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English Studies

A Golden, Empty Shell: The Depiction of Venice in Henry James's "Travelling Companions", *The Aspern Papers* and *The Wings of the Dove*

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ENGK01
Degree project in English Literature
HT 2018/19
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Abstract

Henry James had a thirty-year-long relationship with the city of Venice, which made it possible for him to develop a profound knowledge of the city's architecture and art. James's interest in 'The Floating City' is reflected in three of his works that are set there, namely, "Travelling Companions" (1870), *The Aspern Papers* (1888) and *The Wings of the Dove* (1902). This essay investigates how Venice and its inhabitants are depicted in the three works. By comparing the tropes on Venice that James employs with the tropes that have been used in the 18th and 19th century, this essay shows the bond that connects James's works with previous authors' works. Furthermore, it examines the picture of the city that emerges and its role in the narration. It draws the conclusion that the depiction of Venice is multifaceted as the city always has an active role in the narration and is not a mere setting. All depictions are collected in the appendix.

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Introduction

The uniqueness of Venice has enriched the collective imagination since the *Serenissima* Republic era; both visual arts and literature have made full use of Venice's mazes of *calli* and *campi,* and of its history and architecture that greatly contributed to create its myth and allure. It has inspired, and still inspires, many writers and painters, which results in a myriad of different interpretations of Venice's spaces. It can therefore be claimed that the depiction of the city is not a homogeneous matter: the voices that have described it are diverse and sometimes antithetical so that positive depictions coexist with dark, gloomy ones. Starting from the18th century, Venice became a tourist attraction and, on a large scale, a place of interest for intellectuals who have massively affected the flourishing of the city as a subject in literature and art. In particular, English and American writers represent a considerable group of those who have populated Venice's *salons* mostly in the 19th and in the beginning of the 20th century and have given their own interpretation of the city.

Henry James occupies a prominent position among these writers; he had the opportunity to come into contact with the community of intellectuals and rich American expatriates who lived in the city, which made it possible for him to be familiar with Venice and its inhabitants during his numerous visits to the city during a thirty-year period. The result of this acquaintance is that Venice became the setting of a number of his novels and short stories.

However, two issues must be taken into account when it comes to James's choice of using Venice as a setting in his works: first of all, its popularity as a subject in previous and contemporary works created expectations and must have influenced the eyes of the writer. As a matter of fact, in 1869, on his very first visit to Venice, the young Henry James arrived bearing in mind and holding in his hands a copy of *The Stones of Venice* by John Ruskin; therefore, his re-interpretations of the city cannot be analyzed independently, but must be inscribed in a wider dialogue between authors.

Secondly, at that time the city was changing and "[m]any artists and writers witnessing late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century changes to the city's appearance longed for the nostalgic past, praising Venice's beauty but also lamenting its decadence in the Romantic idiom. Several buildings cried out for restoration" (Ferraro 208). In other words, the city that James saw was in decay but the legacy of its past splendor could still be perceived.

In this essay, I will analyze how Venice is depicted in three of James's works, namely, the short story "Travelling Companions", which appeared first in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1870 and was then published in 1919, the novella *The Aspern Papers*, published in 1888, and the novel *The Wings of the Dove*, published in 1902.

The three works are very different: "Travelling Companions"' protagonist, Mr. Brooke, is an American scholar with a German education who visits Italy and Venice for the first time. During his travels, he meets Miss Charlotte Evans, who travels with her father, and starts to feel attracted to her. The events take place mostly in Venice, and, after a series of difficulties and after their parting, Mr. Brooke and Miss Evans meet again in Rome and get married.

In *The Aspern Papers* the protagonist is a researcher of the poet Jeffrey Aspern, who decides to go to Venice in order to obtain the poet's letters that are jealously guarded by Miss Juliana Bordereau. She is Aspern's ex-lover and lives in a secluded palace in Venice together with her niece Tina. The protagonist plots to steal the letters from Juliana's house and, at first, is willing to do whatever it takes to obtain the letters. However, after causing Juliana's death, he refuses to give in to Tina's conditions and the letters are burned.

The protagonist of *The Wings of the Dove* is an American girl, Milly Theale, who is visiting Europe with a friend of hers, Miss Stringham. Milly is beautiful, very rich and has no family, and while she is in London, a doctor informs her that she is mortally ill. She then decides to move to Venice together with Miss Stringham. A group of friends from London also follow her there; the group includes Kate and Merton, who are secretly engaged but cannot get married because Merton is poor. In Venice, Kate reveals to Merton that she plots to make Milly fall in love with him so that he will inherit all her money. Eventually, Milly finds out about the plot, but after her death leaves her money to Merton anyway.

The essay will start with an analysis of the image of Venice as a literary city in the 18th and 19th century. The aim is to identify the archetypical depictions of Venice and the recurrent *topoi* in the re-interpretation of its spaces in order to trace some kind of echoes that can be recognized also in James's writing.

Then, I will investigate the depiction of Venice and the Venetians as they are presented in the three works by focusing on the contrast that emerges: in "Travelling Companions" Venice is described as a beautiful, lively place full of light and people; in the same way, the Venetians are depicted as handsome creatures who cheerfully enliven the city. However, this positive atmosphere dissipates in *The Aspern Papers* and even more so

in *The Wings of the Dove*: the city undergoes a change and becomes gloomy, cold and emptier. It also becomes the background for intrigues, conspiracies and death. Similarly, the positive description of the Venetians changes as they become lazy, careless, untidy and evanescent. Some speculate that the change in the representation of the city is due to the suicide of Henry James's friend, the American writer Constance Fenimore Woolson, in 1894; however, I would claim that the process of spatial deterioration had already started and that this change is just a stylistic choice with a functional role in the narration. Woolson's death may have influenced James's vision of the city in some way, but it could just be the climax that led to the even darker atmosphere that can be found in *The Wings of the Dove*.

In the last part of the essay, I will also investigate how the city itself contributes to the narration, that is, if the city can be seen as an active character in the story or just as a mere spectator. Both in the second and the third part of the essay, I will highlight the tropes that Henry James employs in the three works.

Venice as a Literary City in the 18th and 19th Century

Already after 1630, the Republic of Venice started to lose its power and prestigious position in the Mediterranean: the ancient glories of the *Serenissima* were gone. The Republic fell in 1797, conquered by Napoleon, and was then handed to the Austrians in 1814 during the Congress of Vienna.

The intellectuals who visited Venice after 1797 could perceive the strong feelings of the Venetians, who resented the foreign domination that had also destroyed part of the city [1] and profoundly changed its topography. They took pride in its past glory and longed for freedom. The ongoing process of decay clashed with a conscious desire for celebrating and preserving the past splendor of the city: "while Venice was a vassal of the imperial Hapsburg dynasty, its years of aristocratic independence continued to be commemorated in the hearts and minds of artists and intellectuals (Ferraro 206)."

It is crucial to bear in mind these years of foreign domination because they represent a point of no return: Venice, from being the Bride of the Sea, ended up being a

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[1] For example, General Bonaparte demolished, among other things, the church of San Giminiano that faced the Basilica of Saint Mark's.

beautiful but downtrodden queen with no power. This dichotomy of power and loss produced a sense of nostalgia that lingered in the air and that affected the eyes of those who came from 'the outside'. The city's precarious position and its stagnation created a sense of crumbling, of sinking into the sea. In fact, the *topos* of the decay is one of the most productive ones that have been used in describing Venice thanks also to Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley and Ruskin. As Mark Sandy claims, "[t]he fallen republic of post-Napoleonic Venice became, for Wordsworth and those later Romantic writers of the Shelley Circle, a double poetic vision of fabled beauty and mythical wonders, inextricable, bound to a sense of a corrupted Venice of ruins and the ruinous, decline and fall, decay and death" (29).

In Wordsworth's *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic*, written in 1797 after Napoleon conquered the city, Venice is described as "the eldest Child of Liberty" because of its long-lasting life as a republic. The speaker celebrates it as a powerful "maiden City, bright and free": she cannot be "seduced", yet when she decides to accept "a Mate" she marries the sea[2]. However, that very same embodiment of magnificence has seen its "glories fade", its "titles vanish", its "strength decay" and its "long life hath reached its final day". Therefore, the speaker remarks in the last two lines: "Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade / Of that which once was great is passed away". Once again, the dichotomy of power and loss has an effect on the perception of the speaker who sees the decline of the city, but at the same time cannot avoid connecting it to what it was once before.

In the fourth canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Lord Byron, who lived in Venice between 1816 and 1819, celebrates and mourns the memory of the republic; while he stands on the Bridge of Sighs he admires the palaces rising from the water as the result of the prestidigitation of some enchanter's wand. He honors the republic's thousand-year-old dominion remembering when the winged lion expanded[3] its wings and ruled over its "hundred isles" (lines 5-9). But then the city becomes silent as the "songless gondolier" noiselessly rows and the city's "palaces are crumbling to the shore" (line 21). Once again the dichotomy of power and loss of power can be perceived: Venice is beautiful and vulnerable, but with a glorious past. "Those days are gone -- but Beauty still is here" (line 23).

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[2] It refers to the Marriage of the Sea ceremony that celebrated and symbolized the maritime dominion of Venice on the Adriatic. In this ceremony, taking place once a year, the Doge of Venice threw a consecrated ring into the sea to reiterate its control on it.

[3] The winged lion, which holds a Bible and represents the evangelist St Mark, was the symbol of the Serenissima Republic. Nowadays, it is the symbol of the city of Venice.

Nevertheless, the author who will insist more on the concept of the Venetian decay and who will dismantle the dichotomy is John Ruskin with his monumental work *The Stones of Venice.* Ruskin had already visited Venice in the 1835 when he was sixteen, but he later on visited the city several times in order to gather all the material he needed to write his book. The first visit took place between 1849 and 1950, that is, after Daniele Manin and Niccoló Tommaseo attempted to establish a new republic: the desire for independency never abandoned the Venetians and in 1848 the revolutionary movements that arose in the Italian peninsula arrived in Venice as well, as Manin and Tommaseo planned a rebellion and eventually succeeded in restoring a new republic, which lasted only until 1849 when the Austrians returned. However, in *The Stones of Venice* there is no trace of this desire for liberty nor of the past glory. Instead decay and stagnation become the main tropes. At the end of the first volume,

> Ruskin leaves us with a Venice constituted *entirely* of negation and signs of ill-omen, drawing repeatedly on a vocabulary of blight, stagnation, death, darkness, dreariness, ruin and decay. All the vestigial, lingering beauty of the city is deliberately occluded so there is no tempering or relieving the gloom. Ruskin is being absolute. *This* is modern Venice. As much as to say, this is what modernity has done to the most beautiful city the world has ever seen. (Tanner 89)

As a place fallen into decay, Venice is also particularly suitable for conspiracies: its fading beauty together with its slow decline work hand in hand to produce the sense of immorality that is needed as a background for such events.

Directly related to the *topos* of the decay is also the *topos* of the 'death in Venice' which is central in *The Wings of the Dove* and slightly more peripheral in *The Aspern Papers* as I will show in the following sections. This theme became even more popular during the 20th century, above all with Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. This *topos* seems to be a consequence of the *topos* of decay: in other words, the Romantic imagery of a Venice in ruin gave birth to a series of works in which death lingers in the air of this hazy city. Not even the liberation from the foreign domination can interrupt the process of sliding into death: Venice loses all its prestige even after the defeat of Austria in the Austro-Prussian war in 1866 and the consequent request from the city of Venice to be annexed to the Italian

Reign under king Vittorio Emanuele II. According to Perosa; "the burden of those innumerable incrustations, layers, sedimentations and stratifications [...], so visible and so obsessively present, makes of Venice a dangling, suspended city - a city forever on the brink of dissolving, disappearing, in spite of all her stones" (Perosa 1999, 125).

However, this sense of blurriness not only suggest the fading away of the city and the theme of the death, but it also inspires another recurrent theme of Venice, namely the theme of the spell, the dream, the mirage. Venice, a European city with oriental features, stands out from its own reflection like an oasis in a desert of water, which disorients the spectator. An example of this can be found in Samuel Rogers's poem on Venice where his arrival in the city is described: "No track of men, no footsteps to and fro, / Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea, / Invisible; and from the land we went, / As to a floating City -- steering in, / And gliding up her streets as in a dream, / So smoothly, silently" (Rogers, 59, lines 5-12).

He visited Venice before the railway bridge that connects the city to the mainland was built[4], and, from a boat, the city gave the impression of a halo floating on the lagoon.

Charles Dickens's "An Italian Dream", which is included in his travelogue *Pictures From Italy*, is another example of the use of this theme. Here the word 'dream', used both as a noun and as a verb, is repeated several times together with the words 'floating' and 'float'. The final lines that close Dickens's experience are: "Thus it floated me away, until I awoke in the old market-place at Verona. I have, many and many a time, thought since, of this strange Dream upon the water: half-wondering if it lie there yet, and if its name be VENICE".

Another trope that can be identified describes Venice as a gleaming city, a place where sky and sea melt together at sunset like in an enormous blaze. Percy Bysshe Shelley uses this *topos* both in "Julian an Maddalo" and in "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills". In the former, at sunset it seems "/as if the Earth and Sea had been / Dissolv'd into one lake of fire/" (lines 80-81), whereas in the latter also the architecture contributes to this effect: "/As within a furnace bright, / Column, tower, and dome, and spire, / Shine like obelisks of fire, /" (lines 105-107).

The image of the maze is also indissolubly connected to the city of Venice. The architecture of the city is labyrinthine with its narrow streets that sometimes just lead to a small *corte* [a small square with only one access] or abruptly end on a canal. This theme is

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[4] The bridge was completed in 1846.

already present in Goethe's perception of the city: he had to study the map of the city in order to gain control over the big maze in which one can easily get lost (see Beatty 13). Percy Bysshe Shelley describes Venice as "a peopled labyrinth of walls" ("Lines Written among the Euganean Hills", stanza IV, line 96) and John Ruskin defines Venice as a "wilderness of brick" (qtd. in Perosa, 2003, 284): an intricate, impenetrable surface where nature and humankind have worked together to obtain the effect of a disorienting place that makes it difficult to move and to find the way out. However, the labyrinth is not just frustrating or closed. Already in ancient times, it also symbolized a journey: the Minoan labyrinth symbolizes the self-revelation and the journey from youth to adulthood for Theseus. Therefore, the labyrinthine structure of Venice could also represent the journey to explore the self and the intricate structure of the mind: in Venice, one can get lost not only physically but also mentally and one has to find a way to regain control over one's mind.

As for the *topoi*, generally speaking it could be argued that the closer the authors are to 1797, that is, the year of the fall of the republic, the more the glorious past occupies an important role in how the city is described; while, more recent works are more permeated with a sense of decline and death.

Henry James's Depiction of Venice and its Inhabitants

I have analyzed 134 images that refer to Venice in James's works: in "Travelling Companions" I have identified 33 images, in *The Aspern Papers* 44, and in *The Wings of the Dove* 57. I have then proceeded to categorize the images in different groups: 'indoors', 'outdoors', 'Venetians' and 'feelings'. In many cases Henry James mixes all these kinds of depictions very fluidly, but I have decided to classify them on the base of which category seems to be more preponderant. However, in some cases, the same description pertains to more than just one group. The first three groups will be analyzed in this section, while the depictions collected in the group 'feelings' will be analyzed in the third part of the essay. All descriptions are numbered within brackets and collected in the appendix where I specified to which category each depiction belongs.

Alfresco

The depictions of Venice's outdoors generate a sort of an anticlimax when studied throughout the three works. In "Travelling Companions" the atmosphere described is merry,

pervaded by the three travellers' sense of expectation and curiosity; as a consequence, the depictions are also positive. In *The Aspern Papers*, the depictions of the outdoors are rather positive except for those that concern the outside of the building where Juliana and Tina live. By contrast, almost all the outdoor depictions in *The Wings of the Dove* are very negative and gloomy.

The positive atmosphere in "Travelling Companions" is directly related to Mr. Brooke's attitude to the city; the psychic and aesthetic excitement that he feels together with his expectations amplify his Venetian experience. As Duperray claims, Mr. Brooke almost seems to suffer from 'Stendhal Syndrome' and is trapped in the sense of bewilderment that he experiences in Italy (33). "Like so many travellers from the Renaissance to the present day, he becomes literally enamoured of the sites where nature and culture, body and sign, coexist in such an exceptional manner that they provide the illusion of totality" (Duperray, 33). As an example of this attitude and of the positivity that permeates "Travelling Companions", the gondolas are described as "jolly" (25), which seems to be an unconventional description: first of all, a gondola is black, which cannot be considered a jolly color in itself, secondly, in previous literary works this vessel has been described very differently. For instance, it is called a "funereal bark" in Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo* (line 88) and described as "a coffin clept in a canoe" by Lord Byron (qtd. in Tanner 48).

The sunset, one of the tropes that characterize the imagery related to Venice, is richly portrayed:

> We went back over the lagoon in the glow of the sunset, in a golden silence which suffered us to hear the far-off ripple in the wake of other gondolas, a golden clearness so perfect that the rosy flush on the marble palaces seemed as light and pure as the life-blood on the forehead of a sleeping child. There is no Venice like the Venice of that magical hour. For that brief period her ancient glory returns. The sky arches over her like a vast imperial canopy crowded with its clustering mysteries of light. Her whole aspect is one of unspotted splendor. No other city takes the crimson evanescence of day with such magnificent effect. The lagoon is sheeted with a carpet of fire. All torpid, pallid hues of marble are transmuted to a golden glow. The dead Venetian tone brightens and quickens into life and lustre, and the spectator's enchanted vision seems to rest on an embodied dream of the great painter who wrought his immortal reveries into the ceilings of the Ducal Palace. (32)

This description is a particularly good example of many of the central themes mentioned in the previous section: the fire and the glow of the sunset, the dichotomy of glory-decay and the sense of a dream. Even the theme of the death is perceivable in the phrase "the dead

Venetian tones"; the city awakes from its torpor thanks to the warmth of the sun and the brightness of light. In *The Aspern Papers* too, the author describes the glow of Venice when "the sky and the sea and the rosy air and the marble of the palaces all shimmer and melt together" (27).

These bright and peaceful descriptions of Venice's air and its reflection on the lagoon differ markedly from the depiction that the author gives when the protagonist sees the Misses Bordereau's *palazzo* for the first time: the building, which faces "a clean melancholy rather lonely canal", is not very old, "only two or three centuries" and has "an air not so much of decay as of quiet discouragement, as if it ha[s] rather missed its career" (7). However, there is also a more positive sense in the fact that it looks "rosy in the April afternoon" (7); the glow of Venice makes it appear interesting even in its damaged beauty.

Saint Mark's Square is described as an elegant saloon where people meet both in *The Aspern Papers* [53] and in *The Wings of the Dove* [105], where it is also described as "a smooth-floored, blue-roofed chamber of amenity, favourable to talk" (353). In *The Aspern Papers* the narrator says:

> [53] The whole place, of a summer's evening, under the stars and with all the lamps, all the voices and light footsteps on marble–the only sounds of the immense arcade that encloses it–is an open-air saloon dedicated to cooling drinks and to a still finer degustation, that of the splendid impressions received during the day. When I didn't prefer to keep mine to myself there was always a stray of tourist, disencumbered of his Baedeker, to discuss them with, or some domesticated painter rejoicing in the return of the season of strong effects. (32)

However, while in *The Aspern Papers* the saloon works as a meeting point that makes it possible for people to exchange impressions and to socialize, in *The Wings of the Dove* the bustling atmosphere provides the anonymity that Kate needs in order to discuss her plans of conspiracy with Merton; it "furnishe[s] them, in their remoteness from earshot, with solitude and security" (355).

In addition, the square is not only the place where the conspiracy takes place, but also the shelter that Merton seeks after Milly's discovering of his and Kate's relationship. On that occasion, the square is described as "damp", with strong "storm-gusts" (402) and with "the old columns of the Saint Theodore and of the Lion [as] the frame of a door wide open to the storm" (404). The city seems to mirror Milly's feelings and to be angry and disappointed; Milly has been betrayed and the equilibrium is broken:

> "[i]t was a Venice all of evil that had broken out for them alike, so that they were together in their anxiety, if they really could have met on it; a Venice of cold lashing rain from a low black sky, of wicked wind raging through narrow passes, of general arrest and interruption" (403).

The square in *The Aspern Papers* has a glamorous, positive depiction whilst in *The Wings of the Dove* it is mainly connected to negative feelings such as deception and duplicity.

In "Travelling Companions", the Basilica is described as "many-domed", a "shell of silver with a lining of marble" (20), whereas in *The Aspern Papers* it is described as a "strange old church" (32) or "a funny old church" (45), but also as "great [...], with its low domes and bristling embroideries". Close to it, "the sea-breeze passe[s] between the twin columns of the Piazzetta, the lintels of a door no longer guarded" (32). In *The Wings of the Dove* it becomes the "mosque-like church", which is "domed and pinnacled" (353). The echo of Samuel Rogers's poem resounds in these descriptions, as he also depicted the city as "by many a dome" and "Mosque-like" ("Venice", 59). It seems to be the case that James's descriptions of these spaces refer to the dichotomy that underlies the Romantic trope of the decay: the church and the columns are nothing but the vestiges of the republic, the memory of the past splendor that makes the present appear even more melancholic.

The maze is another trope that can be found in James's descriptions of the streets of Venice: in *The Aspern Papers* the protagonist gets "inextricably lost" (70) whenever he goes out in the city and, in *The Wings of the Dove*, Merton Densher strolls "through dusky labyrinthine alleys" (348) and walks through "narrow" (397) and "crooked ways" (404). These two characters have a hidden agenda that presupposes the betrayal or the deception of other characters in the novel and they are the only ones who walk in the city alone. Therefore, it seems to be the case that the labyrinthine *calli* mirror their mind, and their getting lost can symbolize their doubts and their reconsiderations, but also their being lost as human beings: if they are prepared to do whatever it takes to achieve their goal, they are or will become corrupted. The labyrinth with its brain-like structure in this case embodies their journey into their unconscious, into the darker area of their minds.

Another place that is worth mentioning in this analysis of the outdoor locations is the Lido, which is an island that hosts the beach of Venice and offers a unique view of Saint Mark's Square. There is no depiction of the Lido in *The Wings of the Dove*, but in the other two works it is a place for meditation; there, the protagonists can contemplate their actions and the events from a distance, they can take a pause from the spell, from the decay.

> [17] She and I accordingly started slowly for a stroll along the barren strand which averts its shining side from Venice and takes the tides of the Adriatic. The Lido has for me a peculiar melancholy charm, and I have often wondered that I should have felt the presence of beauty in a spot so destitute of any exceptional elements of beauty. For beyond the fact that it knows the changing moods and hues of the Adriatic, this narrow strip of sand-stifled verdure has no very rare distinction. [...] The secret of the Lido is simply your sense of adjacent Venice. It is the salt-sown garden of the city of the sea. (TC 28)

In *The Aspern Papers*, the protagonist escapes frantically after Miss Tina's proposal and floats in his gondola out in the lagoon. Only when he reaches the Lido does he get off and flings himself " down again on the warm sand, in the breeze, on the coarse dry grass" (84). There, he is finally able to ponder on what has just happened. The Lido seems to be completely deprived of any element of beauty; the fact of its being geographically distant from the main island and yet with a view on Saint Mark's square hints that the pause that the characters take is short. Venice is close and so is its influence on them and on their lives and actions. The most interesting fact when it comes to the Lido is that in "Travelling Companions" the characters actively decide to take a trip to the Lido, whereas in *The Aspern Papers* the protagonists almost wakes up from his drowsiness when his gondola is close to the quay. The city and the gondolier force him to take a pause and to see things from a different angle both physically and figuratively.

Venice from the Inside

As for James's depictions of the Venetian indoor spaces, in "Travelling Companions" they primarily concern art and touristic attractions, as the reader follows Mr. Brooke while he discovers the city, alone or with Miss Charlotte Evans. The first depiction that the reader encounters is that of Saint Mark's church [4] which is described juxtaposing darkness and light, and ends with the words:

> I wandered for half an hour beneath those reverted cups of scintillating darkness, stumbling on the great stony swells of the pavement as I gazed upward at the long mosaic saints who curve gigantically with the curves of dome and ceiling. I had left Europe; I was in the East (21).

He then visits the Scuola of San Rocco [12] with Tintoretto's canvases, continues the artistic tour together with Miss Brooke to San Cassiano where they admire Tintoretto's *Crucifixion* [25], and then go on to the Ducal Palace where they admire Paul Veronese's *Rape of Europa* [26] and Tintoretto's *Bacchus and Ariadne* [27]. However, this is not merely a tour of the artistic places of interest in the city, because the interiors provide the key to understanding Venice and vice versa: "To understand this Bacchus and Ariadne we ought to spend a long day on the lagoon", claims Mr Brooke.

In *The Aspern Papers* the indoor descriptions refer above all to the *palazzo* where the Misses Bordereau live. The *sala* is "tarnished" and "roofed with dim cross-beams" (4), it is "dusky" with "the bare scagliola floor" that gleams in "a chink of the closed shutters" (10) and the big window of the *piano nobile*, the main floor, is "inveterately closed" (67). Therefore, the foremost impression that the reader gets is that of shabbiness and gloom:

> [43] It had a gloomy grandeur, but owed its character almost all to its noble shape and to the fine architectural doors, as high as those of grand frontages, which, leading into the various rooms, repeated themselves on either side at intervals. They were surmounted with old faded painted escutcheons, and here and there in the spaces between them hung brown pictures, which I noted as speciously bad, in battered and tarnished frames that were yet more desirable than the canvases themselves. With the exception of several straw-bottomed chairs that kept their backs to the wall the grand obscure vista contained little else to minister to effect. It was evidently never used save as a passage, and scantly even as that. I may add that by the time the door through which the maid-servant had escaped opened again my eyes had grown used to the want of light. (11)

When the protagonist settles in the old palazzo, the reader learns that the location is always dark; when he comes back from his wanders around the city, all is dark except for a small light that is left in the *sala* to accompany him when he goes to bed ([60] and [70]). Later on in the narration, the house becomes brighter on two occasions: first, the *sala* becomes lighter when the protagonist meets Juliana in order to receive the verdict about his being allowed to live in the building and he considers it as a "good omen" (15). Then, it becomes even brighter after Juliana's death:

> [73] It was a splendid morning, with something in the air that told of the waning of the long Venetian summer; a freshness from the sea that stirred the flowers in the garden and made a pleasant draught in the house, less shuttered and darkened now than when the old woman was alive. It was the beginning of autumn, of the end of the golden months. (77)

This will be explored further in the next section, since I argue that this change is functional to the narration as it is a case of the house functioning as an image of its owner.

The depictions of the interiors in *The Wings of the Dove* are exactly the opposite of those in *The Aspern Papers*: the grandeur that shines from Palazzo Leporelli is a constant reminder of how rich and virtuous Milly Theale is. Also its position is a reminder of that: Milly's new home is on the Grand Canal, whereas Misses Bordereau's is in a [38] *quartier perdu* (7). In the case of *The Wings of the Dove* a distinction also has to be made between the actual appearance of the place and Milly's perception of the place and its function. The look of the place is magnificent: "Palazzo Leporelli held its history still in its great lap, even like a painted idol, a solemn puppet hung about with decorations. Hung about with pictures and relics, the rich Venetian past, the ineffaceable character, was here the presence revered and served" (314). The "rococo elegance" (329) permeates the palazzo and "the great cool hall" (338) is a monument to grandeur. Concerning the perception of the place, Milly, in her search for the perfect refuge to spend her last moments, sees it as "a temple to taste and an expression of the pride of life" (322), and she choses it to be her "great gilded shell" (327). To her the place almost has a redemptive quality: she reiterates that "if one only had such a house for one's own and loved it and cherished it enough, it would pay one back in kind, would close one in from harm"(332).

The depiction of Palazzo Leporelli's interior is in contrast also with the spaces outdoors: while Milly lives surrounded by beautiful architecture and objects of art in a gilded shell, the city is described as grey, cold, empty and damp; the only gleaming places are Saint Mark's and the buildings that face the Grand Canal. There seems to be a parallel between Milly and Venice: as the beauty of Venice is threatened by the gloom and the decay that surround it so Milly's virtue and Palazzo Leporelli's magnificence are threatened by conspirators and death.

The palace is also a "fortress" (323), a beautiful mausoleum where she waits for her inevitable fate to strike her. The trope of death lingers in the air and the beautiful palace is nothing but a sumptuous, tomb where people are welcome to visit. In this very tomb not only Milly will be buried, but also the love of Kate and Merton "because

deterioration, doom and perdition sit between them in an uncanny way: the city is for all of them a city of death, as if an air of cold corruption and steady decline marked people and places alike" (Perosa, 1999, 121). Similarly, Juliana's *palazzo* in *The Aspern Papers* can be seen as a tomb, but it is dilapidated, dark, closed and secluded. Fujikawa sees a parallel between both these protagonists and the city of Venice, claiming that, "[a]s the heroines become a metaphor of Venice, the city becomes a metaphor for them; the image of Venice overlaps with that of the heroines – it is infused with decay or death" (Fujikawa 104). However, as I will show in the following sections, there is a difference between the two since the city seems to be the metaphor for Milly and also an extension of her, whereas I claim that the metaphor for Juliana is not the city in itself but the palace she lives in.

The Venetians

As regards the depiction of the inhabitants, I have decided to focus only on the 'silent Venetians' without considering all those characters that have a role in the narration, like, for example, the housekeepers and the gondoliers in *The Aspern Papers* and *The Wings of the Dove.* I will analyze the general features and the depiction of the residents as a unity – in other words, on how they are generally perceived in the three works.

The depiction of the Venetians undergoes a change through the works: in "Travelling Companions" they are clearly visible. For example, when Mr. Brooke and Ms. Evans sit in Saint Mark's square at one of Florian's tables, the adjacent table is occupied by Venetians, who are, according to Miss Evans, "the most beautiful creatures in the world" (24). They are "splendid in dress, after the manner of their kind, and glorious with the wondrous physical glory of the Italian race" (24). They are dark-eyed, their manners are charming and their smiles are "like the moon-flashes on the Adriatic"(24).

In the *Aspern Papers* the descriptions of the lagoon's inhabitants change and lose all the positivity: the protagonist complains about the fact that the gardener after many days of work has only produced a pile of litter since "the Venetian capacity for dawdling is for the largest" (29). Another characteristic that seems to be intrinsic in Venice and in the Venetian people is the shabbiness: the protagonist likes the garden as it is in "its sweet characteristic Venetian shabbiness" (28). This gives the impression that the Venetians are careless, they do not tend their properties and they seem to be surrounded by shabby gardens

and buildings; they live in "domestic desolation" and "they live on nothing, for they've nothing to live on" (7).

Another negative characteristic that is ascribed to the Venetians is that they are judgmental and prone to gossip: after Juliana's death, the protagonist, aware of the gossipy nature of the Venetians, questions whether it would be appropriate to continue to share the *piano nobile* with Miss Tina since she resides there alone with her servant [72].

However, the Venetians in *The Aspern Papers* do have some positive features; they seem to be friendly. In fact, Miss Tina specifies that once the "good Venetians" like someone they like them forever (37) and that "once the 'nice' Italians like you they are your friends for life" (76), but they are briefly mentioned and seem to populate only Tina's memories. In contrast to "Travelling Companions", there is no trace of Venetian people outdoors as they almost seem to live hidden in their dilapidated buildings. The only exception is represented by "the voice of a man going homeward singing, his jacket on his shoulder and his hat on his ear" (67).

In *The Wings of the Dove*, the Venetians as a group are absent. The reader only encounters some fleeting figures such as the servants and the Italian doctor who is very briefly mentioned in a conversation between Mrs. Stringham and Merton Densher (415). Apart from that, there are few hints about the inhabitants of the city, which seems to be almost deserted: Densher walks through "empty *campi*" where "the sound of a rare footstep on the enclosed pavement [is] like that of a retarded dancer in a banquet-hall deserted" (348). Only in Saint Mark's Square can the human presence be perceived, but the square seems to be inhabited by ghostly figures, and the Venetians and the tourists melt together into an indefinable horde. During his wandering in a stormy Venice, after having been refused to enter Palazzo Leporelli, Merton Densher encounters a "herd of refugees" (408) who are trying to take shelter in the galleries. There, under the *loggie* in Saint Mark's square, "in the high arcade, half Venice [is] crowded close", but it is an unspecified Venice that he mentions and the reader is left with the impression that that Venice may simply consist of tourists and that there are no native Venetians. In the same way, the "melancholy maskers" (405) he crosses in the gallery are just described as "brown men" with "hats askew" and "pendent jackets" with "loose sleeves" (405), but the reader gets no confirmation that they are actually Venetians. However, even if they are, they are treated simply as background actors, completely deprived of any human connotations.

The image of actors is present also in *The Aspern Papers* when the protagonist describes the Venetians as "members of an endless dramatic troupe" (86) moving on the

stage, that is, the city. Even Miss Tina is compared to an actress whose tone carries the protagonist back to the "queer rococo Venice of Goldoni" (38). This depersonalization of the inhabitants is made even more dramatic by the swarm of tourists that moves and gathers in the hotels and in Saint Mark's square. Densher dislikes the hotel he is staying at because it is "chocked at the season with the polyglot herd" and because the dialects that he hears sound "anything and everything but Italian, but Venetian" (339).

A Feeling of Venice: the Role of the City in the Narration

Before starting the analysis of the role of the city in the narration, I would like to introduce the concept of the 'Venetian eye', as it is called in Michael Ross's *Storied Cities*. According to the author, "the fixations that grip Venetian characters [...] have a habit of being overwhelmingly visual in nature" (125). As a matter of fact, in all the three works by James the protagonists are obsessed with what they see, and in particular with art. As a consequence, they have a strong visual perception of the city and are also guided in their actions by what they see: for example, they all become obsessed with portraits that in some way symbolize their relationship to the city and represent a starting point to their Venetian 'adventures'. Mr. Brooke starts to be attracted to his travelling companion already in Vicenza when he sees the portrait of a young woman that resembles Miss Evans to an astonishing degree. In the same way, it is a Bronzino portrait that pushes Milly to move to Venice to spend her last days.

The contemplation of visual art molds the actions of the characters, but in Venice "the consequences of visual indulgence are often not liberating but dire" (Ross 125). For example, in *The Aspern Papers*, the protagonist contacts Juliana and Tina because he wants to get hold of Aspern's letters, but he ends up with only Aspern's portrait hanging over his writing table. Diane Long Hoeveler argues that, from the beginning, the portrait is a fetishized object that the protagonist aims to obtain as an act of celebration of the masculine poetic creativity and, that therefore the protagonist ends up spending his days staring at it. "He wants to participate in an act of homosocial bonding, an alternative sphere that replicates itself not in human beings, but in portraits of human beings" (132). However, even though the protagonist may have developed some kind of obsession towards the portrait, I claim that its function in the novella is to be a reprimand for the behavior of the protagonist who has lost himself in the twists and turns of Venice. Therefore, it could be claimed that all

three protagonists are directly influenced by what they see and that their emotions as well as their reason reside in their eyes.

In "Travelling Companions", as discussed in the previous sections, the city is described positively: the spell is a recurrent theme in the story and Venice seems like a siren that bewitches Mr. Brooke and makes him fall in love with Charlotte Evans:

> [15] In my own mind, Charlotte Evans and Venice had played the game most effectively into each other's hands. If my fancy had been called upon to paint her portrait, my fancy would have sketched her with a background of sunset-flushed palace wall, with a faint reflected light from the green lagoon playing up into her face. And if I had wished to sketch a Venetian scene, I should have painted it from an open window, with a woman leaning against the casement,—as I had often seen her lean from a window in her hotel. (27)

Miss Evans is aware that her travelling companion may have developed his interest in her because he is under the spell of Venice: on several occasions she tries to suggest to him that she is charming just because she is in Venice [32] and that he is not in love with her, "but with that painted picture" (31), that is, with the portrait that he has purchased in Vicenza. She claims that "[a]ll this Italian beauty and delight has thrown [him] into a romantic state of mind" (31). In this case, Henry James gives a positive image of the city. The role of Venice in the narration is also positive as it plays Cupid with the two protagonists who, in the end, will surrender to love and marry.

In *The Wings of the Dove*, the trope of the spell also hovers on the Venetian chapters, but here it has a rather negative connotation, and it can also be found in another form, namely as the illusion, the mirage. Concerning the spell, when Lord Mark visits Milly in her palace, he questions her and, "under the searching spell of the place" (337), leads her to realize that she may be exploited because she is rich and ill. Furthermore, when Merton goes for a stroll with Mrs Lowder, Mrs Stringham and Kate, he "[keeps] afloat with them, under a sufficient Venetian spell" (340). He also seems to be under a spell when he wanders in a cold, stormy Venice. It looks like he is not able to discern his feelings, that is, he is not able to understand if he is only interested in Milly's money or if he is genuinely attracted to her.

In addition, all the characters in the Venetian chapters of *The Wings of the Dove* contribute to the idea of illusion by striving to impersonate someone else. The city, then, becomes the stage on which they all have the possibility to perform their roles to

obtain what they are looking for: Milly pretends to be healthy, Merton pretends not to be in love with Kate to inherit Milly's money, and Kate pretends not to be in love with Merton because she wants him to inherit the money. As Mahler argues, "the heterotopia of Venice turns out to have been a 'general conscious fool's paradise', a place where everybody knowingly consents to engage in a game of mutual make-believe" (41). In fact, while the city in "Travelling Companions" contributes to realizing Mr. Brooke's dream, in *The Wings of the Dove* no one obtains what is longed for: by revealing that Merton and Kate are in love, Lord Mark destroys Milly's illusion of love and probably also Merton's. When Milly experiences disillusionment, the city becomes hostile and a storm besets it. Even Merton Densher claims that "The weather had changed, the rain was ugly, the wind wicked, the sea impossible, *because* of Lord Mark. It was because of him, *a fortiori*, that the place was closed" (406). Once again, the city seems to be an extension of Milly's body and feelings: when she gets hurt the city vents its anger and despair.

The theme of conspiracy can be found also in *The Aspern Papers* and, in the same way as in *The Wings of the Dove*, presupposes the deception of a female character. In both works, the female character is betrayed by a couple she trusts, but in *The Aspern Papers*, the protagonist at first attempts to deceive Juliana by himself, before he also drags Tina into the affair. However, in both novels the contrivers of the fraud plays with the feelings of Tina and Merton to attract them into their machinations. Just as Milly and Venice are connected, Piazza San Marco, which is described as beautifully as Milly, is the defenseless spectator of the conspiracy plotted by the two lovers in *The Wings of the Dove*.

Juliana in *The Aspern Papers*, on the other hand, seems to be symbolized by the palace which is her home: she is hidden, faraway and seems to want to be forgotten together with her past. She is old and isolated, but she preserves some hints of her past magnificence and beauty. However, as soon as she dies, the gloomy, moldy palace she lives in with Tina becomes brighter as its windows can finally be opened. The tomb in which she had been burying herself alive has been profaned under false pretenses and Tina is finally free from Juliana's influence and allowed to dare to aim for a different kind of life. As claimed in the previous sections, Milly's palace can also be seen as a tomb, but in this case it resembles a pharaoh’s tomb, where the virtue and the greatness of the living person are celebrated with beautiful objects and rich furnishings. However, her "great gilded shell" is not sufficient to protect her from those who want to exploit her good heart and her rich means.

In *The Aspern Papers* the city is multifaceted and seems to embody the protagonist's mind. Apparently, the city is deserted, and the protagonist seems to be enclosed inside a shell in which he can only hear the lapping water from his gondola. Only at the end does he seem to wake up from his dream and realize that the city is like "an immense collective apartment" where the absence of vehicles and horses and "the little winding ways where people crowd together" make it "resonant" with " voices [that] sound as in the corridors of a house" (86). The city is like a stage where "the Venetian figures, moving to and fro against the battered scenery of their little houses of comedy, strike you as members of an endless dramatic troupe" (86) that can be observed while sitting in the gondola.

The gondola and the tide are also recurrent elements in "Travelling Companions" and *The Aspern Papers*, but while in "Travelling Companions" the tide pushes Mr. Brooke and Miss Evans into each other's arms, in *The Aspern Papers* it underlines the solitude of the protagonist and his indecisiveness. He is completely at the mercy of other people: his success in stealing the papers depends on Tina and his exploring of Venice depends entirely on his gondolier. He feels in peace when he floats on the canal someone else steering and he does not have to take decisions, since "the sense of floating between marble palaces and reflected lights dispose[s] the mind to freedom and ease"(47).

Conversely, when he walks in the city by himself he always gets lost just as he is lost in his actions, and the more he penetrates into the labyrinth of the city and his mind, the more he seems to lose his integrity and to be incapable of making decisions. An emblematic case of the city symbolizing the protagonist's mind is the encounter between the protagonist and the statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni, who was a famous condottiere and was considered a great example of virility. The protagonist stares at the statue almost waiting for "an oracle" from his lips. Instead, from its high pedestal, the statue seems to judge and despise him for his lack of prowess and for the trivialities that preoccupy him (85). In this scene, the protagonist is not lost and has some kind of clarity of mind; in fact, he seems to see things from a different angle.

In the introduction to this essay it was mentioned that some critics speculate that the dark tones that Henry James uses in describing the city can be ascribed to Constance Fenimore Woolson's suicide in Venice in 1894. However, although this could be true for *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Aspern Papers* was published in 1888, that is, six years before her death. Therefore, I claim that the atmosphere of gloom and decay and the trope of 'death in Venice' are used because they are functional to the narration. Furthermore, I claim that the use of these tropes is founded, on the one hand, on previous authors' depictions of the city

and, on the other hand, on the atmosphere that James perceived in the city in those years: a city that had completely lost its power and independence and seemed to be stagnant.

Conclusion

In this essay I have analyzed how Henry James portrays the city of Venice and its inhabitants in "Travelling Companions", *The Aspern Papers* and *The Wings of the Dove*. I have argued that the imagery that he employs in these three works makes full use of the tropes that other authors had already employed in describing Venice in the 18th and 19th century, which suggests that his vision of Venice can be inscribed in a broader collective way of perceiving the city. The *topoi* that are present in the three works are recurrent and make part of a tradition that continues also after James.

The image of Venice that emerges from the three works I have analyzed is multifaceted. On a purely aesthetic level, in "Travelling Companions" everything is permeated with positivity: the city is beautifully portrayed both outdoors and indoors, and the Venetians are attractive and charming. In *The Aspern Papers* this is somewhat more complex, as the outdoor descriptions are positive, at least when it comes to Saint Mark's square, but the palazzo where Juliana and Tina live is depicted as gloomy and dilapidated. In *The Wings of the Dove* the palace where Milly lives mirrors her beauty and her virtue, whereas the outside descriptions on the other hand are quite negative: Saint Mark's square, the place where the plot is hatched for the first time, is a beautiful saloon, but it is also the defenseless spectator of the conspiracy. In *The Aspern Papers* the city seems to be deserted except for Saint Mark's square, whereas in *The Wings of the Dove* tourists are everywhere, and no words in the local dialect can be heard. The Venetians in *The Aspern Papers* are described as shabby, indolent and judgmental, but they can also be friendly.

I have also argued that Venice is not a mere spectator in James's works, but has a central role in the narration: in "Travelling Companions" it enchants Mr. Brooke and makes him fall in love with Miss Evans. The complexity of both *The Aspern Papers* and The *Wings of the Dove* on the other hand creates a structure where many different layers overlap: in *The Aspern Papers*, the city with its labyrinthine structure symbolizes the mind of the protagonist and his descent into his unconscious, whereas the palace where Juliana and Tina live symbolizes Juliana as the secluded, shabby palace both mirrors Juliana and her desire to

be forgotten, and it is the tomb where she has decided to bury herself and her past. Similarly, in *The Wings of the Dove*, Palazzo Leporelli becomes the mausoleum in which Milly buries herself alive waiting to die. However, it is the entire city of Venice that is a metaphor for Milly, it is an extension of herself: they are both beautiful, but doomed.

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Appendix

Travelling Companions

[1]	As I drew near Venice I began to feel a soft impatience, an expectant tremor of the heart. (15)	FEELINGS
[2]	This spot of Vicenza affords you a really soul-stirring premonition of Venice. There is no Byzantine Basilica and no Ducal Palace; but there is an immense impressive hall of council, and a soaring campanile, and there are two discrowned columns telling of defeated Venetian dominion. (15)	FEELINGS/ OUTDOORS
[3]	I have no space to tell the story of my arrival in Venice and my first impressions. (20)	FEELINGS
[4]	The day succeeding my arrival I spent in a restless fever of curiosity and delight, now lost in the sensuous ease of my gondola, now lingering in charmed devotion before a canvas of Tintoretto or Paul Veronese. I exhausted three gondoliers and saw all Venice in a passionate fury and haste. I wished to probe its fulness and learn at once the best—or the worst. Late in the afternoon I disembarked at the Piazzetta and took my way haltingly and gazingly to the many-domed Basilica,—that shell of silver with a lining of marble. It was that enchanting Venetian hour when the ocean-touching sun sits melting to death, and the whole still air seems to glow with the soft effusion of his golden substance. Within the church, the deep brown shadow-masses, the heavy thick-tinted air, the gorgeous composite darkness, reigned in richer, quainter, more fantastic gloom than my feeble pen can reproduce the likeness of. From those rude concavities of dome and semidome, where the multitudinous facets of pictorial mosaic shimmer and twinkle in their own dull brightness; from the vast antiquity of innumerable marbles, incrusting the walls in roughly mated slabs, cracked and polished and triple-tinted with eternal service; from the wavy carpet of compacted stone, where a thousand once-lighted fragments glimmer through the long attrition of idle feet and devoted knees; from sombre gold and mellow alabaster, from porphyry and malachite, from long dead crystal and the sparkle of undying lamps,—there proceeds a dense rich atmosphere of splendor and sanctity which transports the half-stupefied traveller to the age of a simpler and more awful faith. I wandered for half an hour beneath those reverted cups of scintillating darkness, stumbling on the great stony swells of the pavement as I gazed upward at the long mosaic saints who curve gigantically with the curves of dome and ceiling. I had left Europe; I was in the East. An overwhelming sense of the sadness of man's spiritual history took possession of my heart. (20-21)	FEELINGS/ INDOORS
[5]	The great mosaic images, hideous, grotesque, inhuman, glimmered like the cruel spectres of early superstitions and terrors. (21)	INDOORS
[6]	We went into the dark Baptistery and sat down on a bench against the wall, trying to discriminate in the vaulted dimness the harsh mediæval reliefs behind the altar and the mosaic Crucifixion above it. "Well," said I, "what has Venice done for you?" "Many things. Tired me a	INDOORS

	little, saddened me, charmed me." (22)	
[7]	I believe I know every canal, every canaletto, in Venice. You must have learned already how sweet it is to lean back under the awning to feel beneath you that steady, liquid lapse, to look out at all this bright, sad elegance of ruin. (22)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[8]	The reality of Venice seems to me to exceed all romance. It's romance enough simply to be here." "Yes; but how brief and transient a romance!""Well," said I, "we shall certainly cease to be here, but we shall never cease to have been here. (23)	FEELINGS
[9]	We went to the Caffé Quadri and occupied a table beside an open window, looking out into the Piazza, which was beginning to fill with evening loungers and listeners to the great band of music in the centre. (23)	OUTDOORS
[10]	After dinner we went down into the Piazza and established ourselves at one of Florian's tables. Night had become perfect; the music was magnificent. At a neighboring table was a group of young Venetian gentlemen, splendid in dress, after the manner of their kind, and glorious with the wondrous physical glory of the Italian race. "They only need velvet and satin and plumes," I said, "to be subjects for Titian and Paul Veronese." They sat rolling their dark eyes and kissing their white hands at passing friends, with smiles that were like the moon-flashes on the Adriatic. "They are beautiful exceedingly," said Miss Evans; "the most beautiful creatures in the world, except—""Except, you mean, this other gentleman." (24)	VENETIANS/ OUTDOORS
[11]	[...] jolly gondolas (25)	OUTDOORS
[12]	I wandered far; I penetrated deep, it seemed to me, into the heart of Venetian power. I shook myself free of the sad and sordid present, and embarked on that silent contemplative sea whose irresistible tides expire at the base of the mighty canvases in the Scuola di San Rocco. (25)	INDOOR
[13]	I don't mean to say that there were not hours together when I quite forgot her, and when I had no heart but for Venice and the lessons of Venice, for the sea and sky and the great painters and builders. (25)	FEELINGS
[14]	[...] she was worthy to know Venice. I remember telling her so in a sudden explosion of homage. "You are really worthy to know Venice, Miss Evans. We must learn to know it together. Who knows what hidden treasures we may help each other to find?" (27)	FEELINGS
[15]	In my own mind, Charlotte Evans and Venice had played the game most effectively into each other's hands. If my fancy had been called upon to paint her portrait, my fancy would have sketched her with a background of sunset-flushed palace wall, with a faint reflected light from the green lagoon playing up into her face. And if I had wished to	FEELINGS/ OUTDOORS

	sketch a Venetian scene, I should have painted it from an open window, with a woman leaning against the casement,—as I had often seen her lean from a window in her hotel. (27)	
[16]	At the end of a week we went one afternoon to the Lido, timing our departure so as to allow us to return at sunset. We went over in silence, Mr. Evans sitting with reverted head, blowing his cigar-smoke against' the dazzling sky, which told so fiercely of sea and summer; his daughter motionless and thickly veiled; I facing them, feeling the broken swerve of our gondola, and watching Venice grow level and rosy beyond the liquid interval. Near the landing-place on the hither side of the Lido is a small *trattoria* for the refreshment of visitors. An arbor outside the door, a horizontal vine checkering still further a dirty table-cloth, a pungent odor of *frittata*, an admiring circle of gondoliers and beggars, are the chief attractions of this suburban house of entertainment (27-28)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[17]	She and I accordingly started slowly for a stroll along the barren strand which averts its shining side from Venice and takes the tides of the Adriatic. The Lido has for me a peculiar melancholy charm, and I have often wondered that I should have felt the presence of beauty in a spot so destitute of any exceptional elements of beauty. For beyond the fact that it knows the changing moods and hues of the Adriatic, this narrow strip of sand-stifled verdure has no very rare distinction. In my own country I know many a sandy beach, and many a stunted copse, and many a tremulous ocean line of little less purity and breadth of composition, with far less magical interest. The secret of the Lido is simply your sense of adjacent Venice. It is the salt-sown garden of the city of the sea. Hither came short-paced Venetians for a meagre taste of *terra firma*, or for a wider glimpse of their parent ocean. Along a narrow line in the middle of the island are market-gardens and breeze-twisted orchards, and a hint of hedges and lanes and inland greenery. At one end is a series of low fortifications duly embanked and moated and sentinelled. Still beyond these, half over-drifted with sand and over-clambered with rank grasses and coarse thick shrubbery, are certain quaintly lettered funereal slabs, tombs of former Jews of Venice. Toward these we slowly wandered and sat down in the grass. Between the sand-heaps, which shut out the beach, we saw in a dozen places the blue agitation of the sea. Over all the scene there brooded the deep bright sadness of early autumn. (28)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[18]	It seemed to me that all the agitation of fancy, the excited sense of beauty, the fervor and joy and sadness begotten by my Italian wanderings, had suddenly resolved themselves into a potent demand for expression. (29)	FEELINGS
[19]	Transcendent Venice! (30)	FEELINGS
[20]	"I know it's a very pretty way, Mr. Brooke; Venice behind us, the Adriatic before us, these old Hebrew tombs! Its very prettiness makes me distrust it." "Do you believe only in the love that is born in darkness and pain? Poor love! it has trouble enough, first and last. Allow it a little ease." "Listen," said Miss Evans, after a pause. "It's not with me you're in love, but with that painted picture. All this Italian beauty and delight has thrown you into a romantic state of mind. You	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS

	wish to make it perfect. (31)	
[21]	She held out her hand. "I like you immensely. As for love, I'm in love with Venice." "Well, I like Venice immensely, but I'm in love with you." (31)	FEELINGS
[22]	We went back over the lagoon in the glow of the sunset, in a golden silence which suffered us to hear the far-off ripple in the wake of other gondolas, a golden clearness so perfect that the rosy flush on the marble palaces seemed as light and pure as the life-blood on the forehead of a sleeping child. There is no Venice like the Venice of that magical hour. For that brief period her ancient glory returns. The sky arches over her like a vast imperial canopy crowded with its clustering mysteries of light. Her whole aspect is one of unspotted splendor. No other city takes the crimson evanescence of day with such magnificent effect. The lagoon is sheeted with a carpet of fire. All torpid, pallid hues of marble are transmuted to a golden glow. The dead Venetian tone brightens and quickens into life and lustre, and the spectator's enchanted vision seems to rest on an embodied dream of the great painter who wrought his immortal reveries into the ceilings of the Ducal Palace. (32)	OUTDOORS
[23]	At the door in the little bustling *campo* which adjoins the church I found her standing expectant. (32)	OUTDOORS
[24]	Venice has seen so many worse improprieties that she'll forgive me mine." (32)	FEELINGS
[25]	The little boy arrived with the sacristan and his key, and we were ushered into the presence of Tintoretto's Crucifixion. This great picture is one of the greatest of the Venetian school. Tintoretto, the travelled reader will remember, has painted two masterpieces on this tremendous theme. The larger and more complex work is at the Scuola di San Rocco; the one of which I speak is small, simple, and sublime. It occupies the left side of the narrow choir of the shabby little church which we had entered, and is remarkable as being, with two or three exceptions, the best preserved work of its incomparable author. (32-33)	INDOORS
[26]	We went to the Ducal Palace, and immediately made our way to that transcendent shrine of light and grace, the room which contains the masterpiece of Paul Veronese, and the Bacchus and Ariadne of his solemn comrade. I steeped myself with unprotesting joy in the gorgeous glow and salubrity of that radiant scene, wherein, against her bosky screen of immortal verdure, the rosy-footed, pearl-circled, nymph-flattered victim of a divine delusion rustles her lustrous satin against the ambrosial hide of bovine Jove. "It makes one think more agreeably of life," I said to my friend, "that such visions have blessed the eyes of men of mortal mould. What has been may be again. We may yet dream as brightly, and some few of us translate our dreams as freely." (34)	INDOORS
[27]	"This, I think, is the brighter dream of the two," she answered, indicating the Bacchus and Ariadne. Miss Evans, on the whole, was perhaps right. In Tintoretto's picture there is no shimmer of drapery, no splendor of flowers and gems; nothing but the broad, bright glory of deep-toned sea and sky, and the shining purity and symmetry of	INDOORS

	deified human flesh. "What do you think," asked my companion, "of the painter of that tragedy at San Cassiano being also the painter of this dazzling idyl; of the great painter of darkness being also the great painter of light?" "He was a colorist! Let us thank the great man, and be colorists too. To understand this Bacchus and Ariadne we ought to spend a long day on the lagoon, beyond sight of Venice. (34)	
[28]	"I feel as if I were coming home," she said, as we floated beneath the lovely facade of the Ca' Doro. (40)	FEELINGS/ OUTDOORS
[29]	I listened to the muffled rupture of the tide, vaguely conscious of my beating heart. Was I or was I not in love? (41)	FEELINGS
[30]	Beyond the horizon was Greece, beyond and below was the wondrous Southern world which blooms about the margin of the Midland Sea. To marry, somehow, meant to abjure all this, and in the prime of youth and manhood to sink into obscurity and care. For a moment there stirred in my heart a feeling of anger and pain. Perhaps, after all, I *was* in love! (41)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[31]	"Other places, Mr. Brooke, will bring other thoughts." "Possibly. This place has brought that one." (42)	FEELINGS
[32]	"You imagine that I'm charming. I assure you I'm not in the least. Here in Venice I have not been myself at all. You should see me at home." (45)	FEELINGS
[33]	"I hope not. I had rather not meet you again in Italy. It perverts our dear good old American truth!" (45)	FEELINGS

The Aspern Papers

[34]	[...] and they now lived obscurely in Venice, lived on very small means, unvisited, unapproachable, in a sequestered and dilapidated old palace (3)	INDOORS/ OUTDOORS
[35]	The 'little one' had received her in the great cold tarnished Venetian *sala*, the central hall of the house, paved with marble and roofed with dim cross-beams (4)	INDOORS
[36]	[...] had boldly settled down in a city of exhibition. The one apparent secret of her safety had been that Venice contained so many much greater curiosities. (6)	FEELINGS
[37]	The gondola stopped, the old palace was there; it was a house of the class which in Venice carries even in extreme dilapidation the dignified name. 'How charming! It's grey and pink!' my companion exclaimed; and that is the most comprehensive description of it. It was not particularly old, only two or three centuries; and it had an air not so much of decay as of quiet descouragement, as if it had rather missed its career. But its wide front, with a stone balcony from end to end of the *piano nobile* or most important floor, was architectural enough, with the aid of various pilasters and aches; and the stucco with which in the intervals it had long ago been endued was rosy in the April afternoon. It overlooked a clean melancholy rather lonely	OUTDOORS

	canal, which had a narrow *riva* or convenient footway on either side. 'I don't know why –there are no brick gables,' said Mrs Prest, 'but this corner has seemed to me before more Dutch than Italian, more like Amsterdam than like Venice. It's eccentrically neat, for reasons of its own; and though you may pass on foot scarcely anyone ever thinks of doing so. It's a negative–considering *where* it is–as a Protestant Sunday. (7)	
[38]	Besides, a big house here, and especially in this *quartier perdu*, proves nothing at all: it's perfectly consistent with a state of penury. Dilapidated old palazzi, if you'll go out of the way for them, are to be had for five shillings a year. And as for the people who live in them– no, until you have explored Venice socially as much as I have, you can form no idea of their domestic desolation. They live on nothing, for they've nothing to live on.' The other idea that had come into my head was connected with a high blank wall which appeared to confine an expanse of ground on one side of the house. Blank I call it, but it was figured over with the patches that please a painter, repaired breaches, crumblings of plaster, extrusions of brick that had turned pink with time; while a few thin trees, with the poles of certain rickety trellises, were visible over the top. The place was a garden and apparently attached to the house. (7-8)	OUTDOORS
[39]	[...] (it was covered with the golden glow of Venice) (8)	OUTDOORS
[40]	[...] while I waited, upstairs, in the long, dusky sala, where the bare scagliola floor gleamed vaguely in a chink of the closed shutters. The place was impressive, yet looked somehow cold and cautious. (10)	
[41]	[...] after pulling the rusty bell-wire (10)	OUTDOORS
[42]	She pattered across the damp stony lower hall and I followed her up the high staircase–stonier still, as it seemed–without an invitation. (p.11)	INDOORS
[43]	It had a gloomy grandeur, but owed its character almost all to its noble shape and to the fine architectural doors, as high as those of grand front-ages, which, leading into the various rooms, repeated themselves on either side at intervals. They were surmounted with old faded painted escutcheons, and here and there in the spaces between them hung brown pictures, which I noted as speciously bad, in battered and tarnished frames that were yet more desirable than the canvases themselves. With the exception of several straw-bottomed chairs that kept their backs to the wall the grand obscure vista contained little else to minister to effect. It was evidently never used save as a passage, and scantly even as that. I may add that by the time the door through which the maid-servant had escaped opened again my eyes had grown used to the want of light. (11)	INDOORS
[44]	Seen from the above the garden was in truth shabby, yet I felt at a glance that it had great capabilities. (13)	OUTDOORS
[45]	[...] the little maid-servant conducted me straight through the long sala–it opened there as before in large perspective and was lighter now, which I thought a good omen– (15)	INDOORS
[46]	It was a spacious shabby parlour with a fine old painted ceiling under which a strange figure set alone at one of the windows. (15)	INDOORS
[47]	The sum she had mentioned was, by the Venetian measure of such	VENETIANS

	matters, exceedingly large; there was many an old palace in an out-of-the-way corner that I might on such terms have enjoyed the whole of by the year. (18)	
[48]	[...] some of the others had above the opposite rough-tiled house-tops a view of the blue lagoon. (21)	OUTDOORS
[49]	Meanwhile aren't we in Venice together, and what better place is there for the meeting of dear friends? See how it glows with the advancing summer; how the sky and the sea and the rosy air and the marble of the palaces all shimmer and melt together.' (27)	OUTDOORS
[50]	[...] for personally I liked it better as it was, with its weeds and its wild rich tangle, its sweet characteristic Venetian shabbiness. (28)	VENETIANS/ OUTDOORS
[51]	The Venetian capacity for dawdling is of the largest, and for a good many days unlimited litter was all my gardener had to show for his ministrations. (29)	VENETIANS
[52]	[...] in their darkened rooms (29)	INDOORS
[53]	Accordingly I spent the late hours either on the water –the moonlights of Venice are famous–or in the splendid square which serves as a vast forecourt to the strange old church of Saint Mark. I sat in front of Florian's café eating ices, listening to music, talking with acquaintances: the traveller will remember how the immense cluster of tables and little chairs stretches like a promontory into the smooth lake of the Piazza. The whole place, of a summer's evening, under the stars and with all the lamps, all the voices and light footsteps on marble–the only sounds of the immense arcade that encloses it–is an open-air saloon dedicated to cooling drinks and to a still finer degustation, that of the splendid impressions received during the day. When I didn't prefer to keep mine to myself there was always a stray of tourist, disencumbered of his Baedeker, to discuss them with, or some domesticated painter rejoicing in the return of the season of strong effects. The great basilica, with its low domes and bristling embroideries, the mystery of its mosaic and sculpture, looked ghostly in the tempered gloom, and the sea-breeze passed between the twin columns of the Piazzetta, the lintels of a door no longer guarded, as gently as if a rich curtain swayed there. I used sometimes on these occasions to think of the Misses Bordereau and of the pity of their being shut up in apartments which in the Venetian July even Venetian vastness couldn't relieve of some stuffiness. (32)	OUTDOORS
[54]	I have floated home in my gondola, listening to the slow splash of the oar in the dark narrow canals, and now the only thought that occupied me was that it would be good to recline at one's length in the fragrant darkness on a garden-bench. The odour of the canal was doubtless at the bottom of that aspiration, and the breath of the garden, as I entered it, gave consistency to my purpose. (33)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[55]	[...] everything was dim, as usual, and everything was still. (33)	OUTDOORS/ INDOORS
[56]	'I'm not in the least fond of Venice. I should like to go far away!' (35)	FEELINGS
[57]	[...] when I heard midnight ring out from those clear bells of Venice which vibrate with a solemnity of their own over the lagoon and hold	OUTDOORS

	the air so much more that the chimes of other places. (35)	
[58]	[...] if the good Venetians liked you once they liked you for ever. (37)	VENETIANS
[59]	Her tone, hadn't it been so decent, would have seemed to carry one back to the queer rococo Venice of Goldoni and Casanova. (38)	FEELINGS
[60]	I accompanied her into the wide dusky stone-paved passage that corresponded on the ground floor with our great sala. It opened at one end into the garden, at the other upon the canal, and was lighted now only by the small lamp always left for me to take up as I went to bed. (40)	INDOORS
[61]	He'll show you the famous sunsets, if they still go on–*do* they go on? [...] Take her to the Piazza; it used to be very pretty. (45)	OUTDOORS
[62]	What have they done with the funny old church? I hope it hasn't tumbled down. (45)	OUTDOORS
[63]	She had forgotten the splendour of the great water-way on a clear summer evening, and how the sense of floating between marble palaces and reflected lights disposed the mind to freedom and ease. (47)	FEELINGS/ OUTDOORS
[64]	The gondola moved with slow strokes, to give her time to enjoy it, and she listened to the plash of the oars, which grew louder and more musically liquid as we passed into narrow canals, as if it were a revelation of Venice. (47)	OUTDOORS
[65]	We strolled through the fine superfluous hall, where on the marble floor–particularly as at first we said nothing–our footsteps were more audible than I had expected. When we reached the other end–the wide window, inveterately closed, connecting with the balcony that overhung the canal– (67)	INDOORS
[66]	The air of the canal seemed even heavier, hotter than that of the sala. The place was hushed and void; the quiet neighbourhood had gone to sleep. A lamp, here and there, over the narrow black water, glimmered in double; the voice of a man going homeward singing, his jacket on his shoulder and his hat on his ear, came to us from a distance. This didn't prevent the scene from being very *comme il faut*, as Miss Bordereau had called it the first time I saw her. Presently a gondola passed along the canal with its slow rhythmical plash, and as we listened we watched it in silence. (67)	OUTDOORS
[67]	I was unable to sit down; it was very late now though there were people still at the little tables in front of the cafés: I could but uneasily revolve, and I did so half a dozen times. (70)	VENETIANS
[68]	At last I took my way home again, getting gradually and all but inextricably lost, as I did whenever I went out in Venice: so that it was considerably past midnight when I reached my door. The sala, upstairs, was as dark as usual and my lamp as I crossed it found nothing satisfactory to show me. (70)	OUTDOORS/ INDOORS
[69]	[...] and as my gondola gently bumped against our palace steps a fine palpitation of suspense showed me the violence my absence had done me. (74)	FEELINGS
[70]	[...] the little red-walled island of tombs which lies to the north of the town and on the way to Murano. (75)	OUTDOORS
[71]	She repeated that when once the 'nice' Italians like you they are your friends for life, and when we had gone into this she asked me about	VENETIANS

	my *giro* (76)	
[72]	[...] now that she was alone on the *piano nobile* I felt that (judged at any rate by Venetian ideas) I was on rather a different footing in regard to the invasion of it (77)	VENETIANS
[73]	It was a splendid morning, with something in the air that told of the waning of the long Venetian summer; a freshness from the sea that stirred the flowers in the garden and made a pleasant draught in the house, less shuttered and darkened now than when the old woman was alive. It was the beginning of autumn, of the end of the golden months. (77)	OUTDOORS/ INDOORS
[74]	At last I became conscious that we were near the Lido, far up, on the right hand, as you turn your back to Venice, and I made him put me ashore. (84)	OUTDOORS
[75]	I crossed the narrow strip and got to the sea-beach–I took my way toward Malamocco. But presently I flung myself down again on the warm sand, in the breeze, on the coarse dry grass. (84)	OUTDOORS
[76]	I only know that in the afternoon, when the air was aglow with the sunset, I was standing before the church of Saints John and Paul and looking up at the small square-jawed face of Bartolommeo Colleoni, the terrible *condottiere* who sits so sturdily astride of his huge bronze horse on the high pedestal on which Venetian gratitude maintains him. The statue is incomparable, the finest of all mounted figures, unless that of Marcus Aurelius, who rides benignant before the Roman Capitol, be finer but I was not thinking of that; I only found myself staring at the triumphant captain as if he had had an oracle on his lips. The western light shines into all his grimness at that hours and makes it wonderfully personal. But he continued to look far over my head, at the red immersion of another day–he had seen so many go down into the lagoon through the centuries–and if he were thinking of battles and stratagems they were of a different quality from any I had to tell him of. He couldn't direct me what to do, gaze up at him as I might. Was it before this or after that I wandered about for an hour in the small canals, to the continued stupefaction of my gondolier (85)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[77]	Without streets and vehicles, the uproar of wheels, the brutality of horses, and with its little winding ways where people crowd together, where voices sound as in the corridors of a house, where the human step circulates as if it skirted the angles of furniture and shoes never wear out, the place has the character of an immense collective apartment, in which Piazza San Marco is the most ornamented corner and palaces and churches, for the rest, play the part of great divans of repose, tables of entertainment, expanses of decoration. And somehow the splendid common domicile, familiar domestic and resonant, also resembles a theatre with its actors clicking over bridges and, in straggling processions, tripping along fondamentas. As you sit in your gondola the footways that in certain parts edge the canals assume to the eye the importance of a stage, meeting it at the same angle, and the Venetian figures, moving to and fro against the battered scenery of their little houses of comedy, strike you as members of an endless dramatic troupe. (86)	OUTDOORS/ VENETIANS/ FEELINGS

The Wings of the Dove

[78]	[...] gratefully glad that the warmth of the Southern summer was still in the high florid rooms, palatial chambers where hard cool pavements took reflexions in their lifelong polish, and where the sun on the stirred seawater, flickering up through open windows, played over the painted 'subjects' in the splendid ceilings–medallions of purple and brown, of brave old melancholy colour, medals as of old reddened gold, embossed and beribboned, all toned with time and all flourished and scolloped and gilded about, set in their great moulded and figured concavity (a nest of white cherubs, friendly creatures of the air) and appreciated by the aid of that second tier of smaller lights, straight openings to the front, which did everything, even with the Baedekers and photographs of Milly's party dreadfully meeting the eye, to make the place an apartment of state. (311-312)	INDOORS
[79]	'At Venice, please, if possible, no dreadful, no vulgar hotel; but, if it can be at all managed–you know what I mean–some fine old rooms, wholly independent, for a series of months. Plenty of them too, and the more interesting the better: part of a palace, historic and picturesque, but strictly inodorous, where we shall be to ourselves, with a cook, don't you know?–with servants, frescoes, tapestries, antiquities, the thorough make-believe of a settlement.' (313)	FEELINGS/ INDOORS
[80]	Palazzo Leporelli held its history still in its great lap, even like a painted idol, a solemn puppet hung about with decorations. Hung about with pictures and relics, the rich Venetian past, the ineffaceable character, was here the presence revered and served (314)	INDOORS
[81]	She made now, alone, the full circuit of the place, noble and peaceful while the summer sea, stirring here and there a curtain or an outer blind, breathed into its veiled spaces. (320)	INDOORS
[82]	'What a temple to taste and an expression of the pride of life, yet, with all that, what a jolly *home*!' (322)	FEELINGS/ INDOORS
[83]	The romance for her, yet once more, would be to sit there for ever, through all her time, as in a fortress; and the idea became an image of never going down, of remaining aloft in the divine dustless air, where she would hear but the plash of the water against stone. The great floor on which they moved was at an altitude, and this prompted the rueful fancy. (323)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[84]	I mean that the positive beauty is that one needn't go down. (323)	FEELINGS
[85]	She looked over the place, the storey above the apartments in which she had received him, the sala corresponding to the sala below and fronting the great canal with its gothic arches. The casements between the arches were open, the ledge of the balcony broad, the sweep of the canal, so overhung, admirable, and the flutter toward them of the loose white curtain an invitation to the scarce could have said what. (324)	INDOORS/ OUTDOORS
[86]	Their actual outlook had meanwhile such charm, what surrounded them within and without did so much toward making appreciative stillness as natural as at the opera, that she could consider she hadn't	FEELINGS

	made him hang on her lips when at last, instead of saying if she were well or ill, she repeated: '[...] I adore the place [...] and I don't want in the least to give it up.' (326)	
[87]	It is, you know, the sort of place to see you in; you carry out the note, fill it, people it, quite by yourself, and you might do much worse–I mean for your friends–than show yourself here a while, three or four months, every year. (326)	INDOORS
[88]	This is more, as you say there, my form.' (326)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[89]	It will become my great gilded shell; so that those who wish to find me must come and hunt me up. (327)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[90]	'You won't see me suffer–don't be afraid. I shan't be a public nuisance. That's why I should have liked *this*: it's so beautiful in itself and yet it's so out of the gangway. You won't know anything about anything,' (328-329)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[91]	Everything's this, [...] One can't do more than live. (329)	FEELINGS
[92]	He had looked about at the rococo elegance (329)	INDOORS
[93]	By this time she had turned from their window to make a diversion, had walked him through other rooms, appealing again to the inner charm of the place, going even so far for the purpose as to point afresh her independent moral, to repeat that if one only had such a house for one's own and loved it and cherished it enough, it would pay one back in kind, would close one in from harm. (332)	INDOORS
[94]	Strange enough in fact that he had had from her, about herself–and, under the searching spell of the place, infinitely straight–what no one else had had (337)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[95]	[...] in her caged freedom (338)	FEELINGS
[96]	[...] making it resound through the great cool hall (338)	INDOORS
[97]	The establishment, chocked at the season with the polyglot herd, cockneys of all climes, mainly German, mainly American, mainly English, it appeared as the corresponding sensitive nerve was touched, sounded loud and not sweet, sounded anything and everything but Italian, but Venetian. The Venetian was all a dialect, he knew; yet it was pure Attic beside some of the dialects at the bustling inn. It made, 'abroad', both for his pleasure and his pain that he had to feel at almost any point how he had been through everything before. He had been three or four times, in Venice, during other visits, through this pleasant irritation of paddling away–away from the concert of false notes in the vulgarised hall, away from the amiable American families and overfed German porters. He had in each case made terms for a lodging more private and not more costly, and he recalled with tenderness these shabby but friendly asylums, the windows of which he should easily know again in passing on canal or through campo. The shabbiest now failed of an appeal to him, but he found himself at the end of forty-eight hours forming views in respect to a small independent *quartiere*, far down the Grand Canal, which he had once occupied for a month with a sense of pomp and circumstance and yet also with a growth of initiation into the homelier Venetian mysteries. (339)	INDOORS
[98]	[...] emerging on a traghetto in sight of the recognised house, he	OUTDOORS

	made out on the green shutters of his old, of his young windows the strips of white pasted paper that figure in Venice as an invitation to tenants. (p.339-340)	
[99]	[...] had kept afloat with them, under a sufficient Venetian spell (340)	FEELINGS
[100]	[...] for she insisted that her palace–with all its romance and art and history–had set up round her a whirlwind of suggestion that never dropped for an hour. (341)	FEELINGS
[101]	[...] in the warm early dusk, the approach of the Southern night–'conditions' these, such as we just spoke of–to the glimmer, more and more ghostly as the light failed, of the little white papers on his old green shutters. (344)	OUTDOORS
[102]	[...] the ancient rickety objects too, refined in their shabbiness, amiable in their decay, as to which, on his side, demonstrations were tenderly veracious (344)	INDOORS
[103]	[...] an evocation of the quaint, of the humblest rococo, of a Venetian interior in the true old note. He made the point for his hostess that her own high chambers, though they were a thousand grand things, weren't really this; made it in fact with such success that she presently declared it his plain duty to invite her on some day to tea. She had expressed as yet–he could feel it as felt among them all–no such clear wish to go anywhere, not even to make an effort for a parish feast, or an autumn sunset, nor to descend her staircase for Titian or Gianbellini. (345)	INDOORS
[104]	At his hotel, alone, by night, or in the course of the few late strolls he was finding time to take through dusky labyrinthine alleys and empty *campi*, overhung with mouldering palaces, where he paused in disgust at his want of ease and where the sound of a rare footstep on the enclosed pavement was like that of a retarded dancer in a banquet-hall deserted–during these interludes he entertained cold views, even to the point, at moments, on the principle that the shortest follies are the best, of thinking of immediate departure as not only possible but as indicated. (348)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[105]	This colloquy had taken place in the middle of Piazza San Marco, always, a a great social saloon, a smooth-floored, blue-roofed chamber of amenity, favourable to talk; or rather, to be exact, not in the middle, but at the point our pair had paused by a common impulse after leaving the great mosque-like church. It rose now, domed and pinnacled, but a little way behind them, and they had in front the vast empty space, enclosed by its arcades, to which at that hour movement and traffic were mostly confined. Venice was at breakfast, the Venice of the visitor and the possible acquaintance, and, except for the parties of importunate pigeons picking up the crumbs of perpetual feasts, their prospect was clear and they could see their companions hadn't yet been, and weren't for a while longer likely to be, disgorged by the lace-shop, in one of the *loggie*, where, shortly before, they had left them for a look-in–the expression was artfully Densher's–at Saint Mark's. (353)	OUTDOORS
[106]	[...] the splendid Square, which had so notoriously, in all these years, witnessed more of the joy of life than any equal area in Europe,	OUTDOORS

	furnished them, in their remoteness from earshot, with solitude and security. It was as if, being in possession, they could say what they liked; and it was also as if, in consequence of that, each had an apprehension of what the other wanted to say. It was most of all for them, moreover, as if this very quantity, seated on their lips in the bright historic air, were the only sign for their ears was the flutter of doves, begot in the heart of each a fear. (355)	
[107]	[...] in the great saloon, where even more candles than their friend's large common allowance–she grew daily more splendid; they were all struck with it and chaffed her about it–lighted up the pervasive mystery of Style. (362)	INDOORS
[108]	She's lodged for the first time as she ought, from her type, to be; and doing it–I mean bringing out all the glory of the place–makes her really happy. It's a Veronese picture, as near as can be–with me as the inevitable dwarf, the small blackamoor, put into a corner of the foreground for effect. If I only had a hawk or a hound or something of that sort I should do the scene more honour. (p.364)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[109]	The effect of the place, the beauty of the scene, had probably much to do with it; the golden grace of the high rooms, chambers of art in themselves, took care, as an influence, of the general manner, and made people bland without making them solemn. (369-370)	INDOORS
[110]	But Milly, let loose among them in a wonderful withe dress, brought them somehow into relation with something that made them more finely genial; so that if the Veronese picture of which he had talked with Mrs Stringham was not quite constituted, (370)	INDOORS
[111]	He had recovered from the first a part of his attachment to this scene of contemplation, within sight, as it was, of the Rialto bridge, on the hither side of that arch of associations and the left going up the Canal; he had seen it in a particular light, to which, more and more, his mind and his hands adjusted it; but the interest the place now wore for him had risen at a bound, becoming a force that, on the spot, completely engaged and absorbed him, and relief from which–if relief was the name–he could find only by getting away and out of reach. What had come to pass within his walls lingered there as an obsession importunate to all his senses; it lived again, as a cluster of pleasant memories, at every hour and in every object; it made everything but itself irrelevant and tasteless. (385)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[112]	As Kate was *all* in his poor rooms, and not a ghost of her left for the grander, it was only on reflexion that the falseness came out; (387)	INDOORS/ FEELINGS
[113]	What it implied for one thing was that tonight in the great saloon, noble in its half-lighted beauty, and straight in the white face of his young hostess, divine in her trust, or at any rate inscrutable in her mercy–what it implied was that he should lie with his lips. (390)	INDOORS
[114]	[...] he walked instead, through his narrow ways and his *campi* with gothic arches, to a small and comparatively sequestered café where he had already more than once found refreshment and comparative repose, together with solutions that consisted mainly and pleasantly of further indecision. (397)	OUTDOORS
[115]	[...] happily, however, Venice was cheap, (398)	VENETIANS
[116]	Densher had almost invidiously brought him down the outer	INDOORS

	staircase–the massive ascent, the great feature of the court, to Milly's *piano nobile*. (401)	
[117]	in the damp *loggia* where the storm-gusts were strong (402)	OUTDOORS
[118]	It was a Venice all of evil that had broken out for them alike, so that they were together in their anxiety, if they really could have met on it; a Venice of cold lashing rain from a low black sky, of wicked wind raging through narrow passes, of general arrest and interruption, with the people engaged in all the water-life huddled, stranded and wageless, bored and cynical, under archways and bridges. (403)	OUTDOORS
[119]	Out in the square beyond the *fondamenta* that gave access to the land-gate of the palace, out where the wind was higher, he fairly, with the thought of it, pulled his umbrella closer down. (403)	OUTDOORS
[120]	He had to walk in spite of weather, and he took his course, through crooked ways, to the Piazza, where he should have the shelter of the galleries. Here, in the high arcade, half Venice was crowded close, while, on the Molo, at the limit of the expanse, the old columns of the Saint Theodore and of the Lion were the frame of a door wide open to the storm. (404)	OUTDOORS
[121]	The wet and the cold were now to reckon with (404)	OUTDOORS
[122]	[...] threading his way among loungers as vague as himself, he dropped his eyes sightlessly on the rubbish in shops. There were stretches of the gallery paved with squares of red marble, greasy now with the salt spray; and the whole place, in its huge elegance, the grace of its conception and the beauty of its detail, was more than ever like a great drawing-room, the drawing-room of Europe, profaned and bewildered by some reverse of fortune. He brushed shoulders with brown men whose hats askew, and the loose sleeves of whose pendent jackets, made them resemble melancholy maskers. The tables and chairs that overflowed from the cafés were gathered, still with a pretence of service, into the arcade, and here and there a spectacled German, with his coat-collar up, partook publicly of food and philosophy. (405)	OUTDOORS
[123]	[...] rococo wall (405)	OUTDOORS
[124]	[...] the damp shuffling crowd. (405)	VENETIANS
[125]	The weather had changed, the rain was ugly, the wind wicked, the sea impossible, *because* of Lord Mark. It was because of him, *a fortiori*, that the place was closed. (p.406)	OUTDOORS/ FEELINGS
[126]	The days in themselves were anything but sweet; the wind and the weather lasted, the fireless cold hinted at worse; the broken charm of the world about was broken into smaller pieces. He walked up and down his rooms and listened to the wind–listened also to tinkles of bells and watched for some servant of the palace. (408)	OUTDOORS
[127]	He strolled about the Square with the herd of refugees; he raked the approaches and the cafés on the chance the brute [...] (408)	OUTDOORS
[128]	Milly's 'grimness' and the great hushed palace were present to him; (414)	
[129]	[...] in the ghastly saloon, with the gossip of Venice, and meeting me, in doorways, in the sala, on the staircase, with an agreeable intolerable smile. (415)	INDOORS

[130]	[...] they heard in the silence, on the Canal, the renewed downpour of rain. (416)	OUTDOORS
[131]	[...] he moved to the other window and looked at the sheeted channel, wider, like a river, where the houses opposite, blurred and belittled, stood at twice their distance. (417)	OUTDOORS
[132]	Venice glowed and plashed and called and chimed again; the air was like a clap of hands, and the scattered pinks, yellows, blues, sea-greens, were like a hanging-out of vivid stuffs, a laying-down of fine carpets. (428)	OUTDOORS
[133]	[...] he humbly–as in Venice it *is* humble–walked away (431)	VENETIANS
[134]	[...] blessed above all the grand weather, a bath of warm air, a pageant of autumn light. (435)	OUTDOORS