

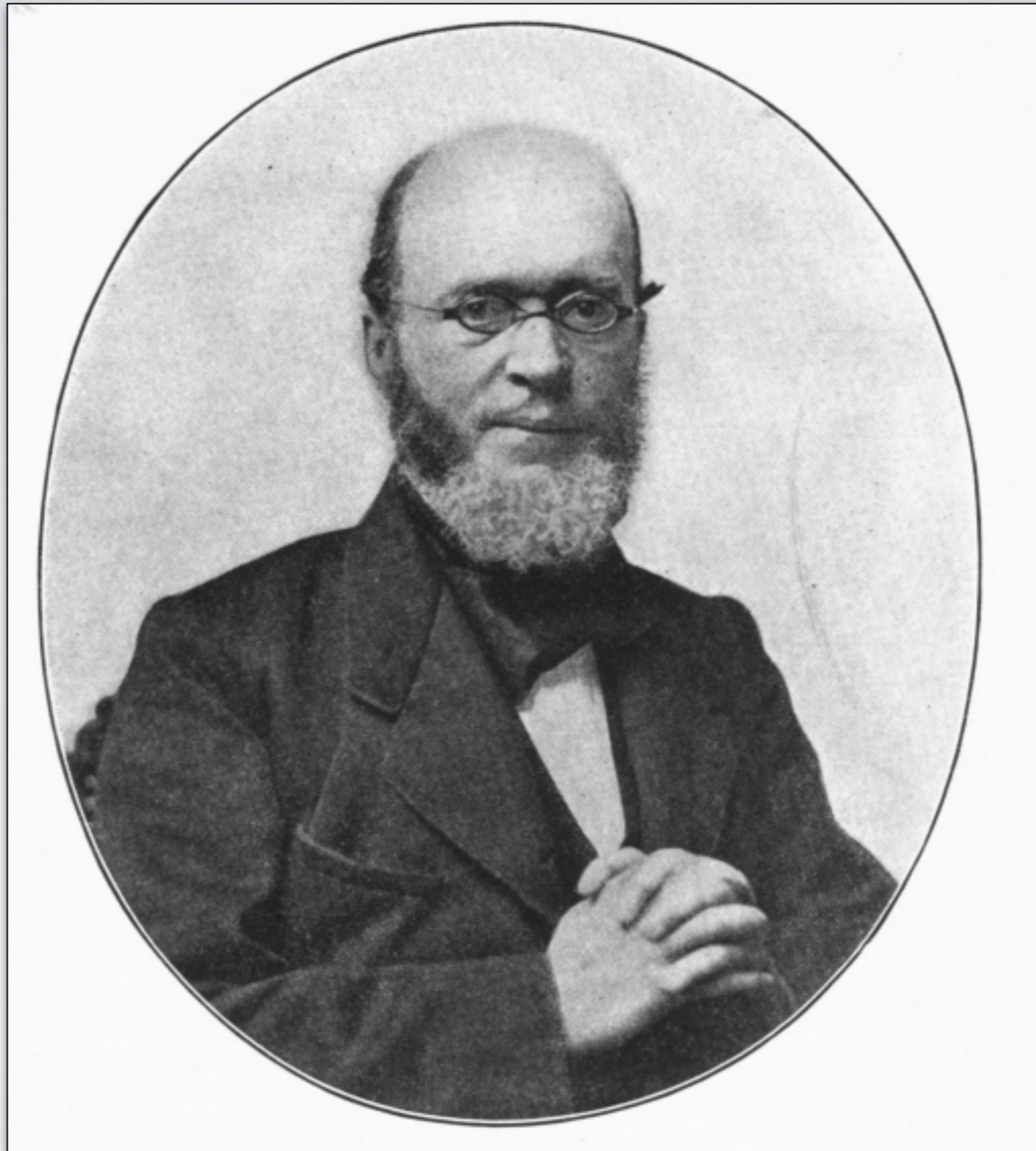
# Convert, Convert, Convert!

## Translating Swedenborg in Henry James's Fiction

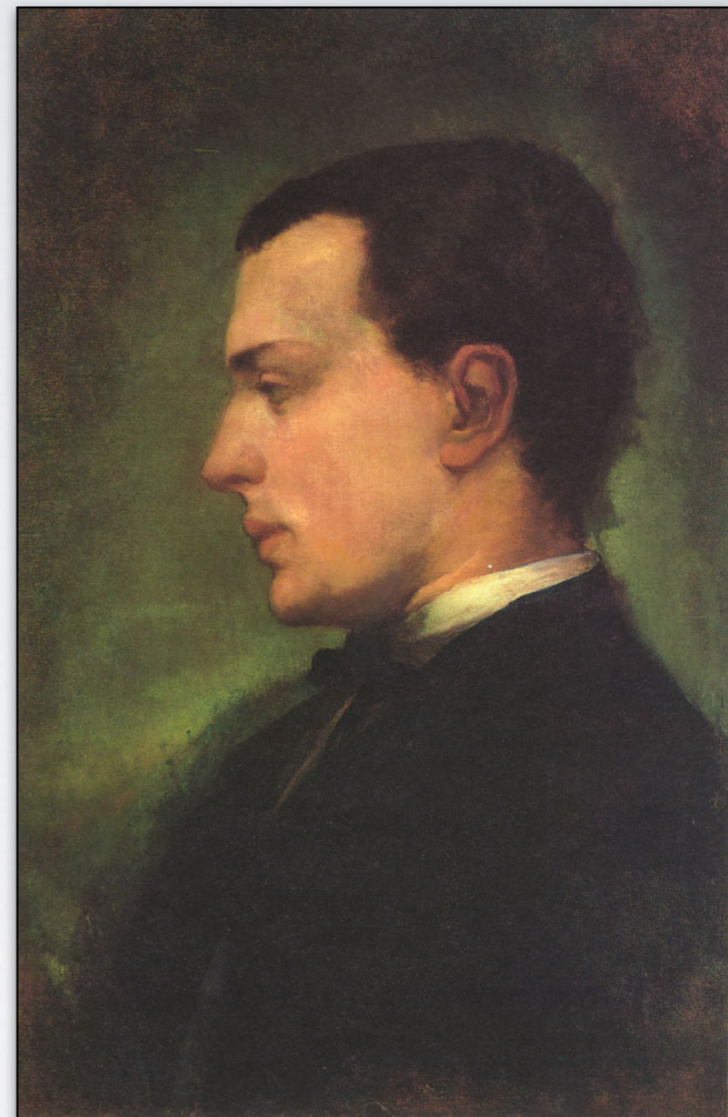
Dr. Devin Zuber  
Graduate Theological Union  
(GTU) at Berkeley

[dzuber@gtu.edu](mailto:dzuber@gtu.edu)

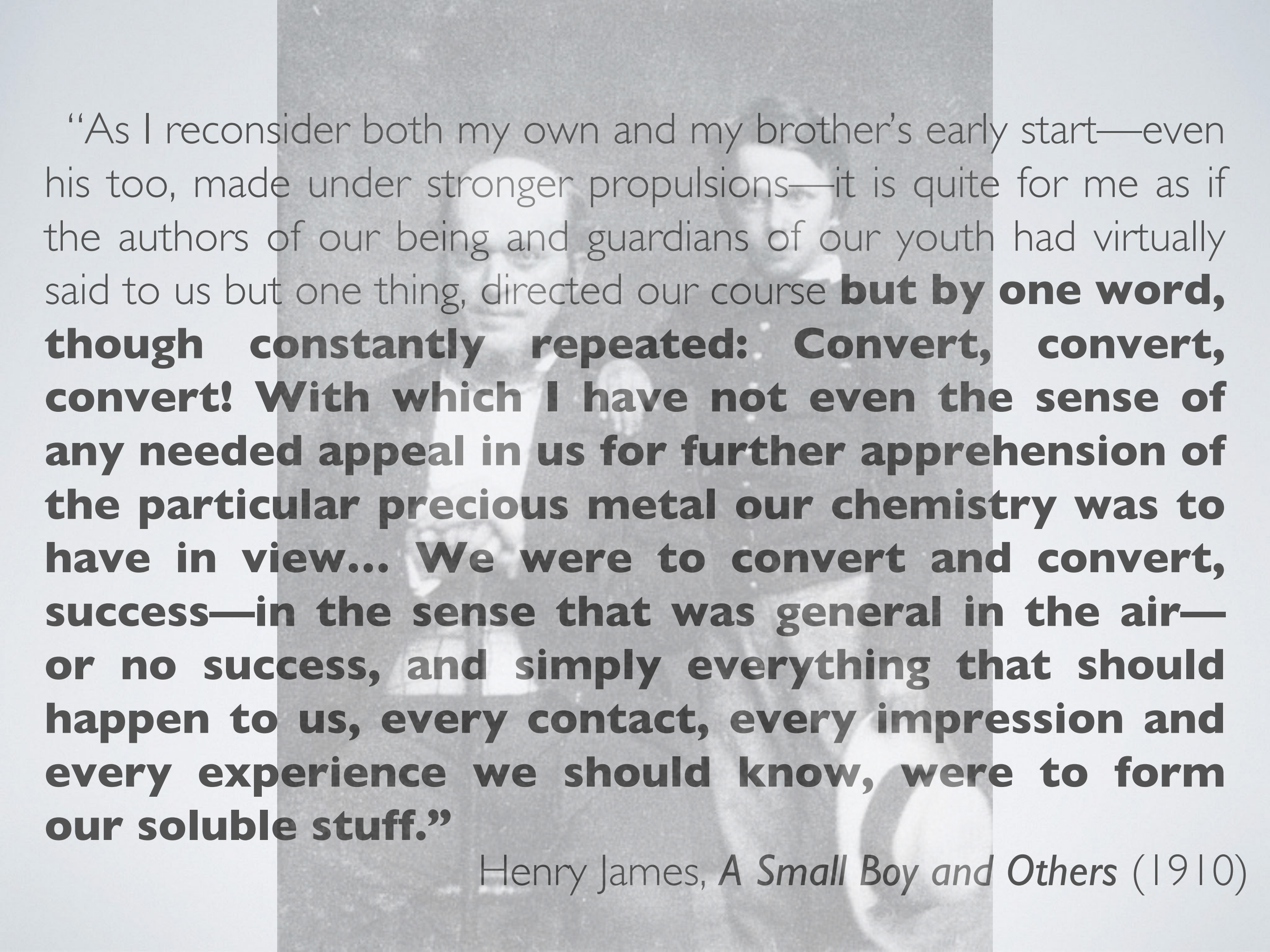




Henry James, Sr. (1811—1882)



*the  
American  
Henry  
James  
by Quentin  
Anderson*



“As I reconsider both my own and my brother’s early start—even his too, made under stronger propulsions—it is quite for me as if the authors of our being and guardians of our youth had virtually said to us but one thing, directed our course **but by one word, though constantly repeated: Convert, convert, convert! With which I have not even the sense of any needed appeal in us for further apprehension of the particular precious metal our chemistry was to have in view... We were to convert and convert, success—in the sense that was general in the air—or no success, and simply everything that should happen to us, every contact, every impression and every experience we should know, were to form our soluble stuff.”**

Henry James, *A Small Boy and Others* (1910)

THE  
AMBASSADORS

BY  
HENRY  
JAMES



...She read it over again as one who had never seen it. “ ‘Mr. Lewis Lambert Strether’ “ — she sounded it almost as freely as for any stranger. She repeated however that she liked it—‘particularly the Lewis Lambert. It’s the name of a novel of Balzac’s.’

‘Oh I know that!’ said Strether.

‘But the novel’s an awfully bad one.’

‘I know that too,’ Strether smiled. To which he added with an irrelevance that was only superficial: “I come from Woolett, Massachusetts.”

Henry James, *The Ambassadors* (1908)



