CHAPTER 6

Affect's Vocabularies
Literature and Feeling after 1890

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Affective states and their representational forms have been as crucial to critical constructions of modernism as to the writing we associate with its multiple movements, moments, and legacies. From modernism's early twentieth-century zenith to its reanimations in the twenty-first, versions of Henry James's conviction endure: when writers show that "impressions *are* experience," they show too that perceptions motivate actions; that affective awareness has embodied consequences; that private senses have social entailments; and that the formal enterprise of narrating emotion may, as a result, focus as intensively on material environments as on psychological interiority.[1] At the confluence of represented feeling and registrations of affect, ambitions of otherwise historically distinct writers come into conversation. To see how this conversation might enhance modernist studies' critical-affective literacies, I follow a transhistorical rather than a discretely periodized arc in the coming pages, with the view to gauging the conceptual challenges and interpretive opportunities that come with close reading affective representation as it interlaces modernism's formal aspirations and political valences.

What does it mean, though, to read *for* affect in the first place? Affect studies, in all its methodological heterogeneity, may give the impression that its vocabularies occupy a relatively distinct if internally variegated domain, one that's yet to be fully imported into the study and teaching of modernism. Yet it's not unreasonable to think that modernist studies may already be well versed in affective criticism, regardless of how far the field today converges upon the (inter)disciplinary space of the history of emotions or how explicitly modernist critics now draw upon affect theory's myriad frameworks. Consider some of the foundational accounts of modernist form: Fredric Jameson's 1981 story of literary impressionism as an enthralling yet compensatory "transformation" of social "realities into style";[2] Leo Bersani's 1990 inquest into modernist fiction's "aesthetic of redemption" as a stunning yet seductive "correction of life" that offers an

illusory "negation of the reality of pain";[3] and Ann Banfield's examination in 2000 of modernism's "revolutionary conception of the objects of sensation, at once physical and subjective."[4] Aren't these also, essentially, compelling accounts of affect? Regarded as such, they would suggest that affective vocabularies have always been integral to the theoretical and historical anatomy of the field. That they turn out to be so integral only on reflection, however, highlights the extent to which these vocabularies haven't received deliberate or sustained metacritical examination.

The reasons for this may be linked both to the volatility of affect as an object of analytical inquiry and to the very assumptions we make about modernism's economies of feeling. "To admit that we do not always know how to articulate our affects," writes Marta Figlerowicz, "but should nevertheless be trusted as sources of insight into their significance, can be read unfavorably as narcissistic intuitionism." Figlerowicz acknowledges that this "could even make the study of affect sound like an unquestioned demand that others attend to one's inner life – and take one's word for its contents and importance – based solely on its immediate, often inarticulate intensity."[5] This sort of critical subjectivism seems a far cry from the combination of methodical close reading and assiduous historicism that has arguably remained the backbone of modernist studies. Affect's apparent neglect, however, also has to do with received portraits of the very temperament of modernism itself. As Julie Taylor observes, "[i]f modernism's affective dimensions have historically been under-researched, perhaps this is because scholars have tended to emphasize modernists' aesthetic preferences for irony and detachment over embodied sentiment," with the result that "dismissals of feeling have been central to the rhetoric of rupture that has helped critics to retrospectively solidify modernism as a coherent 'movement.'"[6]

Yet disciplinary times are changing in ways that are likely to increase affect's critical purchase. The solidity of modernism's own cultural, formal, and institutional coherence is now being dissolved under pressures of reform that not only leave it unanchored from any single "movement" but also liberate its aesthetic practices from the impersonal language of rupture that has seemed inimical to a more expansive range of affective readings. Furthermore, beyond the realm of literary representation, the very disputes and solidarities that have shaped the new modernist studies as a home for comparative and interdisciplinary constituencies are themselves affectively contoured. Critical passions continue to run high, even – perhaps especially – in the process of progressively eroding the field's own terminological strongholds and geohistorical enclosures. Accordingly,

"if modernist studies," according to Paul Saint-Amour, has, "for a while now, been weakening its immanent theory of modernism without saying so, it would be worth considering the role affect might have played in that disavowed weakening, and might still have to play in its avowal."[7] Without claiming to respond fully to this invitation, I will suggest in the coming discussion that reading for the formal and ethical lineaments of affect in modernist literature fruitfully coincides with an examination of the field's own critical pulses and parameters, a field in which "modernism now functions, in local and provisional ways, as an auxiliary term that supports other lines of argument not endogenous to its problem-space."[8]

As scholars have pursued some of these alternative arguments in recent years, perspectives on modernist form that draw from insights of precarity studies and disability studies have become especially vital. Narratives concerned with the ontology of disenfranchisement and bodily abjection require us to consider the formal strategies that perpetuate or else resist the way "literary representations of people with disabilities," as Michael Bérubé observes, "often serve to mobilize pity or horror in a moral drama that has nothing to do with the actual *experience* of disability."[9] Modernist fiction's displaced, vulnerable, or destitute lives don't simply affect us by eliciting our sympathy, as we will later see, when I turn to one conspicuously neglected novelist of the interwar period; delineating instead the experiential complexities of social and ontological precarity, they demonstrate how style itself – its grammatical fibers, palpable solicitations, and disarming refractions – implicates readers, precisely by calling some of the complacencies of compassion to account.

By these critical lights, it's understandable that approaches to affective form in modernism have operated predominantly within the thematic ambits of failure, disappointment, negation, or loss. With its idiomatic concern with the material costs and metaphysical convulsions of mourning, trauma, and dispossession, modernist literature offers graphic reasons "to pursue a fuller engagement with negative affects," in Heather Love's account, along "with the intransigent difficulties of making feeling the basis for politics."[10] In fact, it would seem quite logical to view modernism's "rhetoric of rupture," to recall Taylor's phrase, as especially suited to evoking a whole range of atrocities and their painful aftermaths, at both global and intimately personal scales. We might thereby suppose that the very "movement of affect" in modernist textuality "depends" for its synthesis of technical innovation and political provocation "on its capacity to work with negation," in Isobel Armstrong's words, "to accomplish the labour of the negative."[11] One consequence of this supposition, however,

is that artistic interests in reparative or ameliorative experiences (solace, respite, hope) have come to seem anathema to the critical pursuit of modernism's political potency, even though we might well ask, as Eve Sedgwick memorably did, why the pieties of "demystifying exposure" should continue to make "pleasure and amelioration so 'mere.'"[12] Disenchanted, thoroughly unredeemed, militantly unsentimental: works that manifest these traits have become lodestones in accounts of modernism's oppositional force. Writing from the perspective of postcolonial studies, for instance, Neil Lazarus argues that the "*ongoing* critical dimension of modernist literary practice" is most apparent in later twentieth-century writing that "protests and criticizes." Insofar as such work (and the novel is Lazarus's privileged genre) graphically "resists the accommodationism of what has been canonized as modernism," it extends what early twentieth-century writers had originally achieved through their refusal of "integration, resolution, consolation, comfort."[13] Emblematic of this recrudescence of resistance – whereby formal disruption productively ensures emotional unsettlement – are *The Unconsoled* (1995) and *Never Let Me Go* (2005). In Lazarus's account, Kazuo Ishiguro's concern with aborted, deceptive, or otherwise compromised compensations "engenders 'disconsolation' in us as readers" – fulfilling, in a contemporary moment, modernism's resistance to salving resolutions and uplifting counterplots to historical or psychological harm.[14]

It is tempting to sanctify modernism's enchantment with disenchantment, its outlawing of solace, its disruption of aesthetic integrity as means of rectifying the injuries of modernity. But I want to resist that temptation. I do so to suggest that it now seems both timely and necessary to broaden the compass for registering unpredictably coalescing affects in modernist writing – negative and reparative, disconsolate and ameliorative – so as to facilitate more accommodating accounts of modernist representations of felt experience. One segment of this inquiry will show how stylistic innovations belonging to the modernist era and to fiction closer to our own illuminate the ethical and epistemic valences of affective representation. To the extent that modernist strategies for evoking feeling continue to enrich contemporary writing – as thematic material, as an occasion for structural or linguistic experimentation, or as the intensification of the reader's intellectual and emotional involvement – they also exceed narrow periodizations of modernism itself. Such creative dialogues with modernist aesthetics across a more expansive timeline further our sense of the critical and literary-historical consequentiality of elaborating affective vocabularies. For the closing section, though, I will deliberately return to a moment at

mid-century, in order to consider a "late modernist" novel in which style itself emphasizes the political stakes of reading for the poetics of emotion.

Archives of Affect

Intersections between the new modernist studies and affect studies are perpetually evolving. Recent work on how emotional representation catalyzes formal, generic, and characterological experimentation can also reveal much about affect's own interpretive and theoretical heterogeneity as an optic. Santanu Das, for instance, sets out to "open up new ways of 'reading' – and writing – life, and particularly colonial lives, in times of war" by offering a moving account of "the tumultuous world of feeling" that remained a "central chord in the sepoy writing of the First World War." This affective archive of hitherto overlooked "life-writing," broadly conceived, brings us into contact with "the role of the sensuous, the material and the contingent: they force us to weave together a narrative of fugitive fragments, the flotsam, jetsam and lagan of life wrecked by war."[15] Chiming with Das's attention to seemingly ephemeral yet personally profound interactions between textual (self-)representation and affective experience, Sarah Cole invites us to distinguish violence as one of modernist literature's controversial conditions of possibility. She contends that "the scenario of represented violence" in modernist writing "might be said to perform in itself one of the basic achievements of literature: to see in a single moment, episode, or narrative the intensity of subjective life, and also the inseparable interchange of that experience with the large forces of culture and history."[16] This, we might say, marks the promise yet also the challenge of entering archives of affective representation in the age of modernism. The opportunity to limn in such writing the protean currents of emotional experience is accompanied by the inevitable obligation to "scale up" such readings, in order to extrapolate from minute structures of feeling larger insights about modernism's response to historical damage and the ethical demands its literary renditions face.

For some theorists, of course, affect typically exceeds both of these critical trajectories – scuppering meticulous exegesis and large-scale extrapolation with equal measure – just as it dodges semiotic capture. If, as Figlerowicz points out, the "mediated nature of affects depicted in literature has at times made contemporary theory wary of poems and novels as modes of affective inquiry,"[17] then formative accounts of affect's "autonomy" have in turn sought to promote its resistance to linguistic examination altogether. In Brian Massumi's framework, for example, "affect is

intensity"; as such, it usually ends up being "qualified" by the "semantically and semiotically formed progressions" of narrativization.[18] The "problem," for Massumi, "is that there is no cultural-theoretical vocabulary specific to affect," largely because "[o]ur entire vocabulary has derived from theories of signification that are still wedded to structure."[19] Unlike emotion – which, in his view, is "a subjective content" pressed "into function and meaning" – affect is "irreducibly bodily and autonomic," escaping the "narrativizable action-reaction circuits" and structuring pretensions of representation.[20] As a consequence, Massumi advises that "structure is the place where nothing ever happens, that explanatory heaven in which all eventual permutations are prefigured in a self-consistent set of invariant generative rules."[21]

But is structure really that constraining or, for that matter, so "self-consistent" as to seem uneventful? Modernist fiction suggests not. Consider *To the Lighthouse* (1927), where moments of affective intensity suffuse structures of narrative design, as Woolf incrementally builds pathos across the novel's wrenchingly distinct parts. This pathos peaks arguably not in the painterly crescendo of the novel's final sequence – though Lily Briscoe's closing brush stroke, undeniably, presents its own poignant effort to pit structure against the Ramsays' devastating losses, a "vision" confronting the void of grief that's temporarily materialized in a picture whose "lines running up and across" memorialize her "attempt at something" – but rather in Woolf's shortest, middle section.[22] Reflecting on the affective implications of structure in July 1925, Woolf described "Time Passes" as an "impersonal thing, which I'm dared to do by my friends." Into this searing interregnum the passing of Prue, Andrew, and Mrs Ramsay are incised, the bleak suddenness of their deaths reproduced typographically by austere square parentheses. Woolf knew that this decade-long interval would not only evoke "the flight of time" in the wake of war but also effect a "consequent break of unity in my design."[23]

Allowing that structural break to be counterweighed by the plaintive lyricism of the section's style produces its very own formal pathos as well. Syntax rallies, flourishing from one "impersonal" yet euphonious description of the vacant house to the next, pushing back against that breaking design and the attritions of loss "Time Passes" enfolds. Therein lies the sorrow of language, so to speak, as it parries oblivion under Woolf's watch: descriptions, however elaborate, seem to concede that they cannot "remain"; nor can they redeem "the swaying mantle of silence" that Woolf's animating record of absence and stasis nonetheless offers to offset through its luminescence (176–77). In this sense, *To the Lighthouse*

becomes an elegy as much for the novel's own construction as for the familial disintegration it plots, mourning the obliterated lives the novel cannot sufficiently redress as it traverses "the sands of oblivion" (189), even as the energy of its style somehow endures. The subject of Woolf's elegiac address here may thus be seen to be the very discrepancy between style's athleticism and diegetic devastation, a discrepancy that shapes an entire novel that appears "to sustain entity" with a mode of narration that, in Gillian Beer's words, fosters flux and continually "eschews permanence."[24]

This paradox produces affective disparities in the very sinews of narrative discourse. Take, for instance, the observation that in the empty house "loveliness reigned and stillness, and together made the shape of loveliness itself, a form from which life had parted" (176). Contrary rhythms emerge. The tempo of that second quoted clause here presses forward with the help of a supplementary conjunction to embrace that life-vacated "shape." With this slight sense of acceleration, Woolf's parataxis seems to yearn for that "air of pure integrity," which (as we're told later in the paragraph) momentarily salves the home's scars, countering its "emptiness" with an "image" that "[n]othing it seemed could break" (176). And yet, on another level – that of diction itself, rather than clausal pace – the language also hangs back, as Woolf nurtures the unhurried effect of accumulating sibilance (those reverberating *–ness* suffixes, which culminate in the decelerating collocation of "lovel*iness its*elf"). A succession of phonematic kinships thus impedes as though to withstand the sentence's structural onrush, "vanishing so quickly" as its paratactic impressions do (176). These counterpointing microelements of expression capture the forking structures of feeling that Woolf herself navigates – embracing a "form from which life had parted" yet also longing to bring life back – as she writes across yet also against time, knowing all the while that stylistic "beauty offers her lures, her consolations" (182). Far from being a place where nothing happens, then, structure in this novel generates devastating torque. What this reveals is that style isn't simply emotionally mimetic of plot; rather, style has an affective plot of its own to convey, one that wrestles with the pain of events without ever suggesting that aesthetic renditions of loss offer adequate or even acceptable consolation. As readers, we too have to navigate this discrepancy, whereby our admiration of the lyrical force of a novel like *To the Lighthouse* may yield a kind of intellectual uplift that's held in tension with our sorrowful absorption in shattering events. The critical value of such a book for rechronicling modernist affects lies not in the way it satisfies the usual work of negation – simulating loss in language that leaves us utterly and soberly unconsoled – but in a kind of dual thinking its

form makes possible, a thinking that occurs at the interchange of devastation and compensation, where familial oblivion meets the vivacity of its elegiac rendition, where the grammar of affecting scenes intercepts the affective experience of reading.

Style as Transformation

Just after *To the Lighthouse*'s release, Woolf wrote to Roger Fry about the novel's now-iconic centerpiece image. Although she insisted that she had "to have a central line down the middle of the book to hold the design together," Woolf immediately qualified its purpose, insisting that such effects remain polysemic rather than integrated or self-reinforcing: "all sorts of feelings would accrue to this, but I refused to think them out, and trusted people would make it the deposit for their own emotions." Whatever affective reaction the imagery provokes, she reflects to Fry, construing what the lighthouse might stand for is never a matter of "right or wrong."[25] Woolf might as well have been speaking about affect theory, whose practical takeaways for interpretation are not always clear cut. Presupposing that affective phenomena appeal primarily to "an asignifying philosophy," to recall Massumi's model,[26] may not help us to explain *how* particular textual structures communicate affective experiences. Sianne Ngai has some useful advice here. Addressing the slippery distinction between "affect and emotion," she suggests that it amounts to a "modal difference of intensity or degree, rather than a formal difference of quality or kind."[27] Offering a more pragmatic steer, Derek Attridge recommends that when it comes to invoking *feeling*, *emotion*, and *affect* in textual analysis it's "best to employ the terms with some sense of these connotations and limitations, but otherwise not to be too particular about the distinctions one might make among them."[28]

Where distinctions do become rather more loaded is in discussions of literary language. Here Jonathan Flatley's typology is instructive: "*emotion* suggests something that happens inside and tends toward outward expression," whereas "*affect* indicates something relational and transformative," such that affects "are always amplifying, dampening, or otherwise modifying some other affect."[29] Amplification and modification, as we have already seen in the case of Woolf's style, materialize in sentences that don't simply convey emotional content but *embody* – structurally, lexically, rhythmically – the affective poignancies and discrepancies of language's relation *to* that content. By drawing attention to frictions between rendition and response that this relation generates, I've wanted to highlight the

transformational rather than purely mimetic capacity of affective description – a capacity that's often so self-reflexive as to foreground style's fraught efforts to redress, not merely reinforce, the emotional turbulence it conveys. Later we'll see how, in reckoning with its own transformative efficacy in this sense, style produces an argument *about* its ethical implications in the work of politically committed novelist Storm Jameson, who wants her readers to feel more than self-congratulatory compassion. For now, disarticulating expression and content raises some useful questions. What if we don't assume, for instance, that "[s]uccessful symbol-making," as Isobel Armstrong warns, "vanquishes affect"? If we also don't assume that linguistic innovation invariably "represses affect as an outcome of its success," then what alternative readings of the emotive affordances of and unpredictable responses to literary experimentation become available? Should we, in fact, be "thinking less of the representation of [emotional] elements in the text in terms of substitution of symbol for originary affect," and instead more about how form itself enables critical thinking about the "reproduction of the conditions of affective life within the text"?[30] And in pursuing that kind of thinking-through-form, what do we make of modernist works that require us to become peculiarly aware of the distance between the emplotment of emotion and our feelings about its expression – the distance between those affecting experiences being relayed and the reader's alternating degrees of absorption and alienation, attachment and recoil?

The stakes of that awareness will be especially pertinent for engaging, as I will later, the relation between social commentary and affective description, where the process of distancing readers from easily accessible, sympathetic involvement contains a strategic political purpose. Before we get there, however, I first want to historicize a style of *externalism* that's crucial for grasping connections between critique and affective representation in modernist fiction. I isolate this style partly to lend some interpretive focus and precision to what could otherwise become a bewilderingly multidirectional survey of modernism's emotive capacities and their innumerable modalities of expression; and partly too because approaches to feeling in literature have over time privileged rich depictions of internal mental states over other varieties of externalized depiction and detached narratorial observation. I embark on this discussion to set the stage for a consideration, at the end of this essay, of how in one of Jameson's rather understudied novels, the use of externalism has significant emotional and political ramifications. In her work, forgoing interiority is the means by which she denies us the satisfactions of all-consuming pathos, the

externalized rendition of affective states leaving readers unable to expect the conventional gratifications of empathetic identification.

Against Interiority

It's not difficult to see why the affective work of modernist form has often been connected to its stunning evocations of interiority. Literary Impressionism, for one, offered iconic renditions of perception and reflection in Ford, Conrad, Faulkner, and Woolf. Not only had interiority become an aesthetic focus for Impressionism, oriented around the simulation of consciousness; it could also constitute the very substance of plot. Affective reactions and responsibilities remain dramatically central to Impressionism, where scenes of volatile, poignant, and derailing apprehension are populated with or focalized by characters who, in Jesse Matz's phrase, "stand or fall depending on the genius of their feelings, the staying power of their glances, or the accuracy of their imaginations."[31] The multifarious legacies of Impressionist fiction are apparent in such different contemporary works as Alan Hollinghurst's *The Line of Beauty* (2004), Toni Morrison's *Paradise* (1997), Zadie Smith's *NW* (2012), Anne Michaels's *Fugitive Pieces* (1996), and Mike McCormack's *Solar Bones* (2016). Not only receiving but avidly arguing with this inheritance is Ian McEwan's *Atonement* (2001). In a story of morally compromised redress, McEwan confronts the alleged artistic indulgences and ethical blind spots of novelistic interiority. Through its quarrel with high modernism, *Atonement* produces what McEwan himself calls a "commentary on its own creation," even though his text remains as aesthetically "faithful" as any Impressionist novel would be "to the sensuous, telepathic capabilities of language as it transfers thoughts and feelings from one person's mind to another's."[32] Despite *Atonement*'s performative indictment of otiose introspection as a detrimental prerogative of modernist narrative, McEwan affirms the traction of Impressionism's continued attraction for writers today concerned with the novel as a psychological *and* ethical form.

In contrast to these various experiments in psychological mimesis, externalism points us to a rather different cluster of trailblazers and legatees. More aggressively than any other early twentieth-century writer, Wyndham Lewis was this tactic's advocate. He set out to challenge the amorphousness of novelistic Impressionism (as he saw it) and the verbal overabundance produced by Joyce's fixation with capturing mental states in granular detail. Novelists ought to pay "more attention" to "the outside of people," insisted Lewis, so that characters' "shells, or pelts, or the

language of their bodily movements, come first, not last."[33] His objections reached well beyond Joyce, spotlighting a wider tendency in early twentieth-century fiction that Lewis derisively dubbed "the approved 'mental method.'" This is a mode we would now associate with the virtuosic use of free indirect discourse running from Woolf to Elizabeth Bowen through to James Baldwin's *Another Country* (1962), a method that would ultimately lead, Lewis feared, to the novel's "physical disintegration and formal confusion."[34]

In *Men without Art* Lewis's worries about this widespread promotion of interiority in representations of feeling would touch on all the usual suspects. Henry James, for instance, "did not feel at home with objects," nor thereby "with the externality of things." Instead, James "was led into the field of his predilection," avers Lewis, "which was a twilight feminine universe – of little direct action, and of no gross substance at all."[35] Although he doesn't dismiss James – indeed, we're told that no writer "of the last hundred years" remains "more worthy of serious consideration" – Lewis nonetheless judges that it is "regrettable" that "his activities were all turned *inwards* instead of *outwards*."[36] Faulkner fares rather worse among Lewis's list of culprits who perpetuate this inward turn. On the evidence of *Sartoris* (1929), *Sanctuary* (1931), and *Light in August* (1932), Lewis sets Faulkner in the dock as a writer whose innovations occasionally rely on "pretended incompetence," an example of the "psychological method" depending for its affective and aesthetic "'newness' on the confused distraction" of Faulkner's narrators.[37] Granted, Lewis warns his readers early on in *Men without Art* that "I am not the person to come to for resounding appreciations of Faulkner's books."[38] That much we could have guessed. But nothing quite prepares the reader for his waspish generalization that "All [of Faulkner's characters] are demented: his novels are, strictly speaking, clinics."[39] Compare this sweeping conclusion with his misgivings about *Ulysses*, and we find that Lewis was concerned less about the mental health of Joyce's characters than about that of his prospective audience. Wedded to a mode of "telling from the inside," Joyce "lands" his readers, as Lewis pities them, "inside an Aladdin's cave of incredible bric-a-brac in which a dense mass of dead stuff is collected," thereby "confining the reader in a circumscribed psychological space into which several encyclopaedias have been emptied." All of which "results," he concludes – returning to one of his favored gastroenterological tropes – "from the constipation induced in the movement of the narrative."[40]

To inoculate the modernist novel against this epidemic of encyclopedic psychologism, Lewis championed the vaccine of satiric externalism. As

Michael North explains, Lewis "reversed the time-honoured practice of realist fiction, which tends to work by revealing progressively deeper and more complex layers of human behaviour." In so doing, Lewis "progressively narrows the choices available to his characters, slowly trapping them in the soils of their own small-minded habits, turning them inside out, as it were, to show that the deepest interior is really only the shabby backside of a cheap and worn-out surface."[41] At the same time, Lewis was adamant that this focus on the exteriorities of modern life shouldn't be misconstrued simply as an attempt to emulate or aestheticize the impact of advancing mechanization. "AUTOMOBILISM (Marinetteism) bores us," he declared in the first issue of *Blast*: "We don't want to go about making a hullo-bulloo [*sic*] about motorcars, anymore than about knives and forks, elephants or gas-pipes."[42] In place of the "Melodrama of Modernity," which had become the vaunted "subject," in his opinion, "of these fanciful but rather conventional Italians,"[43] the representational adventure for Lewis was about acquiring a language capable of registering the body's own absurd technologies, with feelings given no more status than physiological traits as component parts of the human machine.

Tarr (1918) sits resolutely at this externalist end of the formal-affective spectrum. Relatively early in the novel, we follow Tarr after he grudgingly resolves to visit his lover Bertha. By this point in the narrative, we already know that he treats Bertha with a "*famous feeling of indifference*," though irksomely he feels too that she has become attached to him "in some lymphatic manner within his skin."[44] But as Tarr steps out into the streets, Lewis suspends this nasty reduction of Bertha to physical malady to concentrate instead on the physicality of Tarr himself, evoking not so much his sensory impressions of urban space as the way that space itself warps the reader's impression of his physique. In the following sequence, Lewis doesn't merely set the scene; he pulls the strings of Tarr's appearance to turn him into something like that "generic puppet" who takes center stage in "Inferior Religions" (1917) and who would reappear in other scenarios of mechanized behavior in the 1927 *The Wild Body* collection:[45]

> The new summer heat drew heavy pleasant ghosts out of the ground, like plants disappeared in winter; specters of energy, bulking the hot air with vigorous dreams. Or they had entered into the trees, in imitation of pagan gods, and nodded their delicate distant intoxication to him. Visions were released in the sap, with scented explosion, the Spring one bustling and tremendous reminiscence.
>
> Tarr felt the street was a pleasant current, setting from some immense and tropic gulf, neighboured by Floridas of remote invasions: he ambled

> down it puissantly, shoulders shaped like these waves, a heavy-sided drunken fish. The houses, with winks of the shocked clock-work, were grazed, holding along their surface a thick nap of soft warmth. The heat poured weakly into his veins – a big dog wandering on its easily transposable business, inviting some delightful accident to deflect it from maudlin and massive promenade: in his mind, too, as in the dog's, his business was doubtful – a small black spot ahead of him in his brain, half puzzling but peremptory.. . .
>
> Through the opaquer atmosphere sounds came lazily or tinglingly. People had become a balzacian species, boldly tragic and comic. (37–38)

Where an Impressionist might have offered a painstaking anatomy of moment-to-moment sensations and the anticipations or recollections they ignite, Lewis gives over much of his stylistic energy to inanimate surroundings. As the effects of sun on animated "sap" rhymes with the "thick nap" of shimmering houses, the reader comes to recognize that heat itself has more charisma than any human figure and becomes description's preoccupation. With Tarr dissipating into his aquatic saunter, the narrative's focus and rhetorical energy gradually shift away from his center of perspective, leaving us finally with a glimpse of his insouciant absorption into that crowd of "[B]alzacian species." Such scenes in this early novel epitomize not simply the way Lewis prioritizes surfaces over psychology, formal outlines over credible feelings, but also the unsettling caresses of a language that conjures flattened, denatured, objectified, or seemingly mechanical feelings. Such feelings would be spotlighted again in "The Meaning of the Wild Body," where Lewis claims that there's a good deal of comedy to be had in witnessing "a thing behaving like a person." Since "all men are necessarily comic," or at least have the potential to be so, Lewis spots satiric opportunities for portraying individuals as mere "things, or physical bodies, *behaving* as persons."[46]

This mandate receives a postmillennial endorsement in the grippingly impersonal textures of Rachel Cusk's *Outline Trilogy* (2014–2018). In the series' titular novel, there's more than a coincidental correlation between the scrupulous self-effacement of Cusk's narrator (Faye) and the conviction – voiced by one of the numerous divulgers, as we might call them, who take over the narrative's reins and lead it in directions over which Faye has little control – that "[e]ven the question of personal style could presumably be broken down as sequential, from a finite number of alternatives."[47] In one sense, *Outline* secretes discrepancies between subject matter and expression: we saw these at work in Woolf, as style's lyrical energy confronts the obliterations that *To the Lighthouse* recognizes it

cannot wholly redeem by linguistic plenitude alone. In Cusk's case, however, that sense of discrepancy applies to the way she assembles distinctly personal disclosures in a suspenseful yet depersonalized register, and her affinity there with a Lewisian emphasis on characters' "shells, or pelts, or the language of their bodily movements" becomes apparent. *Outline* showcases this externalizing strategy in a queasy scene where the wealthy, elderly "neighbor" – whom our narrator encounters on her plane to Greece, before agreeing to meet him again aboard his luxury boat – finally makes the move we've been tensely expecting for some time, as he "momentously" announces his infatuation and goes in for a kiss (176): "The great beak of his nose loomed at the edge of my field of vision, his claw-like hands with their white fur fumbled at my shoulders; I felt myself, momentarily, being wrapped around in his greyness and dryness, as though the prehistoric creature were wrapping me in its dry bat-like wings, felt his scaly mouth miss its mark and move blindly at my cheek" (176–77). Self-possessed, serene even, Cusk's style counterpoints the disconcerting instance she forensically brings into being. Descriptions of a clumsy suitor making bathetic advances itemize his bodily features with such an unnerving degree of particularism that detail, for an instant, overtakes immediate feeling. This in turn has the disquieting effect of screening the narrator's own reactions amid what, for the reader, remains a vividly cringe-worthy episode of unwanted affection.

Steady description, tonal depersonalization, wry affinities between bodies and machines or bodies and creatures – these attributes comprise a genealogy for modernist inscriptions of affect with a significant legacy for writers today. At the level of narrative discourse, psychologically elaborate and rhetorically lush impressions are either rechanneled into narratorial itemizations of other people (Cusk) or else displaced by episodes of sardonic convulsion (Lewis). In each case, respectively, characters become the subjects of cool, dispassionate inspection and satirically ridiculing, objectifying fascination – inviting, in both instances, our distanced and discomforting captivation rather than tender fellow-feeling. For Cusk's disturbed readers, as for Lewis's pummeled audience, these tactics have affective consequences. As one reviewer concluded of *Outline*: "There's no one you can root for or even believe in very strongly, and the novel offers few of the standard expected rewards of fiction."[48] Yet arguably, those rewards have always been up for debate in modernist fiction. And the debate itself, as we have seen, often plays out at the level of style. There the affective vectors of diction, rhythm, syntax, and timbre become integral to fiction's capacity for deliberative reflection: sometimes elegiac reflections

on what novels long to rescue from "the flight of time," as Woolf put it, or alternatively, politically urgent reflections, as we'll see now by turning to a novel that stringently refuses to furnish the equally "standard," emotionally self-congratulatory reward of compassion.

Feeling for the Facts, Reading beyond Compassion

In her remarkable 1933 chronicle of social and existential precarity, *A Day Off*, Storm Jameson shows what a novel can do when it synchronizes external descriptions of material dispossession and intimately evoked impressions of vulnerability. At first blush, the novel presents us with a somewhat uneventful story of an unnamed middle-aged woman who seeks temporary relief from her own poverty. As a child, she faced interminable labor in a northern mill town; now she has been left bereft in London. Recently rejected by a lover, whose farewell letter greets her toward the close, she decides to "step out into [the streets] from her over-habited room," opening up a forlorn life to "an adventure, a release of all her senses."[49] It's difficult to gauge what Jameson's heroine desires, as inchoate memories merge with displaced longings. This indistinctness is replicated in the novel's tenor, captivating us with what Hannah Freed-Thall in another context has called an indeterminate "feeling-tone or mood, rather than a specifiable feeling." Perambulatory yet often punctured and stalled by forlorn retrospection, *A Day Off* revolves around an affective disposition that "seems to be searching for its appropriate object."[50] Or not even an object, but simply alleviation – perhaps some company without expense (even if company has to be imaginary, as we soon discover it to be), or some other self-granted intermission that wouldn't involve any costs the woman cannot afford.

Her daybreak from destitution consists of "pretend[ing] that she was going down to Richmond on the invitation of a friend," a fictional friend "of about forty" who becomes the subject of a fantasy that soothes and sustains her on the train, where she "half closed her eyes against the sun" in order "to imagine it better" (219). The free indirect style that conveys her "familiar excitement" at this mind's eye affair is interspersed with impassive description, however: we're informed that the "train lurched, the train stopped, and went on again with a cripple who got in at Baron's Court and three unemployed men who had heard that there were jobs to be had in the motor works at Gunnersbury" (220). If "[n]one of these events were as real to the woman as her thoughts" (220), the novel's restless perspective – switching back and forth from restricted focalization to social

observation – certainly makes them legible for Jameson's reader. Soon the buffering distance implied between the woman's cocooning daydream and the precariat who share her carriage dissolves. In one respect, the resulting effect is acutely uncomfortable, as readers assume the objectifying standpoint of fellow passengers who witness how "[a]n imbecile smile crossed her face" as the erotic daydream blooms, and who (in the case of one traveler) end up "looking at her disdainfully" (220). Poignantly for us, desperately for her, she deliberately returns this contemptuous gaze as though it was "scarcely worth the trouble of noticing" (221). On this reading, we find ourselves participating – by virtue of the narration's panning back into perceptual impartiality – in the austerity of glances and insinuated judgments that only compound the woman's insecurity. The distantiating shift from interior impressions to the point of view of reported onlookers formally simulates the exposure to which she is prone.

There may, however, be another way to think about this moment of looking and looks returned. If the fantasy's "sensual pleasure" momentarily detaches Jameson's woman from those physically disabled and economically dislocated individuals with whom she shares the carriage (and who are offensively designated as such by her focalizing curtness), then that detachment is soon quashed as the narrator draws attention to "the idiot simplicity of our bodies" (220), collapsing discriminations between those bodies. As the primacy of the woman's viewpoint for a moment gives way, Jameson's unanchored perspective serves to "index," in Hillary Gravendyk's terms, the "capacity of embodied perception as it expands beyond any singular focus," precisely in order to show how precarious or disabled bodies are "not and should not be the exception within our developing models of perception."[51] When Jameson's language refuses to recede into her focalizing character's romantic chimera, the view she subsequently affords might seem impersonal, if not unsympathetic in its detachment. But in fact, this same external view compels the reader to step back and acknowledge that "being-in-a-body in the world is characterized not by experiential and perceptual homogeneity, but by particularity" – including the particularities of the chronically unprotected. "It is only by recognizing that particularity," argues Gravendyk, "that we can talk about a shared condition."[52]

Jameson would no doubt have agreed with this theorization of affective embodiment and social recognition. Four years after publishing *A Day Off*, she distilled her compositional priorities in "Documents," an essay that considers what it means for the "socialist writer" to tackle shared conditions of hardship in an era adjoining modernism's magisterial excursions

through the mind. Jameson insisted that novelists need to keep themselves "out of the picture while working ceaselessly to present the *fact* from a striking (poignant, ironic, penetrating, significant) angle. The narrative must be sharp, compressed, concrete." Particularity rules. She goes on: "emotion should spring directly from the fact."[53] When dealing as a writer with the creative and ethical challenges of doing justice to privation, "there is no value in the emotions, the spiritual writhings, started in [the writer] by the sight, smell, and touch of poverty. The emotions are no doubt unavoidable. There is no need to record them."[54] These assertions help us to make sense of the strategic impersonality and carefully choreographed recessions of perspective throughout *A Day Off*, whose affective impact may be felt even at a syntactic level.

Allow me to glance at one such example in moving now to a close. Still buoyed up by the journey, the woman begins to have the "feeling that she could do almost anything since she had without even a friend to walk with her and sustain her, reached Richmond Park from a bed-sitting-room off the Tottenham Court Road, on the warmest day of the year, and with less than a pound between her and – nothing" (222). The parataxis here is charged. As in *To the Lighthouse*, albeit in an entirely different idiom, the phrasing conjures its very own variety of pathos. Jameson's list of mundane achievements unfurls into a catalog of miniature compensations that are then abruptly halted by the intervening recognition: life remains on the verge, in stark opposition to a day drenched in summer, an admission that's bluntly ratified typographically by the isolating en dash. The woman's upbeat inventory of what she has so far managed to do on this lonely day off is curtailed by grim self-recognition, where "nothing" – financially, domestically, existentially – is all there is to look forward to. Escaping from workaday routine only brings her vulnerabilities into definition, when "[r]egret moved in her, gentle, inescapable, but for what she scarcely now knew" (223). If in modernist studies "we often attribute value," as Jesse Matz puts it, to works that "discredit public temporalities in favor of private, subversive, untimely ones,"[55] then Jameson's novel alerts us to the tangible, ontologically devastating costs of socioeconomic isolation from public (consumer and leisure) time.

If this seems like a thoroughly pitiable situation, Jameson doesn't let us rest easy with that affective conclusion. She seems to insist that pity's plenitude should not shield us from the brute facts of poverty she works "ceaselessly to present." Rather than enunciating a polemic on inequality, *A Day Off* solicits the reader's awareness of the uses – and tacitly deceptive

compensations – of compassionate immersion. *A Day Off*'s arresting close accentuates just how affectively complicated this solicitation is:

> She lies there in the darkness, her mind a meeting-place for every kind of event. A multitude of the quick and the dead exist in it. It is exquisitely poised to make her laugh, cry, speak, exult, suffer, and dream. Exactly as the separate parts of her body are held fast in equilibrium until an instant in a not unguessable future. Turning on her back, she makes a loud strangled noise as she breathes. The pulse in her arm lying on the dirty sheet is one of the stages of a mystery. Look once more and you can see how beautiful she is.
>
> Poor woman, let her sleep.[56]

Here, the narration shifts into a vigilant present tense and readers find themselves being positioned somewhat uncomfortably as a fellow observers. The implicit coldness of this spectatorial perspective, at once removed yet attentive, is set against, if not superseded by, the final paragraph's lyrical swell. But it's a lyricism Jameson deploys in the full knowledge that such elegance – even if it seems like a rhetorical version, a simulation even, of tender care – cannot console with its lexical replenishments the dejection into which events have led us. Furthermore, it soon becomes clear that the perspective is not altogether dispassionate: however externalized it initially feels, it nonetheless draws us in, anticipating Jameson's culminating instruction to "[l]ook once more." Inspecting mentation, she enumerates a congeries of feelings, volatile in their unpredictable "multitude," running the full affective spectrum from dreaming to suffering. Although "exquisitely poised," the mind of this "[p]oor woman" is thus itself a model of accustomed precariousness – habituated, as she has become, to hope's fragility amid penury. Partially assuaging for now, her "equilibrium" will pass, and the pointed double negative (ending that fourth sentence) reaffirms how predictably bleak is the "future" toward which she's already heading.

This is surely a modernist *moment of feeling* – but with a difference. And the difference cannot sufficiently be explained by the fact that Jameson was a socialist writer determined to depart in this day-long novel from iconic precedents set by Woolf and Joyce in that genre. The distinction is compositionally and affectively subtler here. For style itself precipitates emotional reflexivity on the part of *A Day Off*'s reader, in ways that reveal a more complex affinity between Jameson and her modernist antecedents than one might expect. In Woolf's moments of being, any "ripple of irresistible sensation" has the potential to coalescence into some semblance of that "wholeness" she sought to obtain, according to "A Sketch of the

Past," by "putting" shock "into words," by piecing "severed parts together" in order to "take away the pain." Instead of satiating the aesthetic hunger to "make it whole" in this climactic scene, Jameson foils the moment as an ameliorating unit of amalgamation.[57] The ripple of sensation here coils not into consoling integration but into a striking extradiegetic instruction ("let her sleep"), one that accords with Jameson's injunction from "Documents": just as a "photographer does," so the writer should remove herself from the picture, should purposely extricate her writing from the overwhelming sorrow that may propel it, in order for scenes of poverty to be as socially elucidatory as they are emotionally stirring.[58]

Likewise, readers too are urged in the end to keep their pity out of the frame. Even though we've been summoned closer for an instant to "look once more," beyond impoverishment, in order to appreciate this woman's disregarded beauty, Jameson requests that we then keep our distance too: her closing line affects us both because of insistent content (the imperative admonition) and because of the form that this insistence takes (as an unusual and unexpected interjection). Drawing sudden attention in this way to an instruction that braids emotive content and expressive form, her directive goes so far as to insinuate that this pitiable scene no longer really needs its onlooking reader – or, more precisely, its reader's *compassion*. To adapt Lauren Berlant's account of the politics of compassion and withholding, Jameson appears to "refuse [her] readers the pleasure of learning of social suffering by not asking for fellow feeling" or providing in its place that compensatory "feeling of uplift" which comes from witnessing a character's "refusal … to be defeated by the project of living amidst inequality."[59] If *A Day Off* provokes in such "scenes of vulnerability" this surprising and unsettling "desire to withhold compassionate attachment," then it by no means lets us off the hermeneutic hook.[60] Rather, Jameson asks us to feel our way beyond simply pitying this woman's "not unguessable future," to entertain a response instead that's unconfined to gracious sympathy. *A Day Off* communicates vulnerability with a vividness that not only disproves the idea that feeling itself, as some theorists have suggested, "appears to hide from representation,"[61] but that also confronts readers with the realization that compassion alone is hardly enough.

Although experiences of precarity may conventionally be associated with some "obvious and totalizing" "sea change," as Kathleen Stewart observes, they can also derive from "the barely perceptible sense of a reprieve."[62] *A Day Off* ascertains the emotional consequences of fragile reprieve not only as subject matter but also as an ethical prompt. Issued as stirringly by the novel's perspectival adjustments as by its unfolding action, this prompt

petitions readers to fathom the implications of their involvement in narratives of exposure and isolation. In this ephemeral, tonally inscrutable interwar novella, an Impressionist concern with the sensory intricacies of perception is supplanted by an externalist commitment to what Jameson called "seizing . . . the significant" in everyday life, but without at all diluting the psychological dimension of the novel's exploration of poverty's damage.[63] These alternative strands of affective representation coalesce in ways that help us to discern how style at once supplies a medium for social critique and actively deliberates on the modes through which such critique can be movingly inflected – all the while preempting the sort of fulfillment readers might typically expect from their sympathetic entanglement. If anything, then, what's felt here is the inescapable potential of style to generate thought in its own right.

Notes

1 Henry James, "The Art of Fiction" (1884), in *Essays on Literature, American Writers, English Writers*, ed. Leon Edel and Mark Wilson (New York: Library of America, 1984), 53.
2 Fredric Jameson, *The Political Unconscious: Narrative as a Socially Symbolic Act* (London: Methuen, 1981), 214.
3 Leo Bersani, *The Culture of Redemption* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1990), 2–3, 108.
4 Ann Banfield, *The Phantom Table: Woolf, Fry, and the Epistemology of Modernism* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), xi.
5 Marta Figlerowicz, *Spaces of Feeling: Affect and Awareness in Modernist Literature* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2017), 8.
6 Julie Taylor, "Introduction: Modernism and Affect," in *Modernism and Affect*, ed. Julie Taylor (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2015), 2.
7 Paul Saint-Amour, "Weak Theory, Weak Modernism," in "Weak Theory," special issue, *Modernism/modernity* 25.3 (2018), 445.
8 Ibid., 453.
9 Michael Bérubé, "Disability and Narrative," *PMLA* 120.2 (2005), 570 (my emphasis). See also Janet Lyon's introduction to "Disability and Generative Form," a special issue of *Journal of Modern Literature* 38.1 (2014), v–viii; and Michael Davidson, *Invalid Modernism: Disability and the Missing Body of the Aesthetic* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2019).
10 Heather Love, *Feeling Backward: Loss and the Politics of Queer History* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2007), 12.
11 Isobel Armstrong, *The Radical Aesthetic* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2000), 115.
12 Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, "Paranoid Reading and Reparative Reading, or, You're So Paranoid, You Probably Think This Essay Is about You," in *Touching Feeling: Affect, Pedagogy, Performativity* (Durham, NC: Duke

University Press, 2002), 144. Laura Frost offers an invigorating reconsideration of the "art of unpleasure" in the interwar period in *The Problem with Pleasure: Modernism and Its Discontents* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2013).

13 Neil Lazarus, *The Postcolonial Unconscious* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011), 31 (Lazarus's emphasis).
14 Ibid., 32.
15 Santanu Das, *India, Empire, and First World War Culture: Writings, Images, and Songs* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2018), 9, 8, 9.
16 Sarah Cole, *At the Violet Hour: Modernism and Violence in England and Ireland* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2012), 6–7. Paul Saint-Amour also offers a virtuosic account of the anticipation of violence in states of "perpetual interwar" in *Tense Future: Modernism, Total War, Encyclopedic Form* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2015).
17 Figlerowicz, *Spaces of Feeling*, 6.
18 Brian Massumi, "The Autonomy of Affect," *Cultural Critique* 31 (Autumn 1995), 88.
19 Ibid., 88.
20 Ibid., 89, 88.
21 Ibid., 87.
22 Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*, ed. Margaret Drabble (1927; Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), 281. Hereafter cited parenthetically.
23 Virginia Woolf, Monday 20 July, 1925. *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 3, *1925–1930*, ed. Anne Oliver Bell (London: Hogarth, 1980), 36.
24 Gillian Beer, *Virginia Woolf: The Common Ground* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1996), 47.
25 Virginia Woolf, 1764: To Roger Fry, May 27, 1927, in *A Change of Perspective: The Letters of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 3, *1923–1928*, ed. Nigel Nicolson (London: Hogarth, 1977), 385.
26 Massumi, "The Autonomy of Affect," 88.
27 Sianne Ngai, *Ugly Feelings* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2005), 27.
28 Derek Attridge, *The Work of Literature* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2015), 261.
29 Jonathan Flatley, *Affective Mapping: Melancholia and the Politics of Modernism* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2008), 12, 16. Rei Terada prefers to tease the concepts apart, arguing that "by *emotion* we usually mean a psychological, at least minimally interpretive experience whose physiological aspect is *affect*," whereas *feeling* remains "a capacious term that connotes both physiological sensations (affects) and psychological states (emotions)." *Feeling in Theory: Emotion after the "Death of the Subject"* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2001), 4.
30 Armstrong, *The Radical Aesthetic*, 112.
31 Jesse Matz, "Pseudo-Impressionism?," in *The Legacies of Modernism: Historicising Postwar and Contemporary Fiction*, ed. David James (Cambridge:

Cambridge University Press, 2012), 116. Surveying Impressionism's literary afterlives, Matz observes that "[m]ost fiction now shifts perspectives, withholds judgement and conjures immediacy, mainstreaming an Impressionism free of its original scepticism, alienation and anxiety" (123–24).

32 Ian McEwan, interview by Zadie Smith, *The Believer* 26 (August 2005), 56; Adam Begley, "Ian McEwan: The Art of Fiction," in *Conversations with Ian McEwan*, ed. Ryan Roberts (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2010), 107. I have considered elsewhere the extent to which *Atonement* is actually in closer conversation with the affective potential of the very Impressionism it seems to disavow: see David James, *Discrepant Solace: Contemporary Literature and the Work of Consolation* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2019), 41–64.

33 Wyndham Lewis, "Satire and Fiction," in *Enemy Pamphlets No. 1* (London: The Arthur Press, n.d.), 46.

34 Wyndham Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, ed. Paul Edwards (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1993), 112.

35 Wyndham Lewis, *Men without Art*, ed. Seamus Cooney (1934; Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow, 1987), 122, 123.

36 Ibid., 126.

37 Ibid., 39.

38 Ibid., 37.

39 Ibid., 42.

40 Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 89.

41 Michael North, *Machine-Age Comedy* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2009), 125.

42 Wyndham Lewis, "Long Live the Vortex!," *Blast* 1 (1914), 8.

43 Wyndham Lewis, "Vortices and Notes," *Blast* 1 (1914), 144.

44 Wyndham Lewis, *Tarr*, ed. Scott Klein (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010), 37. Hereafter cited parenthetically.

45 Wyndham Lewis, "Inferior Religions" (1917), in *The Complete Wild Body*, ed. Bernard Lafourcade (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1982), 149.

46 Wyndham Lewis, "The Meaning of the Wild Body," in *The Complete Wild Body*, 158 (my emphasis).

47 Rachel Cusk, *Outline* (2014; London: Vintage, 2016), 206. Hereafter cited parenthetically.

48 Julie Myerson, review of *Outline*, by Rachel Cusk, *The Guardian* online, September 7, 2014, www.theguardian.com/books/2014/sep/07/outline-review-rachel-cusk-daring-greek-chorus.

49 Storm Jameson, *A Day Off* (1933), reprinted in *A Day Off: Two Novels and Some Short Stories* (London: Macmillan, 1959), 227. Hereafter cited parenthetically. Despite teaching us so much about the poetics and politics of feeling, as my discussion hopes to suggest, Jameson's work rarely plays a prominent part in current stories of modernism. The recuperative ventures that so valuably propelled scholarship on early twentieth-century women's fiction several decades ago evidently remain vital, urgent, and far from

complete – even if one of the many things such writers make clear is that recuperation is only just the beginning.

50 Hannah Freed-Thall, *Spoiled Distinctions: Aesthetics and the Ordinary in French Modernism* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2015), 135.
51 Hillary Gravendyk, "Chronic Poetics," in "Disability and Generative Form," special issue, *Journal of Modern Literature* 38.1 (2014), 11, 17.
52 Ibid., 7.
53 Storm Jameson, "Documents," *Fact* 4 (July 1937), 15 (Jameson's emphases).
54 Ibid., 11.
55 Jesse Matz, "Modernist Time Ecology," *Modernist Cultures* 6.2 (2011), 248.
56 For this passage, I am referring to the version as it appears in *A Day Off* (London: Remploy, 1980), 218–19.
57 Virginia Woolf, "A Sketch of the Past," in *Moments of Being*, ed. Jeanne Schulkind (London: Grafton, 1989), 81.
58 Jameson, "Documents," 15.
59 Lauren Berlant, "Introduction: Compassion (and Withholding)," in *Compassion: The Culture and Politics of an Emotion*, ed. Berlant (London: Routledge, 2004), 8.
60 Ibid., 9.
61 Armstrong, *The Radical Aesthetic*, 113.
62 Kathleen Stewart, "Precarity's Forms," *Cultural Anthropology* 27.3 (2012), 519.
63 Jameson, "Documents," 15.