense of that right? From the fact that my childhood was spent in an aristocratic republic [Lithuania] and, though under Russian rule, all the more aristocratic for being Jewish. There my family was among the first if not the first, and from earliest awareness I was encouraged to regard myself as its future head. There is truth in Caesar's saying: 'Better first in a village than second in Rome'. I knew from infancy that I was to be first in my village, and it bred in me a sense of being anybody's social equal that I have never lost. To this day I avoid people who might regard me as an inferior, not because of their merit but through official and social rank.[52]

Although not of Anglo-Saxon stock (the arts in America had been up to about this time much in the hands of Anglo-Saxon writers) Berenson came to Europe for social as well as aesthetic rewards, rewards he felt himself entitled to on account of his stock.

Berenson and Santayana constitute, perhaps, a special case; while both were taken to Boston at an early age, neither was American born, Santayana being a Spaniard by

birth, Berenson a Lithuanian Jew. Yet both spent their formative years in Boston, and at Harvard, and both considered themselves as Americans, though perhaps first both would have claimed to be cosmopolites; for a new cosmopolitan generation was growing up[53]. After leaving Harvard both studied in Europe for a time, visiting Germany and England, tasting the intellectual and aesthetic rewards of different societies. Berenson remained in Europe, but Santayana returned to America, living in 'the genteel tradition' at its most genteel period, and resenting it hugely. Santayana's concern with the genteel tradition and his doubts about the heavy ethical emphasis in its view of culture and education resemble Berenson's feeling that culture is an end in itself[54]. Both finally made Italy their home. Berenson went to Florence in his early twenties and spent the rest of his life there, with few breaks, devoting himself to the unremitting study of Italian art. Both were in their different ways sponsored. On Berenson's graduation from Harvard, a group of his Boston friends got up seven hundred and fifty dollars to enable him to go to Europe for a year, in the hope that his brilliant promise would ripen into achievement, and Mrs. Isabella Stewart Gardner, one of the new 'smart set' that was coming into international evidence, provided a second seven hundred and fifty dollars to finance a further year. In this way

his desire to be purely the connoisseur, purely the gentleman amateur, was frustrated. Thinking back to the summer of 1895, when he was wandering in Germany with no other company than his thoughts, he has commented:

> I cannot rid myself of the insistent inner voice that keeps whispering and at times hissing, 'You should not have competed with the learned nor let yourself become that equivocal thing, an expert.... Remember, you mapped out one book on ideated sensations, and another on life-enhancement, and a third on the portrait. Instead of accepting this revelation as the light to guide you for the rest of your days, as the Pisgah sight of your promise, you let yourself be seduced into undertaking a work on the Drawings of the Florentine Painters.[55]

Needing a livelihood, he developed the trade of an 'expert' in art, supposedly able, he said, by some charlatanry to tell infallibly the authorship of an Italian picture, and this trade meant that he lived permanently with a sense of personal failure and spiritual loss; he permanently regretted that he had not followed a more intellectual path and become a writer or a philosopher of art.

Santayana, as soon as he was enabled, by a legacy, likewise left America (as did a third member of this Harvard generation, Logan Pearsall Smith -- Berenson's brother-in-law -- who settled in England[56]) and New England and Harvard and teaching; he retired in 1912 to England and, after the war, to Rome, where he stayed. His rejection of America was a positive one; American high culture seemed to him to be "Sophomoric" and the genteel tradition, with its European influences, he knew not to be European; Europe was something

to set against it. For him, as for many of the expatriate artists, Rome and Latin Europe were the antithesis to Boston, and, as again with many of the artists, the dichotomy produced a tension in the spirit which influenced the nature of much of his work. While he chose to live apart from American society, he was fascinated by its non-genteel and practical side, which he saw as the developing and indigenous part of its culture; he discerned two different mentalities in America, "one a survival of the beliefs and standards of the fathers, the other an expression of the instincts, practices and discoveries of the younger generations"[57]. He seems, like Henry Adams, at once to have respected and feared the energy of the younger generations, and to have chosen to withdraw from their action. Yet in spite of the larger rejection he made of America, he is essentially an American philosopher, not only because his opinions have passed into the stream of American thought but because they take their cast from there[58]; and in Apologia Pro Mente Sua he remarks, "it is as an American writer that I must be counted, if I am counted at all"[59].

Santayana was a believer in the good life, a life which could be pursued only with a selective attitude (one might indeed say an American attitude) to human institutions. Yet in his capacity for detachment, in his theoretical, his aesthetic regard of life, he resembles many of his generation. But if Berenson and Santayana move toward the dilettante, the

more so does Leo Stein. Like Berenson he was an educated Jew, a type inclined to cosmopolitanism, who graduated from Johns Hopkins and went to live in Florence at the turn of the century. Stein succeeded in refining his detachment to the point where an aesthetic appreciation was the final criterion of anything; aesthetics indeed became a journey into the self. His interests never became, as Berenson had hoped his interests would never become, specific or specialised; he was never guilty of being an expert. Thus in 1900 he wrote from Florence to his sister Gertrude:

> I have numerous and varied interests: scientific, philosophical, literary, artistic with, to fall back on an ancient plaint, no very decisive convictions or (what amounts to the same thing) interests... One inference from these things is clear, to wit, the advantage of productivity is an aim of segregation from a great center of multitudinous activity like New York where everything is on the go, to a place like Florence, where a limited range of activity is almost insisted on. It's an immense saving of time and energy and an efficient instrument of result.... Here I can think with comparative ease stick to a limited field. In Italian art Mantegna is the only man who commands my interest in such a way that I want to do my durndest.[60]

The spectacle of this kind of all-round cultural expert, too weakly motivated in any single direction to invent a social use for himself, was growing increasingly common in American colonies abroad, as the leisure class increased in size and in wealth. There was a gradual detaching of the intelligence from its uses and from its society -- though Stein maintained his American-ness strongly; "if things work out in America during the next fifty years as I thoroughly believe they will

I shall not become less of one /an American/ even if I never set foot on the continent for fifty years"[61]. In 1902 Gertrude Stein joined him in Europe for the summer and in England they met Berenson's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell, with whom, he told a correspondent, he had America versus England disputes all the time:

> The general theme is why in the name of all that's reasonable do you think of going back to America? It's quite impossible to persuade them that my Americanism is not a pose, and that I really think of returning there -- sooner or later. And truly at times it does seem quite impossible. On the whole, however, I remain constant, for after all there is something tonic -- even over-tonic -- about America, that I miss here and would not like to miss permanently. If only America were not so far away and if the climate in the possible parts were not so chilly.[62]

Yet after spending the war in the United States because of his father's German birth, he returned to Settignano and in a letter of 1921 he comments: "I would come back to America if one of three things were different: if I were not married, if I were not so poor, or if I were not so deaf"[63]. In spite of similar avowals, he died in Italy in 1947. His search for a simplicity to set against the pace of American life, a search in which he sought to free himself in order to pursue the recesses of his own psychology, and release his creative impulses, suggests a final though painful absurdity in this vein of American aestheticism. All the Stein family had absobbed something of the Harvard view of cultivation (Gertrude was at Radcliffe and studied under William James)

and Gertrude carried the view over into literature, writing, as she said, for herself and strangers[64], very much in that order, refining language to its pure aesthetic tolerance. There was, of course, more than one Stein; indeed there were four -- Michael, Sally, Leo and Gertrude -- all, as Berenson put it, "High Protectors of newness in painting"[65], and all impressed, unlike Berenson, by newness in all the arts. Yet essentially they resembled Berenson -- even Gertrude who, like Edith Sitwell in England, belonged to the fin de siècle and was able to come to her technical discovery almost playfully because she was trying neither to change the content nor the social context of art nor to uphold it as a communicative form.

It is noticeable that many of the artists, aestheticians and writers who became expatriates were Americans who had been born, like Sargent, in Europe, or who had much of their education there, as did the Steins. Most were persons who, had they not become expatriates, would doubtless have travelled regularly between Europe and their native land. They belonged to a new era of cosmopolitans in America that was, in part, the product of the unsettlement of the old patriciate, and in part the product of immigration (in particular Jewish immigration was bringing in a fresh intellectual strain). Moreover, America's wild pursuit of culture after the Civil War had thrown up many persons who were genuinely cultured, persons like the Misses Cone of Baltimore, who were brilliant art collectors. But such

collecting was possible only because America, with its expanding economy, was able to permit such indulgence; and we have the paradoxical situation of the modernist artistic movement of the beginning of this century being financed largely by American money. It was the expanding economy which permitted, too, the expatriate groups to grow; most expatriates had some form of private income. Indeed, most expatriates up to the first world war were of the rentier class, and only a land as wealthy as America was at this time could have maintained an absentee cultural class on inherited profits from businesses and land. To some extent, this sybaritic relationship was a source of resentment against expatriation, and its effect, one suspects, may well have been to intensify the sense of responsibility that the expatriate must always have felt to produce, to create something in the European context where he had supposed creation to be possible. Of the tensions of the expatriate state, none can have been greater than the drive to pay for the American education and the American dividends that formed the expatriate's intellectual and financial capital, and to pay for them by creation.

There was then a general context in which expatriation was a social and artistic style, and this forms the background to the literary expatriation of the time. By no means all the reasons for the expatriation of writers were literary; indeed, many certainly bore in mind the social and other

rewards that made life easier, more pleasant or more exciting, depending on what was wanted. There were writers who sought to reascend the river of time, to win back -- in the face of the challenge of the American west, and of immigration -- the status they once had. James Russell Lowell was of this stamp; and the attitude is exhibited -- though it was a common enough one, of course -- in Oliver Wendell Holmes's One Hundred Days in Europe:

> Who is there of English descent among us that does not feel with Cowper,
>
> 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still'? Our recently naturalized fellow-citizens, of a different blood and different religion, must not suppose that we are going to forget our inborn love for the mother to whom we owe our being. Protestant England and Protestant America are coming nearer and nearer to each other every year. The interchange of the two peoples is more and more frequent, and there are many reasons why it is likely to continue increasing.[66]

Holmes then quotes a letter of Hawthorne's, in which he advises Longfellow, as a man of leisure, to make his home on the English side of the water "--though always with an indefinite and never-to-be-executed intention to go back and die in my native land", because a man of individuality and refinement can live far more comfortably in Old England than in New. And, says Holmes, our fathers were exiles from their homeland, driven by causes that no longer exist:

> In placing the Atlantic between themselves and the Old World civilizations they made an enormous sacrifice. It is true that the wonderful advance of our people in all the arts and accomplishments which make life agreeable has transformed the wilderness into a home where men and women can live comfortably, elegantly, happily...

In spite of the American advantages, the modern American still longs to cross the water

> ...to get back to that old home of his fathers, so delightful in itself, so infinitely desirable on account of its nearness to Paris, to Geneva, to Rome, to all that is most interesting in Europe. The less wealthy, less cultivated, less fastidious class of Americans are not so much haunted by these longings. But the convenience of living in the Old World is so great, and it is such a trial and such a risk to keep crossing the ocean, that it seems altogether likely that a considerable current of re-migration will gradually develop itself among our people.
>
> Some find the climate of the other side of the Atlantic suits them better than their own. As the New England characteristics are gradually superseded by those of other races, other forms of belief, and other associations, the time may come when a New Englander will feel more as if he were among his own people in London than in one of our seaboard cities.[67]

And though most Americans love their native land too well to expatriate themselves, going back to our old home is not, says Holmes, like transferring to a land where there are no ties of blood, no common language and no common religious and political traditions. A rooted American himself, he hopes that "the exchanges of emigrants and re-migrants will be much more evenly balanced by-and-by than at present"[68] and he quotes the generous sentiment which closes Washington Allston's ode "America to Great Britain": "We are one!"[69] Holmes does not, in short, spare the point that the settlement of America was an Anglo-Saxon one and that American arts and accomplishments exist by European, and mainly English, support. The rewards of the visit to England which his book describes are social (he tells us of the occasions he has attended,

and the people whom he has met) and imaginative, for England feeds the "mind's picture gallery":

> ...it must make a difference what the imagination has to work upon, and I do not at all wonder that Mr. Ruskin would not wish to live in a land where there are no old ruins of castles and monasteries. Man will not live on bread only; he wants a great deal more, if he can get it, -- frosted cake as well as cornbread; and the New World keeps the imagination on plain and scanty diet, compared to the rich traditional and historic food which furnishes the banquets of the Old World.[70]

Holmes, defending the Europeanised literary and cultural tradition against those who wanted, like Whitman, to put the muse in an American kitchen, spoke for many expatriates. The feeling for Republican institutions and the democratic standard was growing fainter, and America was developing a class system of its own sort, a social exclusiveness firmly associated with financial standing. It was still a 'thin' affair (one feels that thinness when Henry James tackles a purely American novel, as he does in Washington Square) and Europe, with its brighter social web, set the standard. This was Holmes's feeling, and he had a like feeling in literary matters; the excitement of seeing Longfellow's bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and of realizing that there were other busts that could be better spared than his, was an excitement that measured the American success in meeting an age-old standard. The eighteen-fifties had seen the forging of many Anglo-American literary friendships, and this had about it a note of moral solidarity; as Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out[71], the spirit of liberal philanthrophy

was their international tie. The England and the New England writers stood together as standard authors. But as the role of the writer developed, New England lost its cultural hegemony; what once had seemed cosmopolitan now seemed provincial, and fresh challenges sprang up to insist upon a more national ideal, challenges from New York, from the middle-west, from the west coast. Thus when Whitman claimed that an American poet took his universality from the universality of his race, and that in celebrating his race he celebrated mankind, he was making an observation about the provinciality of New England letters. Whitman was, of course, all acceptance, and he renounced aestheticism, intellectuality, 'literary' standards; yet in saying that poetry was the result "of a national spirit, and not the privilege of a polish'd and select few", his appeal was to a kind of art that comprehended all America and not just its most cultivated part. He thus stood for a second wave of rebellion, the rebellion of an expanding America against New England, which paralleled the rebellion of New England against old England[72]. In a more professional era, there was a growth of literary professionalism. There were more newspapers, more journalists, and more means of communication; America was beginning to describe itself. Writers became conscious of the interest of local life and local colour, and regional writing grew up throughout the country[73]. Such writers usually began as newspaper-men, and their standard

of what was 'interesting' was often a different one from that of the older writer, who was not given in the same way for hunting for local colour. The result was that the New England writers went to Europe for what they had lost, and many of the younger, more professional and more deracinated group visited Europe to find out what it was all about. Some, like Twain's innocents, yawned their way about, while others found a story in it. And in an unprecedented wave of literary travel, it is not surprising that some came to Europe and stayed there.

Among these writers, one distinguishes many different cases. There was the case of Edith Wharton, to whom Europe was a matter of course, a part of the heritage of her class. European materials were at hand for her whenever she wanted to use them. She was not the inquisitive artist like James; she took what she wanted from her own world, whereas James picked the world. As her biographer, Percy Lubbock, observes,

> If there were not a great many ideas around her, there was one that flourished abundantly under her parents' roof, and for her it was the most important of all -- it was the idea of Europe. Well-furnished New York, with everything handsome about it, was sufficient for itself, no doubt, but it was far from disowning its heritage of Europe.... New York held its share in Europe, very properly, as its own by right of inheritance; and young Edith and her parents not only spoke and thought and felt in the idiom that had descended to them, they also returned to their past in long and leisurely European sojourns -- one of years when she was a child, another when she was a girl.[74]

After her marriage to George Wharton in 1885, she and her husband spent part of each year in Europe, settling in

France by degrees and stages. The gradual decline of the old New York aristocracy, the gradual dislodging of her class from power, would appear to have as much to do with the move as any literary attraction Paris might have had. To some extent she had been dislodged from her materials, and Europe afforded a literary life that was congenial; moreover she was, as her travel books show[75], an avid traveller, interested in places as well as the qualities of societies. Coming to Europe she brought her own illumination with her. Lubbock quotes a letter in which she told him:

> It is curious that when I was younger and busy with my own slow development, I could subsist on myself indefinitely, with only a vague unformulated need of companionship de l'esprit; whereas now I find myself greatly stimulated by it, and consequently more dependent on having it for at least a few months of each year. Hence my great enjoyment of London and Paris.[76]

The literary reasons were there, though they had not the intensity of James's reasons; James, after weighing the possibilities, carefully chose London, because it was tougher and more difficult and because there was more in that city to observe. To Edith Wharton, the place was Paris. Paris came first because there was more fun in seeking friends outside the family, Lubbock tells us; but it had to be the right Paris for one seeking the best in manners and communication, and she chose the "aristocratic seclusion" of the Rue de Varenne in the Faubourg St. Germain:

> Between the worldly and the literary lay her range, touching no far extreme in either direction; and

> within these limits, talent not too unworldly, elegance not too illiterate, there was space for a large concourse, and it was admirably filled.[77]

The rewards of Paris were really more social than literary, rewards of brilliance, urbanity and taste. Nor was she, in such a setting, an exile:

> But it was not as a seeker, not as a votary, not as a strayed exile that she came to us; no such illusion is permitted in the case of Edith Wharton. She came to enjoy what had long been hers at home, only she had not enough of it -- the best society within view, the best talk within earshot... She never became, she had no cause to become, any more of a European than she had been from the first; but with Europe around her she had room, liberty, encouragement, to be what she was.[78]

She found the Paris that Newland Archer finds at the end of The Age of Innocence, when he thinks of the life that Madame Olenska must have lived there:

> For nearly thirty years, her life -- of which he knew so strangely little -- had been spent in this rich atmosphere that he already felt to be too dense and yet too stimulating for his lungs. He thought of the theatres she must have been to, the pictures she must have looked at, the sober and splendid old houses she must have frequented, the people she must have talked with, the incessant stir of ideas, curiosities, images and associations thrown out by an intensely social race in a setting of immemorial manners; and suddenly he remembered the young Frenchman who had once said to him: "Ah, good conversation --there is nothing like it, is there?"

Edith Wharton pointed the way to Paris, but it was not the Paris of the twenties groups, nor even of Gertrude Stein. In A Backward Glance she talks of her notion of a Secret Garden, a hidden place where she could retire out of her social environment into the private world of her imagination.

Settling in Paris in 1907, she found that literary pursuits had a place in the social scale, a condition that had been conspicuously absent among New York society. "In Paris no one could live without literature, and the fact that I was a professional writer, instead of frightening my fashionable friends, interested them.... Culture in France is an eminently social quality, while in Anglo-Saxon countries it might also be called anti-social."[80] On the social level, Paris helped her keep alive an old New York standard which had now gone -- and it was indeed the loss of it that stirred her imagination and invigorated her later fiction, which perhaps tends too much to the picturesque upon this account. In America it had rather been the picturesqueness of Europe that had struck her; now she began to find a glow in America:

> Not until the successive upheavals which culminated in the catastrophe of 1914 had 'cut all likeness from the name' of my old New York, did I begin to see its pathetic picturesqueness. The first change came in the 'eighties, with the earliest detachment of big money-makers from the West, soon to be followed by the lords of Pittsburgh. But their infiltration did not greatly affect old manners and customs, since the dearest ambition of the newcomers was to assimilate existing traditions....
> ...the really vital change is that, in my youth, the Americans of the original States, who in moments of crisis still shaped the national point of view, were the heirs of an old tradition of European culture which the country has now totally rejected.[81]

Paris, however, gave her an adjustment, a way of seeing the situation as historical and picturesque -- "and with her adjustment," says Edmund Wilson, "the real intellectual force which she has exerted through a decade and a half evaporates almost completely"[82]; instead of exercising an irony at the

expense of the society she knew best, "her later works show a dismay and a shrinking before what seemed to her the social and moral chaos of an age which was battering down the old edifice that she herself had once depicted as a prison"[83]. Thus expatriation could (as James suspected) soften the irritations and the emotional strain upon which a writer's work depends for its quality[84].

Such conservative and such predominantly social expatriations were by no means unusual; indeed, James had himself some of these same motives. So too did people like Marion Crawford, and Howard Sturgis, the close friend both of Edith Wharton and Henry James, who lived at Queen's Acre, a house near Windsor, and who wrote, among other pieces, Belchamber, "a striking study", as Mrs. Wharton put it, "of fashionable London in the 'nineties" which was, she held, "nearly in the first rank". Sturgis had been born and educated in England and was very much the cosmopolitan American. It was not far from Queen's Acre to Lamb House at Rye, where Henry James kept his establishment; and from there but a bicycle ride to Brede Place, Sussex, where Stephen Crane lived -- or perhaps, rather, camped out. In Surrey lived Harold Frederic, another American expatriate and the author of The Damnation of Theron Ware; and though the two last-mentioned were rather more bohemian (Crane made a habit of shocking Henry James by wearing Western cowboy clothes, and Frederic once described James in a letter as

"an effeminate old donkey" who had "licked dust from the floor of every third rate hostess in England" [86]) they too found a strong social reward in England, though their intercourse was largely with other writers -- with Conrad, Wells, Edward Garnett, Ford Madox Hueffer and the Canadian novelist Robert Barr. Both, moreover, were newspaper correspondents. One of the temptations of all the 'socializing' that Europe made available was that of writing novels about noblemen; thus Henry Harland, whose novels in America had been about immigrant Jews, began after he had settled in London and become editor of The Yellow Book to write romantic novels about the European nobility.

Crane however belonged rather to the newer, more aggressively American wave who were now appearing in Europe, partly because American humour and the American west had become rather a style (thus Joaquin Miller lived the role of the frontiersman on his English visit, and even Mark Twain who for all his democratic suspicion dearly loved a lord said that, at a dinner in London, Miller was "a discordant note, a disturber and degrader of the solemnities" [87]), a Byronic artistic role. Ambrose Bierce, Prentice Mulford, Charles Warren Stoddard and other western and San Francisco writers all found their way to Europe; and so too did Bret Harte. It was as if the Eastern standard had succeeded in subduing the west, and had drawn it to its own cultural capitals. There was another side

to the style, however; Miller and those like him, as Whitman observed[88], struck a chord in the English breast that "vibrated to the wild horse business", and Rossetti, Swinburne, Lord Houghton and others took up these wild westerners, these men, like Crane, who had experienced so much. This in part seems to explain why Crane moved to England and Bret Harte was distressed at the thought of returning to his native land. Charles Godfrey Leland, one of this wave of expatriates, probably expressed their view when he wrote: "I have found nothing to keep me here [America]. There is nothing to engage my ambitions."[89] Crane, who came to England in 1897 and died (on a trip to Germany) in 1900, did not have complicated motives for his short expatriation. Before he left America he had been in trouble with the police, he had suffered from the critics, and he was living with a woman not his wife. As one of his biographers puts it:

> Crane's indifference both as a man and an artist to 'culture', in the ordinary sense, was absolute; nor was he interested in English society.... At most he found England intellectually freer. "Englishmen aren't as shocked as easily as we are," he told a lady writer in New York. "You can have an idea in England without being sent to court for it." There was also [Harold] Frederic, and presently Conrad; and it is easier to stay abroad than to move there. There was nothing unusual in this settlement -- fifty thousand Americans were settled in London.[90]

The English seemed more liberal to writers, and their critics were more perceptive. He wrote in a letter to William Crane: "You know they said over here in England that The Open Boat (Scribner's) was my best thing. There seem so many of them

in America who want to kill, bury and forget me purely out of unkindness and envy and -- my unworthiness, if you choose"[91] and, writing to John Northern Hilliard, he spoke of his 'one pride' which was "that the English edition of "The Red Badge" has been received with praise by the English reviewers"[92]. Bret Harte found similar rewards in England, where he lived from 1880 until his death in 1902. In 1878, in financial straits, he accepted the post of United States Commerical Agent at Crefeld in Germany, though he was profoundly depressed at leaving America[93]. In May, 1880, he became Consul at Glasgow, and when a change of administration in 1885 left him without a post, he moved to London. There he knew George Eliot, Hardy and du Maurier and, according to Hamlin Garland, who met him in London, he looked the perfect English dandy, though when he suggested to Harte that he return to America he was thrown into thought and depression. He moved in good society, frequented the Royal Thames Yacht Club and, according to one biographer, enjoyed an all-round improvement:

> England has a soothing effect upon the hustling American. He eats more, worries less, and becomes a happier and pleasanter animal. A similar change has been observed in high-strung horses taken from the United States to England... More important still, perhaps, is the ease of living in a country which has a fixed social system. The plain line drawn in England between the gentleman and the non-gentleman class makes things very pleasant for those who belong to the favored division. It gives the gentleman a vantage ground in dealing with the non-gentleman which proves as convenient, as it is novel, to the American. The fact that it must be inconvenient for the non-gentleman class which outnumbers the other some

> thousands to one, never seems to trouble the Englishman, although the American may have some qualms.
>
> Furthermore, strange as it may seem, the position of the author, per se is, no doubt, higher in London (though perhaps not elsewhere in England) than it is in the United States.[94]

Harte did have qualms, and he never lost his attachment for America and the American social system; but, as he put it, "much as I love my own country -- it does not love me sufficiently to enable me to support myself there by the pen"[95].

American expatriates were thus very much a feature of the English literary scene between about 1870 and the end of the first world war. And though (as James, surely the most thorough-going and interesting expatriate of them all, put it) they did have their joke, their private American standard and they found, as Crane found, that the English "Will believe anything wild or impossible you tell them"[96], England and, in a different way, France did offer disturbingly high rewards for the American writer who found life difficult in his own land. In some of these writers, literary problems (problems of style, of getting material, of gaining intelligent criticism) were subordinated to other problems which drove them eastward -- problems of earning a living, making a 'hit', or evading gossip. As far as those literary problems are concerned, Henry James is the sharpest case, and it is to him we should turn next.

3. THE COSMOPOLITAN IDEAL AS EXPRESSED IN HENRY JAMES.

> My choice is the old world -- my choice, my need, my life. There is no need for me today to argue about this; it is an inestimable blessing to me, and a rare good fortune, that the problem was settled long ago, and that I have nothing to do but to act on the settlement. -- My impressions here are exactly what I expected they would be, and I scarcely see the place, and feel the manners, the race, the tone of things, now that I am on the spot, than I did while I was still in Europe. My work lies there -- and with this vast new world, *je n'ai que faire*. One can't do both -- one must choose. No European writer is called upon to assume the terrible burden, and it seems hard that I should be. The burden is necessarily greater for an American -- for he *must* deal, more or less, if only by implication, with Europe, whereas no European is obliged to deal in the least with America. No one dreams of calling him less complete for not doing so.... The painter of manners who neglects America is not thereby incomplete as yet; but a hundred years hence -- fifty years hence perhaps -- he will doubtless be accounted so....Heaven forgive me! I feel as if my time were terribly wasted here /in America/![97]

So James wrote in his notebook on November 25, 1881, on a very important occasion, that of his first visit to his native America since he had made his choice, since he had decided that -- as he confided to the notebook a few days later -- London is "an anchorage for life"[98]. James was now thirty-eight and the decision was now, very firmly, made. In 1869, when he was twenty-six, he had looked around London and decided that he would like to live there for a year, to expose his body to the English climate and his mind to English institutions. In 1875 he decided that he wished to live in Europe and, after spending a year in Paris,

he came to London, convinced that the English were a race more complete than any other folk, more largely nourished, deeper, denser, stronger[99]. James, on his previous European journeys, had sought to soak himself in the traditions and culture of Europe, in order to carry this sustenance back to help him deal with American materials; on this occasion his mood had been different, and Howells had written to a friend, "Harry James has gone abroad again, not to return, I fancy, even for visits"[100]. Paris pleased him at first, but a deeper sense of what his own aims were, and of the nature of art as a medium for moral exploration (George Eliot stood for him as a sound example), finally brought him to London. He had no sense of becoming a Britisher: "to tell the truth," he wrote to Grace Norton in August, 1877, "I find myself a good deal more of a cosmopolitan (thanks to that combination of the continent and the U.S.A. which had formed my lot) than the average Briton of culture"[101]. This was the point: as an expatriate, he welded into a unity a powerful variety of experiences and, as he said in his letter, he had succeeded in becoming as little provincial as possible. His interest in London was "chiefly that of an observer in a place where there is most in the world to observe", and he did not suppose that he was any more at home there than in any place in the world. His feelings were ambivalent; sometimes England and the English disgusted him with their insularity or their

obtuseness, but on the whole the fact was, as he confided to his notebook, that:

> ...for one who takes it as I take it, London is on the whole the most possible form of life. I take it as an artist and as a bachelor; as one who has the passion of observation and whose whole business is the study of human life. It is the biggest aggregation of human life -- the most complete compendium of the world. The human race is better represented there than anywhere else...[102]

He was now, by adoption, a European -- so his conviction ran; but he was also -- and this conviction was equally strong -- an American, an American who, living at this time, had been offered this choice. Indeed it was really only the American (perhaps the Russian too) that was in a position to make it; because one was an American, one could turn to Europe, one could become a poised international figure, synthesising two strains and ways of life, in a way that not even a Russian émigré could do, for Europe was not in his origins as it was in those of the American. James's recurrent theme, that of the entrance of the bright, plain young American into the complex society of Europe, was a paradigm of the proper relation between the old tradition and the new and unformed idea, the one casting light on the other and bringing out each other's virtues and vices. It was a question of being in the right place at the right time. The time was ripe enough; for the American novelist dealing with English materials, a tradition of treatments had grown up by the time that James

began to write[103]. There was for instance a traditional contrast to be made between the English hereditary aristocracy and one American viewpoint which upheld the notion of a 'natural' aristocracy -- a treatment that had been presented in the works of Cooper and N.P. Willis[104], both of whom were impressed by European social forms and in some way seeking to translate them to an American context. There was the picturesque tradition of Irving and later Longfellow, the tradition that sought oldness and quaintness and rendered these things positive values; and there was the contrary tradition picked up by Twain in Innocents Abroad, the tradition of deflating this highly romanticised view and of substituting for it, in many cases, an equally romanticised view of America, where the birds sang sweeter, the sun shone brighter and even the food tasted better[105]. There was the tradition that Hawthorne had built upon of the theme of the American as the 'lost heir', detached from a Europe which haunted him. The international theme was positively in the American novel and it was felt by some to be the nearest thing to a tradition that the American novel had. Thus it was possible for a writer to deal with Europe and be very much an American; it was indeed, as James put it in his famous letter of 1872, "a complex fate, being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe"[106], but surely no-one was ever more aware of the

responsibilities and the complexities than was James, nor strove more for a real, as opposed to a superstitious, valuation of Europe. He had a perpetual sense of his Americanness, of his operating in terms of a most carefully poised relationship with Europe; as an American he selected the European material he worked with on the most exacting and careful principles. He saw it as his duty to work harder than any European writer, and he consciously sought out difficulty. For him, writing was all labour, all making over, all reclaiming territory for the novel to use. His Americanness gave him at once an objectivity and a concern with Europe of a very special sort. He was thrown into perpetual speculation about his expatriate role, less because he doubted his patriotism than because he needed to be sure that he was in the right relation to his material. He lived vividly in the tradition of the European and the American novel; he was a consummate technician, and to him the eternal problem was to transmute the things of human experience into art. Committed to viewing life from this remove, committed to being on all counts the artist, his quandaries were special ones: can one write the best kind of novel about America alone, can one write better about a country not one's own, and can one maintain one's concern for the way in which life is moral and experience is qualitative in a limited social context? James sought to write with moral accuracy; and he found that it was in

the international arena that he best could.

Thus, although later days brought moments of doubt about the action, there is plenty of evidence that James was convinced that his decision to live in England had been a right one. He was sure that, at this time at least, the American novelist who takes himself seriously must deal with European themes, even though in fifty years time that may not be so. In his notebooks he reflects on the "untried years" when, "passionately eager for what life might bring", he wanted above all to see the world. "I have seen a good deal of it, and look at the past in the light of this knowledge. What strikes me is the definiteness, the unerringness of those longings."[107] England gave him plans and ambitions; it tightened life for him; he was under constant literary stimulus. He told Grace Norton, in a rather sad phrase, that "to be -- to have become by force of circumstances -- a cosmopolitan is of necessity to be a good deal alone", and he felt that his loneliness was of use to him. He had a permanent sense that the world was closing; and that he could not escape this even in England. He wrote in his autobiography:

> My point at any rate, such as it is, would be that even at the age I had reached in 1860 something of the happier time still lingered -- the time in which a given product of the press might have a situation and an aspect, a considerability, so to speak, a circumscription and an <u>aura</u>; room to breathe and to show in, margin for the casting of its nets. The occasion at large was doubtless shrinking.[108]

Europe was holding on longer than America. Europe was even

better, he felt, for his health.

So Europe, which had first been an "enlarged and uplifted gape" for James, now became "a banquet of initiation which was in the event to prolong itself through years and years".[109] James had not come to his decision easily, as his letters show; but once he had made his choice he went on to live it out. It seemed that the significance of his life as American only became real when he set himself down in Europe, and this theme provided a basis for his novels. One American critic, pointing to James's Americanness, has observed that Europe itself had no dramatic meaning until the sensitive provincial from America appeared in it; it is all stage.[110] Indeed, James put the point in one of the prefaces to the New York edition; Europe, he said, was

> constantly in requisition as the more salient American stage or more effective repoussoir, and yet with any particular action on this great lighted and decorated stage depending for more than half its sense on one of my outland characters.[111]

His pressing theme is moral initiation, the impact of experience upon innocence; but the point, so often made, needs taking further. James's father had a very clear conception of education as a liberalizing and ethical process; he brought his children to Europe in order to give them the sensuous education lacking in America. What is lacking is redefined by James in The Europeans, in terms not unfavourable to his homeland; but his case here is clearly that the American characters are not rounded out, and the marriage of the 'good' American and the 'good' European is a symbol

of a just and valuable conjunction. James's subject is education, conducted in the moral sphere; he is concerned with the way in which the human character is refined into something of value. Roderick Hudson is one version of the theme. When Rowland Mallet, who takes Roderick up, talks of Roderick's statue of a boy drinking from a cup, we have a passage of Hawthorne-like symbolism: the figure is drinking very deep, from the cup of experience, and we transfer the symbol to Roderick, for whom Europe is, after all, too relaxing. James has in fact a precise line of scruple, an exact moral drive which controls his art, a professional touch with the larger issues that places him in the tradition of Jane Austen and George Eliot.

Throughout the seventies, as James became a surer artist, his production increased, and so too did his enchantment with Europe. The international theme took on for him more and more significance; he became more and more sure of the significance of contrast, and more and more aware that he was devastatingly well-equipped. His problem was that of exploring a world which is of more than common interest, that has a certain universality. James became more and more certain of the validity of his theme about the fundamental similarities, and the equally important differences, between England and America. James's characters are outsiders in a very practical sense; they are not misfits from within the race but visitors from

outside it. The variations in character between the parent society and the society now sufficiently independent to be different are enough to provide a critical instrument. But the criticism works, of course, both ways; it is not a clearcut issue. James was far from being a writer heavily Anglicized, and many of his characters and observations, and the predominant tone of many of his novels, can be explained only when we realize that he was a thoroughly cosmopolitan American, a man who saw with a vision harder and stronger than many of his contemporaries, a man who had a loose and critical relation both with English and American society. Like Turgenev, he was the maker of the international novel, and his tone is that of a cosmopolitanism not dilettante and superficial, but of the free-floating intelligence whose concerns extend beyond the context of one culture. He was always rooted in sense, always concerned with moral responsibility, and he presented these attributes as an American vein. He expanded his moral universe with his physical one, and a moral universe is rendered as art not only by feeling life but by finding the terms in which to render it. His desire for criticism can be seen as a desire to be judged by readers as urbane as he was, for his critics on both sides of the Atlantic were unable to see that his work was unified. Either he was pro-English and anti-American, or he was pro-American and anti-English; his critics wanted him to show his flag.

The fact was that he fell into neither category; he represented in fact the complete literary man who was all exile in the sense that the culture and cultivation of one country was never enough, though what was given up was, as in Joyce's case, always as painful as the arts which replaced it. This allegiance was not to a State but to an ideal of cultivation.

He was always pursuing literary excellence, always conscious of the effect that societies had upon his creative power, always conscious of the need for forms; his doubts at the end of his life may well have been those of a man who suffered for his profession, but they are not the doubts of a man who is picqued at backing the wrong horse. He once remarked to Norton that "the face of nature and civilization" in America was "to a certain point a very sufficient literary field" but it needed a really grasping imagination to sieze its secrets. "To write well and worthily of American things one needs even more than elsewhere to be a master. But unfortunately one is less!"[112] The fact is that he was more; he was a master, and if he needed anything he needed that stance, that grand design. Perhaps the thing that justified England to him most was that he was productive there; that he felt larger and more authoritative in its context; that he could master what had to be mastered by a writer to a degree that few had before, on a territory where so many had tried. The social role of the artist was fuller in England,

and what James felt more than most writers, because he was more single-mindedly a writer than most, was the essential detachment of the literary career, its loneliness, its anguish.

Yet a foot in society was precisely what the writer had to have, for it was the stuff of his work; this was the furniture he needed, and it was a furniture no less of "the best that was known and thought" in ideas as well as in social forms. An absence of forms was a handicap to a writer of his sort, for he depended upon a rich and complicated social scene to set him in motion. It was not that he was a novelist of manners -- he was so much more than this -- but he started from manners, and felt that it was in them that morals had their origin -- or their weakness. It is because he requires a density and corrugation of behaviour that he is concerned with the exact flavour of social scenes, the quality of the place, the attitudes and the standards of the people. An interest in manners helped to draw him to Europe and thereafter they came "to represent for him a crystallization of social experience in which moral and aesthetic values met", as one critic has put it[113]. It was, he felt, possible to write about American society; it had, he said, types, a good deal of local colour, and a considerable field for satire (these were very much the things Cooper had missed earlier). But one society was thrown into relief by another; if one could make a tale out of the manners of

one society, what could one not do when several societies are thrown into conjunction, to illustrate, explain and satirize one another. In such an urbane conception lay the germ of the international novel, a form that had already been in part worked by Hawthorne, in Cooper, in Willis and in James's earliest work, where it was tackled very much from the local rather than the international scale of values. But the mode needed a largeness, a masterful touch; it needed a touch that could give us the satirical opening chapter of The American, where we are invited to judge Christopher Newman against a European scale, and the tone of An International Episode, where we share the American appraisal of Lord Lambeth. That these appraisals are not the only measure that is used in both stories suggests the resources of the international novel form in James's hands[114]. So if James came later to suspect that the mixture of Europe and America in him had proved disastrous, then it was perhaps due to the suspicion that such an urbanity was too large for any reading public. It did take an old civilization to set a novelist in motion -- because there were to be found the manners, customs, usages, habits and forms which are the stuff of his work; here "a certain part of the work of discrimination and selection and primary clearing of the ground" is already done by the literary tradition so that he can begin further on[115] -- but it took an American to make the most of the stage. As Marianne Moore has said,

James was characteristically American in his desire to amass and reiterate, to make himself comfortable abroad and yet to retain an ascetic inquiring detachment.[116] He was aware that contrasts were essential to him, and he saw no possibility "of contrast so great as that encountered when we turn back and forth between the distinctively American and the distinctively European outlook."[117]

James's sense of what that contrast might mean in terms of fictional method and as an ideal attitude of mind, developed considerably over the years; his very use of this contrast was important in forcing an understanding of the notion of nationality and detachment from it. But, as Christof Wegelin has shown,[118] James gradually developed the possibilities of this contrast. Much of his work on the international theme is devoted to subjecting the romantic idea of Europe which had grown in America during the nineteenth century to the closest scrutiny. A pervasive realism determines his attitude toward Europe, and a mistaken romanticism is frequently shown to be disastrous. Gradually however this theme becomes dominated by a sense of the greater effectiveness not simply of contrast but of a moral, aesthetic and social ideal of the value of "social fusion," of "a sublime consensus of the educated," of an international society and an international attitude that is very much larger than his old "monstrous"

contrasts and one that will make pale the old "comedies and tragedies of the international."[119] As he moved toward this notion in his novels and in his life, then as Marius Bewley observes his novels appear not as spectacles of divergent manners and attitudes played off in carefully selected areas but as serious attempts "to resolve these conflicts, to escape from the restrictive categories of the provincial, local, and native, into a more spacious, human, and comprehensive reality."[120] James, Marius Bewley argues, searches throughout his fictions "for a reality that is poised in suspension among the multiple possibilities that Europe and America offer him, but which is really the property of neither."[121] Bewley observes that James was concerned with life, and that Europe, functioning as a symbol of life, appeared not simply as the great good place to which Americans went but as the field of honour on which the young man proved his worth, "the Green Chapel towards which the young knight worked his way through the winter waste land and through many dangers to bring back the spring to his own heart."[122] It could also be, however, a treacherous guide. The movement into symbolism, as Wegelin points out, constituted not only a deepening of the theme but to some extent a change in perspective, as his cosmopolitan ideal expanded towards a notion of man's need of a "civilization fusing idealism and discipline, spirit and form", and defined by James in international terms.[123]

The same realism, the same consciousness that Europe could be a treacherous guide, was present in his attitude toward literary expatriation; and over the years he systematically refined an idea of cosmopolitanism that avoided the pitfalls of excessive detachment and excessive romanticism. Resisting the romantic element in the tradition of expatriation to which he was an heir, he set against it a realistic sense of the difficulties and the need for detachment. He stressed that it was the accidental nature of his literary and family situation that made him cosmopolitan: "Being a cosmopolitan," he observed in the essay "Occasional Paris", "is an accident, but one must make the best of it."[124] Yet the possibilities of the situation, as he formulated them early in a letter to Thomas Sergeant Perry in 1867, long before he became an expatriate, were, he felt, remarkable for the American:

> It is by this constant exchange and comparison, by the wear of living and talking and observing that works of art shape themselves into completeness.... When I say that I should like to do as Sainte-Beuve has done, I don't mean that I should like to imitate him... but only that I should like to acquire something of his intelligence and patience and vigour. One feels -- I feel at least, that he is a man of the past, of a dead generation; and that we young Americans are (without cant) men of the future. I feel that my only chance for success as a critic is to let all the breezes of the west blow through me at their will. We are Americans born -- il faut en prendre son parti. I look upon it as a great blessing; and I think that to be an American is an excellent preparation for culture. We have exquisite qualities as a race, and it seems to me that we are ahead of the European races in the fact that more than either of them we can deal freely with forms of civilization not our own, can pick and choose and

> assimilate and in short (aesthetically &c) claim our property wherever we find it. To have no national stamp has hitherto been a regret and a drawback, but I think it not unlikely that American writers may yet indicate that a vast intellectual fusion and synthesis of the various national tendencies of the world is the condition of more important achievements than any we own -- something distinctive and homogeneous -- and I take it that we shall find it in our moral consciousness, our unprecedented spiritual lightness and vigour. In this sense at least we shall have a national cachet. -- I expect nothing great during your lifetime or mine perhaps: but my instincts quite agree with yours in looking to see something original and beautiful disengage itself from our ceaseless fermentation and turmoil.[125]

In Literature and Life (1902) W.D.Howells, a friend of James' and himself a traveller in Europe, argued that literary "absenteeism" expressed "the modern sense which enlarges one's country to the bounds of civilization,"[126] making a similar point. Of this view and this discipline James was the great proponent, and his "sublime consensus" represented a high ideal of a unified sensibility drawing together the best of national constituents. He was always aware of the dangers of expatriation. The 'outland dart' could be damaging, as many instances had shown him, and James wondered whether he himself could be damaged. In stories like "The Jolly Corner" and books like his life of Story he elaborated the point. He feared the dangers of exchanging one provincialism for another, as Story had. He constantly examines the cases around him -- Turgenev, Hawthorne, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Wolcott Balestier, Henry Harland. Harland, editor of the Yellow Book, author of romantic novels under the pen-name of Sidney Luska, and a sentimental

lover of the bohemian life of Paris which he tried to translate to London, presented, said James in his essay "The Story-teller at Large: Mr Henry Harland," "in the most candid way in the world, but with new infatuations and refinements, the feeling of the American for his famous Europe." [127] He was, says James, lost in a whimsical picturesque vision of palace secrets, rulers and pretenders, of the heavy air of Rome "where Cardinals are part of the furniture", of the hum of Paris and the deep English background. Harland's Comedies and Errors is, he says, without a single direct glance at American life; the interest of it lies in what is absent, in what is dropped out; the whole book reveals an American obsession with Europe, and presents "a disencumbered, sensitive surface for the wonderful Europe to play on." James sees Harland as a modern answer to the old question of whether a writer must draw sap from the soil of his origin. Earlier in the century, he was apt to paint best who painted nearest home; in Cooper's time London was far from Chicago, and Paris some way from London. But now the case is altered:

> The globe is fast shrinking, for the imagination, to the size of an orange that can be played with; the hurry to and fro over its surface is that of ants when you turn up a stone, and there are times when we feel as if, as regards his habitat -- and especially as regards hers, for women wander as they have never wandered -- almost everyone must have changed place, and changed language, with everyone else.

But Harland fails, because he skims over the surface, and does not stop to dig. Harland is, says James, dispatriated;

and though James sees the situation as interesting he clearly does not (though Miss Edna Kenton reads the argument the other way[128]) feel that such detachment is all gain. It is when Harland "really stops and begins to dig that the critic will more attentively look out for him. Then we shall come back to the question of soil...and of the possible ups and downs, as an artist, of the citizen of the world." The new era of travel that James describes must, in his view, produce a humane Anglo-Saxonism that comprehends America, and in which the American contribution is crucial. It is one, however, that is rooted, has real connections with the manners and values of the component societies; in this way the expatriate must, as writer and individual, dig deep.

In the finesse of this conception, and in his dedicated sense of the consequences of expatriation for literature, however accidentally it is brought about, James is the most remarkable of American expatriates. It is his seriousness and self-scrutiny that makes his importance for the present study, for he formulates the notion of literary exile at its fullest and is in many ways the most patent influence on his subsequent followers in this journey. Though appreciatively aware of his kinship with his predecessors, he radically reformulated the terms of the traditional debate on the subject. Instead of the romantic colonial attachment and the journey to Europe for proper materials, James proposes a special urbanity and appreciativeness of mind which is the primary quality of the expatriate. At the same time he

stressed the importance of the forms and manners that the expatriate encountered throughout whole societies. Despite the American joke, the knowledge that these forms are not the totality of life and are indeed fragile and susceptible to change, he was in no sense an expatriate from society to a literary enclave, as were some of his heirs. The standard of civilisation, the 'sublime consensus of the educated,' that constituted James's final ideal, was to fade from the minds of many subsequent expatriates, but the stress on internationalism and cosmopolitanism, and on that "vast intellectual fusion and synthesis of the various national tendencies of the world" was, in art and life, to be further explored.

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CHAPTER THREE.

1
Ferner Nuhn, The Wind Blew from the East: a Study in the Orientation of American Culture (New York, Harper, 1942), p. 126.

2
Marcus Cunliffe, "The American Literary Expatriate since the Civil War" (unpublished paper).

3
q. by Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends, I, p. 87.

4
Henry Adams, The Education of Henry Adams, pp. 19-20.

5
James Fenimore Cooper, Gleanings in Europe: England (1837).

6
Henry James, A Small Boy and Others (1913), pp.48-50. This remark runs so much counter to Henry James, Snr's comments as to need some qualification.

7
Edith Wharton, A Backward Glance (New York/London, Appleton Century Inc., 1934), p. 10. See also The Age of Innocence (1920), where she describes the difference between the New York society of the early seventies, when it is beginning to let in the early entrepreneurs, and the old (Modern Library Edition, p. 47) :

> The New York of Newland Archer's day was a small and slippery pyramid, in which, as yet, hardly a fissure had been made or a foothold gained. At its base was a firm foundation of what Mrs Archer called "plain people"; an honourable but obscure majority of

respectable families who... had been raised above their level by marriage with one of the ruling clans.... Firmly narrowing upward from this wealthy but inconspicuous substratum was the compact and dominant group... 'Don't tell me,' Mrs Archer would say to her children, 'all this modern newspaper rubbish about a New York aristocracy.... Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were just respectable English or Dutch merchants, who came to the colonies to make their fortune, and stayed here because we did so well. One of your great-grandfathers signed the Declaration, and another was a general on Washington's staff, and received General Burgoyne's sword after the battle of Saratoga. These are things to be proud of, but they're nothing to do with rank or class. New York has always been a commercial community, and there are not more than three families in it who can claim an aristocratic origin in the real sense of the word.

8

Henry Adams, op. cit., p.32.

9

Thus Russell Lynes, The Tastemakers (London, Hamish Hamilton, 1954) comments (p.5):

For a long time the gentlemenly classes had set the standard of society and from their comfortable mansions they handed down the precepts of taste in art and architecture and fashion. But when Andrew Jackson was elected to the presidency in 1828 on a wave of cocksure Americanism there came with him not only a new 'age of the common man' but the beginning of what I would like to call the Age of Public Taste.

But the situation was rather more complex, in that the relations of the 'classes' were less clearly defined and there were not two clearly opposed 'tastes', as Howard Mumford Jones illustrates in America and French Culture.

10

Alfred Kazin, On Native Grounds: An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature (London, Cape, 1943) p. 4.

11

George Santayana, The Genteel Tradition at Bay (New York, Scribners, 1931). But Santayana had expressed the idea, since so influential in American thought, as early as 1911. So see "The Genteel Tradition in American Philo-

sophy", University of California Chronicle, XIII,4.

12

Thus in Henry James Senior, "The Social Significance of Our Institutions" (Address of 1861, q. Matthiessen, The James Family):

> No; what makes one's pulse to bound when he remembers his own home under the foreign skies, is never the rich man, nor the learned man, nor the distinguished man of any sort who illustrates its history, for in all these petty products almost every country may favourably, or at all events tediously, compete with our own; but it is all simply the abstract manhood of the country, man himself unqualified by convention, the man to whom these conventional men have been simply introductory, the man who -- let me say it -- for the first time in human history finding himself in his own right erect under God's sky, and feeling himself in his own right the peer of every other man, spontaneously aspires and attains to a far freer and profounder culture of his nature than has ever yet illustrated humanity.

13

Sarah Orne Jewett, Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett, ed. Annie Fields (London, Constable : Boston, Houghton, 1911),pp.186-7.

14

R.P.Blackmur, "The American Literary Expatriate."

15

Henry Adams, op. cit. , p. 280.

16

Richard Hofstadter, The Age of Reform: From Bryan to F.D.R. (New York, Knopf, 1955) suggests (Chapter IV) that it was the second generation of Mugwumps that formed a large part of the Progressive Movement. What took place was a status revolution, a loss of prestige without any economic loss:

> The newly rich, the grandiosely or corruptly rich, the masters of great corporations, were bypassing men of the mugwump type -- the old gentry, the merchants of long standing, the small manufacturers, the established professional men, the civic leaders of an earlier era. In a score of cities and hundreds of towns, particularly in the East but also in the nation at large, the old-family, college-educated class that had deep ancestral

roots in local communities and often owned family businessess, that had traditions of political leadership, belonged to the patriotic societies and the best clubs, staffed the governing bodies of philanthropic and cultural institutions, and led the movements for civic betterment, were being overshadowed and edged aside in the making of basic political and economic decisions. In their personal careers, as in their community activities, they found themselves checked, hampered, and overriden by the agents of the new corporations, the corrupters of legislatures, the buyers of franchises, the allies of political bosses. In this uneven struggle they found themselves limited by their own scruples, their regard for reputation, their social standing itself. To be sure, the America they knew did not lack opportunities of the highest sort for men of the highest standards. In a strictly economic sense these men were not growing poorer as a class, but their wealth and power were being dwarfed by comparison with the new eminences of wealth and power. They were less important, and they knew it.

17 Ibid.

18 Edith Wharton, The Age of Innocence, p. 242.

19 Ibid, p. 262.

20 Ibid, p. 124.

21 Ibid, p. 362.

22 The exception was J.P. Morgan, who had travelled in Europe and attended the University of Gottingen. Some came from comfortable beginnings but Carnegie, for instance, longed for education and noted in his diary: "Settle in Oxford and get a thorough education, making the acquaintance of literary men." Q. in Matthew Josephson, The Robber Barons: The Great American Kapitalists, 1861-1901 (New York, Harcourt Brace, 1934), p. 106.

23 q. in Dixon Wecter, The Saga of American Society: A Record of Social Aspiration, 1607-1937 (New York/London Scribner, 1937), p.5.

24 R.H.Heindel, The American Impact on Great Britain, 1898-1914: A Study of the United States in World History, (Philadelphia, Penn., University of Pennsylvania Press (London, Oxford University Press), 1940).

25 Herbert Hoover, The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover (London, Macmillan, 3 vols., 1952), I, p.124. Hoover never really forgave Europe for the first world war and the unsatisfactory peace settlement thereafter; he felt it was unredeemable and that America must pursue an individual destiny -- an idea repeated, as we have seen, in American thought about Europe.

26 Stewart H.Holbrook, The Age of the Moguls (London, Gollancz, 1954).

27 q. in R.H.Heindel, The American Impact on Great Britain, 1898-1914.

28 q. in Charles Merrill Mount, John Singer Sargent: A Biography (London, Cresset, 1957), p. 208. Both James and Sargent, while they had artistic reasons for finding England attractive, preserved a sturdy delight in its social life; James used to count the number of dinner invitations he had received during a season, and Sargent rode with a hunt, while those at home wondered whether he had, as he often did, fallen off.

29 Henry Adams, op. cit.,p. 193.

30 Joseph Conrad, A Personal Record (London, Dent, 1916.)

31
Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends, I, p.3.

32
Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p.480.

33
Both Cooper and Hawthorne, conscious that America was lacking in materials for the novelist, turned to a form in which not the depiction of manners in a settled society but the strangeness of the tale formed the interest, and thought this a new and sound basis for an American tradition. Richard Chase has noted that the American novel tends towards romance, using melodramatic actions or pastoral idylls, and dealing with extreme ranges of experience. See his The American Novel and Its Tradition (New York, Doubleday, 1957; London, Bell, 1958).

34
Henry James, Hawthorne, pp. 43-4.

35
Lionel Trilling, in "Manners, Morals and the Novel" (The Liberal Imagination : Essays on Literature and Society. (New York, Viking, 1950; London, Secker & Warburg, 1951) makes this point: "The novel then, is a perpetual quest for reality, the field of its research being always the social world, the material of its analysis being always manners as the indication of the direction of man's soul." The point is particularly apposite as regards James's way of working.

36
The Notebooks of Henry James, ed. F.O.Mattiessen and Kenneth B.Murdock (New York, Oxford University Press, 1947), p.14:

> In a story, someone says -- 'Oh yes, the United States -- a country without a sovereign, without a court, without a nobility, without an army, without a church or clergy, without a diplomatic service, without a picturesque peasantry, without palaces or castles, or country seats, or ruins, without a literature, without novels, without an Oxford or Cambridge, without cathedrals or ivied churches, without latticed cottages or village alehouses, without political society, without sport, without fox-hunting or country gentlemen, without an Epsom or an Ascot, an Eton or a Rugby...'

The note was made in 1879 -- the year of the publication of Hawthorne -- and seems to offer an interesting instance of the way James used his notebooks.

37
Henry James, Letter to Howells, 31 Jan, 1880, in The Letters of Henry James, I, p.70.

38
Van Wyck Brooks, The Flowering of New England, p.170.

39
Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends, I, p.9.

40
Henry Adams, Education, p. 91.

40a
William Wetmore Story, letter to Lowell, Sept. 1852, q. by Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends, I, p.231.

41
Quotations and comments in Ibid, I, pp. 296-303.

42
Ibid, I, p.303.

43
Ibid, I, p.20.

44
Ibid, I, p.41.

45
Ibid, I, p.331.

46
Ibid, I, p.331.

47

Henry James, The American Scene (1907). Reprinted together with Three Essays from 'Portraits of Places', ed. with an introduction by W.H. Auden (New York, Scribner, 1946), p. 222. There were discontents too on the other side: Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, father of the painter, "more British than any Briton, a Bostonian gentleman", threw up his practice as a surgeon in 1854 and the Sargents went to Europe, leading a nomadic life cented on Florence. He complained in a letter: "I am tired of this nomadic sort of life: - the spring comes, and we strike our tents and migrate for the summer: the Autumn returns, and we must again pack our duds and be off to some milder region... I wish there were some prospect of our going home and settling down among our people and taking permanent root." q. in Charles Merrill Mount, John Singer Sargent, p. 22.

48

Henry James, The American Scene, p. 237.

49

Bernard Berenson, Sketch for a Self-Portrait (New York, Pantheon Books, 1949), p.60.

50

Ibid, pp. 40-1.

51

Ibid, p. 52.

52

Ibid, p. 50.

53

Henry James makes this point in his Hawthorne, and so do many of his contemporaries. The word itself now comes into common use to refer to an international outlook of mind. The aesthetic ideal of life as the pursuit of perfection was growing, particularly at Harvard, and more and more young men went to Europe, passionate pilgrims seeking its aesthetic adventures, its art treasures, its philosophy and its conversation.

54

George Santayana, opera cit.

55 Bernard Berenson, Sketch for a Self-Portrait, p. 38.

56 See Logan Pearsall Smith's Unforgotten Years (London, Constable, 1938).

57 George Santayana, "The Genteel Tradition in Philosophy". This essay is reprinted in The Winds of Doctrine (New York, Scribners, 1913), pp. 186-215.

58 Lionel Trilling, in "That Smile of Parmenides Made Me Think", A Gathering of Fugitives (London, Secker and Warburg, 1957), holds that Santayana was exasperated by the American refusal to confront the hard world materialism proposes, but that he thinks in American terms.

59 George Santayana, "Apologia Pro Mente Sua", q. by Trilling, op. cit.

60 Leo Stein, letter to Gertrude Stein, 20 Dec., 1900, in Journey into the Self: being the letters, papers and journals of Leo Stein, ed. Edmund Fuller, introd. by Van Wyck Brooks (New York, Crown, 1950), p. 5.

61 Leo Stein, letter to Gertrude Stein, 3 Feb, 1901 in ibid, p.6.

62 Leo Stein, letter to Mabel Weeks, Sept.,1902, in ibid, p. .

63 Leo Stein, letter to Albert Barnes, 8 Mar.,1921, in ibid, p. 83.

64 Gertrude Stein, The Autobiography of Alice B.Toklas (London, Bodley Head, 1933),p.78.

65
Bernard Berenson, op. cit.,p.44.

66
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Our Hundred Days in Europe (London, Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington (Limited edition), 1888), p.300.

67
Ibid, pp. 302-3.

68
Ibid, p. 303.

69
Ibid, p. 304.

70
Ibid, pp. 193-4.

71
Van Wyck Brooks, The Flowering of New England:

> The relations between America and England had reached a sort of equipoise in the eighteen-fifties. The acrimony of earlier years had largely passed away, the Civil War had not yet revived it; and English and American writers and statesmen found that they had more in common than at any time before or since.... Philanthropic England, the England of the great liberal circles,... rejoiced in these American allies, of whom Mrs. Stowe was the largest-hearted. The Anglo-American friendships of this time, Mrs. Stowe's friendship with Lady Byron, with Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, Norton's friendship with Ruskin, Emerson's with Carlyle, -- a reformer of another stripe, -- were fruits of this moral solidarity." (pp. 465-7.)

72
Thus in Goodbye My Fancy (1891) Whitman wrote:

> For future national literature in America, New England (the technically moral and schoolmaster region, as a cynical fellow I know calls it) and the three or four great Atlantic coast cities, highly as they to-day suppose they dominate the whole, will have to haul in their horns. Ensemble is the tap-root of national literature.

73 Van Wyck Brooks, The Times of Melville and Whitman(London, Dent, 1948).

74 Percy Lubbock, Portrait of Edith Wharton (London, Cape, 1947), p.23.

75 Thus see her Italian Backgrounds (1905), A Motor-Flight Through France (1908), etc..

76 q. Lubbock, op. cit., p. 52.

77 Ibid, p. 57.

78 Ibid, p. 54.

79 Edith Wharton, The Age of Innocence, p.362.

80 Edith Wharton, A Backward Glance, p. 261.

81 Ibid, p. 6.

82 Edmund Wilson, The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature (London, W.H. Allen, 1941). Reference to Revised edition, 1952, p. 186.

83 Ibid, p. 188.

84 The subject of the effect of artistic expatriation on a writer's work deserves a more detailed analysis than can be given in this study. Early discussions (e.g. Van Wyck Brooks, Ferner Nuhn and V.L. Parrington) tend to be some-

what simplified, assuming that a writer's work is damaged by displacement from his national tradition and materials. But Marius Bewley (The Complex Fate and The Eccentric Design) shows how the tensions and conflicts of value aroused by expatriation can enlarge a writer's emotional and formal resources, and that such international tensions are indeed the source of the main tradition in classic American literature.

85 Edith Wharton, A Backward Glance, p. 234.

86 Harold Frederic, letter c. 1896, q. by Thomas Beer, Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters (New York, Garden City Publishing Co., 1924), p. 321.

87 Mark Twain, q. by Van Wyck Brooks, The Times of Melville and Whitman, p. 234n. Brooks here gives a fascinating picture of the Western writers in London over this period, when they were enormously popular with the English.

88 Walt Whitman, q. by Van Wyck Brooks, ibid, p. 234.

89 Charles Godfrey Leland, q. by Van Wyck Brooks, ibid, pp. 238-9.

90 John Berryman, Stephen Crane (London, Methuen (American Men of Letters Series), 1950), pp. 187-8.

91 Stephen Crane, letter to William Crane, 29 Oct, 1897, in Stephen Crane: Letters, ed. R.W.Stallman and Lillian Gilkes (London, Peter Owen, 1960), p. 146.

92 Stephen Crane, letter to John North Hilliard, c.1897, in ibid, p. 158.

93

Thus on his journey to Crefeld in June-July 1878, he stopped in London, and wrote to his wife, 9 July, 1878, his first response: "I have only one very strong dominant feeling in this great, solid, earthly, powerful and practical London. I am awfully lonely." The Letters of Bret Harte, ed. Geoffrey Bret Harte (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1926; London, Hodder and Stoughton, n.d. [1926?], pp. 77-8. Writing to his wife from Crefeld, 17 July, 1878, he calls his journey "uphill work": "I don't allow myself to think over it at all, or I should go crazy. I shut my eyes to it and in doing so perhaps I shut out what is often so pleasant to a traveller's first impressions, but thus far London has only seemed to me a sluggish nightmare, through which I have waded, and Paris a confused sort of hysterical experience. I had hoped for a little rest and kindness here. Perhaps it may come." (Ibid, p. 79) But Germany "is comparably the best place for a man of moderate means and assured income to live." (Ibid, p. 84) A visit to England later in the year, when he stayed with James Anthony Froude and with Mrs Webb at Newstead Abbey, convinced him of the pleasantness of English hospitality; he met "many pleasant people", including the Duchess of St. Albans, whose close friend he became, but his account concludes with the comment: "I cannot say that I like England or should like to live there... I am always heartsick for my own country." (Ibid, pp 96-7) In a letter to his son he remarks: "I want you to respect and like England -- as I do -- but I want you to be thankful -- very thankful -- that you are born and live in a country where Nature owns something -- and where everything has not been taken away from God..." (Ibid, p.100) Successive letters show a mixture of homesickness, of annoyance with the climate, the food and the history of Europe, and of evident delight at being taken up by the English aristocracy on his English visits. His lectures in Germany and England brought him much prestige and helped to alleviate his worries about money, though never sufficiently to satisfy him. A meeting with Henry James in London promotes the comment: "He looks, acts, and thinks like an Englishman, and writes like an Englishman, I am sorry to say, excellent as his style is. I wish he had more of an American flavour..." (Letter to his wife, 7 Jan., 1880, in ibid, p. 163). When in 1880 Harte was appointed Consul in Glasgow, however, he expresses delight: "... it is near Edinburgh -- and not very far from London, and, as my English friends write me, 'you belong now to us.' " (Letter to his wife, 1 April, 1880, in ibid, p. 173.) During all this period Harte's wife and children remained in the U.S.A.

94

Henry Childs Merwin, The Life of Bret Harte: with some account of the California Pioneers (London, Chatto and Windus, 1912), pp.279-80.

95

After he lost the consulship, Harte decided to remain in England for a few months to "see" how things went. He wrote to his wife: "As far as I can judge hastily, my chances, for the present at least, are better here. I have never stood so well in regard to the market value of my works in any other country as here; with all my patriotism I am forced to confess that I do not stand as high in my own country; indeed, not a few Americans are kind enough to intimate to my friends here that I am no longer a popular visitor in America and have done nothing since the days of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp'..." (letter to wife, 17 Aug.,1885, in op. cit., p.285). In a later letter he refers to copyright complications, saying that his plans are "a good deal dependent upon the passage of the copyright bill, which would enable me to hold in America some of the advantages I have here." (letter to his wife, 15 Feb., 1886, in ibid, p. 302) He resents American rumours that he is not supporting wife and family in America sufficiently, and is being lionized in London, and expresses Republican sentiments in his letters home during his phases of visiting noble houses (particular friends were the Duchess of St. Albans, the Marquess of Northampton and the Earl of Crewe). The letter quoted above refers to the threats of hostilities between the two countries in December, 1895, where his divided loyalties are challenged (letter to wife, 18 Dec., 1895, in ibid, p.419). One is inclined slightly to suspect his letters to his wife, who remained at home for the larger part of his English stay, and from whom he was virtually separated, and it may be that they express somewhat forced sentiments, since he never seriously tried to return home. There are some comments in George R. Stewart, Jnr.,Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1931).

96

Stephen Crane, letter to James Gibbons Huneker, ? Dec., 1897, in Letters, pp. 159-60.

97

Henry James, Notebooks, p. 23.

98

Ibid, p. 25.

99
Henry James, letter to Charles Eliot Norton, 13 Nov, 1880, in Letters, I, pp. 74-5.

100
W.D.Howells, letter q. by Gilbert Phelps, The Russian Novel in English Fiction (London, Hutchinson, 1956), p. 74.

101
Henry James, letter to Grace Norton, 7 Aug, 1877, in Letters, I, pp. 54-5. He writes:

> I feel no more at home in London than anywhere else in the world.... To tell the truth, I find myself a good deal more of a cosmopolitan (thanks to the combination of the continent and the U.S.A. which has formed my lot) than the average Briton of culture; and to be -- to have become by force of circumstances -- a cosmopolitan is of necessity to be a good deal alone. I don't think that London, by itself, does a great deal for people.... So my interest in London is chiefly that of an observer in a place where there is most in the world to observe.

102
Henry James, Notebooks, p. 28.

103
Marius Bewley, The Eccentric Design, pp. 220-1.

104
Ibid.

105
As Abigail Adams and Hawthorne remarked. See above.

106
Henry James, letter of 1872, q. by Percy Lubbock, Letters, I, p. 13.

107
Henry James, Notebooks, p. 35.

108
Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother (1914), p. 252.

109
Henry James, The Middle Years (1917) "In speaking of the earliest renewal of the vision of Europe, if I may give so grand a name to scarce more than merely enlarged and uplifted gape... " (p. 551) "...a banquet of initiation which was in the event to prolong itself through years and years..." (p.573).

110
Ferner Nuhn, The Wind Blew from the East, p.107. Nuhn is critical of James's involvement with Europe and complains that in his novels the "significance of an American life only begins when it arrives at the center or capital of culture - Europe", though this centre has no dramatic meaning until the sensitive provincial appears; and thus "Europe is being without becoming; America is becoming without being. Europe is status, America energy... Europe is form without spirit, America spirit without form." Thus the American is the freer moral agent.

111
Henry James, "Preface" to Vol. XVIII, New York Edition; in Henry James, The Art of the Novel, ed. R.P.Blackmur, (New York, Scribner, 1934), p. 280.

112
Henry James, letter to Norton, 16 Jan, 1871, in Letters, I, pp. 30-1.

113
Lionel Trilling, "Manners, Morals and the Novel," in The Liberal Imagination.

114
These are particularly well examined in Bewley, The Eccentric Design, and Wegelin, The Image of Europe in Henry James.

115
Henry James, letter to Mrs Henry White, 23 Feb, 1913, in Letters, II, p. 309.

116
Marianne Moore, "Henry James as a Characteristic American,"

in Predilections: Essays (London, Faber, 1956), pp. 21-31.

117
Henry James, "Preface" to Vol. XIV, New York Edition; in The Art of the Novel, p. 198

118
Christof Wegelin, The Image of Europe in Henry James, passim.

119
Henry James, "Preface" to Vol. XIV, New York Edition; in The Art of the Novel, pp. 198-203.

120
Marius Bewley, The Eccentric Design, p.220.

121
Ibid, p. 221.

122
Ibid, pp. 232-3.

123
Christof Wegelin, op. cit., p. 166.

124
Henry James, "Occasional Paris," in Portraits of Places (1883).

125
Henry James, letter to Thomas Sergeant Perry, q. in Virginia Harlow, Thomas Sergeant Perry: A Biography, and Letters to Perry from William, Henry and Garth Wilkinson James (Durham, N.C., Duke University Press, 1950), p. 258.

126
W.D.Howells, Literature and Life (New York and London, Harper, and Company, 1902), p.205.

127 Henry James, "The Story-Teller at Large: Mr Henry Harland," originally printed in The Fortnightly Review, April, 1898; reprinted in Henry James, The American Essays, ed. Leon Edel (New York, Vintage Books, 1956), pp. 186-93.

128 Edna Kenton, "Henry James in the World" in The Question of Henry James: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. F.W. Dupee (London, Wingate, /n.d./1945?).

CHAPTER FOUR.

AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION TO LONDON BETWEEN 1900 AND 1918

I. THE ATTRACTION OF LONDON AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

By the closing years of the last century, the two capitals of London and Paris had acquired strong cultural associations for American writers in search of a foreign home. Both had a long tradition of American artistic and social colonies and of transatlantic contacts; both had literary communities and connections that were alive, active and internationally influential. In England large numbers of American writers had already settled, some of them "our old homers," some of them literary radicals and experimentalists, some of them both. There was an extended tradition both of American publication in England, so that magazines and publishers were happy to publish their work, and of American literary treatments of English materials. There was social status available to them, and national and international prestige to be won. Much the same can be said of Paris. Here, too, there were many writers and an established international literary community. There were English-language newspapers and good communications with England and America. There was an atmosphere

permissive toward bohemianism and literary experiment, a strong general interest in the arts, and once again a tradition of American literary experience which could be drawn on for treatments of French materials. Further, Paris also had strong connections with London, and contained a considerable number of important English and Irish writers, as well as colonies of other Anglo-Saxon aspirants. The influence of French writing upon English during the last quarter of the nineteenth century has been extensively illustrated, and the same kind of influence can be seen in American writing over the same period.[I] To some extent French influence 'liberated' American writers from dependence upon British models, and a special and direct relationship between French realism and American naturalism and veritism, and between French symbolism in verse and the American symbolist tradition, flowers remarkably over this period. It should be said, however, that this influence was in many ways felt <u>through</u> England. Arthur Symonds, widely read at Harvard in the early part of the century, as Eliot, Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher have indicated, had quite as much influence there as in England. Earlier imitators of Poe in art or life had been drawn in this direction (Richard Hovey, for example) and the decadent movement had its American counterpart and its American tradition. Indeed, because of this three-way influence, Poe and Whitman began to seem very much more

central to the English tradition in literature.

Over this period, the journey to Paris became, for American writers, much more important. It was to Paris that Henry James went first, and the influence of French fiction -- and of the Russian novel which was influencing French writers -- was felt by him all his life. Many other writers particularly conscious of the influence of modern tendencies in the novel and in poetry chose to live in Paris; thus James Gibbon Huneker called himself "an Impressionist;" Stuart Merrill wrote in French. In Paris a particularly international generation, composed variously of French, Russian, English and American writers, was finding an intellectual centre, and was developing techniques and theories which were to have a strong artistic influence on the western literature of the first half of the twentieth century. If the international novel of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, and the general taste for experiment and novelty in the arts over the same period, had any discernable centre, then that centre was Paris. Its meaning for this kind of writer is clearly indicated in Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, and its impact on English and American writing in the period before the first world war can hardly be over-estimated.

The literary expatriate is always as interesting for his choice of country in which to settle as he is in his

reasons for leaving home; the kinds of intellectual temptation he undergoes, and the general indications of the current rates in the artistic balance of payments situation he affords, are singularly revealing to the student of general cultural relations. American literary expatriates had long shown a feeling of special relationship with England, together with a distrust of it that promoted a dialectical tension highly stimulating to their writing. For this reason and for other reasons, commercial, intellectual and emotional, they were most inclined during the nineteenth century to make England their second homeland, though Italy, France, Germany and indeed Japan offered solace for different kinds of taste. The reaction against the implications of colonial status is in part the cause of the changing direction of literary expatriation from America during the twentieth century, when Paris began to replace London as the natural haven for the American writer abroad. American writers, less interested than their forebears in seeking out the English literary past, less impressed by the English literary present, and less conscious of the nurturing tradition that came from England, demanded richer lures. Thus the attractions of France and Italy were felt increasingly strongly, especially in the twenties - felt the more strongly, perhaps, because they were not England. By 1920 London for American writers had lost most of its attractiveness.

Part of the reason for this was a change in the English intellectual situation and a change of temper in British life. Artistic indignation with life in England grows more common at this time. Contemporary accounts give the impression that there was in England around the turn of the century a sense of completeness; in trade and industry Britain's position seemed secure, though the balance of economic power was already tending to shift towards America, and in intellectual matters there was often a parallel spirit of complacency (it is said that it was assumed in physics that the discipline was almost complete). The arts showed a decline in energy, and the writer, economically uncertain and socially unsure of his position, tended to chose between late romantic techniques and depressed decadence. Yeats commented that the writers of the nineties were as debauched and wild as they were because no locus was permitted to them in the society of which they should be active members. There were distinct differences of value between writer and reader, expressed by Gissing in his novels, shown in another way in the controversy over the naturalistic novel. Artists increasingly flaunted their conspicuous deviances. It is noticeable that many were not English, the Irish particularly providing an important number. Increasingly, too, they found their tradition in France, particularly since the kind of disinherited art that was growing was long established there, and the idea of a free, aesthetically

oriented art accepted and familiar. Thus writers like Moore, Wilde, Symons, and many others who inherited their influence, felt that Paris was their literary centre.

The American writer who looked to France could indeed find himself within a well-established English tradition, and it would be hard for him to out-Moore George Moore in his excitement in Confessions of a Young Man (1888):

> France! The word rang in my ears and gleamed in my eyes. France! All my senses sprang from sleep like a crew when the man on the look-out cries, "Land ahead!" Instantly I knew that I should, that I must, go to France, that I would live there, that I would become a Frenchman. I knew not when or how, but I knew I should go to France....[2]

The highly centralised and professionalised life of the artist in that city, where the intellectual and artistic energies of the world seemed at this time to meet, provided a major tradition on which England could be seen to draw. The cross-channel journey was a journey of replenishment for many who lived and worked in England, and Whistler and Wilde, for instance, moved regularly back and forth. "During the nineties the English kept a permanent avant-garde in Paris. On Tuesdays in the Rue de Rome you might meet not only Mallarmé, Gide, Valéry, Régnier, Louÿs, Rodenbach and Claudel, but Symons, Whistler, Yeats and Moore," writes Frank Kermode, reviewing Enid Starkie's From Gautier to Eliot, a book which shows the complex

workings of this inter-connection.[3] Paris was distinctively an eclectic centre of the arts; its connections with the new impressionism and realism were such that it had evident literary dominance; it manifested in its artistic life that inter-relation of the different forms of art which was proving so seminal in literature; and its special connections with Poe and Whistler, who in different ways were folk-heroes of the American arts, reinforced the feeling that there was a special sympathy between Paris and America. In addition, Whistler had been an expatriate and, more fully than James, because more dramatically, he offered a model to his successors, a model of the dramatic bohemian life that begins in riotous poverty and ends in artistic success -- a model of successful experiment and avant-gardism.

Hence to many of the American expatriates and travellers of the years after the turn of the century, Europe was anywhere but England. London was still a place where the writer might make his reputation; but as America was now a profitable and major centre of publishing, and America could make or break its own reputations, this attraction declined save for writers like Bret Harte and Stephen Crane who felt they were consistently underestimated at home. Further, the internationalist lesson of James had been learned; the American writer tended the more to

see himself as uniquely the heir to the ages, the collector of all modes. The American expatriate had always had a strong strain of the tourist, and was indeed an expatriate to Europe generally, moving about a great deal, preferring one country to another but frequently moving on as soon as he felt like it. The network of American colonies and contacts stretched across Europe, and all the main centres were by now sanctified with American connections. One social path for a particular group might lead, for instance, from Logan Pearsall Smith in London, through Edith Wharton in Paris, to Bernard Berenson in Florence. With increased ease of travel this movement was simpler; with the practice of generations it was clear to the literary eye just what was to be gained from each place; with the sharpening of the relevance of the borrower's gift the American felt himself at home. The old colonial sense of inferiority had faded. In England the two impressionists Bret Harte and Stephen Crane made solid literary reputations, which perhaps compensated them for not being in Paris, but they were not in the British Isles as passionate pilgrims, and they thought repeatedly of returning home. Their attachment was not unlike Pound's, a little later.

The new expatriates also conveyed a tone of assurance that denoted an important shift in the balance of intellectual power between Europe and America, following the balance

of political and economic power. This confidence expressed itself more explicitly in the notion that American literature was indeed coming of age, a conviction clearly encouraged by the development of an American literature outside New England, involving writers less from the east than the middle west, less of Anglo-Saxon than immigrant background, and closer intellectually to the proletarian and sociological-environmentalist movement around Zola than to English writing. In consequence, as Henry F.May has nicely put it, London tended to remain the capital but Paris was the anti-capital, and was to become more important. At this time, however, as he points out,

> England, still as a matter of course the literary capital for the conservative critics /of America/ evoked complicated emotions in the rebels. In part the Liberation was, as Ezra Pound and others wanted it to be, a Liberation from the Anglo-American tradition, from Thackeray and Tennyson, and from the recent adolescent favourites Stevenson and Kipling. Yet for Pound himself, London, with its new reviews and bookshops, was the literary center of the world in these years. Britain had her new literature, too. A few shared the taste of Huneker and Mencken for Conrad's tragic gifts. D.H.Lawrence was beginning to interest the extreme avant-garde. Shaw, by now, with his socialism and his paradoxes, had a little the flavor of the nineties: only a few realized with Floyd Dell that what he was making fun of was not really bourgeois respectability, but easy and shallow rebellion itself. John Galsworthy, a couple of decades later a symbol of respectability, was admired by the young rebels for his problem plays and his essays, full of the new mystiqueof art.... The major English prophet H.G.Wells, sounded in the Atlantic Monthly in 1912 the battle cry for the whole generation...4

Thus, in the last years of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, up to the first world

war, London was still one of the cultural capitals of the world, one of the centres of the international republic of letters, and an attractive city to many artistic wanderers and *émigrés* from all over Europe. Equally it was a capital of the *beau monde* and a publishing centre. Herbert Hoover said that up to the war England was the pleasantest place in the whole world in which to live, though he despaired of it when the conflict was over.[5] An intellectual excitement still attached to the city, arising from the fact that English experience and English thinking had in many ways led the way into the modern world. Many Americans felt this to be the case until the late nineteenth century, and the decline is to be observed not in Emerson's declaration of intellectual independence but in the uneasy comments of Henry Adams and Henry James, who discerned a decline in the power and the responsibility of the intelligent middle classes in England, and a tendency for them to move into dilettantism and amateurishness. No doubt the fact that English literary colonies -- those not only in the United States, but in Canada, Australia, Ireland and so on -- fed their artists into the capital helped to produce the excitement which undoubtedly existed there in the first decade and a half of the century, one of the liveliest periods of all in English letters in the last hundred years. So great was the attraction of London to persons from outside that most of the leaders

of the English literary scene at about this time were not in fact Englishmen.

One of the interesting spectacles that the English literary scene in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century had to offer was therefore that of the American writers and artists who joined it as either long-term visitors, visiting celebrities, or expatriates, and who added a distinctive and stylish contribution to the artistic and social life of the period. One of the most important magazines of the late nineteenth century, The Yellow Book, was edited by an American; and from 1910 onward innumerable little magazines found themselves practically edited by a compatriot of Harland's, Ezra Pound. From Whistler to Pound the eccentric American was well received. The vogue in the frontiersmen-writers revived for the English the Byronic ideal. Joaquin Miller appeared in sombrero and red shirt; Ambrose Bierce spent three and a half years in England; Mark Twain and Artemus Ward created a great stir; Stephen Crane fired his six-gun at Brede. Some of these writers appeared simply to take advantage of their colourful reputations; others came for more substantial reasons. Crane wished to live like a lord on an almost non-existent income; Howard Sturgis presumably simply wished to live like a lord. Greeted with interest and treated with respect by the English aristocracy and middle classes, many enjoyed to the full the pleasures of being a gentleman. Henry James took pleasure

in dining out; Bret Harte frequented the Royal Thames Yacht Club and various important country houses; Howard Sturgis lived the landowner's life at Queen's Acre, and Crane offered a raffish imitation of it at Brede Place. England undoubtedly exercised a social lure, and Bret Harte -- who certainly experienced it -- wrote from Glasgow in 1885 to make a recurrent complaint, one made by Howells, James, Adams and Twain:

> Every Englishman believes in the bottom of his heart that Americans long for an aristocracy of birth and try to imitate it, and I am sorry to say they often have reason to think so, from some of the men -- and nearly all the women -- who come over here. Lowell made himself vastly popular here by doing the Boston-English style, and by judicious truckling, and I am not sorry to say he was recalled. 6

But the letter goes on to suggest another side of the case -- a writer must be admired, and in England he could be:

> Unfortunately, while my stuff is held at a premium here, it is falling off in America. Dana gives <u>less than half</u> what he gave me at first; my publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, scarcely anything. This is not a pleasant prospect in case of a Consular change! 7

There can be no doubt that much of the literary expatriation and travelling that occured at this time was caused by the disparity between the social role of the writer in England and the U.S.A.. Not only did writers appear to be better treated socially and financially in England than in America, but there was also the <u>cachet</u> of being American, and the associated advantage that the American

was not committed to any specific class-status, and was freer than the Englishman to move about at all social levels. It was partly as a result of uncertainty about social status that many writers of this period, English as well as American, suffered from money troubles, for they tended to live at a higher social level than the financial rewards of their work allowed them to do. This is one of the problems that Gissing exposed in New Grub Street. And thus, for instance Stephen Crane's continually worsening condition of debt derived from the fact that he was tempted, and felt entitled, to live in a fairly high social context, while the same problem dogged Bret Harte. Crane and Harte were able to move about in good society and claim the friendship of many writers in England. Both were tempted to live, that is, at the level of the rich amateur writer, and this was the cause of much of the financial difficulty at this time when the class from which writers were recruited tended to change. Both, however, received greater financial rewards in England, and somewhat greater critical esteem. The facilities for publication appeared to be greater and literary judgment more acute, while at the same time popular as well as intellectual taste was more responsive to their work. Both writers who depended upon a popular audience yet had higher aspiration, they found a happier balance of the two levels of taste in England.

For writers who had no financial dilemmas -- like Logan Pearsall Smith, who lived on an annuity -- England offered

a comfortable setting and an atmosphere that was scholarly and gentle, in which a man could perform his "duty to his own spirit".[8] Such escapes from business into aestheticism, into the view that life was an art and that art itself must eschew any claims made of it save those tending towards its own perfection, were of course, made possible by the rewards of business, as Smith himself saw, and this kind of expatriate survived into the twentieth century, though in a rather modified form. Financially, because it was cheaper or easier to live there, and aesthetically, because it was possible to live a life detached from the business emphasis of America on the financial proceeds of that business, Europe continued to attract American artists and writers as the new literary movements of the twentieth century developed.

It was writers like Crane, Henry Harland and Henry James, who found a close intellectual kinship with their English contemporaries, who prepared the way for the period several years later when Ezra Pound and T.S.Eliot virtually dominated the English literary scene. Their complete immersion in European movements, coupled with an American freshness, made them influential. At the same time their detachment permitted them to wonder, in a way that many English writers were not yet prepared to wonder, whether England's day was not coming to a close. The premonition of apocalypse for Europe is particularly strong among

American writers from 1880 onward, a premonition that arises from their own detached and finally American commitments and from the conviction that European civilisation is already showing signs of exhaustion. This has much to do with the occasional disillusionment expressed by James and Conrad towards the close of their lives. Pleasant as it is to think of an English intellectual scene in which foreign writers enrich the English mind and English society,[9] attracted to England because of the reputation of the English as an audience,[10] there is a note of discontent among a number of writers. Toward the end Henry James felt a certain frustration with England. In The Art of Fiction he had pleaded for 'curiosity' -- criticism -- about fiction; after all, he had said, art lives on discussion:

> Art lives upon discussion, upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon the exchange of views and the comparison of standpoints; and there is a presumption that those times when no one has anything particular to say about it, and has no reason for practice or preference, though they may be times of honour, are not times of development -- are times, possibly even, of dullness. 11

In a letter to W.D.Howells a mumber of years later (in August, 1908) about the prefaces which he was preparing for the New York Edition of his novels, James complained:

> They are in general, a sort of plea for Criticism, for Discrimination, for Appreciation on other than infantile lines -- as against the so slmost universal Anglo-Saxon absence of these things; which tends so, in our general trade, it seems to me, to break the heart.[24]

The failure of the New York Edition -- in spite of the fact

that Edith Wharton had her own royalties by-passed into James's in order to swell them -- brought James further into dejection. In 1888 he had spoken of having fallen on evil days as the popular demand for his work seemed to sink to zero; and he never lost the feeling that he had not had real recognition and understanding. At the same time, as his famous confession to Hamlin Garland that the mixture of Europe and America in him had proved disastrous shows, his confidence in the great affirmative act of his life was waning. A similar sense that the English reading public had declined was felt by Conrad, whose choice of England for his home was, apparently, due to his respect for, and special comprehension of, English as a literary language. England, as Ezra Pound was to point out, was at this time a country given over to the gentleman amateur, unable to take the serious artist seriously. Their discontents continued among the new generation of writers who appeared in England, a generation which struggled with the middle class intelligentsia which had disappointed James and Conrad. Wyndham Lewis complained of "a huge middle class rentier army of the intellectual or the artistic emerged, like a cloud of locusts, from the Victorian era, and it cornered the entire landscape, to the dismay of the authentic artist."[13] The period between 1908 and the outbreak of war saw a conflict of taste and interest between this 'rentier army' and the professional avant garde, which appeared in specialised literary organs,

the 'little magazines', were intent upon bringing about a literary revolution, a change of taste. Many of the figures in this change of taste were American -- they included Pound, T.S.Eliot, John Gould Fletcher, John Cournos, Conrad Aiken and Robert Frost, all of whom lived for a time in England (some of course settled here). Others -- in particular Joyce and Yeats -- were not English. But, because, as outsiders and expatriates, they were largely detached from the English literary scene, because they felt critical of Anglo-Saxon amateurism and because they were conscious of the decline of English culture, they allied themselves with English avant garde groups in a remarkable literary rebellion which affected the whole course of English as well as American literature.

2. AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATES IN ENGLAND, 1909-1919: THE AVANT GARDE.

Logan Pearsall Smith was evidently conscious of the difference between his own and the succeeding generation of literary expatriates when he wrote in a letter that the fall in critical estimation of his admired Milton had "happened on the banks of the Mississippi where T.S. Eliot spent his youth. I dare say Ezra Pound helped to bring him down."[14] The new expatriates joined and helped to form a generation committed to the demands of novelty and to a new image of

the artist's role. They challenged the technical preoccupations of their immediate predecessors and challenged, too, the romantic view of man and the romantic understanding of life that had persisted in England since the late eighteenth century. This challenge came, not from within the liberal upper middle-class which had been the traditional locus of culture, but from a largely free-floating group of artists without evident affiliation to any particular class or necessarily to the English literary tradition itself. They made a virtue of detachment. They saw that tradition with new eyes and obtained their desired relation to it with labour. As "serious artists" people like James, Conrad, Yeats, Pound, Joyce and Eliot were to different degrees willing to break with established literary audience, risk obscurity and take stands which seemed pretentious or absurd. Thus Pound declared: "Artists are the antennae of the race, but the bullet-headed many will never learn to trust their great artists."[15] Not only did the American contribution to the artistic revolution of the early years of the century provide a considerable part of the technique and of the theory, particularly about the relation of the artist to a malleable tradition, but it also modelled the avant garde role, which had firmer foundations within the American than the English tradition. At the same time, this contribution represented a remarkable change of balance within the Anglo-American literary relationship.

Nevertheless, though it is important to notice the largely American sources of the literary revolution which took place in

England at this time, until recently little noticed by critics,[16] we must also observe that some of the most important of the new expatriates still regarded London as a measure of civilization, a standard against which the new American performance could be measured. The notion of civilization espoused by James survived into Pound and Eliot. Pound considered that America kept its artists labouring under insuperable difficulties, and expressed the view that the artist had an obligation to seek civilization wherever he might find it; he spoke of James as an artist who "cares enough for letters to leave a country where the practice of them is, or at least seems, impossible, in order that he may bequeath a heritage of good letters, even to the nation which has borne him."[17] Pound regarded present conditions as much the same; expatriation was still necessary, and London was still a city that could be gained from and learned from. It retained an atmosphere in which new movements and serious artists could exist, even if it showed insufficient respect for both. Pound and Eliot apparently held this view, even though later Pound became quite as disillusioned with London as he had with his own country. Both of them thus had a sense of kinship with James, and both, in writing on him, stressed that leisure and cultivation such as London could offer had enormous significance for his work as an artist; Pound indeed often evoked James, as he did Whistler, as a precursor. The comments of both of them on the subject are

revealing in that they show that both felt themselves within a tradition of expatriation, and that they both apparently share some of the Jamesian motives. In August, 1918, when Pound presented a Henry James number of The Little Review, both contributed essays stressing James's essential Americanness -- often overlooked by the English and by American writers who were inclined to disown him[18] -- and the enormous sense of civilisation in the widest sense that his work conveyed. Both made, in different ways, the point that James's work can only really be appreciated by an American; that his mind was international; that in his power to make use of the discoveries of many writers is the proof of his genius. Both noticed his avant garde qualities, and his artistic dedication. Pound spoke of his "labour of translation, of making America intelligible" and of the "whole great assaying and weighing, the research for the significance of nationality, French, English, American."[19] T.S.Eliot, who has given very few direct indications of his reasons for expatriation from America, also speaks sympathetically of James's eclecticism, remarking in his essay that James's Europeanised Americans have a complexity the English reader may not suspect: "It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European -- something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become."[20] Since Eliot himself was to stress, in his critical writings and particularly in his Criterion essays, the significance for him of the

European republic of letters and the European literary mind, we can take the remark as revealing. So too is his stress upon the value of being "everywhere a foreigner" to a person of a mind like James', particularly that of being able to see distinctly the country one has left. In addition Eliot, here making one of his rare excursions into the criticism of fiction, shows in detail some of the American elements of James' work, which have only recently been examined at length by critics. He speaks of James as a "continuator of the New England genius," pointing out that New England had had a literary aristocracy of which James was an heir. "One distinguishing mark of this distinguished world was certainly leisure; and importantly not in all cases leisure given by money, but insisted on." This instinct to leisure was one of the finest things about this New England literary elite, despite the limitations of their position:

> Of course leisure in a metropolis, with a civilized society (the society of Boston was and is quite uncivilized but refined beyond the point of civilization), with exchange of ideas and critical standards, would have been better; but these men could not provide the metropolis, and were right in taking the leisure under possible conditions.
>
> Precisely this leisure, this dignity, this literary aristocracy, this unique character of a society in which the men of letters were also the best people, clings to Henry James.[21]

Both Eliot and Pound appear to share a similar concept of provinciality, and a similar respect for the metropolis, the best formulation of which appears to be a little known essay by Pound called Patria Mia, written in England before

the first world war. Writing in a tone of characteristic indignation, Pound here presents America as a backward country (an impression that not all his contemporaries would have shared), "hardly a nation, for no nation can be considered historically as such until it has achieved within itself a city to which all roads lead, and from which there goes out an authority."[22] The difficulties of the writer were considerable, and writers there were a "helpless few," a "remnant enslaved":

> It is not that the younger generation has not tried to exist 'at home'. It is that after years of struggle, one by one, they come abroad in search of good company and good conversation, or send their manuscripts abroad for recognition.[23]

America's position in the world of arts and letters was thus like that of Spain in the time of the Senecas: "So far as civilization is concerned America is the great rich, Western province which has sent one or two notable artists to the European capital. And that capital is, needless to say, not Rome, but the double city of London and Paris."[24] American culture was a watered down version of what was going on in England, and "if you have any vital interest in art and letters and happen to like talking about them, you sooner or later leave the country."[25] America had, he felt, a chance of a Renaissance; but all taint of art or letters seemed to shun the American continent. Except for some prose in argot, there was "no man living in America whose work is of the slightest interest to any serious artist. Yet it is the glory of a nation to achieve art which can

be exported without bringing dishonour on its origins."[26] An American intellectual awakening was needed: "This will have its effect not only in the arts, but in life, in politics, and in economics. If I seem to lay undue stress upon the status of the arts, it is only because the arts respond to an intellectual movement more apparently than do institutions."[27] The notion of the need for the city, the need to avoid provinciality and to measure oneself against the best in the metropolis, is expressed throughout the book, and the metropolis remains in Europe.

Pound's point of view was that of an assertive cosmopolitanism. His standards were founded on a notion of civilisation which, as his work developed, tended to grow more and more distant in time from the present, though its remnants were more apparent in Europe than in America. America had, nonetheless, an air of promise, though its artists had to use the right models and the arts had to take on greater social value if anything important was to be achieved there. Pound's concern with the social circumstances that promote great literature remained founded on a belief in the priority of literature, but increasingly he tends to define the problem in terms of economic conditions, in terms of the history of the national language, and in terms of the historical attitude of a society toward the arts. The arts, he held, have to do with the vigour and clarity of thought and opinion; when society is alive it

preserves and fosters all sorts of artists; it also sustains ideas and standards stimulating to art. In this view Pound showed an evident debt to Arnold, and he shares Arnold's concern for the dangers of provincialism. His appeals to America for a Renaissance of the arts were largely an appeal for young American artists to acquire the cosmopolitan view, as can be seen in his essay in an early number of the Chicago magazine Poetry, in which he appeared as mentor exhorting the young to be cosmopolitan:

> No one wants the native American poet to be au courant with the literary affairs of Paris and London in order that he may make imitations of Paris and London models, but precisely in order that he shall not waste his lifetime making unconscious, or semi-conscious, imitations of French and English models thirty or forty or an hundred years ago....
>
> The value of a capital or metropolis is that if a man in a capital cribs, quotes or imitates, someone else immediately lets the cat out of the bag and says what he is cribbing, quoting or imitating.[28]

The first step of a renaissance is the importation of models for painting, sculpture or writing; and the case of America is such that it, particularly, needs to plan if it is to make room for the arts:

> If we are to have an art capital it also must be made by conscious effort.... The city that plays for this glory will have to plot, deliberately to plot, for the gathering in of great artists, not merely as incidental lecturers but as residents. She will have to plot for the centralization of young artists. She will have to give them living conditions as comfortable as Paris has given since the days of Abelard....
>
> Great art does not depend on the support of riches, but without such aid it will be individual, separate, and spasmodic; it will not group and become a great period. The individual artist will do fine work in corners, to be discovered after his death.[29]

The nation is profoundly foolish which does not get the

maximum of best work out of its artists; the artist, the farmer and the artisan are the producers, the ones who create wealth.

> People go where there are good works of art. Pictures and sculpture and architecture pay. Even literature and poetry pay, for where there is enough intelligence to produce and maintain good writing, there society is pleasant and the real estate values increase. Mr F.M. Hueffer has said that the difference between London and other places is that 'No one lives in London merely for the sake of making money enough to live somewhere else.'[30]

The attempt to urge American letters into competing on the international scale is an important part of Pound's critical impetus.

For both Pound and Eliot, then, the model expatriate seems to have been in the tradition of James and Whistler, whose success in Europe as an originator impressed many subsequent expatriates. In the first issue of Poetry, in 1912, Pound addressed a poem "To Whistler, American"[31] ("You and Abe Lincoln from that mass of dolts/ Show us there's chance at least of winning through.") and, looking at the exhibition of Whistler's work at the Tate Gallery in September, 1912, Pound reflects upon its meaning for the American artist:

> Here in brief is a man, born American, with all our forces of confusion within him, who has contrived to keep order in his work, who has attained the highest mastery, and this not by a natural felicity, but by constant labour and searching.... here was a man from us. Within him were drawbacks and hindrances at which no European can more than guess...[32]

The model expatriate is the collector who labours in relation to an established tradition and culture in order to determine

what is most valuable for the contemporary artist, who is seen at once as heir to the ages and the originator who must answer to present necessities. He attains mastery of his form by constant labour and search, a labour that is particularly difficult for the American but also particularly rewarding, for he does not have, as European artists do, a tradition to hand. Both Eliot and Pound appear to share James's view that the possibilities for the American are particularly remarkable. Both have the sense of tradition as something that could be collected together from all over Europe and the world. The lesson of James and Whistler was that this could be done:

> ...what Whistler has proved once and for all, is that being born an American does not eternally damn a man or prevent him from the ultimate and highest achievement in the arts... He is, with Abraham Lincoln, the beginning of our Great Tradition.[33]

In seeing tradition as something that can be acquired rather than as an instructive possession both share the American joke that James spoke of, and there is a tone of faint irony or self-caricature in both of them as writers which has to do with this understanding, as if they recognise that despite their authoritative tone their assertiveness is based on personal requirements. However, both see the task as a predominantly critical task, calling for careful judgment as well as effort. Both present the expatriate as in some sense the guide or mentor; and the avowedly tutorial aim of much of Pound's work comes from his desire to teach the craft to those back home. It was only as

time went on that both discovered, perhaps rather to their surprise, that it could equally be taught to the English and French. One should perhaps add that this discovery that Americans could teach in Europe, teach their 'elders' by being fresh and new, must itself have set a stamp upon the nature of American writing -- and provided one of the finer pleasures of expatriation. Pound in particular saw his aims as both civilised and patriotic; he stresses this point in one of his broadcasts from Rome:

> One of the jobs I took on way back before half my listeners were off milk diet or out of their diapers was the education of the rising am/lit/ generation as to the contemporary (and anterior) production of French high class writin/
>
> I held, even in my young days that a nation's literature has a certain importance/
>
> I also had patriotic motives/ I also felt for the stranded young inside America/ I clomb out, by my finger nails/ I only had half a toe hold/ but I at least clomb up to whaar one cd. see what was on at least the writer's horizon/[34]

It was in his role as mentor that Pound dominated the expatriate colony of literary Americans in England during the early years of the century. Most of the members of his own generation in England were in contact with him; some were in London because of him. His taste for movements and literary sensations advanced their own career, just as his advice influenced their poetry. Robert Frost, John Cournos, Hilda Doolittle, Conrad Aiken, John Gould Fletcher and T.S.Eliot all came under his influence and received his promotion. The presence of

this American avant garde had in its turn a remarkable effect on the development of modern English poetry; the connections of all these writers with their English contemporaries was of such a sort as to make the group movement an international phenomenon. Pound later said in How to Read: "All the developments in English verse since 1910 are due almost wholly to Americans," and though the relationship with English poets is more complex than the comment suggests there is much truth in the remark.[35] These writers brought American interests and concerns into the poetic scene in London, and they explored the concept of cosmopolitanism in relation to the decline in the power of the notion of civilisation which occurred at this time, as the progressive development of the nineteenth century lost some of its energy and as the confidence of art declined throughout Europe. Responsive to the modernist thought that spread among European writers and artists in the period during the first world war, the group of Americans around Pound played an enormous part in the development of a movement in poetry that was to have enormous literary consequences on both sides of the Atlantic, in both poetry and criticism, a revolution as radical as the romantic revolution. In doing this, they undoubtedly responded in the expatriate tradition of cosmopolitanism, and the distinctively international flavour of the movement, together with its sense of encountering an abyss of disaster, a threat to traditional civilisation, owes much to the

expatriate mind.

3. THE CHARACTER OF THE AVANT-GARDE EXPATRIATE GROUP IN ENGLAND, 1909-1919.

The American literary expatriate scene in England before and during the first world war was thus primarily poetic in character; it contained two of the most important American poets of the century, and a third, Robert Frost, of similar magnitude but of different poetic character; it drew for its attitudes on standards broadly European and cosmopolitan, but had a heavily American stamp to its manner and its attitude toward tradition; and it was largely communal in the sense that the poets involved tended to meet and to organize into literary movements, in particular the movement of Imagism which subsequently shaped much later English and American poetry. This group dissolved in the later years of the war, when most of them went back to America (only T.S.Eliot remained to become a British citizen) but by this time several of them had made their poetic reputations and had in some cases published their first volumes here. Those who returned to America returned to a scene that had been much influenced by their efforts, largely through the effective channels of publication they maintained in the United States, where at least two little magazines of influence and importance had been publishing their work, together with that of the

English writers with whom they most closely associated -- in particular, F.S.Flint, Richard Aldington, and W.B. Yeats. It was indeed in London that an important and indeed major part of modern American poetry was formed.

Ezra Pound was one of the earliest and the most influential of this generation of expatriates. Throughout his period in Europe he never lost his strongly American character nor his closeness of contact with American writers. Pound was something of a new type of expatriate; one is aware in him of the self-made man. Contemporaries of his in London describe him as violently American, with some of the toughness and the self-consciously open-air spirit of Whitman or Hemingway. He had traditional Populist concerns about economic manipulation and about social corruption, and there is much in his mental make-up that links him with the Mugwump tradition. His distrust of democracy, with its lack of respect for great leaders or fine minds, is very much in this tradition, and shows close connections with the thought of Henry Adams, for instance. At the same time, there is a strain in him, noted by Gertrude Stein, of the cracker-barrel philosopher or village explainer, bestowing wisdom, aphorisms, and generous attention onto those around him. In his Indiscretions (1923), written in imitation of Henry James's three volumes of autobiography, Pound gives an extravagant, comic account of his family background and circumstances (of which, as an artist, he made comparatively little use), showing his fairly well-

connected family moving between a frontier life, the life of Washington officialdom, and Jamesian New York, and indicating that all these elements have entered his make-up. He was also very much the bohemian, and was dismissed from his teaching post at Wabash College in Indiana for being "too much the Latin Quarter type." He commented in an early essay:

> Mentally I am a Walt Whitman who has learned to wear a collar and a dress shirt (though at times inimical to both). Personally I might be very glad to conceal my relationship to my spiritual father and brag about my more congenial ancestry -- Dante, Shakespeare, Theocritus, Villon, but my descent is a bit difficult to establish. And, to be frank, Whitman is to my fatherland (Patriam quam odi et amo for no uncertain reasons) what Dante is to Italy.[36]

In 1913 he published in Poetry his "Pact" with Walt Whitman, confessing that "I have detested you long enough":

> It was you that broke the new wood,
> Now it is a time for carving.
> We have one sap and one root --
> Let there be commerce between us.[37]

Two groups of Pound's early poems, sent by Pound to a friend, Mrs Jordan, from Wyncote, Pennsylvania in 1905 and Crawfordsville, Indiana, in 1907, make the debt quite evident. It is romantic, transcendental and religious verse ("The allsoul of mankind to my mind is a part of God") with clear Whitman influence.[38]

Although Pound chose to come to London, he was never quite at home in the city. "I have never known a man, of any nationality, to live so long out of his native country

without settling anywhere else," Wyndham Lewis said of him, adding that the future of American letters was what concerned him most[39]. Pound was not 'urbane' in any social way and was not at all concerned with social success. Nor did he use English materials at all substantially in his work, which might have been written anywhere. His purposes were exactly literary, exactly concerned with filling out a historical background for his work, with creating a new literature and with making not only his own work but that of any young writer who seemed to him important well and truly known. There is no doubt that he was a great showman and entrepreneur, skilled at literary politics (he was a great usurper of little magazines). His ostensible purpose in coming to Europe was to collect material for a thesis on Lope de Vega; he left the United States in January, 1908, taking a cattle boat to Gibraltar and walking from there to Venice, where he published his first volume of poems, A Lume Spento. He was then twenty-two. Born in 1885, in Hailey, Idaho, Pound had spent some of his youth in Philadelphia and visited Europe for the first time with his great-aunt when he was 13, seeing England, Paris, Genoa, Rome, Naples and Florence. When he was 15, he went to the University of Pennsylvania, where he received his master's degree in comparative literature in 1906; in spite of his fulminations about the universities, he clearly benefited from the existence of a wide-ranging subject. Pound arrived in London early in 1909, determined to settle as a writer, and seeking to meet W.B.

Yeats, because Yeats, he felt, knew more about poetry than anyone else. It was not entirely the attraction of London that drew him, but the attraction of a few interesting people. "Let me confess that I know hardly any England save London, and my friends say that I really know nothing of the English because I meet only the few hyper-civilised people who are interested in the arts," he commented[40], and elsewhere he commented that England and America were very much alike -- "America is very much what England would be with the two hundred most interesting people removed. One's life is the score of this two hundred with whom one happens to have made friends."[41] Otherwise England did not want for Philistines any more than America did, and it was not a place rich with ideas, as Paris was. England was "a country in love with amateurs,...where the incompetent have such beautiful manners and personalities so fragile and charming that one cannot bear to injure their feelings by the introduction of competent criticism".[42] Pound's aim was 'perfection':

> It is impossible to talk about perfection without getting yourself much disliked. It is even more difficult in a capital where everybody's Aunt Lucy or Uncle George has written something or other, and where the victory of any standard save that of mediocrity would at once banish so many nice people from the temple of immortality.[43]

England was in a state of "artistic desolation"[44]; its poets were only fit for anthologies[45]; the English literature of the nineteenth century was only kept alive by "a

series of exotic injections"[46]; England had long ceased to demand intelligence in writers, glorifying stupidity and worshipping unintelligent messy energy[47]. "But Paris is the laboratory of ideas; it is there that poisons can be tested, and new modes of sanity be discovered. It is there that the antiseptic conditions of the laboratory exist. That is the function of Paris."[48] The decline of England began when Landor packed his trunks and departed to Tuscany. "Up till then England had been able to contain her best authors; after that we see Shelley, Keats, Byron, Beddoes on the Continent, and still later observe the edifying spectacle of Browning in Italy and Tennyson in Buckingham Palace."[49] Pound's comments not only had sufficient justification to be disturbing; they also described a void which he was only too happy to fill. Indeed, Pound suggested, the British had resigned: Swinburne had turned to Greek metrics, Rossetti brought in the Italian primitives --

> There was a faint waft of early French influence. Morris translated sagas, the Irish took over the business for a few years; Henry James led, or rather preceded, the novelists, and then the Britons resigned en bloc; the language is now in the keeping of the Irish (Yeats and Joyce); apart from Yeats, since the death of Hardy, poetry is being written by Americans. All the developments in English verse since 1910 are due almost wholly to Americans. In fact, there is no longer any reason to call it English verse, and there is no present reason to think of England at all.[50]

Despite the fact that Pound was scarcely in tune with the English, he quickly developed a reputation and an influence. By the end of 1909 he had published three books

of verse and was an active member of the avant garde circles around The English Review, The New Age and that splinter group from The Poets' Club, centred around T.E. Hulme, which met at the Eiffel Tower restaurant to discuss poetry. It should be said at this point that Pound was not at first as distressed by the condition of English verse as he came to be later. We can see this in his letters; thus he wrote to William Carlos Williams that he had been printing too much: "There is no town like London to make one feel the vanity of all art except the highest. To make one disbelieve in all but the most careful and conservative presentation of one's stuff. I have sinned deeply against the doctrine I preach."[51] But, as Alun Jones has pointed out[52], Pound quickly learned to hide this excitement of the young American in London at last, and to adapt himself to the general air of dissatisfaction that was current in the circles in which he moved. Ideas were in the air, and Pound was quick to possess them. The Eiffel Tower group was interested in vers libre, the Japanese tanka and haiku, and Hebrew poetry. Hulme insisted on absolutely accurate presentation and no verbiage in verse. "There was also a lot of talk and practice among us of what we called the Image. We were very much influenced by modern French symbolist poetry."[53] So said F.S. Flint, whose own researches into French literary movements set Pound thinking about a movement of his own. Allen Upward, with his interest in oriental philosophy and literature, and Edward Storer also

added to the interests of the group; and Ford Madox Hueffer's theories of poetic impressionism and 'rendering' and Yeats's theory and practice also added to the stock of Pound's ideas.[64] It is important to note here that many of these ideas were imported ones -- Hulme's ideas drew heavily on Bergson, on Remy de Gourmont, on Worringer, Husserl and others[55], including of course Sorel, whose theories of violence underlie in some ways the mechanical and explosive aspects of movements like Vorticism and Futurism. Interest in oriental mysticism and "the wisdom of the east" was strong, and in an atmosphere of general intellectual ferment and in a period of small group cults gradually coming together into socialism European political and economic ideas were being adapted. Presently there was to be the impact of the translation of Dostoievsky's novels. Signs of social disintegration brought home the feeling that nineteenth-century liberal solutions were not enough, and Hulme typifies the case of those who thought that new art went along with new social solutions. Both Pound and Eliot picked up his conservative vein; they felt themselves conservers of civilization, the thing that was splintering to pieces in America. What is important here is that ideas were being collected, and Pound, himself a great collector, was all toohhappy to join in. Coming to London Pound, as Alun Jones has put it, refused to be overwhelmed but began to colonise, taking under his wing first the culture of Europe and then of the Far East; unlike Eliot, who did

submit to the claims of the European cultural tradition, Pound "attempted to make that tradition submit to his own evangelical discipline"[59a], and his earlier writings are drenched with an infusion of bewildered and energetic innocence. Pound is indeed both evangelical and innocent in the use to which he puts the ideas he absorbs. He was soon plotting literary revolution with an almost military precision. An excellent tactician, he observed that movements were the way to achieve his end, and movements make themselves known in little magazines. He therefore set to work to encroach upon existing magazines, to recruit a 'group' and to make known the 'aims' of Imagism.

Imagism was however an Anglo-American movement. Not only were a number of Americans involved, more or less closely (Hilda Doolittle, John Gould Fletcher, John Cournos, Robert Frost, and Conrad Aiken were all vaguely associated in London, and a number of American poets like Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams took up its theory in America -- while Amy Lowell simply came to London and captured the whole movement), but there were evident reasons why it should appeal to the American poetic imagination. One important factor was certainly the American interest in French symbolism. The propensity of the American imagination for symbolism has been remarked on by Charles Feidelson, who has stressed the fact that American literature, bereft of many of its social materials and taking a different view of man from the European, had tended to push its romant-

icism into symbolism and to develop a new awareness of symbolic method:

> The symbolism of Emerson and his colleagues is a chapter in the history of modern taste. It is part of the symbolist tradition that culminates in modern literature. Hawthorne's indecision, Whitman's diffuseness, the complication of Melville's attitude, and the exaggerated unreason of Poe reflect the hazards of symbolism together with its possibilities, for each sets out from the question of meaning. These writers anticipated modern symbolism because they lived in the midst of the same intellectual forces: mid-nineteenth-century America was a proving ground for the issues to which the method of modern literature is an answer. They envisaged the symbolistic program to an extent that few of their English contemporaries even thought possible, because the crux of modern thought was oddly accentuated by the provincial culture they inhabited.[56]

The poetic theories of Poe and Whitman, with their aesthetic and subjectivist emphasis, their attentiveness to the imagination released from responsibility but simply using itself, in their turn influenced the French symbolists. Baudelaire's debt to Poe is well-known, and Mallarmé's famous phrase in his sonnet on Poe ("Donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu") shows that his drive toward 'pure poetry' was a major aspect of the debt.[57] As Edmund Wilson has pointed out, French symbolism, in breaking up French metrics and defeating finally the clarity and logic of the classical tradition, had drawn heavily on foreign sources, European and Oriental:

> ...and especially, precisely, from English. Verlaine had lived in England, and knew English well; Mallarmé was a professor of English; and Baudelaire...had provided the movement with its first programmes by translating the essays of Poe. Two of the Symbolist poets, Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin, were Americans who lived in Paris and wrote French; and an

> American, reading to-day the latter's 'Chevauchee d'Yeldis,' for example, may wonder how, when Symbolism was new, such a poem could ever have been regarded as one of the movement's acknowledged masterpieces: to us, it seems merely agreeable, not in the least revolutionary or novel, but like something which might not impossibly have been written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich if he had been influenced by Browning. We are surprised to learn that Vielé-Griffin is still considered an important poet. But the point was that he had performed a feat which astonished and impressed the French and of which it is probable that no Frenchman was capable: he had succeeded in wrecking once for all the classical Alexandrine, hitherto the basis of French poetry -- or rather, as an English reader at once recognizes, he had dispensed with it altogether and begun writing English metres in French. The French called this "vers libre", but it is "free" only in the sense of being irregular, like many poems of Matthew Arnold and Browning.[58]

The spectacle that we witness in English and American poetry at the turn of the century is the feeding back of these materials into the tradition, altered and changed. Arthur Symons's The Symbolist Movement was influential both in England and America; it led Eliot to Rimbaud and Verlaine. Though, as René Taupin has shown, interest in French symbolism grew up slowly[58a], there was a slow and yet important recognition that it had a place in the American literary imagination. This point was picked up in an article of editorial comment in the Chicago magazine Poetry in ~~November~~ December, 1912, by the assistant editor, Alice Corbin Henderson:

> It is curious that the influence of Poe upon Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Mallarmé, and through them upon English poets, and then through these at last upon Americans, comes back to us in this roundabout and indirect way. We have here an instance of what Whitman calls 'a perfect return'. We have denied Poe, we do not give him his full meed of appreciation, even today, and yet we accept him through the disciples who have followed or have assimilated his tradition. And now that young Englishmen are beginning

> to feel the influence of Whitman upon French poetry, it may be that he, too, through the imitation of vers libre in America, will begin to experience 'a perfect return'...[59]

The interest of the young generation of poets in symbolism at the turn of the century has been ascribed by T.S.Eliot to the relative bleakness of the poetic scene in America at this time:

> Undergraduates at Harvard in my time read the English poets of the '90s who were dead: that was as near as we could get to any living tradition... But I do not think it is too sweeping to say, that there was no poet, in either country, who could have been of use to a beginner in 1908. The only recourse was to poetry of another age and to poetry of another language."[60]

Many of the poets who came to London at this time -- as well as many of those who stayed behind -- shared a common interest in symbolism as well as in Japanese verse forms. The symbolist and Japanese influences came to them both through the concerns of English writers and, more directly, through such Americans as Lafcadio Hearn and James Gibbons Huneker. These interests existed among the undergraduate groups at Harvard and at the University of Pennsylvania which were to provide a large part of the London expatriate group. At Harvard Conrad Aiken had become interested in naturalism as a poetic subject and in the formal consequences of it; he was reaching for an urban poetry which could define Boston and the hard realities of urban man.[61] The city he saw as a kind of symbol for consciousness, multiple and

molecular. He shared this concern with other Harvard contemporaries, including T.S.Eliot, whom he knew from 1908 and worked with on the Harvard Advocate. In a letter to Earl Miner, Aiken refers to the influence of Japanese literature and art in the Harvard of 1909. Fenellosa and the Boston Museum collection of Japanese materials were much discussed, and Japanese poetry was all in the air. Everyone "around the Harvard Advocate was already aware of Hearn's hokku, and we all had shots at them. So that when /John Gould/ Fletcher and I dived into Japanese and Chinese poetry and art /in the years between 1915 and 1917/ it was already old stuff to me."[62] Aiken was already developing his connection with England (where he still has a house, at Rye): in 1908 he visited England to go beagling in the Lake District. In subsequent years he formed many literary friendships in England, including one with Rupert Brooke and another with John Gould Fletcher, an American expatriate who had also been at Harvard, as well as with a number of English artists. A letter of introduction from a Harvard friend brought him into contact with Pound, to whom he gave the manuscript of T.S.Eliot's "The Love Song of J.Alfred Prufrock." Eliot wrote much of his early poetry at Harvard and Aiken showed it in London; thus at one of the Poetry Bookshop squashes he showed "La Figlia Che Piange" to Harold Monro.[63] It was Aiken who, later, introduced Eliot to Pound.

John Gould Fletcher, a southerner of Mugwump background

(his father stood in the democratic primaries against Jefferson Davis, his mother, of German liberal stock, was highly interested in aesthetics) had a similar background as an expatriate. After a spell at Harvard where he read the French symbolists and tasted the philosophical attraction of Nietzsche's atheism, he threw up his education, tentatively hoping to satisfy his aesthetic interests by becoming a poet. He was shocked by the vulgarity and self-seeking of post-Civil War America and found himself disliking democracy ("In short, I was beginning to prepare for a later career as a poet") though he simultaneously maintained a fervent socialism. He felt his ideals to be highly Europeanised. He finally settled in London in 1909 "an interloper upon the charmed circle of London literary life"[64] and wished he were in Paris, between which two cities he vacillated for several years. In London he amassed a vast heap of poetical manuscript. In 1913 he resolved to go to Paris ("Here, in the heart of the world's greatest city, I had already wasted four years, and had got nowhere, except as a disillusioned eccentric, starved mentally and emotionally, and only prevented from physical starvation by the fact that, as the son of a well-to-do father, I was still able to pay my way")[65] and first published five volumes, from four publishers, at his own expense. In Paris in 1913 he met another American southerner experimenting with modern verse, Skipwith Cannell, revelled

in the new pictures, and began his volume "Irradiations". It was also here that he was introduced to Pound:

> One night, as I was sitting with Cannell after supper, on the open-air terrace of the Cafe Closerie des Lilas,... my table was approached by Fergusson and a stranger, whom the painter introduced to me as Ezra Pound. Fergusson said that the thought had come to him...that two Americans who were also poets ought to know each other...
> We soon launched into a discussion of vers libre, which I supposed myself to be practicing. Pound immediately averred that he had been writing vers libre for years, and promptly regaled us with a long account of his own theories....
> /Pound/ was a walking paradox, a pioneer in the last great wave of American expatriates who, like myself, had turned from the West to the East and had come abroad before the European War, bent on submitting their own rude and untaught native impulses to the task of assimilating and, if possible, surpassing the traditional achievements of Europe.
> The wave that succeeded him, the far too famous "lost generation", learned nothing much from Europe or America, but largely discovered their own petty and neurotic selves -- a fact of which we are now being reminded every day. Pound and I, on the other hand, were both pioneers, discoverers, self-educators - and we both inhabited London. That made the chief link between us.[66]

The result of the meeting was that Fletcher decided to accept Pound's mentorship and return to London because "it was the place where he lived."[67] Pound suggested that he should support a review under Pound's editorship, and arranged with the feminists who ran The Freewoman (later The New Freewoman and finally The Egoist) that he, Pound, should become literary editor, encouraging new experimental writers and paying them with a subsidy from Fletcher. The possibilities that Pound revealed kept Fletcher in London:

> The contacts and outlets that Pound had already revealed to me as possible with the advance guard of English literary society -- for besides his connection with Poetry and with Miss Weaver's paper, he was establishing

> a connection with the Smart Set in New York, was still loosely allied to the English Review, and had made moves in the direction of Poetry and Drama, then appearing under Monro's editorship -- these contacts and outlets finally decided me not to abandon London in favor of Paris.... I soon concluded that, thanks to the lucky stroke of my meeting with Pound, my place was still in the British metropolis.[68]

In turn Fletcher introduced Pound to the French symbolists, in order to justify his own poetry, which Pound sought to change, and Pound borrowed an armful of Fletcher's French books, to become enthusiastic about de Gourmont, Corbière, and the early Francis James, and wrote about them for The New Age. In this respect Pound, who had the facility to adapt current interests among the younger generation, was influenced quite as much as he influenced others. Still tempted by Paris, still perplexed by the difficulties of conquering London, "the most masculine, and yet the most reserved of cities,"[69] Fletcher developed another set of contacts with strong Paris connections, the group centred on John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield and the magazine Rhythm, got to know Amy Lowell, who visited London, and discovered that she was imitating his work, and got to know Conrad Aiken, while vacillating all this time between advanced literary experiment and a nervousness of its radical implications. In this way he gradually grew away from Pound and, like Aiken, walked round Imagism, while retaining the general interests of that group and remaining in personal contact with it.

At the University of Pennsylvania Pound had been close

to two other aspiring poets, William Carlos Williams and Hilda Doolittle, and when he reached London he tried to tempt them there to join him. In his Autobiography, Williams writes:

> Pound had gone to London. Thence almost at once his books began to arrive: Personae (his first success) and then Exultations. "Come on over," he had written me, "and help me chew off a chunk." But how could I leave? Then one day Hilda Doolittle wrote saying that she also was off for London. That was a surprise....[70]

In 1909 Williams went for a year to Leipzig (to Pound's disgust) and, growing tired of the place, visited Pound in London, meeting through him W.B.Yeats:

> In those days the 'Great Man' was living in a small room on Church Walk, Kensington, which he generously offered to share with me.... It was an instructive week for me. We shared a small second-floor room. It was an intense literary atmosphere, which though it was thrilling, every minute of it, was fatiguing in the extreme. I don't know how Ezra stood it, it would have killed me in a month. It seemed completely foreign to anything I desired. I was glad to get away.[71]

Pound later got Williams's first book, The Tempters, published in London by Elkin Matthews; and he promoted Hilda Doolittle's poetry similarly. A little later, in 1912, another American poet, Robert Frost, went to England with his wife and four children, to write and to farm in Buckinghamshire and Herefordshire. He stayed in England for three years, and developed friendships with Rupert Brooke, Lascelles Abercrombie, W.W.Gibson and Edward Thomas, poets who undoubtedly influenced his work. Pound promoted his work and thought well of it recommending it to other poets -- inconsistently, in the opinion of

Fletcher, since he so readily condemned the Georgians. Frost's first two volumes, A Boy's Will and North of Boston, were published in England by David Nutt in 1913 and 1914. A Boy's Will was reviewed in Poetry by an anonymous reviewer from London, in fact Pound: "There is another personality in the realm of verse, another American, found, as usual, on this side of the water, by an English publisher long known as a lover of good letters.... This man /Frost/ has the good sense to speak naturally and to paint the thing, the thing as he sees it..."[72]

Thus there grew up in London just before the first world war a group of young American experimentalists with similar interests, in reasonably close contact with one another, and roughly centred around the energetic Pound, so creating an expatriate scene remarkable for its concentration and relative unity of purpose. They published with the same publishers and in the same magazines, largely at Pound's instigation. By 1913 the work of these writers, together with that of a number of associated Englishmen, began to dominate the pages of certain little magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, and to extend considerable influence. In 1913 Pound began the 'Imagiste' movement, according to report in a Kensington teashop, when he persuaded Hilda Doolittle to sign her poems "H.D. Imagiste."[73] Always a superb organiser of the arts, with the gifts, according to Ford Madox Hueffer, of a Baden Powell, Pound had observed that literary revolutions were best achieved by movements, and he resolved

on a "movemong" on the French or Pre-Raphaelite model; a movement like Imagism had been in his mind since about 1911. He also observed that the way to make movements known was through magazines and small publishers, and he more or less captured The Freewoman in England and Poetry and The Little Review in the U.S.A.. He filled English magazines with the work of American poets, so producing a singular degree of contact. So, as T.S.Eliot observed, he exercised a vital influence on English and American poetry, by creating

> a situation in which, for the first time, there was 'a modern movement in poetry' in which English and American poets collaborated, knew each other's works, and influenced each other. Who, I wonder, in England (to say nothing of the rest of Europe) had read any American poetry written between Whitman and Robert Frost? If it had not been for the work Pound did... the isolation of American poetry, and the isolation of individual American poets might have continued for a long time.[74]

By late 1914 Pound's movement had been so successful as to be ready for dissolution, and the poets involved began to separate. This process was aided by the war and by Amy Lowell's attempt to capture the movement and return it to America. At this point Eliot appeared on the London scene. Since 1911 he had been a graduate student and part-time instructor at Harvard, working in metaphysics, logic, psychology, philosophy, Sanskrit and Pali.[75] In 1914 he was awarded a Frederick Sheldon travelling fellowship and, following the Harvard tradition of graduate study in Germany,

went to Marburg University. When war broke out he withdrew to Merton College, Oxford. Eliot first appears in Pound's collected letters in the Autumn of 1914, when Pound was promoting his work with Harriet Monroe, editor of Poetry. Eliot has commented:

> I had kept my early poems (including Prufrock and others eventually published) in my desk from 1911 to 1915 -- with the exception of a period when Conrad Aiken endeavoured, without success, to peddle them for me in London. In 1915 /sic/ (and through Aiken) I met Pound. The result was that Prufrock appeared in Poetry in the summer of that year; and through Pound's efforts, my first volume was published by the Egoist Press in 1917.[76]

Pound referred to Prufrock as "the best poem I have yet had or seen from an American" and produced The Catholic Anthology to get sixteen pages of Eliot into print at once. Unlike most of the other expatriate Americans, Eliot could not support himself by a private income or by the rewards of his writing. In 1915 he married an English wife -- like Pound. He went into school-teaching, doing extension lectures to supplement his income, and then transferred to the foreign exchange department of Lloyd's Bank. Pound appears to have got him financial assistance and arranged for him to be part-time assistant editor of The Egoist. His early criticism showed the same cosmopolitan spirit as Pound's, though in manner it was much more responsible and convincing; his poetry and poetic theory showed equally close kinship. It was Eliot who most fully revealed the significance of the new literature for the English tradition. From the early days of his English residence Eliot struck many of his

contemporaries as highly anglicised, and John Gould Fletcher, who met him in 1916, saw him as "a person who had cut himself off completely from all his American roots, and left them altogether behind. There was nothing in either his speech, his dress or his demeanor that proclaimed the former middle-westerner."[77] Eliot's attachment to many of the intellectual implications of Imagism, particularly to the Classical basis largely derived from Hulme, was very much closer than Pound's, and he evidently found in the English literary scene a traditionalist and classical spirit which was absent in the American. Less protean and elusive than many of his American contemporaries, more patently in search of a responsible intellectual commitment, Eliot emerged from the whole movement as its most scholarly, critically sound and responsible member as well as the most interesting and important poet. Accepting the conservative implications of the impulse toward traditionalism that motivated his criticism and, presumably, his expatriation, he was the one member of the group to settle in England; in 1927 he took on its religion and its citizenship and thereafter remained, making English life and literature the subject of his criticism and indeed of his poetry and drama.

The other member of this expatriate generation who realised the conservative implications of his expatriation was John Gould Fletcher. He had come to Europe "to try to acquire an education, to learn something concerning the aesthetic, moral and spiritual values by which man was

made worthy of the world he lived in, and which had created man's highest civilizations."[78] After some time in Rome he had chosen England because it had converted the European countries from conservatism to liberalism, and he expected to find there "the key to the complex modern world that I had sought after since the beginning of my exile."[79] It was the lack of a cosmopolitan spirit in England that gradually turned him back toward America. In the post-war period he moved back and forth between England and America for many years, not quite happy in either place, until in 1932 he chose America. He had married an English wife, he found life in England financially easier, and he was in close touch with the group that formed around T.S. Eliot's post-war review The Criterion. A visit to Paris after the war proved disheartening -- "Paris was no longer a city, if by a city one means a social and cultural entity, governed by unwritten but accepted standards... Rather was it megalopolis, a seething chaos where a dozen or twenty nationalities fought like dogs over the fragments of that culture which had been in French hands down to 1914, and which was in French hands no longer."[80] New York -- "a spectacular cosmopolitan city of borrowed culture, able, thanks to its financial dominance, to attract all the celebrities and semi-celebrities of Europe[81] -- was only marginally more attractive. Attracted by the theories of Spengler concerning city culture, he wrote in 1929 a book, The Two Frontiers (English title: Europe's Two Frontiers) proposing the possibility, expressed by Eliot

in The Waste Land, that European civilization might perish. He expressed a certain optimism about the two semi-European, semi-nomadic cultures of Russia and America, who would share the future, but wondered whether if European culture was submerged either could survive. Finally he opted for Americanism and regionalism, and appeared in the Southern agrarian anthology I'll Take My Stand. Both Eliot's and Fletcher's were genuine responses to the cosmopolitanism, high urbanism and fragmentation of the life of the great cities, and they define the further extension of the problem that the dweller in cosmopolis must face. As Fletcher remarked, "the twenties immensely multiplied our literary and artistic talent, without providing for that talent any clear basis on which to live and operate. It wavered between the cosmopolitan, deracinated, sophisticated outlook of the city and a direct, local, rooted and indigenous folk expression of the hinterland without being able to settle its mind on either."[81]

The other members of the group divided between a return to America and a movement onto the cosmopolitanism of Paris. By this time Mencken had launched his de-Anglicization campaign; the complaints against the provincialism of London had increased; and even Ford Madox Hueffer the English writer had gone to Paris, resenting that spirit of puritanism and anti-aestheticism that had demobilized writers last from the army (classing them with tramps) and had pulled down the old Regent Street. Hilda Doolittle, who had married Richard

Aldington in 1913, remained abroad. Ezra Pound, who as early as 1912 had been declaring that the important work of the last 25 years had been done in Paris,[82] a city he called the laboratory of ideas, had become growingly disillusioned with England and Anglo-Saxon civilization. Like Fletcher, he felt the obligation to accept wider than national standards. In June 1920 he visited Paris and found little there of interest; but the following summer he settled in Paris, after travelling around in France, commenting: "Find Cocteau and Picabia intelligent. Fools abound but are less in one's way here, or at least for the moment."[83] He was newly interested in economics and modern music and was trying to get free of all Anglo-Saxon connections, though he writes: "am perhaps wrong to take this new plunge."[84] Living at 70bis rue Notre Dame des Champs, later in the rue de Seine, he began, according to John Rodker, to fill the neighbourhood with all sorts of weird "rumblings and tootings" as he practised "the loud bassoon."[85] At the same time he began to gather another group around him and became one of the focal points of the post-war expatriate scene in Paris.

4. CHARACTER OF THE LONDON EXPATRIATES, 1908-1918.

After commenting that "(f)or the post-war years up till 1924 or 1925 the activity of both America and England was perhaps more apparent in Paris than anywhere else," Ezra Pound in "Date Line" distinguishes between his generation

and the subsequent one:

> The new lot of American émigrés were anything but the Passionate Pilgrims of James's day or the enquirers of my own. We came to find something, to learn, possibly to conserve, but this new lot came in disgust...[86]

John Gould Fletcher similarly considered that this generation of expatriates was the last to come to Europe with the aim of "assimilating and, if possible, surpassing the traditional achievements of Europe"; successive generations were deracinated cosmopolitans not interested in Europe as such and they simply discovered their "neurotic selves."[87] While this is a viable distinction, it can also be argued that the generation of Pound and Fletcher was the first to come to Europe with the wish to promote a literary revolution and to find a totally new art and that in this sense they were closer to their successors than their predecessors. The notion of the avant garde depends on a profound distinction of interest between the writer and the common reader, and there can be no doubt that this expatriate generation was avant garde in character and that its expatriate nature enhanced the avant garde element, since avant garde groups frequently tend to be partly composed of expatriates who have isolated themselves from their immediate cultural circumstances and are groping for a fresh, free-floating relation to society. The general resentment of the group with the stolid, bourgeois nature of British society and its unwillingness to accept new ideas indicates that, like the later James, they felt separated from the general life of the country and were relatively

self-contained in nature.

Thus the expatriate group that gathered in London over this period is perhaps most remarkable for its experimental character and its general influence on twentieth-century literature in both England and America. Though many of the expatriates came because they were discontented with American literary backwardness and in some cases with the actual social pattern of American life, and though many desired to acquire techniques from the traditional stock of European literature as well as to take advantage of the superior facilities for publication and success in England, they did have strongly defined interests of their own emerging from an incipient American tradition, known to the poets -- for this generation was largely poetic -- that stayed at home as well as those who left. The advantages of London were thus less deeply felt than they had been by earlier expatriate generations, and these poets made relatively small use of English materials for their subjects and only a little more for their manner, writing rather a detached, impressionistic, objective poetry that might be said to be cosmopolitan not only in its sources but in its tendency to be detached from moral, emotional and local commitments. The poets themselves recognised something of this cosmopolitanism, and spoke of the detachment, eclecticism and objectivity necessary for modern art, stressing the craft-elements of it and the general technical sophistication required by the new poet.

Thus on the whole there was little actual interest in England itself among these writers, though Conrad Aiken loved the landscape and Eliot became interested in Anglo-Catholicism and English local culture.

Another striking characteristic of these writers is their general similarity of interest and their willingness to form something like a group. Again, this resembles the pattern of the mass-migration to Paris after the war, when groups and movements of American writers, often linked with French or English writers, formed and when these groups were manifestly avant garde and bohemian in character. Further, like the following generation, they were largely city-centred and so could retain relatively close contact with one another. Like many of the Parisian expatriates, they tended toward an apocalyptic vision of European civilisation. They regarded it as very much fuller than American culture, as Pound insistently said, but they commonly shared the notion that it was on the point of collapse or decay. It was this feeling that promoted the conservative strain in Eliot and Pound and which informed both the subject and the nature of their art. The feeling of desperation about Europe is an important element in the twentieth-century expatriate response to England and France, one that distinguishes it radically from earlier attitudes of respect and deference. The war confirmed the view that Europe was falling into the abyss, and the American attitude mingled

recognition of dependence upon Europe, a feeling that America was not quite yet ready to take on the dominance in western art, with a strong sense of the possibilities the situation afforded for an expanding American literature. Affected by Europeam misfortune into apocalyptic, despairing writings of the manner of The Waste Land and The Cantos, they nonetheless felt simultaneously the euphoric instinct that American literature was at last, to use Van Wyck Brook's phrase, coming of age. To some extent, one might say, their belief that Europe was in decline was not entirely objective but was coloured by the increased possibilities they discerned for a distinctive American art. In this respect they took further the prophecies of doom that had been optimistically uttered by Emerson, Melville, and Whitman, prophecies that Europe's day was finished and America's beginning.

Generally we can say that in their life-style, their financial arrangements, their use of European materials in their work, their bohemian and avant garde nature, and their actual feeling about the relative relationship of Europe and America they represent a considerable change from the expatriate generation which preceded them and that they are considerably linked with the generation that was to follow, going not to London but to Paris.

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CHAPTER FOUR.

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Henry F.May, The End of American Innocence: A Study of the First Years of Our Own Time 1912-1917 (London, Cape, 1960), pp. 237-8.

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(Herbert Hoover), Memoirs of Herbert Hoover (London, Hollis and Carter, 3 vols., 1952), 1, p.124. But one might contrast this with the comments of Jack London, who lived in London as a tramp while writing The People of the Abyss. He agreed with Theodore Parker's comment: "England is the paradise of the rich, the purgatory of the wise, and the hell of the poor."

6 Bret Harte, letter to his wife, 4 Apr, 1885, in Letters, pp. 272-3.

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Ibid, p. 273.

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Thus R.B.Mowat, Americans in England, pp. 235-6:

> In those halcyon years at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the early twentieth, the Americans in England seemed to be designed by nature for the maintenance of a high and graceful culture there, a humanism like that of the Renaissance, eager, fastidious, broad-minded and sympathetic.... Life in a society in which they had not been born, and which had a certain air of freshness for them, was intellectually and artistically stimulating.... They had the best of lives for those who can lead it, a life of two hemispheres, friendships on both sides of the ocean, the old and settled society of Europe, the society of American city and country, partly new, partly developed from the European source.

10

> It takes luck, as well as judgment, to make great literature, and one of the outstanding pieces of luck in English literary history is the fact that in late-Victorian and Edwardian times, when England was inclined to be insular and cocksure, a number of distinguished foreign writers decided to make their contribution to the literature of this country rather than some other. Shaw, Wilde, Yeats, Synge, all gravitated to London rather than New York; Henry James, Pound and Eliot uprooted themselves for the sake of being able to find an English audience.... But of course it was more than luck. We had, in those days, the reputation of being a good audience, intelligent and serious enough to deserve the best that a great author could do.

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> Henry James is dead. A few months ago he renounced his American citizenship and became a Briton. It was a wise and logical change. Mr James did not like America, and America did not like Mr James. It was a matter of mutual regret that the littérateur was of American birth and ancestry.

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27 Ibid, pp.41-2.

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71 Ibid, p. 113.

72 (Ezra Pound), unsigned review of A Boy's Will, Poetry, II, 2 (April, 1913). Reprinted in The Literary Essays of Ezra Pound.

73 Richard Aldington, Life for Life's Sake: A Book of Reminiscences (New York, Viking, 1941).

74 T.S.Eliot, "Ezra Pound,"

75 Hugh Kenner, The Invisible Poet: T.S.Eliot (London, Allen, 1960), p. 65.

76 T.S.Eliot, "Ezra Pound."

77 John Gould Fletcher, op. cit., pp. 244-5.

78 Ibid, p. 134.

79
Ibid, p. 36.

80
Ibid, p. 298.

81
Ibid, p. 299.

81a
Ibid, pp. 378-9.

82
Ezra Pound, "Editorial Comment: Status Rerum, "Poetry, I,4 (January, 1913) (Dateline: London, December 10, 1912.) Pound's point was that at this time it had to be searched out. Thus in his essay on "French Poets" in Make It New: Essays (London, Faber, 1934) he comments:

> The intellectual life of London is dependent on people who understand the French language about as well as their own. America's part in contemporary culture is based chiefly upon two men familiar with Paris: Whistler and Henry James... From 1911 to 1917 or 1918, my sifting out of French verse implied a search for what we didn't know. Writing from Paris after 1920, I was merely reporting on current publication that was good enough to merit interest or respect outside of France.

83
Ezra Pound, postcard to Agnes Bedford, Paris, Apr, 1921, in Letters, p. 230.

84
Ezra Pound, letter to Marianne Moore, Paris, (?Apr), 1921, in Letters, p.232.

85
q. by Samuel Putnam, Paris Was Our Mistress: Memoirs of a Lost and Found Generation (New York, Viking, 1947), pp. 142-7.

86
Ezra Pound, "Date Line" in Literary Essays, p. 82.

87
John Gould Fletcher, op. cit., p. 61

CHAPTER FIVE

AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION TO PARIS BETWEEN 1900 AND 1918.

1. THE ATTRACTION OF PARIS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

The history of American literary experience in Paris reaches back almost as far as that in London, but it is not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that it becomes as important a centre of expatriation. The city in which Franklin, Jefferson, Irving, Willis and Cooper had worked and been happily received developed, during that century, a mythical attraction for the American; as T.G. Appleton put it, "Good Americans when they die go to Paris." Many, however, went there to live. In her introduction to J.J. Conway's Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris (1912) Mrs. John Lane commented that the aim of most Americans for more than a century was to go to Paris: "London was a duty, but Paris was a joy." By the middle of the nineteenth century, Elizabeth Brett White has commented, "(m)ore and more Americans were falling under the spell of Paris. Some were tourists and casual visitors; others became for a longer or shorter time members of the 'American colony.' The Paris Exposition of 1867 drew many visitors, who spoke with enthusiasm of the cultural and scientific achievements of the French. As an arbiter of taste, the cultural guide, French leadership was becoming noticeable."[1] She quotes the memoirs of John Sherman,

brother to the General:

> If I was not an American I would certainly be a Frenchman. I have visited Paris three times, remaining in it more than a month at each visit, and have always been received with civility and kindness.... Science and art have here reached their highest development. We may copy all these, but it will require a century to develop like progress in America.[2]

During the nineteenth century many American writers visited France and it featured as a subject in novels and travel-books. For artists, Paris by mid-century began to supersede Rome and Florence as centres for instruction, and its general artistic associations and its cultural and libertarian mood drew writers from all parts of Europe and from America. Its power as a cosmopolitan capital was perhaps confirmed but also in some ways created by the publication of Henri Murger's Scènes de la Vie de Bohème in 1851. This book made a fashion of the distinctive life-style which had developed in Paris among writers and painters from the days of Gautier and Gerard de Nerval, a style of riotous poverty and artistic exhibitionism. Bohemianism, which Albert Parry nicely defines as the life-style of an intellectual proletariat driven into isolation and poverty by the excess of ambition over possible reward,[3] became a style of artistic independence much imitated abroad. In the 1850's a New York bohemia developed around Pfaff's beer-cellar, and two leading figures, Henry Clapp and Ada Clare, showed the way to Paris, making contacts with French

Bohemians. It was after reading Murger that Whistler went to Paris on a longer visit, so setting a model for many subsequent expatriates, artistic and literary. James Gibbons Huneker describes himself in Paris as an eighteen-year old, around 1878, thus: "I had a sweet fluffy beard. Was I not a Bohemian in Paris? Velveteen coat, Scotch cap, open shirt. Oh! What a guy I must have been."[4] Large numbers of Americans came to live the life of artists, and by the nineties the American female bohemian in Paris was sufficiently common to be represented in a novel, Gertrude Christian Fosdick's Out of Bohemia: A Story of Paris Student-Life (1894) and a book of memoirs, Belle Livingstone's Belle Of Bohemia: Memoirs[5]. The comparatively small number of literary as opposed to artistic expatriates Albert Parry explains by saying that writers could not expect to perfect their style in Paris, nor did they have places to publish.[6] Frank Norris went to Paris, like Huneker, not to write but to study art; Frank Harris went to hobnob with the great. But Henry Harland and Ambrose Bierce, both tempted by Paris, had to stay in London where the opportunites for publication existed. Harland had in fact a deep sentimental attachment to the Left Bank; he wrote stories of bohemian girls in Paris and on his visits there wrote inviting his friends to join him, saying that Paris was the most enchanting spot in the universe. Few American writers survived in Paris; Guy Wetmore Carryl lived six years there but

returned to America, and the two conspicuous successes were Stuart Merrill, who had been educated in France, the son of an American lawyer in Paris in the Seventies, and Francis Vielé-Griffin, whose real name was Egbert Ludovicus Griffin.[7] Both wrote in French. Before he settled in England, Logan Pearsall Smith was for a time expatriate in Paris, where he produced a volume of Flaubertian stories about Oxford, and met Whistler, Roger Fry and Lowes Dickinson. Of Paris he wrote:

> In all the inhabited world there exists, and has existed, only one centre of disinterested artistic interest. Paris welcomes would-be artists with its urbane, heartless grace; it provides them with every facility for learning the art they will never learn to practise; it appropriates with a charming smile the savings they have brought with them, and with the same smile it watches them fade away or perish...
>
> The immense foregathering, as if drawn by some irresistable magnet, of aesthetic Americans in Paris was remarkable as a mass phenomenon... They had come to Paris from almost every region of my native country at who knows what sacrifice to themselves and to their parents, to study art, but in art itself they seemed to take hardly any interest -- they almost never visited the Louvre, nor did they discuss any of the great masterpieces of European painting. Their talk was all of their own or each other's pictures...[8]

These expatriate artistic groups continued, of course, into the twentieth century, maintaining strong literary connections, while the flow of English visitors to Paris -- people like John Middleton Murry, Clive Bell and Roger Fry -- meant that news of their work was taken back to London and that the impact of the Post-Impressionist movement was felt there early. Writers like John Gould Fletcher, in contact with expatriate artists like Anne Estelle Rice and Horace Holley,

were encouraged by these bohemian-expatriate circumstances to try to unite the experiments of painting and literature.

The association of Paris with the literary salon, with artistic cafe-life, and the culture of the studio and the garret enabled it to exert a strong influence on writers of all backgrounds and interests. At a different level, the attraction of Paris as an intellectual centre was felt by Henry James. "The great merit of the place" he wrote in a letter to Howells in 1876 "is that one can arrange one's life here exactly as one pleases -- that there are facilities for every kind of habit and taste, and that everything is accepted and understood."[9] Despite this tempting freedom, which many other artists felt, and despite his close contacts with Daudet, Zola, Edmond de Goncourt and Turgenev, James rejected Paris, with which he had had attachments from his earliest days, because of the isolated, mandarin quality of its literary life. He was purging himself of a certain kind of deracinated cosmopolitanism; however, he still continued to struggle with the principle, to visit the city, and to depict the difference between English and French capital life in such novels as The Portrait of a Lady, where we realise that once Isabel Archer reaches Paris she has gone into a more dilettante and therefore a more ominous world. There were those for whom the social life of Paris did have a strong attraction, notably Edith Wharton, while Gertrude Stein's atelier existence was very different in quality from the cafe and garret bohemians with whom she was in contact.

The American salon was beginning to develop. Gertrude Stein and Edith Wharton received writers and became to some extent objects of pilgrimage, particularly in later years, while Natalie Clifford Barney, the American woman from Cincinnati to whom Rémy de Gourmont addressed his Lettres à l'Amazone, and who mingled in French society from the early years of the century, held a salon which was to take on considerable importance in the nineteen-twenties when she introduced French and American writers to one another. In this way American expatriates embraced a wide range of French life, and the cosmopolitan bohemian group linked up with another growing phenomenon of the time, the international smart set, in which writers, artists, and entertainers like Isadora Duncan had a place. Prior to the first world war, there were many Americans of smart background who spent the season in France or who had settled there permanently, and were part of a shifting community of cosmopolites of rank or wealth. Many of those who lived there had artistic or literary interests -- there were among others the Steins, the Duncans and Mildred Aldrich -- and led newsworthy lives; there were two English-language newspapers in Paris, The New York Herald and The Continental Daily Mail, concentrating heavily on society news.[10] And so not only were there many contacts between the two sets, with writers being taken up by socialites (thus Mabel Dodge took up Gertrude Stein) but to a remarkable degree the smart

set became the subject of fiction by expatriate writers, from the novels of James and Edith Wharton to those of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. A particularly close analysis is to be found in Upton Sinclair's World's End. The smart set did not commit themselves to one place, and had ports of call in, for instance, the South of France, Florence and Rome. But the same was true of the Bohemians, and in a letter James Gibbons Huneker offers his recommendation for the American visitor -- the Riviera for the winter, Florence and Rome for the spring and Norway or Sweden for the summer. For both groups the pace tended to be fast and exhausting, and Huneker admits in a later letter from Vienna that European travel can be wearing: "I'm not yet 53 but I am weary of the whole shooting match. Too many pictures, too much music, too much hustling, too many hotels, cities, railways and inhuman persons."[11]

The temptations of Paris were thus wide and various. Gertrude Stein commented that "there are many foreigners everywhere but particularly in France" -- because France was kind to them. It was particularly hospitable to the artist: "But really what they do is to respect art and letters, if you are a writer you have privileges, if you are a painter you have privileges and it is pleasant having those privileges."[12] Leo Stein called Paris "'nature's kind nurse' as far as art's concerned"[13]; and another aspect of its

attraction was that it was also nature's mistress, with a reputation for the wild, the exotic, the 'Gallic.' It was at once the cradle of culture and liberty; Emerson had said that Paris enjoyed the largest area of liberty of any city in the whole civilised world, and Nietzsche that "As an artist a man has no home in Europe save in Paris." There were traditional feelings of special relationship between libertarian America and libertarian France. Further, many residents and visitors were affected by the manners, style and chic of the French, and by their whole manner of life, while others responded to the more muted attractions of landscape and association, the attractions for the sensitive disposition that are drawn out in Edith Wharton's A Motor Flight through France, or Henry James's A Little Tour in France and Portraits of Places, or in the newspaper reports of Willa Cather.[14] In the field of the arts, Paris was an attraction both to the practitioner and the culture-hungry tourist, who now appeared in large numbers. For these tourists, for the large American colony of permanent residents and for the artistic pilgrim, Paris appeared full of life.

It was however the revolutionary movements in the arts taking place in Paris that gave the city its special importance for the literary expatriate. Huneker said in Promenades of an Impressionist that "there is no thought-wave in modern art that does not emanate from Paris or finally reach Paris,"[15] and in this sense Paris was a cosmopolitan capital of the arts.

Further, the revolution in painting seemed to set all the arts into motion --- as one writer has put it, "(t)o a greater extent than at any time since the Renaissance, painters, writers and musicians lived and worked together and tried their hands at each other's arts in an atmosphere of perpetual collaboration."[16] However, as this writer, Roger Shattuck, indicates, the avant garde atmosphere of Paris, a reaction against a strong vein of conservatism in French life, was that of "cosmopolitan provincialism"; the artist's contacts with his peers increased but those with his audience and society shrank. It was thus in Paris that the artistic expatriate was able to find an appropriately expatriated art. The concerns of the early American literary expatriates -- the absence of literary models, the lack of artistic subjects, the practical and emotional difficulties of the writer's role in a country in which such a role was not well-established -- began to give way to a new notion of expatriation, conceived of as an act of alienation. The new search was not for the proper relation of the American writer to his English tradition, but for freedom and modernism; and the isolation and deracination of the artist was seen no longer as his disability but rather as his prerogative. The advanced form of metropolitan intellectual life found in Paris supported the wish of American writers to live as a self-sustaining intelligentsia. As Gertrude Stein put it, the twentieth century, which began in America, needed

the background of Paris, "where tradition was so firm that they could look modern without being different, and where their acceptance of reality is so great they could let anyone have the emotion of unreality."[17] Thus the expatriates came in numbers -- "Of course they all came to France a great many to paint pictures and naturally they could not do that at home, or write they could not do that at home either, they could be dentists at home.... So the twentieth century had come it began with 1901."[18]

2. THE AVANT GARDE IN PARIS, 1903-1914.

Noticing the arrival of the twentieth century was, in Gertrude Stein's own view, a considerable part of her claim to fame. England, she held, was consciously refusing the twentieth century "knowing full well that they had gloriously created the nineteenth century and perhaps the twentieth century was going to be too many for them..."[19]; France, on the other hand, was unworried by its arrival, "what is was and what was is, was their point of view of which they were not very conscious."[20] America was the twentieth century, but, she remarked once in an interview, Paris was where it took place. Since Gertrude Stein lived in spirit in America and in fact in France, she was curiously well placed to receive it. Paris, she claimed, existed in relation to America, and it was this relative role that made it interesting to her. It had the qualities of the twentieth century,

scientific methods and machines, but at the same time it remembered that "Life is tradition and human nature." "And so in the beginning of the twentieth century when a new way had to be found naturally they needed France," said Miss Stein, because it matched modernism with a sense of tradition. "And therefore France was so important in the period between 1900 and 1939, it was the period when there really was a serious effort by humanity to be civilised."[21] She stressed that she believed in civilisation "in and for itself" and, as John Malcolm Brinnin has pointed out,[22] she particularly valued Paris for its intellectual and spiritual ease, respecting it not so much because it stimulated her as because it allowed her to work: "I have lived half my life in Paris, not the half that made me but the half in which I made what I made," she said.[23]

It was thus her custom to stress that she was not an expatriate. A writer, she felt, needed two civilisations, the second to set the first in motion. "One of the things I have liked all these years is to be surrounded by people who knew no english. It has left me more intensely alone with my eyes and my english," she declared in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. When reporters called her an expatriate she cried, "I get so mad, all of a sudden." In 1930, after nearly thirty years in Paris, she told a reporter from the New York World that she considered herself the "most utterly Americanized" person in the world. She made the

same claim on the famous lecture tour she took through America in 1934, even though she had landed at New York thinking that Theodore Roosevelt was still president of the United States (on being told he was dead, she replied "He may not be as dead as you think").[24] When she returned to Paris the reporters asked her to stay in America and she said: "I won't be sorry to come back when I do come back if I do come back."[25]

In addition to claiming to be thoroughly Americanised, she had said, "I have generations of Americans behind me. Americanism is born in me."[26] However, the Stein family were by origin German Jews, cultivated in the manner of the European upper middle class, and very much aware of their European background. Indeed in 1874, the year of Gertrude's birth, her father took his wife and five children back to Austria for reasons of business and also because he wished, like Henry James Senior, for his children to have some European education. "And so we were in Vienna," said Miss Stein in Wars I Have Seen, "And there was my mother and my brothers on horse-back and there was a Czech tutor, one did not realise how important all these nationalities were going to be to everyone then."[27] In 1878 they moved to Paris: "I was only four years old when I was first in Paris and talked french there... So I was in Paris a year when I was four to five and then I was back in America."[28] Her emotions "began to feel themselves in French." In Oakland, California, whence her family had moved from Baltimore, she began an

to read extensively. After her father's death she went to live with an aunt in Baltimore and in 1893 went to Radcliffe College, still named the Harvard Annex, studying philosophy, botany and English. She was a pupil of William James, from whom she got high marks for not doing the examinations. Her brother Leo, with whom she was close, was at Harvard and had formed the habit of taking European vacations; in 1896 both spent the summer touring in Europe. In the same year Leo had visited Japan and begun a collection of Japanese prints, and was thus an early example of that Harvard interest that was picked up by Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher and so much influenced the new poetry. This formed the basis of their later collecting. The European visits continued, with Florence as a base. In 1900 she spent a summer in Europe with Leo and a Radcliffe friend, Mabel Foote Weeks, and later spoke of it as a fruitful one. The letters of all three show a sense of the rewards of Europe, though Leo, protesting his nationality, was known as the only American in Florence. Probably Gertrude shared his feeling that the destiny of the twentieth century would be forged in America -- but that this would happen whether he was there or not. Like Henry and William James, Leo and Gertrude Stein, struck by the comparative provinciality of Cambridge, Mass., began to waver about whether they wanted to live in Europe. The attractions were much the same as those that tempted the Jameses -- the sense of civilisation there, the feeling they

had of being closer to the centre of things, the awareness they gained of artistic excitement and artistic renewal. Gertrude Stein spent the spring and summer of 1902 in Europe with Leo and they settled in England, first in the Lake District and then in Bloomsbury Square. But though they knew a number of people there through the Berensons, including Bertrand Russell and Israel Zangwill, "Gertrude Stein was not very much amused."[29] She read in the British Museum and walked about the London streets, finding them (like other American visitors of this time) "infinitely depressing and dismal," and impression that stayed with her:

> She never really got over this memory of London and never wanted to go back there... the dismalness of London and the drunken women and children and the gloom and the lonesomeness brought back all the melancholy of her adolescence and one day she said she was leaving for America and she left. She stayed in America the rest of the winter. In the meantime her brother also had left London and gone to Paris and there later she joined him. She immediately began to write.[30]

The Steins in fact belonged, with the Jameses, to that class of upper middle-class <u>rentiers</u> for whom Europe was a traditional province of experience. They had grown up against a background of books and pictures; Gertrude was an avid reader; most of the young Steins were interested in art and were collectors. They were in some ways heirs of, but had more taste than, the section of the immediately preceding generation which had gone through Europe collecting art treasures to take home; unlike that group, who followed accepted standards of taste and depended on dealers like Duveen and

experts in authenticity like Berenson, the Steins formed taste. As Elizabeth Sprigge points out,[31] Leo's taste was not entirely attuned to the post-Impressionists, though he moved naturally from the Japanese to the Impressionists, and it was through Berenson and through Charles Loeser's collection of Cézannes in Florence that he developed. There can be no doubt, however, that as expatriates both were fascinated by modern movements, and that in this sense they represent a stage in expatriation analogous to Pound's, in that they were seeking in Europe not traditional but new ideas and not the established traditions of culture but the idiosyncrasies of modernism. They purchased art for its interest rather than, like Frick, Huntingdon, Morgan and other millionaires, because of its prestige; they belonged to a more cultivated generation for whom the arts of Europe were part of the appurtenances of life. Nonetheless they belonged to a traditional leisured class and expressed many of the interests of such a class. The famous Cone Collection in the Baltimore Art Gallery was collected in similar circumstances by two Baltimore sisters, Claribel and Etta Cone, who were relatives and friends of Gertrude (Etta typed the manuscript of Three Lives in Paris without reading it because she had not had permission) and who became livelong friends of Matisse. What however distinguished Gertrude Stein was her literary interest and ambition.

In the summer of 1903 Miss Stein left America, as she

had done for several summers previously, to take a holiday in North ~~America~~ AFRICA and Spain with Leo, who had been living for the past two years, from 1901, in Florence, at 20 Lungarno Acciainoli, but who by April 1902 was living at 27 rue de Fleurus in Paris, near the Luxembourg Gardens. She was at an undecided point in her career, since she was bored with medicine and had left Johns Hopkins Medical School without taking her degree. There was one thing which, according to Mabel Weeks,[32] she was outspoken about wanting, and this was glory from life. Leo had found Paris stimulated his painting, and Gertrude had begun a short novel, Q.E.D. (published posthumously as Things As They Are). At the end of the summer Gertrude decided not to return to the States, and the two Steins set up house together in Paris. A community of friends and visitors grew up around them, and Gertrude Stein spent the rest of her life in the country, returning to the United States only for brief visits, until she died in Paris in 1945. "America is my country and Paris is my home town and it is as it has come to be," she said.[33] In the pre-war period this group included Mabel Dodge, Muriel Draper, Isadora and Raymond Duncan, Hutchins Hapgood, and Michael Stein, her brother, and his wife Sarah who were also living in Paris and collecting pictures. At this time, Montparnasse, where the rue de Fleurus lay, was according to Clive Bell "a dingy suburb enlivened by English and American painters," but Montmartre was still the artists'

quarter: "There was no Rotonde, no Sélect, no Bal nègre, no Boule Blanche, though the scrubby little cafe on which I looked from my bedroom window was called Le Dôme."[33] The main cafe meeting places for artists in Montparnasse were the Closerie des Lilas, on the boulevard Montparnasse, and the Chat Blanc in the rue d'Odessa. The Steins' social habits were to hold open house on Saturday nights, to which, in due course, many of the famous post-impressionist painters came (it was at one of these that Alice B. Toklas, who became Gertrude Stein's companion, met her in 1907). The groups that gathered contained many Frenchmen, Germans, Hungarians and Americans, of whom Picasso used to say, "Ils sont pas des hommes, ils sont pas des femmes, ils sont des Américains."[34] As, in America, interest in the new art developed and the bohemian life developmd, a younger generation of American visitors began to appear -- Carl Van Vechten, John Reed, Robert Edmond Jones and others. Mabel Dodge's enthusiastic reports about Gertrude Stein after she had given up the Villa Curonia near Florence and gone to live in New York's newly developing Greenwich Village helped to link her with the avant garde revolution in America. At the same time, and no doubt particularly because of the example of Gertrude Stein, interest in expatriation to France was beginning to grow, and Greenwich Village, referring back to Paris for its origins, bred the taste. More and more American writers found it possible to travel, and by

the outbreak of war the spirit that was to lead to the mass migration which followed it was already in the air.

Gertrude Stein and her brother -- who left her to live in Florence shortly before the outbreak of war -- were, on the whole, of that cosmopolitan school of expatriates such as James depicts in a series of memorable vignettes -- in Rome around William Wetmore Story; herded in Newport, decayed sad expatriates pining for Paris; settled in Paris as in The Portrait of a Lady. They were cultured Europeanised Americans, such as Story, Sargent, Smith, Edith Wharton or Berenson, who were a distinctive part of the European social scene at the beginning of the century. Europe was their province; their villas covered the hillsides around Florence; they moved about in a trans-European social set. The Steins, though not especially rich, had this general spirit of cultivation, and found it possible to be American and still regard Boston and Paris as part of the same cultural universe, part of the intelligent Americans natural scene. Gertrude Stein, in her comments on France, stresses its cultivation and its tradition. Cultivated Jews, with a tendency to introspection and egomania and a deep strain of connoisseurship and artistic appreciation, they regarded all the arts as part of their experience and indeed at times of their possession. At the same time, like their friends Isadora and Raymond Duncan, they were concerned to maintain their emancipation and liberal-mindedness and their taste for the

new. With its advanced female education, America produced an important generation of cultivated, intelligent women of this sort -- Amy Lowell, Mabel Dodge, Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, Harriet Monroe. Because of this, in an age when the expatriate generations tended to be increasingly stratified, Gertrude Stein maintained a close connection with subsequent generations. She had clearly many avant garde qualities and was very much a transitional figure, expressing the new interests as well as the traditional ones. In particular her art, founded on her early American experiments in automatic writing and on the attempt to find literary equivalents for cubist effects, became the nearest thing to a group style that was to emerge among the expatriate novelists who appeared in Paris after the war, and had something of the same dominance, in the kind of effects that it proposed, as Pound's developments in poetic technique had upon his followers. The connections she established with modernist painting were in their way quite as important as those made by Pound and Imagism. One of the attractions of Paris in the post-war period was the presence of such mentors as Gertrude Stein and Pound, who linked the new expatriates not only with the new arts but with the preceding generations of American literary expatriates.

3. AMERICAN EXPATRIATES IN FRANCE AND THE WAR, 1914-1918.

Muriel Draper's Music at Midnight, memoirs of an American socialite's life in Italy, France, and London, describes the catastrophic effect of the war on this expatriate life -- her book concludes: "The goldenmera was at an end."[35] To many of her generation, the war seemed a profound threat to civilization, though many also saw it as a cause in which it might be defended. Edith Wharton, in her French Ways and Their Meaning (1919) and her novel A Son at the Front (1923), saw the events in these terms; the war had been a threat to French taste, integrity and culture.[36] Mildred Aldrich, friend of Gertrude Stein, French correspondent for several American newspapers, and author of Told in a French Garden, found herself in the middle of the battlefield and expressed her shock at the schism of Europe in Hilltop on the Marne (1915) and On the Edge of the War Zone (1917), accounts of her day-by-day life on the scene. Henry James in England took out British citizenship to identify with the English war effort, the cause of civilization; and many expatriates in France worked as orderlies or nurses long before American entry into the war. Gertrude Stein, in England at the outbreak of war, returned to Paris but after a zeppelin raid retired with Alice Toklas to the neutrality of Palma de Mallorca. In the summer of 1916 they returned to Paris and offered their services to the American Fund for the French Wounded. They had a Ford car shipped from America and did extensive hospital work. After America entered the war they

met numbers of American soldiers, including W.G. Rogers -- who later wrote the memoir When This You See Remember Me -- and so laid foundations for their post-war salon.

Voluntary service in nursing and ambulance work brought many young Americans to France, quite a number of whom were to stay afterward or to return in the 1920's. Indeed, the war brought France to the attention of and into the experience of many who served there in a singular way. Despite the subsequent scepticism of some of those actually involved, the strongest impulse in those who joined the American Field Service and the Norton-Harjes Ambulance unit on the French Front and the Red Cross Ambulance section on the Italian front seems to have been idealism, as Charles A. Fenton has recently suggested.[37] Malcolm Cowley, and others, have said that their motive was to get abroad and see the war,[38] and Hemingway afterwards represented participation in war as no more than a personal test of courage, but this seems to have been a later reaction, comparable to the disillusionment about the war felt by English intellectuals in its last years and subsequently. Such documents as the two volume History of the American Field Service in France (1920)[39] illustrate this, and Charles A. Fenton shows that Hemingway was conscious of the war as a "crusade for democracy."[40] Thus for many young Americans the battlefields turned slowly into their place of disillusionment, a feeling reinforced by the results of the treaty after it.

Though there were many American intellectuals strongly

against the war[41], a very large number of those who subsequently became famous as novelists, poets, and playwrights took part in it. ~~Faulkner was wounded with the RCAF, Hemingway with the Ambulance Service in Italy.~~ In the Ambulance Services served Dos Passos, E.E. Cummings, Malcolm Cowley, William Seabrook, Julian Green, Ernest Hemingway, Harry Crosby, John Howard Lawson, Sidney Howard, Louis Bromfield, Robert Hillyer, and Dashiell Hammett.[42] These groups were largely composed of intellectuals and graduates, a very large number from Harvard like Richard Norton, but also from colleges throughout America.[43]

> The volunteer organizations had from the beginning a strongly literary and academic background. One of their first sponsors was Henry James. In November, 1914, Macmillan published in London -- and sold for a penny -- a twelve-page pamphlet by the novelist called The American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps in France. James...told of the work of Richard Norton of Boston, founder of the corps, and appealed to other Americans for funds and vehicles with which to continue the work.[44]

In the fiction that later appeared dealing with these experiences, Frederick J. Hoffman discerns a feeling that the war is either a monstrous hoax, an unendurable outrage, or a test of the true nature of individuals.[45] Dos Passos's One Man's Initiation and Three Soldiers, E.E. Cummings' The Enormous Room and Eimi, and Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms and a number of his short stories indeed deal with these themes. Jake Barnes, the disillusioned expatriate hero of Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises, who "got hurt in the war," is another figure who manifests hostility to the traditional standards and discourse of pre-war civilization, a figure of some significance for the actions of the post-war expatriate

generation. The Europe of James's novels, dangerous and elusive, the centre of civilization, experience and life for the tempted American innocent, is transposed in fictional treatment rather into a place of social disorder, conflict, and corruption, offering the American innocent a different kind of temptation.

For many of the young who took part in the war, then, France would seem to be the place of their disillusionment and of their initiation to the difficulties of the modern world they were to express afterwards in their art and their lives. Many of them in fact either stayed in France after the war was over, working as journalists, or returned to it in the post-war period, when in retrospect they recalled the country as a land of freedom and liberality. Their war experiences were, however, to disillusion them from the hope of finding 'civilization,' a cultural order, in France. In this respect they differed from, and were divided from, the previous expatriate generation, with the exception of Gertrude Stein, who took wars in her stride.

4. CHARACTER OF THE PARIS EXPATRIATES, 1903-1918.

Until the outbreak of war, the American expatriates in Paris can be distinguished roughly into two groups, one of some social standing and involved either with the traditional upper class life of the city or the new cosmopolitan smart life which tended to supersede it, and the other

bohemian and concerned with newness and experiment in the arts. The two groups were linked (as Gertrude Stein sharply said in Paris France, any city that could generate new fashions in hats could generate new ideas in the arts) and were both relatively detached from French life generally. In some ways someone like Edith Wharton, appreciating French good taste and good conversation, was closer to the experience of the country than the bohemians, who tended to remain in Paris and only to see one another. For both groups, however, the attraction fell on the cosmopolitan (rather than the national) quality of France and on its attraction and influence as an international centre. Of the two most important literary figures in Paris over this period one, Edith Wharton, had been attracted by the traditions of Paris, and one, Gertrude Stein, by its modernism. Both lived in the same neighbourhood, but to Edith Wharton the rue de Varenne was a place of tradition and seclusion, while to Gertrude Stein the rue de Fleurus was a place of experiment and advance. Yet their two Parises meet perhaps in Edith Wharton's comment:

> La douceur de vivre: which of us does not apply Talleyrand's saying to those last pre-war years? -- and I for one, with a difference, persuaded that the end of the ancien régime offered no treasures comparable to the Isadora Duncan of 1909-1910, to the Russian Ballet, to the first reading of Proust's Du côté de chez Swann.[42]

The attraction and the lesson of Paris was perhaps that proposed by Randolph Bourne, the young American intellectual who toured Europe on a Gilder Fellowship in 1913 on the eve of war. "If [the American] is still a colonial, he is no

longer the colonial of one partial culture, but of many," he wrote:

> He is a colonial of the world. Colonialism has grown into cosmopolitanism, and his motherhood is not one nation, but all who have anything life-enhancing to offer to the spirit.[47]

Bourne also argued that the Anglo-Saxon tradition and Puritan morality were limiting to the spirit and something to be rebelled against because they left little room for ideas and aesthetics and the serious pursuit of the arts. Hence the arts in England were "hobbyized," and in a letter from Paris in 1913 he complained:

> Why do we not hear more in America of the incomparable superiority of the French civilisation to the English? Our loyalty to the latter is an enormous mistake.[48]

Bourne's declaration of freedom from the Anglo-Saxon attitude of mind was welcome to many Americans at home -- it became a recurrent theme in post-war polemical writing -- and so too were the terms of his judgment, for he praised the virtues of sensuousness, sensitivity, emotionalism, and femininity. In another letter he wrote:

> Paris is a great spiritual relief after London, in whose atmosphere I began to feel suffocated. The impersonality, the deeply ingrained caste-system, the incorrigible moral optimism, the unproductive intellectualism, the lack of emotion or sensuousness, the barbarity of the outer aspects of English living, the insensitiveness to art, the insularity of ideas, -- all exasperated my feelings and bumped against my ideals at every turn. Paris, democratic, artistic, social, sensuous, beautiful, represents almost the complete reversal of everything English.... I find in /the French/ too the serious consideration of so much of me that is starved in the English culture, and my transvaluation of values begun ten years ago when my Calvinism began to crack has just about reached its completion.[49]

Gradually, in fact, the relation of the artist towards the European tradition which had been for so long significant to him was being reformulated, and the notion of cosmopolitanism elaborated to include an acceptance both of the internatipnal nature of art and its priority as an intellectual discipline and a way of life. Paris in fact began to represent a freedom from the moralistic tradition of art and a liberation in personal life, and its importance was to increase rapidly.

However, the kind of freedom that the new expatriates were beginning to find in France was a freedom to write within an established American tradition. The figure of the artist had changed, in America, from the Man of Letters to the Alienated Artist;[50] Paris provided not only a new and freer tradition but a self-contained artistic life. What is interesting about the kind of expatriation described by Gertrude Stein, and followed by many of her successors, is that it is an expatriation of a particularly inward kind. In no sense is Americanness impaired; foreign places provided a locale in which one could be more American than ever, freer than ever from insistent traditions, closer to what is new, modern, thoroughly cosmopolitan and artistic. Thus Gertrude Stein comments in Paris France that

> everybody, that is, everyone who writes is interested in living inside themselves in order to tell what is inside themselves. That is why writers have to have two countries, the one where they belong and the one in which they live really. The second one is romantic, it is separate from themselves, it is not real but it is really there.[51]

She elaborated her point in the lecture "An American and

France," delivered at Oxford and Cambridge in 1936, in which she described the conditions necessary for "the second civilization needed by anyone who is going to be a creator." A writer, she observed, needed "the civilization that makes them and the civilization that has nothing to do with them" because

> if you are you in your own civilization you are apt to mix yourself up too much with your civilization but if when it is another civilization a complete other a romantic other that stays there where it is you in it have freedom inside yourself which if you are to do what is inside yourself and nothing else it is a useful thing to have happened to you and so America is my country and Paris is my home town.[52]

The second civilization can, she said, be 'romantic' or 'historical':

> to us Americans England is historical while France and Spain are romantic... so living in England does not free the American the way living in France frees him because the French and the American do not have the sense of going on together.

She explained that she required "foreignness" in a foreign country, in order to promote her writing, and made the analogy between this kind of expatriation and the use of a literary language in a self-contained civilization; such a language is the writer's recourse to romance and his escape from history. It is to maintain the standard of romance that writers expatriate themselves:

> And so Americans go to Paris and they are free not to be connected with anything happening.
> That is what foreignness is, that is, there but it does not happen... And so we go to Paris. That is a great many of us go to Paris...
> It is not what France gave you but what it did not take away from you that was important.

One might describe this notion as a new view of the picturesque -- that picturesque that tempted Irving, Longfellow, and others to Europe -- in which it is not the imaginative stimulus of the landscape and the people but that of the very separateness of the foreign that the writer seeks. Certainly this is a very proper prescription for Gertrude Stein's own kind of writing, which depends so much more upon 'inward' resources than upon external stimuli coming from an audience, a society which 'requires' representation, or whatever. This formulation of the aesthetic possibilities of expatriation, which casts the writer back onto his technical skill and also perhaps his nostalgia, clearly has enormous relevance for the expatriates of the post-war generation. The foreign country that is "there but it does not happen" was what many of them sought, in the belief that their prior concern was with American literature and American materials. To this extent Gertrude Stein, emphasizing her Americanism, her 'inward method of working' and her relative lack of interest in the social pattern or political events of Europe, can be said to typify a new spirit of expatriation. Further, with her emphasis on having been 'made' before she came to Paris, she revealed a new confidence among American artists. She came to pursue an original and an American art; and it was largely because of those insecurities and uncertainties that were attendant on such an intention that she chose to live in Paris.

Paris, with its emphasis upon the modern and its

relative lack of a literary tradition relevant to the American writer, thus helped the expatriate in his movement from colonialism toward cosmopolitanism. At this stage, the relative attraction of Europe remained and American literature still sought for prestige outside its own national context. The social uncertainty about the writers' place which tended in the American pattern to encourage bohemianism still made the literary career in America insecure and difficult. The 'provincial' quality of American life was still sufficient to promote frustration, while the new intellectual generation, benefiting in stimulus and enlarged in numbers from an expanding educational system, tended still to find that neither the strenuous world of Theodore Roosevelt nor the liberal wartime of Wilson provided them with a meaningful role in American life. Indeed, by the beginning of the nineteen-twenties, these frustrations and discontents were to flower remarkably, and the assertion of artistic cosmopolitanism was to be very clearly made to an America not yet convinced by Wilson's phrase "We are provincials no longer."

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CHAPTER FIVE.

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CHAPTER SIX

AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION TO EUROPE BETWEEN 1919 AND 1929.

1. HOSTILITY TOWARD AMERICAN LIFE AS A CAUSE OF EXPATRIATION, 1919-1929.

One of the most extraordinary phases in the history of American literary expatriation was the mass migration of American writers to Paris in the nineteen-twenties. Though there had been large-scale movements of artists before to which this emigration has been compared -- the westward movement of Russian and Hungarian writers during the nineteenth century, or the movement of American painters and sculptors to Italy in the fifty years after Independence, or the gathering in Italy of the English Romantic poets and their successors -- it has always been regarded as a remarkable event of American literary history, and has been the subject of several literary studies or sections of studies,[1] as well as of numerous memoirs.[2] Few extended explanations of the migration have however appeared. R.P. Blackmur, in his essay "The American Literary Expatriate,"[3] has argued that these expatriates were the late inheritors of a situation in which America had attempted systematically to isolate its cultural life from its political and economic life; and Malcolm Cowley, in his Exile's Return, saw the process as a cycle of alienation

and return which was caused largely by the desire among writers to attempt to make out of art a system of ethics and a way of life, at a time when the role and the status of the arts in changing American society was particularly uncertain.[4] Matthew Josephson, in his Portrait of the Artist as an American, argued that the wave of expatriation from the Civil War unward represented the withdrawal of culture from a democratic society in which culture could not in fact naturally exist.[5] Most of the explanations tend to see in the movement either the attempt to solve a crisis for the arts in America, or the wish of writers to express a general hostility toward the way in which American society was developing.[6] More recently, however, Allen Tate has argued that it is wrong to see in this wave of expatriation a set purpose or a conscious repudiation, since in fact most people were there for accidental reasons.[7] Other writers -- notably Cowley and Blackmur again -- have emphasized the economic advantages to be gained from living in Europe over this period; and Glenway Wescott has said firmly that the basic reason was not hostility toward or even dissatisfaction with America, but simply the nature of the economic arrangements of the time.[8]

However, as has been suggested, the idea that expatriation represented an act of complaint about America, or that it indicated an incompleteness in American life or American literary culture, had long been an element in the debate

about expatriation, from Hawthorne and Cooper to Eliot and Pound. Many of these writers undoubtedly considered themselves part of a continuous tradition of expatriation, and all the difficulties and dislocations referred to in my opening chapter were adduced by them to explain their actions. Europe was a traditional mentor for American writers; the American literary scene was arid and bare; the artist was necessarily a cosmopolitan and had to move to the central meeting-places of the arts; the arts had existed for a longer time in Europe and artists there had acquired a style of life appropriate to their pursuit; literature grew out of the pursuit of civilisation or the pursuit of sensuousness, and neither value was respected in a country dominated by business; the bohemian tradition, or alternatively the tradition of allowing artists social influence and access, was essential to the production of the arts and was more readily available in Europe than in the United States. In 1928 Eugene Jolas's expatriate magazine transition asked a number of expatriates "Why do you prefer to live outside America?" and printed a variety of answers indicating many different stages of dislocation and resentment. Robert McAlmon spoke of the advantages of the deracinated life, Gertrude Stein of the impossibility of doing literary work in America. Other writers spoke of the freedom of France and even of the advantages of the decadence of Europe, while financial motives were stressed.[9] All the complex forces that had promoted earlier expatriations appeared, and any general analysis of expressed

motives reveals that the conscious impulses of different expatriates ranged widely and covered the cultural, financial and cosmopolitan advantages. Yet the fact that expatriation was 'customary' and financially extremely feasible seems to have weighed most. Thus Robert Coates commented recently:

> the reasons why I went were quite uncomplicated. I went partly because so many of my friends were going and also because I wanted to write, and the climate was such that, rightly or wrongly, one felt that one could write better abroad. But I didn't know I was part of a mass movement until long after, and I doubt if the Kalmucks knew that they were part of a mass movement by that time.[10]

Indeed, one of the fundamental elements in the situation was that American writers tended to find at this time that they had inherited, as a functional part of their role, an avant garde situation, one in which bohemianism and expatriation became the social background to literary activity and literary success. In the period up to the Civil War, the prevailing model for the literary life had been the life of the upper middle class intelligentsia, which existed in an effective and influential relation to the rest of society, particularly in New England, though it suffered from the intense competition of European literary exports. The expatriates who left this scene usually went in search of a more effective version of it in Europe, and when it began to decline in influence in America there was even greater reason for moving abroad. Henry James, Edith Wharton, and even the formerly Bohemian Bret Harte were expatriates of this general type. But gradually the artistic life in

America, as to some degree in Europe, began to change in relation to an altering reading public, a developing intelligentsia enlarged in numbers by mass education, and a new relationship between artists as a group and the structure of power within the society. A trans-national Bohemia developed rapidly in America in the late nineteenth-century, growing in influence in the first two decades of the twentieth,[11] and with it the writer began to find a natural allegiance. It offered an attractive style of life, particularly to the young and especially to the growing graduate population. Its customs were rebellious to the degree that they institutionalised in the group a style of conduct and habits more 'advanced' than those of the community in general, styles more evidently urban and cosmopolitan than local or agrarian, more evidently humanist than traditionally Christian, more evidently liberal and eclectic than conservative and rooted. Giving priority to intellectual, artistic and political activity, and to a freedom in conduct and ethics, it depended for its effectiveness on stylishness and surprise. By 1910 Bohemianism in America had so vastly increased its adherents as to require a section of New York for itself, and Greenwich Village, an area of low rents, of European flavour, and of some established artistic associations, became its centre. The assumption that there was a distinctive artistic existence, that the artist required, so to speak, special terms and a special <u>locale</u>, was strikingly evident among this artistic generation. At the same time the tendency to romanticise the consequences

of the kind of life that emerges from this isolated artistic existence, which tend to be poverty, and thus short-term relationships with others, unsettled and temporary living arrangements, and the lack of any long-term obligations, commitments or responsibilities, becomes evident in the kind of art that is produced. Bohemia, the life-style of an expanding intellectual proletariat, thus tends to appear where there is a relative lack of artistic opportunities and thus of rewards, and to form its communities in places that offer urban facilities at advantageous prices. It tends to create its own artistic facilities -- in the form of magazines and small publishing houses -- and to produce a highly sophisticated and self-conscious art with strong emphasis on technical elements rather than on moral or social content, and to direct this art largely at the writer's immediate peers. However, since this life of riotous poverty is intrinsically attractive as well as creatively stimulating, it attracts many who are not artists, becomes a subject of publicity, and tends then to degenerate in quality. Rehabilitating the quarters in which it settles, it brings about increases in rentals and property-prices. Thus, for yet another reason, bohemian groups tend to be short-lived and to seek new centres from time to time.[12] This is certainly a partial explanation of the drift of American bohemia to Paris, with its traditional bohemian associations, in the nineteen-twenties.

Thus though the new era of expatriation was within an extended tradition of emigration and manifested many of the

characteristics and motives already established in relation to earlier expatriates, it had a number of striking and distinctive features. One is the 'group' quality of the movement; with remarkable unanimity a large number of writers of roughly the same age left their native land at the beginning of the decade, and with equally remarkable unanimity they returned to America at the end of it. Expatriation was distinctly a fashion or style, and waned like one. The documents of the period indicate that there was in Paris a large inter-connected literary-cum-social set in which the same people constantly encountered one another, at salons, in cafes, on the street, in such centres as the Shakespeare Bookshop and indeed the American Express offices. This group included persons of many different nationalities and a number of native artists like Brancusi, Cocteau, Léger, and so on, as well as many socialites and others more marginally involved in the arts but interested in the atmosphere of experiment of of freedom and license. Many of those involved in this set or sets were visitors or occasional residehts. The picture that emerges from such books as William Carlos Williams's Autobiography and Robert McAlmon's Being Geniuses Together is of a permanently active social scene in which newcomers and visitors are introduced to the more durable institutions, such as the salons of Natalie Barney and Gertrude Stein, and to casually gathered parties and groups on cafe terraces. The group was sufficiently

large to support its own magazines and its own small presses, and other central institutions like the Shakespeare Bookshop. Its literary production was in English and appeared in English-language journals. It was written for other expatriates and for a small audience in the United States. Its members were relatively little influenced by traditional or contemporary French literature. They were conscious of a developing American literary tradition and to a remarkable extent they influenced one another. In particular, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound and an English expatriate, Ford Madox Ford, exercised enormous influence over younger writers, and Sherwood Anderson went to France with the specific intention of taking instruction from Gertrude Stein. Further, much of their work dealt with completely American subjects. Most of the fiction that treated European settings -- such as William Carlos Williams's Voyage to Pagany, Ernest Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises, Scott Fitzgerald's Tender Is the Night, Glenway Wescott's The Grandmothers, Robert McAlmon's stories in A Companion Volume and Distinguished Air, and Louis Bromfield's in Awake and Rehearse -- deals typically with American expatriate heroes and frequently with expatriate or socialite sets. Often the European background makes very little impact, and the effect of Europe on the heroes is to liberate American values and impulses. Even the Paris that Henry Miller draws in Tropic of Cancer is an American expatriate's Paris. Dos Passos's books with European settings and those novels where Thomas Wolfe uses European materials are evidently traveller's

books. We rarely meet a genuine conflict of American and European values, as in James, and though in some of these novels, particularly those of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, there emerges a cosmopolitan point of view, many are concerned with the exile's dream of home, of a totally lost or newly sought life in the Middle West, whence a large part of the group originated. In their lives and their production, therefore, the expatriate group was self-contained and self-sustaining, needing very little reference beyond its own resources save for those facilities of freedom and of living accomodation and meeting places that Paris could provide.

In addition to its self-sustaining quality, another striking feature of the group was its size and the quality of those recruited. A large part of a literary generation, including many of the most important writers of the period, temporarily expatriated themselves for a part or the whole of the decade. So complete was the migration that we can say that for ten years American literature virtually expatriated itself, supported by the magazines and publishers that crossed the Atlantic to enable much of their actual work to appear first in Paris. It has been argued that it was in Paris that a distinctively American, as opposed to Anglo-Saxon, literature established itself.[13] Indeed, much important work was written there and in many cases first appeared there, including Hemingway's important early work, fiction by Glenway Wescott, Katherine Anne Porter, Scott Fitzgerald, Nathanael West, Robert Coates, Louis

Bromfield, Djuna Barnes and many others, and poetry by Pound, John Peale Bishop, William Carlos Williams, Archibald MacLeish and others. So large and productive was the expatriate scene, then, that one must suggest that Paris came over this period to be as natural a place for the American writer to be as New York, Boston, or Chicago. It was regarded as an extension of the American scene: thus Glenway Wescott has observed

> we used Paris as a studio in the twenties. I used to come for two months, six weeks or two months, have fun, market whatever I had written, take a bow and go back to work; and one could very easily establish for oneself the sort of conditions that a writer needs to work, food served in your working room or just around the corner, somebody to pick up after you and freedom to come and go...[14]

To a considerable degree, therefore, Paris was attractive for accidental reasons of finance and convenience, and expatriation manifested simply the predominance of the American economy over the French. Yet larger motives were adduced and undoubtedly existed, while the whole process reveals a cosmopolitanism of literary impulse which was important for the subsequent development of modern western art and itself requires some explanation. The traditional debate about expatriation and about the conditions favourable to the literary process was simplified and muted; Europe became a symbol not of the dominance of foreign arts in America but of the American writers' freedom from that dominance; yet the vary choice of an expatriate life and of Paris as the place in which it should be lived cannot be defined simply in economic terms.[15]

Thus in the matter of bohemianism, the traditional

Murgerite style was known to most of the expatriates and they came to Paris with the wish to pursue it. They sought out Montparnasse because it was the centre of French artistic and student life, and lived in studio premises. Many of them imitated the sensational style of the Dadaists, with their exhibitions and entertainments.[16] At Natalie Barney's, Gertrude Stein's and the Shakespeare Bookshop they met and developed close acquaintanceship with French writers, including Cocteau, Louis Aragon, René Crevel, Apollinaire and Bernard Faÿ.[17] At the same time many of them reserved a private working life. Hemingway, in his introduction to Samuel Putnam's translation of Kiki's Memoirs, distinguished two Montparnasses and criticised bohemian life:

> Montparnasse for this purpose means the cafes and restaurants where people are seen in public. It does not mean the apartments, studios and hotel rooms where they work in private. In the old days the difference between the workers and those that didn't work was that the bums could be seen at the cafes in the forenoons.... The worker goes to the cafe with the lonesomeness that a writer or painter has after he has worked all day and does not want to think about it until the next day but instead see people and talk about everything that is not serious and drink a little before supper.[18]

He suggested that it was toward the middle of the decade that the idlers began to take over from those who worked. The extremes of Bohemianism were criticised by other writers, who were often the most productive members of the generation. Gertrude Stein in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas said that she had no patience with "these half-baked esthetes who sit around the Dôme or the Rotonde and talk about the highest

life," and remarked that it was not cafe conversation at the rue de Fleurus, so there was no need to continue it in cafes. Nonetheless it was the American generation that transformed Montparnasse. The cafes grew and "a distinct air of showmanship" developped, giving the district the air of "a Bohemia made to order."[19] As time went on numerous exiles appeared to enjoy the pleasures of Montparnasse, many of them only nominally writers or without even the pretence. Nonetheless it was the general artistic association of Paris that brought these figures there rather than to Germany, Italy, or Austria where the dollar in fact would buy more.

The cosmopolitan associations of Paris were felt to be the more attractive because America, it was felt in many quarters, was slipping back into provincialism. H.L. Mencken, who did not like the expatriates, was nonetheless arguing in his American Mercury that his country was falling under the domination of agrarian and small-town values, and Sinclair Lewis, also a critic of the expatriates, presented this assumption in his fiction. In his book Liberalism in America (1919) Harold Stearns had argued that Puritan fanaticism and harshness would "tend to drive away our imaginative and intelligent young men to countries like France where they have not yet forgot what living means"[20] and two years later in his America and the Young Intellectual he extended the argument by comparing the inadequacies of anaemic, feminine and fearful America, repressing all its good qualities, with

French "intellectual sincerity and readiness to face facts." Of France he says that nowhere in the west "can the individual think and act in a freer or more liberating atmosphere":

> In short the institutional life of America is a combination for the blackjacking of our youth into the acceptance of the status quo not of 1920, but of the late eighteenth century in government, of the early nineteenth century in morals and culture, and of the stone age in business. If the young man of today still has enough vitality and intellectual power to attempt to break these chains he will be made to pay too high a price. If his interest is in literature, he must either become popular or starve... Small wonder that they look with such eager eyes towards Europe.... One of the most amazing results of Europe's years of misery has been the quickening of all kinds of cultural and intellectual life....
>
> Who can wonder that the young men we should do our best to keep are leaving on every boat.... They are heartily tired of the fake. They want the real thing, and their sure instinct tells them that in Europe (not in England of course), even in the Europe that is dying from the follies and crimes of its old men, life can still be lived.[21]

Stearns' final words are "Get out!" and he immediately did, to be one of the leaders of the wave of expatriation, for this book and the collection of essays, Civilization in the United States, that he edited in the same year had considerable influence.[22] Civilization in the United States contained thirty essays on different features of American culture by distinguished contributors, of which only one was optimistic; Conrad Aiken, himself a former expatriate, said in writing of American poetry that it was "extraordinarily healthy" and suggested that "the future of English poetry lies as much in America as in England."[23] Similar "indictments" of American life, many of them making use of the France-America comparison

and emphasizing that it was dependence upon English culture that had perpetuated Puritanism in America, as well as the instinct toward provinciality, appeared over the five years after the war, continuing the arguments of Randolph Bourne. At the same time, however, there was expressed a general spirit of optimism about the future. "Ours is the first generation of Americans consciously engaged in spiritual pioneering," said Waldo Frank in The New America (1922):

> The reaction against English domination in American cultural life is not an attack on England. It is a plea for America. The young American has little in common, psychologically, with Great Britain. The Colonial classes are the exploiting classes. English culture is an apt means to the suppression of a nascent, non-Anglo-Saxon culture of our own. Community of language has made it simple by the stressing of English books to stifle our callow consciousness. And as America veered from the old English-colonial orbit to the ethnic chaos from which the new world must be gathered, English culture has been a growing incubus upon us.
>
> Now one way to loose the hold of English literature is to stress the literatures of other European countries. Another is to stress our own.[24]

In America's Coming of Age (1915) and Letters and Leadership (1918) Van Wyck Brooks pursued a similar position, indicting America for its puritanism and provinciality and above all for its failure to grant authority to its literary men, so that they lacked the leadership, the influence and the resultant pressure of ideas possessed by European literary men. In his studies of Twain and James he showed that for the American writer to stay in America or to leave it had been equally destructive. Brooks made the underlying premise of many such arguments quite clear, for he explicitly judged American

society as a whole in terms of its unwillingness to trust to the standards of literary culture.[25] The remarkable thing in these discussions is the unity of the response, indeed the terminological similarity of it; and the effect of them was to create an atmosphere which influenced a great many aspiring writers into turning toward French culture and reacting against the American atmosphere, even though they were not necessarily entirely convinced by the arguments --- as Gorham B. Munson has pointed out.[26] The general attitude of mind was to continue through the nineteen-twenties and to be expressed in particular by Mencken's American Mercury. To some extent it must be seen as a general disillusionment in thoughtful quarters with political matters, consequent on the Peace Treaty and the comparative failure of America's excursion into world politics. Indeed Hofstadter argues that participation in the war put an end to the Progressive movement, which was heavily recruited from middle-class intellectuals.[27] He comments that there was nothing Wilson could have done to prevent the general reaction against war and therefore against the Progressives, for the international outlook of that movement went too far beyond the traditional separatist role of America in world politics. The result was that

> (a)mong the intellectuals themselves, upon whose activities the political culture of Progressivism had always been so dependent, there was a marked retreat from politics and public values toward the private and personal sphere, and even in those with a strong impulse toward dissent, bohemianism triumphed over radicalism.[28]

If then we see bohemianism as a reaction against radicalism,

regarding both as alternative forms of intellectual self-employment, we can make an analogy between this generation and the expatriate generation after the Civil War who, disillusioned with the possibilities of political action, chose to turn toward Europe. In the former case a decline in the social status of the upper middle class intellectual brought about a sense of political inadequacy, whereas among the expatriates of the twenties there was a stronger sense of personal inadequacy and individual disillusion that justified the formulation "the lost generation." Certainly, though, there was a sense that the political balance of power had shifted in favour of the conservative and business element, and that the instinct toward reform in America had been weakened or else travestied by such moralistic elements as promoted Prohibition, which formed in itself a substantial reason for writers to leave America! The strident Puritanism that many writers complained of was the spirit of reform half a century out of date. The intellectual life of France, disillusioned, decadent and self-sufficient, offered an effective pattern for so long as the situation in America survived, and the willingness of the intelligentsia to revert to political action at the end of the decade, when new political possibilities opened up, supports Hofstadter's point and explains why Paris was so readily foregone when the American situation changed. During the twenties, however, there was little point, argues A.M. Schlesinger, Jr., in seeking

alternatives to the situation, since the business culture seemed permanent and totally successful:

> Never before in American history had artists and writers felt so impotent in relation to American society. The business culture wanted nothing from the intellectual, had no use for him, gave him no sustenance. And once the first gust of creative revolt had blown out, writers themselves began to feel that their sources of vitality were drying up. By 1927, reported Fitzgerald, a widespread neurosis began to be evident; by 1928 even Paris seemed stifling, and the lost generation began to look homeward.[29]

Viewed from the perspective of general social psychology, then, the expatriates' departure from America and their choice of Paris is explicable. Paris possessed those things which were sought in America and were lacking -- a sensuous atmosphere, a freedom from the Anglo-Saxon heritage, a traditional role for the arts, an emphasis on experimentation and on literary radicalism, and a willingness to accept the life of a disillusioned bohemia such as the Americans brought with them. In its provision of these things, Paris stimulated much that was alive and active in the spirit of the new American literature, and thus became the place where much important American work was produced, as well as the place where many of the cosmopolitan preoccupations of subsequent American writing were established.

2. THE CHARACTER OF THE EXPATRIATE GROUP IN PARIS, 1919-1925.

In addition to Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, and Natalie Barney, Paris in 1919 contained another American woman who

was to play an important part in the life of the expatriates; this was Sylvia Beach whose father had been a Presbyterian minister in charge of a Student Atelier in Paris and who had returned to Paris with her sister to study literature in 1917. She became a habituée of Adrienne Monnier's bookshop and library, La Maison des Amis des Livres, in the rue de l'Odéon, and when after working with the American Red Cross in Belgrade she returned to Paris wanting a bookshop. Thus with Adrienne Monnier's help an American bookshop, the Shakespeare Bookshop, was opened on November 19, 1919, in the rue Dupuytren. "I didn't then foresee, when I opened my bookshop in 1919," wrote Sylvia Beach, "that it was going to profit by the suppressions across the sea. I think it was partly owing to these suppressions, and the atmosphere they created, that I owed many of my customers -- all those pilgrims of the 'twenties who crossed the ocean and settled in Paris and colonized the Left Bank of the Seine."[30] At this time Paris contained many American writers, journalists, and socialites, some of them people who, like Sylvia Beach, had remained after participating in the war or in relief action. It was however over the two following years that the real influx began, to join these and the growing number of English writers and artists in Paris. These were the first years of the Americanization of Montparnasse.[31] In the summer of 1920 American writers in Paris included Pound, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Edmund Wilson, and Stpphen Vincent Benét; and this same

summer Joyce moved his household to Paris at Pound's suggestion. Some of the Americans were visitors, and their responses varied. Fitzgerald thought of settling not in Paris but London, and returned to the United States commenting "What an over-estimated place Europe is!"[32] Benét, who had a travelling fellowship, sailed in August and in November wrote to Phelps Putnam:

> You would like this town. In fact if you ever got here it would be like rooting up the well known mandrake to get you away. It is full of liquor, amusing people & incredibly beautiful works of art.[33]

His friends and classmates began to arrive in Paris and he took a small apartment in Montparnasse with Henry Carter and Stanley Hawks. "He mixed hard work with left bank gaiety. 'The early 1920s in Paris,' he said nostalgically in 1940, 'were something that will not happen again for a long time.'"[34] Here he met his wife-to-be; the Chicago Tribune had begun a Paris edition for which she was a reporter. Sylvia Beach now knew Gertrude Stein and introduced Benét to her, as she was to introduce many others.

In 1921 the expatriate group expanded rapidly. In July Harold Stearns sailed to extensive press coverage.[35] Malcolm Cowley, awarded an American Field Service Fellowship for study at a French University, sailed a little before, but "[m]ost of our friends had sailed already."[36] Shortly after his arrival he wrote an essay, "The Youngest Generation," which was to be another influential document of expatriation; he argued that a new experimental generation existed in American

letters, characterised by an intellectual and technical progression from London to Paris.[37] In August of the same summer Gorham Munson, having saved a thousand dollars and been influenced by Stearns' comments, arrived in Paris and, after a spell in Brittany, spent the winter in the capital, there reading in The New York Post Cowley's article, which prompted him to start a literary review, Secession.[38] In June the same year two other Americans, Alfred Kreymbourg and Harold Loeb, sailed with a similar intention of starting a review, something of a continuation of Kreymbourg's Others, which was to be called Broom.[39] For such a venture Europe seemed to offer clear financial advantages, though they were uncertain whether Paris or Rome would be best. Robert McAlmon, who had married the English writer "Bryher", daughter of Sir John Ellerman, in 1921, came to live with her in London but spent considerably time in Paris, which he preferred, and soon began publishing there.[40] In the same summer Sherwood Anderson visited Paris to see Gertrude Stein, attending there with an introduction from Sylvia Beach and in the company of Paul Rosenfeld. Other visitors there included Robert Coates and Glenway Wescott, as well as Pound, who settled in Paris in this summer. In December, 1921, the Hemingways sailed for Europe, with an introduction to Gertrude Stein from Sherwood Anderson, and with an arrangement with the Toronto Star by which Hemingway was to be a roving correspondent with headquarters in Paris.[41] It should be noted therefore

that at this stage many of the expatriates were professional journalists -- thus Hemingway had chosen Paris but remained tied to newspapers for some time yet -- or else were on fellowships from funds and universities for the purpose of research or creative writing. The Travel Grant generation was beginning. The rest of the group was composed of beginning writers, mostly of fiction, of writers with some reputation, often as literary journalists, of publishers of small magazines and books, and of some well-established writers who tended to appear as visitors -- such as Sinclair Lewis, who in 1921 visited London and Paris, guided in the latter place by Harold Stearns, with whom he drank extensively. He later commented: "...it must be great to be really one of that real Parisian bunch."[42] In addition there were the established experimentalists like Gertrude Stein, Pound and in another way Joyce and Ford Madox Ford, whose mentorship set the tone of the interests and flavour of the groups.

In the summer of 1921, when the Shakespeare Bookshop moved to the rue de l'Odéon, the section was still quietly provincial.[43] But 1922 saw many products of expatriate activity. In this year Sylvia Beach published Ulysses, Robert McAlmon began the Contact Publishing Company, and Broom and Secession were active. Margaret Anderson in this year brought The Little Review from first Chicago, then New York, to Paris, partly to take advantage of the exchange rate and partly because Margaret Anderson "knew that life

in France would be what life should be, or at least that I could live life there as it should be lived. This I did for twenty years, and to me those years were as different from life in other places as a flower is from a seed."[44] She commented that she "was never an expatriate -- the word had no meaning to me. I felt that I had been born in Paris and that I could never, willingly or wonderfully, live anywhere else."[45] She went to live in Normandy in a château with Georgette Leblanc, both becoming disciples of Gurdjieff. Dos Passos and Cummings were in Paris and the links between one group of the expatriates and Dada were growing. Secession and The Little Review showed particular interest in the movement. The life of the expatriates tended to grow more sensational and their meeting places were more publicised. The faddist, fashionable side of Paris and expatriate life began to be stressed by people like Carl Van Vechten and George Antheil. The numbers of bars and cafes were growing and the atmosphere began to change. Up to this time life was, as Robert McAlmon observes, relatively unsensational:

> By 1922 or 1923 there were quantities of Americans who had settled in France, to stay indefinitely, either in Paris or at houses which they had rented in the small towns nearby. The American bars had not yet come into being and there was a great deal more entertaining in the home than now occurs. Never a week passed without its one or more cocktail parties, and people dined out at each others' homes frequently. Man Ray was settled in his studio with Kiki, spoke French fluently and was getting a French public, in a measure due to the help of Marcel Duchamps and Tristan Zara /sic/ or other dadaists. George Biddle, John Storrs, John Carol, Ford Madox Ford, Sisley Huddleston, George Slocombe, Clotilde Vail, and Laurence Vail with his then

> wife, Peggy Guggenheim, Jane Heap, Mina Loy, Kathleen Cannel, the Arthur Mosses, Mme. Champcommunal (who hadn't then opened her couturiere shop), William and Sally Bird, and many others were about and most of them entertained fairly often.[46]

Meeting places included the salon of Mrs. Mariette Mills, Natalie Barney, and Ford Madox Ford, and Hilaire Hiler's club "The Jockey," "Le Boeuf sur le Toit," "Bricktop's" and the "Stryx" -- the first restaurant in the Quarter to resemble an intimate American bar. There was also the Rotonde, where Malcolm Cowley struck the proprietor, and then the Dôme, as well as Les Deux Magots.

In 1923 and 1924, as the numbers swelled further, attacks on the expatriates began to appear in the American press. An early one was by Hemingway, and Sinclair Lewis, rudely treated by the expatriates on his second spell in Paris in 1923, published a bitter account, "Self-Conscious America," in The American Mercury, an organ generally unfavourable toward them, in October, 1925. Robert McAlmon comments: "One wonders what fixed idea American newspapers had, and what obsession persisted in the writers who returned to America, which caused them to find it necessary to throw off Paris, a city which gave them material and stimulus, and which helped them to grow up mentally, if they did."[47] Many attacks were in newspapers, and we find "The Book Cellar" column of the Chicago Evening Post on November 23, 1923, defending the expatriates by commenting that "there is enough youth left in us to believe that such a continental trip is not wholly wasted."[48] It was thus that the traditional debate

about the rights and wrongs of expatriation continued, and various expatriates defended themselves on the grounds of their productiveness and their essential Americanness.[49] Yet there can be no doubt that the word expatriate itself took on a perjorative connotation, as Virgil Thomson, the American composer who was one of the earliest of the expatriates, has observed:

> Expatriate has always been a sort of dirty word, that you called people who lived in England or France. You never called anyone who lived in China or South America an expatriate. But any American who lived in the more agreeable and advanced countries was called an expatriate, usually by his richer friends who could only manage to come abroad for about four months a year and buy lots of clothes and spend money. But they were furiously jealous of us poorer ones, who managed to stay twelve months a year, and so they called us expatriates.[50]

By this time, too, the expatriate scene, which had tended to spread to Germany and Italy, grew more concentrated upon Paris because of its community. Nonetheless, it should be noted, the expatriates themselves travelled extensively, as tourists and as more long-term visitors, to other countries, including England and Spain. One reason for this was probably the vasy enlargement of the American socialite population in Europe, with whom they had contacts. Lady Mendl, Elsa Maxwell and Ilka Chase became notable hostesses. Janet Flanner comments:

> Frankly formed on post-war profits, and assembled well before the day of the depression and the forgotten man, the international smart set introduced what seemed to France the unforgettable woman -- the very rich American woman with money which no man could control and which she was free to spend.[51]

At the same time American millionaires were promoting the

Riviera as an all-year-round resort.[52] This, too, helped to change the atmosphere of Montparnasse, which because of the publicity it received became part of the tourist route. The mythology of Europe began to change, and a spell in France or Italy or Germany, like the year Thomas Wolfe took in 1924, became virtually obligatory for the young writer, while for fictional material or background Europe grew more and more fashionable. The American wanderer developed as a hero in fiction or memoirs, now not seeking the picturesque but trying to define his relationship to his American past.

January, 1924, saw a renewal of expatriate activity. After a few months working for the Toronto Star, Hemingway returned in this month to Paris to begin writing full-time. In addition to working on a novel, he threw himself into editorial work for Ford Madox Ford's transatlantic review, largely promoted by Pound, which first appeared in this month.[53] "It seemed to me" said Ford "that it would be a good thing if someone would start a centre for the more modern and youthful of the art movements, with which, in 1923, the city, like an immense seething cauldron, bubbled and overflowed."[54] In the same month William Carlos Williams made a trip to Paris, the trip on which his novel Voyage to Pagany was based (Paris struck him as a pagan city). For the length of his short time in Paris, he commented:

> The Paris of the expatriate artist was our only world -- day and night -- and if bread is the staff of life, whisky, as Bob /McAlmon/ was fond of saying, is the staff of night life, both products of the same grain. Everyone was in

> Paris -- if you wanted to see them. But there were grades too of that cream. We were not concerned with the moving-picture colony or the swanks, though money was admitted, but on the artist's terms, and it was astonishing to see what came to the top in those days and what sank to the bottom. This was what we had come, also, to enjoy. We were living as cheaply as with reasonable comfort we could.[55]

In April, 1924, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald returned to Europe on the S.S. Minnewaska to escape "from extravagance and clamor and from all the wild extremes among which we had dwelt for five hectic years... We were going to the Old World to find a new rhythm for our lives, with a true conviction that we had left our old selves behind forever -- and with a capital of just over seven thousand dollars."[56] They visited Paris, seeing John Peale Bishop, and moved to Hyères on the Riviera where they wished to find a villa. In June they rented a large villa at St. Raphaël, where Fitzgerald completed The Great Gatsby. In the winter they moved to Rome and the following April set out for Paris, where they rented an apartment for the rest of the year and where their good intentions of living on "practically nothing" quickly withered. Here they became friendly with Hemingway and also with Gerald and Sara Murphy, who had established the custom of spending the summer at Antibes, during the off-season; at the house they had built there the Fitzgeralds joined them for August, then returned to Paris until November, when they visited London.[57] This travelling expatriation continued, with the Fitzgeralds remaining totally American in their tastes and interests, and moving rapidly from place to place. The frequent scenes they

created, some of them showing a strong streak of violence and self-destructiveness, made them sensational but not always good company, and this may have added to the restlessness they showed. In the summer of 1926 they rented a house at Juan-les-Pins, and in December of that year they returned to an America where "restlessness... approached hysteria."[58] But though Fitzgerald felt that he had spent this two years of expatriation in self-indulgence,[59] this was by no means their last visit. The attraction of Europe for Fitzgerald was undoubtedly that of meeting there cosmopolitan Americans of his own sort. He distrusted many of the expatriates and the increasing number of American tourists, and his choice of locales emphasizes his strong social interests. His life was in fact very much more that of the international smart set than that of Montparnasse bohemia, and his frequent movements were to places with fashionable connotation throughout Western Europe. In Europe Fitzgerald found himself meeting many of his American acquaintances, and the steady movement of fashionable people and of writers back and forth across the Atlantic made the France he lived in almost as American as New York.

In late 1924, too, Nathanael West, a novelist in whom Robert M.Coates discerned a strong influence of French surrealism, joined the American bohemians in Paris.[60] In a partly autobiographical short story, first called "The

Fake" and later "L'Affaire Beano," he wrote sardonically:

> 'In order to be an artist one has to live like one.' We know now that this is nonsense, but in Paris in '25 and '26 we didn't know it. 'Artists are crazy' is another statement from the same credo. Of course all these ideas are foisted on us by the non-artists, but we didn't realize it then. We came to the business of being an artist with the definitions of the non-artist and took libels for the truth. In order to be recognized as artists, we were everything our enemies said we were.
>
> By the time I got to Paris, the business of being an artist had grown quite difficult. Aside from the fact that you were actually expected to create, the jury had changed. It no longer consisted of the tourists and the folks back home, but of your fellow artists. They were the ones who decided on the authemticity of your madness. Long hair and a rapt look wouldn't get you to first base. You had to have something new on the ball. Even dirt and sandals and calling Sargent a lousy painter were not enough. You had to be an original. Things were a good deal less innocent than they had been, and much more desperate.
>
> When I got to Montparnasse, all the obvious roles had either been dropped or were being played by experts. But I made a lucky hit. Instead of trying for strangeness, I formalized and exaggerated the customs of a bond salesman....My manners were elaborate and I professed great horror at the slightest breach of the conventional. It was a success. I was asked to all the parties.[61]

In fact, West, according to a friend, Wells Root, grew a flaming red beard and became something of a character in the quarter.[62] He spent the two following years in Paris, until compelled to return to New York, and here he finished most of The Dream Life of Balso Snell, which Contact Editions later published.

Thus although by 1925 a number of the earlier expatriates, particularly the Dadaist group around Secession and Broom and including Matthew Josephson, Malcolm Cowley, Gorham B. Munson and Alfred Kreymbourg, had by now returned to the

United States, and the magazines had gone from Europe, new figures appeared constantly on the expatriate scene, some of them distinguished and well acclaimed writers and some of them young aspirants. It was the latter group that increased most in mumber, for by now Paris was seen to be the place where a literary career could be begun quite as readily as it could in Greenwich Village, in which rents had been rapidly rising. Over this period a number of American writers who now appear as of great importance produced work of genuine originality, to which the atmosphere of Paris undoubtedly contributed. In the matter of direct influence, the experimental and surrealist emphasis of current French writing entered into the work of many Americans, including some of reasonable importance, and the cult of surrealism between 1921 and 1923 undoubtedly had some effect. The work of the symbolist poets and those Americans most directly influenced by them, in particular Pound and Eliot, still remained influential, and Malcolm Cowley suggests that Flaubert exerted a strong effect upon American fictional writing of the period. Perhaps, however, it was the general atmosphere of creative energy they found in Paris that was the most important thing and accounts for the originality, the productiveness and the energy of the writers whose works appeared out of France at this time.

3. THE CHARACTER OF THE EXPATRIATE GROUP IN PARIS, 1925-1929.

The post-war American literary expatriates were to be found not only in France but in all parts of Western Europe, including Germany and Austria, Italy and Spain. Hemingway favoured Spain for the bullfighting, while Pound was attracted to Italy, where in 1925 he settled in Rapallo. Over this period, under the influx of American tourists and American goods, Europe was becoming increasingly Americanized. Montparnasse itself was now not only a literary but a major tourist centre. Sisley Huddleston complained in In and About Paris in 1927 that it had

> become a recognized centre for tourists -- some of them with artistic and literary pretensions, others without any pretensions except that of having what they suppose to be a "good time." There is a release of inhibitions which check them in the United States, and in consequence there is much noise and drinking and unpleasant behaviour which is as un-French as it is possible to imagine. One sincerely deplores this tendency.... Bohemianism does not mean rowdiness, and does not mean objectionable conduct.[63]

The earlier expatriates tended to grow suspicious of the newcomers, the English of the Americans, the artists of the writers, and all recalled better times when, for instance, American breakfast foods were not served at the Dôme.[64] Antibes in the summer, quiet when Fitzgerald stayed there with Gerald and Sara Murphy in 1925, was three years later packed with Americans; and when Fitzgerald returned to Paris in 1928 after two year's absence he found it packed with American "Neanderthals."[65] The expatriate scene had

grown into a large and varied group of people with a cult of modern, fashionable sensational conduct which drew upon but also set new styles for European life. Philosophies of mysticism, faddism, and anarchy were extending in currency. The manners of bohemianism became smart among the bright young things of several countries, and many of these manners were acquired from the Americans. Indeed, the European vogue for the American -- for jazz, ragtime, popular music, cocktail parties and the like -- gave the expatriates social status and made them agents of Americanization in European life. Thus instead of seeking assimilation they in effect translated many of the elements of their own cultural situation into the life in which they had, in many cases, sought to escape from them. The steady Americanization of Europe in part effected by American participation in the war and the economic arrangements which followed it, which had underscored European dependence upon America, meant that the new expatriates found themselves in the role of a cultural occupying power; their financial advantages and their free style of life made them conscious of their separateness from the national life of the country they had entered. Thus France as a culture and a tradition could exert relatively little influence upon the visitors. They brought most of their cultural accumulation with them and relied upon France to provide experience and atmosphere, the happier rhythm of life that Fitzgerald sought or the romantic

otherness that Gertrude Stein found. The tendency therefore was for Paris to become a short-term residence for the expatriates, a useful place of apprenticeship or of retreat, a stage in a journey which led the expatriate inevitably back to his native land. By 1924 this was the evident pattern of expatriation. Samuel Putnam, an expatriate of about this time, comments in his Paris Was Our Mistress that though the expatriates thought of Paris as France -- that is, the capital of a culture other than their own -- it was really simply an international city, a crossroads of the world, the thoroughfare and sojurn of the peoples of the earth. The Paris they knew was thus a borrowing city hungry for the latest sensation from any source -- jazz, ballet, dadaism -- and the expatriate led a life not unlike the one he might have lived at home:

> As for us of the Rive Gauche, we were for the most part incredibly provincial. If we took a bus for the other side, to go to the American Express to call for our mail or cash a money order; to visit one of the smaller banks, probably near the Place Vendôme, where we kept the small savings we had; to go to the American consulate, to the Bibliothèque Nationale for research, or to Brentano's in the avenue de l'Opera -- when we did this, it was like making a journey into a foreign country, and it was with an audible sigh of relief that we would descend from the bus in the carrefour Vavin...[66]

The manner of life afforded by this setting was typically a wild, free, excited one, such as we find depicted in the fiction of Fitzgerald or Robert McAlmon or in Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises. It was characteristically sophisticated and 'disillusioned' and depended a good deal upon sensation

and extravagance. The absence of direct responsibilities and obligations heightened the general sense of futility and purposelessness which so much of the art produced in these circumstances strove to represent. More and more wild incidents -- from the Dadaist meetings to Hart Crane's drunken breaking up of the furniture at the Cafe Sélect at the end of the decade -- won the expatriates a reputation for wildness and dissoluteness, so that the press attacks on the expatriates in the United States increased in number. In addition to the objective social factors which led to the conviction, so widely presented in the art of the period, that the individual situation was insecure and 'lost,' the manner of life of the expatriates necessarily reinforced that belief. In these circumstances personal life tended to grow more frenetic and artistic convictions more extreme, and this roughly was the pattern of expatriate society between 1925 and 1929.

Thus by 1925 Montparnasse had an international bohemia constantly supplemented by artistic visitors, socialites and tourists and largely dominated by American members and American tastes. The quarter had vastly grown; the cafes had been enlarged; the facilities for Americans had increased; and bohemian recruitment mounted. The earlier group, many of whom were, as has been observed, newspapermen or advanced students with professional reasons for their expatriation, was considerably strengthened by the influx of a more detached

population on incomes from home, many of them newly out of college. The lost generation myth, which was to dominate the next five years of expatriation in Paris, had now become sufficiently strong to attract to the city persons who wished to live the life of disillusionment and exile. In 1926 Charles Scribner's Sons in New York published Ernest Hemingway's novel The Sun Also Rises (English title: Fiesta), set among expatriate Americans and English in Paris and Spain, and having as one of its epigraphs a phrase attributed by Hemingway to Gertrude Stein: "You are all a lost generation." Its theme, the difficulties of the pursuit of personal integrity in a world which had lost agreed standards and so appeared to be filled with falsities and futility, is one pervasive in twentieth-century literature; but the phrase "the lost generation," which Gertrude Stein later doubted that she uttered and which Hemingway finally came to repudiate,[67] became attached specifically to the Parisian expatriate group among whom the novel was set. Samuel Putnam felt that the effect of the novel was to encourage further expatriation:

> The Sun Also Rises may in fact be said to mark the point of cleavage between the earlier and the later batches of 'exiles,' by embalming in a work of fiction which was to become a modern classic the spirit that animated those who came in 1921 or shortly after. It was a literary post-mortem. Many of the original emigrés had been in the war or at least had fought and lost the battle of America that followed; whereas those who arrived in the late 'twenties were, frequently, of a stilleyounger, unscarred generation -- unscarred, that is to say, by anything other than the prosperity-crazed America of Calvin Coolidge.... These latter had no great disillusionment to drown, they were not rebels, and often they were not genuine writers or artists and scarcely pretended to

> be. Paris at twenty-five francs to the dollar had become a 'cheapie,' a far more exciting place to live than Greenwich Village with its bathtub gin and prohibition prices. It was 'expatriates' such as these that availed themselves of the Hemingway tradition, claiming a heritage that was not rightly theirs.[68]

There can indeed be little doubt that --- as Putnam and Cowley[69] claim --- the novel did help further to establish the notion that the new American art and the new American disillusionment did have their centre in Paris. The figure of the expatriate --- the artistic wanderer, at once favoured and cursed --- seemed to acquire a singular importance as more and more he was felt to symbolise that restless uncertainty of the individual American about his relation to his nationality, his society, his traditional past. Thomas Wolfe's fiction, which gave to the American wanderer touched by exile and striving for a homeland an almost mythical status, and made a folk-hero of the youth struggling in anguish to define himself through artistic creativity, celebrates the power of the expatriate myth at this time. It was indeed between 1925 and 1929 that the bulk of expatriation occurred,[70] much of it in the form of seasonal visits to Europe. Over this period the production of the expatriates increased in quantity if not necessarily in quality, and more new magazines and fresh publishing houses appeared to print their experimental work. Much of this continued the interests of the earlier expatriates, and experiments with free-verse forms, with the musical and connotative aspects of language and with other techniques taken

from the symbolists and the surrealists appeared in these journals and private-press books. The tendency away from direct social representation in poetry or fiction, and toward an ontological emphasis in literary criticism, distinguishes much of this work, and constitutes, perhaps, a specifically expatriate interest, a tendency to which most writers were apt to subscribe during the period of their exile. Among many younger writers, however, such interests were short-lived, and it is noticeable that a number of others ceased to produce, or turned to more popular forms of journalism, when they returned to America.

These later expatriates often planned a short-term expatriation, or became seasonal visitors, like Max Ewing, who found that the New York literary scene emptied annually as writers withdrew to Paris.[71] Many writers of well established reputation made extended visits to Europe. Thus Sherwood Anderson spent some months there in early 1927 ("The Americans in Paris are terrible. Such a shuffling lot."[72]) and Sinclair Lewis made a visit of thirteen months to France, Germany and England in 1927 and 1928, including in his journey a spectacular trip to Russia.[73] In the summer of 1928 the Fitzgeralds returned to Paris, where Fitzgerald twice found himself in jail,[74] and they returned again in March 1929, moving this time between Paris and Cannes until Zelda's mental breakdown forced them to go to Montreux; then they remained centred in Switzerland until

Zelda had benefited enough from treatment to travel back to America in September, 1931.[75] The number of scholarship holders in Paris was also increased over this period. Thus Stephen Vincent Benét was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1926-1927 and returned to Paris, remaining there after the grant ended in January 1928 until Hollywood drew him in mid 1929. He wrote to John Farrar at the end of the grant:

> ...now Mr Guggenheim has retired into his cloud, we have a rather uncertain income which is all right for over here but would hardly fit the American scale.... America is so damn expensive...[76]

In Autumn 1928 Allen Tate and his wife, Caroline Gordon, went to Paris on a Guggenheim and lived a moderately quiet and hardworking life:

> In the late twenties in Paris things had changed greatly from the way they were in the early twenties. I remember the cafes and bars we went to mostly were the Sélect and the Closerie des Lilas, and occasionally to the Coupole, but actually so far as the people I knew best were concerned there wasn't much of cafe life. We didn't meet particularly, unless we went to the Brasserie Lipp across from the Deux Magots.... But actually the people I knew were not living in cafes, they were all of them wo working very hard. I was working a great deal, Ford was working all the time, John Peale Bishop was writing some of his stories and started work on his novel, Scott Fitzgerald was working very hard, Hemingway always worked, he never stopped working.[77]

On the other hand Hart Crane's biographer, Philip Horton, suggests that Crane, who spent only seven months in Europe in 1928-1929, and who associated with the wild set around Harry and Caresse Crosby, with its romantic mysticism, its sun-worship and its glorification of sensation, degenerated rapidly there. Finally, after the famous occasion when,

drunk, he was involved in a fight on the terrace of the Sélect and was beaten up, arrested and imprisoned, he was asked to leave the country.[78]

It was however the group around the Crosbys and the Jolases, with their strong mystical interests, that tended to dominate the last years of expatriation. Eugene Jolas's language experiments in transition, a magazine which promoted Gertrude Stein and James Joyce and stressed the experimental tradition in modern letters in a way that the earlier reviews had not fully done, fascinated many of the expatriates. Joyce's Work in Progress and Gertrude Stein's middle work became in some ways the special property of the expatriate group and were in a sense created for this audience. Ernest Walsh and Ethel Moorhead's This Quarter also expressed similar interests and promoted Joyce and Pound as experimenters, and Samuel Putnam's The New Review, founded in 1931, was to pick up many of the same interests. However, unlike most of the journals to appear in Paris over these years, transition was, despite an eclecticism of contribution, a movement magazine, promoting a literary method called "vertigralism," which was to be a method of attempting to reach through experiments with language "the collective consciousness of the universe."[79] Its fascination with psycho-analysis and dream, its stress on primitive consciousness and physicality, link it with other a-social mystical movements which were then active in Paris and which had played a large part

in the development of the plastic arts over the period. The tendency of bohemian groups and literary movements to move towards hermeticism is thus illustrated in the latter years of the nineteen-twenties, and it was writers of this inclination -- Stein, Pound, and Joyce, for instance -- who tended to remain longest as expatriates. The anti-naturalist "Proclamation" issued by transition in the issue for June, 1929, signed by sixteen writers (including Hart Crane, Kay Boyle, and Elliot Paul), which claimed freedom from grammatical and syntactical laws, announced that the writer expressed and did not communicate, and spoke of the revolution of the English language as "an accomplished fact," concluded with the assertion: "The plain reader be damned." The assertion of total artistic independence, which might be described as the furthest extreme of expatriation, was thus reached in the pages of transition, and in the literary philosophy of some of those closest to that paper. Further, the review was the most cosmopolitan of all those that appeared in Paris in that its range of contributors was widely international; both of the Jolases were multi-lingual and so translated and printed much non-English material.

4. THE PATTERN OF EXPATRIATE LIFE IN PARIS, 1919-1929.

One remarkable feature of expatriate life in Paris during the 'twenties was the way in which these exiles poss-

essed, from quite early on, a set of relatively durable institutions and customs, centred in Montparnasse, which enabled them to exist as a community, and which enabled them to retain many features of their American life and adapt Parisian manners to their own. This was made possible by the size of the group and by the pattern of life developed by earlier international bohemians in Paris. English and American writers had been using Paris as a centre since the 1870s, while a large resident colony of English and American painters had existed in the city for even longer. During the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first two decades of the twentieth many English writers had spent considerable time in Paris, not regarding themselves self-consciously as expatriates but as natural visitors to an easily accessible capital. There were, indeed, many such in the Paris of the 1920s, but over this period the American expatriates tended to dominate the Montparnasse scene and under their impact the quarter, and the art produced in it, changed considerably in character. The quarter itself became a familiar centre for Americans, so that many of the expatriates who lived elsewhere -- on the Right Bank, in the Paris environs or the countryside, or on the Riviera or elsewhere in Europe -- frequently appeared there, save for those who pursued a consciously more secluded style of life.

The expatriates who lived in Paris were spread all over the city, though most lived in the Montparnasse area itself.

They rented garrets, studios, and apartments of various degrees of primitiveness and luxury. Their incomes varied considerably; some were wealthy and others found great difficulty in financing themselves. Most were from middle-class professional backgrounds and had had a college career. Frederick J. Hoffman, in an analysis of the backgrounds of 85 American expatriates to Europe between 1915 and 1930, notes that the great majority were in their twenties, that almost a third of them came from the middle west and almost half originated from small towns or farms. Many were college graduates; many had served in the war; most were just establishing their careers. Some were supported on private incomes or royalties from the States, which benefited from the favourable exchange rate. Others were engaged in full-time employment as journalists or on research. Hoffman finds that, of sixty-five about whom it was possible to get information, seven already had established reputations as writers and an income from royalties; eleven had private incomes or had married those who had; six were supported by foundation grants. About two-thirds of them depended for income upon editing, writing or day-to-day journalism. Six were regular correspondents for European editions of American newspapers, particularly for the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune. (Thus Harold Stearns became Peter Pickum, a racing correspondent for the Tribune.) At least twelve more contributed feature stories to American newspapers and magazines, and eight attempted to start little

magazines under sponsorship.[80] A certain amount of wealthy patronage was available from rich Americans, some of them writers themselves. On the whole, however, the expatriates tended, particularly in the earlier period, to be hard-working and relatively productive. Often their work was of a 'journalistic' and a 'serious' level. Thus although their financial position was, in terms of the rate of exchange, favourable, and though there was frequently sufficient money to produce work that was 'experimental' and won for the writer little reward, the expatriates were not on the whole exceptionally wealthy and they were also quite heavily dependent upon the United States for their finance.

In the early period the expatriates did much home entertaining, but as the cafes, salons and cabarets developed these attained more importance as meeting places. "It is easy to conduct a 'salon' in Paris if one has the slightest social gift and the willingness to invite people who 'might be' amusing," Robert McAlmon has written,[81] and there were a number of such formal salons as well as more informal parties at which writers and artists, Americans, English and French, met together. Gertrude Stein received regularly. Natalie Barney gave almost weekly 'afternoons,' formal occasions at which music was performed. Mariette and Heyworth Mills entertained "Picabia, Blaise Cendrars, Léger, Satie, Brancusi, Gerald and Sarah Murphy and innumerable other American and French people."[82] Ford Madox Ford and Stella Bowen entertained

frequently. Muriel Draper had a salon in the late 1920s. Bill and Mary Widney gave cocktail parties at which the transition group and the surrealists were often present. There were groups with a strong mystical emphasis, like that around Aleister Crowley and the Gurdjieff supporters like A.R. Orage and Raymond Duncan; there were groups with a communist emphasis; and there were smart set groups which contained such spectacular figures as Nancy Cunard.[83] The cafes had different associations. Les Deux Magots had Derain and Madame Derain as presiding geniuses. The Dôme, the Rotonde and the Sélect were the famous centres, and in the later period the modern Coupole, where, according to McAlmon, Hemingway, Sisley Huddleston, Michael Arlen, Richard Aldington and Ludwig Lewisohn, among others, held court.[84] Hilaire Hiler's cabaret The Jockey, and Le Boeuf sur le Toit, opened by Moise and Cocteau, and a centre for les six, were expatriate haunts. In 1923 the Stryx, a Swedish restaurant and the first place in the quarter to resemble an intimate American bar, opened.[85] Another important meeting place of a different kind was Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare bookshop, near "the haunts of Joyce and Stein."[86]

One group of expatriates was found more commonly on the right bank: these were the newspapermen, particularly the Paris staffs of the New York Herald and Chicago Tribune. John Gunther, William Bird, Elliot Paul, Waverley Root, and Wambly Bald were found in this quarter. Bald ran, in the

pages of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, a Tuesday column called "La Vie de Bohème: As Lived on the Left Bank," in which the doings of the expatriates were reported and the gossip of the quarter appeared; it is an important document for the atmosphere of the period. Indeed, the three English-language newspapers centred in Paris, The Continental Daily Mail and the Paris editions of the New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune, played an important role in expatriate society. A number of important writers were employed by them, while other expatriates worked for a time on one of these papers -- Henry Miller was for a while proofreader on the Tribune, for instance. The permanent newspapermen played a considerable part in the establishing of the small presses and reviews. William Bird, a lover of fine printing, spent his money and time on small personal editions produced at a small hand-press he had acquired and which he called the Three Mountains Press.[87] Elliot Paul was one of the founders of transition, and the chief architect of that paper, Eugene Jolas, left the staff of the Chicago Tribune in Paris to produce it. Other figures, like Whit Burnett, Martha Foley, and Robert Sage, appeared both as newspapermen and writers.

The small presses and the reviews were enormously important features of expatriate life, since they enabled the original experimental production of the American writers in Europe to appear. One of the earliest and most important publishing events in Paris was the publication of James Joyce's

Ulysses by Shakespeare and Company in 1922 after its printing had been prevented both in England and the United States. This provided a model for the publication of the difficult or obscene book in small editions. A full scholarly record of this private press publishing in Paris exists[88] but in view of the importance of the presses for the pattern of expatriate life and the indication that they offer of the fullness of production of the expatriates a summarised account is useful. Robert McAlmon in 1922 established the Contact Publishing Company, which developed out of the magazine Contact which he and William Carlos Williams had earlier established in New York. Its first publication was a collection of McAlmon's own work, A Hasty Bunch (1922?), and two other volumes by McAlmon followed in 1923. Mina Loy's Lunar Baedecker, Ernest Hemingway's first volume Three Stories and Ten Poems, William Carlos Williams's Spring and All and Marsden Hartley's Twenty-five Poems were among other books published by the Contact Publishing Company in that year. During this year McAlmon joined forces with William Bird and altogether Contact Editions and the Three Mountains Press, working in various degrees of association, brought out some thirty titles. Bird had made Ezra Pound editor of a series of six related books to be published by the Three Mountains Press and these --- including Pound's Indiscretions or Une Revue de deux mondes, William Carlos Williams' The Great American Novel and Ford Madox Ford's Women & Men --- appeared also in 1923. Other major works

emerging from this publishing collaboration include Hemingway's in our time (1924, dated 1923), Pound's Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony (1924) and A Draft of XVI. Cantos (1925), Contact Edition of Contemporary Writers (work in progress by writers including Pound, Hemingway, Joyce, Stein, Williams and Mina Loy) (1925), Gertrude Stein's The Making of Americans (1925), Robert Coates' The Eater of Darkness (1926), Djuna Barnes' Ladies almanack (1928) and Nathanael West's The Dream Life of Balso Snell (1931). In 1926 Bird sold his press to Nancy Cunard and in 1929 McAlmon had lost interest in expatriate publishing because of his failure to get books distributed or accepted in the United States. Nancy Cunard, having bought Bird's press, established in 1928 the Hours Press just outsidd Paris, its most important production being A Draft of XXX Cantos (1930) by Ezra Pound. McAlmon's former wife Bryher established with her second husband Kenneth Macpherson a Press called Pool in Switzerland; Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas published from their home under the imprint of Plain Edition, producing Lucy Church Amiably (1930) and other work by Stein; Edward W. Titus published from his bookstore in Montparnasse Mary Butts' Imaginary Letters, Ludwig Lewisohn's The Case of Mr. Crump and other items. More important, a major publishing house of the latter part of the twenties, was Harry and Caresse Crosby's Black Sun Press. Crosby, a nephew of J.P. Morgan, resigned from the Paris branch of the Morgan Bank in the spring of 1927 so that he and his wife

could devote themselves to poetry and pleasure.[89] They decided to publish their own work, and the first volume was Crosby's Sonnets to Caresse. The house published Joyce's Tales Told of Shem and Shaun, Hart Crane's The Bridge, Archibald MacLeish's Einstein, and Henry James' Letters to Walter Berry, D.H. Lawrence's Sun and other interesting items. Other important presses not listed by Knoll include To, Publishers, from Le Beausset, which printed William Carlos Williams' A Novelette and Other Prose (1932); Harrison of Paris, edited by Barbara Harrison and Monroe Wheeler, which published among other items Katherine Anne Porter's French Song Book (1933) and her Hacienda: A Story of Mexico (1934); the Roving Eye Press of Robert Brown at Cagnes-sur-Mer; and the two presses run by Jack Kahane, the Englishman who specialised in spicy books but printed some remarkable items. Under the imprint Henry Babou and Jack Kahane appeared Joyce's Haveth Childers Everywhere (1930), and under that of the Obelisk Press appeared Joyce's Pomes Penyeach (1932). The Obelisk Press published Frank Harris, Lawrence Durrell, Cyril Connolly and two important expatriate items, Tropic of Capricorn (1939) and Tropic of Cancer (1934), as well as other items by their author, Henry Miller.

Of equal importance in the literary life of the expatriates were the small magazines, many of them developed out of the little reviews that had been a feature of Greenwich Village life in the period after 1910. Again, useful listings of

these exist in The Little Magazine: A History and a Bibliography, by Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn F. Ulrich,[90] though their importance as a representation of the interests of the expatriates is perhaps insufficiently emphasized. From the earliest days of the movement to Paris interest had been taken in the expatriate writers by such magazines as Contact, but they quickly began to found their own journals, at the same time publishing in the little reviews at home in America. Much of the major expatriate work is however to be found in the Paris magazines. The first of these was Gargoyle, begun in Paris in 1921 by Arthur Moss, who had previously edited a Greenwich Village review, The Quill, and by Florence Gilliam. Appearing monthly from July 1921 to December 1922, it was "essentially a survey of Paris intellectual life."[91] The contributors to the first number included Sinclair Lewis, C.R.W. Levinson, Foujita and Picasso, and it published in later numbers poetry by Hart Crane and H.D. and fiction and poetry by Malcolm Cowley and Robert Coates, two early expatriates. It discussed the arts in Paris and showed reproductions of modernist paintings by Braque and others. In November 1921 appeared another more important expatriate journal, Broom: An International Magazine of the Arts. Again it had Greenwich Village origins. One of the editors was Alfred Kreymbourg, who published in Greenwich Village The Glebe, which had contained Pound's first Des Imagistes anthology, and Others; the other was

Harold Loeb, formerly a partner in the Sunwise Turn Bookshop in New York, who financed the project.[92] They set sail for Europe in June 1921 wishing to establish "a literary magazine in Europe for Americans and by Americans,"[93] and collected material from American writers and French dadaists in Paris before going onto Rome, where they acquired an office and a printer through Guiseppe Prezzolini, a contact of Kreymbourg's, whose name appeared on the masthead of the first number, appearing in November 1921. This cost five hundred dollars for five thousand copies, printed on the best paper and with lavish illustrations. There were reproductions of work by Picasso, Derain, Juan Gris and other major artists, and poetry by Amy Lowell, Walter de la Mare, E.A. Robinson, Pound, Frost and Kreymbourg. The Manifesto in the first number announced that the paper would select "from the continental literature of the present time the writings of exceptional quality most adaptable for translation into English" to appear side by side with contemporaneous work in English, and would act as "a sort of clearing house where the artists of the present time will be brought into closer contact."[94] An article in the issue by Emmy Veronica Sanders cautiously warned expatriates against the dangers of devoting themselves too thoroughly to the pursuit of French influences, which were necessarily extremist and limited and dangerous for a country developing a new cultural life. It was perhaps on such grounds that Broom pursued the eclectic lines it did, printing young American

writers -- Cowley, Aiken, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, John Gould Fletcher, Hart Crane and others -- along with French writers and painters. In February 1922 Kreymbourg disagreed with Loeb's wish to stress French experimentalists rather than American ones, and resigned as co-editor. Loeb, with editorial assistance variously from Edward Storer, Lola Ridge and Matthew Josephson, continued the review, continuing in fact to print largely English and American writers (Dos Passos, Masters, Marianne Moore, etc.) but printing such items as Jacques Rivière's "French Letters and the War" and the important serialization of Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author. In November 1922 the paper was moved, with Josephson's help, to Berlin; after four issues there Loeb's money ran out and he moved to Paris to write a novel, giving Broom to Josephson, who took it to New York, running it there with Cowley's assistance and giving it a strong dada emphasis. Broom's direct competitor was Gorham B. Munson's Secession, founded in Vienna in 1922 and published irregularly. Munson sailed to Paris in 1921 and decided to found a review for the younger American generation. Man Ray, an old friend, introduced him to many of the exiles and the dadaists, and he drew on roughly the same group as Broom. In Vienna, where the dollar bought 600-700 kronen, he found he could print a 24 page review for 20 dollars. He wrote letters inviting contribution to Josephson, Cowley, Kenneth Burke, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, Waldo Frank, E.E. Cummings, Marianne Moore,

William Carlos Williams and others, gaining enough response to enable a first issue to appear in the Spring of 1922, containing a fragment of Louis Aragon's novel Telamaque, verse by Cowley, verse and prose by Tristan Tzara (translated by Will Bray) and an article on Apollinaire by Will Bray, the pseudonym of Matthew Josephson. (In the second issue Josephson, printing a story under his own name, is described in the dadaist style the paper acquired from Josephson and Cowley as "[r]ecently wounded in a duel with Will Bray at the Parc Monceau.") The second issue contained poems by Cummings, surrealistic fiction by Kenneth Burke, and further work by Tzara; while the third, published from Reutte in the Tyrol, with Josephson now joint editor, printed Williams and other young Americans, expatriate and otherwise. Munson now returned to the United States, and editorial quarrels bedevilled the paper, resulting in Josephson's cutting a hundred-line poem to two lines and misprinting Hart Crane's "For the Marriage of Faust and Helen" so radically that it had to be reprinted in a later issue. The last number, number eight, was devoted entirely to Yvor Winters' "The Testament of a Stone, Being Notes on the Mechanics of the Poetic Image"; and it contained a mimeographed sheet recalling that the paper had intended to end after two years, and adding: "The beliefs of Secession have been three: a belief in experimental writing, a belief in criticism that approaches the essence of literature through asthetics, finally a belief that life can once more be signif-

icant."[95]

By contrast with these earlier reviews, the transatlantic review, which appeared from Paris monthly between January 1924 and January 1925, producing twelve issues, was a more sober and traditional compilation, with extended essays, a column of "Chroniques," containing much editorial commentary about politics and expatriation, and articles in English and French. Edited by Ford Madox Ford with assistance from Ernest Hemingway and initial aid from Ezra Pound, it had a strong experimental bias, like Ford's earlier English Review. It serialised some of Ford's Some Do Not, and a part of Gertrude Stein's Making of Americans, and presented in the issue for April 1924 a section of Joyce's "Work in Progress." Other expatriate contributors included Hemingway, Pound (two cantos), Robert McAlmon and John Dos Passos. In Spring 1925 appeared another important review, This Quarter, edited by Ernest Walsh and Ethel Moorhead. Three numbers appeared under this editorship (Spring 1925; Autumn 1925; Spring 1927) from Paris, Milan and Monte Carlo, the last appearing after Walsh's death. The first number contained a homage to Pound (retracted in the third) by Joyce, Hemingway and the editors, and part of the second was devoted to the music of George Antheil, while the third was dedicated to Emanuel Carnevali. Contributors included Williams, Stein, Pound, Hemingway, Kay Boyle, Yvor Winters, Carnevali, Eugene Jolas and James Joyce (an extract from "Work in Progress.") In the summer of 1929 the review

reappeared under the editorship of the bookshop owner Edward Titus and remained alive until 1932, losing something of its erratic, lively, experimental quality but printing such writers as Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, James T. Farrell, Erskine Caldwell, Robert Penn Warren, Aldous Huxley and Louis MacNeice, and producing a remarkably good surrealist number (September 1932) with contributions from André Breton, Luis Bunuel, Salvador Dali and other major European surrealists. Like the transatlantic review it gave an air of arrival, of success and establishment, to its writers, and it drew upon the main figures of and the main interests of the twenties. Surrealism and dadaism had been the main interests of the expatriates, their chief point of contact with European movements. In 1922, The Little Review, which Margaret Anderson had brought from Chicago via New York to Paris, had allied itself closely with the Dadaists and had printed much of their work. The review had however appeared very irregularly, indicating an editorial disillusionment with the tendency, and in the last issue for May 1929 Jane Heap, one of the editors, concluded that artists had ceased to be concerned with the legitimate and permanent material of art. Other writers were beginning to detach themselves from these movements by the end of the decade, with the remarkable exception of the group around transition. The growing success of the Americans among French writers and readers was perhaps one reason for this independence. Thus

Adrienne Monnier, the French bookshop owner and publisher who had helped Sylvia Beach to establish her Shakespeare and Company and was well-known to the expatriates, had been promoting their work in Le Navire d'Argent, which in March 1926 produced an all-American number. She also, from 1924, published for an American, Marguerite Caetani, Princess Bassiano, a magazine in French called Commerce, edited by Paul Valéry, which had an international contribution and translated expatriate work.

A speculativeness about what the expatriates actually had achieved over this years marks the pages of The Exile, a journal that developed out of the group around Ezra Pound in Rapallo and appeared from Spring 1927 to Autumn 1928 at six-monthly intervals. It contained verse by Pound, Hemingway, R.C. Dunning, W.B. Yeats ("Sailing to Byzantium"), William Carlos Williams and John Cournos, and prose by John Rodker (a long story, "Adolphe 1920"), Robert McAlmon (a fictionalized account of Montparnasse life, "Truer than Most Accounts"), Morley Callaghan and others. Editorial comments by Pound speculated on the idea of exile; thus in the third issue for Spring 1928 he wrote:

> An American can not now go to Europe and find certain things ready made for him to learn. Twenty years ago one could go to London or Paris, and probably Munich and Vienna and find things admirably done. For example, British and French writers wrote better than the calicomugs of New York.
> Now there is absolutely nowhere that a young man can go with advantage unless he be protected with the most lively critical and comparative interest.
> There are places in Europe not utterly poisoned by the

> mental venoms produced chez nous; the horrible tonalities of Wilson, Volstead, Bryan, etc., etc., but the European advantages are a much more negative affair than they were in 1900 or in the first half of 1914....[96]

Pound's paper (though three numbers of it were actually printed in the U.S.A.) marks a stage of alienation from his country not shared by most of the other expatriates, and prepares one for the spirit of exile of those who remained during the thirties. The same may be said of transition which, though it began in April 1927 as a monthly and was suspended in Summer 1930, began again in March 1932 and continued until Spring 1938, developing in its later years its strong linguistic emphasis. From the start the paper revealed an international character lacking in earlier publications, which had represented foreign movements but had not effectively reached a French audience or discovered the relevance of one tendency for another. transition did introduce to French readers such Americans as Robert Coates and Samuel Putnam, and bring to their notice the recent work of others. Jolas had specifically the aim of linking the avant garde movements in European literature and the arts and the English-speaking world, and devoted considerable space to presenting in translation such movements as surrealism, expressionism and dadaism. He also wished to present the anti-realist and anti-naturalist writers in England and America, and to discover common ground for the exploration of the fantastic, the grotesque, and the mythic, and he consciously rejected the social realist movement in American literature that followed the Depression.

"All the best Anglo-Saxon and European work of the period appeared in [transition], much of it for the first time," Sylvia Beach has written.[97] It published over twelve years the larger part of Joyce's "Work in Progress," and Jolas was an important stimulus to Joyce in the writing of that book, subsequently Finnegan's Wake. A partial list of contributors to the first number suggests its range -- James Joyce, Kay Boyle, Carl Sternheim, Marcel Jouhandeau, Gertrude Stein, André Gide, Philippe Soupault, Archibald MacLeish, Marcell Noll, Bravig Imbs, Hart Crane, Pavel Tselitsieff, Max Ernst, Robert Sage. The Summer 1928 number (number 13) was an American number, and printed many important American writers, including Katherine Anne Porter and Paul Bowles, as well as an enquiry among French writers about the American spirit in letters, while the next issue contained the expatriate inquiry into "Why do you prefer to live outside America?" to which Hilaire Hiler, Gertrude Stein and Robert McAlmon among others replied. Another expatriate journal of this period is Harold J. Salemson's Tambour, which appeared irregularly between March 1929 and June 1930. Printed in English and French, and critically objective about the extreme romanticism it discerned among the contemporary French and expatriate writers, it printed Ralph Cheever Dunning, Blaise Cendrars, André Spire, Maxwell Bodenheim and James T. Farrell amongst others. It ended appealing for a new point of view among artists, and, like The Little Review, can be said in its

doubts about experimentalism to typify one kind of change that was taking place in the expatriate mind, just as transition, moving deeper into psychoanalysis and linguistic experiment, typified another.

These expatriate magazines, little reviews of the type that had helped to accomplish the literary revolution in English and American letters ten years before, and predominantly young, avant garde and revolutionary in tone, contain a large part of the new American literature and constituted a centre and a focus for the expatriate group. They helped to sustain the essential interests of the expatriates and to promote the strong spirit of mutual influence which existed among them. They reveal the connections which the Americans made with their European contemporaries, and the relative lack of influence which English writers and French writers before 1918 had upon their activity. The strongest influences upon the contribution of the magazines are, clearly, Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Gertrude Stein, together with the surrealists and French symbolists, whose influence was often acquired indirectly. The movement toward an extreme romanticism, arising it would seem directly from the expatriate circumstance and its emphasis on personal intuition and extreme individualism can conspicuously be seen and followed out in these pages. Like the public performances which also enlivened Paris over this period and enabled a number of sensational artistic events to take place, the magazines were events of the quarter,

and were widely read. They were part of a general atmosphere which Margaret Anderson tries to recall in her My Thirty Years' War:

> The Swedish Ballet gave nightly galas in the Théatre des Champs Elysées. Jean Cocteau's Les Maries de la Tour Eiffel was given for the first time, with costumes by Jean Victor Hugo. Groups of insurgent artists prayed for scandal, hissing, booing, blowing on keys. Cocteau came in with his high hair, his unique hands and his woolen mittens. After a ballet Satie and Picabia appeared on the stage in a motor car to acknowledge applause. ... Stravinsky gave his Noces with the Ballets Russes, Milhaud, Auric, Poulenc and Marcelle Meyer played the four pianos... The Ballets Russes had a new curtain by Picasso -- two running women a hundred times larger than life. Picasso sat in Diagileff's loge, determined to be seen without evening clothes. Braque threatened to hold up a performance -- one of his greens had been tampered with .... Satie was discovered in tears because his ballet was applauded less than others. James Joyce was discovered at all the symphony concerts -- no matter how bad. Juan Gris was making beautiful dolls. Gertrude Stein was buying André Masson. Man Ray was photographing pins and combs, sieves and shoe-trees. Fernand Léger was beginning his cubist cinema, Ballet Mécanique, with music by George Antheil. The Boeuf-sur-le-Toit... had a negro saxophonist, and Milhaud and Jean Wiener were beginning their worship of American jazz. The Comte de Beaumont presented his Soirées de Paris, including Cocteau's Romeo et Juliette with Yvonne George. The Dadaists gave performances at the Theatre Michel where the rioting was so successful that André Breton broke Tzara's arm. Ezra Pound made an opera of Villon's poetry and had it sung in the old Salle Pleyel....[98]

"There was never a day so gay for the Arts as any twenty-four hours of the early 'twenties in Paris," Ford Madox Ford wrote;[99] and this lively community with all the institutions of an active artistic society must have presented those Americans who could join it with an extremely attractive style of life. one which promoted the literary talents of some even as it clearly silenced others.

5. CONCLUSION.

It is often argued that the disintegration of the expatriate community in Paris at the end of the nineteen-twenties was caused by the impact of the Depression, which cut off the writers there from their financial supports in America, deprived them of the economic advantages of Paris, and recalled them from their fascination with aesthetic experiment toward a literary concern with social problems. Thus R.P. Blackmur, who has argued that the supply of cheap money in the nineteen-twenties caused not only artists but the arts themselves to become expatriated in Paris, comments:

> With the New York crash of 1929 the supply of bad currency dried up and a great many of the expatriates had to return, I will not say to sound money, but to a kind of severely reactionary Marxist currency at first, and later, with the war, either to a blinkered nationalism or to a distrustful, self-persecuted moral isolation.[100]

Maxwell Geismar likewise observes[101] a process of alienation and partial reassimilation taking place during the nineteen-twenties and -thirties, in the course of which writers were recalled to a realisation of the importance of social organization and economics in their lives. Clearly the Depression did have a strong impact upon American writers and made it less easy for those who wished to take advantage of the economic situation to live in Paris. However, Malcolm Cowley observes that before 1929 there were strong signs of neurosis apparent among the expatriates as well as evident doubts about the quality of the lives they were living, and

he recalls Scott Fitzgerald's comment that Americans

> were wandering ever more widely -- friends seemed eternally bound for Russia, Persia, Abyssinia and Central Africa. And by 1928 Paris had grown suffocating. With each new shipment of Americans spewed up by the boom the quality fell off, until toward the end there was something sinister about the crazy boatloads.[102]

However it should be noted therefore that a considerable number of expatriates, many of them writers of some reputation whom had been long established there, did remain in France or elsewhere in Europe; that there had been considerable disillusionment with the Americanization of Paris before 1929, and that the expatriates had in fact been returning from about 1924 onward; and that the later arrivals in Paris tended to be tourists or short-term visitors, or else they were apt like Fitzgerald and Wolfe to move elsewhere in Europe. The Paris community had been growing more anonymous since 1925, while the acceptance of the New American literature in the United States, and the rising reputations and sales of many of the expatriates, had drawn them back to the United States at various times before and after the Depression.

In an article in the New York World for April 15, 1928, Samuel Putnam, under the heading "Why American Lads Become Exiles in Paris," had commented that -- contrary to newspaper reports -- the average 'exile' did like America and

> would, I think, be more than willing to go back to America and buck all its pettinesses and prejudices, all its obvious barrennesses; he would be willing to do without his cognac in the morning, even, if necessary, to lay aside his Latin Quarter stick and casquette, if he could be assured that America really wanted him, the artist, and

> was ready to show that she wanted him by making it possible for him to remain a creator within her limits and still lead as self-respecting a physical existence as the average plumber...[103]

Even before this date this seemed to be the response among a number of the expatriates, who had clearly in fact never conceived of themselves as total exiles. The emergence of a new role for the writer which engaged them as active intellectuals in a society undergoing violent change must have solved many of the problems of frustration endemic in the bohemian situation, and the acquisition of self-conscious roles which change from time to time according to social circumstances is characteristic of as detached an intelligentsia as were the members of the expatriate group of the twenties. Many of the initial objections to America which had promoted expatriation were thus removed at a time when it became less financially viable, and it was not surprising therefore that expatriation diminished and that the waves of new expatriates ceased to appear in Paris as they had been doing in earlier years. This response is evident in the changing character of the art produced by many of the former expatriates and by the formation of new magazines tending toward political partisanship or else toward a critical rigour characteristic of a later stage of a literary revolution. Bohemian revolt tended to give way to a spirit of intellectual leadership, and extremist theory to general critical curiosity, as the American intelligentsia found a more effective role for itself under the impact of the New

Deal and of an expanded system of universities which took writers onto their staffs. America itself, not least in accepting that art the expatriates had produced, had grown more cosmopolitan, and since the expatriates were looking not for the rewards of a traditional culture but for a bohemian locus America could in fact become once more attractive to many of them. As has been suggested, this generation of expatriates could be distinguished from their predecessors by the fact of the relatively small commitment they had to the culture to which they were drawn. The attractions of Paris were not directly cultural ones, but were those of a permissive atmosphere and a general spirit of experiment; and since these were simply conditions of a cosmopolitan capital and not of a given geographical and cultural locus they could be recreated in the United States, and finally were. For this reason and because such an atmosphere is an aspect not so much of a society as a whole but of a small community within it, the expatriates formed themselves as a group; and since the atmosphere of a group can be sustained in one's absence, they came and went from the centre in Montparnasse. Nor did their participation imply a permanent commitment, since bohemian groups depend for their character on their transitory nature, their shifting personal relations and their refusal to impose obligations and responsibilities.

Thus one might summarise the pattern of expatriate experience in the nineteen-twenties as follows: many of

the Americans who matured as writers during the nineteen-twenties appear to have felt a strong impulse to move away from their local backgrounds toward a cosmopolitan style of life. This impulse was compounded out of a general frustration with their circumstances coupled with a strong motivation toward literary creativity, which can in one sense be regarded as a means of imaginative escape from environment. As Hoffman shows, the background of many of the expatriates was midwest provincial, and most were graduates who had seen some form of war-service. Here then was a provincial intelligentsia, detached from their backgrounds by education and wartime experience. As Cowley observes, many of them came from reasonably educated middle-class backgrounds and developed high personal expectations.[104] They were part of an expanding class of educated persons for which their society had no direct use commensurate with their talents, and who were politically disillusioned by the failure of liberalism in the early twenties and by America's reversion to an isolationist business society. Often at such times the arts undergo a rapid increase in recruitment, and the effect of the situation was to direct them toward bohemian centres within and finally outside the United States. A frustration both with local regional culture and with the national culture is apparent in the writings of the period. Sherwood Anderson's complaints that the middle west had no place in it for the artist ("Was I, alas, a fellow born out of his place and time? I was in a world where only men of action seemed to thrive...")

and his willingness to make a journey to New York and then to Paris in order to discover how to use local materials effectively is matched by the frustrations of urban intellectuals like Waldo Frank and Harold Stearns.[105] Thus Stearns, in his America and the Young Intellectual, argues that America is provincial as a totality -- at one time the young intellectual could escape from the "rural horror" of the small town by migrating to the city, but

> to-day the big city has been made over into the likeness of the home-town.... In plain truth, the whole country is engulfed in a flood of petty regulations of all kinds, and energetic organizations, devoted to the task of meddling with everything, and seeing that everybody is as dull and stupid as themselves, to-day hold the whip hand.[106]

Since bohemianism provides a circumstance where the arts emerge not out of any local or regional context but from the complementary interests of a self-conscious occupational group, the bohemian pattern provided an effective life-style for the writer in a situation where his social situation was uncertain. The characteristic art of such groups is self-consciously new, and metropolitan and unlocated in character, while the reference group to which the artist appeals is less and less the society as a whole, more and more his peers within the group. Such a group requires no specific locale, and can form itself where the atmosphere is permissive and where there is an already established tolerance. Such an atmosphere already existed in Paris, and a tradition of expatriation there was already developed.

It was a proto-type of the cosmopolitan city, while economic arrangements favoured the pursuit there of an art which was not certain to produce direct financial reward. As Samuel Putnam observed, Paris became a city of refuge for "the outcast and the rebel," yet it was also "a good deal nearer than New York or Chicago to being the literary capital of the United States, as far as earnest and significant writing was concerned."[107] Theodore Roosevelt's "hyphenated Americans" were thus, as Putnam said, producing a distinctively cosmopolitan art that went with that life, and which justified it, enabling American literature to come of age at last.[108] The city indeed completed the movement from the colonial literary situation by shifting its self-conception from one based upon English to one based upon a cosmopolitan literature. However, since Paris was not a location sought for its culture, but an atmosphere, it was not difficult for the expatriates to return to the United States as, partly through their efforts, the cosmopolitan spirit became increasingly evident there also.

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CHAPTER SIX.

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> Though Americans went to Paris because it was cheaper to live and because the living was more casual and open, the two principal reasons for the migration were more profound and more complex: France was to them a great center of literature and art, and its nineteenth-century achievements were as fascinating to the American writer and artist as the Russians had found them at an earlier time; and, second, the withdrawal of young writers to Paris was part of the general strategic retreat from what they called puritanism.

7

Allen Tate, recorded interview with the author(1959).

8

Glenway Wescott, recorded interview with the author (1960).

9

"Why Do Americans Live in Europe?" transition no. 14(Fall 1928). While Gertrude Stein stressed the civilisation of France, Hilaire Hiler and Robert McAlmon emphasised simply the freedom and the leisure.

10

Robert Coates, recorded interview with the author (1960).

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11

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13

Thus Putnam, op cit., p. 5:

> And who today can doubt which it was, on the whole, the 'exiles' or the stay-at-homes, who contributed most in the way of positive direction to American letters of the past two decades?

14

Glenway Wescott, recorded interview with the author (1960).

15

Hoffman, op cit,, points out (p. 27) that there were much better rates of exchange available elsewhere in Europe; and though,as Malcolm Cowley shows, there were expatriates who followed valuta across Europe (op. cit;, pp. 81-4), most used Paris as a centre. See Appendix B for rates of exchange during the 1920s.

16

See Cowley, op. cit., pp. 138-70.

17

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Margaret Anderson, The Fiery Fountains (London, Rider and Co., 1953), p. 14.

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49

Throughout the twenties there were reports in American newspapers with Paris datelines reporting expatriate extravagances or giving interviews with or comments by expatriates. Gertrude Stein, among others, always stressed her Americanness. McAlmon (op. cit., p. 104) recounts that these reports and articles so irritated one journalist that he encouraged McAlmon to make a list of the English and American artists and writers recently resident in the Quarter and note their production. The list came to some 250 names, many subsequently famous; of these many had already begun the work that made them famous.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATES IN EUROPE FROM 1929 TO THE PRESENT.

1. THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATION TO EUROPE, 1930-1939.

The emancipation of the American writer from the cultural necessities which encouraged him to feel an artistic hostility toward his native land and to make his residence elsewhere was now almost complete. Throughout the nineteen-twenties the declarations of literary independence that continued to appear from such critics as Van Wyck Brooks were growing in number and in confidence, while an extended critical reappraisal of the classical period of American literature was making it apparent that a literary heritage substantial enough to become a university subject and a matter for criticism existed. The strong Americanist emphasis of works like Parrington's Main Currents in American Thought and V.F. Calverton's The Liberation of American Literature, with their stress on national and regional determinants in American literary production and literary thought, were clearly part of a new spirit of artistic assurance, a spirit which had been growing since the beginning of the century but did not fully mature

until the twenties, when at times it came close to critical isolationism. By 1930, the larger part of those expatriates who had arrived in and been resident in Europe during the nineteen-twenties had returned to the United States, to find that, as Harold Stearns put it in 1932, "Intellectually,... we are beginning to grow up." Stearns, an expatriate for 13 years, found a 'new' America that had passed the borrowing stage: "So, nowadays, we are beginning to exchange music for music, art for art, architecture for architecture, poetry for poetry, even religion for religion."[1] Despite a certain intellectual naiveté, Americans have

> lost the derivative, apologetic attitude towards Europe, not by deliberate repudiation but by increasing interest and concern with our own life and our own problems.... We have long since ceased to be perturbed about what Europeans do in the arts: today we no longer care tremendously what they think about them, least of all what they think about our own art, and music, and architecture. For -- and this is the miracle that has taken place in my own lifetime -- it is our own at last, without apology, without shame, without distrust.[2]

The writers who returned readily adapted, on the whole, to the sense of national crisis that the economic situation seemed to demand, so that Stearns is both surprised at and reflects a somewhat uncosmopolitan nationalism among intellectuals in his Rediscovering America, "my own country, from which I have been away far too long..."[3] A number of them turned from an aesthetic bohemianism to an involved political-intellectual role, and the group of writers who signed in 1932 a statement called Culture and Crisis, arguing that the best hope for the survival of civilised values lay in communism, included a

several former expatriates. By 1937 Harold Stearns was to be found arguing that

> [c]ulture, like history, has its strange revenges, and I do not think that most of us are yet sufficiently aware that, despite all the weight of centuries of tradition against it, in our world of 1937 it is -- from a purely literary point of view -- Europe which seems naive and ourselves sophisticated.... As the economic dreams of empire faced westward two short generations ago, so the continuity of that humanistic tradition, of which literature is but the flowering, has turned westward, towards us.... Europe itself is dying, but the best of what it once had may still be nurtured and grow in new and lovely ways in America.[4]

The re-engagement of this expatriate generation into American life, and the pattern of intellectual life it developed for itself in a society increasingly making use of its intellectual élite in publishing, university teaching, and in government, still left it with a degree of social detachment greater than that evident in English intellectual life at the time. The tenuousness of the social alliances between the intelligentsia and the mass of the American people doubtless helped to sustain the spirit of cosmopolitan art within America. This, coupled with the relative lack of a defined artistic tradition and the eclectic, international nature of American thought and art itself, sustained many of the intellectual and aesthetic preoccupations of the former expatriates even when their detachment from and distrust of Europe grew in the late nineteen-thirties. Certainly the gradual decline of Europe into political disorder and decadence, which was already disturbing some of the expatriates, such as Malcolm Cowley, in the 'twenties, must be regarded as a factor in the

decision of the expatriates more and more to commit themselves to American life. This decline of Europe threatened, as Harold Stearns pointed out in an essay published in 1938, the very concept of the international republic of letters to which the expatriates had paid at least nominal fealty. The rise of Fascism in Europe encouraged a sense of detachment from the Continent, so that by the middle of the 'thirties the theme of the decadence of Europe, which had been sounded at various times in American literary history almost from before the Declaration of Independence, grew much in evidence. Thomas Wolfe, who in the course of his European trips had become a fond admirer of the German people, returned from his visits to Germany in 1935 and 1936 deeply troubled about Nazism, with which he had been inclined to feel some sympathy. The Spanish Civil War was another crisis for many of the expatriates who had maintained quite close contacts with Spain. The flight of exiles from the European disorders to America helped to convince American writers that the direction of expatriation had now begun to turn, while the departure of W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood from England to America on the outbreak of the Second World War was a remarkably significant event in Anglo-American cultural relations, for it seemdd that a tide that had been flowing one way for three hundred years had now, finally, turned. There was no longer any need for the American seeking the cosmopolitan context of the intellectual and artistic life to go to Europe, for now

cosmopolis was in the United States.

It was thus the case that, though American writers continued to travel extensively and even in a few cases to live outside the United States, the years after 1930 up to the war produced almost no new expatriates of literary importance, and the major expatriate of the generation was in fact Henry Miller, who arrived in Paris in 1928, before the Wall Street crash, and finally settled there in 1930. His acquaintance there among the expatriates was largely composed of those who had settled in the city earlier and remained after the majority had gone home -- Walter Lowenfels, Wambly Bald, Richard Osbourn, Edward Titus, and Samuel Putnam. Paris still retained some character as an expatriate centre, but as Sylvia Beach, who remained there, has commented:

> [b]y the 'thirties, the Left Bank had changed. The so-called 'lost generation' -- I can't think of a generation less deserving of this name -- had grown up and become famous. Many of my friends had gone home. I missed them, and I missed the fun of discovery and the little reviews and the little publishing houses. It had been pleasanter emerging from a war than going towards another one, and of course there was the depression. But we still had a few of our best friends around the Quarter, at least for a time. Hemingway had an apartment near St. Sulpice; the MacLeishes planned to settle down near the Luxembourg Gardens. We had had to part with Pound, who preferred Rapallo, but we still had Joyce, Eugene and Marie Jolas and transition, and Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas in the rue Christine. And in the rue Notre-Dame des Champs, where Hemingway, in his rooms above a sawmill, had produced some of his first stories and Ezra Pound used to be seen in his velvet beret coming in and out of his studio, Katherine Anne Porter occupied a pavillon....[5]

The numbers of American tourists had noticeably fallen off,[6] but many still came. Expatriate literary activity continued

on a diminished scale. This Quarter, suspended since Summer 1927, was begun again in June 1929 under the new editorship of Edward Titus, and appeared up to the issue for December 1932. In January 1931 Samuel Putnam, who had been involved with Titus in the production of This Quarter, brought out The New Review: An International Notebook of the Arts, devoted to "the higher journalism of ideas," and this journal, with editorial assistance in the early period from Ezra Pound and later from Peter Neagoe, appeared on a quarterly basis until April 1932, printing, among other contributors, some later expatriates like A.Lincoln Gillespie. Between December 1930 and June 1931 there appeared from the Hague a bi-monthly called Front, written in English, French and German; under the editorship of Sonja Prins and the American editorship of Norman MacLeod it expressed strong leftist tendencies. Expatriates like Robert McAlmon, Kay Boyle, and Charles Henri Ford appeared in its pages. In 1931 Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, two American newspaper correspondents, established the magazine Story, dedicated to the short story form, in Vienna, took it to Majorca and then in 1933, back to the States; it was not conspicuously an expatriate magazine though some expatriates, like Kay Boyle and Hemingway, contributed to it. More importantly, transition, after a lapse in publication, was revived in March 1932, and continued in existence, appearing from Paris and the Hague, until the issue for Spring 1938, in its later numbers devoting itself more systematically to Jolas's vertigralist

philosophy. Many of the group around the paper remained in France, growing more and more involved with European literature and writers. In summer 1934 the expatriate magazine Caravel: an American quarterly was begun in Majorca by Sydney Salt and Jean Rivers, with Charles Henri Ford also involved editorially. Printing mainly writers in America, as well as some English writers, it survived until 1936. From Majorca, too, came Laura Riding's Epilogue, which printed three issues (Autumn 1935, Summer, 1936, Spring, 1937) in book-form, and was primarily the organ for theoretical discussion between a group of writers including the editor, Robert Graves and James Reeves. Over this time Majorca had become something of a centre for American expatriates because of its extreme cheapness.[7] One more magazine to come out of Paris over this period from expatriate sources was The Booster, the club magazine of the American Country Club of France. A rich American business man named Elmer Prather started both club and magazine, and he approached Alfred Perlès, who had been on the staff of the Chicago Tribune's Paris edition until it folded, to run it. When Prather decided to divest himself of the magazine he gave it to Perlès, who retained the club features and advertisements but appointed an editorial board containing Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell and William Saroyan. Prather's objections to obscenity caused a change of name; the advertisements disappeared and the name was changed to Delta.

The Booster produced three issues between September 1937 and December 1937, while Delta brought out three numbers from April to December 1938. Philosophical exploration by Henry Miller is the main feature of the journal, but it included poetry by such writers as Lawrence Durrell and Dylan Thomas.[8]

The production of the small presses continued likewise into the thirties, from a similar variety of centres. Thus the Servire Press in the Hague and the Seizin Press of Laura Riding and Robert Graves at Deya, Majorca, were important. The Black Sun Press developed a series, Crosby Continental Editions, which reprinted books by contemporary American (and British) authors, under the description "Modern Masterpieces in English." Also in Paris, Jack Kahane's Obelisk Press produced a number of books by Henry Miller, and one two-volume work, Hamlet, written with Michael Fraenkel, appeared privately from the Villa Seurat, Fraenkel's address, where Henry Miller was living. The Servire Press at the Hague produced an interesting anthology of expatriate work edited by Peter Neagoe, one of the group associated with transition, Americans Abroad (1932). Predominantly a retrospect of the expatriate movement of the nineteen-twenties, it contained a "Foreword" by the editor arguing that the expatriates of that period came to Europe not to find ideas and movements that America could not bring forth, but for simpler reasons:

Why, then, did the American writers come to Europe? In

> search of what? The answer is obvious. Some of them had taken part in the world war, and after the armistice they remained in Europe. The later comers were prompted partly by economic reasons, partly they were attracted by the glamour of new movements. But once in Europe they soon realised that these movements were the concern of the European young, for their own release and liberation. The American artist had America to consider -- himself. He settled down to work. Whatever ideas were in the air came to him -- would have reached him at home also....
>
> ... this Anthology is devoted to those American artists who have been living and writing, during the after-war decade, in Europe.... Some of these artists are still in Europe, but their service is dedicated to American art...[9]

This volume did show however that a number of important figures were in Europe at the time of publication, including Kay Boyle and Laura Riding. Thus James T. Farrell comments in a biographical note upon himself that he is "in no sense of the word an expatriate," but he lives in France -- "my stories have been more readily accepted and printed on the continent than in America."[10]

Nonetheless, over this period the number of American writers in Europe did decline, and the American dominance in Montparnasse tended to yield to refugee artistic groups from Germany and from Russia.[11] A number of the American writers present in the early 'thirties did not remain long, and a general and world-wide tourism became a more apparent pattern of American literary travelling. Many of these travellers came to Europe, in the manner of Wolfe or Fitzgerald, and many were regular visitors to Paris. Gertrude Stein thus continued to receive frequent literary pilgrims.[12] Yet if most of the 'twenties generation of expatriates had gone from

Europe well before 1939, a number of important figures from the older generation remained as part of the European literary scene. T.S. Eliot, in England, now a distinguished editor of The Criterion, led through the 'thirties an important crusade on behalf of classicism in literature and of a European as opposed to a more narrowly English conception of the literary tradition. Gertrude Stein, in France, won with the publication of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (1933) a wide reputation in America, culminating in a highly successful lecture-tour, and retained at the same time her importance as a central figure for experimental literature. In Rapallo Ezra Pound continued to attract disciples and to pursue those theories about the relation of culture to economic order which led both to the middle Cantos and to his disastrous sympathies with Mussolini. At the end of the nineteen-thirties there was, according to Ford Madox Ford, a revival of American bohemianism in Paris as that city became economically feasible again.[13] In fact, however, it was not only expatriation but the general spirit of excitement and avant garde experiment in the arts that had diminished during the last ten years before the outbreak of the Second World War. The modernist and Americanist movements were sufficiently developed, in fact, not to require such gestures. Nonetheless, it should not be forgotten that the expatriation of the nineteen-twenties and the general inclination of American writers toward travel abroad stamped their national literature with a general awareness of the cosmopolitan variety of literary forms which it never subsequently lost.

2. HENRY MILLER AS THE TYPE OF ANARCHIST EXPATRIATE.

However, apart from the continued work of Gertrude Stein, Eliot, and Pound, that of Laura Riding, living in Majorca with her husband Robert Graves, and of Kay Boyle, in Germany and married to a German, the expatriate production of this period was comparatively small. The most original and in one way the most typical work of the new generation came from Henry Miller, an artistic anarchist who reversed the now common, traditionally Jeffersonian formulation of Americans that Europe was dying and America was alive, in motion toward the future. Miller proposed a universe generally moving toward extinction, with the process more advanced in America than in Europe:

> You say that Europe is nearer to death than America. I say it is not so. Lawrence also had to admit it was not so. He said that Europe was more alive because people had lived and suffered and fought and struggled there, shed blood for their ideas, etc. People are freest, he said, when they are living in a homeland -- meaning when they remained and fought out the problems that beset them. Well, Europe is my homeland -- not America. I am with Europe always. I have found a homeland. I think some day the tide of emigration will turn and all those hordes who poured over to America to work in the soil and the mills, to erect the ghastly empty edifice of Work and Progress over there, I think that bloody crew of ghosts and cadavers will return to Europe again and refecundate the soil of Europe.[14]

Miller claimed that it was the anarchist Emma Goldman who "opened up the whole world of European culture for me"; he came to Europe in 1928, spending the year touring the continent. Early in 1930 he raised the money to return to Europe, with the intention of going to Spain, but remained in Paris: "I think France is the best place in the Occidental world to live

and to work, but it is still far from being a healthy, vital world."[15] He returned there as broke as when he went: "I had left America with ten dollars which I borrowed at the last moment before catching the boat; I returned without a cent, borrowing the money for the cabman from the hotel clerk..." he wrote of 1929[16], while his friend Alfred Perlès records that he was broke on his return. Just before the outbreak of war, Miller journeyed to Greece, and then went back to the U.S.A. when war intervened, promising to return "the first Sunday after the war." In The World of Sex (1940) he commented:

> I had two beginnings really, one here in America, which was abortive, and the other in Europe. How was I able to begin again, you may well ask? I should answer truthfully -- by dying. In the first year or so in Paris I literally died, was literally annihilated -- and resurrected as a new man.[17]

In fact Miller settled during the war in an inaccessible house in a section of California with well-established Bohemian associations, and there he has remained. His work, however, continued to express an ideal state of deracination that is made possible by Europe:

> Is it good here in France? It's wonderful. Marvellous. For me it's marvellous, because it's the only place in the world I know of where I can go on with my murder-and-suicide business -- until I strike a new zodiacal realm. For a French writer it may be bad here, but then I am not a French writer... I am a cosmological writer.[18]

This figure of the "cosmological writer" who is déraciné and dépaysé is indeed one that Miller refines throughout his predominantly autobiographical writing. If many expatriates cherished the dream, secret or open, of success and re-assimil-

ation into American life, Miller dramatically presents the idea of return to his native land -- "the air-conditioned nightmare" -- with loathing. In his biographical comments in The Time of the Assassins: A Study of Rimbaud (1956), Miller extensively compares himself and Rimbaud, presenting himself as the dispossessed genius, the abnormal individual who is maladapted because the world about him has accepted its situation far too easily, able to find in his native land only emptiness and hostility:

> To return to New York...was a frightening thought. The city whose every street I know like a book, where I have so many friends, remains the last place on earth I would turn to. I would rather die than be forced to spend the rest of my days in the place of my birth. I can only visualize myself returning to New York as utterly destitute, as a cripple, as a man who has given up the ghost.[19]

This is the theme of his early expatriate novel Tropic of Cancer (1934), in which the narrator, an apocalyptic and an autobiographical figure, believes that the world is dying and that the atmosphere is saturated with disaster, frustration, and futility, adding: "I enjoy it. I am crying for more and more disasters, for bigger calamities, for grander failures."[20] Thus the city of Paris, where one can live "on just grief and anguish," exerts an attraction proposed by no other expatriate writer; it is a centre of madness, criminality, disorder and has the power to feed anguish and uncertainty:

> It is no accident that propels people like us to Paris. Paris is simply an artificial stage, a revolving stage that permits the spectator to glimpse all the phases of the conflict. Of itself Paris initiates no dramas. They are begun elsewhere. Paris is simply an obstetrical instrument that tears the living embryo from the womb and puts it in the incubator. Paris is the cradle of artificial

> births. Rocking here in the cradle each one slips back into his soil: one dreams back to Berlin, New York, Chicago, Vienna, Minsk. Vienna is never more Vienna than in Paris.[21]

It is a city which proposes an ideal of humanity and yet in which one can have "nothing to do with the creaking machinery of humanity," where one can be inhuman. Miller in fact can be said to propose the cosmopolitan city in its extreme form, as a place of criminality and disorder where one is without human obligation and ministers only to one's individual reality. Through this experience one may emerge into a more genial, anarchistic ~~experiency~~ appreciation of humanity; thus Tropic of Cancer concludes:

> Suddenly it occurred to me that if I wanted I could go to America myself. It was the first time the opportunity had ever presented itself. I asked myself -- "do you want to go?" There was no answer. My thoughts drifted out, towards the sea, towards the other side where, taking a last look back, I had seen the skyscrapers fading out in a flurry of snow-flakes... After everything had quietly sifted through my head, a great peace came over me. Here, where the river gently winds through the girdle of hills, lies a soil so saturated with the past that however far back the human mind roams one can never detach it from its human background.[22]

Paris is in fact a symbol to Miller of his isolation from social order and of the independent humanity for which he lives; it is the collective city so vast that freedom ensues, yet against a background of vigorous rather than mechanical life. In his writing, Paris and New York function as opposite poles against which he can direct his vigorous and extravagant emotions and convictions. Distinctively, however, Miller is committed to neither. The "deeper reality" that keeps Miller alive when he returns to America[23] may indeed have European origins, but

Europe is still part of the dying world that Miller condemns and revels in and it is by no means necessarily pleasant for the citizen, those who must live there and can never taste the spirit of utter freedom.

Miller can thus be described as an example of the extreme expatriate, the expatriate whose exile is a manifestation of a total wish to separate himself from his native land and live a life of individual freedom without commitment or obligation. It is this stage of advanced artistic alienation that Miller dramatises in his work, which, philosophically, emerges from an extreme cultural detachment. It supposes a world that is dying and in such a world there are no obligations and anything is permitted; it sees the world as a cultural tower of Babel in which only the individual self has any reality. It is, like existentialism, a philosophy to which Miller is close, clearly developed out of the atmosphere of a city-centred intellectual bohemia. Where the earlier expatriates tended to seek in Europe culture and order, Miller seeks there confusion and concealment. He is directly opposed to the traditional role of the artist as a direct agent of the civilization toward which the society aspires, and his attacks on formalism in art at the beginning of Tropic of Cancer and his praise of the maladapted genius in The Time of the Assassins manifest a highly romanticized view of spontaneous creativity and bohemian conduct which was subsequently inherited by the post-war Beatnik generation. And since it is neither institutions or standards that Miller seeks abroad, but an escape

from those things, Paris, a cosmopolitan city with a bohemian tradition and great heterogeneity of valye, coupled with a special reassurance that comes from its settled, traditional quality and its sense of having been long lived in, provides an exceptionally satisfactory centre for the "cosmological writer," the world citizen that Miller sees himself to be in a war-time essay:

> I believe that it is now possible for me to have my being anywhere on earth. I regard the entire world as my home. I inhabit the earth, not a particular portion of it labelled America, France, Germany or Russia.[24]

3. AMERICAN LITERARY EXPATRIATES IN EUROPE FROM 1945 TO THE PRESENT.

During the Second World War most of the American expatriates in continental Europe returned to America, though a few -- Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Sylvia Beach, etc. -- remained in occupied France and Pound did not leave Italy. Immediately after the war was over, however, there seemed a possibility that there would be in Paris a renewal of expatriate activity analogous to that of the 'twenties. "When this war is over there will be an exodus to Europe such as this country has never seen," wrote Henry Miller in a war-time essay, "We try to pretend now, because France has collapsed, that she was degenerate... France prostrate and defeated is more alive than we have ever been."[25] A whole new generation had seen Europe as soldiers for the first time, and it exerted an undoubted attraction upon many of them. Many indeed did return, and a

fresh pattern of residence abroad began to emerge as the era of the Fulbright Travel Grant and the Guggenheim Fellowship enabled enormous numbers of American students, writers and university teachers to spend considerable time in all parts of Europe as well as in other parts of the world. However, the numbers of long-term expatriates, though quite considerable, remained very much smaller than those before the war. In the immediate post-war period it was not easy for non-military Americans to get to Europe,[25a] but as conditions eased many official agencies, in a new era of American internationalism, promoted American 'expatriates,' by setting up centres for the study of American life, such as the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies and the more generalized Congress for Cultural Freedom, and by encouraging literary and cultural contacts between Americans and Europeans. The German magazine Der Monat and the English Encounter emerged out of this atmosphere and brought American intellectuals like Melvin J. Lasky and Irving Kristol to Europe. Through these various facilities a very large number of the present American literary generation have spent time in Europe, but relatively few have chosen the path of permanent expatriation. Since transatlantic travel has, with the development of jet aircraft travel, become enormously simple and since financial support for such travel is relatively easy to obtain from many agencies of different kinds concerned with the encouragement of cultural and intellectual contact, that sense of firm commitment whihh marked earlier literary expatriates is now no longer necessary.

Further, with the rapid extension of American cultural domination over Europe which took place in the post-war period at all levels, and affected the arts both at the popular and the serious level, and with the development of American leadership of the western bloc in the period of tension which has survived up to the present, the relationship of the American arts to those of Europe changed enormously. There was plentiful evidence that in many ways it was now not America but Europe that was 'the debtor culture.' Various rituals of supersession, from the growth of European expatriation to America[26] to the support that came from American sources for European literary periodicals and European university departments,[27] made it apparent that the cultural balance of power had shifted greatly. The acceptance of American literature in Europe grew greatly, and a study of the reviews of American books over this period will reveal both in England and elsewhere in Europe there is a growing conviction of the importance of and often of the dominance of American writing of the present time, as well as a new regard for American writing of the past.[28] At the same time facilities for Europeans to study in the United States vastly improved, so that a new cosmopolitan pattern of transatlantic movement and transatlantic influence began to emerge, out of which developed the Atlantic commuter and the Fulbright novel, two symptoms of the regularity of contact which existed over this period. Another consequence of this new pattern was a broader dissemination of American literary and academic visitors (in many cases the roles were

interchangeable) over Europe. Not only France and England, but Ireland and Sicily and Scandinavia, received them. There are many documents of this pattern, from Herbert Kubly's An American in Italy to fictional representations such as some of the short stories of John Updike or the novels of Leslie Fiedler.[29]

Many of these documents indicate a considerable strengthening of the theory, prevalent in America even before Jefferson, that Europe was indeed finished. Thus William Barrett, writing in Partisan Review in 1946 under the title "Reflections on Returning from Italy," quotes Trotsky's phrase about World War I -- "the victory of America over Europe" -- and describes World War II as "the victory of America and Russia over Europe," adding that "All Europe is now in the position of a backward nation."[30] Edmund Wilson's Europe Without Baedeker: Sketches Among the Ruins of Italy, Greece & England (1947) is a new version of the traditional American scrap-book in which Wilson "had been thinking, all the time I was in Europe, how much better off we were at home..." His conclusion is entirely in favour of America:

> ...my optimistic opinion is that the United States at the present time is more politically advanced than any other part of the world, because we have been through the worst of our careerist phase and are coming out on the other side. We have seen a revival of the democratic creativeness which presided at the birth of the Republic and flourished up through the Civil War.[31]

Such conclusions on behalf of American life and the American arts promoted Partisan Review to conduct a survey of American

intellectuals to see whether their attitudes toward their country and culture had changed radically since the nineteen-twenties. In the "Editorial Statement" accompanying the symposium, in the issue for May-June 1952, the conclusion was that "The American artist and intellectual no longer feels 'disinherited' as Henry James did, or 'astray' as Ezra Pound did in 1913," and that "(w)e have obviously come a long way from the earlier rejection of America as spiritually barren, from the attacks of Mencken on the 'booboisie,' and the Marxist picture of America in the thirties as the land of capitalist reaction." It pictured the new problem for the American intellectual as that of confronting mass-culture in America and throughout the world, and it noted that an essential feature of the new concern of intellectuals with American life was the changing sense of the American relation with Europe:

> For more than a hundred years, America was culturally dependent on Europe; now Europe is economically dependent on America. And America is no longer the raw and unformed land of promise from which James, Santayana, and Eliot departed, seeking in Europe what they found lacking in America. Europe is no longer regarded as a sanctuary; it no longer assures that rich experience of culture which inspired and justified a criticism of American life. The wheel has come full circle, and now America has become the protector of Western civilization, at least in a military and economic sense.[32]

But such a picture, though considerably true, does not take account of the revival of bohemianism in America which was to culminate in the Beat Generation, one of the largest and most withdrawn of bohemian communities ever to emerge in any country, nor of the mild resurgence of expatriation which did take place over the period under review.

Thus Paris bohemia did begin to reform after the end of the war. Caresse Crosby was one of the first Americans to return, taking with her not coffee and rice but drawings by American artists.[33] Despite the difficulties of getting permission, the American negro writer Richard Wright appeared in Paris immediately after the war, to see Gertrude Stein, who praised his work highly; and in 1948, two years after her death, he settled in Paris as an expatriate. Other negro writers, notably James Baldwin, spent periods of expatriation in Paris, and Baldwin's Giovanni's Room is in the tradition of the expatriate novel. An early Beat community of Americans formed in Paris, and is depicted in Maitland Zane's novel Easy Living (1959). William Burroughs, a writer in the tradition of dada experiment, is resident in Paris. In 1952 James A. Barry published an account of American life in Paris, Left Bank, Right Bank: Paris and Parisians, in which he described the American colony as numbering 12,000, divided neatly into the Right Bank residents, primarily business people, and the Left Bank artists and students. The colony between the wars had numbered some 25,000 and had come to escape American restriction, but the new generation "proclaims its American origin and spends its time pursuing French culture. The American in Paris now is closer to Henry James's Strether than Hemingway's Jake Barnes. He is in Paris to seek a set of values rather than to fight the shadows of his childhood or his trench life."[34] But this generation undoubtedly included a beatnik section whose expatriation was closer in its style

and convictions to those of Henry Miller. Most of the expatriates in Europe seem to have followed out either a student or a beatnik-bohemian pattern of life in the many centres to which they went. Though Paris probably attracted most of the new generation of 'exiles,' Italy became an important centre, and expatriate life there has been represented in several novels.[35] London, too, attracted a number of Americans, and there is a lively description of expatriate life in London and Dublin in J.P. Donleavy's novel The Ginger Man.

Though a certain amount of considerable work has been produced from the expatriate context -- the work of Burroughs, Wright and Baldwin in Paris, or that of Sylvia Plath in England -- there is little about it to suggest that it has been much influenced by the writer's change of milieu, or that their European life differs radically from that which such writers might have lived in America. Indeed, as individual cultures tend to lose their distinctiveness in an age of powerful cultural inter-penetration, and as American literature increasingly influences the national literatures of the countries of their expatriation, the drama of expatriate living tends to fade away; and in an age of official approval of such action, such gestures lose much of their significance. Thus, while there are a number of 'expatriate' reviews which appeared in Europe during the post-war period, most of these take little from their location beyond a general international outlook, such as in fact characteristic of most of the post-war American

intellectual reviews. The two most important, The Paris Review, founded by Americans in Paris and circulated in England and the United States as well as France, and J.F. McCrindle's post-war revival of the Transatlantic Review, founded in London and circulated in Europe and America, have a wide range of contribution and an interest in experimentalism which has made them attractive to both English and American writers, who meet in its pages.[36] Though they do have a slightly higher than usual proportion of expatriate contributors, their main perspective is undoubtedly an internationalism of view which assumes that London, Paris, and New York are, for literary purposes, cities interlinked and offering a common audience to the artist. Both journals have strong formalist interests, stress the relation of literature to the other arts, and reveal a broad cosmopolitanism centred in literature and aesthetic in emphasis that is clearly a significant attitude among the new expatriate generation. The ready cosmopolitanism of American writers must, however, be now said to derive not from the provincial situation of the arts in America, which drive the artist abroad, but from a situation in which modern cosmopolitan literature recognises the United States as one of its centres and even as its fountainhead. The expatriates in Paris during the nineteen-twenties indeed pre-empted experimentalism as an American mode, and its cultural dominance in the American arts -- in such forms as architecture and the musical as well as in the context of high culture -- becomes increasingly apparent from the 'twenties onward, so that it

was one of the recognisable features of American influence on Europe in the post-war period.

The American expatriate who came to Europe in the period after the Second World War thus did so with the freedom of Europe before him. It was a part of his cultural heritage, but he had been emancipated from its mentorship. He studied it now as a student or as an aesthete, engrossed but detached. His spirit was often that expressed by Elliot Paul in his novel The Life and Death of a Spanish Town, published in 1937, where it is said of a Spain in conflict: "Their land is dying. Mine is not." The detachment was sufficiently complete for London, which many expatriates previously had been careful to avoid, once again to became an expatriate centre. The notion of Europe as a place of freedom but also of license, promoted by the early expatriates of the 'twenties and by Henry Miller, but much more by the disorder and corruption of post-war Europe, was an essential part of the new view of the expatriates. Thus in four essays in his volume The End of Innocence, Leslie Fiedler describes under the general title "Innocence Abroad" a visit to Europe in which Europe has become a reflection of America, with American magazines on the kiosks and American attitudes and influences in its literature. For the visitor Italy has always been either a Pilgrimage or a Descent into Hell, but the aroma of "mechanical lust and meaningless violence" is simply a version of the corruption of America, heightened by post-war disorder. The new expatriate coming to Europe either for culture or for freedom thus finds no

more than he knows. He is deprived of the old ritual of innocence which kept him from knowing himself completely, and enabled him to locate both culture and corruption in Europe:

> The end of the American artist's pilgrimage to Europe is the discovery of America. That this discovery is unintended hardly matters; ever since Columbus it has been normal to discover America by mistake. Even in the days when it was still fashionable to talk about 'expatriation,' the American writer was rediscovering the Michigan woods in the Pyrenees, or coming upon St. Paul in Antibes. How much more so now, when the departing intellectual does not take flight under a cover of a barrage of manifestoes, but is sent abroad on a Fulbright grant or is sustained by the G.I. Bill. The new American abroad finds a Europe racked by self-pity and nostalgia (except where sustained by the manufactured enthusiasms of Stalinism), and as alienated from its own tradition as Sauk City; he finds a Europe reading in its ruins Moby Dick, a Europe haunted by the idea of America.[37]

Such a Europe indeed enforces upon the American writer his own problems, refuses him the possibility of innocence, and it is the acquisition of experience that Fiedler sees as the characteristic of the post-war period. In the same way the disorder of Europe faced the new expatriate with the question of his own responsibility. Much of the fictional representation of Europe by American expatriates over this period thus depicts a Europe in moral disorder, which the American can take advantage, recoil from in horror, or attempt to redeem, as does Sergeant X in J.D. Salinger's story "For Esmé -- With Love and Squalor." The American display of plenty in the midst of post-war poverty also provoked feelings of guilt, while the Europe that later emerged, built on an American pattern of consumption, production and mass-communication, tended to produce a guilt of another sort. Certainly, as Fiedler argues, the expatriate can no longer sustain a myth

of the 'otherness' of Europe, and consequently its attraction for the American must on the whole be defined in terms of less general and more personal factors. Many American writers seeking to live cheaply ranged further afield than Europe (and a feature of American post-war expatriation has been its global nature) but Majorca, Spain and Portugal all afforded good rates of exchange. Paris in the post-war period soon ceased to be cheap, and during the nineteen-fifties a pattern of 'rich' expatriation developed, which included a number of the writers associated with the Paris Review -- Peter Matthiesson, Terry Southern, and George A. Plimpton. One of this group, Irwin Shaw, who "tried London for a couple of months, but the weather and the licensing laws drove me out," commented in a newspaper interview that this group was largely upper-middle-class: "The circuit is Groton, Harvard, Yale, Paris. Writers, or would-be writers, no longer find it necessary to huddle on the Left Bank. They can afford to pay for apartments on the other side."[38] In addition to these writers, Paris and other European cities drew a number of writers with particular reasons for dissatisfaction with or resentment against their native land -- political dissentients, sexual deviants who found greater tolerance in Europe,[39] and those who found less racial prejudice in Paris or other European centres. However, neither the sense of being self-exiled, nor any strong hostility toward the American literary context, seems to be part

of the motivation of the American expatriate writers of the nineteen-fifties. Indeed, the literary factors in the situation, with which this study is concerned, seem to suggest that there is considerable pressure for a movement the other way, from Europe to America.

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28 See, for instance, The Times Literary Supplement , No. 2,746 (September 17, 1954), a special number devoted to "American Writing To-Day: Its Independence & Vigour."

29 And see Leslie Fiedler, An End to Innocence: Essays on Culture and Politics (Boston, U.S.A., Beacon Press, (Paperback edition), 1955), which has several essays discussing the impact of Europe, particularly Italy, on Americans. Partisan Review has also kept up, through the post-war period, a sustained commentary on the response of Americans to Europe. See for instance William Barrett, "New Innocents Abroad," Partisan Review, XVIII,3 (March, 1950), pp. 272-91.

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35 There is in fact a considerable group of post-war American novels about Italy, many of them written by American university teachers who went to Italian universities in considerable numbers.

36 Interview with J.F. McCrindle (1963).

37 Leslie Fiedler, "Looking Backward: America from Europe," in An End to Innocence.

38 Irwin Shaw, "Expatriate" (interview) in The Sunday Telegraph, September 29, 1963.

39 William Barrett, "New Innocents Abroad," discusses the way Europe has become a centre for American "sexual vacations," citing homsexual groups in Paris.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CONCLUSION

Migration is a social process which is a response usually to what sociologists call 'push-factors' in the emigrating context and to 'pull-factors' operating from the point of immigration. The aim of the preceding chapters has been to present expatriation among American writers in this general context, showing historically the changing way in which these factors operated during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Over this period, the migrant centres remained roughly the same, but the reasons expressed by expatriates for going abroad gradually changed as the determining factors in both America and Europe altered. It is not difficult to discern a number of forces at work that made such literary expatriation as America experienced likely. One such force is certainly the tradition of contact that arose out of the colonial situation of the United States and its relation to the thought and social traditions of Western Europe, of which America was the heir. The language relation with England, and the fact that European and particularly English literature maintained its circulation and influence in the United States long

after independence in other spheres, the political and the economic, had been established, tended to diminish the opportunities for American writers to become successful in their own country, and to make apparent the attractions of the literary life in Europe. Another factor was the growing indeterminacy of the writer's social role in the movement from a predominantly agrarian to a predominantly industrial, and a predominantly hierarchical to a democratic, society. Historically, in Europe, the writer had worked in the context of a fairly clearly determined set of social values, and his art was conspicuously associated with the standards of the aristocracy and the middle-class. The radical difference of the artist's circumstances in the American social pattern led many observers to doubt whether the arts had a real place in the life of the United States. The consequence was that the conditions for art were more conspicuously in evidence in Europe than they were in the United States; so much so, that it came to seem to some writers that Europe actually had a 'literary' landscape, decked with castles, ruins and ancestral wrongs, while America did not. Many American writers thus felt themselves to be not so much alienated artists as inheritors of an alien tradition which could not root in American circumstances. This made for conservatism, as in the case of James, but also for radically divergent developments in the arts once these were able to grow on American soil.

The pattern of the development of the arts in America thus tended to make American writers conscious of a dependence

on a culture derived from a context other than their own immediate one, and encouraged them to find their distinctiveness as a class, their self-identification, in their relationship to a distant culture. Richard Chase has pointed out that, compared with England, American cultural life shows "far more enduring contradictions and discontinuities," and that for reasons of cultural uncertainty and insecurity the American writers of the nineteenth century tended toward an avant garde form of self-definition , with the result that in America the avant garde has tended to become a continuous feature of cultural life.[1] My early chapters seek to show the way in which because of the nature of the American cultural situation the writer tended to derive and to sustain standards originating in Europe in order to shape and to justify his role as an artist. At the same time a systematic quest for a distinctive national literature and a conviction of the potential superiority of American literature increased the tensions in his situation.

In that part of the nineteenth-century up to the Civil War, the factors promoting discontent with and separation from the American artistic situation were chiefly those deriving from a sense of provinciality in relation to a more dominant culture, an uncertainty about the role of the artist in the American context, and the development of an artistic culture which referred outside America for its standards. The factors drawing the writer to Europe were

an appreciation of the dominance of the European tradition in America, and the wish to present American achievement at the point at which approval counted most. At this time the dominant culture was English and England was the main centre for expatriation. A strong sentimental attachment to English life and to the English literary tradition prevailed, though the instinct toward cultural emancipation was strongly felt. One of the effects of the situation was to promote in the American writer a restless internationalism of outlook and of experience. The absence of direct social obligations derived from an established relationship between the artist and his reader tends to create in the writer an impulse toward originality, formal variousness, and mysticism. Writers thus tend to become members of a special and independent class, in loose relation to the community as a whole, and with a life-style and sense of purpose that is distinctively thuirs. The artistic intelligence becomes an entity on its own, subservient to nothing and professionally self-contained. There develops a gradual detaching of the intelligent classes and the artists from their soil, and a movement towards cultural ghettos. Artistic centres develop where artists congregate and sustain their professional standards by constant reference to their peers. This process matured early in the United States, so that we find expressed in the fiction of Hawthorne and Melville the darkness and frustration of the artist committed to a painful bondage. In these terms we may explain the theme that runs through much artistic

commentary of the early and middle nineteenth-century in the United States -- that of the desire for freedom from the commitments and obligations imposed by the past, expressed by writers who also reveal an appreciation of and a frequent reference to that past. For, while on the one hand the writer found his natural support in the context of Europe, reference to Europe not only relieved but encouraged his sense of isolation. Expatriation thus frequently encouraged simultaneously both the instinct toward cultural conservatism and a sense of alliance with advanced intellectual opinion, deriving from the cosmopolitanism that expatriation promoted.

In the period after the Civil War, when expatriation increased and when the centres of attraction widened, this sense of a double commitment to past and future became much more evident. Europe, a context of 'otherness,' offered freedom from the deterministic forces of American life. The expatriate writer possessed, in an America of advanced industrialism, a "detachment," a commitment to culture for its own sake. Europe offered the freedom rather than the obligations of new American wealth. The bohemian life of France and the upper middle class social life of England alike permitted the writer a world in which his status more certain but his imaginative freedom vastly increased. James, whatever his social ambitions, knew himself for a deracinated cosmopolitan for whom the standards of civilization obtaining in the English context provided a critical and moral perspective. Many of his contemporaries and immediate successors in expat-

riation had, as has been suggested, a predominantly aesthetic and cultural orientation, a characteristic of extreme artistic dedication in a context where the arts are sufficiently detached from broader social experience to provide a total framework of values themselves. To this degree they were committed to and interested in the cultural attainments of Europe, while the American literary situation was seen as insufficient to sustain and support their orientation. They sought in Europe not isolation but the cultural rewards and values that it afforded. While later expatriates often regarded loneliness and separation as ends in themselves, most of this generation of expatriates fled from alienation to a more congenial context which supported their values. The provinciality of American art and the absence of a secure social role for the American artist continued to be major factors encouraging emigration, while the richer cultural context of Europe, with its enhanced possibilities of stimulus and indeed of economic reward, was a primary source of attraction.

In the subsequent generation of expatriates, that which went to Europe in the period between the turn of the century and the outbreak of the First World War, there was a considerable change of attitude toward both the American and the European context. While the conviction of American provinciality still survived among writers like Pound and Gertrude Stein, both were positively aware of an established tradition of letters in their native land, and both perceived

that this tradition was experimental in emphasis. Though most of these writers were deeply influenced by movements of European experimentalism, and to this degree required from Europe the reassurance of a 'tradition,' their motivation clearly included a desire to encompass a literary revolution and to find a new art. Their conception of the literary life was strongly influenced by the bohemian notion of a separatist artistic group combining to produce literary movements and campaigns, and those expatriates who gathered in London helped to give a strong movement emphasis to the literary revolution that took place there as the relation of writer and audience in the English context began to disintegrate further. For this reason the group in London at least found themselves not followers but mentors in a new phase of artistic activity. Writers in Europe and particularly in England found the American visitors a source of literary hybridisation, and to this degree American literary expatriation had profound importance for the receiving culture, for it promoted internationalism and introduced the American literary experience into the context of production. Thus if the factors promoting emigration from America remained the same -- a conviction of American provinciality and inadequacy -- the terms of the attraction of Europe altered considerably. It offered a tradition, but this was idiosyncratically defined in relation to contemporary needs; it offered a context for modernism and experiment and a possibility of living the cosmopolitan bohemian life; and it provided superior economic and publish-

ing facilities. Thus we may say that from 1907, the year when Pound decided to go to Europe, the tendency in expatriate literary activity was more and more to regard Europe as a centre in which the cosmopolitan literary tradition of America could be continued in circumstances more stimulating and propitious than those at home.

This indeed was the pattern that was further developed in the nineteen-twenties. Among those Americans who matured as writers over this period there was a strong impulse to leave their local backgrounds and to seek a more cosmopolitan style of life. Many of these, as of the pre-war generation, were midwesterners whose early life-circumstances were more self-consciously provincial than those of the Eastern seaboard, and whose university experience and wartime travel had brought about a detachment from their local situation. They were a provincial intelligentsia, but provincials in a country which was still conscious of its total provincialism and which had not yet gained confidence in the accretion of a metropolitan consciousness. The processes of assimilation of immigrants, the conscious attempts at Americanization built into the social pattern, the absence of an adequate context for the writer (except in the outmoded pattern of New England life, consciously rejected by many writers), made for an almost deliberate conformism, a certain didactic quality of social and educational effort which was inhospitable to adventurous literary experiment. Already literary men were increasingly dependent on institutionalized roles in their society for

their basic livelihood. Living as journalists, university students or teachers, and publishing employees, they found their literary creativity jeopardised by the national preoccupation with the absorption of immigrants and the expansion of a business culture. They sought a metropolitan atmosphere and a liberating climate, but as Mencken, Anderson, and Stearns all complained, metropolitan culture was dominated over this period by powerful pressures deriving from agrarian isolationist centres. This situation pushed them out of America to contexts where cosmopolitanism of a more established kind prevailed, and where the provincial intelligentsia could find new freedom. The Mugwump pattern of frustration with the political possibilities available to the intellectual further drove this generation in the direction of bohemianism, which had established itself as a fundamental tradition of American literary conduct after the decline of the New England intelligentsia. In the Bohemian colonies of America and especially in Paris, their talents seemed to be more appreciated than in any other context -- not because they found a society into which they fitted, but rather because a significant sub-culture in which the arts provided their own audience and where the artistic life was already established as an autonomous and accepted sphere of social life prevailed. The special attraction of Paris was not then the general culture of French society as a whole, but the fact of a cosmopolitan climate which could flourish fully only in a society which was sufficiently secure in its values to accept the development

of autonomous sub-cultures.

It is thus the existence of the self-conscious professional group -- foregathered at this stage in one centre, but later, with the growth of better communications, much dispersed -- and the context of a collectivity who create in one location a cosmopolitan sub-culture, which drew writers to Paris. They went in fact not to France but to cosmopolis, and when cosmopolitanism could be more widely diffused and more severally experienced in a later development of communication, expatriation would no longer need to imply migration. Indeed the concept of patria itself tends to become irrelevant at this stage, since the arts have found an autonomy which relates to an institutional order of advanced industrial society rather than th the transmission of high-cultural values within a particular society. Bohemianism itself is no more than the possibility of a diverse value-structure from that of the national society in which it arises; it follows from the disjunction of specifically local and traditional standards and the consequent uncertainty and frustration of the artist and the intellectual. Bohemia is a circumstance in which the arts emerge, not from local and regional contexts, but from a self-conscious professionally committed group, whose values are now peculiar to them and who have grown away from the values of their societies of origin. It was (in terms of this psycho-sociological analysis) almost an accident that this growing away had first necessarily to involve also going away.

This development seems historically almost necessary in American circumstances. The absence of strong literary traditions, the acquaintance with the rich emotional and cultural life of other societies, the absence of adequate acceptance for the writer in America, the secularization of a society which did not need even vestigial religious significance added to its work-tasks, the fact of rapid social change which left little opportunity to solemnize America's values and work activities, the general Utopianist emphasis of American intellectual thought, which committed thinkers to the future rather than to the present, all of these were factors in the development of the bohemian pattern of literary behaviour. The rapid development of a cosmopolitan intelligentsia and an avant garde has much to do with these internal factors, as well as to the temptations to cosmopolitan inherent in any provincial situation which is not by its nature self-contained. And in the consequent bohemian context the arts were assumed to emerge not out of local or traditional situations, out of the normal circumstances of the writer's day-to-day life, but out of the atmosphere of a community dedicated to their pursuit. The arts, consequently, were apt to draw upon the self-consciously new, and to be metropolitan and unlocalised in character, releasing the writer from the obligation to turn to the material in his immediate local circumstances. Such local materials tend in such a context to be treated wither with satiric detachment or with the nostalgia of one who has developed far beyond them. Thus

the bohemian movement typically adopted a mode of aestheticism, and experimentalism, in art, as well as a strongly developed sense of profession, so that a large occupational sub-culture formed and relied to a large extent on manners and customs developed internally. It was a community that was unstable, without direct obligations, and so tended towards personal extravagance and deviance. Frustration was implicit in the circumstance of the supposed autonomy of artistic values and in the lack of social influence and absence of social attention. Paris, with its bohemian tradition and the fortunate fact that it was a comparatively cheap city for a kind of writer who could expect no immediate financial reward for his avant garde art, thus offered propitious conditions for the kind of art the new generation wished to pursue and the kind of life that accompanied its production. Its attraction was then its traditional role as a bohemian centre and the nature of its economic arrangements.

Since, however, the attractions exerted by Paris could be reproduced in the country of origin, and since one of them was an economic advantage which was not sustained in the period of economic instability at the end of the nineteen-twenties, the tendency at this point was for expatriation to diminish. At the same time there was a partial reconciliation of the bohemian groups with the general society as unstable conditions increased the possibility of their social influence. The growth of American political power in the period after the

Second World War again enhanced the social influence of the intellectuals, while the cultural Americanization of Europe reduced the direct cultural attraction that Europe could exert. America's emergence as a world power created a situation in which residence abroad became in a new way an American social necessity, an institutional fact rather than an act of deviance. In fact Americans have never before travelled in such numbers; recent figures indicate that one per cent of the American population now lives and works abroad and another million and a half travel abroad each year.[2] In such a situation expatriation changes its nature, substituting political and work factors for the 'push factors' and 'pull factors' elaborated above.

Nonetheless, recent studies by psychologists of what is called 'xenophilia' indicate that there are persons for whom the foreign land becomes the idealisation of the heart's desire. Cultural xenophilia, "illustrated by the expatriate on the Left Bank for whom America is a land without culture, and Europe the place where conversation sparkles, where intellectuals are appreciated, where children learn proper deportment," is thus seen as part of a general xenophiliac pattern in which persons "express rebellion against the primary symbols of authority in one's own culture by asserting that things are as they should be somewhere else,"[3] The fact that this syndrome, found in many Americans who have elected to live abroad in the post-war period, can still be related to object-

ive factors in the situation of the American intellectual is not represented in these studies. However, even in the age of expanding international mass-culture, there remain, it should be observed, many features of European life that still exert a profound attraction upon the American writer and intellectual. One of the most important of these is that in many areas of and communities in Europe the cultural division between the intelligentsia and the growingly homogenized society around him is less painfully evident in a period when this is the most significant cultural issue of the day. The prevalence of expatriation in this spirit suggests that, despite the changed balance of cultural power, American literary expatriation is likely to be sustained in the future.

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