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講演：Henry James と Modern American Poets: Donald Justice と Cid Corman を中心に：
もし、ジェイムズが詩を書いたとしたら。。。。

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Outline:

1. はじめに: James と口述筆記
 2. *The American Scene* (1907)
Ezra Pound : James “the triumphant stylist”
Donald Justice: “Henry James at the Pacific”
 3. James’s Letters: (書簡体文学)
Cid Corman: “No Consolation” / James’s letter to Grace Norton (July 28, 1883)
 4. おわりに : James as “an unrealized poet” : 「知られていない」 / 「書かなかった」 詩人
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Citations:

1. ...After a life-time spent in trying to make two continents understand each other, ... only his thoughtful readers can have any conception of how he had tried, I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James’ style ... (Pound, “Henry James and Remy de Gourmont,” *Make It Knew* 252).
... His art was great art as opposed to over-elaborate or over-refined art by virtue of the major conflicts which he portrays (255).
2. ... The “story” not being really what he is after, he starts to build up his medium; a thickening, chiaroscuro is needed, the long sentence; he wanders, seeks to add a needed opacity, he overdoes it, produces the cobwebby novel, emerges or justifies himself in *Maisie* and He comes out the triumphant stylist in *The American Scene* and in all the items of *The Finer Grain* collection and in the posthumous *Middle Years* (263).
3. ... a row of faces, up and down, testifying, without exception, ... to alienism unmistakable, alienism undisguised and unashamed (*The American Scene* 125).
- 4.... Where was the charm of boundless immensity as over-looked from a car-window?
...the great monotonous rumble of [the Pullman] which forever seems to say to you: “See what I’m making of all this—see what I’m making, of what I’m making!”....
“I see what you are *not* making, oh, what you are ever so vividly not!
If I were one of the painted savages you have dispossessed, ... what you are making would doubtless impress me more than what you are leaving unmade; ... Beauty and charm would be for me in the solitude you have ravaged, and I should ever owe you my grudge for every disfigurement and every violence, for every wound with which you have caused the

face of the land to bleed (*AS* 463).

5. ...There were times when Bob's [the youngest brother] spoken overflow struck me as the equivalent, for fine animation, of William's epistolary. The note of the ingenious in him spent itself as he went, but I find an echo of one of its many incidents in the passage of verse that I am here moved to rescue from undue obscurity. It is too "amateurish" and has many irregular lines, but images admirably the play of spirit in him ... (*Notes of a Son and Brother* 459 note1).

6. The April day was soft and bright,
and poor Dencome,
happy in the conceit of reassured strength,
stood in the garden of the hotel, comparing,
with a deliberation in which, however,
there was still something of languor,
the attractions of easy strolls.

He liked the feeling of the south,
so far as you could have it in the north,
he liked the sandy cliffs and the clustered pines,
he liked even the colourless sea.
"Bournemouth as a health-resort"
had sounded like a mere advertisement,
but now he was reconciled to the prosaic.
(*"The Middle Years"* quoted in *"Hearing Henry James's Poetry"*)

7. Henry James at the Pacific—Coronado Beach, California, 1905
In a hotel room by the sea, the Master
Sits brooding on the continent he has crossed.
Not that he foresees immediate disaster,
Only a sort of freshness being lost—
Or should he go on calling it Innocence?
The sad-faced monsters of the plains are gone;
Wall Street controls the wilderness. There's an immense
Novel in all this waiting to be done.
But not, not—sadly enough—by him. His talents,
Such as they may be, want a different theme,
Rather more civilized than this, on balance.
For him now always the recurring dream
Is just the mild, dear light of Lamb House falling
Beautifully down the pages of his calling.

—Donald Justice. *The Atlantic Monthly*, January 1986—

8. No Consolation

<i>I</i> don't know <i>why</i> we live— but believe	in one's place— makes it a standpoint in	and it rolls over us and almost
we can go on living because life's	the cosmos probably wise not to	smothers us— yet leaves us on the spot
finally all we know anything	forsake. We are—yes—all echoes of	and we know that if it is strong we
about. In other words – consciousness	the <i>same</i> . But don't—please—too much gener-	are stronger: it passes— we remain
is power— though it may seem at times	alize these feelings—each life is its	It wears us— uses us— but we wear
to be pure misery. Yet the way	own special problem—so. be content	it—use it in return and it is
it propa— gates itself from wave to	with your own terrible algebra.	blind whereas we—after a manner—
wave so that we never cease to feel—	Don't melt in— to the u- niverse--	see. But wait. We will help each other.
thought sometimes we appear to—try to—	but be as solid and dense and fixed	You have my tenderest affection
pray to—there <i>is</i> something holding one	as you can. Sorrow comes in great crests	and all my confidence. Henry James

—Cid Corman/ James's letter to Grace Norton—

9. James's letter to Grace Norton (July 28 th 1883)

.... I don't know *why* we live—.... but I believe we can go on living for the reason that (always of course up to a certain point) life is the most valuable thing we know anything about and it is therefore presumptively a great mistake to surrender it while there is any yet left in the cup. In other words consciousness is an illimitable power, and though at times it may seem to be all consciousness of misery, yet in the way it propagates itself from wave to wave, so that we never cease to feel, though sometimes we appear to, try to, pray to, there is something that holds one in one's place, makes it a standpoint in the universe which it is good probably not to forsake. You are right in your consciousness that we are all echoes and reverberations of the *same*, and you are noble when your interest and pity as to everything that surrounds you, appears to have as sustaining and harmonizing power. Only don't, I beseech you, *generalize* too much in these sympathies and tenderesses—remember that every life is a special problem which is not yours and another's and content yourself with the terrible algebra of your own. Don't melt too much into the universe, but be as solid and dense and fixed as you can. We all live together, and those of us who love and know, live so most. We help each other—even unconsciously, each in our own effort, we lighten the effort of others, we contribute to the sum of success, make it possible for others to live. Sorrow comes in great waves—to one can know that better than you—but it rolls over us, and though it may almost smother us it leaves us on the spot and we know that if it is strong we are stronger, inasmuch as it passes and we remain. It wears us, uses us, but we wear it and use it in return; and it is blind, whereas we after a manner see. Don't think, don't feel any more than you can help, don't conclude or decide—don't do anything but *wait*. You have my tenderest affection and all my confidence. Henry James.

注

アンダーライン=強調

網掛け箇所= “No Consolation” で削除

Cid Corman (1924-2004), *Origin* の創始者。Charles Olson, Gary Snyder, Denise Levertov, Robert Creeley などを最初に掲載。

Donald Justice(1925-2004)

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