

Contents

	Introduction: <i>The Upturned Page</i>	1
ONE	Almayer's Face	28
TWO	Invisible Writing	58
THREE	Ford's Impressionism	89
FOUR	Some Impressionist (and Non-Impressionist) Faces	125
FIVE	"A Blankness to Run At and Dash Your Head Against"	161
SIX	Maps, Charts, and Mist	186
SEVEN	The Writing of Revolution	228
EIGHT	Versions of Regression	261
NINE	How Literary Impressionism Ended	290
	Coda: <i>Four Modernists</i>	317
	<i>Notes</i>	337
	<i>Acknowledgments</i>	387
	<i>Index</i>	389

The *faculty of attention* has utterly vanished from the general anglosaxon mind, extinguished at its source by the big blatant *Bayadère* of Journalism, of the newspaper & the *picture* (above all) magazine; who keeps screaming “Look at *me*, I am the thing, & I only, the thing that will keep you in relation with me *all the time* without your having to attend *one minute* of the time.” If you are moved to write anything anywhere about the *W. of the D.* [*The Wings of the Dove*] do say something of that—it so awfully wants saying. But we live in a lonely age for literature or for any art but the mere visual. Illustrations, loud simplifications and *grossissements*, the big building (good for John [Howells’s son, an architect];) the “mounted” play, the prose that is careful to be in the tone of, & with the distinction of, a newspaper or bill-poster advertisement—these, & these only, meseems, “stand a chance.”

—Henry James to W. D. Howells, 1902

No theory is kind to us that cheats us of *seeing*.

—Henry James to Robert Louis Stevenson, 1891