

## QUARTET

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A busload of ninth graders from a local high school had just arrived at the Cincinnati Art Museum one mid-week morning several years ago. Five docents, including me, were waiting to greet the teenagers and to take them on a tour of the Cincinnati Wing. They had been prepped on what they were about to see, so we docents did not have to start from scratch. After leading my group through the earlier history beginning with Robert Duncanson's portrait of Nicholas Longworth and pausing briefly before Hiram Powers' "Eve Disconsolate," we came to the Duveneck Gallery.

While there, I directed their attention to various works by the Covington-born painter, pointing out his diversified palette ranging from still lifes and sunny landscapes to the darker portraits reflecting his Munich style, including his self-portrait completed in 1877 when he was thirty. I wanted my group to look especially at this self-portrait and at two others: Duveneck's painting of Francis Boott and of Boott's daughter, also the artist's wife. I asked: What is your impression of these people? What is revealed in their faces and in the way they are dressed? Some brief answers were forthcoming: she: "sad," "looks rich," "dignified," "formal," "elegant;" Francis Boott: "rich," "dignified," "stuffy," "uncomfortable;" Duveneck: "confident," "informal," "not stuffy." There were other observations expressed, but I was generally satisfied with their responses. These youngsters were reflecting the feelings that Duveneck the artist was trying to convey in those portrait paintings. His art was speaking directly to them, that is, what art is always trying to do.

Within the brief time allowed before proceeding to the next gallery, I could give them just so much information of the art they were observing, hoping that they would remember what they said about the portraits they had just seen. At various times, I returned to this gallery to concentrate on those paintings and to engage myself imaginatively in the lives of each of them: the father, Francis; his daughter, Elizabeth; and her husband, the painter Duveneck. Added to this trio is the name of one who is

briefly mentioned, whose comments about Duveneck and descriptions of some of his paintings are quite favorable--- Henry James. What follows focuses on these four people, this quartet of players, if you will, interacting with each other, creating a complex composition which alternates between major and minor keys.

Francis Boott, the senior player in this quartet, was born in Boston in 1813. He became an heir to the family textile mills and thus a man of independent means. After entering Harvard, he was disappointed that no courses in the fine arts were offered. From his youth he had loved those disciplines, especially music. After graduation, he spent time moving about the European continent, exposing himself to the many cultural opportunities he found there, especially in Italy. After returning from Europe, he lived in Boston with his wife and two children. In addition to writing book reviews and light verse, he began studying and composing music. Among his compositions were songs he wrote for his wife to sing as he accompanied her on the piano.

The young couple prospered in this environment, but not for long. Following the death of their infant son, his wife died of tuberculosis. Suddenly, Francis found himself the sole parent and custodian of his surviving child, Elizabeth. Distraught over this sudden loss, Boott felt that he could not remain in his home under the circumstances. He decided to leave Boston in 1847, taking his one-year- old daughter with him to Italy. There, he began a new life, occupying ten rooms in the ancient and spacious fifty-room Villa Castellani, located on a hill outside the village of Bellosguardo near Florence, where he and Elizabeth resided on and off for more than thirty years.

Boott devoted himself to developing his love of music by studying composition at the Florentine Academy. His chamber music was performed in Florence and in Rome. He devoted himself primarily to Elizabeth's upbringing, including her exposure to education in the arts. As time passed, father and daughter became inseparable, traveling in Italy and on the continent, immersing themselves in the rich culture of those areas. As she developed, Elizabeth, or Lizzie as she was affectionately known, spoke French and Italian fluently, composed poems, played the piano, and sang. Francis would accompany her on the piano as she sang the songs he had written for her mother. During those formative years father and daughter formed a close bond with each other and with noted expatriates who shared with them lively conversation and good food.

Of the arts that Lizzie was exposed, as an adolescent she was drawn to painting. Francis was aware that this interest of hers was developing into a passion. He made certain that she received lessons, first in drawing, then in watercolors. At the age of twenty, she showed such talent and promise in genre sketches and still life paintings that Francis and she returned to America shortly after the end of the Civil War so that Liz would be able to join a class of young women painters in Boston under the guidance of the noted teacher, William Morris Hunt. It was through the James family that Francis had become aware of and came to meet Hunt.

Over the years there had been a close connection between the James family-- Henry, the novelist; his brother, William, the psychologist; their sister Alice and their father, Henry senior—and the Boott family. In 1869 Francis and his daughter joined the Jameses for part of the summer in Pomfret, New York. From the time they first met in Newport in their early twenties, Liz and Henry maintained an especially close relationship. Leon Edel writes in his biography of James: “Lizzie became a cherished image in James’s life, the ‘Cara Lisa’ of his letters, a link with Italy, and the center of a drama of which he would be a fascinated as well as a troubled spectator.”

During their American stay, Liz became one of Hunt’s pupils. She eventually became close to Hunt’s other young unmarried women of means like herself, maintaining contact with them for the rest of her life, traveling with them in Europe, joining them as they copied paintings in the Louvre and the Prado and other museums.

Henry James, three years older than Liz, recognized her talent as an artist and as an individual unique in every way. He saw her as one whose “American qualities had been intensified by her living abroad” with her sophisticated, cultured, nurturing father. To him, the Bootts personified Europeanized American culture. He wrote that the two “had seemed fairly to reek with a saturation, esthetic, historic, romantic, that everything roundabout made precious.” In time he referred to Lizzie as “the admirable, the infinitely civilized and markedly *produced* Lizzie---this delightful young woman, educated, cultivated, accomplished.”

James was instrumental in supporting Liz’s artistic output, praising her early work and encouraging her to exhibit her paintings in various art shows. He provided her with an opportunity to gain access to artists he knew, including John Singer Sargent. He

placed several of her paintings for sale in the London art market. He wanted her to send him paintings which he could sell to dealers, some of whom thought highly of her work. “Cara Lisa,” James wrote to her, “I blew your trumpet so that, if you had been listening, you might have heard at Bellosguardo a little flourish.” He was unaware that Liz had been studying with Thomas Couture, to whom he referred derogatorily and unfairly as “a vulgar little fat and dirty old man.” He urged her to come to London and study with Edward Burne-Jones. Liz, however, disliked the English School. She admired the Barbizon painters, such as Courbet, Corot, and Millet, and others. She wrote to James that she had an opportunity to study with Frank Duveneck in Munich. James was somewhat surprised that Liz did not choose to work with a more established and better known artist; however, he was relieved that she at least was not going to continue with “that vulgar little man,” Couture.

The previous year, 1875, Liz and James had witnessed Duveneck’s first exhibition at the Boston Art Club. Both were impressed by what they saw. Born in Covington, Kentucky in 1848, Frank Duveneck began oil paintings early as a teenager. After working on Benedictine churches in Pennsylvania and Canada under the guidance of German-trained craftsman Wilhelm Lamprecht, he was encouraged to complete his art training in Munich. He was twenty-two in 1870 when he arrived in Munich and began studying at the Bavarian Royal Academy. While there, he produced a series of portrait studies, including “Head of an Old Man in a Fur Cap” and won several prizes in competitions. After returning to Cincinnati in 1874, he shared a studio with Henry Farny and Frank Dengler. In that year an exhibition of his paintings was not well received. However, he was encouraged to exhibit in Boston five of his paintings he had completed in Munich. It turned out that these works were regarded as the best he had done up to that point in his career. His star was on the rise. His paintings were praised by critics and the general public alike. They were especially admired not only by William Morris Hunt, who arranged the show, but also by Henry James and Lizzie Boott. Liz was so impressed by Duveneck’s paintings that she persuaded her father, after James had singled it out, to purchase the artist’s portrait of William Adams.

James had only positive comments to write about Duveneck’s portraits. An article he wrote in the June, 1875 issue of *The Nation* begins with this statement: “The

discovery of an unsuspected man of genius is always an interesting event, and nowhere perhaps could such an event excite a higher relish than in the aesthetic city of Boston.” He went on to make a flattering comparison between this artist and Velasquez. James continued to bestow high praise on the young artist-genius in phrases like: “a painter of unadorned reality,” “an artist of great promise,” “fine portraits of quality and of signal interest . . . skillful and forcible.” One of those he particularly admired was “The Lady with a Fan.” He wrote: “The consummate expressiveness of the eyes, the magnificent rendering of flush and bloom, warmth and relief . . . are something a more famous master might be proud.” These words of praise for Duveneck the artist would change considerably, as we shall see, once the bond between “the infinitely civilized and cultivated” Lizzie and Duveneck, the bohemian from Covington, was formed and became increasingly stronger.

Following the Boston success, which was replicated in New York, Duveneck returned to Europe, accompanied by Fanny and John Twachtman, there to visit art centers before returning to Munich. Later, Lizzie, at home in Bellosguardo, persuaded her father to accompany her to meet Duveneck. She was hoping to become one of his pupils and to become acquainted with him. They arrived unannounced and met the artist as he was about to leave for Polling, Bavaria for the summer. This was the first time all three had seen each other, but it was to be the beginning of a relationship which would change their lives. Duveneck had never seen anyone quite as distinguished as Francis or as beautiful as Lizzie. During their brief encounter, Liz was disappointed to learn from the artist that he could not take her on as one of his pupils, at least for now. He suggested that she come back later, perhaps in the winter, which she did. Liz was completely smitten. From that moment he became, to use her own words, “her fate, her destiny.” Heeding James’ advice, she left Couture and embraced Duveneck as her teacher. She later embraced him as her husband.

In Florence, Liz found it difficult to restrain her enthusiasm for Duveneck as teacher and painter. She communicated to her Hunt class that “with Duveneck’s painting you have endless freedom” She invited them to “come out and spend a winter in Italy and meet the best teacher in the world.” The challenge was to convince her teacher to forget about Polling and come to the warmer clime of Florence with its

Anglo-American colony, ideal, she thought, for an art school. After having contacted Duveneck and presenting him with a financial offer and not receiving an answer, she decided to go with a friend to Munich to see him in person. This move on her part succeeded. She made him realize what good she could do for him financially in Florence. Duveneck usually had a problem with debt. He had nothing to lose. He had been in Munich for nearly a decade and could benefit from a change in that lifestyle. Why not accept Liz's offer, so long he could bring with him his "boys," that is, his artist friends and colleagues? Knowing that he was financially strapped, Liz provided him with a unique opportunity to be in an environment where he could have the freedom to paint and teach without having to fret about money: a spacious studio and an apartment nearby. In the fall of 1879, several of Liz's Hunt class friends accepted her offer to come to Florence, convinced that they would receive the best instruction possible from this young, talented, handsome artist.

Liz was not only Duveneck's pupil; she was also his patron. She was thrilled with the idea of opening an art school, acting as general manager, making living arrangements for the group, establishing studios, engaging models for the class. She put all of her creative energy into this project and loved every minute of it. Francis was proud of his daughter's accomplishment and supported her in every way. She was in her element as an artist and as an entrepreneur. For her, life at Bellosguardo had never been happier or more beautiful.

After arriving in Florence, Duveneck and his "boys" from Cincinnati were the toast of the town. They were bombarded with invitations, some of which they had to refuse. Duveneck began receiving commissions from portrait paintings and fees from the rich ladies from Hunt's class. His school was so successful that, as the money kept pouring in, he needed to appoint one of his "boys" treasurer. Needing more space, he rented a much larger studio, holding separate classes for men and women. Frank Duveneck was truly in his element, thanks to Elizabeth Boott.

Life at the Villa Castellani continued to flourish. Liz and some of her close Hunt class friends formed a special group, which they named the Charcoal Club for evening entertainment. During this time, according to the rules or what Liz called "the American fashion," parents were "banished." So, Francis, smiling and waving goodbye, was sent

to the theater. Liz played the piano, while Louis Ritter played the violin. Ritter, who later painted the Villa Castellani, and, another in the group, artist John White Alexander, were two of the Duvneck “boys.” Duvneck himself joined in the festivities. “Duve,” as he was called, was the life of the party, telling jokes and drawing caricatures, which called to mind his carefree Munich days. Was he becoming more comfortable adjusting to the overall formal setting of the Villa? Could this “unbuttoned” native talent be able to “fit the tight clothes Lizzie wished him to wear and adapt himself to the manners of the American gentry abroad?”(Edel 331).

Early in 1880, rumors were spreading about Liz and Frank’s relationship. Later that year his engagement to her was officially announced, much to the dismay of her father, her friends and Henry James. Duvneck the artist was one thing; Duvneck the husband quite another. Francis and his daughter had been inseparable from the time she was an infant. How could he live without her? Shortly before their engagement became known to the public, Frank was painting a portrait of Boott in a fur coat, hoping that this cultured but serious man would admire it and warm up to him as the artist who loved his daughter. After he heard the news, James wasted no time. When he arrived in Florence in March, 1880, he immediately contacted and went to see the Bootts. He was clearly surprised and upset by what had transpired.

James had never met Duvneck; he had only known and seen the paintings of this “unsuspected genius...this child of nature and of freedom...the most highly developed phenomenon in the way of a painter that the U.S. has given birth to.” Now that he had met the artist face to face, he had a much different opinion. He said that with Duvneck Lizzie seemed to have “a double relation of pupil and adoptive mother—or at least adoptive sister. I hope she won’t ever become his adoptive anything else, as, though an excellent fellow, he is terribly earthy and unlicked.” Duvneck to him was a fine artist for sure, but as a man he appeared to him an uncouth bohemian from the Midwest lacking sophistication and refinement. How could “the admirable, infinitely civilized” Lizzie marry “this brawling illiterate” Duvneck, an indigent German-American Catholic from Kentucky, whose family ran a beer garden? He conveyed comforting words to Francis: “I hasten to express my sympathy in all you must feel on the subject

of her engagement.” Francis needed this reinforcement from his long-time friend and confidant. Both of them were appalled by what they considered Lizzie’s “intolerable aberration.” Francis became suspicious of Duveneck’s motives, believing that he was a fortune hunter and possibly a man of questionable morals.

During the winter of 1880 Duveneck resumed teaching his classes in Florence. John Twachtman was chief assistant for the women students, which included Annie Dixwell, a close friend of Lizzie’s from the Hunt class. In the spring of 1881, Liz, at odds with her father over Frank, decided abruptly on her thirty-fifth birthday to leave the confines of Villa Castellani and depart for Spain with Annie and two other women artists. There they, like other American artists during that time, would concentrate on the art of the great Spanish masters at the Prado, especially Velasquez.

After her return from Spain, Liz and her father, re-united, journeyed to Boston. Soon after their arrival, they stayed near Lizzie’s birthplace on Beacon Hill, which was also near the James’s family home on Mt. Vernon Street. Liz, with marriage plans behind her, applied herself to her work with every ounce of her creative energy. She and Annie Dixwell held a joint show consisting of Liz’s large number of thirty-one oils and thirteen watercolors of Spanish and Italian scenes at Chase’s Gallery, followed by submissions throughout 1883 to the Boston Art Club, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the American Water Color Society, the National Academy of Design, and the Philadelphia Society of Artists, an exhibition record for that year. Her success as an artist during this time was made evident in the culmination of a one-person exhibit at Doll and Richards in 1884.

Around this time, Duveneck was also in Boston painting portraits commissioned by acquaintances of the Bootts, including a study of Henry James senior. While Liz stayed in Boston, Frank spent most of his time alternating between Venice and Florence for the next four years. A couple, the Joseph Pennells, whom he had met in Venice, observed that he was not applying himself to his painting and that “only marriage would save him.” It was clear that he longed for Lizzie.

After their return to the continent in the fall of 1884, Liz and her father decided to reside in Paris, the art center where many of her friends were living and studying. Annie Dixwell was with Liz again; they both had the opportunity not available before to paint

from nude models at the Academy Julian. Both young women were benefiting from the Paris art environment when suddenly in April, 1885 Annie died. Liz was so devastated that she forsook her plans to remain in Paris and returned with her father to her home in Bellosguardo to paint. She suffered the loss of another friend by suicide in the fall of that same year. Confronted with these losses and the fact that she was close to forty and wanted to have a child, Liz desperately felt the need to marry, but not marry just anybody. She wanted, she needed, to marry Frank Duveneck.

After Frank had moved to Paris in the fall of 1885, he and Liz were re-united. Not long after that Liz announced that they were engaged. "This has been a long affair, lasting for years," she wrote to a Boston friend. "The thing was given up entirely at one time, but on meeting again we find the old feeling is not dead, and we are going to make up life together as we did not like it very well apart." Her father could live with them and she would continue painting. She felt optimistic about the future and her life with Frank. On March 25, 1886 Liz and Frank were married by a civil magistrate in Paris. She wore a long, dark-brown dress, in fashion at the time. He had to borrow money from one of the "boys" to buy new clothes for himself and cover the expense of the wedding. On the day before the ceremony, Liz's father required his about-to-be son-in-law to sign a legal document that would relinquish any claim to Lizzie's estate if she should predecease him.

On hearing the news of their marriage, James wrote this to a lady friend about Lizzie: "She is judging for herself, with a vengeance; but she is forty years old, and she has the right." He said that Duveneck would be under her influence, "but he is illiterate, ignorant, and not a gentleman (though an excellent fellow, kindly, simple, etc.) and she gives away to him her independence and freedom." James was also concerned about what he observed as Frank's indolence as a painter. He felt that Lizzie would spur him on and be helpful to him. "For him it is all gain;" he continued "for her it is very brave." One could argue that Liz would never surrender her "independence and freedom." What mattered to her at the moment was to re-unite with the man she had always revered as a teacher and an artist and loved as a person of great warmth and charm. Despite what others, including even family and friends, might think, she knew it was the right thing for her and for him to do. On the other hand, could it be that Duveneck might lose *his*

independence and freedom? He must have had mixed feelings about his future. Once they were married, he would have to live within the walled confines of the formality of the Villa Castellani, a far cry from the uninhibited Munich life style with his “boys” and the carefree Parisian art scene. He was not looking forward to the fact that he might have to endure the discomfort of his father-in-law’s condescending and resentful feeling toward him.

After returning from their wedding trip, Liz and Frank joined her father at the Villa Castellani. After such a long period of time, they were at last together painting in one of the spaces in the villa. Liz was now prompting her former teacher to paint more out-of-doors in natural light, *en plein air*, like the French painters she admired. Liz really never cared for the dark style of his earlier Munich paintings. Although James was critical of Liz’s former teacher, Couture, she respected the French artist’s belief in “truth to nature, yet nature exalted, idealized, made poetic...to see truth in beauty and not truth in ugliness.” Frank began painting sunny genre scenes of Bellosguardo. They were saturated with the “golden light” of that area. Never had he and Liz been happier than during those two seasons at Bellosguardo, immersed in the work they both loved.

Liz looked radiant. In December she was expecting a baby, a fact that everyone else, on the other hand, including James, dreaded. He observed in a letter to a lady friend that , although Lizzie and Frank were obviously in love with each other, he, Duveneck, “will never do much, I think, but is all the same a fine, pleasant, polite (though perfectly illiterate) man whom it is impossible not to like.” He told his brother William that Duveneck was “a good, frank fellow without any small or nasty qualities.” He had to admit that he could not carry a conversation with him for more than two minutes. He felt that Duveneck would be a burden to Lizzie, “I mean socially, and in the world. He is only half civilized, though he is very civil.” He felt compassion for his old friend, Francis, who had to endure almost daily encounters with his son-in-law and who seemed to James to look “old and shriveled, laughing much less than in the old days.” Francis’ situation, he said, reminded him of “the subject of a tale by Turgenev.”

Shortly before Christmas, 1886, Liz gave birth to a boy named after his father. James had arrived at Bellosguardo, invited by his devoted friend and novelist Constance Fenimore Woolson, great- niece of James Fenimore Cooper. She had rented her own

place, Casa Brichieri-Colombi, where he stayed. Fenimore, as James called her, had been asked by the Duvenecks to be the child's godmother. James wrote to his Aunt Kate: "Lizzie Duveneck's baby is a little red worm—but Lizzie herself is blooming and evidently most happy... The baby will apparently live and thrive—but Lizzie will be much more of a wife than of a mother. She is much in love with her husband..."

When little Frankie was a few months old, Francis, accepting the fact that his daughter and Frank were happily married, rescinded the prenuptial document, thus allowing Liz to use the money in any way she wished.

Liz certainly was in love with her husband and also now with her little son, of whom she made a group of charming drawings. She tried to combine the responsibilities of wife and mother, as well as caring for her elderly father. Early in 1888, Liz, Frank, their son and her father arrived in Paris, returning to the apartment where they had been married. Liz felt that Paris would be more appealing and helpful to Frank and his career. He had the freedom of movement there, reviving acquaintances with some of his old friends from his days in Munich. Liz, unfortunately, was tied down with motherly duties, even though she had hired a wet nurse, who, it turned out, was homesick and wanted to go back to Italy. The business, social and family responsibilities were taking their toll on her. She wrote to James, now in London, that in spite of her "suffering from the tyranny of Baby," she had resumed painting watercolors, which she knew would please him, since he had always thought that she had a "rare" talent in that medium.

One of the watercolors she was working on was a large study of the Villa Castellani, her Florentine home, which she delineated with great care. At the same time, Frank was working on a full-length portrait of her. She was wearing the same dark-brown dress which she had worn on their wedding day two years earlier. Although he had painted her many times before, this one he considered his best, most honest portrait of her, capturing her beauty, sensitivity, and dignity. After it was finished, she wrote that everyone thought it to be first rate, including her father, who was difficult to please. Lizzie and Frank decided to submit both paintings to the Paris Salon jury. Ironically, on the day that the jury was to make its decision, March 18, Lizzie came down with a chill and died of pneumonia four days later. She was forty-two years old.

Frank was devastated. “My dear wife,” he said, “has departed from me forever. I cannot understand this sad blow.” James, back in England, declared: “Lizzie’s sudden death was an unspeakable shock to me—and I scarcely see it, scarcely believe in it yet. It was the last thing I ever thought of as possible....” Who would have thought that Liz would predecease her father? What a strange fate that these two men, Duveneck and Francis, with nothing in common, now had to bear the burden of that “miserable infant.” His heart went out to the grieving father. Aware of the burden Liz was under just before her death, James conveyed this odd observation to Francis: “It is essentially true that she had undertaken an effort beyond her strength, that she staggered under it and was broken down by it.” He saw that her death would spare her “the perpetual struggle and disappointment resulting from the easy laxities of the man she had married.” In many ways, death would be preferable over life because of “the terrible specific gravity of the mass she had proposed to float and carry (referring to Duveneck)— It is no fault of his, but simply the stuff he is made of.” James was mistaken, for the “stuff” Frank Duveneck was made of was what she loved and cherished. Ever since she first met him in Munich, he was “her fate, her destiny.”

Lizzie’s ashes were taken to Florence for burial in the Allori Cemetery, located near her home at Bellosguardo. The ceremony took place in May, 1888. James was not able to be there, because he felt he could not leave his sister Alice, who was suffering from a series of breakdowns. He wanted so much to have been able to stand by her grave. Those who did stand by her grave amid “mountains of spring flowers” were Francis, who remained calm and stoic, and Frank, who was sobbing. Among the mourners was Henrietta Reubell, to whom James wrote: “So life goes on, even when death, close beside one, punches black holes in it.”

Life did go on for Liz’s father and husband. Francis, realizing that after forty years the glorious days at Bellosguardo were over, came back home to Boston. From Bellosguardo, Fenimore Woolson sent Francis this comforting message: “In all your grief and loneliness, it must be a pleasure to remember how happy her life was during these last two years...She was one of the happiest wives I have ever known.” Life for Francis had come full circle. In order to provide Frankie with a stable home environment, he insisted that the boy be brought up by his long-deceased wife’s

relatives in Waltham, near Boston. This arrangement met with Duvneek's approval and also with James', who thought it to be the "most natural thing to do."

After the burial ceremony, Frank returned to Cincinnati to begin work on the design of Liz's memorial, which he thought would be the most appropriate way for her to be remembered. He had made sketches of what he wanted it to look like: a sepulchral effigy inspired by Florentine Renaissance tombs. With the assistance of his friend and sculptor, Clement Barnhorn, who provided the studio space, Frank immersed himself in what he must have felt to be his most important and most personal creation. The effigy figure he designed is seemingly weightless, "recumbent, covered with a frond, symbolizing triumph over death, with flowing folds of textured drapery that seem to cascade over the base"(Neuhaus 115). He imagined her as a Knight's Lady in death appearing peaceful and dignified, hands folded on her breast, reflecting "the quiet serenity and strength" she had shown in life. After it was completed in 1889, Frank returned to Florence to have the bronze copy of the monument installed over Liz's grave in the Allori cemetery. Not only had Francis Boott admired Frank's portrait of his daughter, but he was so moved by the memorial that he asked Frank to make a marble version which could be displayed in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where it would be viewed by many, including Liz's close friends and especially her son.

Frank felt close to his son, although he accepted the fact that he was not able to be with him on a regular basis. When he was not teaching at the Cincinnati Art Museum and later at the Art Academy or traveling primarily to Florence and Paris, where he received honorable mention from the Paris Salon for his memorial sculpture, he spent summers at an artists' school in Gloucester painting harbor scenes and landscapes (considered the most important of his later paintings) so that he could visit Frankie in nearby Waltham. During those visits he saw a great deal of Francis. Having overcome the tensions of the past, they reconciled their differences and became quite close.

James and Liz had always been close, as evidenced by the many letters they had written each other over the years and by the times they were together at the Villa Castellani and other locations. He conveyed to a friend that he had "a great affection for her. She was a quiet, gentle, loveable, cultivated lady....I shall miss her greatly."

He made Liz and her father, well-to-do Americans living abroad, models for characters in two of his great international novels. In *The Portrait of a Lady* they were imaginatively transformed into Gilbert Osmond and his daughter, Pansy; and in *The Golden Bowl* into Adam Verver and his daughter, Maggie.

In life, James would not let himself become emotionally involved with a woman, such as Elizabeth Boott or Constance Woolson, though he felt close to them as friends. He kept his distance emotionally, protecting his privacy, “substituting manners and social formalities for passion” (Edel 347). As a writer, his gift was to create characters with a unique insight into their personalities, allowing the reader to observe their interaction and emotional relationship with each other. It has been pointed out that another novel was taking place before his very eyes dealing with the relationship between Frank and Elizabeth, whose feelings toward each other he could not portray, was incapable of portraying. It was the novel he never wrote. “It was too close, too direct, too physical” (Young 210).

On one of his many visits to Florence, James felt compelled to see Frank’s memorial to Lizzie. In a letter to Francis Boott he wrote: “One sees, in its place and its *ambiente*, what a meaning and eloquence the whole thing has, and one is touched to tears by this particular example which comes home to one so—of the jolly great truth that it is *art* alone that triumphs over fate.” It seems fitting that Henry James would have the final word, or, in keeping with the title of this paper, that he would play the final note.

## SOURCES

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