

PILGRIMAGE AND MODERNISM

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ABSTRACT

ABSTRACT

This dissertation explores the Modernist themes in Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage (1915-1967). It shows how Pilgrimage clearly belongs in the Modernist tradition and how Richardson was influenced by and contributed to Modernist conceptions.

Part I explores characteristic Modernist motifs in order to provide a relevant background for the subsequent discussion of Pilgrimage (in Part II):

Chapter 1 investigates the nature of Modernism; the name of the movement and its connotations, the alienation of the Modernist artist, significant works and events, and characteristic motifs. Three unifying themes are identified: an intense attention to ways of seeing; a concern with multiplicity and the subsequent difficulties in finding an appropriate form; and an awareness of the specious quality of the written word.

Chapter 2 examines aspects of seeing. The Modernist artist/writer's special 'sightedness,' (or privileged 'blindness') is explored using three main themes. The status of material objects, as mere props or as vivid things with a tyrannical autonomy (which challenges the writer/artist's efforts to create) is discussed. Themes of film and photograph in Modernist writing are explored. They are shown to serve different functions: revealing the multiplicity of experience, providing a way of combining fragments, and a device for focussing on one moment or one aspect. Linked to this, the

looking-glass motif is discussed - introducing themes of the absurd, and of the alienated observer. A discussion of a contrasting kind of seeing - exalted and visionary - follows, and its potentially attendant qualities of deranged reason.

Chapter 3 deals with form, with particular reference to stream-of-consciousness technique. The multiplicity of consciousness - as described by Pater, William James, and Bergson - is examined. The related concern, for writers, in finding an appropriate form follows. The characterization of formlessness (as attempted in the stream-of-consciousness technique) as essentially feminine is discussed (referring to the positive and negative aspects of this characterization). Related to this, contradictory qualities of 'feminine' fluidity and 'masculine' solidity and dynamism are discussed, with reference to the Modernist novel form.

Chapter 4 is about the nature of the written word, and Modernist writers' self-conscious treatment of their own medium. This chapter discusses the following aspects of language, speech, words and writing: the common ownership of language, and the subsequent problems for writers who desire a 'pure,' unique medium; the 'fake' quality of written words (in their inevitable misrepresentation of reality); the effort to capture reality with written words (and the irony implicit in writers' despair and mistrust of their only medium); and the 'magical' quality of written words - their fascination for writers, and their potency and apparent independence.

Chapter 5 links the first part of the dissertation with the second part. Attention is given to Dorothy Richardson and what critics have said about her and her novel. A chapter by chapter summary of Part II, is given, showing how Pilgrimage will be examined in the terms of Part I.

Part II provides a close examination of Pilgrimage. Richardson's Modernism, as revealed in her novels (and in some of her extraneous writings) is demonstrated. The three major themes discussed in Part I (seeing, formlessness, the written word) are dealt with in Chapters 8, 9, and 10. The first two chapters provide, by way of an introduction to Pilgrimage and Richardson, an examination of the structure of the novel and relevant details of Richardson's life:

Chapter 6 opens with a discussion of the qualities implicit in the title of Richardson's novel. The novel is shown to have a thematic rather than a chronological structure. The themes, as the novel is so long, written over a long period of time, are not immediately obvious. Therefore, a book by book summary of events (with particular reference to significant thematic events) follows. The Chapter closes with a discussion of the major theme - a journey. The nature of the journey and its destination are discussed, drawing upon the 'hidden' structure revealed by the preceding close analysis.

Chapter 7 sets out the significant events of Richardson's life and shows how and where they are reproduced in her novel. A chronological sequence of events is provided, with simultaneous references to events in Pilgrimage. The fact that Richardson's material was herself (or, more precisely, the workings of her consciousness), although she had a strong dislike of omnipresent authors, is discussed. The effect upon the reader, of dealing with a narrative where nothing is 'explained' and where equal attention is given to all things is explored. Finally, the identification of protagonist with author, and the effect upon the reader of experiencing (as near as possible) the protagonist's consciousness is discussed.

Chapter 8 deals with ways of perceiving reality. It reflects some of the 'seeing' themes explicated in Chapter 2. Aspects of reality, relevant to the Modernist aspects of Pilgrimage, are discussed in the following terms: Awareness of the phenomenal world, and the effort to assimilate the indifferent nature of things; the disturbed and disturbing quality in identifying what is real and coming to terms with it; the apparent solidity and completeness of other people; the bewildering suggestion of a simple, unthinking way of living - and therefore grasping reality; and the contrasting exalted way of perceiving the universe, dwelling upon the 'astonishingness' of things rather than upon the terrifying indifference of the palpable world.

Chapter 9 is about 'time.' It corresponds with Chapter 3, in Part I, which deals with formlessness. This chapter provides a preliminary analysis of the meshing of tense, scene and thread of thought, in Pointed Roofs. This demonstrates the controlling nature of the protagonist's consciousness, and how time, throughout Pilgrimage, depends upon association of thought and image. The discussion then includes an examination of Modernist's response to contemporaneity and the devices employed to eschew or redeem the age. Richardson's own employment of characteristic Modernist devices (motifs of garden and city, in and out of historical time) is examined. The tendency of Richardson's protagonist to 'stand still,' so denying the passage of time, and the technique (for both author and protagonist) of looking to the past and refusing the future are then discussed.

Chapter 10 corresponds with Chapter 4, in Part I. It deals with Richardson's awareness of her medium, as demonstrated in her protagonist's development into a writer. Richardson's synaesthetic technique - capturing the qualities of things and attempting to make words mime the thing they describe is then

demonstrated. Drawing from the text of Pilgrimage, the demonstration of Richardson's technique continues, showing first her ability to construct pictures with words, and then her skill in miming sounds. Throughout, there is a simultaneous discussion of Modernist awareness of the 'tyranny' of written words, and their tendency to connote meanings, independent of the writer's intention. Richardson's own Modernist traits are thus demonstrated.

Chapter 10 concludes the dissertation. It has been argued throughout that the predominant Modernist characteristic is a concern with the making of art. Therefore, this final chapter affirms the claim that Richardson's novel is in the mainstream of Modernism, in that it discusses Richardson's heightened awareness of her medium, and her struggle to break new literary ground.

PREFACE

Preface

In 1913 Dorothy Miller Richardson (1873-1957) completed Pointed Roofs. This was the first volume in an unfinished thirteen-volume novel - Pilgrimage. Pointed Roofs was published by Duckworth in 1915. Duckworth also published subsequent volumes of Pilgrimage on the following dates: Backwater 1916, Honeycomb 1917, The Tunnel (February) 1919, Interim (December) 1919, Deadlock 1921, Revolving Lights 1923, The Trap 1925, Oberland 1927, and Dawn's Left Hand 1931. Clear Horizon was published in 1935 by J.M. Dent and Cresset Press. Richardson started writing the last volume, March Moonlight, in 1937, as the final book of Pilgrimage. The first collected edition of Pilgrimage was published by Dent in 1938. But Richardson continued writing March Moonlight until 1952. Gloria Fromm, Richardson's biographer, says that March Moonlight is probably about two-thirds complete; that although it has a conclusion it is hurried and condensed; and that Richardson was attempting to take the account of her protagonist, Miriam, to 1913, the date of the completion of Pointed Roofs.*

* Fromm, Dorothy Richardson: A Biography, Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ of Illinois Press, 1977; pp.308, 310, 367-371

The first complete collected edition of Pilgrimage, including March Moonlight was published (by J.M. Dent and A. Knopf) in 1967. Pilgrimage was republished in four volumes in 1979 (London: Virago). All references to the text throughout this dissertation refer to this edition.

Richardson frequently uses three or four stops as a device for indicating pause, or fragmentation of thought. Therefore, in order to indicate omissions in quoted extracts, stops are enclosed within obliques (thus: /...../) so that we may differentiate between Richardson's usage, and the academic convention representing excluded phrases or words.

Throughout the dissertation there are many references to novels other than Pilgrimage. I have not given publishing details of particular editions for these novels, though I have cited the relevant chapter or section, where applicable. For all critical texts, full details of the publisher, and the place and date of publication, are given in the notes and bibliography.

INTRODUCTION

Introduction

Pilgrimage is the story of Dorothy Richardson's life. But it is a fiction. Its protagonist, Miriam, is a character in her own right. Dorothy Richardson is not attempting to portray herself, but, as she says in her 1938 Foreword to Pilgrimage, to 'produce a feminine equivalent of the current masculine realism' and to allow 'contemplated reality' to 'have its own say.' The pilgrimage which Dorothy Richardson began in 1911 refers as much to her pursuit of realism in written form ('a sense of being upon a fresh pathway') as to her protagonist's adventures. She was not the first to attempt a new realism - as she herself realised. In Richardson's 1938 foreword to the first collected edition of Pilgrimage she describes how her 'lonely track ... had turned out to be a populated highway.' She mentions some of her predecessors - referring directly to Proust who seems to her to be 'the earliest adventurer.' There are obscure references to two other writers - a woman and a man - who seem to be Woolf and Joyce (but Richardson chooses not to name them):

... two figures stood out. One a woman mounted upon a magnificently caparisoned charger, the other a man walking, with eyes devoutly closed, weaving as he went a rich garment of new words wherewith to clothe the antique dark material of his engrossment.

But she points out that there are earlier precursors than Proust, Woolf or Joyce. She refers to the received designation of Henry James as a 'pathfinder.' But her tone, when discussing James is ironic. She calls him 'a venerable gentleman, a charmed and charming highpriest of nearly all the orthodoxies, ...'

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Richardson grants James his 'far from inconsiderable technical influence,' but suggests, 'with relief,' that there were other contenders for the role of 'pathfinder.' She cites the 'manifesto' that she has discovered in Wilhelm Meister as evidence of an author who sought an alternative realism where 'the thought processes of the principal figure must, by one device or another, hold up the development of the whole.' Richardson, of course, recognises that no author's achievement is original and self-generated. But her Foreword implies that the accepted findings of literary critics are not necessarily accurate, and that the definitions of 'realism' and 'pathfinders' are not always reliable. She withholds the names of Woolf and Joyce, but refers directly to Balzac, Bennett, James and Proust. This suggests she is very aware of the tentativeness of categories and reputations, and is unable to grant full recognition to her contemporaries.

The object of this dissertation is to demonstrate that Pilgrimage is a Modernist novel, revealing characteristic Modernist motifs, and that Richardson was influenced by Modernist ideas. It will be demonstrated that, although Richardson receives passing references in critical discussions of Modernist literature, she is almost always regarded as an oddity. Her novel, described as experimental, is referred to as though it were a self-generated fluke, coming out of nowhere and leading nowhere. It is clear that the author of Pilgrimage was influenced by the Victorian literature which she absorbed as a young woman. The young

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Miriam, as novice governess, recalls the governess persona employed by the Brontës, and there are clear correspondences between images in Pilgrimage and Villette (1853). (Miriam's acting scene, in Ch. viii of Pointed Roofs recalls Lucy Snowe's acting in Villette; she is reminiscent of Lucy in her tentative flirtation with Pastor Lahmann and the relationship with Fräulein Pfaff in Pointed Roofs; and in The Trap, Miriam's room, described in Ch. i, compares with Lucy's room at the Brettons'). Similarly, later Victorian novels, such as Sarah Grand's The Beth Book (1897) show noteworthy parallels. In The Beth Book, the protagonist ('woman of genius') Beth Caldwell, has a significant childhood experience in a garden, decides to write 'for women, not for men;' leans towards Quakerism, and has a spell living in an attic room in London. But Pilgrimage is no more a Victorian novel than Ulysses (1922) is a Homeric classical saga.

Some recent critics have rediscovered Pilgrimage and examined it in the light of post-feminist criteria. Critics such as Elaine Showalter and Gillian Hanscombe² have provided valuable insights into Richardson's intentions and technique. But although their comments seek to place Richardson within a feminist tradition (instead of using criteria drawn from traditional critical aesthetics) the extraordinary nature of her novel is still not explained. It still, even in feminist terms, represents a *cul-de-sac* in literature. Showalter says that:

The fiction of Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield, and Virginia Woolf created a deliberate female aesthetic, which transformed the feminine code of self-sacrifice into an annihilation of the narrative self, For them,

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female sensibility took on a sacred quality, and its exercise became a holy, exhausting, and ultimately self-destructive rite, since woman's receptivity led inevitably to suicidal vulnerability.³

She sees Richardson's *Modernism* as a mere reaction to the materialist novels of authors such as Bennett and Wells, and her protagonist's story an example of withdrawal from the world (the 'private rooms' which feature in women's novels of the period representing 'fantastic sanctuaries').⁴ The principal concern of Gillian Hanscombe's book on Richardson is 'an examination of Pilgrimage as a unique and definitive example of autobiographical fiction.' But the argument of the book is:

that the psychological role conflict between 'personhood' and 'womanhood' suffered by Richardson gave rise to her bipolar world-view, in which female consciousness is contradistinguished in nearly every particular from male consciousness.⁵

Undeniably, Richardson aimed to create an alternative style and form of novel, one which represented female consciousness and abnegated male values. Some feminist critics (Mary Ellwood, Elaine Showalter, Jane Miller and Gillian Hanscombe) have given much needed attention to this neglected novel. But, there is an obvious gap in the growing canon of criticism relating to Pilgrimage. Initially, when Richardson published the first instalments of her novel, she was regarded with a mixture of respect and bewilderment. Her achievement was recognised by some, misunderstood by many. As the succeeding books were published the novelty value of Richardson's writing was lost, and critics and reading public alike lost interest. Since Richardson's death there has been very little academic interest

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shown in her work. There have been some biographical studies, and her novel has been occasionally referred to in critical anthologies, and granted an innovatory and precursive status. But the references are almost always very brief. Recent criticism is mostly within feminist terms of reference, which rejects traditional criteria. Interestingly, though, feminist critics who evaluate women's writings, concentrate on those authors whose greatness is accepted by traditional criteria. They concentrate mainly on Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot, Virginia Woolf. Elaine Showalter, in A Literature of Their Own (1977) refers to the 'desert' of women's territory in 'the atlas of the English novel.' She wittily describes the mountains which enclose the desert on four sides are: 'the Austen peaks, the Brontë cliffs, the Eliot range, and the Woolf hills.' But she accepts these landmarks, and explains that her book attempts to 'fill in the terrain' between them. She does not make a claim for more, as yet uncharted, peaks and hills.⁶

Richardson's writing still merits, in most feminist criticism, little more than a passing reference. (Despite Richardson's avowal of the superiority of the female psyche, her own explicit anti-feminism, based on her disapproval of the Suffragists, and voiced by Miriam, may make her a repellent subject for some feminist critics.) Critics who consider Richardson to be an important writer confine their evaluation of her work within feminist theory. As they are concerned with exposing the patriarchal ownership of traditional literary criticism, and with

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forging a new, female aesthetic (or a frame of critical reference which deconstructs the binary opposition of male and female)? they cannot evaluate Richardson's work within a Modernist context. Mary Ellmann points out that Richardson was one of the three writers who 'created the introspective, or psychological novel' (and the only woman in the three, who include Proust and Joyce) and that Richardson was the first to subsist 'upon the intricacies of the not remarkable, the scarcely noticeable sequence of impressions which run between the hemorrhagic moments of drama.'⁸ Jane Miller describes Pilgrimage as 'the first explicitly feminist novel.' She recognises Richardson's feminism as lying in her novel's:

... capacity to undermine and to reveal the exclusions inherent in forms which have been claimed as universal, though historically they have developed as expressions of men's accounts of men's lives.⁹

Gillian Hanscombe accepts that Richardson was 'the original practitioner in English' of what has become known as 'stream of consciousness' (even though, as she points out, Richardson rejected the term).¹⁰ Yet, though Richardson's originality, and the nature of her achievement in a literary context is thus granted, the treatment of Pilgrimage as unique reinforces the received notion that the novel does not 'belong' to any movement. Conversely, some traditionalist critics, as distinct from post-feminist critics, grant Richardson a place in the Modernist movement, but often make their references to her work so brief they are in effect subtly condescending. To date, no critical work examines Richardson's novel in the light of the *avant garde*

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literary and cultural movements in the early twentieth-century. Yet everyone agrees that Pilgrimage is experimental. It seems obvious that Richardson's novel cannot be 'reconsidered' until it has been firstly considered, at length, in the same light as more famous Modernist novels. This dissertation does not disregard Richardson's views of women's capabilities, expressed in her novel and in her other writing. But it does attempt to apply traditional aesthetic criteria for evaluating the nature of Pilgrimage.

Gillian Hanscombe posits one basic issue: 'Are there, or are there not, essential differences between women and men as artists?' (She points out that the standard feminist answer would be in the affirmative.'') She goes on to analyse a 'basic critical problem':

if Richardson's novels are to be considered strictly 'as novels', they must be so considered according to the same canons of taste and judgement as are the novels in the mainstream of English fiction. If, on the other hand, they are to be considered as 'female' novels, what canons can be used?'²

This dissertation maintains that Pilgrimage is in 'the mainstream' and therefore should rightly be considered according to 'mainstream' criteria. Although critics who seek to identify a female canon of judgement do a great service to otherwise disregarded women writers, they do, to some extent, a disservice to Dorothy Richardson. By putting Richardson into a 'deviant' category (that is, deviating from masculine norms) they deny the

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possibility of comparing Pilgrimage with great novels of her period. Its essential Modernism remains unrecognised.

When Richardson's novel is compared with other Modernist works, in order to see where and how she belongs in the movement, there is one striking anomaly. The account of Miriam's experiences is not obviously ironic. Irony is a distinctive Modernist mode. Modernist works are ambivalent - they combine redemptive and ironic images. The redemptive nature of Modernism is seen in the intention to make a new reality and thus redeem the age. And where redemption is held to be impossible, irony is the prevalent mode. The visionary mode (in Expressionism or Surrealism) presupposes an innate source of redemptive power in people. Irony is less consoling. It nudges us into awareness but leaves no palliative solution. Above all, it gives a sense of the author/artist's presence - a bowing out of final responsibility but a clear indication of the maker's hand. Both modes - the redemptive and the ironic - are juxtaposed in Modernist works. Pilgrimage cannot be said to show that juxtaposition. Irony is such a familiar and acceptable modifier that readers expect - and hope for - ironic tones in any description of fictional characters and their doings. But neither that familiar literary effect, nor the larger authorial viewpoint, is obvious in Richardson's novel. One can find instances where it might be

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argued that Miriam's thoughts and experiences have been leavened by a little irony and some objectivity. But the instances are rare and become rarer as the novel grows.

The freshness in the writing of Pointed Roofs is appropriate for the young, naïve Miriam. Richardson's style and tone emulate the spontaneity and rapidity of Miriam's impressions. (Pointed Roofs has often been described as the most successful of the Pilgrimage books.) However, Richardson thought of it as a 'small crude chapter'.¹³⁾ But by the fifth book, Interim, the style changes as Richardson has Miriam retreating into the shelter offered by her landlady, Mrs Bailey. She has come out of her 'tunnel' (described in the book of that name) where she tries to make sense of her London life and associates, but she has emerged into a *cul-de-sac*. Simultaneously, the freshness and pungency of the first books is less evident, as if Richardson's narrative is miming Miriam's retreat. But there are still, in Interim, evocative descriptions of drawing rooms and boarders. And Miriam's friendships - with Eleanor Dear and the Canadians - still have an indirect humour (in her bad judgements and unconscious snobbery) which balance the increasing number of internal reveries. By the seventh book, Revolving Lights, Miriam's interior monologues become more solemn. There is little in the narrative to provide the redressing balance found earlier. Hypo Wilson's mocking advice provides a little salt (Wilson being based upon H.G. Wells - Richardson's friend, and, briefly, lover). But, Miriam's habit of pondering upon 'somethings,' (the

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word 'something' must occur more often in Pilgrimage than in any other English novel) becomes more dominant. However, the pondering has a purpose. The novel is about the process of writing. Miriam begins to think not so much about things, but about how things impinge upon her consciousness, and then, about how best she can describe the process.

There is, then, a crucial purpose in Miriam's withdrawal from the world. It is, as she explains, necessary to withdraw in order to go back to her essential self:

But leaving go, not going through life clenched, would mean losing oneself, passing through, not driving in, ceasing to affect and be affected. But the forgetfulness was itself a more real life, if it made life disappear and then show only as a manageable space and at last only as an indifferent distance. A game to be played or even not played. It meant putting life and people second; only entering life to come back again, always. This new joy of going into life, the new beauty, on everything, was the certainty of coming back.

(Deadlock, Ch. v, pp. 135-136)

This realisation is linked to Miriam's early attempts at writing (occurring after her attempts to translate Lahitte's manuscript). Her retreat, therefore, is not a means for indulging in passive sensibility, but in order to *write*. Pilgrimage is the story of Miriam's development as a writer. And simultaneously, it is the account of Richardson's aesthetic quest. In Dawn's Left Hand, Wilson advises Miriam (not for the first time) to write. The passage does reveal a rare irony, in that Wilson's recommendations are so obviously wrong (for Miriam, according to her predilections). Miriam refers to Clayhanger (though she hasn't read it). Wilson confidently replies::

'He's a realist. Documenting. You'd like Bennett.

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Perhaps the novel's not your form. Women ought to be good novelists. But they write best about their own experiences. Love-affairs and so forth. They lack creative imagination.' 'Ah, imagination. Lies.' 'Try a novel of ideas. Philosophical. There's George Eliot.' 'Writes like a man.' 'Just so. Lewes. Be a feminine George Eliot. Try your hand.' (Ch.ix, pp.239-240)

The only irony Richardson uses in the story of her protagonist's development as a writer is in the conversations Miriam has with Wilson. Richardson's novel is a protest against this misconception of her, and women's, capabilities. Wilson advises Miriam to write criticism ('middles') but Richardson's writing aims more ambitiously at supplanting the 'vast oblivions' (p.240) of male writing. It, by this stage, is very clear to the reader that Richardson's realism is far removed from the 'documenting' or cerebral kind (and that neither she nor her protagonist could possibly admire Bennett's fiction!). And if the reader understands that Richardson wrote 'middles' for most of her working life in order to subsidise her earnest attempt to found an alternative realism, in her novel, Wilson's comments have even greater irony. Certainly they must have given Richardson a sly amusement, as she wrote the passages.

Richardson's writing is both a protest and an offering. She offered an alternative realism based upon the workings of her consciousness. The fact that she described this, in her Foreword, as 'a feminine equivalent of the current masculine realism' (and that throughout her novel the female psyche is celebrated as superior to the male) has led some critics to

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evaluate her work on the basis of its 'femaleness.' Her writing has been described as typically 'female', and its essential Modernism overlooked. But the so-called feminine aspects of Richardson's work (for which she is either praised or blamed) are Modernist characteristics. Leon Edel referred to Richardson's novel as providing a dip into 'the great grab-bag' of female experience.¹⁴ The phrase recalls Virginia Woolf's 'deep old desk, or capacious hold-all, in which one flings a mass of odds and ends without looking them through'¹⁵ (as an image for a new form). Rachel Blau DuPlessis, in 'For The Etruscans', points to the significance of this image:

The form of a desk, the tote-bag, the journal. Interesting that for Woolf it was the form of a journal, and for Pound too it began as a "rag-bag," a market mess of spilled fish, but became the form of *Analects*, of codes, a great man's laws.¹⁶

The 'mass of odds and ends' in Pilgrimage is evidence of Richardson's conviction of the 'shapeless shapeliness' of the 'feminine psyche,' the ability to be 'all over the place and in all camps at once.'¹⁷ But it is also evidence of the Modernist characteristic of piecing together multiple fragments.

Richardson's novel is not founded on an 'idea.' She said that when she first started to write she tried 'ideas' as a starting point, but found that 'too easy, utterly distasteful and boring.'¹⁸ Richardson sought to reproduce something more immutable than mere ideas, something which was true to her female consciousness, therefore providing an alternative to male intellectual values. In her critical reviews and essays, as well

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as within her novel, Richardson reveals her distaste for the conventional authorial techniques, depending upon 'a whole questionable set of agreements and assumptions between reader and writer.'¹⁹ Richardson not only attempted a new relationship with her readers, but attempted to absent herself rather than perpetuate the wearying omnipresence in novels (as she saw it) of authors. Richardson's view (expressed in a letter to John Cowper Powys) of Finnegans Wake (1939) reveals her impatience with the intrusive 'author's signature across every sentence':

For me much of the book is deliberate 'patter,' the shoutings of an erudite, polyglot cheapjack, and the suspiciously explicit guide to the reader, sandwiched in somewhere about the 100th page, gives away a great deal of the game. But not all.²⁰

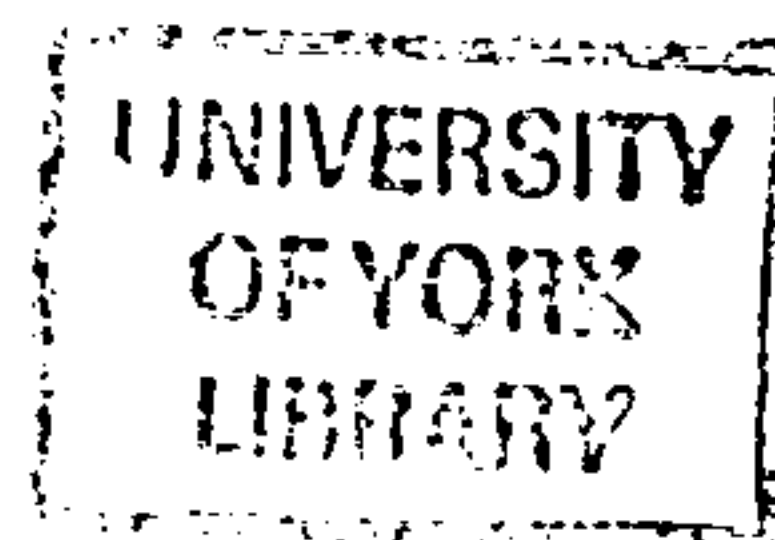
Dorothy Richardson has been described as a 'recognised innovator in modern fiction;²¹ as a user of 'stream of consciousness'²² technique, or of 'feminine impressionism.'²³ (That Richardson herself refused the tag 'stream of consciousness' because of its linear image, saying that consciousness was a 'pool' not a stream²⁴ is almost always overlooked.) Though Richardson's experimentalism and attempt at originality has been granted by critics, she is *not* recognised as being a true Modernist, and Pilgrimage has not been acclaimed a Modernist work. Yet, its right to be placed within the Modernist canon is based upon more fundamental aspects than experimental writing techniques. It is a shocking novel. The shock administered does not lie in the presentation of disturbing subject-matter, it lies in the disturbing absence of convention. The prose style is random and

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rambling. Punctuation is informal and idiosyncratic. The protagonist is described by disconcerting shifts from the third to the first person - with no preparation for the shift. And she is not a "heroine." She is shown without apology, as silly, snobbish, self-conscious, pompous, humourless - as well as sensitive and intelligent. There is no hierarchy of values. No event has greater significance than another - a shadow receives as great attention and detail as a suicide (and often more). 'Nothing happens,' as May Sinclair said in her essay 'The Novels of Dorothy Richardson' (1918)²⁵. (This equal attention to all things met with hostile criticism from at least one of Richardson's contemporaries. Katherine Mansfield, in her review of Interim, said: 'Everything being of equal importance, it is impossible that everything should not be of equal unimportance.'²⁶) The traditional drama of beginning, middle, end; of cause, effect, conclusion, is subsumed in - often banished by - the greater attention to the making of the novel and simultaneously the "making" of Miriam. Instead of dramatic events there is minute attention to light and shade, to the individual sound of syllables, to the juxtaposition of shapes and textures, to profiles, looks, sounds, memories. Pilgrimage is uncompromising. It presents a deep pool of consciousness and invites, commands rather, complete submersion without judgement by the reader. All preconceptions of the traditional novel must be abandoned. The reader is asked to believe that 'reality' is having its own say.

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The phrase used by Richardson in her 1938 foreword - '.... a stranger in the form of contemplated reality having for the first time in her experience its own say' - serves as a banner flying Dorothy Richardson's Modernist colours. Her concern with the making of her novel, and the status of the written work and her relationship to it is typically Modernist. She is a conscious innovator. The reality she uncovers, she says, is a 'stranger' in its written form. This is an ambiguous image. Contemplated reality becomes 'strange' because it has been newly seen, but it is also 'strange' because it has changed. The act of writing changes the subject, and the written text seems to acquire autonomy. Richardson feels that the writing frees her from herself, and allows her to objectively contemplate herself and her preoccupations for the first time. Richardson's personification of reality, saying that it has been allowed to have 'its own say' suggests that reality can really speak for itself, that her work is "artless" - so pure that it is self-born, unadulterated by the interferences of a writer. But, as all Modernists do, she knows that that is impossible. And the knowledge is 'torment.' In the Foreword she goes on to describe this torment - not only at the failure of reality to 'adequately appear within the text' but at the disintegration of reality into multiplicity. She describes the impossibility of 'netting' truth, of her despair at the apparently willful elusiveness of finite statement. Reality has 'a hundred faces, any one of which, the moment it was entrapped within the close mesh of direct statement, summoned its fellows to disqualify it.' All



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these preoccupations, and the images used to express them, are evidence of Richardson's essential Modernism.

The first part of this dissertation attempts to describe, with a range of examples, the nature of Modernist literature. I concentrate on three predominant aspects of Modernist literature: modes of seeing, formlessness, and the 'written.' The aspects have been selected as representative of unifying elements in an otherwise idiosyncratic and disparate movement, and as having a particularly strong connection to Richardson's work. In the 1938 Foreword she refers to all these themes. She speaks of the 'hundred faces' of reality; of the 'rose-coloured and distorting telescopes' of the Romantics being substituted for by mirrors of plain glass; refers to fluid prose - 'moving from point to point without formal obstruction,' and of the torment of turning 'independently assertive reality' into text.

Having established the claim that Dorothy Richardson's novel is born from and contributes to the Modernist movement, I move on, in the second part of the dissertation, to a close analysis of Pilgrimage in the terms of the first part. The three major themes will be identified in Richardson's novel, and its Modernism established and discussed.

PART I

MODERNISM

CHAPTER 1

MODERNIST THEMES.

Modernist Themes

In the 1938 Foreword to Pilgrimage, Dorothy Richardson makes the claim that she is a precursor (though her claim is almost hidden behind her qualifying statements and complex, formal prose). Richardson was indeed a forerunner in a literary movement - and the cover-all name for the movement is Modernism. Modernism - an international movement - is a descriptive term for particular works of art created during the first three decades of the 20th century. Modernism also embraces drama, music, poetry and the visual arts. Even an arbitrary selection of publications and events in the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century would demonstrate the international and polymorphic nature of Modernism. In the six years at the end of the nineteenth-century we have: William James' Principle of Psychology (1890); Knut Hamsun's Hunger (1890); Mallarmé's Pages (1891); Bergson's Matter and Memory (1896); Chekov's The Seagull (1896). In the first decade of the twentieth-century, Modernism includes Henry James' Wings of the Dove (1902); Strindberg's A Dream Play (1901); Mann's Tonio Kröger (1903) and Rilke's New Poetry (1907-8). The embracing nature of Modernism is illustrated, in the early nineteenth hundreds, by such significant events as the emergence of Fauvism about 1905 (focussed around Matisse); the founding of Cubism about 1908 (Picasso and Braque); the Post-Impressionist exhibition in London in 1910; Stravinsky's Rites of Spring, composed for Diaghilev's *ballets russes*, performed in 1913; and the founding of the Bauhaus in 1919.

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A semantic confusion arises when such a protean adjective as 'Modernism' describes a movement now fixed in time. But in a sense, Modernist works are still modern - in a general, adjectival sense. The movement hasn't stopped moving. Features which united disparate Modernist works - the sense of dislocation from the past, of being out of tune with contemporary conventions - are still modern. Being "out of tune" and *disturbed* is still a modern notion. Probably for that reason criticism retains the descriptive noun 'Modernism' and hasn't re-named the movement.

The name 'Modernism' arose out of the self-declared modernity of those critics and artists involved in the movement. They named themselves (one wouldn't retrospectively name something 'modern'):

The word Modernism passed into general vocabulary around 1890, was a key-word about 1900, and by 1910 had given way to other '-isms' deriving from the creative ferment of the new century.'

Yet why should such an obvious quality as 'modern' (all movements were originally modern - the adjective is a moveable feast) remain the name for a cosmopolitan, schismatic, multi-art-form movement which spans at least three decades? It must be that the word 'modern' was fastened upon as though it were a nonce-word, and claimed as an authoritative noun rather than adjective because the one thing linking all the isms (Expressionism, Cubism, Imagism, Vorticism, etc) is a response to the moment. Modernists of 1900 - 1930 demonstrate a consciousness of historical time and of moving not so much with as ahead of that

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time. That consciousness was writ extraordinarily large, in Blast typeface.

Gertrude Stein, in an account of her first aeroplane flight, described the necessity for the artistic creator to be presciently contemporary. The visionary experience confirmed her convictions:

When I looked upon the earth I saw all the lines of cubism made at a time when not any painter had ever gone up in an airplane. I saw there on the earth the mingling lines of Picasso, coming and going, developing and restoring themselves, I saw the simple solutions of Braque, yes I saw and once more I knew that a creator is contemporary, he understands what is contemporary when the contemporaries do not yet know it, but he is a contemporary...²

The artist, then, is not so much in a tradition but a respondent to the immediate. Artists have their finger on the pulse of their own time. But it is significant that Stein experienced her "vision" in a 'plane high above the earth, enclosed and remote. The counterpart to the Modernists' consciousness of being contemporary is their conviction of not fitting into the age. In understanding contemporaneity before their contemporaries they never really belong. Like Hamsun's protagonist in Hunger (1890) or Kafka's Hunger Artist, they cannot be nourished by the society which produces them, and on which they comment. They cannot flourish in their present, so they must recreate reality. They are keenly aware of their relation to the moment but arraign the deficient present by way of turning their attention to the past or to the future. The Modernist artists have woken from the 'common dream' and find their only share in the world is

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'dissipation and despair.'³ Unless, that is, they form their own mythology - from redemptive images from the past (Byzantium, Periclean Athens, the Quattrocento) or by image-ing the indeterminate future.

Throughout Pilgrimage Richardson makes her protagonist, Miriam Henderson, an 'alien' ('She was an upstart and an alien and here she was.' - The Tunnel, Ch.xvi, p.192). Miriam is solitary rather than lonely, a distanced observer of her surroundings - not a participator. She lives in a city and is stirred by memories and images of gardens. She is alone in the city, estranged, not belonging. She mixes with people on the fringe of conventional society: Fabians, Anarchists, Zionists, Quakers, Spiritualists - and sundry "Crank" - all examples of the exotic types found in large cities. But Miriam remembers an Eden-like garden, 'the first thing she could remember' (Backwater, Ch.vii, p.316) and experiences her city scenes more keenly for that. In the later Pilgrimage books Miriam is to be found in rural settings. But in the city she is *modern*. Apart from the external signs of her modernity - living in rented rooms, smoking cigarettes, bicycle riding - she has something of the prescient contemporaneity described by Stein. She is apart, separate - and feels herself to belong to another order of things. The counterpart to the city-present is the garden-past, but she nevertheless takes delight in her city life. The city, for Richardson, does not require an absolving myth (the garden) as antidote. But Miriam uses the garden image as spiritual balm.

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Her existence is anguished - veering from spiritual serenity and visionary experience to painful alienation and a sense of dislocation from her peers.

Modernist works often share a perplexing or absurd nature. They are contentious, they have a capacity to outrage (as in Dadaism) and they make a direct address to and demands upon the reader/spectator/audience. But often the address and the demands do not constitute a requirement for agreement or sympathy. Rather, 'they require *reaction*. Response suggests a possibility of correspondence with an audience; reaction merely confirmation that the gesture was effective - that the artists are assured of their being pitted against the recipients of their work. Ortega Y Gasset announces that modern art 'will always have the masses against it.' It is, 'essentially unpopular; moreover it is anti-popular.' He goes further: modern art 'divides the public into two groups.' One is a 'specially gifted minority, favourably inclined, with an organ of comprehension denied to the other', which is 'the hostile majority.' He makes a distinction between 'two castes of men;' the 'illustrious' and the 'vulgar,' and celebrates with relish (though he pretends the disinterest of a 'zoologist') 'an art for artists and not for the masses, for "quality" and not for *hoi polloi*'.⁴ It may be true that Modernist art was art for the cognoscenti. Dorothy Richardson's novel, however, has an innocence not implied by Ortega Y Gasset. Her form of writing was written as an alternative to existing forms, and in that sense provides a challenge and a protest. But

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it does not presuppose an audience. It was written for its own (and Richardson's sake). Walter Benjamin says that art 'in none of its works' is concerned with man's response: 'No poem is intended for the reader, no picture for the beholder, no symphony for the listener.'⁵ This is, of course, as true of Modernist art as Ortega Y Gasset's pronouncement which suggests that authors consciously aim for an illustrious readership. However, the end result may well be that which Ortega Y Gasset describes. Certainly, the Modernist movement involves an internal debate about its own techniques - and in that way the growth of the movement was fostered. Richardson's Pilgrimage thus contributes to the growth of the movement and is part of it. Her novel reflects this refusal of popularity and preferred concentration on form. Simultaneous to Miriam's consciousness as subject, there is another implicit subject - the written, and its relation to reality.

Just as Richardson's place in the Modernist movement was not without previous 'pathfinders' - to use her word - the Modernist movement itself was obviously not self-born. A sequence of events prepares the way for Modernist ideas - they could not have been self-generated. The question of the status of the artist is one of the precursors of Modernist themes. It may be that the creative power of the artist was an Expressionist preoccupation, but it was also an aspect of Romanticism.⁶ The price the artist pays in social and intellectual alienation for his creative gift is an idea prevalent in Romantic poetry. The

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neurasthenia associated with some aspects of Modernism (introspection, despair, alienation) echoes a similar malaise and concern with the irrational in the works of such artists as Gericault or Goya. The crucial seminal figure (for Anglo-Modernists) is Walter Pater. There are, particularly, in his collection of essays The Renaissance, published in 1873, many apparently prescient phrases and ideas. A necessarily brief extraction of some of these phrases and ideas illustrates Pater's centrality: In the 'Preface' he says that what is important is 'not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect,' but: 'a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects'. Of the 'producers' of culture he says: 'each group is solitary, gaining what advantage or disadvantage there may be in intellectual isolation.' In his 1867 essay on the eighteenth-century scholar Winckelmann (who 'came into the world too late' and is out of joint with his time) Pater says this:

The basis of all artistic genius lies in the power of conceiving humanity in a new and striking way, of putting a happy world of its own creation in place of the meaner world of our common days, generating around itself an atmosphere with a novel power of refraction, selecting, transforming, recombining the images it transmits according to the choice of the imaginative intellect.

And in his 'Conclusion' Pater uses images of a web of threads, of a stream; describes experience as a series of unstable impressions locked in an isolated mind; time and impressions as 'infinitely divisible' - 'tremulous wisps;' and ultimately describes experience in terms of 'pulsations' which we should seek out, intensify and prolong. And so Pater foreshadows Ortega

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y Gasset and Virginia Woolf (when they speak of having to abstract or 'desubstantize' reality, giving it a new fictional substance); William James' 'stream' as a metaphor for consciousness and Bergson's notion of duration. Dorothy Richardson's own attempts to net reality, to portray consciousness as random and without dimensions, to show experience as the isolated interaction of mind and things, are all derived from Pater.

Modernism comprises all the art-forms. The awareness of the fact that 'one and the same inspiration, one and the same biological style, are recognisable in the several branches of art'⁷ confirms the Modernists' conviction of cultural revolution. The effect of such widespread interfusion is apparent as art-forms break out of their frames, as it were, using synonymous techniques, declaring the interdependence of one form with another, and announcing their involvement in the technological twentieth century. The result is institutions such as the Bauhaus, where Modernist design and industrial and domestic architecture derives from a merger of academy arts with the arts and crafts movement; the Dadaist cultural circus, employing poet, writer, painter, sculptor, musician - *avant garde* impresario; the collaboration between poet and painter welding together language and visual image for the supremely modern medium of advertising (Rodchenko and Mayakovsky); the ironic, flickering of letters and fragments of words across a canvas, drawing attention to two systems of signs; images taken from film and photography in visual arts and

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in literature, prose using musical phrasing and composition; music taking its cadences from the harsher harmonies of mechanized atonalism; poem-drama; dance-poem. Subject and forms coalesce, echo each other.

There is a unifying principle within the amalgamation of art-forms, and that is the concern with form itself. When the painter Maurice Denis says, 'a picture ... before it is anything ... is essentially a surface covered with colours arranged in a certain, order'^e he illustrates the Modernist interest in the reciprocity of analysis and synthesis. Within the mode there is an implicit debate about the nature of making, the instruments and material for making, the status of that which is made - and the maker. The made object, the artefact, breaks down under scrutiny into its component parts ('I saw the mingling lines of Picasso, coming and going, developing and destroying themselves'). Once made, the object ceases to be a composition - its wholeness defies the artist, it has become something for its own sake, in its own right. But it is *never* the thing it represents. The parts which the artist has put together assemble themselves with an autonomy unrelated to the artist's intention. For instance, Magritte's jokey 'This is Not a Pipe'⁹ ironically demonstrates that the painted subject, no matter how faithful the representation, is something radically different to the initial object. Gaudier Brezka's account of the attempt to alter his rifle butt (in an article in Blast¹⁰) suggests that the material

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properties of objects defy intellectual intent, and that, ultimately, it is the parts of a thing which create an image:

...Two days ago I pinched from an enemy a mauser rifle. Its heavy unwieldy shape swamped me with a powerful IMAGE of brutality

I broke the butt off and with my knife I carved in it a design, through which I tried to express a gentler order of feeling...

BUT I WILL EMPHASIZE that MY DESIGN *got its effect* (just as the gun had) FROM A VERY SIMPLE COMPOSITION OF LINES AND PLANES.

The analytical quality in Modernism stems from the nineteenth-century positivist belief in it being possible to dissect and table the constituent parts of experience and matter. But early twentieth-century awareness of a molecular reality is tinged with desperation: despair at ever being able to represent the protean flux, or desperate celebration of flux with disposable art (as in Dadaism). Each art-form announces the fragmentary nature of experience; each artefact itself a fragment, each composition of fragments detaching itself and reforming like the division and multiplication of cells. Strindberg's preface to Miss Julie (1888) describes the 'uncertain and disintegrated' nature of his characters:

My characters are conglomerations of past and present stages of civilisation, bits from books and newspapers, scraps of humanity, rags and tatters of fine clothing, patched together as is the human soul.

This 'patching together' of disparate elements foreshadows a ubiquitous preoccupation. There are works which apparently attempt to encompass the whole - literary works such as Pilgrimage; Ulysses (1922); A la recherche du temps perdu (1913-1927); The Waste Land (1922). But each is ultimately a fragment,

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or is composed of fragments. Ulysses is 'one day in the life of...' The Waste Land is a series of lyric fragments ('These fragments I have shored against my ruins') Pilgrimage is random consciousness, unfinished. And as it is based on the life of the author and the protagonist, could never be truly finished.

Painters who obsessively re-paint the same scene or object (Monet's haystacks and views of Rouen Cathedral, Cezanne's views of Mont Ste Victoire) are attempting to net the whole through a series of stillnesses. They are related to Seurat's pointillist technique. But where Seurat's pointillism produces calm, pale scenes, Monet and Cezanne's points of paint are magnified and (comparatively) random, fraught rather than serene. Some technical terms such as Pointillism, Divisionism, Cubism'' aptly illustrate the notion of composing mosaic-like structures. Collage and montage are the most typical techniques in the visual, plastic arts. In literature 'stream of consciousness' and 'counterpoint' suggest something more organic, more harmonious than these atomized, analytical techniques. But stream-of-consciousness emanates from interior, private viewpoints. Whether one viewpoint or many, the effect is still of peering through a chink - a blinkered view upon a panorama. Always the fragment implies an unencompassable whole, and a vast artefact implies a 'shoring together' of fragments. 'Counterpoint' suggests a harmonious 'repetition plus variation' but the pattern is still composed of mutable fragments.

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If collage is the most typical technique in visual arts, synaesthesia is the supremely characteristic technique in Modernist literature. Symbol may, like the portrait-of-the-artist, embody the difficulties in the surrounding form, or, by effecting a harmonious fusion, challenge contingency by offering supreme artistic order (a golden bird, a rose, a garden, a tower, a fountain). Or symbols may be used for occasional synthesis; as ironic, oblique interventions - declaring more emphatically the random, tenuous nature of temporary artistic order. This latter is more characteristically Modernist. The synaesthetic technique links diverse and isolated incidents. It does not signify a fusion in time and space. Art operates on disparate elements with centripetal force, and Modernist art reveals that process whilst implying the counterpart notion of 'things falling apart.'

What unites Modernist writers, above all, is their commitment to the remaking of art. The Modernist artist, the Modernist work, and the Modernist period are characterised by the atmosphere of crisis. A "crisis" is a turning-point, a moment of decision, a time fraught with danger - but suspenseful and therefore tense with excitement. The turmoil and 'passionate intensity' of the movement is reflected in its self-conscious, neurasthenic works, but, equally, in the *elan* and vitality of its style-conscious, dynamic works. The innately ambiguous quality of Modernist literature stems from the knife-edge of crises. Images of the city denote this mix of danger, isolation-in-a-crowd, vitality and decadence, and they are plentiful in Modernist works (and

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especially in Pilgrimage). The presciently contemporary artists look in upon themselves and the art of making. They suffer a crisis of confidence in their tools of analysis and synthesis. Their medium, and, inevitably, themselves, becomes their subject. Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage displays all these characteristics.

CHAPTER 2

SEEING.

Seeing

...in the mirror it is easier to abstract ourselves completely, and look upon the changing scene as a whole. It then, at once, takes on the visionary quality, and we become true spectators, not selecting what we will see, but seeing everything equally The frame of the mirror, then, does to some extent turn the reflected scene from one that belongs to our actual life into one that belongs rather to the imaginative life.'

Ways of seeing is a recurrent theme in Modernist writing. Roger Fry's essay of 1909, in particular the paragraph quoted above, is a good introduction to the theme. It contains important Modernist aspects of seeing: seeing at a remove (through glass); "fixing" shifting parts so as to see the whole; visionary seeing; true witness; transforming the actual into the imaginary and, in turn, the imaginary becoming more "real" than reality.

In the first three decades of this century there are many authors, very different in their style and subject, who use ways of seeing as extended metaphors for a response to the multiplicity of experience, and the phenomenal world. In order to examine different kinds of seeing, in Modernist writing, this chapter will refer to very different novels - many being linked only by their using themes of sight and seeing as integral to the tenor of the novel. The kinds of seeing are: prosaic seeing of material objects; filmic seeing and recording of things, witnessing; and visionary experience.

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1. Dazzling Objects

Turn-of-the-century Symbolists turned their attention away from the world in an attempt to 'spiritualise literature,' to 'evade the old bondage of exteriority' as Arthur Symons said in his introduction to The Symbolist Movement (1899)². A 'magical' evocation was sought and description banished in the revolt against the materialistic tradition. In Yeats' early essay, 'The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry' (1900)³, he claimed of the 'maker of literature:'

... the more his mind is on fire or the more creative it is, the less will he look at the outer world or value it for its own sake. It gives him metaphors and examples and that is all. He is even a little scornful of it I am certain that every high thing was invented in this way, between sleeping and waking, as it were

This was before Yeats had renounced his ideal vision of Intellectual Beauty for a vision based upon contending opposites (in which the material world plays its important part). However, the notion of creating "between sleeping and waking" illustrates a desire to eschew material phenomena - to dematerialize self and things. The dreamer's perception of things has a higher value than ordinary waking perception. As in the Dream Play (1901). Strindberg says, in his preface: 'Time and place do not exist; on an insignificant basis of reality the imagination spins, weaving new patterns ...' Multiplicity in the phenomenal world is mimed but superseded by the multiplicity of dream consciousness: 'The characters split, double, multiply, evaporate, condense,

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disperse, assemble. But one consciousness rules over them all, that of the dreamer ...'

The Modernist novel in the early twentieth century attempts a less evasive treatment of exteriority, a painfully wakeful consciousness presides. Conrad's preface to The Nigger of the 'Narcissus' (1897) stands in sharp contrast to the Symbolists and early Expressionists (and according to Ford Madox Ford 'expressed the aims of the New World.')

My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel - it is, before all, to make you see. That and no more, and it is everything.

... The task ... is to hold up unquestioningly ... the rescued fragment before all eyes in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show its vibration, its colour, its form; and through its movement, its form, and its colour, reveal the substance of its truth

Conrad's looking, and his desire to make his reader see differs from the realism of early twentieth-century novelists such as Bennett, or Galsworthy, or Wells. Wells himself describes the difference, in his autobiography (1934), using the example of his own and Conrad's description of a boat.⁵ For Conrad and other, later, Modernists, the thing seen is not an accessory (as it is for Wells). It has a heightened resonance; it detaches from the 'story' and looms significant in its own right.

Material phenomena have an ambiguous status in Modernist fiction. Objects are both the starting point for a transcendent creative vision, or have a strange life of their own (so that the vividness has an eery or threatening quality), or have a

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phantasmal insubstantiality. And, though the seeing of objects may appear to be an initially transcendental experience, a disturbing echo of their "speaking" solidity remains and must be erased. This double-edged quality can be seen in two novels which appear near the beginning and end of the thirty-year span of Modernism: Mann's Death in Venice (*Der Tod in Venedig* - 1911) and Canetti's Auto da Fé (*Die Blendung* - 1935). In Auto da Fé Kien, the protagonist, has banished from his room anything which may tempt his sight away from his books (as things are so powerful and so seductive). There is no window, so no temptation to look out at the street, no 'single, superfluous article of furniture.' Kien is so disturbed by the life in things that he banishes them from his sight. When his housekeeper-wife brings articles of furniture into his rooms he makes himself 'blind' (by closing his eyes) to the 'traitor objects' in an attempt to deny their threatening, intrusive quality. He is 'dazzled' by the furniture.⁶ Mann's Death in Venice does not give such weight to the quality of objects, but shows an equally ironic treatment of the 'dazzled' protagonist. Aschenbach's infatuation leads him to associate his smitten exaltation of Tadzio with his art: 'Mirror and image! . . . with an outburst of rapture he told himself that what he saw was beauty's very essence . . .' Tadzio becomes, momentarily, an object:

Has it not been written that the sun beguiles our attention from things of the intellect to fix it on things of the sense? The sun, they say, dazzles; so bewitching reason and memory that the soul for very pleasure forgets its actual state, to cling with doting on the loveliest of all the objects she shines on. Yes, and then it is only through the medium of some corporeal being that it can raise itself again to contemplation of higher things.

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The writers' intentions are very different. Canetti's theme of blindness is ironic but bizarre. The world and experience of the protagonist is surreal, and the author's intentions not obvious. The large significance of objects is a factor in Kien's madness, and the readers are free to make of this madness what they will. Mann's irony is more subtle, but Aschenbach's self-delusion is presented in a way that nudges the reader into awareness of an ironic authorial presence. The theme of blindness and seeing is incorporated into recognisable tragi-comic form.

The idea (which Aschenbach broods on) that the contemplation of objects can lead the artistic vision on, beyond or above matter, is apparent in Woolf's To The Lighthouse (1927). This time, the theme does not have Mann's classical tone. Lily Briscoe's painting starts 'among hedges and houses and mothers and children.' Her pictures are more than the 'relations of masses, of lights and shadows,' but transcend the starting-point subject so that the picture must be 'groped for' in the imaginative area between the actual and the abstract. Roger Fry's essay 'The Artist's Vision' (1919) provides an explicit example of this kind of looking (both detached and impassioned). In discussing 'creative vision' Fry says the artist 'passionately' apprehends 'certain relations of directions of line' seeing them 'distinctly,' seeing them as 'full of meaning:'

In such a creative vision the objects as such tend to disappear, to lose their separate unities, and to take their places as so many bits in the whole mosaic of vision.⁷

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Objects are both dwelt upon and vanquished. It is 'irrelevant' to ask the artist about the nature of the objects which compose 'this generalized and all embracing vision.' Objects 'tend to disappear' - they become merely parts of a greater imaginative whole. It is not obviously apparent in Fry's essay, nor in the account of Lily Briscoe's painting in To the Lighthouse, that there is felt to be a disturbing quality in mere things (other than in the attention given to the pain and difficulties encountered in representing things). But it is very apparent in much Modernist writing that things have an unnerving potency. The disturbing quality can be seen in either the solidity of matter - that every vividness which Conrad saw and desired his reader to see - or in the insubstantiality of matter when compared to the 'truer' substance of the imagination.

The Symbolists aspired to a higher, finer world of the imagination. Pater's 1867 essay on Winckelmann refers to artistic genius as '... putting a happy world of its own creation in place of the meaner world of our common days.'⁶ Virginia Woolf describes in her diary (June 19th, 1923) her own method of superseding the 'meaner world' of reality. But she goes further. She responds to Bennett's criticism of Jacob's Room (1922). She says his criticism belongs to the 'old argument that character is dissipated into shreds now; the old post-Dostolevsky argument.' (And, by-the-way, shows her consciousness of her own modernity as contrasted with Bennett.) She accepts that she hasn't 'that "reality" gift;' - 'I insubstantize wilfully to some extent,

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distrusting reality - its cheapness.'⁹ Woolf's views are less sanguine than Pater's. For Woolf and for other Modernists superseding the substantial is fraught with ambivalence. Imagination is held to be more real than matter. But matter re-asserts itself and its very substance challenges attempts to 'insubstantize.' In Wyndham Lewis' *Tarr* (1918) the eponymous protagonist explains imagination as being a reinterpretation of experience:

'...but I meant only that everything we see - you understand, this universe of distinct images - must be reinterpreted to tally with all the senses and beyond that with our minds: so that was my meaning, the eye alone sees nothing at all but conventional phantoms.'

It is startling that phenomena should be described as phantasmal. The inversion is forced and tenuous. The strain of denying substance to things shows in the use of the word 'phantoms.' Things have power, and a power to 'haunt' even when their existence is denied or 'reinterpreted.'

ii. Snapshots

When we look for evidence that things do exist we often accept film or photograph as proof - just as though things are indeed phantoms and we are all engaged on a ghost-hunt equipped with recording equipment. The apparently objective proof of this kind of record provides security which combats the pervasive Modernist

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idea of phantasmal phenomena - but it is yet another method of reinterpreting the actual. Photograph and film, then, has a fascinating quality for Modernists. Film can show us more than we can, unaided, see. And it gives objects a contained significance - seen again, through a frame, they may be contemplated without anxiety. Robbe-Grillet, in discussing film, states the 'peculiar' fact that filmic fragments of 'crude reality' are more vivid to us than the identical scenes which 'in real life do not suffice to free us of our blindness.' And when he speaks of our conventions of seeing, our habits of classification, custom preventing us from apprehending the 'unaccustomed nature of the world that surrounds us'¹⁰ we are reminded of Proust and of Bergson - and their respective treatment of cinematic and photographic modes of seeing.

In Part I of Swann's Way (Du Côté de Chez Swann - 1913) Marcel describes the palliative power of custom in taming the disturbing life in things (this is quite different to the restrictive, anaesthetic power of custom to which Robbe-Grillet refers). And in Part I of Within a Budding Grove (À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs - 1918) Marcel compares the reality of things seen directly, at last, with the reproductions which had prepared his eye beforehand (photographs of Balbec church, casts of its statues). Marcel reminds himself that the confronted reality is, must be, "something far greater" than its reproductions. But he admits almost immediately that they are 'something less, perhaps, also.' The statue and the church, seen directly, are

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'reduced' to their 'own apparent form' whilst their reproductions were 'ideal, endowed with universal value.' Marcel has superimposed an imaginative value upon the 'unaccustomed' (therefore ultra real) quality of the images of Balbec church. The directly seen objects are vulnerable to the vicissitudes of custom.'¹¹

Bergson, in Laughter (Le Rire - 1900) describes our utilitarian way of seeing; making a 'functional selection...according to our needs,' seeing 'only labels.'¹² In Creative Evolution (L'Évolution Créatrice - 1907) Bergson uses the 'cinematograph' as a simile for the 'mechanism of our knowledge;' the 'rapid replacment of instantaneous views.'¹³ But Roger Fry, in 'An Essay in Aesthetic' (1909) though echoing almost exactly Bergson's ideas on specialized, utilitarian seeing'¹⁴ uses the cinematograph simile for showing 'a curious side glimpse into the nature of ... imaginative life.' Though he eventually finds the 'mirror' to be the better simile for the 'visionary quality' in seeing, he approves of the objectivity of cinema: we see more inclusively, more freely, more clearly.¹⁵ He moves beyond an analysis of atomized, positivist seeing (and knowing) to the idea of 'privileged' seeing.

Aldous Huxley's protagonists' ways of looking, in Point Counter Point (1928) and Eyeless in Gaza (1936), provide an interesting rider to these cinematic ways of seeing. Both novels, very late in the Modernist period, show an awareness of contemporary

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notions coupled with an ironic use of nineteenth-century scientific modes of seeing. They look back, as it were, across the history of Modernism. Quarles, in Point Counter Point, says: "... the essence of the new way of looking is multiplicity" and he wants to "look with all those eyes at once." The different kinds of looking vary in this novel, from the 'zoological' novelist/observer's to the laboratory technician's, to the 'blind' politicians'.¹⁶ In Eyeless in Gaza these themes reappear. Memories are likened to photographs¹⁷ - providing snapshot-like visions. They fasten, focus and edit. The metaphor takes on another significance when extended by the images of viewing things and people through a microscope. This way of looking "microscopically and instantaneously, as well as in the lump and by the hour" is double-edged. It may be used as an image of a fecund and terrifyingly unconscious multiplicity, or as a serene vision of harmony and wholeness - both 'edges' being employed in Eyeless in Gaza, and always potential in Modernist novels.

Film and photography are the fascinating new media for Modernists. They provide a new way of looking at things. A way of reducing fragmentary, multiple experience into graspable parts, of staying time and 'fixing' the moment. They offer apparent evidence of what things and people are really like, but they are, after all, only a part of the truth. They offer a palliative solution to seeing things and people outside of the flux of time but the 'evidence' proffered is specious. Things

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become idealised. Their images seem to possess a greater truth than their actuality. The imagination, offered accurate pictures of things, immediately reinterprets them, absolves them of materiality and imbues them with another order of being. Meanwhile, the objects remain - solid, 'cheap' maybe, but with a reality which is so disturbing that it has to be denied.

111. The Looking Glass

In Modernist novels the motif of blindness is often used ironically. But it is a grave irony which operates, drawing attention to an impoverished moral sense in the fictional protagonists, or to the difficulty in ascertaining what is real. Metaphors of blindness or sightedness are used by Modernist authors to point to their own role as witness of events. They attempt to see clearly, to make their readers see, to create a truth and to translate the truth of reality into the novel form. But the process is vulnerable. The aim is high but may, after all, produce nothing more than speciosity. Early twentieth-century novelists debate claims to, and methods for, true-witnessing. They attempt to eschew the 'lying' quality in conventional narrative: 'fabrication following upon fabrication, description breeding description, lie propagating lie.'¹⁸ Virginia Woolf in her essay 'Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown' (1924)

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argued that the Edwardian novelists (such as Arnold Bennett) employed a kind of observation that was looking without seeing. That kind of objectivity reduces material phenomena to the status of accessories - the method Wells describes as his own. We can be too objective and distinguish too clearly, according to Modernist thinking. The supreme witness is the one whose eyes are not influenced by superfluities, so that phenomena and experience are given true weight. The passive clairvoyant seeing of blind Tiresias in The Waste Land (1922) is a form of true seeing.¹⁹

The passage in Bergson's Creative Evolution (referred to on p.44) discussing the 'mechanism' of our knowledge describes the 'kaleidoscopic character of our adaptation to [things]...':

Each of our acts aims at a certain insertion of our will into the reality. There is, between our body and other bodies, an arrangement like that of the pieces of glass that compose a kaleidoscopic picture. Our activity goes from an arrangement to a rearrangement.²⁰

The image of the kaleidoscope is apt for Modernist literature. It suggests multiplicity and flux. The random falls into patterned order under one focus, and shifts, rearranges under another focus. But, the image of the kaleidoscope also suggests another essentially Modernist device - seeing through glass, or a mirror. This is a familiar literary device, but the Modernist's mirror is not neatly segmented (as in the kaleidoscope) but randomly splintered - damaged:

The mocking, distorted mirror, the cracked glass - Buck Mullogan's shaving mirror? - are at the end of a tradition which began with the public use of the mirror as satire or exemplum: mirrors of fools and mirrors for magistrates.²¹

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The witness who sees through glass demonstrates the characteristic Modernist irony. The device suggests alienation, the unattainable, and the witness becoming *voyeur*.

Fry uses the simile of a 'looking glass' - a mirror which does not reflect our own image but a visionary image of the world. Bergson's glass is prettily coloured, refracting light and reflecting it back into pleasing symmetry. But the ironic Modernist mode takes the prosaic contemporary phenomenon of plate-glass and uses it in a more knowing way. Marcel Duchamp's 'Large Glass,' (or 'The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even' - 1915-1923) achieves its notions of sterility and impotence because it is a glass. The frustrated bachelors/*voyeurs* tread their mechanical mill in sight of, but not in touch with, the disrobing exhibitionist bride - all against the background of transparent, brittle glass. Looking becomes a lascivious mode. Or, the fascination in merely looking at the world, at its objects, is ironically twisted into a vicarious nosiness. The passage quoted above (on p.37) from Yeats' essay on Shelley continues: '... peering and peeping persons are but hawkers of stolen goods. How else could their noses have grown so ravenous or their eyes so sharp?' Yeats' irritation, at that time, with the depiction of material phenomena foreshadows an uncomfortable sense of illicit prying in the act of witnessing.

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In Modernist novels the looker as *voyeur* is a ubiquitous device. Witnesses (authors and/or protagonists) are at one remove from the scene and their "evidence" is not reliable. Protagonists and minor characters are alienated from their world - or spy upon it. The alienated and the spies want. In Mrs Dalloway (1925) Rezia implores Septimus to *look*: "'Look...look...Oh, look"' But Septimus cannot see, or taste, or feel. Beauty is, for him, 'behind a pane of glass.' In Auto da Fe, Kien peers into bookshop windows, disciplining himself not to look too much, but assuring himself 'with a kind of pleasure, that smut and trash were daily gaining ground.' This vicarious peeping is echoed by the housekeeper-wife's calculated spying - 'If she sees anything she knows how to make use of it. She doesn't see many things.' It is inevitable, absurd but funny, when Kien is found, eventually, spending his days clamped to an ankle-level spy-hole. He has always restricted his view of things and people. He has always peered through spy-holes. Bloom, in the 'Lotus-Eaters' episode in Ulysses (1922) looks through shop windows in Dublin, and pauses to examine some field-glasses. 'Must get those old glasses of mine set right' he thinks. He walks on, looking at silks and ribbons and petticoats, thinking of Molly, and Martha's letter. Shortly after that, in the 'Nausicaa' episode (relating to the organs of eye and nose), we find him peering up Gerty MacDowell's skirt.

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iv. Epiphanies

Contrasting with the ironic modes of seeing, there is what we might call the "exalted" mode in Modernist literature. *Right* seeing is often symbolized by light. This exalted, or visionary, right-seeing shows the conservative aspect of Modernist literature; a profound regard for myth and archetype; a looking-back to golden ages. It is as if intensely felt experience may magically lift the protagonist out of discordant contemporaneity into a spiritual serenity outside of time. And this timeless exaltation can figure in novels which simultaneously use deeply ironic methods to portray 'cheap' reality. Although it may not be surprising to find the symbol of light being used ironically in the novels of Thomas Mann or Elias Canetti, it is interesting to find it being used with unironic weight by novelists such as May Sinclair, James Joyce and Aldous Huxley. In their novels light is a symbol for unification of disparities: the light of reason, the divine light of grace - enlightenment. A key word is "clairvoyance:" clear-sighted, mystical seeing - Tiresian seeing.

In the "clairvoyant" or "illuminated" seeing the height to which the "seer" rises is mystical, levitational - even heroic ('We the great gazebo built'²²). The seen subject is not dehumanized. The emphasis is not on minutiae and a vivisected, distorted humanity but on the serene light which signifies the true vision. Stephen Dedalus, in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

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(1916) experiences an 'epiphany' and epiphany means 'manifestation' in this sense, a 'showing'. The vision of the girl on the beach is mystical:

A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!

The sequence of events subsequent to the epiphany are as follows:

Stephen sees (the vision), closes his eyes (sleeps), sees again ('wave of light by wave of light'). The light confirms the truth of the 'showing.' Through closed eyes Stephen transcendently sees. In May Sinclair's Mary Olivier: A Life (1919) right-seeing and seeing 'for the first time' is symbolized by a 'queer white light.' The light re-occurs at random, without warning, to confirm occasional glimpses into 'true beauty,' At the close of Eyeless in Gaza Beavis' 'enlightenment' is emphasised by an experience which is similar in sequence to Stephen Dedalus': Sitting in a darkening room Beavis has a Yeatsian vision of 'cones' (or 'gyres') spinning and reversing through light and dark: 'Passage from wide stormy light to the still focus of darkness into another light the ultimate light that is the source and substance of all things.'

For the Symbolists the visionary experience is a divine madness granted to the artist. Arthur Symons, though, in his conclusion to his essays on the Symbolists, describes another kind of madness which does not result in the 'seeing of harmonies' but is the result of direct apprehension of the true nature of things

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and our relation to them. He describes our experience as phantasmal - a 'scarcely existing presence' where things are more real than we are, and their reality is terrifying. We are 'entrapped in smiling and many-coloured appearances' and we close the eyes of our mind in order to escape their treacherous speciosity:

...it is with a kind of terror that we wake up, every now and then, to the whole knowledge of our ignorance, and to some perception of where it is leading us. To live through a single day with that overpowering consciousness of our real position...would drive any man out of his senses.²³

This anguished perception of things is characteristic of Modernists, even when the visionary mode is employed. All the themes of seeing, in Modernism are devices for coming to terms with multiplicity and the forms of reality. In Modernist novels the protagonists view the world with wide-awake eyes, or through half-dreaming visions, or at a protected distance - but with peeled eyeballs and flayed minds. In Auto da Fé self-willed blindness is a 'weapon against time and space,' splintering time into manageable 'fragments.' We are told that Kien has not discovered blindness 'he only made use of it: a natural possibility by which the seeing live.' As this is explained the identity of protagonist and narrator blur and converge:

Shapes to which one man as well as another may well be blind, fill Kien's room, his fingers, his books. This printed page, clear and co-ordinated as any other, is in reality an inferno of furious electrons. If he were perpetually conscious of this, the letters would dance before his eyes. His fingers would feel the pressure of their evil motion like so many needle pricks It is this right to apply that blindness, which protects him from the excesses of the senses, to every disturbing element in his life. The furniture exists as little for him as the army of atoms within and about him. *Esse percipi*, to be is to be perceived. What I do not perceive does not exist. Woe to the feeble wretches who go

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blithely on their way, whate'er betide.

Whence, with cogent logic, it was proved that Kien was in no wise deceiving himself.

Not until the last sentence do we know that the 'cogent logic' does not really have authorial sanction. But it surely has authorial sympathy. Even ostrich-logic is allowed as a salve for such inescapable madness and suffering. In Modernist novels reality often disintegrates into an 'inferno of furious electrons.' And that falling apart of things and the separate "life" of things subjects protagonists to madness and suffering, for which blindness or dazzling light is sought as remedy.

CHAPTER 3

FORMLESSNESS.

Formlessness

Many Modernist novels are written in a mode popularly described as 'stream of consciousness.' Though this label may not always be apt ('stream' suggesting linearity and unimpeded progression in time) and though it may be explicitly denied by an author¹, its usage by commentators on the *genre* suggests overwhelming assumptions about the nature of Modernist novels. The adoption of the term 'stream of consciousness' as a definition of the characteristic Modernist novel expresses the assumption that exploration of consciousness is typically Modernist; that consciousness is fluid and formless; and that we may expect any description of the workings of consciousness to be similarly fluid and formless. Another associated suggestion implicit in the 'stream of consciousness' tag is that this mode is essentially feminine. That is, the mode is felt to possess qualities attributed to women. The mode is not simply described as essentially *female* (it does not 'possess' gender). Nor is it held to be *feminist* by virtue of being feminine. But throughout the extant critical writing on Modernism, it is implied that stream-of-consciousness, in its formlessness, is more feminine than masculine - even where it is employed by male writers.

In a post-feminist context, the use of the terms 'female' and 'feminine' are not straight-forward. They have had particular meanings which have changed, and are still changing as feminists

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reject labels which are charged with derogatory force, or reclaim them for women by redefining them in a positive sense. The terms change again, as post-feminists conflict with each other in their assertions as to what women and their works are. It is necessary to bear these overlapping definitions and contradictions in mind when considering the criticism of women's literature. A necessarily reductive overview of feminist criticism shows the contradictions in the definitions of women's works, as follows. Feminist criticism ranges from liberal (where equality is demanded) to radical (where difference is celebrated) stances. But the critical canon includes a view which seeks to deconstruct the polar oppositions of masculine and feminine, and challenges the concept of identity. Even more radically, and from an opposite viewpoint to the deconstructionists, feminist criticism includes a biologist approach, which celebrates the *jouissance*, female sexuality, in women's written works. '*écriture féminine*' reasserts the binary distinctions of male and female. Further, it rejects labels altogether (including 'feminism') as male concepts imposing rationalist and confining order.² The terms 'female' and 'feminine' will be used, in the following discussion, to mean simply gender, and qualities associated with gender, respectively.

Some critics (including feminist critics) have held that there is an essentially *female* form of utterance - in speech and in writing - others recognise that it is ultimately impossible to define a female, or feminine, written mode. (This debate will be

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discussed in the second section of this chapter.) More credibly, feminist critics recognise that even a writer such as Dorothy Richardson, who has gained a reputation for having invented the 'woman's sentence,' has, rather, portrayed a woman's alternative point of view. Alternative, that is, to a pervasive male point of view. Jane Miller (in Women Writing About Men), for instance, makes this distinction clear:

... Dorothy Richardson was never claiming anything as 'intrinsically' feminine. Rather, she was posing different kinds of writing and different modes of thought, behaviour, looking and hearing and speaking, which in their difference exposed conventions of narrative as both arbitrary and historically deriving from men's points of view.³

Definitions of femininity and masculinity are muzzy and capacious. They are also suspect - in that they may well misrepresent men and women, who may (and do sometimes) reject them. The definitions of femininity contain excessively contradictory notions. So, the employment of a 'feminine' literary mode be said to be: an expression of destructive, chaotic fragmentation; a celebration of constructive rhythmic formlessness; *or*, be an ironic intermingling of both of these aspects of multiplicity. Moreover, the characterization of literary modes, by critics, as 'feminine,' may suggest praise or blame. The intention, in this chapter, is to examine how the concept of formless consciousness is illustrated in Modernist novels, and to discuss the identification of formlessness with femininity.

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1. 'Multiplicity of Moments'

The literary representation of consciousness as fluid and formless was endorsed by the findings of psychology and philosophy. The term 'stream of consciousness' is said to have been coined first by William James.⁴ But Pater's definition of consciousness in his 'Conclusion' (1868) to Studies in the History of the Renaissance (1873)⁵ pre-dates James' much-quoted definition of consciousness as a stream. In Pater's essay, consciousness is defined as a 'tremulous wisp constantly reforming itself on the stream' ... 'the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations ...' Henri Bergson expanded these existing ideas on the subjective apprehension of reality into an exhaustive and influential philosophy. Bergson's Introduction to Metaphysics (Introduction à la Métaphysique - 1903) uses the metaphor of a river (approximating to James' and Pater's stream) to describe duration - the crucial feature when analysing what we call 'self:'

If I consider duration as multiplicity of moments bound to each other by a unity which goes through them like a thread, then, however short the chosen duration may be, these moments are unlimited in number.... Looked at from the point of view of multiplicity, then, duration disintegrates into a powder of moments, none of which endures, each being an instantaneity.⁶

Duration is best described as a 'bottomless, bankless river.'⁷ Just as self cannot be wholly grasped by intellectual concepts - it must be 'intuited,' so a metaphorical term enables the mind to grasp an abstract conception. Bergson attempts to rid the image

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of a river of its spatial element; it has no depth, no width, only movement. But the movement is not in time - there is no past or future, there is only the mobile moment.

The popularity of Bergson's philosophy was due to his shunning of abstract intangibilities. Bergsonian philosophy attempts, through strong simple images (like the image of the river) a true recognition of actual experience. Virginia Woolf's sister-in-law, Karin Stephen, in The Misuse of Mind (1922) explains the popularity of Bergson's philosophy:

...it gives expression to a feeling which is very widespread at the present time, a distrust of systems, theories, logical constructions, the assumption of premises and then the acceptance of everything that follows logically from them. There is a sense of impatience with thought and a thirst for the actual, the concrete. It is because the whole drift of Bergson's writing is an incitement to throw over abstractions and get back to facts that so many people read him, hoping that he will put into words and find an answer to the unformulated doubt that haunts them.⁹

So, in a sense, Bergsonism may be interpreted as a form of anti-intellectualism. Our interpretation of experience must rely upon an imaginative and physical *knowing* of experience - rather than a purely cerebral *thinking* about it. And any account of experience - the 'fluid mass of our whole psychical existence' as Bergson puts it⁹ must attempt to represent the whole, not merely the parts.

In tapping our own knowledge of experience we must attend to the whole:

By focussing our attention upon anything less than the whole fact, and so isolating a part from the rest, he [Bergson] says, we distort what we knew originally.¹⁰

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Therefore, the attention to detail in those novels called 'stream of consciousness' is not intended to be a distortion of experience, but an attempt to represent the whole of existence and thus avoid gross distortion. It is inevitable that that faithful representation of fragments should equally portray a simultaneous Modernist apprehension of impoverished fragmentary experience - and coincide with that inverted distortion which Ortega Y Gasset calls 'dehumanization:' producing an 'art in which the small events of life appear in the foreground with monumental dimensions.'''

The current ideas which Karin Stephen described - the rejection of positivism and demand for a more 'real' representation of reality - are apparent in the writing about, and in, Modernist novels. Literary form and technique attempts to mime the 'fluid mass' and 'multiplicity of moments' described by Bergson. Edwin Muir's Structure of the Novel (1928) discusses the aims of contemporary novels whilst declaring their inevitable failure:

It is axiomatic that the pattern of no novel, however formless, can ever be so formless as life as we see it; for even Ulysses is less confusing than Dublin.¹²

E.M. Forster's Aspects of the Novel (1927) considers the possibility of a radically organic form for the novel:

After all, why has a novel to be planned? Cannot it grow? Why need it close as a play closes? Cannot it open out? Cannot fiction devise a framework that is not so logical yet more suitable to its genius?¹³

The traditional concept of plot as an organic but finite stable structure is expressed by, for example, Ivy Compton Burnett: 'A

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plot is like the bones of a person ... the support of the whole.''⁴ In Aspects of the Novel Forster inverts that image, substituting 'story' for 'plot.' To 'story-tell' is 'low' and 'atavistic,' yet, the story runs through a novel supporting 'finer growths' ('melody, or the perception of the truth'): 'It runs like a backbone - or may I say a tape-worm, for its beginning and end are arbitrary.''⁵ The apparent backbone is really invertebrate, formless. What appears to be a solid structure is actually subsidiary to the 'higher,' 'finer growths.' Moreover, Forster's use of the image of the tape-worm reminds us of his disquiet, and of the repellant aspects of formlessness. Indeed, Forster does not employ 'natural' formlessness for his own writing. In this essay he casts time as the 'enemy' - in the study and in the writing of literature. And he illustrates conventional time by using a simile of a stream (thereby exposing the weakness of this image, its suggestions of linearity and measurable movement in time). What we should attempt is to 'catch the flux as it moves.' (Muir says that this is Joyce's prime intention in Ulysses'⁶)

Conrad's preface to The Nigger of the 'Narcissus' (1897) said that the 'artistic aim when expressing itself in written word must also [as all other art forms] make its appeal through the senses ...':

It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music - which is the art of arts.

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It seems literature can only be described in terms of other art-forms. Percy Lubbock's The Craft of Fiction (1921) argues that the 'art of fiction' may be 'a peculiar case, unusually exempt from the rules that bind the rest ...' Expressions such as 'form,' 'design,' and 'composition' when applied to literature 'must fit it loosely and insecurely at best ... They are words usurped from other arts, words that suppose a visible and measurable object painted or carved.'¹⁷ He assumes, then, that literature is protean and intangible, so the concept of form in literature is intensely problematical. (He does, though, use the familiar and not entirely apt simile of the stream: when we read a book it reaches us not as a 'single form ... but as a moving stream of impressions, paid out of the volume in a slender thread.'¹⁸)

The Modernist belief that literature, like consciousness, is or should be formless is evident within novels of the period - in discourse and/or technique. Forster makes an analogy between music and literature in Aspects of the Novel, preferring the apt 'waxing and waning' of rhythm to the constancy of pattern.¹⁹ Music provides a near perfect analogue of the rhythmic flux of existence which some novelists attempt to emulate. The analogy had often been used for poetry. Edmund Wilson, in Axel's Castle (1931) quotes Poe, as a precursor of Modernism, on the subject:

'I know that ... indefiniteness is an element of the true nature [of poetry] - I mean of the true musical expression a suggestive indefiniteness of vague and therefore of spiritual effect.'²⁰

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We may relate to this Mallarmé's principle that 'to name is to destroy, to suggest is to create,'²¹ and by extension, to the Symbolist genre. Wilson continues: 'And to approximate to the indefiniteness of music was to become one of the principal aims of Symbolism.'²² But we may also mark its continuing influence on the Modernist novelists.

Proust uses Vinteuil's musical phrases as a linking device in Remembrance of Things Past (1913-1927) and as a punning comment on his literary technique. In Gide's The Counterfeiters (1925) Edouard says: "'What I should like to do is something like the art of fugue writing. And I can't see why what was possible in music should be impossible in literature'" In Huxley's Point Counter Point (1928) Quarles similarly discusses a method of writing:

The musicalization of fiction ... in a large scale, ... A theme is started, then developed, pushed out of shape, imperceptibly deformed, until, though still recognisably the same, it has become quite different.

But the analogy with music suggests a serenity which is not always achieved, or sought, within the Modernist novel. A quality of disquiet emerges in the debates on formlessness. What was held to be solid and inevitable dissolves and shifts disconcertingly. The protagonists' confidence, in novels such as The Counterfeiters and Point Counter Point, ironically contrasts with the Modernist author's awareness of the unconquerably protean nature of writing.

ii. 'This Feminine Streak'

The 'spirituality' of the Modernist novelists' works has been contrasted with the 'manly' materiality of the realist novelists - Galsworthy, Bennett or Wells, for instance. Spirituality is often defined as feminine but the feminine quality in the work of writers such as Gide, Proust, Forster, Joyce or Faulkner is sometimes attributed to their respective sexual proclivities - as if their preferences were part and parcel of their actual writing, and their works consequently embody sexuality. Quite how literature may "embody" sexual predilection (rather than prosaically express it) though, has never been satisfactorily explained. Prose style has on occasion been defined as feminine or masculine. Virginia Woolf said that Richardson had coined the 'woman's sentence,' by her invention of the 'psychological sentence of the feminine gender.'²³ But by the phrase 'woman's sentence' Virginia Woolf means that which 'describes a woman's mind' - she does not mean to suggest a specific technique. Whereas Richardson does imply a technique - saying that 'feminine prose' should be 'unpunctuated, moving from point to point without formal obstructions.' And Richardson also claims a literary precedence for this unobstructed prose, demonstrated by Dickens and Joyce (in their representations of women).

A (necessarily) brief and reductive definition of a major distinction between Anglo-American and French feminism shows how

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one 'school' is antipathetic to Modernism, whilst the other is sympathetic. Anglo-American feminism derives from a Marxist/humanist viewpoint. This suspects Modernism for its anti-humanism. Modernist works are 'reactionary' in their subjectivism and individualism, and in their subversion of realism. Even women writing within the Modernist mode are criticised for not portraying a totalizing view of women in a patriarchal society. French feminists are attracted to the subjective and fragmentary nature of Modernism, and to its exploration of the unconscious. They focus on the text, and textual theory; whereas Anglo-American feminist critics relegate the importance of the text in favour of the content. They seek a polemical narrative, as if it were self-generated, divorced from the style and form of writing.²⁴ Yet both aspects of feminist criticism have theories on the written language of women. And both, often, declare that there are identifiable characteristics which belong solely to the writing of women.

There have been claims by feminist critics that a typically female characteristic in ways of speaking and writing is an inconclusive and hesitant mode. Casey Miller and Kate Swift, in Words and Women (1976), define the typically 'deferential' speech of women. They point out the frequency of what they call a 'tag question' - adding a question to the end of a statement. 'Rather than making a simple strong statement' a woman 'gives the impression that she is unsure of her opinion, is reluctant to state it flat out, and is asking for confirmation.'²⁵ It is

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argued that these speech mannerisms are reflected in the literary style of women. Some French feminists (as distinct from Anglo-American feminists), who seek to define femininity in terms free from the influence of patriarchal discourse, seem dangerously near confirming the stereotypical images pinned upon women²⁶. They celebrate the biological difference and uniqueness of women. Luce Irigaray, for instance, in her essay '*La "mécanique" des fluides*' ('The "mechanics" of fluids' - 1977), seeks to 'mimic' and thus reclaim the association of women's language with fluids:

'It is continuous, compressible, dilatible, viscous, conductive, diffusible. ... It never ends, it is powerful and powerless through its resistance to that which can be counted ...'²⁷

It is ironic that feminist attempts to define a feminine prose reinforce common assumptions about women:

Statistical surveys conducted by contemporary researchers into linguistic sex differences seem, ironically, for all the desire not to fall back on stereotyped notions of sex roles, to have found a set of predictable characteristics applying to female as against male language: it is simpler, using shorter sentences and fewer subclauses; and this also involves it being, in construction and syntax, more illogical and incoherent. It is also more emotional; and finally, it is more adapted to the situation in which the speech occurs than its male counterpoint.²⁸

But, it is comforting to remember that these 'findings' do not, and cannot, apply neatly. When men and women write they often share these characteristics. Especially when they write within the Modernist mode:

As far as the study of sex differences in language goes, any analysis of isolated fragments (sentences) in literature, as for instance in the much-quoted case of Virginia Woolf's theory of the 'woman's sentence,' will warrant no specific conclusions whatever, since the very same structures can be found in male writers (Proust, for example, or other modernists).²⁹

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Arguments of a typically feminine style are more convincing when technique is associated with subject. It is true that when the whole text is studied, and compared with other texts, definitions of feminine writing make more sense. Yet, Hélène Cixous, another French feminist, who agrees that '... with a few rare exceptions, there has not yet been any writing that inscribes femininity' (and describes the search for the exceptions as 'this vain scouting mission') denies the possibility of ever 'defining' a feminine practice of writing. Cixous, in '*Le rire de la Méduse*' ('The Laugh of the Medusa' - 1975) says that though women's writing 'can never be theorized, enclosed, coded' that 'doesn't mean that it doesn't exist.'³⁰ Cixous typifies, in this respect, an aspect of French feminism which rejects labels (including 'feminism' and 'sexism'):

... they see such labelling activity as betraying a phallogocentric drive to stabilize, organise and rationalise our conceptual universe. They argue that it is masculine rationality that has always privileged reason, order, unity and lucidity, and that it has done so by silencing and excluding the irrationality, chaos and fragmentation that has come to represent feminity.³¹

This passage is quoted in Toril Moi's Sexual/Textual Politics: Feminist Literary Theory (1985). Toril Moi, referring to the sexual categories that are reinforced in such criticism, holds the view that 'it is necessary to deconstruct the opposition between traditionally "masculine" and traditionally "feminine" values.'³² She argues for a society where qualities are not banished as unacceptably 'unfeminine' - which is what such criticism really does - but where we cease to categorise qualities as either masculine or feminine.

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In Thinking About Women (1979), Mary Ellmann takes this point of view. She discusses the imposition of sexual analogy upon women, and wittily analyses the major stereotypes of femininity. She agrees that it is, after all, 'impossible to determine a sexual sentence'³³, not because women's writing defies definition, but because, pragmatically, the definition cannot sensibly apply. She says that women tend to write about the 'under life.' Their doing so is a gesture of denial, an unwillingness to speak of conventionally valued subjects. They typically use the 'indecisive' or 'impeded' mode of writing. (Not impeded by the 'formal obstructions' of punctuation, to which Richardson refers, but by switches in thought and subject.) Ellmann says:

...these forms of reluctance to speak yield to the relaxation of the sentence into its least strenuous, least periodic form. This relaxation is an equal denial of authority, but the first qualities put forward in its place are tentative: an acknowledgement of minute qualifications, a fidelity to all flickers and tremors of sensation. In this kind of sentence especially, the sense of the manipulation of experience yields entirely to the sense of its sheer reception.³⁴

Mary Ellmann concedes that the 'impeded' mode is 'adapted to either sex's awareness of under-life'³⁵ but finds it most obviously in the writing of women. And, though we may recognise some of these aspects in men's writings about 'under-life,' the description falls short. Joyce, for instance, in Ulysses (1922) (apart from ironic experimentation with numerous prose styles) achieves something far tougher and more authoritative than an account of the 'sense' of the 'sheer reception' of experience - though he does that too. Proust's sentences can hardly be described as the 'least strenuous,' 'least periodic' form: they

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achieve 'minute qualifications' through formal, highly periodic grammatical form. Gide's style cannot be called 'unemphatic,' nor does Forster's writing demonstrate a 'denial of authority.'

Feminist critical theory has sought to redress the imbalance found in the traditional evaluation of men and women's literature. But during the first three decades of the twentieth century, the 'feminine' quality in Modernist works had an ambiguous status. Antipathetic critics of Modernist literature, in the Modernist period, cite neurasthenia, decadence, egotism, downright immorality, and (especially) effeminacy. Writers themselves make harsh critics. D.H. Lawrence's strictures against what he saw as the unhealthy state of the contemporary novel (in 'Surgery for the Novel - Or a Bomb'³⁶, for instance) is an example of a writer mistrusting his own *genre*. Compton Mackenzie's Literature in My Own Time (1935) shows a typical example of a writer commenting on his own time - at the time. He finds Forster's and (ironically) Lawrence's novels (especially Howards End (1910) and The White Peacock (1911)) 'curiously feminine:'

The achievement of a partially masculine point of view by so many women writers seemed likely to be accompanied by a parallel feminization of many male writers.³⁷

Compton Mackenzie fears that 'Henry James himself had this feminine streak' and sees the feminine influence as sinisterly inescapable though not entirely unwelcome.³⁸ The opinions of novelist and critic are echoed in the opinions of fictional protagonists. In Wyndham Lewis' Tarr (1918) the eponymous

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protagonist attributes gender to experience and to all forms of life. In his analysis he deifies male-ness, and relegates female-ness to *all* forms of life lower than divinity. The odd conclusion is: genius is masculine and is at the same time divinely sexless; femininity is ubiquitous, uninspired and base. It can be justifiably assumed that Tarr's self-declared virile genius figures Wyndham Lewis' idea of his own - and Tarr's opinion of some fellow artists echoes Lewis' opinion of an effeminate Modernist type. Moreover, Tarr's description of femininity as 'jellyish diffuseness' is an explicit identification of femininity with formlessness. (And here femininity is despised, and formlessness loathed.) May Sinclair's The Creators; A Comedy (1910) suggests another, commonly expressed, aspect of femininity - the extreme opposite to Lewis' views of masculine artistic genius. In this novel a male character (who is a writer) declares genius to be 'feminine ... humble and passive in its attitude to life ...'³⁹ But, as Sydney Janet Kaplan says (in Feminine Consciousness in the Modern British Novel):

This kind of genius is 'feminine' only in that it imitates the traditional concept of feminine receptivity: its passivity and its openness to physical reality. But the paradox is that this particular 'femininity' may be more easily achieved by males.⁴⁰

Both ideas of femininity (as repellant or worthy of reverence) depend upon stereotypes for their justification.

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iii. The Soft Machine and The Soft Form

In Tarr, Lewis provides the most explicit and lengthy illustration of the respective properties of fluidity and solidity, in form. An alternative preoccupation to formlessness, in Modernist thinking, is apparent. That is, the preoccupation with mechanical, dynamic power. In this novel, fluidity is repulsive and, to a certain extent fearsome. Solidity is a higher quality. It is associated with superior art, which in turn is associated with forms of mechanism - all of which is characterised as masculine. Flesh, in general, is repulsive and despicable, and flux is the enemy of true art - which is un-human:

'Anything living, quick and changing is bad art always; naked men and women are the worst art of all, because there are fewer semi-dead things about them ... Soft quivering and quick flesh is as far from art as it is possible for an object to be.'

The 'comedy' in Tarr is meant to arise from the casting of people and their actions as mechanical,⁴¹ but women characters in Tarr are cast as soft machines: imperfect machines whose visceral parts are odiously synonymous with their psychology. The Bertha character is the antithesis of a character called Kreisler who is repeatedly described as a 'machine.' His 'comic' automatism is mock-epic, but there is an undoubted admiration for the mechanistic mind, despite the satire. Flesh encumbers the pure logic and energy of mind. And machines are the supreme creation

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of mind. In one passage, Tarr hears a car approach, and the car is imagined as the supreme mind *carrying* anachronistic flesh:

This masterful sound struck steadily and at once into brutish apathy: it so plainly knew what it wanted. Men in their soft bodies still contained the apathy of the fields: their mind had burst out of them and taken those crawling pulps up on its back.

The images of men and women in Tarr correspond with the frequent images of incongruous soft machines, jointed mechanical men and blowzy viscid women in Modernist paintings: Dali's dissolving watches; Grosz's pig-like fleshy whores; Max Ernst's inhuman, murderous man-machine; the Futurists' and Vorticists' mechanistic designs.⁴²

The traditional personification of Nature as the ultimate 'she,' the eternal generative principle, is overturned by Modernists who conceive of nature as anarchic, or conversely, as a masculine dynamic force. Henry Adams, in The Education of Henry Adams (1918)⁴³ conceives of nature as 'an insanity of force.' Though nature is 'she,' nature is described as a twentieth-century mechanistic force. Adams' crucial image is the dynamo: the overlapping concepts mesh and tangle: nature is she, is anarchic, is modern, is mechanistic, is epitomised by man-made-objects. The Futurists compound the mish-mash of concepts. Marinetti, in the 'Manifesto of Futurism' (1909)⁴⁴ eschews the conventional 'she' persona in nature. They offer their deeds, their joy in mechanical force to themselves, in praise of themselves. Mechanical force has no deity: they - the Futurists - embody it, they have conquered Nature. There are contradictory images, in

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the Manifesto, of woman as murky fluidity ('Ah!, motherly ditch, half full of muddy water! ...'); as a primal generative ooze (the 'bracing slime' reminds Marinetti of a wet-nurse⁴⁵); and there is a correspondence drawn between mother-slime and 'good factory slime.'

However, alongside the Vorticists and Futurists, Modernism contains more conventional views of Nature - as a shaping force and form. And, again, Nature is associated with women - though, as always, in contradictory ways. Because, traditionally, woman is conceived of as a type of undeveloped intellect an associated myth declares her to have (or to be) the key to ancient modes of barbarous superstition. In this light, she is representative of the underlying anarchic savagery beneath the veneer of civilization. In another, entirely different light, women have a rarely spiritual quality stemming from their profound and mysterious association with nature. The contradictions are demonstrated in Edward Thomas' Feminine Influence on the Poets (1910). Thomas, on the one hand, believes that women have become a 'race apart' because of their being 'kept down' historically by 'legal and physical inferiority,' and:

Women are still a race apart. They are foreigners, their world is another world, ever at hand, ever unavoidable, ever mysterious; and through this world is a man's nearest path to the strangeness of things.⁴⁶

On the other hand, Thomas provides another (equally glowing) explanation of women:

Women are more earthly than men, more directly and practically connected with the circumstances and foundations of life. The earth and this life are nearly good enough for

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them; not from them has there ever been much whining about their souls and immortality.⁴⁷

This thinking persists into *avant-garde* Modernism. The classicist aspect which co-exists besides the iconoclastic aversion to tradition, in Modernism, conserves archetypal symbols and myths. Formlessness is repeatedly associated with femininity. Femininity in turn may be repulsive, base, viscid liquidity (in the mechanistic mode), or (in the intuitive mode) may be free, fecund, flowing and ethereal. And the second passage from Feminine Influence on the Poets quoted above provides yet another aspect of Nature-as-formlessness-as-feminine. Earth-bound, practical femininity is the antithesis to the concept of either versions of fluid, formless femininity.

There is a supreme example, in Modernist fiction, of femininity as fluid formlessness, and of the novel form 'becoming' just that. Ulysses (1922) enacts the loose, associative structure of consciousness and portrays a paradigm of essential femininity. The character of Molly Bloom demonstrates that ironic mingling of the mechanist and intuitive modes. She is symbolized by liquidity, in a sardonically punning way - water and blood and formless utterance. The 'Penelope' episode in Ulysses is the most fluid scene in the book. It is not typical of the novel, however varied in technique that may be. It is, structurally, a post-script.⁴⁸ It looks forward to the experimentation in associative fluidity in Finnegans Wake (1939), and looks back at the 'Ithaca' episode in Ulysses (and the preceding episodes).

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Yet, though Molly Bloom is often held to represent the fluid nature of feminine consciousness, she more accurately and completely symbolizes the (very) fleshy practical sexuality which contrasts with Stephen Dedalus' and Bloom's intellectual aspirations. The male protagonists' sexuality is a more rarefied, agonized matter - despite its ironically bathetic commonplace conclusions. Edmund Wilson's terminology, in comparing Molly Bloom's 'ruminations' and Stephen Dedalus' 'rhapsody' (in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man - 1916) shows his recognition of Joyce's distinctions between physical femininity and cerebral masculinity:

These two great flights of the mind carry off all the ignominies and trivialities through which Joyce has made us pass: they seem to me - the soaring silver prose of the one, the deep embedded pulse of the other - among the supreme expressions in literature of the creative powers of humanity: they are, respectively, the justification of the woman and the man.⁴⁹

A woman's view of men - and in particular male writers, contrasts usefully with this. Virginia Woolf, in 'Modern Fiction' (1919)⁵⁰ makes a distinction between feminine ethereal spirituality and masculine base solidity. She refers to Wells, Conrad and Galsworthy as the 'materialists,' they are concerned with the body rather than the spirit, and so they have 'disappointed us.' Wells' genius has a 'fatal alloy' - a 'great clod of clay' mixes with the 'purity' of his inspiration. Solidity and stolidity are unmistakably cast as masculine attributes; purity (of artistic genius) and spirituality as feminine attributes. (Though Joyce is described as 'spiritual,' in contrast to the materialists, for all his 'sordidity;' and, elsewhere, in her diaries, Proust is

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described as combining toughness and evanescence.⁵¹) Simply by being a woman criticising men, and by making these distinctions, Woolf seems to appropriate admirably spiritual qualities for women. Yet Woolf herself knows that the type-casting of women is often absurd and contradictory. In A Room of One's Own (1929) she pithily summarises these contradictions, attributing the spiritual image to the poets' imaginings and the practical image to the historians' records:

It was certainly an odd monster that one made up by reading the historians first and the poets afterwards - a woman winged like an eagle; the spirit of life and beauty in a kitchen chopping up suet.⁵²

Formlessness in the novel is not synonymous with effortlessness. The apparently relaxed receptivity of experience in Modernist novels, the Bergsonian attention paid to 'knowing' rather than 'thinking,' does not mean that novels can be created without plan or discipline. As Karin Stephen pointed out, in The Misuse of Mind, though 'doing anything in the right way is simply letting oneself go,' it is 'not because it affords an excuse for laziness that Bergson's philosophy is popular.' Stephen points out that Bergson:

most certainly does not suggest that a philosopher should not use his mind at all ... [he must] use it for all it is worth, only differently, more efficiently ... for the purpose of knowing for its own sake.⁵³

Lily Briscoe's efforts to paint, in To The Lighthouse (1927), parallels the discipline of writing. The 'formidable space' created upon her canvas, as she draws preliminary brush-strokes, suggests the writer's blank page. Lily is 'haled away' from

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peace, gossip and community, into 'the presence of this formidable ancient enemy of hers..' Painting 'was an exacting form of intercourse...':

Other worshipful objects were content with worship; men, women, God, all let one kneel prostrate; but this form, were it only the shape of a white lamp-shade looming on a wicker table, roused one to perpetual combat, challenged one to a fight in which one was bound to be worsted.

Lily, in the last paragraphs of To The Lighthouse, is the artist-author. Her fatigue, her sense of accomplishment, seems to be synonymous with the author's. She speaks for Woolf:

'He must have reached it,' said Lily Briscoe aloud, feeling suddenly completely tired out. For the Lighthouse had become invisible, had melted away into a blue haze, and the effort of looking at it and the effort of thinking him landing there, which both seemed to be one and the same effort, had stretched her body and mind to the utmost. Ah, but she was relieved. Whatever she had wanted to give him, when he left her that morning, she had given him at last.

'He has landed,' she said aloud. 'It is finished.'

Strenuous discipline is a factor which Woolf declares apparent in the writing of women. In A Room of One's Own she describes women's 'education' as a 'drastic discipline' resulting in 'creative force.' More tellingly, perhaps, she uses images of architectural structure to describe technique in the novel. Women have suffered, in their attempts at writing, by a lack of tradition and a 'scarcity and inadequacy of tools:'

Moreover, a book is not made of sentences laid end to end, but of sentences built, if an image helps, into arcades or domes There is no reason to think that the form of the epic or of the poetic play suits a woman any more than the sentence suits her. But all the older forms of literature were hardened and set by the time she became a writer. The novel alone was young enough to be soft in her hands ...⁵⁴

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The novel form may be relatively 'soft' but any impression upon it must be energetically made. One may not simply allow a 'stream' of sentences ('laid end to end') but must *build* three-dimensional structures. Woolf continually stresses her opposition to looseness and slovenliness in writing technique, and her fluency is gained at the cost of 'apalling effort' and great 'pressure of difficulty.'⁵⁵ This labour underpins all the apparent effortlessness of accounts of consciousness.

CHAPTER 4

THE WRITTEN.

The Written

Modernist writers show exceptional self-consciousness about the specious qualities of literary language. The written word appears to give unity and substance to spoken language. But these qualities are spurious. The written form of words is held, by Modernist writers, to combine extreme opposites: rigid materiality or disturbing impalpability. The relative actuality of action, thought, objects and spoken or written words is continually referred to in the Modernist novel. And as novels are made of written words, the making of novels and the nature of novels (and novelists) is also continually referred to by their writers.

Percy Lubbock, in The Craft of Fiction (1921) pointed out that even the terms used to describe aspects of literature are borrowed (from the visual arts) - there are no accurate words to describe literary language: 'For criticizing the craft of fiction we have no other language than that which has been devised for the material arts.' The immateriality of language is thus continuously, if subterraneously, contrasted with the unchallengeable materiality of other art-forms. The contrast seems to suggest that impalpable literary language is therefore suspect; it may not, after all, be there at all. It must validate itself, assert its existence. If even the spoken word is inadequate, how may the written word, subject to the conventions of literature, be regarded? A passage such as the

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following, from Virginia Woolf's To The Lighthouse (1927)

reflects the writer's dilemma:

she [Lily Briscoe] wanted to say not one thing, but everything. Little words that broke up the thought and dismembered it said nothing one could say nothing to nobody Words fluttered sideways and struck the object inches too low. Then one gave it up For how could one express in words these emotions of the body?

Of course, Lily Briscoe's medium is paint, not words; and these different media are being contrasted. But there are other things implicit in this passage. Not only are differing aspects of reality suggested (thought, 'emotions of the body,' objects, words) but an unspoken question about the validity of the novel which expresses these things, in words, is posed.

Anxiety about the phantasmal nature of the written word is compounded, in Modernist literature, by a mistrust of the scope for spontaneity in language. The written language limits writers, controls *them* before they attempt to control it. Words are 'not innocent,'² they bring with them history, community and convention which defeats the writer's desire for new, true expression. Moreover, the fact that words are old - the vehicles of tradition - leads writers to believe that their longevity has made them rigid and unwieldy. Words have attained a stultifying corporeality unsuitable for describing the shadowy, impalpable experience which Modernist novelists wish to express. Though Conrad, in his preface to The Nigger of the 'Narcissus' (1897) refers to the 'old, old words' grown 'thin,' the personification leads us to imagine *objects* grown fragile and smooth with age and

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usage. Calamy, in Huxley's Those Barren Leaves (1925) voices the idea that words are corporeal in contrast with imaginative experience: 'How is a man to give an account of something entirely unlike the phenomena of known existence in a language invented to describe these phenomena?' Lily Briscoe felt that words lack the realness of sensible experience, but here, Calamy is attempting to suggest a reality 'totally different' to the physical environment, beyond matter and 'bodily limitations.' The reality of matter, imagination and words mesh contradictorily. Though literary language is felt to be protean to the point of dematerialization, words themselves are inextricably linked to the world of external phenomena, and are better suited to express the materiality which vies with interior experience.

1. A Borrowed Language

In the late nineteenth century Mallarmé expressed a desire for an 'inborn' language³ which 'belonged' to no-one, and this desire is characteristic of Modernist writers. A passage in Laura Riding and Robert Graves' A Survey of Modernist Poetry (1927) claims:

The whole trend of modern poetry is toward treating poetry like a sensitive substance which succeeds better when allowed to crystallize by itself than when put into prepared moulds.⁴

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Modernist writers require a language which is, above all, pure. To be pure it must be autonomous, self-born, spontaneous. It should possess (metaphorically) the intensity, integrity and substantiality of a crystal. It should be fluid (or multi-faceted) yet durable and potent enough to vie with the material arts. As complete innovation in language is impossible, words in their literary form must be galvanized, through experimentation, into rejuvenation. Finnegans Wake (1939) re-makes the language as far as it can be re-made and still be recognisable. Words merge and pun, "new" words containing layers of meaning and allusion are formed. The grammatical structures of phrases break and re-form into a rhythm which superimposes another dimension onto the written, speaking, or *singing* language. The narrative refutes sequential beginning, middle and end. Like a snake with its tail in its mouth - symbol of eternity - the end of Finnegans Wake, 'by a commodius vicus of recirculation' streams back to its beginning. Finnegans Wake is a conundrum for readers to puzzle over. Readers must exert themselves to solve the clues hidden in, and by, words. Written words are infinite in their potential but limited in their application - unless strenuous effort (or "supernatural" transubstantiation) undermines their dull palpability, clotted with history and convention. An incident in a Knut Hamsun novel (a precursor to the Modernist era) is an example of the Modernist novelists' ironic attitude towards their medium. The protagonist of Hunger (1890) imagines, in a delirium, that he has coined a neologism. The new word is 'Kubooa.' What it means is secondary to its discovery. The

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protagonist, obsessed by words in his illness, assures himself that the word may mean whatever he chooses; the excitement lies in 'discovering' an autonomous, virgin word. For a while there seems to be a conviction that words may have a self-generated autonomous potency. But when we 'wake' we know that words do not exist in a self-governing primal state. They are what they mean, and they are all that we have for expressing ourselves in literature. Modernist novelists, with a sense of irony, make use of what is obviously there. And the obvious source of the written word is the spoken word.

Stephen Spender, in The Struggle of the Modern, analyses the various 'programmes of techniques' in Modernist literature and suggests 'Realization' as the first category. This, he feels, is the 'primary gesture' of Modernism, and that it reveals 'the determination to invent a new style in order to express the deeply felt change in the modern world.' ('Style,' here, has the weight of the general term used in literary criticism: a manner of writing; the collective characteristics of a literary movement.) Spender says that authors exploit the idiom of everyday speech. Everyday language reflects the changes in the 'texture of living.' Authors, consequently, 'have to learn the idiom of changed speech, vision and hearing, and then mould the modern experience into forms either revolutionized or modified.' Spender, therefore, finds the invention of an idiom which responds to (and corresponds with) contemporary phenomena an outstanding Modernist characteristic: 'The street speaks the

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idiom and the idiom, in the mind of the artist, invents the form.⁶ Spender cites Eliot and Joyce as exponents of this device but the whole passage suggests something further; it suggests the crucial difference between language as speech and language as writing.

Speech has an authenticity which the written language lacks. It is more actual, based on sound which is a truer 'bond' than a literary system.⁶ The permanence and actuality of writing is only apparent. Though visual impressions lead us to believe that a phenomenon is incontestably *there*, the graphic form of words is only an inadequate imitation of the primary (and purer) form of language - speech. Speech, though, belongs to the wider, public context: language. And speech is dependent upon a social contract; for language is:

the social side of speech, outside the individual who can never create nor modify it by himself; it exists only by virtue of a sort of contract signed by members of a community.⁷

A purely private mode of utterance would be, after all, unintelligible. In order to communicate, recognisable forms must be used. So, a revolt from the conventions of literary language via an employment of the spoken idiom can only be expressed in a literary form. Willy-nilly, writers engage with a world which extends beyond their individual apprehension. They cannot escape the reciprocal influence of the connotations inherent in the language they use. The individual impulse must be translated into a social act, because no matter how 'private' the

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experience,⁸ if it is to be communicated at all the mode of communication is a social mode. Language is communal; speech is not free because it must make a contract with language; and the mode of writing is a social function.

Mallarmé claims that language is imperfect because it is 'multiple.' He wants singleness, purity, one 'supreme language:' '... the diversity of languages on earth means that no one can utter words which would bear the miraculous stamp of Truth Herself Incarnate.' The ideal language should be immediately assimilable, 'stretched beneath our mastering glance, arranged in enduring figures, and followed by silence.'⁹ Mallarmé wants language to correspond with a concrete three-dimensional artifact, and he wants it to be utterly unambiguous - the sole possession of the artist. This "crisis" for poets, in their awareness of the monstrous multiformity and indiscriminate ownership of language, persists throughout the Modernist period. As if in an attempt to refute the rigidity of words, writers deny the corporeality of words used in common parlance. They claim, rather, that language in common use is insubstantial compared with the higher substance of poetic language. In 1922 Rilke claimed that the poet could redeem the properties of language in 'common use,' radically transform it and by a transubstantiation, give it permanence:

No word in the poem (I mean here every 'and' or 'the') is identified with the same-sounding word in common use and conversation; the pure conformity with the law, the great relationship, the constellation it occupies in verse or artistic prose, changes it to the core of its nature, renders it useless, unserviceable for mere everyday use, untouchable

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and permanent.¹⁰

In the 1930s Valéry argues a similar case at greater length. He describes, in 'Poetry and Abstract Thought,' poetry as being a 'language within a language' arguing that the true poet redeems utilitarian language (in this case, everyday speech) by a modifying poetic process. The poet, he says, must 'borrow' language from the public, although everyday language is 'soiled.' Not only is it second-hand and essentially practical, it is mutable and ephemeral. From this must be drawn the 'pure, ideal Voice;' poetic utterance which has permanence and substance. Whereas utilitarian utterance 'evaporates almost as it is heard,' the poem 'does not die for having lived: it is expressly designed to be born again from its ashes and to become endlessly what it has just been.' This is an extension of the characteristic debate about substance versus impalpability in the written word. Valéry undermines even the touchstone of speech: not even the spoken word is substantial - at least not for long. It is ultimately shadowy and transitory in comparison with the poetically transformed word.

Yet sound is, for Valéry, an essential constituent in poetic language. Poetry, or 'artistic prose,' achieves a harmonious balance between the 'Voice in action' and 'everything that makes the *content*.' The resulting symmetry sets in motion a 'living pendulum' which swings unceasingly between '*sound*' and '*sense*.'¹¹ Modernist novelists do not share these poets' confidence in the artist's divine ability to redeem and immortalize language.

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They, too, seek a 'language within a language' but their quest is, in part, their subject matter. And there is an omnipresent awareness of the impossibility of claiming a new, pure mode.

ii. Counterfeit Coins

In Modernist novels external phenomena have an extraordinary potency. Often, the stability and permanence of the material world looms ominously and unsympathetically. Often protagonists feel that objects challenge the authenticity of their private experience. In Musil's Young Törless (1906) the protagonist (who feels anguish at the 'failure' and 'evasive,' 'accidental' nature of language) as 'assailed' at times 'even by inanimate objects, by mere things as by hundreds of mutely questioning eyes.' In turn, an author's relatively successful realization of phenomena has ambiguity. Degrees of realness in the phenomenal and fictional world may be disconcertingly juxtaposed. Martha Clifford's misliteration in her letter to Bloom, in Ulysses (1922) ("I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word.") indicates the felt confusion between the two things - word and world - and their inextricable involvement with each other. We can observe writers aspiring toward an actuality vieing with that of material phenomena, and writers who eschew materiality and concentrate more upon the

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immateriality of interior experience. Both want their writing to be that which they describe. Writers differ in their confidence in literary language, but throughout the approximately thirty-year span of Modernism the major writers concern themselves with the quest for a newly real language. The paradox is that they require words to be as solidly dependable as building blocks, and their literary structure to appear to be as amorphous as water.

Words cannot be like bricks, though, as Virginia Woolf points out. Although she uses architectural images when discussing literature in *A Room of One's Own* (1929), referring to sentences being 'built' as are 'arcades or domes'¹² Woolf is referring to the building work, not the materials. This is even clearer in her essay 'How Should One Read a Book?' where any suggestion that words are solid - or that form is amorphous - is dispelled. Though a novel attempts to 'make something as formal and controlled as a building,' words are 'more impalpable than bricks.'¹³ Yet words can be as potent as visual images. Words can have a visual property (apart from that in their graphic form) which contrasts with their primal, aural quality. Words can invoke an image in the mind as resonant as a primary colour. We may imagine words to be like those children's toy bricks - meant for spelling out words and colours, not for building substantial structures with. Rimbaud's sonnet '*Voyelles*' attributes a colour to each vowel. Arthur Symons quotes Rimbaud as claiming: "'I invented the colour of the vowels: A, black; E, white; I, red; O, blue; U, green'" and suggests that Rimbaud may

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have had in mind 'an old ABC book' where 'the little illustrative pictures are oddly in keeping with the images of Rimbaud.'¹⁴

The idea that words, rather than individual letters, have a capacity for recalling nursery-picture images in bright, unambiguous colours is seen again in Proust's Swann's Way (1913).

Marcel finds that:

Words present to us little pictures of things, lucid and normal, like the pictures that are hung on the walls of schoolrooms to give children an illustration...of things chosen as typical.¹⁵

This apparent faith in the primary substance of words is a whimsical plea for simplicity in the face of the conviction that words are *not* simple, not always lucid or even true.

In 'The Art of Fiction' (1884) Henry James draws an analogy between painting and writing. Painting, as a vehicle, is as subject to doubts about the efficacy of medium as is literature. Yet painting is described as an 'exact art,' unlike literature, and the 'grammar of painting is so much more definite' when compared with literature. James suggests also that one cannot be so easily 'taken in' by visual arts. He refers to the 'honesty of pink and green and a gilt frame; you can see the worst of it at a glance, and you can be on your guard.'¹⁶ Early twentieth-century writers show a less trusting attitude to written words. Conrad's novel Under Western Eyes (1911) which is, in a sense, about language (a 'documentary evidence' brought before the 'mute witness' of a teacher of languages) is prefaced (in 1923) by the author's claim to be expressing *truth*.¹⁷ Yet, the strenuousness

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of the claim, and the play between fiction and 'documentary' evidence casts an ambivalent light on declared objectivity. This contrasts with other writers' more Modernist awareness of the deceptive character of literary language. Musil's Young Törless, which predates Under Western Eyes, is prefaced with a passage by Maeterlinck, referring to the 'false stones and chips of glass' which inadequately represent the unmined 'treasure' of reality.¹⁹ The supreme *exposé*, however, is in Gide's The Counterfeiters (1925) where hypocrisy, forgery and false representation are all shown, ironically, to be unavoidable aspects of literary language.²⁰ Henry James requires that literature should aspire to the honesty of painting, and believes that it can. Though he speaks of the incomplete and 'web-like' sensibility of experience, and admits the merit in recording 'impressions,' he favours the 'air of reality (solidity of specification)' as the 'supreme virtue.'²⁰ James, in his essay, 'The Future of the Novel' (1899) defends the capacity of literary representation. Though the novel has gained a self-consciousness (which marks its modernity) that is not necessarily simultaneous with a lack of faith: '... the prose picture can never be at the end of its tether until it loses the sense of what it can do. It can do simply everything and that is its strength and life.'²¹

Modernist writers may not have lost the sense of what their prose can do, but they do often *mistrust* what it does, despite their own efforts. James' term 'prose picture' recalls the interdependence of writing and visual image. But later writers

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draw attention to the fraudulent, elusive nature of that relationship. Their strenuous efforts to pin down the reciprocity of sound, word and image becomes their subject matter. In May Sinclair's Mary Olivier: A Life (1919) the eponymous protagonist describes her first attempts at writing. She tries to 'catch' patterns of image and sound that flow before her. But they elude her. Although they 'belong' to each other, 'when she tried to bring them together they fell apart.' (See Part II, Chapter 10 - 'Words'.) Sound and image belong together in writing; both are evidence of realness, but both are protean. They will not stand witness, as it were, to the authenticity of written language. They possess degrees of solidity but show no solidarity.

iii. A Net of Words

In A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916) there is a passage where Stephen compares the 'colours' of words with their rhythmic composition into phrases:

The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the grey-fringed fleece of clouds. No it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself.

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Stephen is not describing colour with words, he is describing words through colour. He finds that he prefers contemplation of his inner world to contemplation of the outer world. Was it because of his weak sight, he wonders, that he:

drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many-coloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose?

Here, the protagonist distinguishes between thought and things, and the structural composition of words as opposed to their individual properties. In The Waves (1931) Bernard abandons words in preference to things. He begins to "distrust neat designs of life that are drawn upon half-sheets of note-paper" and begins to "long for some little language such as lovers use, broken words, inarticulate words ...". His sentences which seem 'whole and entire' are merely a poor 'catch' of a few 'little fish' words, whilst a million others 'leap and sizzle,' slip through his fingers and return to the 'cauldron.' "I have done with phrases," he says; silence is better: "Let me sit here for ever with bare things, this coffee-cup, this knife, this fork, things in themselves, myself being myself."

The literary process of competing with phenomena - 'things in themselves' - is embattled. Merely to mentally assimilate and articulate experience requires an immense daily struggle:

'It is the effort and the struggle, it is the perpetual warfare, it is the shattering and piecing together - this is the daily battle, defeat or victory, the absorbing pursuit. The trees, scattered, put on order; the thick green of the leaves thinned itself to a dancing light. I netted them under with a sudden phrase. I retrieved them from

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formlessness with words.'

Bernard's despair, in The Waves, contrasts with Stephen Dedalus' pleasure in a 'lucid supple periodic prose.' But in The Waves, though things conquer thoughts and words, the structure of the novel attempts the embattled 'netting' of an inner world of 'individual emotions.' The novel attempts that which Bernard despairs of. The accounts of Jinny, Susan, Neville and Bernard show the workings of amorphous consciousness in a phenomenal world and, at the same time, the author's 'shattering and piecing together' of elements; her imposition of form upon formlessness. The structure of Modernist novels attempts to succeed mimetically where it knows words must fail.

E.M. Forster's analogy, in Aspects of the Novel (1927), between music and literature²² combines the elements of sound, sense and structure. Stephen Dedalus, in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, uses the expression 'chord' when describing the harmonizing elements of phrase and scene, and this is a characteristic description of some Modernist aims - making the composition of words approximate to musical composition. In The Counterfeiters Edouard 'explains his theory of the novel' and declares that he 'should like to do something like the art of fugue writing.' And he can't see why what is possible in music should be impossible in literature. Novels such as The Counterfeiters or Point Counter Point (1928) cleverly discuss the possibilities of the music/literature analogy but the discussion operates on a relatively superficial level. The rhythmic,

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controlled but fluid structure of novels such as The Waves, To the Lighthouse, The Sound and the Fury (1929), Ulysses, or Mary Olivier embody the unsymmetrical, associative inner experience. The absence of traditional plot, the fluid syntactical construction of sentences and unconventional punctuation²³ are techniques which contribute toward an expression of discontinuity and contingency. Images such as Woolf's slippery, multitudinous fish-in-a-cauldron, or Henry Green's birds, in Living (1929), scattering and re-joining in flight ('When we think - it might be a flock of pigeons flying in the sky so many things go to make our thought, the number of pigeons, and they don't fly straight.') express the idea of a natural order within apparent formlessness. The quest is for a means to reveal that inner order. As words 'flutter sideways and strike the object inches too low' (Lily Briscoe's expression) Modernist novelists seek a method which 'catches' their subject whole. But, for all the inaccuracy of words, Modernist writers do not seek a compensatorily direct mode. The 'materialist' writers, in Woolf's terms, attempt to nail down their subject; construct their novels so solidly that 'not so much as a draught between the frames of the windows, or a crack in the boards' should betray their realism as artifice.²⁴ Modernist writers do not build their novels with bricks.

Representation of impalpable experience has its antecedence in the Symbolists' revolt against 'exteriority,' 'against rhetoric, against a materialist tradition.'²⁵ Mallarmé's ideal language

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would be unique and completely assimilable. But as language is in fact diverse and can never be 'netted' whole, words must be circumvented. Writers must surround their subject; use another, wider net:

It is not description which can unveil the efficacy and beauty of monuments, seas, or the human face in all their maturity and native state, but rather evocation, *allusion*, *suggestion*.²⁶

Of course. allusions and suggestions can only be made. in literature, in *words*. For all the Symbolists' desire to evoke rather than describe, they must use words to do so. Therefore, it is the method of writing which must achieve the desired effect.

In *Axel's Castle* (1931) Edmund Wilson suggests that to approximate to the 'indefiniteness of music was to become one of the principal aims of Symbolism.'²⁷ Mallarmé would redeem language by casting the poet as an alchemist who transforms the coin of common utterance into the gold of poetic utterance: 'Language in the hands of the mob, leads to the same facility and directness as does money. But in the Poet's hands, it is turned, above all, to dream and song.' The emphasis is on magic as much as music. The writer releases the true, hidden nature of things. By manipulating language as if it were a charm, objects may be made to yield up their impalpable 'essence.' Mallarmé's method is to divorce 'the object from the direct and the palpable and so conjure up its essence in all purity.'²⁸ Here, all things palpable are held to be impure, purity is in 'essence,' in the

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intangible aspects of phenomena. Language, though flawed, must be employed in the service of revealing that essence.

iv. Incantations

The Symbolists' intention to 'conjure up' essence is esoteric. Modernists are more pragmatic. Mallarmé's idea of utilitarian language having the same 'directness' as money receives an ironic reversal in novels such as Hamsun's Hunger (where the writer-protagonist 'weighs' each piece of his writing and judges its worth in kroner) or Gide's The Counterfeiters. Similarly, the idea of the artist as magician receives an ironic reversal. Words manipulate writers, in Modernist novels. Words possess a talismanic power - they are the conjurers, that which is written the conjured. Authors show their protagonists struggling under the oppressive power of words or revelling in their mystery, and so reveal their own fascination with the potency of words. All the fear and mistrust of literary language is underpinned by a fascination for the power of language. The names of objects, people or places, especially, assert an anonymous unchallengeable authority - as though the names preceded human governance and worded themselves. This is the notion behind the (un-named) protagonist's neologism in Hunger. In Those Barren Leaves, Cardan spells out some Etruscan lettering on the wall of a tomb.

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The tone of this novel is completely different to that of Hunger. But, though the discussion about nonsense words (the untranslated Etruscan words) in Those Barren Leaves is conducted in a casual manner by Cardan, his excitement and concentration upon the unknown word, and his indifference to the true meaning of the inscription resembles Hamsun's protagonist's. The word '*flucuthukh*' possesses a similar untapped potency to '*Kubooa*.' It is the name of a word, not a thing, so long as it remains undefined. Nonsense words can be terrifying, though, rather than thrilling - even when the context contains an absurd or comical overtone. The disturbing quality in words without meanings is apparent in the last chapter of The Years (1937). The Caretaker's children (who will not give their name) sing a song ('for sixpence'):

Etho passo tanno hai,
Fai donk to tu do,
Mai to, kai to, lai to see
Toh dom to tuh do -

'There was something horrible in the noise they made. It was so shrill, so discordant, and so meaningless.' Eleanor cannot 'find one word for the whole' to describe the effect. It is absurd, a practical joke, a misunderstanding - 'Beautiful?'

In Young Törless, Törless repeats to himself a phrase about the 'infinite sky' as though 'he were testing the power of a magic formula:'

But it was no use; the words meant nothing, or rather, they meant something quite different, as if, while dealing with the same subject, they were taking it from another side, one

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that was strange, unfamiliar and irrelevant.

Words possess for Törless, at this moment, the same inadequate mis-directed aim which Lily Briscoe describes. But he concentrates upon the word 'infinity,' and as he does so, the word loses its abstract quality and becomes terrifyingly concrete. Usage has rendered the word insubstantial: 'The term kept on recurring; somebody had once invented it, and since then it had become impossible to calculate with it as surely as with anything real and solid.' But Törless goes on to imagine that the word existed as a word *before* human invention of it. It is not that he means the concept of infinity existed before the word. It is the word alone on which he concentrates - the word is only *like* a concept:

But now it flashed through him, with startling clarity, that there was something terribly disturbing about this word. It seemed to him like a concept that had been tamed and with which he himself had been daily going through his little circus tricks; and now all of a sudden it had broken loose. Something surpassing all comprehension, something wild and annihilating, that once had been put to sleep by some ingenious operation, had suddenly leapt awake and was there again in all its terrifying strength.

Once the anaesthesia of 'custom' is lifted the word is 'wakened' into terrifyingly autonomous life. Customary use of words is only a 'circus trick' in comparison with their own incantatory powers.

Conversely, Marcel in Swann's Way (who is grateful to 'custom' for quelling the innate hostility in objects) suggests that constant usage of a word or name may grant it a similarly

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incantatory power. When he hears Swann's name, for instance, he is galvanized by its potency:

so stifling was the pressure, upon that part of me where it was for ever inscribed, of that name which, at the moment when I heard it, seemed to me fuller, more portentous than any other name, because it was burdened with the weight of all the occasions on which I had secretly uttered it in my mind.

Benjy, in The Sound and the Fury, is similarly galvanized by Caddy's name, though an absurd quality (detectable in Swann's Way but more obvious here) emerges in the tragi-comic pun (on 'Caddy' and a golf caddy) which Benjy cannot comprehend but mechanically responds to.

This absurd aspect in the invocation of a name had been observed in A Passage to India (1924). Mrs Moore's name is transformed into a rhythmic chant of 'Esmis Esmoor' - 'people who did not know what the syllables meant repeated them like a charm.' And in Mrs Dalloway (1925) the name of some sweets - 'Kreemo Toffee' - is spelled out, letter by letter (by Septimus Warren-Smith) as a magical message. Irony and absurdity combine again in Auto da Fé (1935). The illiterate housekeeper to the supremely literate Kien possesses a few phrases culled from newspapers, and they are invoked as charms by her. Cliches become sacramental. 'Love' for instance, is a 'heavy-type word in Therese's vocabulary.' For her it has a 'foreign sound of wondrous import.' It may as well be 'Kuboa' or 'Flucuthukh.' The word is both eucharistically sacred and profanely material for her: 'She rarely took the blessed consolation between her lips.'

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Therese's inventory of Kien's books is a more complex illustration of the simultaneous power and impotency of words, and of the user of them. Therese wants to own Kien's books (which represent his wealth.) In order to own them, she records the title of each one. By writing the names down on separate slips of paper they pass, one by one, into Therese's possession. She slowly puts each title letter by letter into large pencilled print. Her pencil is sharp, her method deliberate. As the space on the slip of paper is used up, any remaining letters in the title are phlegmatically abandoned. The words need not make sense, need not even be complete. Each book is, after all, entire in Therese's possession once the slip of paper has been completely filled. As she writes, Therese remembers that at school her favourite letter was, and still is, 'O.' She can describe a perfect circle with her pencil and is inordinately proud of the fact that none can, or could, surpass her. She reduces writing to its nothingness, to 'O,' and feels great satisfaction.

CHAPTER 5

DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

Dorothy Richardson

The intention in the second part of this thesis is to place Dorothy Richardson's novel, Pilgrimage, in a Modernist context. This will be done by examining the novel in the terms of the major Modernist themes described in Part 1. The primary motive behind the study is the intention to supplement the many insubstantial observations made by critics that Richardson was an innovator; can be compared with Proust, Woolf and Joyce (though this has never been done in any depth, in a Modernist context), and that Pilgrimage is the first example of the stream-of-consciousness mode in the English novel. Brief references to Richardson and her novel appear in most studies of the modern novel, but she is rarely granted anything more than a tacit recognition. Most of the critical canon reposes in short review pieces, or is included in studies of other novelists. More extensive study is either biographical (Gloria Fromm¹, John Rosenberg²); accepts common assumptions about Pilgrimage and proceeds from that point (Shiv Kumar³); demotes the literary aspect of Pilgrimage altogether in favour of an assumed spiritual purpose (Caesar R. Blake⁴); presents a defensive eulogy on Richardson's personal merits (John Cowper Powys⁵); or examines the novel in the light of feminist or post-feminist criteria (Gillian Hanscombe, Jane Miller and Elaine Showalter⁶). Very little has been written which examines Pilgrimage as belonging in the mainstream of prevalent literary preoccupations; the

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consensus being that, rather, it represents a long *cul de sac*, an aberration to be commented upon, briefly, then passed over.

Dorothy Richardson's critics, hostile or otherwise, cannot agree on the objectives or literary tradition of Pilgrimage. Apart from the 'stream of consciousness' tag which May Sinclair (via William James) supplied, and which, ironically, Richardson herself refuted, a variety of interpretations may be found. Some follow:

Virginia Woolf said : 'There is no one word, such as romance or realism, to cover, even roughly, the works of Miss Dorothy Richardson.'⁷

Lawrence Hyde said that Dorothy Richardson:

... had unwittingly laid a trap for the unwary by writing a book in the attempt to express some quite special spiritual attitude to life and, almost without being interested in the fact herself, incidentally fulfilled all the conditions for the manufacture of a 'brilliant' novel.⁸

John Cowper Powys declares Richardson to have inevitably influenced her contemporaries:

Miss Richardson has sunk a new shaft into a new stratum of material, and has thereby challenged all writers to follow, upon their own soil, a kindred method ... numbers of her contemporaries, without either thought or desire to copy, are profoundly influenced by her.⁹

Leon Edel describes Richardson as a brute-force pioneer:

...one of the hardy and plodding experimenters of literature, the axe-swingers and stump-pullers, those who have a single moment of vision which suffices for a lifetime.¹⁰

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Caesar Blake sees Richardson's experimentalism as residing in her account of feminine consciousness, and as being unique - uninfluenced by any literary genre:

[Richardson's] objective was primarily to experiment in communicating the unique quality of a feminine view of life. It is to the accomplishment of this aim that we should refer when speaking of Pilgrimage in its complete form as an experimental novel.... She seems to speak for no major group nor to be significantly close intellectually to other better known writers in our time.¹¹

Winifred Bryher finds Richardson extraordinarily prescient:

Incidentally, why has no-one noticed how she anticipated *le nouveau roman*? Thirty years earlier than Robbe-Grillet she created the dimensions, colour and spirit of a room or street with the same scientific detachment.¹²

Horace Gregory links two major novelists with Richardson:

[She] precedes two others - E.M. Forster and D.H. Lawrence, [in the 'new fiction,' the 'psychological novel'] ... In these respects she is the first in her generation of English writers.¹³

Gillian Hanscombe says that Pilgrimage 'must stand in the first rank of those works which have brought to consciousness the particular dilemmas of the twentieth century.' She argues that Richardson's 'perception of the feminine self is her starting point,' but that her attention was addressed to the circumstances of her life as much as her art:

... the only solution to her personal alienation as an imperfectly socialized woman in a man's world, was to become a writer, but a writer who could manipulate relationships so that they would affirm her world-view in life, as well as in art. In this way, life and art would not be merely contiguous, but continuous.¹⁴

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There is, of course, throughout these differing viewpoints, one linking theme - one thing on which critics do agree. Richardson's Pilgrimage was, and still is, seen as innovative. But any literary work belongs to a tradition, even though it may challenge that tradition by sabotaging its distinguishing features. The descriptive terms - 'romance,' 'realism,' 'psychological,' 'le nouveau roman' - all have separate, specific connotations. But the term Modernism embraces them all, and thus suits Pilgrimage best. In the received notion that Dorothy Richardson's work should be compared with that of Proust, Joyce and Woolf, Pilgrimage shrinks, despite its bulk, in stature. But in its mid-way, tentative placing within the Modernist movement it is seen at its best advantage. It is innovative and daring, yet, though it contains some major features of Modernist fiction it by no means contains the sterility and despair of a completely 'dehumanized art.' Its success lies in its intense and sprawling *real-ness*, and the creative tension of its combination of modernity and tradition.

1. A Summary of Part II

The first chapters in the second part of this dissertation are called: (1) 'The Structure of Pilgrimage' (a *résumé* of events in the novel, revealing an underlying structure); and (2)

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'Autobiography' (an examination of major events in Richardson's life, and corresponding experiences in Miriam Henderson's life). The subsequent chapters mirror the second, third and fourth chapters in the first part. They deal with: (3) 'Reality' (which corresponds with the theme of 'seeing'); (4) 'Time' (with particular reference to 'formlessness') and (5) 'Words' (which reflects the chapter on 'The Written').

(1) Pilgrimage does not have an obvious plot. The novel seems to progress in an undirected way, eventually abandoned when Richardson died. Because it is a very lengthy novel it is difficult to perceive a structure. However, if the crucial events and unifying themes are examined, it becomes clear that Richardson did indeed "direct" her novel, and its conclusion was implicit in its beginnings. A travel motif (implied in the title of the novel) runs consistently throughout Pilgrimage. The first book, Pointed Roofs, begins with Miriam's momentous journey to Hanover, and from that point she is almost always in transit. Books often begin, and almost always end, with Miriam moving on to another destination. But her journey describes, ultimately, a loop. Miriam's travellings take her back to London, back to a childhood capacity for 'being,' and back to her first wish for her life - to write. In Pointed Roofs, before Miriam's first attempts to express herself in a literary form (through letters, notes, translations) she remembers being asked what she 'would best like to do in life.': 'Miriam had answered at once with a conviction born that moment that she wanted to "write a book"'

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(Ch. vi, p.80). Pilgrimage, through Miriam's consciousness, illustrates an aesthetic quest. Miriam's experiences contribute to her decision to write. She begins by analysing the nature of things as they impinge upon her thoughts; she progresses to analysing *how* things impinge; and, inevitably, she ends by analysing how she may express the way things impinge upon her consciousness. By living through Miriam's consciousness we see Richardson's pursuit of a satisfactory form and style to express immutable experience. Her novel is about writing. All the major themes and events are carefully built into a structure which doesn't "just grow." The structure of Pilgrimage was planned by Richardson, and painstakingly built. A close examination of events, book by book, reveals this architectural feat.

(2) That Richardson's novel is autobiographical seems - especially since Gloria Fromm's research¹⁵ - obvious. But it was never intended by the author to be read in that simplistic way. Miriam is a fictional *alter ego*, but the account of her life is intended to be accepted as a thing true and real in itself. Yet clues within the novel tempt the reader into believing that Pilgrimage is straight-forwardly autobiographical. Wilson (a character based on H.G. Wells, with whom Richardson did have a relationship) advises Miriam on her future:

'Angles of vision. Yes. You know you've been extraordinarily lucky. You've had an extraordinarily rich life in that Wimpole Street of yours. You have in your hands material for a novel, a dental novel, a human novel and, as a background, a complete period, a period of unprecedented expansion in all sorts of directions. You've seen the growth of dentistry from a form of crude torture to a highly elaborate and scientific and almost painless process. And in

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your outer world you've seen an almost ceaseless transformation, from the beginning of the safety bicycle to the arrival of the motor car and the aeroplane. With the coming of flying, that period is ended and another begins. You ought to document your period.' (Clear Horizon x, p.397)

It is extraordinary that this red-herring should have been presented. But by this stage the reader should know and understand that Miriam's views reflect the author's, and the author would never choose to document doings in that flat, pragmatic way. Miriam has already decided that she must find a new way of writing in order to avoid 'mannish cleverness'. She would never write 'just how somebody else had done it.' She feels that the novels she encounters are not about 'ordinary people', contain nothing 'about anything she knew or felt,' and are about a difficult, different world - written in some code for the *cognoscenti* (The Tunnel vi, pp.131 and 111). But though the intention to write about something more real, in a more real way is being sign-posted, it is not to be in the documentary way that Wilson/Wells recommends. Ironically, however, one of the undeniable strengths of Pilgrimage lies in its incidental documenting of a period. It is fascinating to have the atmosphere of cafés, boarding houses and London streets brought so pungently before one; to be able to see and feel the weight and shape of clothing and hair; to imagine the experience of riding in a cab or (daringly) on a bicycle through the London traffic. Seaside, city, ABCs, schools, theatres, idiomatic language, are all realised so graphically that the reader feels steeped in the Victorian and Edwardian period. There is another, unintentional, irony. Miriam feels that novels are written in

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such a way that only the informed can read them. Yet Pilgrimage demands a type of attention from the reader so unfamiliar that the style may be taken to be a code - meant for those in tune with Modernist notions, *not* for the average novel reader (whoever that may be).

(3) The realism of Pilgrimage is peculiar to its author's intentions - in that it is a recreation of things and experience, not a documentary record. Things are seen as having an importance as great as thought or action. And the way they are literally seen has Modernist qualities. Objects are seen by Miriam as luminously potent. They are part of a kaleidoscopic pattern which surrounds her, spelling out a significance possessed by things in their own right. Miriam grants external phenomena an autonomy - she does not imbue things with life, they *have* life which, she feels, animates her own:

In the dimly lit little interior (of an omnibus), moving along through the backward flowing mist-screened street lights, she dropped away from the circling worlds of sound, and sat thoughtless, gazing inward along the bright kaleidoscopic vistas that came unflinching and unchanged whenever she was moving, alone and still, against the moving tide of London. (Deadlock iii, p.114)

Her own memories are as real as the places and things she sees. She enacts her own life as she lives it in 'a theatre without walls,' just as Richardson makes her novel from memories and dramatises it through Miriam. Miriam sees in the way Richardson writes - in bright, luminous moments, in a fragmentary, filmic montage where the pattern withholds its final meaning:

She was in a theatre without walls, her known world and all her memories spread fanwise about her, all intent on what she

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saw, changing again, obliterated, and in some deep difficult way challenged to renewal. The scenes she watched opened out one behind the other in clear perspective, the earlier ones remaining visible, drawn aside into bright light as further backgrounds opened. (Deadlock ii, p.78)

What Miriam sees, and how what she sees changes according to her circumstances, is the basis of reality in Pilgrimage. Streets, buildings, furniture, objects, are not the scenery on Miriam's stage - they are the cast, with her consciousness as leading role.

(4) The fragmentary, random way of apprehending things, of remembering, of reading - means that time is fractured in Pilgrimage. Although the novel progresses chronologically via Miriam's experiences, it combines past and present tense, mingling them within one chapter, one paragraph, even one sentence. So, the usual sense of time as an ordering factor is lost. Whole chapters may be devoted to one brief moment of awareness; passage of years not signposted (nor change in job or home); and the narrative may pass forward and back through time in order to build up a picture of Miriam's experiences (as in the first account of Miriam in Hanover, in Pointed Roofs). Past or present tense signify substantially different representations of reality. Richardson combines both, so that the authorial presence, the reader's relationship to Miriam, and Miriam's own status as real or merely recorded fluctuates. The arbitrariness derives from Richardson's intention to recreate her memories. The act of remembering as a re-living is described by Richardson in her review of a book called Studies in Dreams, where she

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describes an experience which occurred between sleeping and waking:

I awoke to find myself, there is no other way to put it, busily alive in the past, and at the same moment onlooker of myself living this intensive living where, as onlooker, I had an inquisitorial view both backwards and ahead ... living through whole strands of life, not in succession, but as it were all in one piece, superficially disconnected portions woven together ...¹⁵

The form of the novel, to some extent, mimes this weaving together of strands of life - as one whole. For that reason the separate books are not independent - they are chapters in the whole collective novel. And, as Pilgrimage is without plot or conventional structure, it may be read in a piecemeal way. However, though this is the authorial intention for Pilgrimage - both whole and fragmentary - it resists Richardson's aims. The books do read as separate and independent (especially the first three); and there is pleasure and purpose in following Miriam's adventures in a chronological order. Richardson may have subverted the conventional narrative structure of the novel, but it is more difficult to rid readers of their habits and pre-conceptions.

(4) Finally, the novel that despairs of words and their superficial meanings, is, necessarily, made of words. Pilgrimage displays the Modernist discussion of language, and in particular the written word. Miriam is shown as tussling with the problem that 'language is the only way of expressing anything and it dims everything.':

"All that has been said and known in the world is in language, in words; all we know of Christ is in Jewish words;

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all the dogmas of religion are words; the meaning of words change with people's thoughts. Then no one *knows* anything for certain. (The Tunnel iv, p.99)

This may be taken equally as Richardson's problem as a writer. Two things happen, consequently. Through Miriam we see a rejection of that which is supposedly "known," and of accepted ways of analysing and explaining phenomena. And through Miriam we see Richardson's fascination with the *sound* of words rather than their apparent "sense." There are two passages in Deadlock where Miriam considers the sound of words. In the first she is discussing the sound of the French language:

'The French sing their language. It is like a recitative, the tone goes up and down and along and up and down again with its own expression; the words have to fit the tune /...../ the whole thing is a *shape of tones*. It's extraordinary. All somehow arranged in a pattern;'
(Deadlock Ch.iii, p.118)

Miriam's attempts at translation (in three stages, each suggesting a stage in fictional writing, aiming at a recreation of reality) and her fascination with the sounds of language introduces the notion of words as sound, and words as music. She has a sensitive ear for music in sounds, and for her, the three things - language, sound, music - are interchangeable. Together they form a pattern, a form which supercedes conventional narrative form - fluid, rhythmic and elemental:

It [the French language] was like a sea, each sentence a wave rolling in, rising till the light shone through its glistening crest, dropping to give way to the next oncoming wave, the meaning gathering, accumulating, coming nearer with each rising falling rhythm; each chapter a renewed tide, monotonously repeating throughout the book in every tone of light and shade the same burden, the secret of everything in the world. (Deadlock iii, p.128)

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That last sentence - 'the secret of everything in the world' gives an indication of the enormity (and impossibility) of Richardson's ambition. Through words she wants to net *everything*. Where words fail structure must supplement their meaning. Her subject-matter is the making of her novel.

PART II

PILGRIMAGE

CHAPTER 6

THE STRUCTURE OF *FILGRIMAGE*.

The Structure of Pilgrimage

The word 'pilgrimage' has religious and spiritual connotations. It suggests atonement, reappraisal, even rebirth - a journeying out, a self-appointed aim. The word carries connotations of faith, penance and atonement. It does not suggest a Modernist concept, it implies, rather, an allegorical, religious journey. Richardson had originally intended to call her entire novel 'Pilgrimage,' but when the first book was ready for printing, in 1915, it was found that the title had been used for another novel. The first book was called Pointed Roofs instead. Richardson had written this first book in 1913 but the manuscript had been temporarily put away. She then completed a book about the Quakers - The Quakers Past and Present (1914), and an anthology of writings by the founder of the Quaker sect: Gleanings From the Works of George Fox (1914). Gloria Fromm, in her biography of Richardson, says:

Dorothy identified with George Fox and with what he had achieved. But, as Pointed Roofs shows, she was drawn at the same time to a contemporary of Fox, the gnarled and struggling John Bunyan, for whom the odds were heavy, the stakes high, and sin lurked everywhere. Bunyan's journey infuses the whole of Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage. But Fox's life inspired her.²

Fromm does not say how Pointed Roofs 'shows' how Richardson was drawn to Bunyan. But there is a reference to Pilgrim's Progress in Pointed Roofs. Miriam, troubled because of her ignominious return to England, thinks about the books in her family's house. She wishes she had 'read more carefully. She could not remember anything in Lecky or Darwin that would tell her what to do.'

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Wanting to borrow some kind of wisdom, her thoughts range from the books, to her mother, to Luther, Darwin, Milton, her father, Adam - and then Bunyan:

... Flights of shining steps, shallow and very wide - going up and up and growing fainter and fainter, and far away at the top a faint old face with great rays shooting out all round it ... the picture in the large Pilgrim's Progress. ... God in heaven. ... I belong to Apollyon ... a horror with expressionless eyes ... darting out little spiky flames ... if only it would come now ... instead of waiting until the end. ... (Ch.xii, pp.170-171)

She shakes off thoughts of hell, and, feeling hungry and strong recovers her assertive scepticism:

She flung off the outer covering and felt the strong movements of her limbs. Hang! Hang! *Hang!* DAMN. ...
If there's no God, there's no Devil ... and everything goes on ... (p.171)

Miriam's pilgrimage is not religious, although her struggle for understanding of the world has the earnestness of Christian and does have a spiritual as well as an aesthetic conclusion. However, rather than looking for allegorical and spiritual parallels with Bunyan's work, it is more revealing to consider a comparison between Richardson's way of writing, and Bunyan's. John Rosenberg, another of Richardson's biographer's, describes Richardson's search for a theme (during 1910 and 1911) and a way of expressing 'the immutable':

But how - in a novel? She believed that the artist should be 'next door to the mystic as an investigator, because the veil over reality is, for him, almost transparent.' Bunyan, and the mystics, could express the eternal. They wrote what they knew, out of absolute experience, directly, without all this planning and plotting of the work. But theirs were not novels; and she was now struggling to find a way of conveying such reality and immediacy in a novel.³

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In Honeycomb, Miriam thinks again about Bunyan, and this time with a direct reference to ways of writing. She is pondering upon the inescapable presence of the author in books. She thinks how books are people: 'More real than actual people. They came nearer.' (Ch.iii, p.384) (The book she is reading may well be Pilgrim's Progress.) But there is an objectivity - for which she is grateful - in reading an author. She doesn't have to 'pretend to sympathize,' as with people:

Then that was why the people who wrote moral stories were so awful. They were standing behind the pages preaching at you with smarmy voices. ... Bunyan? ... He preached to himself too, ... crying out his sins. ... He did not get between you and himself and point at a moral. An author must show himself. Anyhow, he can't help showing himself. A moral writer only sees the mote in his brother's eye. And you see him seeing it. (Ch.iii, p.385)

Richardson is inspired by Bunyan because of his way of writing. As authors can't help but show themselves, she sought a way of disguising herself, by speaking through the consciousness of her protagonist. She would never 'point at a moral.'

Some of the names Richardson uses, especially for titles, have an allegorical ring to them. Apart from the overall title of Richardson's novel some of the sub-titles suggest a narrative description rather than a metaphor not literally applicable: Backwater, Honeycomb, The Tunnel, Deadlock, The Trap, Clear Horizon. (The names of people and places are usually thinly disguised versions of real ones,⁴ though the name 'Hypo' has significant connotations. Elaine Showalter says it has 'innuendoes of hippos and hypocrisy' but 'actually means "less

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than or subordinated to."⁵ Whereas Gillian Hanscombe and Gloria Fromm note that 'Hypo' also means a 'fixing agent.'⁶) But the fact that Richardson chose 'Pointed Roofs' as a replacement for 'Pilgrimage' for the first book is evidence that her intention was to evoke images of places and experiences, rather than signify a moral meaning. Although Miriam's spiritual experiences are an important part of the subject-matter, in Pilgrimage, the account of an aesthetic quest is the subliminal subject - and the one which gives the novel its thematic structure.

The self-appointed aim, implicit in a 'pilgrimage,' demands responsibility and a will to act, and the first volume of Pilgrimage - Pointed Roofs - opens with a gesture which embodies that determination. The protagonist, Miriam, is about to go abroad to Hanover to earn her living for the first time. (It is clear that the venture is more self-imposed than demanded by her family.) Her journey is secular, but the title of the novel (as a whole) primarily spiritual. This ambiguity creates uncertainty as to how to interpret the novel. The workings of consciousness provide the content, and the "action" is the struggle of the will to assert and free itself and to find its own reality. To impose a spiritual interpretation, however, is to force a conventional structure upon the novel. Such an interpretation assumes that every event proceeds towards and contributes rationally to a planned conclusion. It assumes that every "inner" event, every contemplative revery serves to interpret a transcending event - in other words is part of a plot which hangs suspended above the

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happenings in the novel. Moreover, a spiritual interpretation inverts every description of, and action in, the external world and imbues it with spiritual rather than psychological significance. It cannot allow for a simple juxtaposition of surface and depth (one implying the other) but must ceaselessly elevate and elaborate what it finds.

If we read Pilgrimage as an account of existence rather than an account of aspiration beyond common experience we have a credible portrayal of consciousness in a substantial world. "Action" depends upon the here-and-now struggle of the will to free itself, not only socially - an emancipation from conventions - but psychologically. Despite the apparent passivity of the protagonist a constant struggle is enacted. Miriam continually evaluates, and challenges, received notions of the "normal." She redefines her world - making London a personal possession, claiming supreme creative powers for women, and celebrating the existence of *things*. She struggles to find personal terms on which to live, and also for a method of viewing the world - no longer 'trying to do things like other people.' There is no "plot" in Pilgrimage. The nearest thing to a plot lies in the evident efforts of Richardson to bring her pilgrimage full circle. (The March moonlight which gives its name to the last - probably unfinished book - tallies with the March twilight mentioned in the opening sentences of the first book. Moreover, it seems that as the account of Miriam's life ceases, in Pilgrimage, having set upon a future as a writer, she parallels

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Richardson at the stage when she began to write. Miriam finishes where Richardson began.⁷⁾ Miriam's views on the conventional narrative structure of novels casts light on Richardson's methods. She is overwhelmed by a reading of Ibsen's Brand, and compares it with novels. She begins to read in a random way, after having decided that any possibility of a plot was irrelevant:

It seemed to be going towards something. But there was nothing that *any one* could imagine, nothing in life or in the world that could make it clear from the beginning, or bring it to an end. If the man died the author might stop. *Finis*. But it would not make any difference to anything. She turned the pages backwards, re-reading passages here and there. She could not remember having read them. Looking forward to portions of the dialogue towards the end of the book she found them familiar, as if she had read them before. She read them intently. They had more meaning read like that, without knowing to what they were supposed to refer. They were the *same*, read alone in scraps, as the early parts.

(Interim vi, pp.383-384)

The 'something in the author' that showed through (p.383) gives the book its wholeness (and it is interesting to note that the duration of the author's work is imagined as being dependent upon the 'life' of the protagonist). Plot is incidental if it exists at all 'You might as well begin at the end.'

The temptation to read Pilgrimage as if it were an account of a spiritual journeying, with a transcendental conclusion (as C. R. Blake's⁸⁾ interpretation) is misleading. Miriam's spiritual development is incidental to her development into a writer. The account of things, and Miriam's response to them (her constant and repeated astonishment at there being anything, anywhere - at the fact that things and people exist) has precedence over any

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apparent narrative shape. For instance, the way Miriam perceives her London world - its multi-faceted shapes and sounds, reveals her fascination with external phenomena. London is granted an elemental force, but although Miriam's "relationship" with the city seems to have an almost supernatural quality, it is most obviously the visual and audible shapes, and their impact upon Miriam, which enthrall: 'the unending joy of the way the angles of the buildings cut themselves out against the sky ...' Miriam's life in, and appreciation of, London, mimes the structure of the novel. It reveals that Modernist preoccupation with multiplicity, with the 'shape' of sound and with the realness of things, their fascinating mechanical energy:

... a maze of shapes, flowing, tilting into each other, in endless patterns, sharp against the light; sharing her joy in the changing same song of the London traffic; the bliss of post offices and railway stations, cabs going on and on towards unknown space; omnibuses rumbling securely from point to point, always within the magic circle of London.

(Deadlock iii, pp.85-86)

There is a dream quality in Miriam's apprehension of London ('the unbroken dream of her own life in London' is a phrase which follows close upon the above passage). It is perhaps these dream images - fragmentary, random, without context - which seem to promote an overall spiritual purpose to Pilgrimage. But it is rather that the fascination with objects grants them a luminous 'life.' The realness of things is re-created by Richardson, just as the real-ness of Miriam is a recreation - of Richardson's memories. The fact that the interior monologues and the presentation of Miriam's life, although actually in the past, are focussed as if in the present is an essential characteristic of

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Pilgrimage. Just as Remembrance of Things Past '... is not a novel about memories, but is made of remembering ...'⁹, Pilgrimage is also made of remembering.

1. Summary of the Thirteen Books

As Pilgrimage is a plot-less and lengthy novel, it is useful, for any subsequent discussion, to summarise the major events of each book. Also, such a summary reveals a hidden structure not obviously apparent. The thirteen books, which, collected together make up Pilgrimage, were published as separate, autonomous novels - rather than sequels. However, they are in fact lengthy chapters in the story of Miriam Henderson's life. Pilgrimage does not have a plot but it does have a structure. The events in Miriam's life and consciousness provide the structure.

In Pointed Roofs (1915) Miriam leaves the parental home for Hanover, to become a pupil-teacher. At this point Miriam's family and her relationship to them is indirectly described. In Germany her experience of "foreign-ness," responsibility and independence shapes her already abundant and eclectic opinions. She compares her education with others' (and remembers how she had told her teachers that the thing she would best like to do

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with her life would be to "write a book." - Ch.vi, p.80) and considers her future. Miriam is often unsure and frightened. Although the characteristic descriptions of people, clothes and surroundings are more vivid than in any other book, in Pilgrimage, words such as 'something,' 'somehow,' 'somebody,' 'somewhere,' permeate all the accounts of her experience. Miriam is tentative, learning, suffering. Her refusal and inability to accept the conventional female role is comically shown in her encounters with Pastor Lahmann: 'It filled her with fury to be regarded as one of a world of little tame things to be summoned by little man to be well-willed wives.' (Ch.ix, p.129) Later, Miriam imagines an 'easy and happy' 'communion' with Pastor Lahmann, as the school travel back from an outing: 'Dimly she was conscious that it sustained her, it gave her dignity and poise.' But she realises that Fraulein is watching her gazing at Lahmann, and is regarding her with 'a disgust and loathing such as she had never seen.' To her, Miriam appears to be simply flirting with Lahmann.¹⁰ Miriam's views on women and their behaviour are strengthened by her forced and uncomfortable proximity to them. Miriam's musicality is shown to be an essential aspect of her personality. She finds herself able to play the piano without inhibition and with passion. Able to express herself, through music, she begins to develop an ability to analyse her apprehension of the things about her. The music which surrounds her at the Hanover school seems especially significant for Miriam because of its un-Englishness. Her ideas on the properties of sound - its influence and significance - are

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fed by the sounds of Germany, and the various accents of the girls and staff at the school. Miriam's intense appreciation of the physical appearances of things is shown in the pungent descriptions. Her sense of not "fitting" in the apparent order of things is endorsed by the criticism she receives from Fraulein Pabst, Mademoiselle and the pupils. Miriam leaves Hanover feeling that she has failed:

She was going home empty-handed. She had achieved nothing. Fraulein had not made the slightest effort to keep her. She was just nothing again - with her Saratoga trunk and her hand-bag. (Ch.xii, p.183)

But though Pointed Roofs ends with Miriam feeling that she 'has nothing to say for herself,' the events of the book - describing Miriam's first, significant, independent actions - embody the structure of the whole novel. Subsequent books, the reader knows, will continue the story of Miriam's growth and journeying, expressed by Miriam's consciousness.

Backwater (1916) has Miriam at home again in London. She is faced with having to earn an income and takes a teaching job at the Miss Pernes' school in Banbury Park. Miriam's love of London and her intense dislike of North London is introduced in this book. The title of the book describes Miriam's attitude to Banbury (Finsbury) Park. Although she begins to form an exaggerated dislike of North London, she tolerates the Pernes' school as an acceptable shelter in a hostile environment. The word 'backwater' also describes Miriam's sense of temporary immobility. Although she is learning to be a teacher and still

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forming her opinions on people and the influences upon them, she feels the period in Banbury Park to be a pause in her journey. She gathers strength and determination during her stay in the 'backwater.' There is more information about Miriam's relationship with her family - especially with her Mother for whom she feels love, irritation, a little contempt but a tender protectiveness. The characters of Miriam's sisters, especially the younger sister, Harriett, become clearer and three-dimensional. Miriam's character and physical appearance (first very indirectly described in Pointed Roofs) also becomes more palpable. Through the descriptions of Miriam's family and friends an external picture of Miriam is built up to supplement the internal account of her consciousness. Miriam continues to make gestures of independence. She smokes her first cigarette, and wilfully (though not entirely intentionally) ruins her chances of a conventional happy-ever-after with Ted, her almost certainly "intended." The dance in her parents' home, in Chapter ii, is the crucial episode in Backwater, even though it occurs at the beginning of the book. Miriam's capacity for self-delusion is described with dramatic irony (a technique used only occasionally throughout Pilgrimage but which has the effect of tempering Miriam's extravagances).'' During her stay at the Pernes' Miriam's range of reading material broadens. She makes further gestures of independence by rejecting the reading material provided by the Pernes, finding a library and reading (secretly) excitingly racy popular novels. Miriam makes her first friends outside of her family circle - the Brooms. She

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sees her rejection of the domestic 'world of women' as an *escape*, even though it sets her apart and alone. She begins to feel more frequently and more powerfully a 'strange independent joy' which she traces back to a memory of a garden (a significant theme, introduced here, in Chapter viii, for the first time). The notion that Miriam is in a temporary backwater but intends to carry on with her journey is strengthened by the imagery used when she decides to leave the Pernes': 'Sitting there, in the Perne boat, still taking an oar and determined to fling herself into the sea ...' (Ch. x, p. 329) She leaves the school, this time feeling a sense of achievement, but her loneliness made poignant by her sisters' happiness in settling for marriage.

In Honeycomb (1917) Miriam travels to 'Newlands' to become a governess. The apparently allegorical names ('Honeycomb' and 'Newlands') suggests that the nature of the move is as much internal than external. Miriam is temporarily seduced by the comfort and wealth of the Corries' home. The experience at Newlands is sweet and enticing. But it is a trap, a maze in which Miriam might lose herself and lose sight of her journey to independence and an unknown goal. Miriam is now twenty, tired of her two years of work and struggle. She is still unsure of her role, but, at the beginning of the book, sure of a respite from 'worry and pain.' Miriam is more aware than ever of the power of her surroundings. She is granted some respect and status by the Corries, and uneasily attempts to find her place in their home and amongst their friends. But her independent self asserts

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itself. Although she finds her inclusion in the company heady she cannot repress her opinions. She speaks out at table, rather than making polite conversation. She smokes and plays billiards - too well. She begins to form views on how books are written: 'Dear Eve; I have just discovered that I don't read books for the story, but as a psychological study of the author.' She feels more secure with books than with people. 'In life everything was so scrappy and mixed up.' (Ch.iii, p.384) But Miriam seems to have found happiness:

Now she knew what she wanted. Bright mornings, beautiful bright rooms, a wilderness of beauty all around her all the time - at any cost. Any life that had not these things she would refuse ... (Ch.iv, p.403)

Her happiness is punctured by her silly, delusory tendencies. She virtually deifies Mr Corrie and imagines a relationship with him that doesn't exist. Her equally exalted view of Bob Greville is dashed by the bathetic conclusion to her adventurous meeting with him. But her own will to break free weakens the hold Newlands has upon her. London, and especially the West End, begins to take on a mystical quality for her. It provides for her the secret, private life that others seem to have ('a West End life of her own.') Miriam's private experience of things becomes the essential thing - 'the registration of impressions was a thing that she must do or lose hold of something essential.' (Ch.viii, p.431) The book seems about to end in a similar way to Backwater. Miriam's breaking away is simultaneous with the marriage of two of her sisters - Harriett and Sarah. But there is a painful post-script to the book. Miriam takes her

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Mother to the seaside to provide her with rest and help for her mental breakdown. But Mrs Henderson kills herself (the event is only described indirectly - mainly through Miriam's pain and shock). Miriam is left deep in despair, convinced that everything has ended: 'I shall not have any life. I can never have any life; all my days.'

The title of the fourth book, The Tunnel (1919), describes another stage in Miriam's 'pilgrimage.' She takes a room in London, at Mrs Bailey's house. She feels that this is the real beginning of her own life:

It is like dropping everything and walking backwards to something you know is there. However far you go out, you come back. ... I am back now where I was before I began trying to do things like other people. I left home to get here. None of those things can touch me. (Ch.1, p.13)

It is significant that Miriam feels she is walking backwards. She is moving away from things but she is really retreating - into her 'tunnel.' Her room at Mrs Bailey's becomes, intensely, her own safe place. Miriam regains her personal, physically felt happiness. She finds new employment at the dentists' practice in Wimpole Street. Her duties, confined to precise routine, give her a sense of efficiency and well-being. She enjoys her round of methodical, undemanding tasks. She enjoys her inclusion in the Orly's life, and her working relationship with Hancock. She makes London her own home, eating at the ABCs, going to the theatre, learning to ride a bicycle, walking the West End streets late at night. She contacts her old school friend, Alma, and through Alma begins a friendship which is to influence her life.

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She makes friends with Jan and Mag and admires and shares in their apparently pain-free, emancipated life. Miriam is galvanised by joy in being alive, and her inescapable inclusion in life:

... there's so much - eternally. It's stupendous. I've no right to be in it; but I'm in. Someone means me to be in. I can't help it. Fancy people being alive. You would think every one would go mad. (Ch.iv, p.99)

She meets Wilson - Alma's husband - and is both fascinated and repulsed by him. She meets the Wilsons' literary friends, and Wilson suggests that she should write: "'You know you're awfully good stuff. You've had an extraordinary variety of experience; you've got your freedom; you ought to write.'" (Ch.vi, p.128-129)

Miriam's relationship with Hancock becomes more complicated, as it extends beyond their working lives. As her incipient romance with him fails, she feels her estrangement again from the polite world, and especially the world of women: 'Never, never could she belong to that world.' (Ch.xix, p.202) Miriam then meets Eleanor Dear, a woman on the very fringe of the safe, polite world. The book ends with a kind of society being forced upon Miriam. Mrs Bailey decides to turn her house into a boarding house. Miriam feels that she 'could never hold her own.' She has come to own something of the house, now she feels she will lose it. 'Mrs Bailey would be lost.' Other people will 'take possession' of the house. Coming out of the tunnel coincides with this enforced socialising with others. It seems Miriam's self-contained "lying low" time is to end.

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Interim (1919) has Miriam engaging in a social life which includes the Brooms, Eleanor Dear, Jan and Mag, Mrs Bailey's lodgers and Mrs Bailey and her family. Her range of acquaintances is broadening but, as the title of the book suggests, Miriam's life is still more potential than immediate. In Interim Miriam is still cautiously exploring the life offered by the house and her portion of London. The book begins with Miriam visiting Grace and Florrie for Christmas. There she finds admiring friends who provide her with comfort and security. But she is not enticed by these things. She wonders: 'What was she doing here? At Christmas time one should be where one belonged.' And she knows that she doesn't belong anywhere anymore. She knows that her current life would seem to be 'hardship and gloom' to her previous friends. But the Broom's house gives her respite from her past and present comfort. 'It made no break in the new life' and it does not trap her - 'the door of retreat always open.' (Ch. i, p.316) In her solitariness Miriam finds a serenity and a quality for which, at this stage, 'there were no words.' (Ch.ii, p.322) She is still vague and tentative in her understanding of the nature of things.¹² But, even though she prizes her solitary state, she is now and then smitten by a painful loneliness. Involuntarily she finds herself drawn into the Bailey's circle. Her 'irrevocable' and 'shameful' turning to them involves her in the life of the guests and the family. She finds herself venturing further, more daringly into London. She visits Bowdoin in his 'bohemian' home to listen to solemn, highbrow piano recitals, she goes to lecture halls, she finds

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Donizetti's - a rather disreputable café - and visits it, on her own, late at night. Yet Miriam still resists closeness with people, although she can now see their value: 'Always and always in the end there was nothing but to be alone. And yet it needed people in the world to make the reality when one was alone.' (Ch.vi, p.379) The comfort and friendship which seems to be promised by other people is shown, repeatedly, to be elusive. Eve comes to London but Miriam's anticipation of sisterly companionship is disappointed. Her relationship with Eve becomes awkward and painful. Miriam cannot make her vision of what should be happen. Her friendship with Mendizabal serves to ultimately spoil her romantic friendship with von Heber. Eleanor Dear returns, briefly, towards the end of the book. But she disappears leaving debts and gossip behind her. Miriam is relieved by her going.

In Deadlock (1921) Miriam meets Michael Shatov. The title of this book again suggests stasis - but this time involving struggle and confrontation. Miriam's relationship with Michael initially provides her with a companion with whom to share ideas about writers, philosophers and views on people generally. This is Miriam's first truly sharing friendship, but Michael's foreign, Jewish masculinity presents Miriam with (for her) impossible barriers. She is able, though, to express her ideas and to examine them, outside herself as it were, by Michael's response to them. His un-English view of things provides her with another perspective. Miriam begins to be surer (and more

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dogmatic) in her views. But her growing confidence in her solitary, 'free,' life is still vulnerable. A forthcoming visit to her sisters presents her with a poignant notion: 'She was going home.' Her present and future life were merely a continuum of her past - her happy, family- and friend-filled past. But on Miriam's return to Tansley Street her nostalgia for the past is subsumed by her restored passion for London:

She asked nothing but to stay where she was, to go on ... London was her pillar of cloud and fire, undeserved, but unsolicited, life's free gift. (Ch.iii, p.107)

Miriam's theories are expounded at greater length as her relationship with Michael, and her predilection for her London life, strengthens. Her interest in writing - style and the intention of the author - is further excited by her attempts to assist Mr. Lahitte (one of Mrs Bailey's guests) in the preparation of a lecture. She is amazed by her own written words: 'They were alive, gravely, after the manner of her graver self.' (Ch.iv, p.132) The revelatory experience of writing gives her a new 'centre' to her life. Her room and her little writing table are the only life, her 'secret place,' to be protected and maintained at all costs. The attempt at translation (of some stories by Andreyev) increases her understanding of writing. Miriam devises 'three stages' for translation. They are described as sacramental stages in a transubstantiation that leaves the text autonomous, 'no longer even partly hers.' Yet her work is a 'kind of diary,' it embodies the incidents of her life as she wrote. The writing and herself become inextricably one. The exaltation of the experiment is lost when Wilson does

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not enthuse over the stories. Miriam's enthusiasm in her own ability is damaged. As if to compensate, Miriam becomes more dogmatic than ever. Her unshakeable conviction of the rightness of her point of view gets her the sack (although she bullies her employers into changing their minds). She has long wrangling monologues with herself, and conversations with Michael. But the romantic involvement with Michael brings her a temporary sense of belonging, again: 'She was at last, in person, on a known highway, as others, knowing truth alive.' (Ch.x, p.192) But the sense of belonging is short-lived. Miriam is already beginning to desire a return to her solitary state when Michael's confession of some sexual adventure causes a rift. Miriam is gracious and forgives, but their relationship takes on bitter tones. The book ends with Miriam's anger at Michael's intransigence in not accepting her views (on men's attitudes to women) and her failure to come to terms with his Jewishness.

Revolving Lights (1923) begins on the long, wrangling note which characterises the entire book. Miriam sees herself on a path, which is made up by 'things of the mind.' She must explore the path 'exhaustively, the long way round, the masculine way.' The first, long chapter in Revolving Lights is almost entirely monologue. Miriam is not named, directly, once. (There is a passage, within the monologue, where Miriam remembers a conversation with Wilson. Wilson names her again and again. The repetition of Miriam's name has the effect of part-way compensating for her invisibility. It provides an objective,

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mocking distance.) Miriam's views, for instance her opinions on 'Englishness,'³ become the subject matter - rather than Miriam's consciousness. Her feeling for London, always passionate, becomes extravagant - London is now a 'mighty lover.' Her views on the differing qualities of men and women become more radical, more didactic. The activities of the people in Miriam's life are described indirectly - we only hear of them by-the-way, as part of Miriam's reveries (which now doesn't include much descriptive detail). In the following chapters Miriam meets Michael's revolutionary friends, the Lintoffs. Throughout the meeting Miriam ponders her reasons for the impossibility of continuing the relationship with Michael. People and things are described only in relation to this, according to how they impinge or cast light upon the problem. A visit to the Wilsons alleviates the argumentative monotone. Alma, Wilson and Miss Prout are described in sharp, revealing detail. Characters become three-dimensional again, and some objective light is thrown upon Miriam. Wilson gives Miriam advice about writing, and marshalling her thoughts. Wilson's criticisms provide a balance to Miriam's extravagant opinions. 'The difference between you and me is that you think to live and I live to think' he tells her. (Ch.iii, p.377) But Wilson's remarks are not always adverse. The more frequent inclusion of Wilson in Miriam's interior monologue reveals their growing relationship. And simultaneously suggests Miriam's growth in confidence and acuity. The final chapter, as the first, is notable for the fact that Miriam is not named once, directly. She is named only by Wilson,

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in the passages made up of conversations between the two. The reader can only "see" Miriam through her thoughts. She is less visible than in previous books, but more oppressively present.

The Trap (1925) provides a refreshing return to an (occasional) external viewpoint. Miriam moves into rooms in Flaxman's Court, which she shares with Miss Holland. Flaxman's Court seems at first to be charming, and discovering Yeats to be a near neighbour adds to the romance. The adventure of furnishing the rooms, catering for herself, learning to cope with landlords, visitors, neighbours - and Miss Holland - is described with a restored vitality. The move should bring Miriam a new independence. And when Miriam becomes a member of her club, she finds a new, possible refuge. The club offers a solution for her preferred 'homelessness.' She can play hostess, associate with other people, have a socially acceptable role and status - but all within the defined boundaries of the club. Miriam finds herself able to dip into the conventional social life, without having to sacrifice her maverick state. She finds herself able to group her friends around her and introduce them to each other: Densley, the Taylors, Michael. As if she were rearranging objects, she scrutinises them afresh in the new juxtaposition. But, as the title implies, the forced proximity of Selina Holland, and the unassimilable strangeness of the new neighbours, becomes a trap for Miriam. She eventually finds herself tormented by the closeness of Flaxman's Court and its occupants. Her precious solitariness, an absolute necessity for her, must

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be regained. Miss Holland's initially flattering reaction (admiration, amusement, faint shock) to Miriam's idiosyncratic, unconventional ways turns into narrow disapproval and irritability. The irritability and criticism are returned in good measure by Miriam. Miriam begins to re-examine her life. In the midst of a silly squabble with Miss Holland Miriam gets an unpleasant reminder that her present situation is by no means the lyrical state she imagines. Still working for the dentists, a friend of the Orlys' - Mrs Cameron - visits. As she leaves, Mrs Cameron reminds Miriam that it is her (Miriam's) *life* that is being expended in the petty work at the practice. Miriam is now 28. It is ten years since she left home - 'the years that are called "the best."':

So Mrs Cameron saw it. So perhaps everyone would see it. She herself the only blind spectator. It was true. This scene that she persisted as seeing as a background, stationary, not moving on, was her life, was counting off years. The unlimited future she meted out for the life she was one day to lead appeared to Mrs Cameron defined, a short span. (Ch.vi, p.484)

After this unpleasant jolt, Miriam surveys her friends at a Lycurgan (Fabian) party. The passage has the effect of allowing Miriam to assemble and survey her friends, and the stages of her own life. The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' ('with its suggestion of mournful survival from a golden past') makes Miriam feel 'joined' to her friends: 'To stand thus linked and singing was to lose the weight of individuality and keep its essence, its queer power of being one with every one alive.' (vii, p.496) But another change is imminent. The book ends with a sense of fleeting time, Miriam coming to terms with short-comings and her

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determination to move on and 'take responsibility' for her self: 'I must create my life. Life is creation. Self and circumstances the raw material.'

In Oberland (1927) Miriam travels, on holiday, to Switzerland. The exhausting journey and the arrival in the Bernese Oberland is vividly realized. Miriam is able to exercise her views on things foreign. Travelling alone, she is undeniably brave. Even though her flight from her first class compartment (because of the intrusion of a Frenchman) looks like 'British prudery,' it is only Miriam's idiosyncratic abhorrence of physical proximity. She seems, more than ever before, an emancipated, modern woman. She is surrounded by reminders of 'the beginning of her life' - when she went to Hanover - and relishes the familiar foreignness of her surroundings. But her first friend is an Englishwoman - Mrs Harcourt, who shelters Miriam 'under her wing.' Miriam has tentatively romantic friendships with the 'Cambridge' graduates, Vereker and Eaden (these friendships have far more clarity than the account of the romance with an Italian, Guerini.) Miriam's tremendous pleasure in tobogganing recalls her delight in cycling. The image of Miriam indulging in sporty, physical adventure also recalls her earlier capacity for expressing her self through her physical sense of self. Her appreciation of the physical grace and strength of others is a reminder of her awareness of the pupils in Hanover, in Pointed Roofs.¹⁴ She seems very young again. Miriam's rapturous appreciation of the beauty of Oberland recalls her rapturous delight in London

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scenes. But there is no surprise value in an admiring appreciation of an Alpine scene (compared with Miriam's vision of a city street or a boarding-house room). The vividness therefore has less impact. There seems to be a moment, towards the end of the book when a conventional "plot" is signposted. Miriam is temporarily 'at truce' with Eaden: 'For a moment she was aware, far away in the future, of one of whom he was the forerunner, coming into her life for mortal combat.' (Ch.vii, p.117) This, of course, may be Miriam's irrepressible tendency to assume large things, (about men and her relationship with them, in particular). But it strikes, for Pilgrimage, an unusual note. The reader, for the first time, feels that Miriam's future is known and controlled by an author. Miriam returns to London, and to Hypo, still feeling the need for solitude (but not feeling lonely) and still feeling uniquely complex in contrast to the apparent simple 'singleness' of others. Serenity has escaped Miriam, even as she feels restored and changed by her holiday: 'Again she had that haunting sense of being a collection of persons living in a world of people always single and the same.' (Ch.viii, p.122)

Dawn's Left Hand (1931) begins with Miriam forming a conclusion about the nature of others' consciousness as compared with her own. Others are now 'Oberlanders,' 'complacently accepting.' Other people, for instance Mr Orly are 'unconscious of their consciousness,' 'trained away from it. A kind of salvation.' Miriam visits Mrs Philps and Grace Broom. She recounts her experience in Oberland, and analyses the quality of their

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attention: 'Perhaps it was just their unquestioning acceptance that made life flow from them so strongly that most of her friends seemed, by comparison, uncreated. In some essential way.' (Ch.ii, p.137) Miriam's precarious sense of a change in herself is threatened by her return to the other people she knows in London. She feels only Hypo will understand her 'record of social success.' And Miriam pauses to consider whether or not she should continue or abandon her liaison with him. She decides to postpone him for a while, but a letter from Alma means that he cannot be forgotten or postponed. Immediately after this scene Miriam finally rejects Densley (who tells her of Eleanor Dear's marriage to Rodkin). Then Miriam, walking along a back street - examining her sense of relief at having 'rescued' Densley - is jolted into a memory of a past, painful moment (unexplained). She remembers a time when she felt that she had forfeited her 'share in humanity for ever and must go quietly and alone until the end.' But the horror has gone. The chapter (iii) ends with Miriam watching a Punch and Judy show. This amused watching of the grotesque comedy of the archetypal married couple reinforces Miriam's frame of mind. She has rejected marriage and companionship - and the fear of loneliness. But Miriam's moves for change are still countermanded by kinds of return or retreat. Her relationship with Wilson develops. She meets Amabel, whose passionate admiration for Miriam counterpoints Wilson's more critical (and in Miriam's terms) imperfect admiration. Miriam and Selina Holland abandon their shared rooms experiment, and Miriam plans to return to Tansley Street, her 'home.' (Ch.viii,

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p.204) Going with Wilson to a private room in a restaurant she postpones the love-making and takes him, instead, to Donizetti's. She prefers to share Donizetti's with Wilson (the café to which she had taken Eleanor, Michael and Selina Holland). But Wilson rebukes her (they are discussing Miriam's potential writing career): 'Even Miretta can't browse all over the field for ever. It's committing yourself you're afraid of. Taking definite steps.' Wilson advises her to 'take hold of life,' and accuses her of pushing things away. Miriam explains that she does this only to 'get back.' (Ch.ix, p.247) She is always, in some fashion, returning. At the end of the book, during a visit to the Wilsons, she decides that the sexual culmination of her affair with Wilson is safely far away - 'on the horizon.' Her complacency is shattered when, during the night, he comes into her room. Miriam retreats most effectively. She rejects the 'unwelcome adventure of her body,' and mentally leaving her 'clenched and rigid form' travels 'alone and on and on.' She goes on an 'unshared journeying.' Although Richardson certainly did not intend comedy, the scene would be comical if it weren't for Miriam's gravity - and bleakness. She looks back to 'the betrayed and banished past and forward to a horizon swept blank and featureless.' (Ch.x, p.258) But the book ends with a restoration of Miriam's equanimity. Her return to London finds her with 'a calm delightful sense of power.'

The references to a horizon towards the end of Dawn's Left Hand ('I put things on the horizon and leave them there.' Ch.x, p.253)

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are picked up again in the title of the next book: Clear Horizon (1935). Back at Mrs Bailey's, Miriam remembers an unIntroduced character - Lionel Cholmley. There is a sense, for the reader, of having missed a portion of Miriam's life, and of returning to earlier days (the device of examining people who are sat around a table harks back to the first book, Pointed Roofs). As in Revolving Lights, this book opens with a long monologue. The tone is not argumentative, though, it is meditative. Miriam conceives the idea of matching Amabel (who now figures largely in her life) with Michael. The idea is so potent, for Miriam, that it helps her see ahead to a clear future: 'Joyously,' she recalls the picture of herself introducing the two to each other:

And it stood there before her, solving the mystery of her present failure to suffer on Michael's behalf, filling so completely the horizon of her immediate future that it seemed to offer, the moment it should become the reality into which she had the power of translating it, a vista ahead swept clean of all impediments. (Ch.1, p.285)

This seems to be Miriam's 'clear horizon.' By conceiving the idea of matching Michael and Amabel she frees herself from both of them, and is able to see ahead into an unhampered future. Miriam is still affected by her sexual encounter with Wilson. She feels at times a 'strange, cold trance,' which is, despite her capacity for fleeting transcendental experience, 'asserting itself as central and permanent.' She is aware of a new quality of 'wonder,' pushing her on to 'some new way of being.' (Ch.1, p.297) Miriam begins to think about gardens, and imagines a new future for herself outside the city. She introduces Amabel to Hypo but finds Wilson's objective scrutiny unacceptable, and, for

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Miriam, the meeting is a failure. She resents Wilson's view of her as a 'biological contrivance.' The resentment is not assuaged by her subsequent conversation with him in Donizetti's. She attempts once more to explain to Wilson the 'astonishingness of there being anything anywhere,' and once again, Wilson admonishes her. 'Life' he says 'if we're to get anything done, doesn't, dear Miriam. admit of intensive explorations of the depths of personalities.' (Ch.ii, p.234) Miriam cannot accept Wilson's rebukes any more. The 'mutual dislike of their two ways of being,' demands separation. Miriam, in this book, voices her notion of 'being versus becoming:' 'Look after the being and the becoming will look after itself. Look after the becoming and the being will look after itself. Not so certain.' (Ch.vi, p.362) Her belief in surrendering to 'being' is antipathetic to Wilson's 'living in order to think.' After articulating this belief she takes stock again of her life. The 'clear horizon' ahead has not disappeared, but it is so clear it is frighteningly invisible. Having finally broken with Wilson, Miriam feels excluded from her previous world: 'and the world she had entered was closing against her and the one she had inhabited with Amabel was breaking up. Ahead nothing was visible.' (Ch.vi, p.365) Amabel is beginning to pall upon Miriam. Her family past is recalled by the illness of her sister Sarah, and Densley is reintroduced into her life because of this. Densley notices Miriam's physical debility and recommends rest. Miriam considers his suggestion and balances her past, present and future. She decides to take the advice. This juxtaposition of her long-gone life with 'the

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rich void towards which she was blissfully moving,' makes her break with her present more emphatic. The book ends with Wilson's final advice to 'write the first dental novel,' and Miriam's farewell to the Orlys.

Dimple Hill (1938) commences with Miriam beginning to feel disenchantment with Florence and Grace Broom (with whom she is taking a holiday). She has entered the 'gateway of her six months' freedom' and Grace and Florence become 'symbols of all she was leaving,' even though Grace embodies 'so long a stretch of the past.' Miriam had imagined herself, in the weeks approaching her break, in 'vast echoing woodlands,' unpopulated, with blue skies, streams and flowery banks. During the holiday with the Brooms, sitting reading in the open, she has an ecstatic, visionary experience. She goes to church and instead of her usual revolt against established religion, feels a 'blind longing' for admission into the 'changeless centre' of this 'enclosed world.' (Ch.ii, p.423) Miriam now finds herself besieged by memories of 'the worlds from which one after another she had retreated.' London no longer belongs to her. She feels the last links with her past break and, leaving the Brooms, she goes to stay with the Roscorlas, at Dimple Hill, in the country. The Roscorlas are Quakers and Miriam begins to discover a source of peace and restorative joy in the Quaker manner of worshipping. She also finds a healing quality in the Roscorla family. Richard and Miriam are mutually attracted. (And Miriam seems to enjoy appearing to Richard as a sweet, conventionally good woman.) She

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is charmed by and, initially, charms Rachel Mary Roscorla, Richard's sister and the effective head of the family. Restored by the tranquillity of her surroundings, Miriam begins to write again, but, at first finds the task difficult and defeating. The mutual admiration between Miriam and the Roscorlas begins to diminish when Miriam reveals her socialist views and, more unacceptably, seems, to the Roscorlas, to flirt with a family friend, Luke Mayne. (Miriam, again, seems to be indulging in the characteristic habit of placing great significance upon small matter, in her relationship with Mayne. But as consciousness gives equal weight to all things, we cannot expect to see any common-sense qualifications. And of course, Richardson refuses an authorial commentary.) Miriam begins to substitute an extravagant love for the country for her passionate sense of possession of London:

The wind, is the best lover.

Things had come so near. Even this dingy old evergreen oak, the least valued of her possessions, was individually beloved.' (Ch.xi, p.539)

And this new, 'ceaseless communion' with things becomes preferable to her relationship with Richard. A return visit to London, to see Michael and Amabel married, seems to be another retreat. It is also reminiscent of the endings of previous books where Miriam's solitariness is emphasised by the marriages of her sisters. Whilst in London, Miriam meets Wilson at a Lycurgan meeting, tells him she is to resign (from 'blindness') and discourages his impulse to come and 'have a look' at her Quakers. The return to Dimple Hill is implied only in the account of

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Miriam's leaving it. The final chapter has Miriam leaving, feeling the Roscorlas have 'got rid' of her and that Richard has 'drawn back' from her. Miriam plans an escape which is, in effect, another return - 'Perhaps to Oberland.'

The opening chapter in March Moonlight (1967) is very confusing. The 'Dick' referred to may well be Richard Roscorla - but it is, in fact, a nickname coined for Miriam by her friend, Jean. Jean is new, referred to as if familiar (to the reader as well as Miriam), but unintroduced and unprepared for. Tense changes and merges (from present to past) and the narrative voice changes from third to first person, and back again. Miriam is actually staying at her sister Sarah's (confusingly named as 'Sally'), reading a letter from her friend Jean (whom she met in Vaud) which leads her into a long reminiscence of that holiday. Miriam is recovering from 'flu and has returned 'empty-handed' to her family. Whilst staying at Sarah's Miriam thinks back to Dimple Hill, and a letter from Rachel Mary telling her of her Mother's death - and inviting Miriam back to visit them. Miriam looks forward to this as to a return 'home.' The opening of March Moonlight reveals a purely passive Miriam in nostalgic mood, thinking about Vaud, Oberland and Dimple Hill, and trying out her Quaker silences on her sister's family. During a visit to Amabel and Michael, Miriam surveys their rooms. In recalling Amabel's previous rooms - at their club, at Tansley Street and Flaxman's Court - Miriam seems to be seeing Amabel as a continuation of herself. Amabel's life with Michael substitutes for the life

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Miriam might have had with him. The bedroom provided for her is decorated as her bedroom in Flaxman's Court. Amabel says: 'You're going back, Mira.' (Ch.iii, p.601) And though she is referring to Miriam's imminent return to Dimple Hill there is a sense of Miriam re-living her past through Amabel. The symbiosis of the two women becomes more clearer as Miriam thinks how she 'holds' in her consciousness the drama of Amabel's life. But the revelation of the failure of marriage, for Amabel, curtails the wishfulthinkingness. Miriam had wished marriage upon Michael and Amabel as a solution for herself. However, she goes away, again, feeling vindicated in her unviolated solitariness. Miriam returns to Quakerism and the Roscorlas (having "'thrown science and socialism overboard.'") She pursues her 'pathway' which she clearly sees as being 'towards the past.' Miriam thinks about her growing compulsion to put her experiences into words. 'To write is to forsake life' she thinks, but she is able to 'forget the price,' and to 'eagerly face the strange journey down and down to the centre of being.' (Ch.iv, p.609) Miriam hears of the proposed visit to the Roscorlas' of a Frenchman, a Catholic, and simultaneously, is told that she must find an alternative place to stay, for four months. Rachel Mary's temporary absence means that Miriam cannot stay at Dimple Hill. She goes to the St John's Wood branch of the Young Women's Bible Association, believing that this is a place where she can now 'belong.' She feels at home in this 'half-nunnery,' and is more enthralled than ever with 'the adventure of being, of the fact of existence, anywhere, of anything at all.' (Ch.viii, p.638) In this serene

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state, Miriam returns to Dimple Hill and meets Charles Ducorroy, the Frenchman. Miriam's thoughts turn to marriage, to her previous brushes with the possibility, and to the nature of the married state. And though Charles believes that marriage is 'dependent, for success, upon the husband's unquestioned leadership,' (Ch.ix, p.642) she becomes engaged (with the Roscorlas' approval) to him. But Miriam feels compelled to 'confess her past' to Charles. Consequently she is rejected by both Charles and the Roscorlas. Forced to leave Dimple Hill, Miriam finds a place to live in St. John's Wood (where she meets one of the lodgers, a 'tall skeleton in tattered garments'). March Moonlight, and Pilgrimage, ends in a pell-mell scramble of old and new names, past and present events, and in the first person: 'While I write, everything vanishes but what I contemplate. The whole of what is called 'the past' is with me, seen anew, vividly.'

ii. Travelling

The structure of Pilgrimage is revealed by this sequence of events. Miriam is on a journey. But she does not progress in a linear fashion. The events described through her consciousness do proceed chronologically (though her memories often switch in time to the past and back to the present). Events do not make up

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the stages in Miriam's journey. Rather, the various stages are the moments of clarity, and decision, that Miriam experiences in her discovery of herself, her place, and her purpose. These moments recur, and Miriam's journey is in fact a rambling revisiting of "places." She achieves an insight, but loses it, only to regain it and move on again to another aspect of the same insight. Ultimately, she doesn't progress so much as regress, in that her travelling is a return. Miriam returns to a garden past and regains it. Her initial journeying from her family into the world takes her away from an essential 'being.' Yet the experience of the world is necessary for her to realise the value of 'being' - just as the proximity of other people helps her fully experience her own unique self. The city serves as a refuge from the garden-past (Miriam's earliest memory of her first apprehension of self occurs in a garden). But the city also serves to lead Miriam back to a garden-existence (progressing from Bonnycliff, to Oberland, Dimple Hill - and, by a final twist of the image, to St John's Wood). And Miriam returns to herself with an ability and a compulsion to describe her experience of things and people (not things and people directly, but her apprehension of them, and therefore her own consciousness). The sense of existence which she constantly rejoices in is her subject matter. To achieve this finally revealed purpose, Miriam abdicates from close relationships with friends, family and lovers. She returns to a beginning. ('How ever far you go out, you come back ...')

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Miriam says that the past casts *light*. And her moments of clarity and decision are often accompanied by descriptions of light. Not only does the 'March Moonlight' of the final book counterpoint the 'March twilight' referred to in the opening sentences of Pointed Roofs. It also combines beginnings and endings in the images of Spring and night-time. The titles of all the books which make up Pilgrimage make similar pictures. The titles from Pointed Roof to The Trap suggest movement, in time, action and locale. Miriam engages with the world, retreats, re-engages and is defeated: she goes to a strange place (Pointed Roofs), then returns and reconsiders her future in the temporary shelter of the Pernes' (Backwater). She tries an alternative shelter, but although it offers sweetness and luxury, it is a kind of trap, a maze in which she could lose herself (Honeycomb). Miriam, with a real act of will, drives herself into a new world, concentrating on her own small patch of life (The Tunnel) then emerges and takes stock (Interim). The pause precedes the drama of a relationship with a man, which, for Miriam, is largely confrontation (Deadlock). Miriam's acceptance of the emotional aspects of the relationship spins her into a turmoil of feelings (Revolving Lights, which she attempts to escape only to find herself enmeshed in another, more stifling, relationship (The Trap). The titles from Oberland to March Moonlight suggests a view of one day, perhaps one place: the new land, seen from above, from morning to night-time. Miriam escapes her trap and goes to a new place, where she can look down upon her life and review it (Oberland). From this point, the

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titles describe a physical scene. The sun rises upon Miriam's new emotional adventure (Dawn's Left Hand); she then sees ahead, with new light, to a future free of the past (Clear Horizon). Climbing to a different vantage point, Miriam investigates a new and optimistic place (Dimple Hill), but returns, to a new start at the end of a spring day (March Moonlight).

The beginnings and endings of almost all the books have Miriam in transit. At the beginning of Pointed Roofs Miriam is climbing the stairs (and about to leave for Hanover). At the end of that book she is travelling away from Hanover, on a train. A bus journey is described in the opening chapter of Backwater (which ends with Miriam's departure from the Pernes'). Honeycomb begins with Miriam on a train (though it ends in a kind of paralysis). The Tunnel begins with Miriam arriving with her bags and climbing the stairs at Mrs Bailey's, and ends with her being 'dispossessed' of the house. Miriam arrives, with her bag, at the Brooms', at the beginning of Interim and the book ends with a brief passage describing Miriam descending the stairs at Mrs Bailey's. At the beginning of Deadlock Miriam is running upstairs ('narrowly ahead of her thoughts') and at the end leaves Mrs Bergstein's house, 'fleeing' from 'troubled darkness.' Again, the opening scene of Revolving Lights has Miriam climbing stairs (and pondering upon the 'wonder of moving from one space to another and up and down stairs.') and running downstairs in the final scene of the book. The Trap begins with Miriam's arrival at Flaxman's Court and ends with her resolve to leave.

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Oberland begins and ends with Miriam on a train journey, and the opening of Dawn's Left Hand is a continuation of the return train journey from Oberland. It ends with Miriam, again, returning to London by train, and ascending the steps of the Bailey's house. Clear Horizon does *not* begin with a journey. Its opening scene is a reminiscing internal monologue, but it ends with Miriam's departure from Wimpole Street. Miriam is on a train again, with Grace and Florrie Broom, at the beginning of Dimple Hill, and the book ends with Miriam's departure from the Roscorlas. March Moonlight, as Clear Horizon, starts with an internal monologue and no suggestion of Miriam in transit (though she is thinking back to her holiday in Vaud, and is temporarily perched at her sister's house). It ends - as far as March Moonlight can be said to end - with an image of serenity and (surrogate) fulfilment. Miriam is on 'neutral territory,' able to be 'everywhere.' She doesn't need to travel anymore.

CHAPTER 7

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography

"My novel was distinctly autobiographical. Hypo was Wells, Miriam in part myself, and Alma Mrs Wells." This statement, by Dorothy Richardson, is simple enough. It seems to clarify so many things - the reason why the novel is so long, and so inconclusive; the reason why Miriam Henderson is not described objectively and why her consciousness is revealed so vividly; the reason why there is no "plot." But Richardson does not say that Pilgrimage is an autobiography, only that it is of that nature. And Miriam is only *in part* a representation of Richardson. Richardson's statement does not clarify the fictional aspect of Pilgrimage. It does not explain why the novel is not wholly autobiographical, and what material is invention, and why. But if Pilgrimage is read in the historical context of the Modernist movement, it becomes clear that Richardson's fictionalised autobiography is an account of an aesthetic quest - for a way to write. Richardson's portrayal of herself in her novel is a motif of the Modernist writer. And it is this dominant idea which makes Pilgrimage essentially Modernist, and places it alongside novels such as Remembrance of Things Past (1913-1927) and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916).²

If one seeks to prove the autobiographical content of Pilgrimage the task is relatively simple. Apart from Dorothy Richardson's own admission there are Gloria Fromm's or John Rosenberg's biographies to consult.³ Gloria Fromm claims that Pilgrimage is

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'indeed an autobiographical novel and that any portrait of Dorothy Richardson (as she herself insisted) must take its fundamental lines from her own novel'⁴ As Richardson was very reluctant to give information about herself to any journalist, it is true that most evidence about her life must be gained from her novel. But for the purpose of this thesis the task is to be reversed. The structure and content of Pilgrimage will be sought in the details of Richardson's life, revealed in biographical works - the major work to date being Fromm's Dorothy Richardson - A Biography.

1. The Author

Dorothy Richardson was born in 1873. She was the third of four children - all girls - born to Mary and Charles Richardson. Her three sisters, Frances (Kate), Alice (Richie) and Jessie, provide the models for Miriam Henderson's three sisters - named Sarah, Eve and Harriett - in Pilgrimage. Charles Richardson, according to the information gathered by Fromm, was the pattern for Miriam Henderson's autocratic, cultured father. And the nervous, fun-loving mother - dominated by her husband - appears as Miriam's mother in Pilgrimage. The seaside holidays, the walled garden where 'the strange independent joy had begun' (Pointed Roofs viii, p.316), the large house in which the sisters

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had concerts and parties, the tennis club, the school - all these places are drawn directly from Richardson's early life. Even Miriam's looks (only described by brief references) reflect Richardson's own - blonde, fair-skinned, large hands, short-sighted. Within the novel names of people and places are barely disguised: Pfaff for Pabst; Hancock for Badcock; Babington for Abingdon; Banbury for Finsbury; Wordsworth House for Edgeworth House, or Friday Review for Saturday Review.

Almost all of the crucial actions in Pilgrimage reflect similar, or identical, moments in Richardson's life. The journey with which Pointed Roofs commences is based upon Richardson's own journey to Hanover. Like Miriam, Dorothy Richardson was seventeen when she left home in 1891 to earn a living - because of her father's financial ruin, and because of her need to assert independence. There are few clues given in Pilgrimage about Miriam's age and about dates of events. However, we know that Miriam is seventeen in Pointed Roofs, that ten years later she is sharing a room with Miss Holland (and forming a tentative relationship with Hypo Wilson); and that at the end of March Moonlight it is 1915 and Miriam has moved to St John's Wood, met a 'weird young man' and is writing in earnest - 'The whole of what is called "the past" is with me, seen anew, vividly.' (Ch.x, p.657) Pointed Roofs was published in 1915, but begun in 1912, and completed in 1913 'only the first part of a whole already conceived as Pilgrimage.'⁵ Richardson was forty, then, when she began her novel, and we may assume that the account of Miriam

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Henderson's consciousness covers a twenty-three year span, starting with the first independent move away from home and ending at the point where Pilgrimage, in reality, began. Therefore the events preceding 1915 are the material of Richardson's novel.

Richardson returned from Hanover, after only a few months' stay, and went, in October 1891, to Edgeworth House run by the Ayre sisters. She taught at this school, but, just as described in Backwater, found the work exhausting and North London oppressive. She made friends with two pupils from the school (who appear in Pilgrimage as the Broom sisters) who remained her friends for years. During this time her father became bankrupt (at the end of 1893) and her sister Kate became engaged. Before Kate married, Richardson left Edgeworth House and took a position as a governess (for the Avorys) in 1895. (Her sisters Kate and Jessie married within a few months of each other during this time, but this is described as a single event - a joint wedding - in Honeycomb) Although the work as a governess lasted for only a short time, it is described in Honeycomb as if it were a long, idyllic period (though the impression is gained through the intensity and emphasis given to the interlude). In November of 1895, Dorothy Richardson accompanied her mother - who was by then mentally ill - to Hastings. Dorothy was to look after her mother and not leave her by herself. Worn out by the watching and misery, Richardson left her mother for an hour or so. During that time her mother killed herself - cutting her throat with a

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kitchen knife. Dorothy Richardson was then twenty-two. This incident is only described indirectly at the end of Honeycomb (see pp. 178-181 of this chapter) but the facts of the tragedy cast light upon Miriam's anguish and self-reproach.

After the death of her mother, Dorothy Richardson moved to London and was found, by her family, a job with Harry Badcock - a dentist, who shared a practice with the Balys. The year was 1896.⁶ Richardson took a room at Mrs Baker's house on Endsleigh Street, and met a lodger, a young Russian Jew named Benjamin Grad. (These events are described in The Tunnel. Hancock, the Orlys, Wimpole Street, Mrs Bailey, Tansley Street and Michael Shatov are all substitute names.) Richardson's work at the dentists' practice began an interest in the profession which occasionally shows within the text of her novel.⁷ She attempted to find friends, and in doing so wrote to Amy Catherine Robbins, who she knew from their school-days. Amy was married to H.G. Wells (who had re-named her as Jane, just as, in Pilgrimage, Alma is re-named Susan by Hypo). The story of Richardson's first meeting with Wells is described in The Tunnel, when Miriam visits her school-friend Alma, and meets her husband Hypo Wilson:

The little man began making statements about Alma. Sitting back in his high-backed chair, with his head bent and his fine hands clasping his large handkerchief, he made little short statements, each improving on the one before it and coming out of it, and little subdued snortings at the back of his nose in the pauses between his sentences as if he were afraid of being answered or interrupted before he developed the next thing /...../ the curious mouthing half hidden by the drooping straggle of moustache and the strange, concentrated gleam of the grey-blue eyes staring into space /...../ He met the laughter with a minatory outstretched forefinger,

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and raised his voice to a soft squeal ending, as he launched with a little throw of the hand his final jest, in a rotund crackle of high hysterical open-mouthed laughter.

(Ch.vi, p.113)

(Wells himself, later, vouched for the accuracy of the account of Miriam and the Wilsons: 'Dorothy has a very distinctive literary gift, acute intensity of expression and an astonishingly vivid memory she has described our Worcester Park life with astonishing accuracy.'²⁹) Richardson met Wells's literary friends and started to form ideas about writing. In The Tunnel she describes Miriam's first introduction to the idea of writing as a profession. Wilson advises her to try a short piece of prose about 'anything; a description of an old woman sitting in an omnibus ... anything.' (Ch.vi, p.129) (The idea of an anonymous person in an omnibus as subject-matter is repeated in Ch.ix, p.145, and in The Trap Ch.iv, p.610; indirectly in Dimple Hill Ch,iv, p.432 and March Moonlight,Ch. iv, p.610. It suggests Miriam's quest for form for her material as she develops into a writer.) During the years in London Richardson visited her friends Mab Heath and 'Johnny' Schleussner (Mag and Jan in the novel), listened to McTaggart and Basil Wilberforce, joined the Fabians and translated some short stories by Andreyev (dismissed, critically, by Wells). Her observations of the people she met provided her with material and her reading and translation attempts contributed to her development as a writer. She read James' The Ambassadors shortly after its publication in 1903. This was a crucial experience for Richardson. The importance of the event is made clear because of the prominence given to it in

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Pilgrimage. Miriam, in The Trap, reads a book which has 'become the centre of her life.' (Ch.1, p.407) From the references made, it is clear that she is reading The Ambassadors, and the person who Miriam declares 'had achieved the first completely satisfying way of writing a novel' (p.410) is Henry James.

The relationship with Grad, the developing relationship with Wells, and the adventures in London and at Mrs Baker's are all described in The Tunnel, Interim, Deadlock, and Revolving Lights. Richardson joined a woman's club in 1903 or 1904. She needed to find an alternative to Mrs Baker's house on Endsleigh Street which by this time had become a boarding-house. Richardson felt the new occupants were an intrusion, and sought a new safe place. She made friends with a Miss Moffat, and moved into new rooms in 1905 - shared with Miss Moffat - in Woburn Walk. She had by this time been in London ten years, was tiring of her work at the dentists', and had had a fortnight's holiday in the Bernese Oberland. In Pilgrimage the visit to Oberland is described subsequent to the events in The Trap, in the next book. And Miriam's affair with Wilson is described in Dawn's Left Hand, whereas Richardson's relationship with Wells became a sexual affair during the time she was sharing rooms with Miss Moffat. This juxtaposition of events in the novel shows where Richardson makes fiction out of the material of her life. She creates a more dramatic effect by having the experience of room-sharing become a turning-point. In Pilgrimage, Oberland is a time of restoration and preparing. In Richardson's life it was similarly

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so. But Richardson returned, at the end of 1904, to commence her room-sharing with Miss Moffat and, whilst living with her, to become Wells' lover. In her novel the events become separate and sequential. (Gillian Hanscombe, in her book: The Art of Life, pays particular attention to these fictional changes to the events in Richardson's life. She feels that this is necessary to provide a 'balance' to the 'prominence accorded to Richardson's views.' This can be achieved by:

an examination of how her experimental technique modified the elements of her life, which she chose as her subject matter, not by changing their configuration in space and time, but by changing their relational context, so that what to her was their 'real meaning' became accessible, and what to us must be their artistic integrity becomes comprehensible.²

Hanscombe believes that Richardson was 'a writer who could manipulate relationships so that they would affirm her world-view in life, as well as in art.' Thus creating a continuity between art and life.'³)

In 1906, Richardson met a young woman named Veronica Leslie-Jones at her club (which was called the *Arachne*¹). Veronica is undoubtedly Amabel in Pilgrimage. And just as, in Pilgrimage, Miriam solves her problematical relationship with Michael by matching him with Amabel, Richardson deliberately introduced her friends Veronica and Benjamin and helped to engineer their marriage. In 1907 Dorothy Richardson miscarried Wells's child. She went to Pevensey in Sussex to recuperate. The time spent there provides some of the material for Dimple Hill. Richardson then went to Vaud, returning to England in 1908 (with 'flu, and

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looked after by her sister Kate) and this is the subject-matter for the commencement of March Moonlight. Richardson then returned to Sussex and went to live on a farm at Windmill Hill (run by a Quaker family) which she must have visited before her trip to Vaud.¹² The family was called Penrose, and comprised three brothers, a sister, and an elderly mother. The romantic involvement with Richard, described in the last two books of Pilgrimage, may be based upon Richardson's relationship with Jehn Penrose. Richardson, by this time, was writing regular sketches for the Saturday Review (and had been writing articles for various publications, including the Daniels' Ye Crank magazine - the Daniels being the Taylors in Pilgrimage). She had also begun an attempt at writing a novel, but her ideas were unclear at this stage:

... she planned several novels, 'each founded on an "Idea." Somehow too easy ... distasteful and boring.' She would write part of the novel, and then feel bored and dissatisfied with what she was doing, with her 'mass of material ... expanding in the mind unmanageably, choked by the necessities of narrative.' It was all too facile, too much formula writing - this deliberate planning and setting out of narrative, incidents, characters. None of what she wrote seemed alive; and the 'idea' or theme was useless as a starting point. Ideas were subjective things, variable according to a writer's particular views; and she wanted to 'express the immutable.'¹³

In 1912 Dorothy Richardson met Jack Beresford, and he and his wife supported Richardson in her early writing career. The Saturday Review (and Beresford) had been encouraging Richardson to write a novel, and it was at this time that Pilgrimage was begun. Richardson found a method that conquered the problems she had found during her first attempts at Windmill Hill. Her

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protagonist would be her *alter ego*, but independent of her. She would absent herself as author, but still write about the thing she knew best - her own consciousness. In turn, Miriam Henderson's consciousness would be the subject and the vehicle of the novel. John Rosenberg describes Richardson's discovery:

With the first words, Miriam must be on her own, pushed out into the tide of her life, and the reader there with her; and the whole of what followed - events and perceptions - must be refracted through Miriam and told in her voice alone. ('I suddenly realized that I couldn't go on in the usual way, talking *about* Miriam, describing her. There she was as I first saw her, going upstairs. But who was *there* to describe her? It came to me suddenly. It was an extraordinary moment when I realized what could and what could not be done. Then it became more and more thrilling as I saw what was there.')¹⁴

Richardson travelled between St. John's Wood and Cornwall between 1913 and 1915. She temporarily abandoned attempts to have Pointed Roofs published in 1913, and resumed writing a varied range of articles (including a book: The Quakers Past and Present, 1914). When war was declared Richardson was again in St John's Wood. Pointed Roofs was published in 1915. She met Alan Odle, her eventual husband, in summer of that year. He is the 'weird young man' described in March Moonlight. In this last book Wilson is referred to directly as Wells (Ch.ix, p.644). In the last stages of writing Richardson seems to confuse fiction and reality, or at least forgets to conceal the factual source of her characters. March Moonlight is scrambled and almost certainly unfinished, and the thin fictional veneer cracks. In the last chapter, in particular, so much happens - as if Richardson was pitching herself towards a finale. She seems to be writing in note form (Dimple Hill is referred to as 'D.H.')

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It is ironic that this book, and this final chapter, represent Richardson's commencement of life as a writer, at about 1915.

ii. Raw Material

The most explicit characterisation of Miriam as a writer, and as the embodiment of Richardson, is made in the final chapter of the final book, March Moonlight: 'While I write, everything vanishes but what I contemplate. The whole of what is called "the past" is with me, seen anew, vividly.' (p.657) But there are similar instances throughout Pilgrimage. In Revolving Lights Miriam says:

I must create my life. Life is creation. Self and circumstances the raw material. But so many lives I can't create. And in going off to create my own I must leave behind uncreated lives. Lives set in motionless circumstances. (Ch.ix, p.508).

This compares with Stephen Hero's declaration 'I go to create', and Stephen Dedalus' 'I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.' In Backwater a young Miriam thinks it extraordinary that 'a book should be printed and read while the author was alive' (Ch.iv, p.261) and is most shocked at the novelist Edna Prout's use - and she thinks misuse - of real living subjects (Deadlock, iii, p.342). Miriam speaks more than once of novels as predominantly and disappointingly revealing 'always the author.' (Deadlock iv, p.131) It is incongruous that Richardson should have written these thoughts of

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Miriam's. As she wrote them she would have been aware of the multiple significance of the words, and it is hard to believe that she was not aware of the irony of her position. Miriam is Richardson, Richardson is the writer, Miriam reveals Richardson and thus - more than almost any novel - the author is omnipresent. But Richardson believed that the only authentic subject for writing about - the only thing a writer can ever really *know* about - is the writer's own self. To pretend to a knowledge of other people is fraudulent; to arrange their lives into a plot gives an artificial shape to amorphous experience. And the reader, Richardson felt, is duped, or at best is invited to collaborate in a shallow conspiracy. Miriam voices Richardson's distaste for this authorial chicanery. In a self-explanatory letter ('Data for Spanish Publisher') she writes of her dissatisfaction with this aspect of novels:

Each, so it seemed to me, left out certain essentials and dramatised life misleadingly. Horizontally. Assembling their characters, the novelists developed situations, devised events, climax and conclusion. I could not accept their finalities. Always, for charms or repulsion, for good or ill, one was aware of the author and applauding, or deploring, his manipulations. This, when the drama was a conducted tour with the author deliberately telling his tale /...../ the essentials seemed to me secondary to something I could not then define, and the curtain-dropping finalities entirely false to experience.¹⁵

It seems odd that novels which are apparently about their protagonists' adventures can be far more revealing of the author; whereas Richardson's novel, although autobiographical, makes one forget the author and believe in the reality of the protagonist. Richardson's novel may be ultimately about herself, but there is

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very little of the 'behaving' presence which James detected in Wells's novels:

'I see you "behave" all along much more than I see them [the characters] even when they behave ... with whatever charged intensity of accomplished effect; so that the ground of the drama is somehow most of all in the adventure for *you* - not to say *of you* ...'¹⁶

As Sean O'Faolain, in The Vanishing Hero, puts it: 'With a true novelist, actually detached or not, we believe that the characters are autonomously alive and by this livingness they make us forget the author.'¹⁷

The Modernist theme of making the author or artist the subject of the work suggests a monstrous egotism. But Richardson recognised that the only thing really known to authors is their own consciousness (and even this is not easily known): 'The only sureness in things is the action of one's own spirit. Egoism? But egoism carried far enough.' (The Trap v, p.465) The 'behaving' presence of authors such as Wells is egoism not carried far enough. Virginia Woolf had noted in her diary the danger of the 'damned egotistical self'¹⁸, which she felt was ruining both Joyce and Richardson. But Richardson's egoism was the stuff of her novel. She wanted to recreate herself. The apparent impossibility for authors in separating themselves from their work is balanced by the enormous difficulty for authors who make themselves the subject. The latter objective requires an intense concentration upon the workings of consciousness. Rebecca West (initially discussing James' technique) recognises Richardson's achievement in realising consciousness:

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... few selves are capable of giving themselves such undivided attention. This is not because their egotism is weak, but because their faculty of attention is insufficiently strong. In fact the mind see-saws between broodings on its special situation and surrender to whatever sights or sounds or odours address it through the senses; and we get a deliberate effort to give a faithful representation of that see-saw when we come to Dorothy Richardson, who can fairly lay claim to be the originator of the method.¹³

West sees that Richardson not only overcomes the 'see-saw' fluctuation of the mind but simultaneously represents that fluctuation in her protagonist's mind.

Another difficulty for authors who would make themselves the subject of their work lies in the elusive identity of self. The 'see-saw' fluctuation applies equally to this. Edouard's Journal, in Part I of Gide's The Counterfeiters (1925) describes this difficulty:

I am never anything but what I think myself - and this varies so incessantly, that often, if I were not there to make them acquainted, my morning's self would not recognise my evening's. Nothing could be more different from me than myself. It is only sometimes when I am alone that the substratum emerges and that I attain a certain fundamental continuity; but at such times I feel that my life is ceasing to exist. My heart beats only out of sympathy; I live only through others - by procuration, so to speak, and by espousals; and I never feel myself living so intensely as when I escape from myself to become no matter who.

Edouard feels at times that he only imagines that he exists. He is shown as experiencing that Modernist sense of people and things as phantasmal. He is conscious of a dislocation between the self who acts and the self who observes and analyses the action. His thoughts, as the above passage continues, are as much about the author who makes himself subject, as about his individual apprehension of self:

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The thing that I have the greatest difficulty in believing in, is my own reality. I am constantly getting outside myself, and as I watch myself act I cannot understand how a person who acts is the same as the person who is watching him act, and who wonders in astonishment and doubt how he can be actor and watcher at the same moment.

Richardson does not feel such astonishment at the disparity between actor and watcher. She does not suffer a sense of dislocation because through her writing she combines both roles. Richardson watches herself and, in the watching, simultaneously re-enacts herself. But the sense of two selves is essentially Modernist. In the first paragraph of Remembrance of Things Past Marcel describes how, half-asleep, he would imagine himself 'actually to have become the subject of my book.' He means the book he had been reading but the phrase reverberates as the reader extends the significance to include the book Proust is writing. Gloria Glikin (now Fromm) in her article 'The I and the She'²⁰ compares Richardson's and Proust's technique:

In finding the method of fiction suited to their autobiographical intentions, Dorothy Richardson and Proust appear to have also learned that the very process of discovery was the theme of their art

Proust argues that 'the artist had two distinct selves' and the one which showed itself in life was not the one that produced a book.

Here Dorothy Richardson would have disagreed. Although she felt that the artist, while he creates is 'more than himself,' 'that more' - she insisted - was 'within him as well as without;' and in her opinion, neither the artist nor 'anyone else' could be separated from the man.

In Swann's Way (1913) Marcel comments upon reality being located outside the self, and how, in turn, we are the product of others' concepts:

But then, even in the most insignificant details of our daily life, none of us can be said to constitute a material whole,

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which is identical for everyone, and need only be turned up like a page in an account-book or the record of a will; our social personality is created by the thoughts of other people. Even the simple act which we describe as 'seeing some one we know' is, to some extent, an intellectual process. We pack the physical outline of the creature we see with all the ideas we have already formed about him, and in the complete picture of him which we compose in our minds those ideas have the principle place.

Thus, even authors' accounts of themselves cannot contain 'a material whole.'

There are similarities with the feelings expressed by Gide's Edouard and Richardson's Miriam. Miriam Henderson also needs to be alone in order to fully experience 'being,' although, like Edouard, she needs to know that others exist in order to know her own reality. ('We all date our existence from our first conscious awareness of reality outside ourselves.'²¹) But she has a surer sense of her own unvarying self that she or contingency cannot change: 'There's something in me that can't be touched or altered. Me.' (Backwater iii, p.246) In Dimple Hill Miriam wonders, obscurely: 'How could we perceive even ourselves, if we did not somehow precede what we are?' (Ch.ii, p.419) She is wondering about the direct perception of ultimate reality, and realises that living is flux, and whilst in the midst of flux one cannot apprehend reality. Her authorial method is an attempt to 'precede' herself. She re-visits her life, and through the persona of Miriam attempts to make her life the subject of her novel. She attempts to perceive its reality, without that reality being diluted by a deceptively manipulating 'objectivity.' The question of egotism is raised by Miriam in a

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conversation with Wells. She points out that one must regard oneself retrospectively in order to truly observe and truly record things:

'Say, speaking your dialect, which of course may be applicable, that I'm too egoistic, too self-centred to be observant. But can any one really know what they have really observed until they look back? (Clear Horizon ii. p.330)

iii. The Reader

No matter how an author attempts a true record of events, literature imposes its own "will," forces form and causal development, makes itself fiction when reality was sought: 'How can novels, by telling lies, convert existence into being.'²² For all the intention not to dramatize, the author must rig the scenery. In bringing matter back from the past and making it live again the very act of selection is an act of direction. As soon as an attempt is made to track the contents of consciousness thoughts arrange themselves into an unintended pattern. The unarticulated is worded and consciousness composes itself into a coherence - when otherwise it was fragmentary and formless. - And as soon as the new coherence is translated into literature - even when attempting to show its fragmentary sources - literature exerts its own directing influence. Richardson engaged with this power of the written word: She chose to write a novel which

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embodied her, rather than write an autobiography. She felt, anyway, that the distinctions between fictional form and factual record were flimsy - that there was no such thing as 'invention:' 'What is called "creation" imaginative transformation, fantasy, invention, is only based upon reality. Poetic description a half-truth? Can anything produced by man be called "creation"?' (March Moonlight x, p.657).

Miriam, the writer, trusts that the written words, in the form she chooses, will - because they come from herself - reveal the reality of herself. Yet Richardson was 'tormented' by words when she first attempted her novel, as she describes in her 1938 Foreword. She experienced a Modernist despair. Frank Kermode discusses the failure of words to reflect truth in The Sense of an Ending:

The novel, then, provides a reduction of the world different from that of the treatise. It has to lie. Words, thoughts, patterns of words and thought, are enemies of truth, if you identify that with what may be had by phenomenological reductions. Sartre was always, as he explains in his autobiography, aware of there being at variance with reality. One remembers the comic account of this antipathy in Iris Murdoch's Under the Net, one of the few truly philosophical novels in English; truth would be found only in a silent poem or a silent novel. As soon as it speaks, begins to be a novel, it imposes causality and concordance, development, character, a past which matters and a future within certain broad limits determined by the project of the author rather than that of the characters. They have their choices but the novel has its end.^{2a}

Miriam's apparently extravagant claim, then, that "'You ought not to think in words.'" (The Tunnel iv, p.93) has a wisdom that is in tune with Modernists' awareness of the self-defeating quality of the written word. But, in the final stages of Pilgrimage when

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she emerges as a writer, she is optimistic about the written word. She does not reflect the despair Richardson described in her Foreword. She is not 'done with phrases,' as is Bernard at the end of The Waves (1931) - who says: 'How much better is silence.' She looks forward to writing.

Gide's The Counterfeiters uses a metaphor of a fake coin to suggest the deceptive nature of the written word. Unlike Richardson's intention in Pilgrimage, Gide's method is not to recreate himself but to *invent*. His protagonist is not real, although his subject is reality:

'.... What I want is to represent reality on the one hand, and on the other that effort to stylize it into art of which I have just been speaking.'

'.... In order to arrive at this effect I invent the character of a novelist, whom I make my central figure; and the subject of my book, if you must have one, is just that very struggle between what reality offers him and what he himself desires to make of it.'

The reader of Modernist fiction is drawn into the act of conquering, or conspiring with, the written word. Richardson's achievement is four-fold. The reader is given an account of Miriam's relationship with reality; is led to believe that Miriam is a real character; sees how Richardson asserts her own reality symbiotically; and is drawn, by the act of reading, into the act of composition.

Richardson abdicates an authoritative omniscience but she demands the reader's surrender and single-minded contributing effort to what stands in that place - an account of consciousness as near

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to life as Richardson's skill and the bounds of literature will allow. Leon Edel writes of the need for the reader to be 'on the inside' to be able to read Pilgrimage: 'Since the work is written from the "inside" one either is able to move into the heroine's consciousness or is incapable of reading - or "experiencing" the book.'²⁴ Edel believes that the demand upon the reader goes even further than complete identification. He says that the reader is required to become author ('so as to bring some order into the great grab-bag of feminine experience'²⁵). Richardson knows that she forges a special relationship with her readers. In an essay ('About Punctuation') she said: 'Only now and again, to-day, is there any strict and vital relationship between the reader and what he reads.' The essay was written in 1924, quite early in her writing career. In her 1938 Foreword to the J.M. Dent collected edition (which included Dimple Hill) Richardson offers a 'heart-felt apology' for the difficulties caused for the reader by her idiosyncratic punctuation, and says she is grateful for the chance for some amendments.²⁶ However, she has by no means abandoned her arguments justifying her method of punctuating. She claims that 'feminine prose' *should* move 'from point to point without formal obstructions.' In 'About Punctuation' Richardson makes other interesting claims. She says that the 'machinery of punctuation and type' has 'devitalized the act of reading.' She writes of the need to have 'deep interest' in order to persist with unpunctuated text and of the consequent growing familiarity with an author's style. A reader must inevitably provide her or his

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own punctuation: 'It is at this point that he begins to be aware of the charm that has been sacrificed by the systematic separation of phrases. He finds himself *listening*. Reading through the ear as well as through the eye.'²⁷ Therefore Richardson's style seeks to engage and involve her readers. But it is also a device to push written words into wordlessness. To make them like sound, less permanent and more abstract.

There are moments in Pilgrimage where it is difficult to understand Miriam, and her motives for doing or thinking things. These moments reveal the abdication of the author. No authorial "clues" mean that the reader must make an imaginative effort to complete the missing information. For instance, Miriam's more excessive declarations almost always correspond with an extreme mood - often hurt pride, sometimes high spirits. But there is no author's viewpoint to sign-post and explain this. The reader is required to recognise the cause (though not necessarily to extend sympathy). In Deadlock Miriam visits Harriett, Gerald and Eve. Miriam feels that her relationship with Eve has changed. Eve has acquired a new independence (by running a little shop) and Miriam examines her own feelings about Eve's transformation - which are not generous. A long passage follows, an internal rambling where Miriam arraigns Eve. From very thin clues she finds evidence to condemn Eve's (and others') behaviour. She leaps from thought to thought, convincing herself of her rightness, and justifying her own condemnations. She imagines scenes and motives, imagines thoughts into others' heads:

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It was because she was using her independence as a revenge for the past. What men resented was the sudden reflection of their detachment by women who had for themselves discovered its secret, and knew what uncertainties went on behind it. She was resenting Eve's independence as a man would do. Eve was saying she now understood the things that in the past she had only admired, and that they were not so admirable, and quite easy to do. But she disgraced the discovery by flaunting it. It was so evident that it was her shop, not she, that had come into the room and spoiled the morning. Even now she was dwelling on next week. Inside her mind was nothing but her customers, travellers, the possible profits, her many plans for improvement. Nothing else could impress her. Anything she contributed would rest more than ever, now that Christmas Day was over, upon a background of absent-minded complacency. Like herself, with the Brooms? Was it she who was being judged and not Eve? No, or only by herself. Harriett shared her new impressions of Eve, saw how eagerly in her clutch on her new interests, she had renounced her old background of inexhaustible sympathy. Gerald did not. But men have no sense of atmosphere. They could only see the appearances of things, understanding nothing of their relationships. (Ch.iii, p.100)

Even to be admitted into the workings of Miriam's mind, although with a privileged vantage point, does not mean that the reader is offered a simple interpretation of her personality. Readers must suspend judgement and, by immersing themselves in Miriam's consciousness, accept her. Imaginative identification with Miriam must supercede an objective understanding of her. But there are incidents in Pilgrimage which are never explained, and no amount of imaginative effort by the reader can supplement the lack of information. Tantalising snippets slip by, turned over in Miriam's mind, but mysteriously incomplete to the reader: a reference to Eve and some adventure involving a detective (Interim ix, p.448); a character called Lionel Cholmley who is described at the beginning of Clear Horizon; Jean and the Vaud holiday indirectly described at the beginning of March Moonlight. People and events appear on the periphery of Miriam's

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consciousness, and because her consciousness provides (almost always) the sole viewpoint, the reader only gains a fleeting glimpse of some things. We don't even know what Miriam looks like. We only know something about her appearance when she thinks about it in relation to something said by others. In the first chapter of Pointed Roofs, for instance, Miriam is told by Harriett that she is pretty. Instead of looking into the mirror (which could have given Richardson an opportunity for a description of her protagonist) Miriam rehearses Harriett's words to herself - "I'm pretty," murmured Miriam, planting herself in front of the dressing-table. "I'm pretty - they like me - they like me. Why didn't I know?" It is only what Miriam thinks, and how she thinks it, that is given importance. It is extremely rare to get an objective glimpse of Miriam's external appearance and manner. Sometimes a narrative voice summarises a passage of events:

Piecemeal statements in her letter home brought Miriam now and again a momentary sense of developing activities, but she did not realize the completeness of the change in her position at the school until half-way through her second term she found herself talking to the new pupil teacher.

(Pointed Roofs vi, p.272)

Now and again a phrase, supplied by the usually invisible narrator, describes Miriam: 'Two deeply burrowing dimples drew the skin tightly over the bulge of Miriam's smile.' 'She went about dimpling and responding, singing and masquerading as her hands did their work.' (Pointed Roofs i, pp.18 and 22); 'She smiled securely, with her eyes, the strange happy smile that had come in the brougham....' (Honeycomb iv, p.403); "'Thank

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goodness," breathed Miriam, dimpling.' 'Miriam glided swiftly into her corner.' 'Miriam got out, weak and ill.' "'Oh yes, do," said Miriam, a little archly - '(The Tunnel iii, p.36, viii, p.140, ix, p.144, xxxii, p.280); 'with a swift blush..' (Oberland vii, p.197).

At other times the lack of direct information is compensated for by the imagery and language of the text. In Honeycomb, Miriam's mother commits suicide. The incident is described indirectly. Miriam's mother has been ill for some time, and at the time of Sarah and Harriett's wedding it becomes clear that her 'attacks of hysteria' are increasing in intensity and number. Though Miriam feels irritation, her impatience is tempered with despair - for her mother, and with her own inability to help (Ch.x, pp. 470-471). Miriam attempts to blot out her own responses: 'Nothing mattered but to sit there, holding back thought and feeling and argument, if only she could without getting angry ...' (p.473) She feels that 'something decisive' is happening which has significance for her as much as for her mother. In this mood of paralysis, of inexplicable, inexpressible things happening in 'some hot, wrong, shut-up way' (p.475) Miriam accompanies her mother on a recuperative visit to the seaside. (There is an intervening passage between the wedding scene and the seaside visit. Miriam naïvely visits Bob Greville in his 'den' and is humiliated by his advances. She flees, feeling entrapped and weary. There is a sense of failure, on Miriam's part. As an answer to her sisters' married security she bids for

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adventure. But it ends in foolishness and loneliness, and flight from confrontation. She is not well-prepared for taking charge of her mother and sharing her torment.) At the seaside (Ch. xi) Miriam seeks diversions for her now very ill mother. She contemplates the scenes around her, always conscious of the 'suffering at her side.' The sentences describing her thoughts are terse, and compared with the usual periodic style, short and staccato:

The bandstand had filled. The town-clock struck eleven. Presently the band would begin to play. Any minute now. It had begun. The introduction to its dreamiest waltz was murmuring in a conversational undertone. The stare of the esplanade rippled and broke. The idling visitors became vivid blottings. The house-rows stood out in lines and angles. The short solemn symphony was over. (Ch. xi, p.478)

Surroundings express the mother's madness. The music 'murmurs,' the esplanade 'stares.' People become blots, buildings loom with harsh clarity. The events preceding the suicide are described in such a way as to prepare the reader for horror and violence. Miriam takes her mother to a concert at the pier pavilion. It is described in such a way as to create a sense of displacement. Nothing is real, and the artifice of the stage setting - which intends to represent an idyllic scene - is crass and ugly:

The curtain was drawing away from a painted spring scene ... the fresh green of trees feathered up into a blue sky. There were boughs of apple-blossom. Bright green grass sprouted along the edge of a pathway. A woman floundered in from the side in a pink silk evening dress. She stood in the centre of the scene preparing to sing, rearing her gold-wigged head and smiling at the audience. perhaps the players were not ready. It was a solo. She would get through it and then the play would begin. She smiled promisingly. She had bright large teeth and the kind of mouth that would say 'chahld' for 'child.' The orchestra played a few bars. She took a deep breath. 'Bring back - the yahs - that are - DEAD!' she screamed violently. (Ch.xi, p.480-1)

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Colours are transferred from real landscape to painted scenery. The imagined day outside, for all the lyricism, is only described in general terms - 'blazing' but 'pale and blinding,' and only two muted colours - opal and black - used to describe imminent evening and night. Specific, stark primary colours are reserved for the 'painted spring scene:' green, blue, pink and gold. Hopeful beginnings (spring-time, freshness, smiles) quickly crumble into absurdity ('sprouting' grass, a 'floundering' singer - 'gold-wigged') as an abrasive imitation of reality emerges ('harsh cardboard, thin harsh paint.' p.481). The theme of the song, the prominence given to the last word, the whole 'screamed violently' - all these things promote a sense of displacement and cruelty. The absurdly genteel performer, 'entertaining' her audience, but spelling despair and failure, suggests aspects of Miriam's mother. She, with her gaiety, careful gentility and foolishness has also been viewed and judged and finds herself despairing, lonely and ridiculous. Her audience is her daughter and the stiffly polite guests in the 'mocking glare' of the boarding-house. (p.483) Miriam continues to attempt to divert her mother, encourage her to sleep, help her to struggle through the days. She takes her to see a homoeopath who tells Miriam that she must 'summon help.' (p.488) Miriam grows in helplessness. Her usual consoling sense of physical well-being fails her: 'her body seemed outside her, empty, pacing forward in a world full of perfect unanswering silence.'

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The subsequent death is not even referred to. The reader infers it from Miriam's anguish and the dislocation implied by the use of oxymoron and the unpunctuated piling-up of adjectives ('Her heavy hot light impalpable body was the only solid thing in the world, weighing tons; and like a lifeless feather.' Ch.xi, p.489). Though she uses an indirect mode to imply rather than tell the story of Miriam's mother's suicide, Richardson does not really spare herself or the reader. She has Miriam edit her memories, as she does herself, as we all do. She refuses to supply substitute details because she is refusing to invent. Her subject is real, she knows it. It is made of her memories and where memory fails (in this case probably deliberately) she does not hide that.

iv. The Protagonist

Lawrence Hyde complains about Miriam's 'unworthiness,' and, as he sees it, passivity: 'Miriam scarcely ever acts, but only reacts' ... 'If she did anything more positive than look on, her *raison d'etre* would disappear.' But:

Perhaps if Miriam were otherwise Pilgrimage could not have been written. For to take a plunge into life might mean for her to lose her interest in the vivid outsides of things, the ends of processes; they would have served their purpose in leading her to the depths.²⁸

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Miriam's reactions are the subject-matter of Pilgrimage. She is necessarily passive because the 'action' is the workings of her consciousness. By the words 'plunge into life' Hyde suggests the kind of plot which would engage Miriam in all the romantic business heroines conventionally deal in (though oddly enough by showing his irritation with Miriam he betrays a belief in her existence) and he also resents Miriam's unlikeable aspects, demanding a wholly admirable heroine. But Miriam simply is. She provides the only criteria for judging things because, usually, all we have is her viewpoint. Although Pilgrimage is mostly written in the third person its effect upon the reader is as if it were written in the first person. 'A first person narrative using a narrator not identical with the author offers a text with three different levels of language.'²⁹ (that of the actual author, the protagonist who narrates and the protagonist who experiences.) It is true that the sense of a manipulating author is more powerfully there in Pilgrimage once the first person narrative begins to be used - increasingly from Oberland to March Moonlight. When Miriam is described in the third person there is a multiple point of view with even greater complexity than when the first person narrative is used. However, the belief in Miriam's living existence is threatened once the layers of point of view are dispensed with and Dorothy Richardson's thinly disguised voice predominates. The distance between Miriam and author diminishes. It is as though the author herself can no longer see a distinction. (It is interesting to note Richardson's use of the third person to describe herself in her

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Foreword to the novel, and similarly in a letter to her publishers and in an autobiographical letter to Sylvia Beach.³⁰⁾

The novel begins with the word 'Miriam,' but by the first chapter of the seventh book, Revolving Lights, the process of change is under way as the use of the first person in the opening paragraph shows. The narrative does slip back almost immediately into third person - but as the more anonymous 'she' rather than the specific 'Miriam.' It is by no means the first such example - but being the first paragraph of a new book the introductory narrative carries a special weight. The first chapters of this book are instructive in demonstrating the shift in point of view. The long walk through London, and the long, long internal discourse show how stream-of-consciousness slips away from the present moment and time expands or contracts accordingly. Reported speech becomes direct, past anecdote becomes present experience. The 'she' becomes intermittently absorbed into the monologue as Miriam sees herself acting and the usage seems rhetorical. (When she refers to herself as 'she' it invokes that uneasy feeling we have when disturbed people refer to themselves in the third person.) Authorial narrative completely disappears but there is still a means of providing distance. As Miriam recalls, in direct speech form, conversation with Wilson, *his* point of view counterpoints hers. His *naming* of her, as much as his criticism, does this. He uses her name in almost every retort, sometimes so much so that an external view of Miriam is hammered into the mind (though the tone is teasing): 'Harsh

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Miriam Pugilistic Miriam Nonsense, Miriam
Mysterious Miriam ' (Revolving Lights i, pp.259-260). The
name 'Miriam' is not once used by the author throughout this
chapter (a tendency which shows itself as early as Interim) so
that she is not summoned up for us. Wilson's seeing of her
supplements the diminished point of view. There is a similar
technique, using the character of Wilson, in the third and fourth
chapters of Revolving Lights. In the last chapter of The Trap,
where first person narrative is used extensively, and where it
slips back and forth between third and first person, there is
some confusion as to who is speaking or referred to. In the
first chapter of Oberland Miriam's name is not used once. This
withholding of her name prepares for the more pronounced
switching from third to first person (helped by increasing usage
of the unspecific pronoun 'one'). In Chapter iii of Oberland
Miriam visits the village shops and buys some soap. The third
person has been used to describe her adventures until she begins
to think about her 'passion' for soap:

The secret of its power was in the way it pervaded one's best
realizations of everyday life. No wonder Beethoven worked at
his themes washing and re-washing his hands. And even in
merely washing with an empty mind there is a *charm*; though it
is an empty charm, the illusion of beginning, as soon as you
have finished, all over again as a different person. (p.62)

'You' is used until the end of the paragraph, then the passage
switches back to third person again. The switch is hardly
noticeable at this stage but it becomes more frequent and more
noticeable in Dawn's Left Hand, Clear Horizon and Dimple Hill,
until the welter of person, place and tense in March Moonlight.

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In Dawn's Left Hand Miriam is helping in Hancock's surgery and thinking back to visits to Jan and Mag. Her long reverie shuts out the present scene in the surgery and her thoughts supercede. Events are described in the third person, but as Miriam re-enacts them 'she' switches to 'I': 'we walked abreast'; 'I slept a rich sweet sleep'; 'I went round to them before breakfast.' The reader forgets that Miriam is in the dentist's surgery, and that the time with Jan and Mag is in the past. (Ch.viii, p.209) In Clear Horizon Miriam is observing Sissie. She recalls Amabel's failure to win Sissie over, then thinks about Amabel's effect upon one of the guests at Mrs Bailey's - a Captain Norton. As her sequences of thought move further away from the present moment, the use of the first person emerges again: '"You've reformed him," I said'; 'I half-envied the courage' Again, in Dimple Hill Miriam's thoughts take her into the past. She is reading in the farmhouse and remembers reading a newspaper in Oberland: 'And presently I ceased to look for meanings'. A tap on the door brings her back to the present, and restores the use of the third person. (Ch.v, p.454) In March Moonlight the book begins in the present tense, third person: 'Miriam finds her eyes upon Sally's chestnut tree' but moves immediately into the first person: 'I said have you seen the chestnut buds' (Ch.i, p.555) The use of first person here is different from that used previously. Before, it usually occurs when Miriam has been dipping into her memories and those memories are enacted as if in the present. At the beginning of March Moonlight we do not know where Miriam is, to whom she is referring, whether it is past or

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present. The tone is reflectively retrospective - a stately monologue on one long breath. The indirect, far-away mood is partly explained by Miriam's illness (she is recovering from 'flu) but it becomes a predominant mood throughout the rest of the book. The first person is used until the end of the chapter, but the second chapter begins in the third person again.³¹

From Oberland to March Moonlight the viewpoint changes and the distinction between protagonist and author diminishes. In the earlier books Miriam's subjective consciousness can summon up the objective reality of people and things apparently in her own right, as if she is self-generated and there is no author. Gloria Fromm notes the 'strange' use of a third person narrative to write 'through' consciousness as opposed to writing 'about' it:

Instead of writing '*through* consciousness,' she, Dorothy Richardson, observed Proust was writing '*about* consciousness, a vastly different enterprise.' Strangely enough, it was Dorothy Richardson who wrote '*through*' the consciousness of a third person, and Proust who chose the first person narrative method for his great novel.

and further comments upon the technique in Richardson's early Saturday Review sketches:

... she rarely used the first person form, as if she felt it could not give the reader the sense she wanted him to have - of participating directly in an experience.³²

The introduction of first person at the end of Pilgrimage does then signify a change in authorial control. We watch another person instead of 'experiencing directly,' as in the first books. As Walter Myers says, after these books readers feel they have been Miriam, they have "tasted dual existence."³³

CHAPTER 8

REALITY.

Reality

In the first five books of Pilgrimage there is a striking summoning-up of the physical qualities of Miriam's surroundings, objects and people. Miriam interprets the world of material phenomena in an intensely restricted though vivid way. Objects and people have value according to how much their surface qualities impinge upon her consciousness. Her world is composed of bright, hard, tactile shapes. Her world is not peopled but furnished with objects. The later books, from Deadlock to March Moonlight, convey a different apprehension of the world. Miriam's surroundings, especially London, progressively gain an elemental quality like the quality of Dublin, in Ulysses (1922), which Walter Allen describes:

Joyce's Dublin is the element in which his characters live; it surrounds them, flows around and through them; they are aware of it all the time on the periphery of their consciousness.'

Miriam's awareness of London, though, is not on the periphery of her consciousness, it is at the centre. London is *hers*, it is one of her possessions (Wilson refers to 'your London,' when he addresses Miriam²). But the way Miriam regards London does change. And as it changes, the reader can simultaneously detect a loss of vitality in the realization of people and things in Pilgrimage. Before Miriam moves to London she visits the West End (whilst staying at the Corries, in Honeycomb), She is peculiarly struck by the beauty and excitement of the streets, as she sees them. (The language used to describe the experience is vivid.) Short phrases, punctuated by long pauses, suggest

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Miriam's act of looking, registering shapes and colours, switching her gaze to another point, looking and registering again. Things are described through a synthesis of colour, light, movement, texture and sound:

The West End street ... grey buildings rising on either side, angles sharp against the sky ... softened angles of buildings against other buildings ... high moulded angles soft as crumb, with deep undershadows ... creepers fraying from balconies ... strips of window blossoms across the buildings, scarlet, yellow, high up; a confusion of lavender and white pouching out along the dipping sill ... a wash of green creeper up a white painted house-front ... patches of shadow and bright light ... Sounds of visible near things streaked and scored with broken light as they moved, led off into untraced sounds ... chiming together. (Ch. vi. p.416)

Miriam's surroundings are not outside her, she is in them, part of them: '... I am part of the dense smooth clean paving stone ...' 'Life streamed up from the close dense stone.' Although her experience dips into extravagance ('The pavement of heaven') and has the quality of a spiritual vision, it is physical, based on the seen and the real. When the light which characterises her vision diminishes Miriam feels 'vast,': 'She felt drowsy, a drowsiness in her brain and limbs and great strength, and hunger.' (p.417) Her physical senses are essentially involved in her apprehension of things. In the first chapter of Revolving Lights she has another intense vision of the West End streets. She is walking home after a lecture, and becomes aware of the scene around her:

A little blue-lit street; lamps with large round globes, shedding moonlight; shadows, grey and black. She had somehow got into the West End - a little West End street, giving out its character. She went softly along the middle of the blue-lit glimmering roadway, narrow between the narrow pavements skirting the high facades, flat and grey, broken by shadowy pillared porticoes; permanent exits and entrances on the stage of the London scene; solid lines and arches of pure

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grey shaping the flow of the pageant, and emerging, when it ebbed away, to stand in their own beauty, conjuring back the vivid tumult to flow in silence, a continuous ghostly garland of moving shapes and colours, haunting their self-sufficient calm. (Ch.i, p.240)

The language used to describe this night-time scene is very different from that used to describe Regent Street, in Honeycomb. Conventional punctuation provides pauses within the long final sentence, but the effect is retrospective and cerebral. Miriam's head is full of ideas, she thinks in words now whereas, previously, visual images had dominated in her consciousness. Although the Regent Street passage (described above) could be one long sentence, it is broken into short phrases, giving the effect of movement, and disjointed images tumbling into the mind at the very moment they impinge. In Revolving Lights the effect upon Miriam of her surroundings is not instantaneous. It is weighed and judged. Her awareness is now an intellectual process. The change in Miriam, and Richardson's language, is meant to demonstrate the protagonist's growth into adulthood. Miriam has become more contemplative and less spontaneous. Although there is a Whitmanesque quality to her vision of the London streets (it is as if she sees the life of the city from a great height, and views humanity with a benevolent, celebratory eye) her fixed ideas about the nature of things and people intrudes:

Within the stillness she heard the jingling of hansoms, swinging in morning sunlight along the wide thoroughfares of the West End; saw the wide leisurely shop-fronts displaying in a restrained profusion, comfortably within the reach of the experienced eye half turned to glance from the passing vehicle, all the belongings of West End life; on the pavements, the trooping succession of masked life-moulded forms, their unobservant eyes, aware of the resources all about them, at gaze upon their continuous adventure, yesterday still with them as they came out, in high morning

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light, into the adventure of to-day. Campaigners, sure of their weapons in the gaily decked mêlée, and sure every day of the blissful solitude of the interim times. (p.240-241)

Later in the chapter, as Miriam remembers returning home to London after a picnic outing in the summer she thinks how she felt the 'spirit of London' coming to meet her. It is difficult for the reader to distinguish which journey is being described, the one which opens the chapter or the one remembered from a previous outing. The tense changes to the present, and the first person singular is used, but it seems that Miriam is actually re-living a past event. She now personifies London, thinking of it as a lover:

Nothing in life could be sweeter than this welcoming - a cup held brimming to her lips, and inexhaustible. What lover did she want? No one in the world would oust this mighty lover, always receiving her back without words, engulfing and leaving her untouched, liberated and expanding to the whole range of her being. (p.272)

Miriam's view of London has changed. She is no longer part of it, she no longer "owns" it - she has a relationship with it. And the relationship is ideal. It engulfs her but leaves her untouched - not 'lost,' in 'perpetual association.' (p.272) Visits to Oberland and Dimple Hill diminish the strength of Miriam's affection for London, and provide her with alternative 'relationships.' In Dimple Hill, Miriam substitutes the country for the city, and although she returns to London in March Moonlight, the return is purely practical:

Fully to recognise, one must be alone. Away in the farthest reaches of one's being. As one can richly be, even with others, provided they have no claims. Provided one is neither guest nor host. With others on neutral territory, where one can forget one is there, and be everywhere. Hence, for me, the charm of that Eustace Miles place. Unique amongst cheap restaurants (Ch.x, p.657)

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Miriam now needs distance from her surroundings because she has an aim - to write about what she sees: 'Every vista demands, for portrayal, absence from current life, contemplation, a long journey.' (p.656) Richardson shows Miriam's development into a writer, and her changing view of things and people as her ideas take form and become more certain and structured. It is ironic, however, that the vivid evocation of things, seen through Miriam's consciousness, in the first five books, is one of the most pleasurable aspects of Pilgrimage. The pungent descriptions are one of Richardson's best achievements. They are also, in their particularly intense, living quality, a feature which makes Pilgrimage a Modernist novel. Miriam's apprehension of reality, and her idiosyncratic relationship with phenomena are Modernist themes.

1. A West End Life

Robbe-Grillet says:

All writers believe they are realists. None ever calls himself abstract, illusionistic, chimerical, fantastic, falsitical Realism is not a theory, defined without ambiguity, which would permit us to counter certain writers by certain others; it is, on the contrary, a flag under which the enormous majority - if not all - of today's novelists enlist It is the real world which interests them; each one attempts as best as can to create 'the real.'

But if they are mustered under this flag, it is not to wage common combat there; it is in order to tear one another to pieces. Realism is the ideology which each brandishes

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against his neighbour, the quality which each believes he possesses for himself alone.²

Although Richardson's brand of 'subjective realism' depends upon precise and very detailed portraying of external matter³ her method cannot be confused with that conventionally realist treatment of character and situation which Virginia Woolf found most typically in Arnold Bennett's novels:

Mr Bennett ... would observe every detail with immense care. He would notice the advertisements; the pictures of Swanage and Portsmouth; the way in which the cushion bulged between the buttons; how Mrs Brown wore a brooch which had cost three-and-ten-three at Whitworth's bazaar; and had mended both gloves - indeed the thumb of the left-hand glove had been replaced.⁴

Richardson does not, like Bennett, provide a plausible backdrop as a realistic foil for her characters - in order that they may convince. Her method goes far beyond merely conjuring atmosphere - an impressionist veneer. Nor is her realism (in and of her protagonist) an appendage of some weightier idea - a method which Wells describes as his own, in contrast to Conrad:

... it was all against Conrad's over-sensitised receptivity that a boat should ever be just a boat. He wanted to see it with a definite vividness of his own. But I wanted to see it and to see it only in relation to something else - a story, a thesis. And I suppose if I had been pressed about it I would have betrayed a disposition to link that story or thesis to something still more extensive and so ultimately to link it up to my philosophy and my world outlook.⁵

Richardson may be said to share Conrad's 'over-sensitised receptivity.' She did, in Wells' view. But the vivid way she represents phenomena has a different purpose.⁶ Although, in *Pilgrimage*, objects are dwelt upon at length and their appearance minutely detailed; by evoking their presence, dwelling upon the mere existence of material phenomena, Richardson reveals their

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otherness. The sheer act of will manifest in her protagonist's struggle to assimilate exterior things - make them relevant to her, and ultimately of her - suggests the power residing within material phenomena, as they impinge upon consciousness.

In Backwater Miriam discovers that seeing reality in things is more reliable than looking for it in relationships with people:

What was life: Either playing a part all the time in order to be amongst people in the warm, or standing alone with the strange true real feeling - alone with a sort of edge of reality on everything; even on quite ugly common things - cheap boarding houses, face-towels and blistered window frames. (Ch.viii, p.320)

This discovery is analagous to the Modernist writer's sense of dislocation: of feeling exiled from the everyday world, and having to strike a provisional pact in order to find terms on which to live. Richardson's innovation is to have Miriam's world and Miriam's reality made of the tangible, familiar world of every-day objects. The first books refuse the 'coherence in things' taken from nature, that Woolf's Mrs Ramsay, in To The Lighthouse (1927) feels:

It was odd, she thought, how if one was alone, one leant to things, inanimate things; trees, streams, flowers; felt they expressed one; felt they became one; felt they knew one, in a sense were one;.....

The emphasis is reversed. in Pilgrimage. Miriam looks at houses, doors, pavements (rather than trees, streams and flowers) and imagines that *she* is part of *them* ('I am part of the dense smooth clean paving stone ...'). And Miriam's acceptance of 'quite ugly common things' is a very different matter to the way the

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eponymous protagonist of Mary Olivier: A Life (1919) comes to terms with 'ugly' facts:

She had kept on for fifteen years trying to find out the reality - if there was any reality - that hid behind appearances, piggishly obtuse to the interest of appearances themselves. She had cared for nothing in them but their beauty, and its exciting play on her emotions. When life brought ugly things before her she faced them with a show of courage, but inwardly she was sick with fear.

For the first time she saw the ugliest facts take on enchantment, a secret and terrible enchantment.

Miriam's idiosyncratic method of striking a pact with her world is a method of re-appropriation and re-possession. She finds herself dispossessed of the familiar, as her family's way of life disintegrates, and seeks a new life and new possessions to substitute for the old. Her sense of what is real depends upon what she chooses to claim as hers. (Robbe-Grillet's phrase: 'the quality which each believes he possesses for himself alone' suggests a common theme of personal *ownership* of reality.) Miriam, initially, seeks reality in objects, and reciprocally shapes her sense of reality into something like an object. She gives almost tangible form and shape to her ideas and therefore, for her, coherence to her world.

Miriam is what Tony Tanner, in his introduction to Villette, calls an 'unlocated individual.'⁷ She is like Lucy Snowe in that she sets out to find, and if necessary create for herself, a new and personal 'location.' Miriam does not retreat into a Yeatsian tower, but chooses a head-on confrontation with the world. (The reference to Yeats, in The Trap, although showing him to be

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Miriam's near neighbour with similar habits of solitary night-time wanderings, provokes a comparison with Richardson's writing. We feel that his appearance in the novel is meant to be significant for Miriam, as an incipient writer. And any overt characterisation of Miriam as a writer reminds us of the author's presence.) Miriam goes willingly - and despite the suggestion of sacrifice, with some relief - into a strange, foreign world, when she goes to Hanover, in Pointed Roofs. Her courage and resolve are, however, shaken in the process, as is her readiness to assimilate strangeness and differences. In the opening chapters of Backwater Miriam is in another strange world. She is enclosed on both sides by alienated people: "On our right we have a school for the deaf and dumb," said Miss Perne; "on the other side is a family of Polish Jews." (Ch. i, p.192) She tempers her 'foreign' surroundings by paying closer attention to objects. The first chapter commences with a close description of the Pernes' room and the sounds of North London, as if that were the subject matter rather than the interview being conducted (p.189). In this book we see the beginnings of Miriam's obsessive aversion to North London. The obsession grows as, simultaneously, Miriam narrows her focus upon the limited area within which she feels she can exist. She strives briefly to account for the 'strange impression' her 'new world' makes upon her. She unsuccessfully attempts to claim it as her own: 'It was her world already; and she had no words for it.' (p.195) After a short struggle she abandons North London as a hopelessly hostile environment. Miriam's intense feelings about London take

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root in the next book, Honeycomb, where she begins to carve out an area which for her contains all the reality she desires. That physical area represents her own mental boundaries. This much of London she can adopt; this much of reality she can adapt. Miriam has decided that all she ever wants is the ease and beauty of 'Newlands.' But she then suffers what she feels to be a humiliating rejection (when Mrs Corrie and Mrs Kronen 'dismiss' her, excluding her from their intimacies and sending her for a walk). Miriam begins a 'West End life of her own.' The extracts from this passage quoted on p.176 above show the vivid quality of Richardson's writing and Miriam's early apprehension of things. But we can also detect, at this point in Pilgrimage, Miriam's tentative grasp of things. She is on the outside-looking-in. Hers is a window-shopping life - she looks through glass^o:

She sped along looking at nothing. Shops passed by, bright endless caverns screened with glass ... the bright teeth of a grand piano running along the edge of a darkness, a cataract of light pouring down its raised lid; forests of hats; dresses, shining against darkness, bright headless crumpling stalks; sly silky ominous furs; metals, cold and clanging, brandishing the light; close prickling fire of jewels ... strange people who bought these things, touched and bought them. (Ch. vi, p.417)

At the same time as Miriam sees nightmarishly animate qualities in the objects in the shop window she begins to establish a sense of identity with her surroundings. She finds solace in the reassuring solidity of the stones beneath her feet. She protects herself from the alienating 'strange people' by claiming a closer affinity with streets, shops and things.

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Miriam finds things more real than people. They have a large significance for her, but the significance is nebulous, ready to dissolve at the slightest straying of attention. In The Tunnel she examines the nature of her existence in London: 'the London life was sacred and secret, away from everything else in the world. It would disappear if one had ties outside.' (Ch. iv, p.89) Miriam is tempted out into the 'other' world by the Wilsons and she finds theirs a 'difficult, different world' (Ch. vi, p.112) (though she momentarily feels a claim of familiarity: 'these were her people' Ch. vi, p.117). As time passes, she begins to make claims upon London - feeling a pride of ownership as she plays hostess at her club and at Donizetti's ('a bit of her own London' Interim iv, p.360). And she feels intense affection for her shared and rented lodgings - she feels more affection for her rooms than for people. Miriam does not own anything but she ardently *possesses* her rooms and their contents. She substitutes a passionate plenitude for her poverty and loneliness. When she moves into her shared rooms, in The Trap, it is clear that her new things are more companionable than any person could be: 'The new furniture peopled the room with clear reflections.' Things are described lovingly, they reflect light and friendliness:⁹

The daylight was dimmed by the street, but it came in generously through the wide high window. And upon the polished surfaces of the little bureau, set down with its back to the curtain, and upon its image, filling the lower part of the full-length strip of mirror hung opposite against the wall, were bright plaques of open sky./...../

Pools of light rested on the squat moss-green crockery of the wash-table, set, flanked by clear wall and clear green floor, between the mirror and the end of the small bed which skirted

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the wall as far as the door openings on to the landing. The unencumbered floor made a green pathway to the window.

(Ch. 1, p.410)

By possessing things, through an act of will, Miriam achieves power over her surroundings. The power that Miriam attributes to the things and people around her diminishes or increases according to, simply, whether she chooses to love or hate the objects around her. She realizes this, with some surprise, in Interim - without perceiving that in the first place their power was imaginatively endowed by herself. She is thinking about North London and its inhabitants:

Long ago she had passed out of their world for ever, carrying it forward, a wound in her consciousness unhealed but powerless to reinflict itself, powerless to spread into her life. They and their world were still there, unchanged /...../ To hate them for past suffering, now that they were banished and powerless, was to allow them to spoil her day ... They were even a possession, a curious thing apart, /...../ dear North Londoners. (Ch. 1, p.313-314)

So, possession, for Miriam, means power over objects and renders them powerless, as the repetition of that word, above, emphasises. Fear is nullified once Miriam has obtained the ultimate familiarity with phenomena - through a kind of ownership. Her sense of possession extends to people. Michael is referred to at one point as 'a proud uncriticised possession' (Revolving Lights 1, p.264) and Michael, in turn, helps her to perceive that her stories about acquaintances are possessions - to be 'cherished.' (Ch. 1, p.242) Miriam thus has the capacity to remake her world (she persistently uses the word 'world' - stressing her sense of locating reality in physical terms - she in her world, others in theirs). If she can possess what she

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chooses she can make real (or unreal) whatever she chooses. She shapes her own personal world by a method of re-building. She makes the strange familiar and re-sees the familiar - a shadow 'the wrong way round' on a gable (Pointed Roofs x, p.132) - so that it becomes her own creation, and her own possession.

Proust's Marcel, in Swann's Way (1913), finds 'custom' a means of familiarizing the potentially awesome (often hostile) quality of things. It has an 'anaesthetic effect.' Filling a room with his 'own personality' is a method of banishing alarmingly reverberant objects.¹⁰ Dorothy Richardson's Miriam does not eliminate material phenomena. She vanquishes their alien and alienating quality. She recognises and nurtures a kind of life in objects. She also speaks of custom, or familiarity in objects - but the tone and meaning are different:

She was surprised now at her familiarity with the detail of the room ... that idea of visiting places in dreams. It was something more than that ... all the real part of your life has a real dream in it; some of the real dream part of you coming true. You know in advance when you are really following your life. These things are familiar because reality is here. (The Tunnel 1, p.13)

The proximity of 'real' and 'dream' juxtaposes the concrete and imaginary qualities of her individual reality, and evokes the strain inherent in her attempt to formulate a new world. She both claims external phenomena as hers and holds them at a distance - not to nullify them, as does Marcel, but to keep them eternally present and "speaking." Objects become hers, but not completely assimilated - the sense of ownership is always kept alive. In finding things familiar she says she 'remembers' them.

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And she uses objects as storehouses for memories - as does Marcel, in Swann's Way:

The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object (in the sensation which that material object will give us) which we do not suspect.

Miriam's method of imbuing matter with memory is conscious. It is another method of appropriating or of collecting. There is a kind of power in collecting - pinning down specimens, making them unchanging, a permanent possession. Walter Benjamin, in the essay 'Unpacking My Library' 'illuminates' the connection between memory, collection and possession. He says: 'Every passion borders on the chaotic, but the collector's passion borders on the chaos of memories;' and: 'ownership is the most intimate relationship that one can have to objects. Not that they come alive in him; it is he who lives in them.''' Miriam creates form out of chaos and significance out of indifference. Her possessions are precariously obtained, and the life she leads in them equally precariously maintained.

ii. Neurasthenia

The precarious nature of Miriam's hold on reality means that the significance of material objects fluctuates. She either feels they have a living, welcoming presence, or that they have a

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terrifying indifference. For Miriam, the falling away of significances from the surface of things indicates distress. Equally, when things take on an oppressively large significance it is a sign of anguish. The talismanic power which Miriam assigns to the 'Teetgen's Teas' sign (in Interim) shows one extreme of her associative tendencies:

Why must I always think of her in this place? ... It is always worst just along here ... Why do I always forget there's this piece ... always be hurrying along seeing nothing and then, suddenly, Teetgen's Teas and this row of shops? I can't bear it. I don't know what it is. It's always the same. I always feel the same. It is sending me mad. One day it will be worse. If it gets any worse I shall be mad. Just here. Certainly. Something is wearing out of me. I am meant to go mad. If not, I should not always be coming along this piece without knowing it, whichever street I take. Other people would know the streets apart. I don't know where this bit is or how I get to it. I come here every day because I am meant to go mad here. Something that knows brings me here and is making me go mad because I am myself and nothing changes me. (Ch. vii, p.136)

This is an entire chapter. By separating the incident, in this way, from other events in the book, Richardson obviously intended to stress the dramatic importance of the moment. But Miriam's reference to madness adds a melodramatic note to the scene and so dilutes its impact. Miriam's consciousness of anguish, and the words she uses to express it, do not make us feel that her sanity is really threatened. But we do feel, elsewhere, that she is dangerously oppressed by her surroundings. Especially when she reveals unconscious and dogmatic extremes of feeling. Her aversion to North London shows her disposition to give, obsessively, significance to the appearance of things:

Why is it that no one seems to know what North London is? They say it is healthy and open. Perhaps I shall meet someone who feels like I do about it, and would get ill and die there. It is not imagination. It is a real feeling that

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comes upon me ... (The Tunnel ix, p.144)

Her love for the West End is equally an example of Miriam's extremes in allocating significance. Miriam's conviction that only she can interpret reality borders on irrational disorder:

She /..../ felt for a moment the strange familiar uneasy sense of being outside and indifferent to the occasion, the feeling that brought again and again, in spite of experience, the illusion that every one was merely playing a part, distracting attention from the realities that persisted within. That all the distortions of speech and action were the whisperings and postures of beings immured in a bright reality they would not or could not reveal. But acting upon this belief always brought the same result. Astonishment, contempt, even affronted dignity, were the results of these sudden outbreaks. (Revolving Lights ii, p.309)

The saner aspects of Miriam's experience of reality depend upon her capacity to recognise the 'astonishingness of there being anything, anywhere' (a phrase which is repeated throughout all the books of Pilgrimage). Robbe-Grillet speaks of our insistent habit of imbuing the world with significance - and where significances fail, of finding it 'absurd':

But the world is neither significant nor absurd. It *is*, quite simply. That in any case, is the most remarkable thing about it. And suddenly the obviousness of this strikes us with irresistible force. All at once the whole splendid construction collapses; opening our eyes unexpectedly, we have experienced, once too often, the shock of this stubborn reality we were pretending to have mastered. Around us, defying the noisy pack of our animistic or protective adjectives, things *are there*. Their surfaces are distinct and smooth, *intact*, neither suspiciously brilliant nor transparent. All our literature has not yet succeeded in eroding their smallest corner, in flattening their slightest curve.¹²

Richardson shows that it is an unavoidable and universal compulsion to animate our unanswering world, to endow matter with the life which our imagination fastens upon it. Miriam constantly acknowledges that things are *there*, detached and *non-*

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significant. But in doing so, she compulsively reclaims them, finding signs in their silence because she has imaginatively animated that silence. When significances fall away there is often both an increased intensity in things and intense anguish in Miriam's mind. After a humiliating interview with Hancock, at the Wimpole Street surgery, Miriam's surroundings are 'stripped' of the comfortable layers which her imagination has lent to them:

This pain could not be endured. The sight of the room holding the six months would be intolerable. She drew her face together, but her heart was beating noisily. The knob of the door handle rattled in her trembling hand ... large flat brass knob with a row of grooves to help the grasp ... she had never observed that before. /...../ The room was empty. Pain ran glowing up her arms from her burden of nauseating relics of the needs of some complacent patient ... the room was stripped, a West End surgery, among scores of other West End surgeries, a prison claiming her by the bonds of the loathsome duties she had learned.

(Interim xx, p.207)

A similar moment occurs after Shatov's confession to Miriam, in Revolving Lights. She is in a North London park:

There is no release save in madness: a suddenly descending merciful madness, blotting everything out. She imagined herself raging and raving through the park, through the world, attacking the indifferent sky at last with some final outbreaking statement, /...../ She gazed defiance upwards at the cloudless blue. The distant trees flattened themselves into dark clumps against the horizon. Swiftly she brought her eyes back to the diminishing earth.

(Ch.ii, p.209)

The death of Miriam's mother, in Honeycomb, is poignantly conveyed by a withdrawal of all sense of the real. Anguish is depicted by the indifference of things, and by a physical numbness. Yet, elsewhere, a return to well-being is depicted by a restoration of familiarity in things. When Miriam comes to terms with her mother's death, the 'Teetgen's Teas' sign which

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previously triggered such pain resumes a normal appearance: 'She glanced back over her shoulder at the letters now away behind her and rejoiced in freedom that allowed her to note their peculiarities of size and shape.' (Dawn's Left Hand iii, p.156)

The precarious nature of the stability of Miriam's relationship with her world depends upon operation of choice. When matter asserts itself, apparently independently of Miriam's will, the real world slips out of Miriam's control. She can only quell the terrifying 'life' in objects by making them familiar and by possessing them. Yet by consistently seeing matter as animate she endows objects with the power to 'possess' her, in turn. The Marcel-like terror of objects stems from a compulsion to see them as as powerful, with a capacity for hostility, friendliness, or indifference. Miriam attempts to see phenomena as autonomous - significant in their own right, rather than indifferent. But her awareness of objects and their part in her version of reality is wholly Modernist.¹³

Richardson's description of the impact of things upon Miriam's consciousness disconcerted some of her contemporary critics. Pilgrimage was said to demonstrate the 'neurasthenia' evident in innovatory novels in the early twentieth-century - according to some critics. D.H. Lawrence, in 1923, felt that narcissistic consciousness-gazing (as he saw it) in the works of writers such as Richardson, Proust and Joyce was sounding the 'death-rattle' of the novel. Earlier, in 1917, an anonymous reviewer of Honeycomb objected to Richardson's 'unhealthy' approach:

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Miss Richardson is not without talent but it is the talent of neurasthenia ... contrariety is not revelation and health ... is as essential to literature as to life ... the only living thing in the book [is the] morbid and self-conscious mind [of the heroine]'⁴

Miriam has a child-like capacity for observing and interpreting the world of things. A child's view of reality is not expected to conform to an adult norm, and is granted a privileged irrationality. Miriam's child-like view of things qualifies the tinge of 'madness' in her sense of reality. Richardson introduces her protagonist as a young woman and we do not see her as a child. But Miriam's first significant experience of reality and self occurred when she was a child, in the garden at Babington. This experience, of a 'strange independent joy', is first described in Backwater (viii, p.316-317) and is frequently referred to in subsequent books. Other novels of the period use the device of seeing experience from a child's viewpoint but often for ironic emphasis. Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916), opening with an account of the tactile, primary sensations of a child, ironically juxtaposes an adult and a child's world-view. In the first chapters of May Sinclair's Mary Olivier: A Life there is a similar device. The father's baby-talk: "'Porty-worty winey-piney,'" "'Sugary-Buttery-Bippery'" has a correspondingly ironic (and disturbing) quality. The tactile impressions are those of a child's immediate experience: food, toys, bed. The immediate experience of children ("I see a slab of pale yellow," ... "I hear a sound" ... "stones are cold to my feet," ... "The back of my hand burns," ...) in the first section of The Waves (1931) contrasts with the adult Bernard's

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despair, as a writer, and his desire for "'a little language ... words of one syllable such as children speak ..."' In Pilgrimage we get an adult's memory of a child's very adult experience. The moment in the garden is full of sensory detail - the smell of the flowers, the sound of bees and insects - but that is almost always Miriam's way of feeling and thinking. There is no irony at all in the evocation of Miriam's childhood experience. We can only see continuity in her adult apprehension of things and sense of her self. Miriam is not anti-rational, but, Richardson would say, supremely superior to the merely rational. Miriam's consciousness deals equally with seen things, ideas, personalities, phrases spoken and written, sounds, smells, movement and touch. Her consciousness does not impose hierarchical values. Richardson's account of Miriam attempts to illustrate the reality inside a person's head before writing or speech edits the contents.

iii. Terrifying People

Miriam's intense apprehension of things, and her passionate appropriation of them, suggests a lonely person. The reviewer of Honeycomb (quoted on p.205 above) says her [Miriam's] mind is 'the only living thing' in the book, and does not realise that that was Richardson's purpose - to make Miriam's consciousness

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the sole subject of her novel and the sole medium for illustrating her world. Nevertheless, the criticism draws attention to Miriam's solitary state. Though she is surrounded by people, and chooses to live in the capital, she is alone. Her alienation is, again, a truly Modernist feature. Georg Lukacs, in discussing 'The Ideology of Modernism' refers to Modernist writers' characteristic portrayal of the alienated protagonist:

Man, for these writers, is by nature solitary, asocial, unable to enter into relationships with other human beings. Thomas Wolfe once wrote: 'My view of the world is based on the firm conviction that solitariness is by no means a rare condition, something peculiar to myself or to a few specially solitary human beings, but the inescapable, central fact of human existence.' Man, thus imagined, may establish contact with other individuals, but only in a superficial, accidental manner; only, ontologically speaking by retrospective reflection. For 'the others,' too, are basically solitary, beyond significant human relationship.¹⁵

Miriam Henderson is as much an exile as Stephen Dedalus or Marcel. She is separated from others, and views them over the parapet of her consciousness. She is a visitor, a stranger. She perches in temporary places and rooms, and observes the apparent solidity and assurance of others. She fills the gaps in her knowledge of others by imagining them. People are simply what they appear to be and that is sufficient. They flow through and out of her consciousness and as her mind plays upon them that is the measure of her closeness to them. The few people she becomes close to are themselves, for the most part, without friends and family. Her own family has broken with its collective past, and Miriam, her sisters and parents have lost friends along with their social position. Michael Shatov, Eleanor Dear, Amabel - even the half-realized Jean and the more shadowy Olga in March

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Moonlight - are all solitary, without a place to be or people to be with. Aspects of Miriam's relationships with people resemble her feelings about objects. People are often only real to her in the way that objects are. Throughout Pilgrimage, Miriam's relationship with people, as with objects, is either intensely empathic, embodying her self, or based on fear, which is expressed by narrow and obsessive assumptions.

Richardson often describes Miriam at table, in company.¹⁶ This motif suggests Miriam's discomfort when having to suffer the proximity of people in a social setting, and also enables detailed description of people as Miriam gives them her singeing attention. She really prefers to eat on her own and observe people at a distance - eating an egg in an A.B.C. or a roll in Donizetti's. But, as if to alleviate the enforced sociability (or to take revenge), she uses formal mealtimes for pitiless and minute scrutiny of her neighbours. In doing so she dehumanizes her subject:

Mr Gunner's laughter flung back his head and sat him upright and brought him back to lean over his plate shaking noiselessly with his head sunk sideways between his raised shoulders as if he were dodging a blow. The eyes he turned maliciously towards Mrs Barrow were a hard opaque pale blue. His lips turned outwards as he ate and his knife and fork had an upward tilt when at rest. Some of his spots were along the margin of his lips, altering their shape and making them look angry and sore. The eating part of his face was sullen and angry, not touched by the laughter that drew his eyebrows up and wrinkled his bent forehead and sounded only as a little click in his throat at each breath.

(Interim vi, p.378-379)

The first dinner-table description in Pilgrimage occurs in Pointed Roofs. It is the most striking of all these closely

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detailed scenes. Richardson not only conveys, through a massive accumulation of detail, the appearances and personalities of the girls, but also Miriam's tendency to make assumptions based on appearances:

She took courage to raise her head towards the range of girls sitting opposite. Those quite near she could not scrutinise. Some influence coming to her from these German girls prevented her risking with them any meeting of the eyes that was not brought about by direct speech. But she felt them. She felt Emma Bergmann's warm plump presence close at her side and liked to take food handed by her. She was conscious of the pink bulb of Minna Blum's nose shining just opposite to her, and of the way the light caught the blond sheen of her exquisitely coiled hair as she turned her always smiling face /...../

Next to her was the faint glare of Elsa Speier's silent sallowness. Her clear-threaded nimbus of pallid hair was the lowest point in the range of figures across the table. She darted quick glances at one end and another without moving her head, and Miriam felt that her pale eyes fully met would be cunning and malicious. (Ch.iii, p.38)

The detailed descriptions continue at length. On the strength of appearances Miriam decides that Judy is 'negligible,' and the elder Martin girl's hands give her 'a slight feeling of nausea. She felt she knew what her hands were doing without looking at them.' She observes minutiae of dress, hair, posture and features. Her fear of (and contempt for) the girls is reflected in the animal imagery used. The Martins' hair is tied in rats-tails, the younger girl has 'pale eyes, cold, like a fish, thought Miriam.' 'Jimmy' has 'something funny about her mouth,' it is 'narrow and tiny - rabbity.' But Miriam is most frightened by the Australian girl:

In the outcries and laughter which followed, Miriam noticed only the hoarse hacking laugh of the Australian. Her eyes flew up the table and fixed her as she sat laughing, her chair tilted back, her knees crossed - tea was drawing to an end. The detail of her terrifyingly stylish ruddy-brown

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frieze dress, with its Norfolk jacket bodice and its shiny black leather belt was hardly distinguishable from the dark background made by the folding doors. But the dreadful outline of her shoulders was visible, the squarish oval of her face shone out - the wide forehead from which the wiry black hair was combed to a high puff, the red eyes, black now, the long straight nose, the wide, laughing mouth, with the enormous teeth. (p.40)

The words 'terrifyingly,' and 'dreadful,' the 'hoarse hacking laugh,' and the 'enormous teeth,' the 'wiry black hair' and 'red eyes,' and the dark colours into which Gertrude merges combine to create the impression of a powerful force. Miriam is cowed by the confidence and loud, strong presence of the Australian girl. But she still pauses to note her clothes. She always does. What people wear is as important as what they say and is "evidence" for Miriam in her conclusions about people. Although the detail is massive, in this scene from Pointed Roofs, the effect is spare and scathing. Each character is revealed as individually complete and convincing. There is a powerful sensation of a variety of personalities and oppressive density and nearness. Miriam's own situation, both vulnerable and advantageous - as she observes from a surreptitious vantage point - is emphasised by a reference to her glasses. What is 'within the focus of her glasses' is subjected to an almost clinical, microscopic scrutiny. But the blurred world outside Miriam's glasses - that which she cannot contain or define within the scope of her narrowed vision - can be either comfortingly obscured and distanced, or all the more frightening for being an unknown quantity. Miriam turns a limited but acute perception upon what she chooses to see, and is surrounded by disturbing strangeness.

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The Australian girl, Gertrude, is the epitome of what Miriam fears and admires in other people. In a later episode in Pointed Roofs, at the baths, Miriam ('faint with exhaustion') watches Gertrude diving, and her thoughts reveal this combination of fear and admiration:

She was just in time to see a figure in scarlet and white, standing out on the high gallery at the end of a projecting board which broke the little white balustrade, throw up its arms and leap out and flash - its joined hands pointed downwards towards the water, its white feet sweeping up like the tail of a swooping bird - cleave the green water and disappear. The huge bath was empty of bathers and smoothly rippling save where the flying body had cleaved it and left wavelets and bubbles /...../ As Miriam was approaching /...../ a red-capped head came cleanly up out of the water near the steps and she recognised the strong jaw and gleaming teeth of Gertrude. She neither spluttered nor shook her head. Her eyes were wide and smiling, and her raucous laugh rang out above the applause of the group of girls. (Ch. vii, p.102)

The repetition of 'its' as Gertrude is described distances and objectifies the diver. The brilliant, hard colours: scarlet, red, white and green; the powerful actions: leaping, swooping, cleaving; the 'raucous laughter;' the animal imagery: 'swooping bird,' 'the strong jaw and gleaming teeth,' combine to portray Gertrude as splendidly powerful and not quite human. Whilst Miriam admires she is repulsed by what she sees as an alien, self-sufficient, unthinking quality. The focus then intensifies as Miriam notices, with some smugness, Gertrude's imperfect and decaying teeth, and although this renders Gertrude more human, the close-up view of the inside of a mouth emphasises Miriam's tendency to dehumanize the objects of her scrutiny. This passage also illustrates the characteristic way she scrutinises subjects. She sees an object (which may well be a person) in the distance

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(or outside the focus of her glasses). What she thinks about what she sees is influenced by her current mood or sequence of thoughts. As she nears the object, and it becomes clearer (to her short-sighted vision) it takes upon a vivid intensity. In the middle-distance objects are at their most potentially frightening. Close-up, Miriam dissects her subject. She notes detail, dwelling upon repulsive aspects, or upon unexpected loveliness. Either way, she quells the power of the object.

The colour, style and texture of clothing provide Miriam with conclusive evidence about the nature of the wearer. She is very conscious of her own clothes and often describes them with as much intense detail as the people she meets. She is convinced of the influence of clothes, upon herself and upon others. This conviction is sustained throughout the novel. In Pointed Roofs she notes the qualities of the students' clothes (as when she noticed Gertrude's 'terrifyingly stylish' jacket) as if they were part and parcel of each girl's personality:

Funny German dresses, thought Miriam, funny ... and old. Her mind hovered and wondered over these German dresses - did she like them or not - something about them - she glanced at Elsa, sitting opposite in the dull faint electric blue with black lace sleeves she had worn since the warm weather set in. Even Ulrica, thin and straight now ... like a pole ... in a tight flat dress of saffron muslin sprigged with brown leaves, seemed to be included in something that made all these German dresses utterly different from anything the English girls could have worn. What was it?

(Ch. x, p.139-140)

(The Martins girls' clothes, in the earlier table scene, typify the qualities which Miriam imagines in the girls' personalities. She 'recognises' them: 'Her eyes, after one glance at the

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claret-coloured merino dresses with hard white collars and cuffs, came back to her plate as from a familiar picture.' - p.39) In Backwater, another pupil is scrutinised, and her clothes influence Miriam's opinion of the girl. Miriam again detects a kind of animality, one which she often detects in women: a small, soft, sly quality which fascinates and repulses her. Trixie (whose name suggests a small domestic pet) has a feline quality (Miriam often, unoriginally, categorises women as 'cats'):

'They'd got,' said Trixie Sanderson in a velvety tone, 'they'd got some of their Christmas things out, Miss Jenny.' She cleared her throat shrilly on the last word and toned off the sound with a sigh. Inaudible laughter went round the table, stopping at Miriam, who glanced fascinated across at Trixie. Trixie sat in her best dress, a loosely made brown velveteen with a deep lace collar round her soft brown neck. Her neck and her delicate pale face were shaded by lively silky brown curls. She held her small head sideways from her book with a questioning air. One of her wicked swift brown eyes was covered serenely with its thin lid.

(Ch. iii, p.230-231)

In later books, Miriam's awareness of clothes is more explicit and analytic:

I was caught by my awful trick of suddenly being engrossed in a small object - a chain, a belt, or the way, flat affectionate way, a collar lies upon a dress: the individual power of these things and the strange, deceptive way they have of seeming to bestow their own soundness and well-being, even upon a person sick to death.

(Dawn's Left Hand v, p.179)

But she is still capable of identifying people by their clothing as if it were integral to their whole being. People present visual images to Miriam. She scans them, fastens upon a detail and forgets the person. The detail will be turned over vaguely in Miriam's mind, and dwelt upon or dismissed according to the intensity of the impression. This is consistent throughout

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Pilgrimage. The housekeeper in Hanover, in Pointed Roofs, is first described as 'rather like a Dutch doll' (Ch. x, p.142) then is eventually 'remembered' from an academy painting. She is merely an image - a surface impression:

The way the light shone on the housekeeper's hair, bright brown and plastered flatly down on either side of her bright white-and-crimson face, and the curves of her chocolate and white striped bodice, reminded her sharply of something she had seen once, something that had charmed her ... it was in the hair against the hard white of the forehead and in the flat broad cheeks with the hard, clear crimson colouring nearly covering them ... something in the way she sat, standing out against the others (Ch. x, p.141)

She is even further reduced - the painting has prominence in Miriam's mind. It is not the housekeeper who is like the painting but 'the woman in the picture was like the housekeeper.' (p.145) Miriam never loses this tendency to observe people as objects. In Dimple Hill the description of Frankie as doll- or dummy-like shows this:

She saw, rigid and motionless in the far corner, something strayed from a waxwork show ... a tailor's mannequin ... a ventriloquist's dummy - /...../ twin bulges of smooth brown hair clasped, with a wig-like closeness, a round, paint-bright face whose wide blue eyes, expressionless, contributed nothing to the fixed smile that heightened the shock of encountering, in place of detached observation, this vacuous intentness. (Ch. iv, p.432)

Again, the description is more aware. Miriam knows Frankie is retarded, and her images for him reflect her horror. She does attempt to analyse 'Frankie's alien *completeness*' as 'somehow akin to every happy state' (p.510) but it is his repellant 'alien completeness' which reminds us of Miriam's persistent fear of that quality in other people.

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iv. Living Life

The physical strength and capability in others - half admired and half feared - is often apparent in Miriam herself. There are vivid descriptions of her dancing, playing tennis, cycling and tobogganing. She often enjoys wholly physical expression and sensation. However, without deep awareness, this simple, uncerebral world is not the real world to Miriam. She feels that there is a non-intellectual, unthinking way of being, that others, in their 'alien completeness' live, but to her this is fearsome. She feels that others, who seem to live by reflex and instinct, do not fully experience 'being.' Miriam makes no hierarchical distinction between states of being. Her consciousness plays equally upon the shape and strength in her hands, the sensation of tobogganing down a snowy slope, the smell of soap, the cut of a dress, a memory of a garden, an Emerson essay, or a MacTaggart lecture. Miriam finds all things equally real. She increasingly finds a surer sense of 'being.' This depends upon her sense of having a part in the 'mere existence' of things, and *not* upon 'ceaseless "becoming"' (such as Wilson's busy intellectualism). (Clear Horizon vi, p.362) Miriam's concept of 'being' appears to stem from interior experience rather than exterior things. But even a levitational experience, where all of Miriam's life seems to be 'spread out in one's consciousness' takes place in a familiar little restaurant (Donizetti's) amongst crumpled 'table-swabs' and coffee-cups:

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With a single up-swinging movement, she was clear of earth and hanging, suspended and motionless, high in the sky, looking, away to the right, into a far-off pearly-blue distance, that held her eyes, seeming to be in motion within itself: an intense crystalline vibration that seemed to be aware of being enchantedly observed and even to be amused and to be saying, 'Yes, this is my reality.'

She was moving, or the sky about her was moving. Masses of pinnacled clouds rose between her and the clear distance and, just as she felt herself sinking, her spirit seemed to be up amongst their high, rejoicing summits. And then the little manageress was setting the coffee upon the near table, her head turned, while still her fingers held the rim of the saucer, in the direction of her next destination, towards which her kind tired eyes were sending their quizzical smile.
(Clear Horizon 1, p.279)

The smile of the woman, the coffee-cup, the tables, are all part of Miriam's reality too.

Gillian Hanscombe, in her introduction to Pilgrimage, finds an important aspect of the novel to be:

a breaking down of the structural divisions we normally impose on experience, for example, the assumption that the external world has a finite integrity which is not influenced by subjective states.¹⁷

Characters in Pilgrimage constantly attempt to persuade Miriam that there is a life to be led independent of thought, if only she would stop complicating the issue and just 'live.' Her mother advises her not to 'go into things so deeply /...../ learn to take life as it comes' (Pointed Roofs xii, p.169); Wilson tells her she has 'too many ideas,' and 'You think too much. Life's got to be lived.' (Revolving Lights iii, pp. 369 and 377) But Miriam knows that he disapproves of her "agreeable loafing that leads nowhere" and would not accept "Living," as an answer to his question: "What have you been up to?" (Dawn's

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Left Hand ix, p.220) Miriam believes that what life offers is astounding enough - 'current existence, the ultimate astonisher' (The Trap iv, p.611) - and that life which others speak of is fantasy:

they are the people who talk about 'ordinary everyday life,' and approve of 'far horizons,' and deserts islands and the other side of the moon, as if they were real and wonderful and life were not. (Deadlock i, p.19)

The distinction between living and thinking that others make is manifest in Wilson's declaration to Miriam that she 'thinks to live' and he 'lives to think.' (Revolving Lights iii, p.377, and Clear Horizon vi, p.360) Miriam is annoyed by the distinction and the suggestion that Wilson's ideas are primary, her own secondary. She sees his type of thinking as sterile, and his ideas narrow - the kind that 'keep you on a monorail.' (The Trap vii, p.490)¹⁸ Wilson is the type of 'specialist' that Miriam holds in contempt. He excludes experiences which he considers peripheral. His abstract, male rationalism bears little relation to her own creative synthesis of phenomena and ideas.

This synthesis is apparent in the recurring expression of states of mind in physical terms. Walter Allen says, disparagingly, that 'for Dorothy Richardson the external world exists merely to provide so much fodder for the voracious sensibility of her character.'¹⁹ The words 'fodder' and 'voracious' are more pertinent than Allen intended. The world is food to Miriam, and her method of claiming it is a type of consuming. She is often hungry (and often ashamed of being so when others seem so

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careless about food. In Honeycomb, after Miriam's Mother's death, she feels revulsion upon being faced with food. But she also feels hunger. At this point she feels nauseated and ashamed at her need for food). She feels the world through her body as well as through her mind. States of emotional well-being correspond with a sense of physical well-being. Crucial moments of realising the sense of being alive are accompanied by an awareness of her body:

She became aware of a curious bouyancy rising within her. /...../ 'I'm alive.' ... It was as if something had struck her, struck right through her impalpable body, sweeping it away, leaving her there shouting silently without it. I'm alive. Then with a thump her heart went on again and her feet carried her body, warm and happy and elastic, easily up the solid stairs. (Backwater iii, p.245)

Although at first she has a sense of her body being 'swept' away, the returning 'thump' of her heart and the feel of the 'solid' stair locates the experience in a physical here-and-now world (just as the coffee-cups and customers do, in the more spiritual experience in Clear Horizon). Miriam derives reassurance, a certainty of self, from her body²⁰: 'She stirred; her hands seemed warm on her cool chest and the warmth of her body sent up a faint pleasant sense of personality. "It's me," she said, and smiled.' (Pointed Roofs x, p.150) The recurrence of descriptions of her hands (and others' hands) has a similar function. Her hands are large, 'like umbrellas' (Pointed Roofs iv, p.56). In a very long, extravagant passage devoted entirely to an examination of her hands they are ultimately revealed as symbol, as well as agents, of possession, a source of 'wisdom' and strength, and a

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reassuring proof of her individual integrity and separateness from others:²¹

It was only when she was alone and in the intervals of quiet reading that she came into possession of her hands. With others they oppressed her by their size and their lack of feminine expressiveness. No one could fall in love with such hands /..../ They were utterly unlike Eve's plump, white, inflexible little palms. But they were her strength. They came between her and the world of women.

(Backwater vi, p.283)

The many references to soaping her hands is an extension of this theme. Washing her hands gives Miriam a valid opportunity to dwell upon the sight and feel of her hands, and therefore her self, and reinforce or regain a sense of identity in doing so. It is also an everyday routine that gives Miriam an assurance of continuity, combining a sense of fresh starts and new days with remembered past events. (Oberland iii, p.62-63) Miriam translates her sense of physical being into abstract terms and gives her abstract ideas physicality. All her senses are used in her apprehension of the world. When she unbars her window for the first time at Mrs Bailey's and 'lets in' London, 'her unsleeping guardian' the encounter appears to have been obtained through strenuous physical exertion:

The outside world appeared /...../ She bent to see the sky, clear soft heavy grey, striped by the bars of her window /...../ Shifting the table she pressed close to the barred windows. It smelt strongly of rust and dust. Outside she saw grey tiles sloping steeply from the window to a cemented gutter, beyond which was a little stone parapet about two feet high. A soft wash of madder lay along the grey tiles. /...../ Her hands went through the bars and lifted the little rod which held the lattice half open /...../ Drawing back grimed fingers and wrists striped with grime, she grasped the iron bars and pulled. The heavy framework left the window frame with a rusty creak and the sound of paint peeling and cracking. It was very heavy but it came up and up until her arms were straight above her head

(The Tunnel i, p.14-15)

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The fact that Miriam is opening a barred window has especial significance. Previously, in Honeycomb, she had noted the bars in the fireplace at Mrs Corrie's:

She stared at the familiar bars. They were the bars of the old breakfast-room grate at home, and the schoolroom bars at Banbury Park. There they were again, hard and black in the hard black grate, in the midst of all this light and warmth and fragrance. Nothing had really changed. Black and hard. Someone's grate. She was alone again. (Ch. 1, p.359)

The repetition of 'black' and 'hard' give an unmistakable force to Miriam's despair. She recognises the bars. They are not only the bars that she has found in strangers' houses, but the bars she knew in her own home. Their hardness and blackness seem to mock her. She has not yet got free from other people, and that makes her feel more 'alone' than ever. When Miriam opens the barred window in The Tunnel she opens up her new life and, in meeting her London world, dispells loneliness. The action engages Miriam in an employment of her whole body, she can smell, see, hear and feel her symbolic act of freeing herself and engaging in a new life. The predominantly tactile quality of the act recalls a simple, childlike registering of experience:

the garden at Babington, the first thing she could remember, when she found herself toddling alone along the garden path between beds of flowers almost on a level with her head and blazing in the sunlight. Bees with large bodies were sailing heavily across the path from bed to bed, passing close by her head and making a loud humming in the air. She could see the flowers distinctly as she walked quickly back through the afternoon throng of the esplanade; they were sweet williams and 'everlasting' flowers, the sweet williams smelling very strongly sweet in her nostrils, and one sheeny brown everlasting flower that she had touched with her nose, smelling like hot paper. (Backwater viii, p.317)

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v. Astonishment

Like a child, Miriam only knows what she can immediately experience. And Richardson writes about that one sure thing:

For her, as for no other stream of consciousness writers, no person can have meaning in isolation apart from what is happening to it. We live in a subject-object continuum. Everything is as it is perceived and that perception is fluid and exists only in a specious present time-field.²²

But, though Richardson's protagonist objects to the idea that a finite life exists outside self, she is drawn to the idea that what is purely physical is sure, what is intellectually conceived is insecure. She knows that the apprehension of reality depends simply upon her perception of things, but she also knows that the process of perception isn't simple. She takes an increasingly anti-intellectual stance: "I'm never going to think anymore." (Dimple Hill 1, p.408) She imagines at first that her consciousness is superior to others'. Then, recognising that others are merely 'unconscious of their consciousness' she feels that they have a 'kind of salvation.' But, typically, she immediately contradicts that and finds that such unthinking blindness is, after all, 'insecure.' (Dawn's Left Hand 1, p.132-133) The paradox (in the irrational rationality of consciousness, and the "truth" of exterior and interior phenomena) is characteristic of Modernist writing. The stream-of-consciousness technique turns inwards, brooding upon consciousness as if it were a sequence of biological impulses, mistrusting rationalist, positivist abstractions. The *nouveau*

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roman looks out, at 'a world more solid and more immediate;' accepting that objects are *there*, devoid of humanist 'meaning' and 'suspect interiority,' eschewing 'vague reflections of the hero's vague soul.'²³ Both aspects are imitative. Both apply themselves pragmatically (despite the refutation of pragmatism) to what is there, to what we perceive and how we perceive it. Miriam is in conflict with the differing ways of regarding the world, and Pilgrimage is an account of how she arrives at a way of dealing with the impact of things on her consciousness. She becomes a writer, who will write about how things strike her, at the moment they strike.

The sensory, physical quality in what Miriam feels and sees is maintained throughout the first five books. But the evocative descriptions of physical phenomena diminish as Miriam develops ideas. Miriam's idiosyncratic experience of reality being inherent in the surfaces of things is tempered by her increasing attention to an interior state of 'being.' She acquires a conviction that her life is 'set in a pattern' and that there is a unifying force at work, which gives her common cause with other people: 'All lives are the same life. Only one discovery, coming to everybody.' (Revolving Lights iv, p.392) In The Tunnel Miriam has already begun to feel that reality depends upon being on the right 'path.' She becomes convinced that her journey into life is merely a return to a predestined arrival point, which was also her departure point. Things that seem familiar, therefore, suggest to Miriam that she has found reality. This moment in The

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Tunnel, quoted on p.199 of this chapter (and see p.245 in the following chapter) continues:

Coming events cast *light*. It is like dropping everything and walking backwards to something you know is there. However far you go out you come back.... (Ch.1; p.13)

Phenomena takes on a more explicitly symbolic nature (as in the admonitory white marble finger in The Trap) and Miriam draws away from the city towards a rural environment. The most explicit analysis of the living quality in objects comes in Dimple Hill, when Miriam thinks about Amabel's attitude to possessions, in contrast to her own:

Perhaps, in the end, things, like beloved backgrounds, are people. But individual objects hold the power of moving one deeply and immediately and always in the same way. There is no variableness with them, neither shadow of turning. People love one variously and intermittently and, in direct confrontation, there is nearly always a barrier. In things, even in perfectly 'ordinary and commonplace' things, life is embodied. /...../ there is within oneself something that ceaselessly contemplates 'forgotten' things - a fragment of stone, even a photograph, has the power of making one enter a kingdom one hardly knew one possessed. Whose riches increase, even though they are inanimate. But if greatly loved are they inanimate? They are destructible. Perhaps the secret is there. People cannot be destroyed. Things can. From the moment they come into being, they are at the mercy of accident.

With Amabel present, casting her strong spell, my hold on things was loosened. They retired. Perhaps to their right place. 'Set your affections on things above, not on things of the earth ... for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.' /...../ And surely beauty is a thing 'above'?

(Clear Horizon vi, p.368)

But the very fact that Miriam is debating the nature of objects rather than merely looking at something and feeling its influence upon her; shows the change in her. Although she wonders whether Amabel's friendship has diminished her 'hold' on things, she has

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moved away from her passionate relationship with external things, just as she moves away from people. In growing observant Miriam has grown detached. She is no longer involved in the objects that surround her. She can relinquish hold and analyse the nature of possession rather than enact it. But Miriam's increasingly interior preoccupations are never 'other-worldish.' They stem from a conviction that our experience in one world, the phenomenal world, is the supreme experience. And because Richardson shows us Miriam's development into a writer we are simultaneously shown Miriam's growing ability to describe the effects of things upon her. Miriam grows out of her head-down, closed-in focus - her tunnel vision. She opens her consciousness to include an awareness of pattern. She apprehends a unified existence, where self is implicit in everything, and everything is infinite because self is at the centre:

we cannot sharply cut asunder the self and the not-self. They are not two independent things so that either would be the same if the other were gone. There are no such things as 'an inner world' and 'an outer world' which are separable.²⁴

The impetus of the novel is still toward an evocation of reality as experienced in the phenomenal world. Miriam changes, and the descriptions of things change accordingly. We cannot therefore assume that all that precedes Miriam's maturity was a preparation, and that her celebration of 'being' is the goal of her pilgrimage, as does one of Richardson's critics:

The massive detail - some trivial and tiresome though functional; some profoundly suggestive of broad analysis and interpretation - is only secondarily important in itself the primary importance of the detail is its cumulative effect on the perceiving mind, as that mind seeks a perspective to its demand for reality.²⁵

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The 'massive detail' in Pilgrimage is one of the best things about the novel, and the nature of things as they impinge upon Miriam's consciousness one of the most Modernist aspects of Richardson's novel. It is certainly not secondary. In illustrating Miriam's development, Richardson reduces the amount of attention paid to things and makes Miriam even more contemplative. Her protagonist becomes less active and more introspective as if halted by increasing 'astonishment.' The surrender to 'being' was always imminent. As early as Honeycomb Miriam equates *eclaircissement* with a kind of ecstatic death. 'Doing' is an abstraction from astonishment: 'Things were astounding enough to make you die of astonishment, if you did nothing at all. Being *alive*. If one could realize that clearly enough one *would* die.' (Ch. x, p.458)

CHAPTER 9

TIME.

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In Revolving Lights Miriam Henderson contemplates a Japanese plate, which Hancock, her employer, has brought into the dental surgery:

The tiger stepping down his blue plaque. The one thing in the room nothing could influence. All the other single beautiful things change /...../ The blue plaque, intense fathomless eastern blue, the thick spiky grey-green sharply shaped leaves, going up for ever, the heavy striped beast for ever curving through, his great paw always newly set on the base of the plaque; inexhaustible, never looked at enough; always bringing the same joy. (Ch. iv, p.384)

The plate, for Miriam, is a physical embodiment of the eternally prolonged moment. The way she sees images give them permanence and timelessness. And the way Richardson describes things, stringing adjectives together without a comma: 'the thick spiky grey-green sharply shaped leaves,' 'the heavy striped beast,' negates time-bound notions, in that the adjectives combine into one quality. The thing described is all these things, all at once, without sequence or pause. The reader is saturated with all the qualities of an image. Richardson attempts to make written words describe things as they impinge, whole, upon Miriam's consciousness. There is no consecutive ordering of qualities, nothing peripheral, just immediacy of impact. Phrases such as this are analagous to music - the words strike together like notes in a chord² - or to painting. An image is created which is independent of time. Concentration upon an image provides a means for Modernist writers of transcending chronological time.:

An image is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time ...

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It is the presentation of such a 'complex' instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.³

And, though, as Pound says, the image may free us from the limits of time, it is itself beyond time, as Joyce's Stephen Dedalus says, in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916). He describes an aesthetic image: 'presented in space and time' but 'self-bounded, self-contained' upon a background of space and time 'which is not it.' In Modernist works, image, space, time, form and subject-matter mesh in a complex of correspondences. But a discussion of time in Modernist literature must contain two major motifs: the artist consciously making an excursus from the contemporary world in which art seems no longer possible, and the author who must use a time-bound medium to record the timelessness of consciousness. In this chapter, the discussion includes these two factors, as they appear in Pilgrimage. The motif of the artist who turns away from historicity is examined in terms of city and garden themes (both places providing alternatives to the current world); and in Miriam's withdrawal from action (or 'becoming'). The motif of an author using a temporal medium to express timeless experience is examined in terms of Miriam's journey into the past, through memories, to a centre of 'being;' and in Richardson's 'fountain-of-consciousness' technique (see page 251, note 35). But, an analysis of the first chapters of Pointed Roofs precedes these discussions. A close examination of Richardson's technique shows

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how Miriam's consciousness is the only ordering factor in Pilgrimage.

i. The Thread of Memory

The whole of the third chapter in Pointed Roofs is useful for showing the unsignalled switching of tense, scene, and particular current of thought. If the chapter is analysed section by section (each chapter is composed of "blocks" of paragraphs which form sections within the whole) this can clearly be seen. In the first section (pp.34-36) we are presented with the accomplished fact of Miriam's presence in Hanover: 'Miriam was practising on the piano in the larger of the two English bedrooms.' Then there is a reference to the recent past: 'Ulrica Hesse had come. Miriam had seen her.' The events following the introduction to Ulrica, and immediately preceding the actual practising, are then related: 'As she reached the upper landing she began to distinguish /..../ the gentle tone of the nearer piano.' The piano-playing then described seems to be a different occasion from the piano-playing described as the chapter opens. We are back to the morning after Miriam's arrival, and though the past tense is used, the sense of the present is achieved. It is not until the fourth chapter that, after piecing together various "clues" we establish that it is a Saturday. The impression is that Miriam has been there at least one week because of Miriam's

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apparent familiarity with the routine, and phrases such as: 'the last hour of the week's work.' When she says Ulrica Hesse 'the new arrival' had come, and then describes how, after being introduced she had gone upstairs - presumably to practice (she is holding a sheet of music) this immediately precedes her actual practising in the first paragraph. But for now the phrase 'It was the morning after her arrival' leads us to think that *that* constitutes the present. The sequence of what has actually happened is: Ulrica Hesse has arrived, Miriam is introduced, then goes upstairs to practice. She hears Emma Bergman playing the piano in the German bedroom. Pausing to listen Miriam recalls how hearing Emma's music on the morning after her (Miriam's) arrival prepared her for the difference between the German girls' music and 'nearly all the piano-playing she had heard.' This revelation is then described in detail. Throughout the following section Miriam's mind slides to and fro related (or apparently unrelated) subjects. Though it is difficult to establish what is happening where, this initial piano-playing scene is kept continually in sight for the reader by frequent reminders. In that way the events in the first days at Hanover are invisibly stitched together.

In the second section of the third chapter (pp.36-38) we are still not returned to the time of the first section. The first evening at Waldstrasse (tea-time) is now recalled. Midway through the first paragraph there is yet another switch, when Miriam recalls her first sight of the French teacher:

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'Mademoiselle, preceding her up through the quiet house carrying the jugs of hot water, had been her first impression on her arrival the previous night.' Throughout the ensuing description the past-perfect tense is used: 'Miriam had never imagined,' 'Miriam had reaped sweet comfort'. The next paragraph, second sentence, returns us to the tea-table scene: 'There she sat, dainty and quiet and fresh.' The third section (pp.38-30) continues the tea-table scene and the fourth section (pp.40-41) describes the withdrawal, after tea, into the saal. In the fifth section (pp.41-42) we are still in the saal with Miriam, where she thinks about home: 'She thought of dreadful experiences of playing before people.' In the sixth section (pp.42-43) we are still in the saal. The pupils are settling down to fancy-work. Music begins and Miriam drifts away to 'a featureless freedom' brought back by Gertrude 'making noises with her hands like inflated paper bags being popped.' In the seventh, eighth and ninth section (pp.43-44; 44-45; 45-46), Miriam is still in the saal. When Clara plays Miriam 'sees' the image of a mill-wheel, which recalls childhood. The image fades and is recaptured. Miriam resists the temptation to cry and begins to observe the detail through the crack of the doors in the neighbouring schoolroom. The Martins take their turn at playing. Miriam thinks of the difference in English and German playing. When the piano-playing finishes the singing begins - ending with Gertrude's 'shocking' voice. In the tenth section (pp.47-48) supper is served. Miriam worries about language and pronunciation problems. The conversation with Fraulein Pfaff

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ends: "'You play the piano?" "A little." "You must keep up your practice then, while you are with us - you must have time for practice."' Prayers are held in the eleventh section (pp.48-50) then hymns. Miriam looks forward to the future: prayers every night; practising the piano; lessons and teaching. The twelfth section (p.50) is very short. Miriam goes to bed 'wrapped in music.' The third chapter now ends and we have yet to be returned to the first scene with which it opened. We are not returned to that scene until the sixth section of the fourth chapter in Pointed Roofs. Miriam's stay in Hanover is marked off by incidents which accrue, loom and re-emerge according to the quality of attention which she brings to bear. Even though one scene is dropped and picked up again one or two chapters later, the unifying factor is a thread of memory, weaving each incident into a whole experience.

Throughout Pilgrimage contemporaneous time hardly exists. There are very few references to historical events (a reference to Oscar Wilde's trial, a mention of the Boers, and Russian revolutionaries, indirect reference to Suffragists and 'the arrival of the motor car and the aeroplane'). Although Miriam's Victorian and Edwardian London is realized so vividly, the realisation is achieved through details of clothes, hair, speech and furniture. Only the things near and important to Miriam, the things that figure in her consciousness, give us clues as to the period. And those things are not political or social events. Even Miriam's progression from youth to maturity seems to take

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place in a time-less void. Because she is not revealed to us by descriptions of her physical make-up; because, despite her increasing polemicism, Miriam is essentially the same personality at the end of thirteen books, we have no sense at all of Miriam ageing. Miriam herself is shocked when Mrs Cameron reminds her, in The Trap (ix, p.499), that her life is ticking by. Time does not feature inside Miriam's consciousness. Her mind slips, through memories and associations, to the past, and the reader often cannot distinguish past from present. All the events in Pilgrimage consequently take place within a temporal vacuum. Richardson wanted to bring 'sufficient intensity of concentration' to her novel, in order to present 'current' experience. If Miriam's experiences seem to be in the past, Richardson would have felt that she had failed:

No experience, whether one's own or that of others realised with any full degree of imaginative sympathy, is past. 'Time', i.e. clock time and cosmic time is atomised, unreal. The central dimension in which we have our being is indivisible, infinitely expandable and bearing no relation to measured time.⁴

ii. Stability and Change

Richardson's treatment of time, in Pilgrimage, is one of her central Modernist characteristics. The Modernist determination to see art as independent of the historical moment is illustrated in E.M. Forster's Aspects of the Novel (1927). He uses phrases

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such as 'the life in time and the life by values' and slogans such as: 'History develops, Art stands still.' He imagines the circular 'British Museum reading-room' containing authors from all ages 'writing simultaneously.'⁵ This suggests not only withdrawal from historical time, but the insular self-contemplation of writers in an exclusive *milieu*. Certainly, many Modernist writers' response to contemporaneity was to detach themselves from their time (and often their home country) in pursuit of the 'Romantic Image.' Frank Kermode's book of that name posits a nineteenth-century Romanticist inheritance in twentieth-century writing, and finds a characteristic conclusion is that:

... the artist who is vouchsafed this power of apprehending the Image - to experience that 'epiphany,' which is the Joycean equivalent of Pater's 'vision' - has to pay a heavy price in suffering, to risk his immortal soul, and to be alone, 'not only to be separate from all others but to have not even one friend.'⁶

This idea of the agonized, alienated writer is perhaps more prevalent in poetry than the novel. Kermode cites Yeats as the preëminent type, but suggests Mann's Death in Venice (1912) and Tonio Kröger (1903) as early instances of a portrayal of '... the Image as a radiant truth out of space and time, and the necessary isolation or estrangement of men who can perceive it ...'⁷ This concept of the writer divided from his time and his readership fosters elitism. Virginia Woolf, in 'Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown,' (1924) criticises 'humility' on the reader's part and 'professional airs and graces' on the writers'. These factors reinforce the division between author and readership. Yet her

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own vision of the reading public as a 'suggestible and docile creature' ... 'strange' ... 'vast and unanimous'² makes her argument less convincing. But there is another aspect to the writer's withdrawal from the contemporary world. When authors make themselves subject a centripetal force applies, spinning all content around a central point, leaving everything else behind, remote and irrelevant. And when author is protagonist, and protagonist is a writer, subject-matter is bound to be the written word. Retreat into a self-regarding isolation (like Forster's writer in a reading-room) is inevitable. But Modernist writers have to be somewhere. They must find an alternative for the world which cannot nurture them. So they find a fictional or mythical substitute - in a paradisaical past or a radically transformed present.

Hans Meyerhoff's definition (in Time in Literature) of the reason for using myth in literature is instructive:

Myths are chosen as literary symbols for two purposes: to suggest, within a secular setting, a timeless perspective of looking upon the human situation; and to convey a sense of continuity and identification with mankind in general.³

But Dorothy Richardson does not use myth in such a focal way. Although 'timelessness' plays a part, there is no Daedalus, Odysseus or Everyman in her novel. Nor is there, despite the loaded significance of the city and the garden, any direct allusion to Atlantis, Eden or Byzantium. The correspondences to myth in Pilgrimage are more sublimated, part of the working method rather than the ultimate subject. And, bearing this in

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mind, Frank Kermode's distinction between 'myth' and 'fiction' in The Sense of an Ending, can be applied to motifs in Richardson's novel:

Fictions can degenerate into myths whenever they are not consciously held to be fictive Myth operates within the diagrams of a ritual, which presupposes total and adequate explanations of things as they are and were; it is a sequence of radically unchangeable gestures. Fictions are for finding out, and they change as the needs of sense-making change. Myths are the agents of stability, fictions the agents of change. Myths call for absolute, fictions for conditional assent. Myths make sense in terms of a lost order of time fictions, if successful, make sense of the here and now¹⁰

This helps elucidate the difference between the archetypal garden metaphor and the city motif. The former, in Kermode's terms, is truly myth. The latter motif grows and changes in response to the *now*. In Pilgrimage, the city is counterpart to the garden, but whereas the garden represents stability and the past, the city represents change.''

Richardson has her protagonist move from garden to city, back to garden and finally to a kind of garden-city. Miriam is on a pilgrimage to the past, to the memory of a garden, to a way of being part of the 'astonishingness of things' - and to a way of *being* rather than *doing*. But Richardson's employment of the garden/city motifs shows her idiosyncratic Modernism. The title of her novel suggests an allegorical journey, a 'pilgrim's progress.' (See a discussion of this, and references to garden and city, in Part II, Ch.6 'The Structure of *Pilgrimage*) But London is not at all like Bunyan's City. Neither is it a fabled Byzantium, or representative of a post-lapsarian world where art

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cannot be nurtured. Miriam's city and garden have qualities endowed by her own imagination, for her own purposes. They present images to the reader that are rich in associations with myth, allegory and symbol. But the images are fleshed out. They fluctuate between resonant actuality and mythical symbolism and merge one into the other. London, in Pilgrimage, is not a Modernist symbol for the indifferent public world in which the alienated artist must exist. Miriam's city is safe, private and beautiful. It sustains and delights her. Miriam's isolation is emphasised by contrasting her private boarding-house life with the abundant social activity around her. But her isolation is not usually agonized. She chooses to be alone. She is alienated from others, but through her own conviction of their frighteningly unconscious completeness. Her solitariness is not felt, by her, to be loneliness. Her alienation from others is a very different matter to her solitary state.¹² Miriam has an optimistic capacity for finding a correspondence with joy in her environment rather than 'dissipation and despair.' (Yeats' '*Ego Dominus Tuus*').

But the aspect which reveals, more than any other, the particular nature of Miriam's city-world is the time-less aspect of that world. Just as the 'London life' is 'away from everything in the world' it is away from, or out of, seasonal time: 'All the time in London, spring, summer and autumn were passing unseen.' 'In London it was better not to think about the times of year.' (The Tunnel vi, p.127 and ix, p.147) In London the seasons only

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impinge as means for recalling the past: 'Summer would never come again in the old way, but it set her free from cold, and let her move about unhampered in the summers of the past.' (Interim viii, p.401). The summers of the past are beyond time. Miriam, waking after sleeping in daylight, finds herself in a happy 'nowhere,' which inspires a memory of the nowhere-paradise of the childhood garden. She is not, like Proust's Marcel, in an 'abyss of not-being' (Swann's Way, 'Overture' - 1913) but is fully experiencing *being*:

the moment she had just lived was the same, it was exactly the *same* as the first one she could remember, the moment of standing alone, in bright sunlight on a narrow gravel path in the garden at Babington between two banks of flowers, /...../ She saw it now in just the same way: not remembering going into the garden or any end to being in the bright sun between the blazing flowers, the two banks linked by the slowly swinging bees, nothing else in the world, no house behind the little path, no garden beyond it /...../

All the six years at Babington were that blazing alley of flowers without beginning or end, no winters, no times of day or changes to be seen. (The Tunnel xxii, p.213)

From the beginning of Pilgrimage the Babington garden has a special significance for Miriam. The first reference occurs in Chapter ii of Pointed Roofs (p.32), and it is described again in far more detail in Backwater (Ch. viii, p.316-317) But the Babington garden becomes synonymous with Miriam's journey's end. She ceases to dwell upon her actions in the external current world, and increasingly dwells upon a memory of the long-gone past:

When she was alone, she moved, thoughtless, along a pathway that led backwards towards a single memory. Far away, in the distance, coming always nearer, was the summer morning of her infancy, (Deadlock xi, p.197)

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The garden-memory begins to control Miriam. It exerts its influence upon her, taking precedence over any other memory: 'only garden scenes, and never the open country, and never the interiors of buildings, returned of themselves without associative link or deliberate effort of memory.' (Clear Horizon i, p.299)

iii. Standing Still

Although Pointed Roofs begins with the crucial journey to Hanover there are already indications that this is a journey which will carry Miriam back to a starting-point. The 'loophline' train on which she commences the journey suggests a circular motion, as does the phrase: 'Then, after what seemed like a great loop of time spent going helplessly up a gangway towards "the world"' (Ch. ii, pp.26-27)³ Another kind of 'loop' is illustrated in Miriam's journey to Hanover. It signals the end of Miriam's young life in her parental home, but equally 'the beginning of her life' (Oberland i, p.24) - certainly adulthood. The Babington garden is both journey's start and journey's end. It is the beginning of 'strange independent joy' (Backwater viii, p.316), the end of life ('"and I ran back and kissed the warm yellow stone of the house, sobbing most bitterly and knowing my life was at an end."' - Deadlock iii, p.124) but it is 'coming

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always nearer.' The whole of Pilgrimage describes a loop. The March moonlight of the final book reflects the March twilight of the opening sentence in Pointed Roofs (as discussed in Part II, Chapter 6). Returning to a central point suggests a stasis, as if time and space are extraneous and all action is figurative.

Miriam's increasing inertia and removal of herself from the exterior phenomenal world is evidence of her desire for an inner stasis: cessation of action and realization of being. From the early stages of the novel, Miriam requires stillness as a condition for expressing herself and her life. The journey to Hanover is suspended in a loop of time just as all that she will experience in 'the world' will be realized in a stillness which is equally out of time. The 'magic' in everything in the Waldstrasse school would actually materialise if everybody would conspire to suspend time: 'At times it seemed as if could they all be still for a moment - it must take shape.' (Pointed Roofs x, p.158) Already, Miriam imagines a physical and spiritual removal from the unwelcome necessity of saying and doing. Throughout the novel Miriam can be seen as seeking a spiritual stasis which transcends mere chronicity. She moves through various stages and from one place to another but the action involved in doing so is prompted by a desire for cessation. She soon begins to differentiate between a stillness which is spiritual death, and a stillness which is spiritual stasis. Miriam begins to form a notion which says that movement involves time and therefore means "death," and stillness involves non-time

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and therefore means "life." In Deadlock she expresses this notion:

The power of London to obliterate personal affairs depended upon unlimited freedom to be still. The worst suffering: in the days of uncertainty had been the thought of movements that would make time move. Now that the stillness had returned, life was going on, dancing, flowing, looping out in all directions, able to bear its periods of torment in the strength of its certainty of recovery, so long as time stayed still. Life ceased when time moved on. Out in the world life was ceasing all the time. All the time people were helplessly doing things that made time move.

(Ch. ix, p.188)

This leads Miriam into the logical (for her) conclusion that 'everything is arranged' and that 'will is really meant to prevent deliberate action' - action resulting in false moves which divert people from their 'true path' (Revolving Lights i, p.282-3) For Miriam there is only the moment, and although the moment includes the past, life is eternal and therefore there can be no future: "'Future life' is a contradiction in terms." (Oberland iii, p.59) The only movement is in going back to a primal state of being. Miriam's sense of self does not include a sense of change. Unlike Stephen Dedalus's continuous metamorphosis into other selves - 'Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now ... But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms ...' (Ulysses (1922) Pt.II), Miriam is what she is 'by memory' and that memory prevents her from changing, it assures her of immutability.

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Shiv Kumar, in Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel, finds a key to the 'stream-of-consciousness' genre in Bergson's philosophy:

The key to the emergence of the stream-of-consciousness novel lies in this new awareness of experience, this marked shift from a conception of personality as built round a hard and changeless core to a realization of it as a dynamic process *La durée* is the stuff of which this kind of novel is made.¹⁴

This, though, is not Richardson's conception of personality. Her protagonist repeatedly claims an unchanging eternal self; and although Miriam's personality in the first books may more nearly be described as 'dynamic process,' Miriam's mature personality, in the later books, cannot. Shiv Kumar stresses that Richardson was not directly influenced by Bergson,¹⁵ but argues that Pilgrimage demonstrates Bergsonian traits, nevertheless. He explains the very un-Bergsonian insistence upon 'being' rather than 'becoming' in Pilgrimage as evidence of 'meddling intellect' overshadowing the 'vision of becoming,' and of vertigo in the face of "the spectacle of universal mobility"¹⁶. He "excuses" the 'look after the being and the becoming will look after itself' assertion in Clear Horizon as evidence of a temporary reversion to traditional metaphysics once the 'refracting medium of intellect' is allowed to usurp the intuitive faculty:

This shows how on the dialectical plane Dorothy Richardson falls in with the traditional metaphysical emphasis on 'being' as against ceaseless flux Whereas 'being' is finite and immutable, 'becoming' loses itself in a haze of continual change. And in preferring personality as carrying its 'bourne' within itself, she moves still further away from Bergson who believes in a creative evolution of self towards unpredictable and unforeseeable forms.¹⁷

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Kumar insists that the affirmation of 'being' is 'merely a passing phase of Miriam's awareness and does not represent her fundamental attitude.' Although there are crucial correspondences with Bergsonian philosophy in Pilgrimage (especially in the employment of memory for form and content, Kumar's insistence that Miriam's affirmation of 'being' is unrepresentative is mistaken. Firstly, his claim that 'being' is 'finite' in Pilgrimage is wrong. It is *infinite*. This is hardly Bergsonian. And to say that Miriam suffers a 'passing phase' ignores the fact that a mature Miriam's beliefs were always implicit in the younger Miriam's behaviour. Her opinions take shape and become firmer as she develops. Her emphasis on some things change, but she herself does not really change. The younger Miriam is more intuitive, more an example of Bergsonian 'becoming.'¹³ The shift is actually away from that, towards 'being,' which is illustrated in prosy, intellectual terms rather than embodied in Miriam's reactions to things. It is ironic, therefore, that although Kumar wishes to explicate Richardson's Bergsonism he uses, overwhelmingly, excerpts from the later books to demonstrate the similarities. But the later books are wordier - more polemical - and so more conducive to "proving" theories.

Shiv Kumar finds 'dreaminess' an important aspect of Miriam's consciousness. He says that in a 'relaxed state of reverie' images from the past emerge and her stream of thought becomes more fluid - and that Miriam dwells in a 'twilight zone of past-present':

It is obvious that it is only in a passive state of mind that Miriam finds it possible to establish close contact with her past and discover in the pattern of her experience a unifying thread.¹³

Again, this seems at odds with the vitality and spontaneity of the young Miriam. In Pilgrimage, the initial merger of past and present depends upon an aware reciprocity between Miriam's consciousness and her world (though passivity does not necessarily exclude alertness.) But the reference to 'dreaminess' is pertinent. In dream-time space and duration do not operate. When we awake from a dream there is a brief moment before we can apply reason to the images of the dream, and they have disturbing clarity. In Backwater there is a passage which suggests that the moment of feeling truly conscious, truly alive, is equivalent to waking from a dream. As Miriam ascends the stairs at the Pernes' school-house, and she is visited by an ecstatic sense of being alive, she already knows that 'she had had this feeling before' and begins to remember incidents from the past - especially a moment when, looking at raindrops through a window at Barnes, she had said to her sister: "'D'you know, Eve, I feel as if I'd suddenly wakened up out of a dream.'" (Ch. iii, p.245) The moment, though it comes in a 'breathless moment of standing still' has a vigorous quality. It does not occur in a 'relaxed state of reverie,' and its function is to confirm in Miriam a sense of power (that *strength* which she experiences in glad and serene moments) and permanence: "'There's something in me that can't be touched or altered. Me /...../ Perhaps it goes on getting stronger until you die.'" (p.246) The sensation

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Richardson described, in a review of Studies in Dreams (1921), of the moment just between waking and sleeping, is similar to Miriam's experience on the stairs at the Pernes' school, or like the moment in The Tunnel where Miriam wakes after sleeping outside. The subsequent view of life, of all that has been and will be, is a creative re-living:

Not a review, as one reviews life in memory, but a current possession, from a single point of consciousness of whole experience intact, and a consequent arrangement of the immediate future.²⁰

Miriam eventually begins to see her London life as dreamlike. In Deadlock she remembers how the Brooms' house had provided escape from her own family life; their house had seemed to her a 'dream-house in the unbroken dream of her own life in London.' (Ch. iii, p.86) Previously the dream was real: '... all the real part of your life has a real dream in it; some of the real dream part of you coming true.' (The Tunnel i, p.13) Perhaps from this point of view, Miriam approximates to the Bergsonian concept of 'becoming' - through abdication of action and acceptance of an involuntary, intuitive flux:

To call up the past in the form of an image, we must be able to withdraw ourselves from the action of the moment, we must have the power to value the useless, we must have the will to dream.²¹

The key words in that passage are 'power' and 'will' rather than 'dream.' Miriam's withdrawal is purposeful. She needs to withdraw from the world in order to write about it - or rather its impact upon her. And as she withdraws in order to write, the centripetal action (discussed on p.234) ensures that all extraneous matter converges upon her and her consciousness. And

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this, of course, is simultaneously the effect upon Dorothy Richardson. Richardson applies that 'intensity of concentration' which is required, not only to present experience as 'current,' but in order to *will* herself into being Miriam's consciousness.

iv. Tunnelling Into The Past

In the opening paragraphs of Swann's Way (Pt.1, 'Overture') the image of a traveller is summoned, and the effect of unfamiliar experience upon the memory described. The traveller hurries through 'a deserted countryside' but what immediately impinges is 'fixed' like the image of a photograph and preserved bright and intact: '... the path that he followed being fixed for ever in his memory by the general excitement due to being in a strange place, to doing unusual things ...' The idea of a journey, introduced so early, operates like a metaphor upon all which succeeds. Proust's novel begins with a backward journey into memory, re-seeing life 'as though [he] ... were in a room in some hotel or furnished lodging, in a place where [he] ... had just arrived, by train, for the first time.' The title and opening chapters of Pilgrimage also introduce a traveller metaphor. Miriam travels in space on her loop-train as Richardson travels in time. (The employment of a journey motif is a kind of literary pun. It suggests a train of thought, a progression,

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and protagonist and author as fellow-passengers. So, in 'Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown', Virginia Woolf uses the railway carriage as an illustration of the author/subject confrontation). We can see (though less obviously) an image of a traveller in a passage in Bergson's Matter and Memory (1911):

what I call 'my present' has one foot in my past and another in my future. In my past, first, because 'the moment in which I am speaking is already far from me;' in my future, next, because this moment is impending over the future: it is to the future that I am tending, and could I fix this indivisible present, this infinitesimal element of the curve of time, it is the direction of the future that it would indicate.²²

Richardson's protagonist stubbornly 'tends' towards the past. She denies the future. Like the traveller Sartre describes, in his essay on The Sound and the Fury (1929), the past has precedence because, fixed in a backward-looking position, it is what the traveller first sees, and how - by viewing what has passed - he establishes where he is. The present cannot be fixed, or held - one snap of the fingers and the sound marks only the fact that time has passed on - and the present with it. But Miriam feels no elegiac emotion for the future which is never achieved and the present which always eludes. She evolves a conviction that her future is a place to which she has already been. She is not going into the unknown, she is going back to a predestined goal. On her journey she recognises landmarks which assure her that she is on the right road. In Backwater, before the memory of the garden, Miriam is in Brighton thinking about the 'far-away seaside holidays of her childhood':

Her mind slid about making a strange half-familiar compact with all these things. She was theirs, she would remember them always. They were not alone, because she was with them

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and knew them. She had always known them, she reflected,
(Ch. viii, p.316)

The 'strange promise, the certainty' that Miriam feels as she thinks about her childhood spreads about her like a 'filmy veil.' But at the cost of solitariness. Other people, with their busy doings and sayings prevent the 'curious conviction' that she is revisiting a place already known to her. Miriam accepts that she 'must always be alone' until she was free to 'speak to someone of these things.' (p.317) Her conviction brings a happiness which touches and then eludes her. She feels her secret knowledge of things as a personified force which visits fleetingly and tantalisingly. It 'lurks,' 'shines,' 'haunts,' 'pours,' and 'speaks;' (p.318) but Miriam cannot always fully capture it. She struggles to catch the happiness but her arms are pinned by the press of people around her.

The idea that travellers have a restricted view of their surroundings (only perceiving reality from the reflection of what passes behind - like the cave-dwellers in Plato's Republic), pinned into a rigid, retrospective position, corresponds to the 'tunnel' motif in Pilgrimage. In The Tunnel, Miriam describes the process of 'remembering' the future. This passage, (discussed in the previous chapter, 'Reality'), is central to Miriam's convictions:

You know in advance when you are really following your life. These events are familiar because reality is here. Coming events cast *light*. It is like dropping everything and walking backwards to something you know is there. However far you go out, you come back ... /...../ I left home to get here. (Ch.i, p.13)

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The phrase 'coming events cast light' is echoed, with a twist, in Ulysses (1922), in the 'Lotus Eaters' episode. Bloom has apparently seen George Russell ('A.E.') and thinks: 'Coming events cast their shadow before'²³ The emphasis on 'light' in Pilgrimage suggests Richardson was emending the idea of 'shadow.' The Tunnel was published in 1919, but excerpts from Ulysses had been appearing in the Little Review from March 1918.²⁴ Chapters II, III, VI and X appeared in the Egoist in 1919. (In 1919 Interim was also serialised in the Little Review, and when the 'Cyclops' episode was confiscated in 1920, the issue contained an instalment of Richardson's book.) Shirley Rose, in an essay called 'Dorothy Richardson's Focus on Time' says:

The point to note in Richardson's use of the tunnel image is that Miriam is moving backwards; that is, she is facing her past, so to speak, and has her back towards the future, the source of illumination This is quite logical: We cannot see the future What we do see is the past. The tunnel image, therefore, unites experience in time and in memory with the sense of self.²⁵

The view seen at the end of a tunnel is miniature, bright but surrounded by darkness; circular but not whole. It has that fantastical strangeness of the unfamiliar which Proust's traveller notes and will therefore always remember. The effort of remembering is really an act of creation. The moment of recall means hovering over an 'abyss of uncertainty' as Proust's Marcel describes it, where the mind does not seek, but creates:

It is face to face with something which does not so far exist, to which it alone can give reality and substance, which it alone can bring into the light of day.

(Swann's Way, 'Overture')

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The tunnelling action corresponds to the movement away from the present, and to the way attention is focussed when viewing the past. Lily Briscoe, in To the Lighthouse (1927), 'went on tunnelling her way into her picture, into the past.' Her picture will represent that inclusive circular view at the end of the tunnel - the past and present arraigned in one final, decisive brush-stroke. Miriam's tunnel carries her back, she feels, to a starting point. Inside the tunnel time and direction don't impinge - memory attaches itself to the bright image which is carried before her rather than seen at a distance, and other dimensions recede.

Memory confirms a sense of unchanging self, for Miriam. In evoking her past she knows that she exists, and so Richardson, in recreating her past through Miriam, asserts her own reality. Moreover, memory, despite its apparently random meanderings, ensures a sense of continuity of self:

These lingerings of old objects, these incomings of new, are the germs of memory and expectation, the retrospective and prospective sense of time. They give that continuity to consciousness without which it could not be called a stream.²⁶

The sense of continuity, through memory, leads Miriam to believe in her unchanging self. The passage of time does not touch her, in that respect. (Memory alone preserves the sense of identity when the subject feels even the form of self changes in the flux of *la durée*: 'But I ... am I by memory because under everchanging forms.') And it is memory which assures Miriam of her unique identity. When Miriam is involved in her memories

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she, like Marcel, momentarily ceases to feel 'mediocre, accidental, mortal.' ('Overture')

'Remembrance is like direct feeling; its object is suffused with a warmth and intimacy to which no object of mere conception ever attains.'²⁷ Remembrance is also palliative. It 'exchanges' phantoms for recreated reality, but as it exchanges it edits: 'If it is true then that remembrance is an exchange, it is also true that the moment exchanged has no longer the tragic inconsistency of what it replaces.'²⁸ As Miriam thinks back 'the early days flowed up, recovered completely from the passage of time, going forward with today added to them, for ever.' (Deadlock iii, p.97) The present is always detached, always modified by this past, which is 'recovered' from time: 'The present can be judged by the part of the past it brings up. If the present brings up the happiness of the past, the present is happy.' (Interim viii, p.402) This modification (to the point of eradication) of the present corresponds with a passage in Matter and Memory:

In fact, there is no perception which is not full of memories. With the immediate and present data of our senses we mingle a thousand details out of our past experience. In most cases these memories supplant our actual perceptions, of which we then retain only a few hints, thus using them merely as 'signs' that recall to us former images.²⁹

But whereas Bergson describes a 'snowballing' effect of memories as we age, burdening us with a load we 'drag behind us,'³⁰ Richardson claimed that memory had set her free, and *unburdened* her. In an essay published posthumously in 1966, called 'Old

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Age,' she describes the tendency in old age to remember life years ago rather than life 'last week':

This so called failure of memory is really its beginning. We are learning the artist's detachment and what appears to be his cynical indifference to all things but his art, but the free movement of his spirit. In due course, with all the outward semblance of disillusionment increasing upon us we are aware at last on entering upon the fullness of our being. We hold on nowhere. We have learned, late but no matter, ecstatically we are aware that life has, even for us, who came at the last moment to the vineyard, paid the penny. We are free. We can move everywhere. All our intolerance and exclusions and fixities are gone. In a world, more amazing, more beautiful, than ever were the trailing clouds of glory we dance the lightest-footed dance of all.³¹

Though Richardson is defending the memory-lapses of old age, the euphoric tone is characteristic. As early as The Tunnel Miriam was declaring memory to be the vehicle for ecstasy: '... then memory was happiness, one happiness linked to the next ...' (Ch. xxii, p.214) The fact that joy is dwelt upon throughout Pilgrimage is more characteristic of Romanticism than Modernism. The indirect reference to Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality' Ode in the 'Old Age' essay, shows Richardson's affinity with Romantic values. But, Richardson, born in 1873, is bound to be influenced by nineteenth- and twentieth-century cultural movements. Though Pilgrimage demonstrates an amalgam of predominant themes from different periods, its directing force is Modernist. The quality of joy, in Richardson's novel, is modified by anguish, and by the strain of combatting contemporaneity. Joy does not prevail. As it is invoked there is a simultaneous awareness of its precarious and temporary status.

v. The Fountain

In her essay 'Dorothy Richardson's Focus on Time' Shirley Rose says: 'Reflecting the aesthetic temper of the modern period, Dorothy Richardson was acutely sensitive to the problems created by the literary expression of time'³² An interview Richardson gave to Vincent Brome shows that this is true. Richardson admits the strain involved in shaping a literary equivalent to an abstract element:

We spoke again of Pilgrimage. Spelling out minutiae moment by moment, she said, might become an artistic interference with the natural condensation which made everyday life tolerable ... The experienced moment slipped by. One could not hold on to an enlarge the moment as it happened. To represent life, it seemed as though the artist must reconcile these two elements as they were reconciled in life, but it 'left one balanced on a perilous decision.'

In the same interview Richardson discusses the label given to her technique:

'Stream of consciousness is a muddle-headed phrase. It's not a stream, it's a pool, a sea, an ocean. It has depth and greater depth and when you think you have reached its bottom there is nothing there, and when you give yourself up to one current you are suddenly possessed by another.'³³

The term 'stream-of-consciousness' misrepresents Richardson's technique. The metaphor, adopted as a description of Miriam's consciousness by May Sinclair in 1918,³⁴ draws attention to the fluidity of form in Pilgrimage. But a stream suggests linear development, shallowness, and unimpeded progress. As Edouard in The Counterfeiters (1925) says, the novel should be a 'breadthwise and depthwise' cutting of a 'slice of life,' as

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opposed to the naturalist school which cuts 'in time,' 'lengthwise' 'Time, projected lengthwise is nothing but space.' Gide's protagonist is not referring to the experimental novel which gained the label 'stream-of-consciousness', he is referring to the traditional narrative sequence which depends upon a linear plot. But the expression 'time projected lengthwise' does evoke an image of a stream. Richardson's recall of the past, as expressed through Miriam's consciousness, is more random, less viscid and calculable. Her own metaphors - a 'pool,' or an 'ocean' are more apt than 'stream,' and their suitability should be acknowledged. 'Ocean' is apt for describing a present which scoops up the past into itself as it presses forward, like a wave, into the future. But, according to Shiv Kumar, Richardson proposed 'fountain of consciousness' as an alternative label.³⁵ He is surprised by her denial of the tag:

The stream-of-consciousness technique as employed by Dorothy Richardson is a novel method of representing this conception of dynamic personality and she remains its most literal exponent. But it is surprising that she has never taken kindly to the use of the terms stream-of-consciousness.³⁶

Richardson's preference for the metaphor 'fountain' illustrates her belief in permanence, and of continual return to and replenishment from an unchanging source. She felt that casting experience in the past, in linear time, was an intellectual 'vice':

It is a characteristic vice of the intellect to see the past as a straight line stretching out behind humanity like a sort of indefinite tail. In actual experience it is more like an agglomeration, a vital process of crystallization grouped in and about the human consciousness³⁷

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The treatment of time in Pilgrimage, as embodied in Miriam's memories, is best shown by an analysis of the working technique in the novel. Shiv Kumar makes an error when putting an occurrence, in Clear Horizon, into context. This error neatly demonstrates, though unintentionally, the quality of Richardson's treatment of time. Kumar discusses Richardson's method of mingling past and present:

Time, according to Dorothy Richardson, is a stream and therefore cannot be divided into such pure tenses as past, present and future. The present moment, which may outwardly appear to have an independent identity of its own, is in truth the shadow of the past projecting itself into the future.³⁰

Kumar demonstrates this by giving an example of an incident in Clear Horizon which he mistakenly believes to be happening at that moment, to an adult Miriam. The full extract reads:

And as the grey church drew near, bringing her walk to an end, she had realized for the first time, with a shock of surprise and a desire to drive the thought away, how powerfully the future flows into the present and how, on entering an experience, one is already beyond it, so that most occasions are imperfect because no one is really quite within them, save before and afterwards; and then only at the price of solitude. (Ch. iii, p.347)

Significantly, Shiv Kumar starts his extract at '... with a shock of surprise..' Because it is involved in such a long sequence of thought, because it is such a long time since Miriam's whereabouts were pinpointed (the very beginning of the chapter) and because Miriam's thoughts allow her to wander in unmarked time and unnoticed surroundings, the walk to the grey church seems to have just taken place. In fact (the past-perfect tense is a clue) Miriam is actually - at the moment of remembering - attending a Lycurgan meeting, half-listening to a socialist

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speaker from the North. Kumar's mistaken context illustrates perfectly the difficulty, for the reader, in dividing moment from moment and establishing what is happening, when.

CHAPTER 10

WORDS.

Words

... how shall I write it down, the *sound* the little boy made as he carefully carried the milk jug? ... going along, trusted, *trusted*, you could see it, you could see his mother. His legs came along, little loose feet, looking after themselves, pottering behind him. All his body was in the hand carrying the milk jug. (The Tunnel xxx, p.256)

At this point, in Pilgrimage, it is clear that Miriam Henderson is going to be a writer. Her wish to show all the things that she could see, to distill it into one 'sound' and to write that sound down illustrates Richardson's own struggle with words. It is not the mere image, action or sound of things that Richardson, as a novelist, wishes to describe. These things cannot be spoken about as though they have a finite quality, wholly independent of the observer. Things seen are felt. She wishes to realize how things impinge upon consciousness, and how consciousness brings life and significance to things. Miriam wants to explain the impression the little boy with the milk-jug makes upon her, not the picture he makes. She conceives the whole as a sound (all the separate "notes" of the impression chiming together) but wonders how she can get that sound into words. Miriam, previously, had already attempted to record her impressions and memories of things. And in her first attempt she tries painting rather than writing. In Honeycomb, Miriam has been attempting to paint, from memory, land- and sea-scapes seen at Brighton. But the visual images are not sufficient, and Miriam begins to analyse what she is doing, and how she feels about it. She has to use words, in the end:

She spent the evening writing to Eve /...../ pushed on and on

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weighed down by a sense of the urgency of finding out whether, to Eve, the registration of impressions was a thing that she must do or lose hold of something essential.

(Ch. xviii, p.431)

In recording impressions Richardson is conscious of the disparity between impressions as experience and impressions registered via words. Miriam re-lives, and in re-living *owns* her impressions - they are private and intensely individual. In wording them she projects them from the private into the public domain - and so she illustrates her author's dilemma. Richardson wants to preserve impressions, not 'dispose' of them as Miriam says men do, with their 'clever phrases' - neat, false and final. (Deadlock i, p.14) She wants to suggest phenomena, leave things potential, immanent rather than imminent. She wants her novel to reflect the 'woman's art' of atmosphere: "'Women are emancipated.' /...../ 'Through their pre-eminence in an art. The art of making atmospheres. It's as big an art as any other.'" (Revolving Lights i, p.257 - and see discussion on "women's art" in Pt.I, Ch.3, 'Formlessness') She simultaneously conjures up the otherness of things as they impinge, but she can only ever approximate. She does not want to *make* things: 'pictures and bridges and thumbscrews' (Dimple Hill v, p.464). She does not want to complete, release and dispose of her images of life but let them be, intact and essential. Yet for all that, words can only, at best, mime experience - and in doing so distort it. Richardson seems torn between the need to communicate reality and the wish to preserve that reality rather than risk losing it or mis-shaping it by a literary medium. She wants to call art

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'atmosphere' and keep it real, but for her art to take shape, be written and read, it must be transmitted in the only vehicle possible for her - written words.

1. 'Everything Is Words'

Richardson chose to write a novel rather than a poem.' But her novel has poetic tendencies. Using Jakobson's theory of 'the metaphoric and metonymic poles'² defining, respectively, poetry and prose we can see how Richardson must attempt to translate the abstraction of consciousness into the substance of the novel form. Memory is essentially 'metaphoric.' Consciousness flits from one subject to another by association; one thought is supplanted by a similar, associated thought. But to record the act of remembering, unless the account is random and unordered without referents or explanations, the 'metonymic' mode must be employed. Memories must be combined into a contiguous sequence: "Without metaphor, Proust says, more or less, no true memories: we add for him and for all; without metonymy, no linking of memories, no story, no novel."³ The inscrutable private experience must be made intelligible for public scrutiny. The symbolist novel avails itself of poetic, metaphoric usages in order to augment, and combat, the metonymic prose of the conventionally realist novel. ('Following the path of contiguous

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relationships, the realistic author metonymically digresses from the plot to the atmosphere and from the characters to the setting in space and time.'⁴) Pilgrimage is not a symbolist novel, but it uses poetical devices for similar ends - to represent the non-contiguous workings of consciousness.

The impossibility of the task Richardson set herself is reflected in Miriam's thoughts on the subject of language. Speech, let alone writing, is imperfect. Miriam wants people to 'speak as they think,' 'as it is, people hardly communicate at all.' (Deadlock xii, p.218) Yet to turn thought into speech is to lose something essential:

But between her and this reality was the embarrassment of a mind that could produce nothing but quotations. She had no mind of her own. It seemed to be there when she was alone; only because there was no need to express anything. In speech she could produce only things other people had said and with which she did not agree. (Deadlock ii, p.76-77)

Miriam feels that the exigencies of community - brought suffocatingly near by the inevitably common resource of language - are so great that she must lose any claim to having 'a mind of her own.' She reacts accordingly, backing away from communication with people, even to the point of being overwhelmed by the desperate inadequacies of everyday conversation. "Small" talk takes on a large, destructive aspect. It obliterates reality and threatens her notion of a unique self. When Miriam attempted to paint, in Honeycomb, she knew that her thoughts were so much more than a picture. They were an 'experience.' She found it impossible to explain her 'strange inner life' which was

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'independent of everybody.' To explain it in words would be an indiscretion: 'Perhaps it was a betrayal, a sort of fat noisy gossiping to speak of it, even to Eve.' (Ch. viii, p.431) But even a description of an ordinary event is fraught with difficulties. In Interim, Miriam considers telling Mrs Bailey about a lecture she had just attended. But: 'To try and really tell anything about the lecture would be to plunge into misrepresentations and misunderstandings and end with the lecture vanished.' (Ch. iv, p.361) Miriam is convinced that 'any other boarder' would have related the simple facts of the event, and felt complacently at peace - but 'with no thoughts.' The fact that there seems to be security for others in language makes Miriam feel both special and isolated - trapped with her own incommunicable reality.

As early as Backwater there is evidence of Miriam's decision to keep things 'secret' and so keep them intact. She has taken her new job at the Pernes' school, in north London:

It was her world already; and she had no words for it. She would not be able to convey it to others. She felt sure her mother had not noticed it. She must deal with it alone. To try to speak about it, even with Eve, would sap her courage. It was her secret. A secret for all her life as Hanover had been. (Ch. ii, p.195)

Another person's viewpoint would be 'overpowering,' would 'dissolve' the 'strange new impressions.' It is not surprising, considering her predisposition, that Miriam reaches the extreme conclusion that 'silence is reality'⁵ (Deadlock ix, p.188) or that the potential silence and solitariness should provoke ideas of 'the state that people called madness':

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Perhaps the lunatic asylums were full of people who had refused to join up? There were happy people in them? 'Wandering' in their minds. But remembering and knowing happiness they escaped for ever into that state of amazed happiness that goes on all the time underneath the strange forced quotations of deeds and words.

(Revolving Lights i, p.246)

What is surprising is not only that Miriam Henderson should emerge as a writer, at the end of Pilgrimage, but that Richardson should *write* at all. The odds are so great against 'remembering and knowing' through the medium of words, which can only produce 'strange forced quotations.' But Richardson was always fascinated by words, it was inevitable that she should write. In an autobiographical article ('Data for Spanish Publisher') she remembers her schoolgirl interest in words:

there was still the fascination of words, of their sturdy roots, their growth and transformation and the strange drama of the pouring in from every quarter of the globe alien words assimilated and modified to the rhythm of our own speech, enriching its poetry and making its spelling and its pronunciation the joy of those who love it.⁶

Further, it is a Modernist trait for writers to show mistrust of the written word, so in having her protagonist dwell upon the difficulties of words, Richardson illustrates her Modernist characteristics.

Robert Kelly suggests that the stream-of-consciousness novelist (into which category he puts Dorothy Richardson) is trying 'not to be a novelist, but he cannot help himself':

try as he will to render life pure and unevaluated, evaluation, selection and emphasis are there. His words are opinions and they reflect a selection of reality rather than the whole of reality, and this selection constitutes another opinion.⁷

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This is true, of course. Richardson protests all the way in her attempt to write an un-novel, decrying opinions through the mouth of her opinionated protagonist, decrying the efficacy of words through her written medium. But Kelly suggests that Pilgrimage represents the 'logical extremes' of 'anti-rational premises' and that these premises are implicit in the theory of the stream-of-consciousness technique. And that the logical extreme of these premises is 'the abandonment of communication.'⁸ If silence is a logical extreme it is not necessarily a result of anti-rational premises but a consequence of the false coin which language tenders:

'/...../ Everything is words.'
'Well, you *must* use words.'
'You ought not to think in words.'

'All that has been said and known in the world is in *language*, in words; /...../ Then no one *knows* anything for certain /...../ *language* is the only way of expressing everything and it dims everything.'

(The Tunnel iv, pp.93 and 99)

Words are at best 'only a compromise between memory and freedom'⁹ Words can actually say nothing whilst they purport to cover every contingency - like Klamm's letter in The Castle (1926) - and they serve to construct multiple barriers between the real and the transcribed:

Here then is the paradox for the writer. If he wants to write in any communicable form he must traffic in a language which may at every turn be limiting, directing and perhaps controlling his responses and formulations.¹⁰

So Richardson communicates by attempting to *translate* her consciousness, rather than write about it; leaving it whole and

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recreating it. She uses Miriam as an indirect medium, because the direct expression is 'harmful.' (Dimple Hill ii, p.419)

Dorothy Richardson writes Pilgrimage, and in doing so language is both means and end. By having Miriam debate such matters as the efficacy of words (and by having Miriam become a writer) Richardson draws attention to the making of the novel. And although language dims everything, 'without it thought is nebulous and uncharted.' Richardson may have felt that there were experiences irredeemably beyond language, when all that remained was 'a world of perfect unanswering silence' (Honeycomb xi, p.489) but she maintained sufficient confidence to write a novel, and she attempted to chart consciousness whilst preserving its random, nebulous integrity. Modernists are conscious of the multiplicity of experience, and of the imperfect means for recording it, but they know they must attempt to record it:

The mind receives a myriad impressions - trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon that consciousness...¹²

To attempt to record the 'atoms' of experience 'in the order in which they fall' is to impose contiguous order where little or none existed. The medium, in this case a novel, undertakes a translation of the felt experience.

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The translation process may be, for a writer, fascinating in its own right or frustrating in its inevitable distortion. What Miriam says about actual translation (from one language to another) is wholly relevant. In correcting Lahitte's manuscript, in Deadlock, she is struck by the 'curious marvel' of her own written sentences 'drawn uncalculatingly from some fund of common consent':

How had she thought of them? She had not thought of them. She had been closely following something, and they had come, quietly, in the midst of engrossment; but they were like a photograph, funny in their absurd likeness, set there side by side with the photographs of Mr. Lahitte. They were alive, gravely, after the manner of her graver self. (Ch. iv, p.132)

When she is working upon the translation of the stories by Andreyev, which Shatov introduced her to, the pattern of work and the pattern of words merge with her own 'pattern' of life:

Sometimes the memory of her work would leap out when a conversation was flagging, and lift her as she sat inert, to a distance whence the dulled expiring thread showed suddenly glowing, looping forward into an endless bright pattern interminably animated by the changing lights of fresh inflowing thoughts. (Deadlock v, p.141)

She translates in three stages:

It was such a glad adventure, to get down on the page with a blunt stump of a pencil in quivering swift thrilled fingers the whole unwieldy literal presentation, to contemplate, plunging thus roughshod from language to language, the strange lights shed in turn upon each, the revelation of mutually enclosed unexpandable meanings, insoluble antagonisms of thought and experience, flowing upon the surface of a stream where both were one; to see, through the shapeless mass the approaching miracle of shape and meaning. (Ch. v, p.142)

And finally:

The story was turned away from her /...../ It was no longer even partly hers; yet the thing that held it together in its English dress was herself, it had her expression, as a portrait would have /...../ It was a diary ... (Ch. v, p.143)

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But when Richardson's work is not turned away from her, but turned towards herself - as is Pilgrimage - the process is not so blithe. To write a novel means art can no longer be atmosphere. The abstract must be given formal utterance and, unavoidable, some logical sequence for it to be comprehensible. It means making and completion - something at odds with the living process which Richardson attempts. 'Words are never innocent'¹³ and bring with them history, community and convention which defeat the intention to make anew, or even to remake. Miriam's first attempts at writing lead her to despair. She can only reproduce 'futile,' 'false,' and 'superficial' writing (Dimple Hill (viii, p.524) and though she eventually finds a more satisfactory method, the problems Miriam encountered are the problems Richardson encountered. She compensated for these problems by finding a way of handling language that powerfully suggests sound and movement, colour and textures: '... so the novel attempts, through an infinite accumulation of detail, to make words *become* - as near as words can - the very reality of the thing they describe.'¹⁴ The technique can be defined by appointing two main categories: the evocation of the visual image, and the evocation of the aural image. By miming two primary senses - what is seen and what is heard - Richardson attempts a metaphoric realization of the real, in words.

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ii. Synaesthesia

Richardson's style of writing, for all the more obvious Modernist aspects, is essentially idiosyncratic. A comparison with Joyce, Woolf and Proust shows important differences between their work and Richardson's. Miriam hears the 'language' of things but her capacity to do so points to her especial power to establish a relationship with objects, and her perfect recall, rather than a theory of the nature of language-in-sounds. Richardson does not employ ironic word-play and punning, as Joyce:

Silt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forwards its flyboard with silt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Silt. Almost human the way it silt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too silt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Silt. (Ulysses, 1922)

Apart from the episode before Miriam's mother's death, in Honeycomb, and the use of colours - see pp. 269 - 272 below), when Richardson summons up the details of a scene, the scene is rarely a metaphorical personification of a state of mind, as in this passage by Virginia Woolf.

Away from people - they must get away from people, he said (jumping up), right away over there, where there were chairs beneath a tree and the long slope of the park dipped like a length of green stuff with a ceiling cloth of blue and pink smoke high above, and there was a rampart of far, irregular houses, hazed in smoke, the traffic hummed in a circle, and on the right, dun-coloured animals stretched long necks over the Zoo palings, barking, howling. There they sat under a tree. (Mrs Dalloway, 1925)

Richardson's sensual realization of physical phenomena, though metaphoric in its poetic intent, rarely illustrates a conscious

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poetry of rhythm and assonance and a carefully constructed conceit, as does Proust's:

... the fire, baking like a pie the appetising smells with which the air of the room was thickly clotted, which the dewy and sunny freshness of the morning had already 'raised' and started to 'set,' puffed them and glazed them and fluted them and swelled them into an invisible though not impalpable country cake, an immense puff-pastry, in which, barely waiting to savour the crustier, more delicate, more respectable, but also drier smells of the cupboard, the chest-of-drawers, and the patterned wall-paper I always returned with an unconfessed gluttony to bury myself in the nondescript, resinous, dull, indigestible, and fruity smell of the flowered quilt ... (Swann's Way, 1913)

Richardson is not, at any time, the objective author dealing judiciously with the language. As Miriam responds through body, spirit and intellect to her surroundings, Richardson reciprocally surrounds the event with a synaesthetic technique, visual, auditory and kinetic. The technique is essentially Modernist:

The effect of polyvalency, or synaesthesia, with its contingent demands upon the reader's concentration and responsiveness, is deeply characteristic of the modern literary imagination and contrasts with the use of analogy by traditionally realistic novelists, who usually maintain a clear distinction between what is actually 'there' and what is merely illustrative.¹⁵

A good example of the synaesthetic technique is the scene in Honeycomb at Mrs Corrie's table. The piling-up of qualities overwhelms the reader with a felt experience which transcends the actual business of the meal:

Miriam laughed over her strange hot wine-clear, wine-flavoured soup /...../ ... Her secure, shy contented laugh was all right as a response to Mrs Corrie, sitting at the head of the long table, a tall graceful bird, thin broad shoulders, with the broad black frill slipping from them, rather broad thin oval white face, wiry auburn Princess of Wales fringe coming down into a peak with hollow beaten-in temples each side of it, auburn coils shining as she moved her head, and the chalky lisping voice that said little things and laughed at them and went on without waiting for

answers. But to herself the laugh meant much more than liking Mrs Corrie and holding her up and begging her to go on. It meant the large dark room, the dark invisible furniture in gloomy corners, the huge screen near the door where the parlour maid came in and out; the table like an island under the dome of the low-hanging rose-shaded lamp, the table-centre thickly embroidered with beetles' wings, the little dishes stuck about, sweets, curiously crusted brown almonds, sheeny grey-green olives; the misty beaded glass of the finger bowls - Venetian glass from that shop in Regent street - the four various wine glasses at each right hand, one on a high thin stem, curved and fluted like a shallow tulip, filled with hock; and, floating in the warmth amongst all these things the strange, exciting, dry sweet fragrance coming from the mass of mimosa, a forest of little powdery blossoms, little stiff grey - the arms of railway signals at junctions - Japanese looking leaves - standing as if it were growing, in a shallow bowl under the rose-shaded lamp.

(Ch. 1, pp 354-355)

Textures of sound (Mrs Corrie's laugh contains - 'means' - all the aspects of the room and table), light and fragrance combine with textures and colours of tangible things - food, glasses and dishes - complementing and contrasting: 'wiry auburn,' 'chalky lispings,' 'thickly embroidered with beetles' wings,' 'crusted brown,' 'sheeny grey-green,' 'misty beaded,' 'curved,' 'fluted.' The sense of opulence and warmth is reinforced by a euphonic cluster of consonants. Firstly k and l sounds juxtaposed: 'like an island,' 'thickly,' 'little dishes stuck about,' 'curiously crusted.' Then a cluster of murmuring m, f and v and long vowels at the end of the paragraph. There is excitement in the little rush of short-syllabled, short vowelled words both miming and describing the flowers: 'the mass of mimosa, a forest of little powdery blossoms, little stiff grey..' And everything is seen by the light of the rose-shaded lamp - mentioned twice - thus increasing the sense of joyous comfort.

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Richardson conjures up the bodily quality of things so that the visual images coalesce with a sense of movement. All the aspects of a scene stir and merge as all the senses respond:

Standing and moving in the soft air was the strong sour smell of baking Schwarzbrot. A big bony-browed woman came from a dark cottage and stood motionless in the low doorway, watching them with kindly body.

(Pointed Roofs viii, p.114)

(The verbs 'standing' and 'moving' apply by association to the woman's movements, and the strong, wholesome black bread and soft air involve themselves in the qualities of the woman's physical characteristics.) A whole spectrum of qualities can be suggested in a short phrase: 'Wheezing, cook had spread a plaster of dampened ashy cinders upon the basement schoolroom fire and gone bonily away' (Backwater, iv, p.247). An action can be described in a phrase which mimes, by syntax and diction, the very thing: 'cutting stout little wedges of cake.' (The Tunnel iii, p.69)

iii. Word-Pictures

The strikingly visual aspect of Richardson's images show how written words can gather to themselves graphic images independent of meaning. Visual images can have ascendancy over sounds.

Written words themselves present us with graphic images:

Most people pay more attention to visual impressions because these are sharper and more lasting than aural impressions; that is why they show a preference for the former. The graphic form manages to force itself upon them at the expense

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of sound.¹⁶

But the visual impressions which the graphic form of language (writing) evokes serve to contrast the actual experience or phenomena with the abstract. Thus the power of words, in turn, is demoted - what they describe has an actuality which words do not possess. Writing may be the storehouse of language, but language can only imitate reality. Miriam's visual sense is so acute that she sees how the hand-written word upon a page can make a picture, just in the way characters are formed - as with Amabel's handwriting:

Each word, each letter, was Amabel, was one of the many poses of her body, upright as a plant is upright, elegant as a decorative plant, supporting its embellishing curves just as the clean uprights of the letters supported the curves that belonged to them.

And these word-making letter so swiftly flung on to the marginless page, substituting their individual shape for the letter-shape that she now realized had a limiting effect upon what was expressed therein, were seeming to explain and justify the poses. (Dawn's Left Hand vii, p.215)

What is seen is real. Miriam is inordinately responsive to her surroundings, and Richardson, by describing that response, effectively projects those surroundings, vividly (for instance, the marvellous descriptions of Mrs Bailey's rooms, in The Tunnel i, p.15 and xxxiii, p.286). The image of a thing as it impinges is a thing, in its own right. It is beyond expression, and in fact, only integral before being expressed - or the attempt to express it.

The 'photographs'¹⁷ which Miriam sees of herself and Lahitte in their respective writings (not in the handwriting, as with

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Amabel's letter, but in the content) recall the colour photographs (or slides) which she goes to see with Hancock, in The Tunnel. They transcend, for her, their own medium. She is in a heightened state of receptivity ('In her mind blazed the coloured bars of the spectrum' - Ch. v, p.103) and is teased out of thought by the 'hard crude clear brilliant opaque flat colour' of the photographs. They don't have atmosphere like pictures, but they are 'like something else' - 'like something one sometimes saw when it wasn't there.' (p.107) The images of the photographs momentarily correspond with Miriam's way of mentally conceiving images - especially remembered images - in a way that doesn't generalize (like schoolroom pictures) but preserves their essence. This is suggested by the ensuing way in which she summarises Hancock's thoughts and distinguishes them from her own: 'His own thoughts were statements, /...../ They were not things.' The thought-images summoned up are not pictures, not photographs, but experiences (as she wants to explain to Eve, in Honeycomb). The image^e gathers to itself a resonance and a wholeness - and similar to photographs, has 'a language without a code,' 'speaks' with a freedom literature lacks.⁹ Visual images are truer than words: 'Clever phrases /...../ make you see things by a deliberate arrangement, leave an impression that is false to life.' (Deadlock i p.14).

The outstanding feature of Richardson's employment of visual images is her evocation of colour. ('I do understand colour' says Miriam complacently - Revolving Lights iii, p.336) She

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continually (and consistently until the end of March Moonlight) loads her descriptive passages with colour - directly named vivid colours. Blue, rose and gold are the most often named colours, and not surprisingly, they take on archetypal, symbolic qualities of joy and serenity. Grey occurs most often in contrast, and again, though not always, takes on a symbolic suggestion of misery or alienation. Colours, directly invoked, evoke resonant seen images; as with the Waldstrasse lime-trees, or Eve's seaside town:

the leaves, brilliant opaque green against white plaster with sharp black shadows behind them, or brilliant transparent green on the hard blue sky. She felt that the scent of them must be visible. (Pointed Roofs ix, p.124)

the train left the last red-roofed houses behind and slid out into the open country. She hung for an instant over the spread of the town, serene unchanging sunlit grey and brilliant white, green-shuttered and balconied, towards the sea, warm yellow brick, red-roofed, towards the inland green. (Deadlock iii, p.103)

Colours can substitute for, or supersede, an emotion. So, firstly, with this description of a stormy summer evening in London, when Miriam's sense of an encroaching, strangely independent happiness is almost oppressive ('Perhaps happiness is one long sin, piling up a bill'). Miriam, as in the Regent Street passage in Honeycomb, has become part of the scene. She is struck by her characteristic 'astonishment,' and the scene before her seems to be seen by someone else. Miriam is so involved in what she describes that there is 'nothing to hold her body separate from the scene.' Colours are hot, brilliant but violent, fading off ominously into a paradoxically 'hot' grey:

Brilliant ... brilliant; and someone was seeing it. There was no thunderstorm, no clouds or pink edges on the brilliant

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copper grey. She wandered on down the road hemmed by flaring green. The invisible sun was everywhere. There was no air, nothing to hold her body separate from the scene. The grey brilliance of the sky was upon the pavement and in the green of the park, making mauve shadows between the trees and a mist of mauve amongst the further green. The high house fronts stood out against the grey, eastern-white, frilled below with new-made green, sprouting motionlessly as you looked ... white plaster houses against the blue of the Mediterranean, grey mimosa tress, green-feathered lilac of wistaria. Between the houses and the park the road glared wooden grey, dark, baked grey, edged with the shadowless stone grey of the pavement. (Interim viii, p.402-3)

Again, colours reflect Miriam's emotional state in this passage from Deadlock. Miriam has had an apparently deadly row with Michael, and they enter some docks through a gateway in a 'high grey wall':

Miriam hurried forward /...../ and found herself on a little quay surrounding a square basin of motionless grey water shut in by wooden galleries, stacked with mouldering casks. But the air was the air that moves softly on still days over wide waters and, in the shadowed light of the enclosure, the fringe of green where the water touched the grey stone of the quay gleamed brilliantly in the stillness. (Ch. xii, p.215)

The later books don't lack for instances where graphic scenes are built up through loading colour upon colour. Amabel is expressed almost wholly in terms of colour, in her person and her dress:

The mealy, turquoise blue of the delicately figured kimono was deep satisfaction, so also were the heavy beads of curiously blended, opaque deep colours, hanging in a loop whose base, against the girl's knees, was clasped by twining fingers. Smoothly draped sheeny dark hair framed the flow-fresh oval face and heightened the 'jasmine' white of the column of her neck. (Dawn's Left Hand vi, p.187)

Miriam's memory of her home glows with an acute vividness which brings it into the present:

one other fire: wide and clear behind polished brass bars, radiant rose and gold against the pure cream and turquoise of the tiles, whereon, just inside the marble rim of the hearth, in the combined rapturous light thrown back by the high walls with their pale delicately blended ivory and blue, of fire and the chandelier's bright blaze softened by globes of

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patterned amber and rose and primrose.

(Dawn's Left Hand x, p.250)

The colours of flowers and fruit in Dimple Hill possess a 'strange power.' Delphiniums gather to themselves the 'idea' of blue:

And it was just that one, that deepest but not darkest, that bluest blue. Within it all the others were gathered, so that still one saw it as it passed upwards through speedwell to pure dense mauve-washed turquoise and down to the one approaching black. Returning, from any one of the other shades, to gaze into its central depth, one had the feeling of being on a journey that was both pathway and destination.

(Ch. vi, p.485)

(It is characteristic that Miriam, by now less spontaneous but more contemplative, should start brooding upon the nature of colour - 'It was colour alone that possessed this strange power' (p.485), rather than simply stating it.)

A phrase from Robbe-Grillet's For A New Novel, referring to the intrusive way literary convention hampers our 'freedom of observation,' suggests, incidentally, the Impressionist method:

We accept the fact that what is *literary* (the word has become pejorative) functions like a grid or screen with bits of different coloured glass that fracture our field of vision into tiny assimilable facets.²⁰

Richardson attempts to make colour speak for itself, just as artists, especially since the Impressionist movement, came increasingly to rely upon colour for an alternative language. The Impressionist, and Post-Impressionist techniques of pointillism and divisionism provide a striking analogy for writers' methods:

Seurat had grasped that there is something atomized, divided and analytical about modernist awareness, and his work predicted the way in which art would come more and more to

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refer to itself. To build a unified meaning, in this state of extreme self-consciousness, meant that the subject had to be broken down into molecules and then reassembled under the eye of formal order. Reality became permanent when it was displayed as a web of tiny distinct stillnesses.²¹

Richardson's technique is midway between Seurat's positivist confidence and Post-Modernists' despair in the literary medium. Multiplicity, says Quarles, in Point Counter Point (1928) is 'the essence of the new way of looking.' Richardson's technique reveals her awareness of multiplicity. But she does not subject what she sees and feels to a clinical analysis, the positivist dissection of Seurat (or a Huxley protagonist). She attempts a more fluid, random breakdown of the elements in the perceived. Her method of making words describe minute parts of a scene or a person, filling out a picture with detail like flecks of paint, is similar to the earlier Impressionists in its subjective smudginess:

The detail is reminiscent of the treatment of light introduced by the impressionists. Just as they covered a canvas with tiny points of colour till it quivered with luminosity, so Miss Richardson and Miss Sinclair after her, crowd their pages with close colored moments.²²

Richardson, like Woolf, wishes to 'trace the pattern' of the 'atoms' of consciousness, 'however disconnected and incoherent in appearance.' Her attention to the incidental detail of objects, sounds, voices, faces and clothing create an impressionist picture of Miriam's consciousness. As we read Pilgrimage, we become steeped in the texture of Miriam's world - as she perceives it.

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iv. The Sound Pattern

Richardson's technique for suggesting sound is excellent. (Miriam, of course, has a very keen ear.) Sounds are registered through degrees of simplicity to ambitious: the 'kak-kak' of Harriett's slippers (Pointed Roofs i, p.25); the 'swift fuffle' or 'swift flounering' of a dress (Honeycomb i, pp. 353 and 361); or the 'flouner-crack' of a shaken raincoat (Backwater iv, p.247). Richardson breaks down words or coins new ones (for auditory effect) in an attempt to shake sound clear of meaning. She demands, and has her protagonist demand, a scrupulous attention and absolutely faithful account of sounds:

A fly was hovering about the muslin window blind with little reedy loops of song. The oboe ... in the quintet /...../

'Flies don't buzz,' she said passionately.
'They don't buzz. Why do people say they buzz?'
(Backwater iv, p.256-7)

Miriam's extremely sensitive appreciation of music parallels this inordinate passion for correctly analysing and describing a sound. Richardson can make a phrase descriptive in the way it 'sings' - by rhythm: 'larger and stronger and easier' (Pointed Roofs ii, p.205); by euphony: 'the riding ring of the little bell' (Interim viii, p.426); or by alliteration: 'a fair florid troubled fickle smiling man' (The Tunnel vi, p.113). Richardson's phrases, with their absence of commas, or employment of the characteristic pause signified by three stops²³, accommodate a range of qualities. Her alliterative technique can

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serve to augment the picture of the thing or person described: 'the fork in her thin little fingers plucked fitfully at the papered fish.' (Honeycomb i, p.355); and at the same time illustrate the protagonist's state of mind. Here Miriam feels disgust and contempt:

She saw the form of the vicar in the light grey stone pulpit standing up short and neat against the cold grey stone wall, enveloped in fine soft folds, his small puckered hands beautifully cuffed, his plump crumpled little face, his small bald head fringed with little saffron-white curls, his pink pouched busy mouth. What was it all about? Pompous, pottering, going on and on and on - (Backwater iv, p.255)

And here spite and anger:

Refined shrews, turning in circles, like moths on pins; brainless, mindless, heartless, the prey of the professions, priests, doctors, and lawyers. (The Tunnel vii, p.196)

And this time relief:

On the left a tall grey church was coming towards them, spindling up into the sky. It sailed by, showing Miriam a circle of little stone pillars built into the tower. Plummy trees streamed by, standing large and separate on moss-green grass railed from the roadway. Bright white-faced houses with pillared porches shone through from behind them and blazed white above them against the blue sky. Wide side-streets were feathered with trees and ended mistily.

Away ahead were edges of clean bright masonry in profile, soft tufted heads of trees, bright green in the clear light. At the end of the vista the air was like pure saffron-tinted mother-of-pearl. (Backwater i, pp.196-7)

(Here the subject matter and context make all those sibilant and plosive consonants seem soft and soothing, rather than hissing and spitting as in the passage immediately above.)

Richardson is especially good at recording the qualities of conversational speech, from the little throat-clearing and non-committal noises - 'N-ai-che,' 'hcna,' 'Mps,' (in the voices of

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characters such as Harriett, Wilson, Eleanor Dear) to slangy, informal exchange:

'Dancing's divine,' said a smooth deep smiling voice.
'Reversing. Khoo! with a fella. Khooo!'
'You surprise me, Edie. You do indeed. Hoh. Shocking.'
'Nothing. Nothing. Riang doo too.'
'I don't think dancing's shocking. How can it be? You're barmy, my son.'
'Ever heard of Lottie Collins?'
'Ssh. Don't be silly.'
'I don't see what Lottie Collins has got to do with it. My mother thinks dancing's all right. That's good enough for me.'
'Well, I'm not your mother.'
'Nor any one else's.'
'Who wants to be any one's mother?'
'Not me. Ug. Beastly little brats.'
'Kids are jolly. Al. I do hope I have lots.'

(Backwater iv, p.251)

Miriam finds values in sounds which can lead to extremes. For instance, endowing mundane objects with personification. In Dawn's Left Hand Miriam imagines a character for each Tansley Street door:

But the sound of each of the Tansley Street doors came back at once, and some stood out clearly from the others. The dining-room door, quiet, slowly-moving because of its size and weight, closing solidly with a deep wooden sound, slamming, very rarely, with a detonation that went up through the house. the state bedroom behind it, whose door moved discreetly on its hinges over a fairly thickish carpet and shut with a light, wooden sound. The door of the little draughty room at the end of the passage, clapping abruptly to over its thin linoleum with a comfortless, metallic rattle of its loose fastening. The upstairs drawing-room's softly, silkily closing door, a well-mannered, muffled sound, as if it were intent on doing its duty in such a way as not to interrupt the social life within. And higher up, the heavy brown doors of the second-floor bedrooms, still with wooden knobs like those below, closing leisurely and importantly, seeming to demand the respect due to the prices of the rooms they guarded; and the rooms above, whose yellow, varnished doors shut lightly and quickly, one with a sharp rattle of its loose metal knob echoing over the linoleum-covered stairs and landings of the upper floors.

(Dawn's Left Hand vi, p.195)

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And Miriam can condemn a person out of hand because of their vowel-sounds. She attributes value to vowel-sounds, however, not only for the way they impinge upon her delicate ear, but for the way they manifest themselves visually. She sees sounds: 'Nice, correctly spoken, is a convulsion of the lower face - like a dog snapping at a gnat.' Ch. ii, pp.38-39); and she describes how sounds (especially in English - 'Germanics') affect the speaking face: 'chin-jerking vowels and aspirates, throat-swelling gutturals' (Oberland ii, pp.38-39): '"Tooo, *men-ny*, *eye-erns*, *in*, the *fy-er*. Incessant chin-wagging. Jaws moving round like grindstones. Toom-ny ahns in'th'fah. Just two small snaps."' (Dawn's Left Hand iv, p.262) Miriam's long, rambling monologue about accents, in Dawn's Left Hand, for all its alarming prejudice and didacticism, emerges as an oddly credible theory of how sound becomes visible, and influences bearing and behaviour. (Proust's Marcel notes, on the other hand, how thought affects speech-sound: 'there is nothing that so much alters the material quality of the voice as the presence of thought behind what one is saying.' - Budding Groves, Part 1. Ch.1) 'There is a relationship between sound and things' Miriam declares (Revolving Lights ii, p.319), but she is never more convincing than when she makes us see the sound. In a less concrete sense, Richardson wants to realise the reciprocity of sound in image and movement: the *sound* made by the little boy with his milk-jug.

Just as Miriam asserts the 'relationship between sound and things,' Mary Olivier, in May Sinclair's novel of that name,

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found that in her attempts to write poetry her images depended upon 'patterns of sound' which had the 'power' to 'haunt and excite':

Sometimes the images of these things would begin to move before her with persistence, as if they were going to make a pattern; she would hear a thin cling-clang, a moving white pattern of sound that, when she tried to catch it, broke up and flowed away. The image pattern and the sound pattern belonged to each other, but when she tried to bring them together they fell apart.

It is paradoxical that fragmentary, random associations, once recorded, fall into a seemingly pre-ordained order - like patterns in a kaleidoscope. The act of 'recording the atoms as they fall' organizes the disparate elements of consciousness into a 'pattern,' no matter how chaotic these elements appear to be. Richardson's review of Finnegans Wake shows her understanding of pattern as a literary instrument. She recognises ultimately the heard musical pattern behind the 'chaos' of Finnegans Wake: 'Primarily, then, are we to listen to Finnegans Wake?' She recommends a way to read the novel, opening its pages 'just anywhere':

[the reader] finds himself within a medium whose close texture, like that of poetry, is everywhere significant and although, when the tapestry hangs complete before his eyes, each portion is seen to enhance the rest and the shape and the intention of the whole grows clear, any single strip may be divorced from its fellows without losing everything of its power and of its meaning.²⁴

The reference to 'tapestry' indicates what becomes a motif in Pilgrimage: the woven pattern. Richardson is fascinated by the pattern which words create. Miriam, in exchanging banter with Gerald, is struck with astonishment at the apparently autonomous power of words:

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She watched the words go forward outside her with a life of their own, palpable, a golden thread between herself and the world, the first strand of a bright pattern she and Gerald would weave from their separate engrossments whenever their lives should cross. (Deadlock iii, p.101)

Spoken language seems to possess this ability to weave itself into coherence, merely by sound, independent of meaning:

'The French sing their language. It is like a recitative, the tone goes up and down and along and up and down again with its own expression; the words have to fit the tune. They have no single abrupt words and phrases, the whole thing is a *shape of tones*. It's extraordinary. All somehow arranged; in a pattern; different patterns for the expression of the different emotions. (Deadlock iii, p.118)

Miriam is first struck by the implications of the woven pattern metaphor when reading Wilson/Wells:

Fabric. How did he find his words? No-one had ever said *fabric* about anything. It made the page alive ... a woven carpet, on one side a beautiful glowing pattern, on the other dull stringy harshness ... (Interim viii, p.407)

From then on the words 'weave' or 'thread' and 'pattern' occur more and more frequently in the later books. 'Pattern,' as an artificially imposed arrangement, is inimical to Richardson - as we can judge from Miriam's opinions. Miriam, for all her individual tendencies to make concepts rigid, mistrusts pattern when it is a 'made' thing, not a natural self-generated thing. There is a scene in Revolving Lights where Miriam meets Miss Prout (a novelist) at the Wilson's home. Miss Prout is sewing: 'She was working a pattern of bright threads on a small strip of saffron-coloured silk ...' (Ch. iii, p.347) Miriam decides that she (Miss Prout) is the 'wrong' kind of novelist: 'She is one with her work, with her picture of life. But it is not a true picture.' (p.348) The woven-picture theme is pursued, and

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becomes more explicit, as Miriam listens to Wilson holding forth. Miriam imagines herself destroying the kind of patterns made by Wilson and Miss Prout:

She listened withheld, drawing the weft of his words through the surrounding picture, watching it enlivened, with fresher colours and stronger outlines ... /...../ His voice went on, but she had seized the hard glittering thread, rending it, and watched the developing bright pattern coldly.

(pp.349-350)

It is, essentially, *man-made* patterns which Miriam mistrusts:

'Men weave golden things /...../ upon a black background. They never are. They only make or do.' (Revolving Lights 1, p.280)

Richardson wants her work, rather, to be. Yet language has a tendency to present all states of consciousness in crystallized forms. Bergson sees it as something which erects a barrier between ourselves and reality:

Could reality come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, could we enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves, probably art would be useless, or rather we should all be artists, for then our soul would continually vibrate in perfect accord with nature. Our eyes, aided by memory, would carve out in space and fix in time the most inimitable pictures.²⁶

Words prevent Richardson from coming into 'direct contact' with 'sense and consciousness,' but so would any other medium. Richardson, with true Modernist awareness, uses written words and weaves her consciousness of their imperfection into the 'pattern' of her novel.

NOTES

NOTES to Introduction

Note

- 1 Richardson, 1938 Foreword to Pilgrimage. The pathway is an apt image for a pilgrimage.
- 2 Elaine Showalter, A Literature of Their Own (Princeton: Princeton Univ Press, 1977; London: Virago, 1978, new rev. ed. 1982) Also The New Feminist Criticism (London: Virago, 1986); Gillian E. Hanscombe, The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982) and introduction to 1979 edition of Pilgrimage)
- 3 Showalter, *op cit*, pp. 33-34.
- 4 *ibid*; p.215.
- 5 Hanscombe, *op cit*; pp.27, 34.
- 6 Showalter, *op cit*, p.vii. Hermione Lee, in 'Women at War', Artbeat, The Fiction Magazine, Vol.6, No.3 (April 1987) points out the concentration on the same few women writers in feminist critical texts published in 1986: 'If male writers are almost taboo, women writers are very sparingly represented. The same few works are repeatedly analysed: Villette, Aurora Leigh (and very little other poetry, The Yellow Wallpaper, A Room of One's Own, Wuthering Heights.' (p.36).
- 7 See the discussion of feminist theories on women's writing in Ch. 3 ('Formlessness') of this dissertation.
- 8 Mary Ellmann, Thinking About Women (first pub. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1968; London: Virago 1979), pp.196 and 228.
- 9 Jane Miller, Women Writing About Men (London: Virago, 1986), pp. 13 and 189.
- 10 Hanscombe, *op cit*; p.34.
- 11 *ibid*, p.20, Note 2
- 12 *ibid*, p.21.
- 13 Richardson's letter to Richard Church, dated 14th April, 1936
- 14 Leon Edel, 'Notes & Discussion: Dorothy M. Richardson, 1882- [sic] 1957'; Modern Fiction Studies, IV (1958), p.168.
- 15 Virginia Woolf, A Writer's Diary, ed. Leonard Woolf (London: Hogarth, 1953), p.13. (dated 1919)

Note

- 16 Rachel Blau DuPlessis, 'For the Etruscans,' in The New Feminist Criticism; p.279.
- 17 Richardson, 'Leadership in Marriage,' New Adelphi, 2nd. ser. 2 (June-August 1929), p.247.
- 18 Richardson, 'Literary Essays,' autograph manuscript draft of an essay on her development as a writer. The passage quoted has been taken from John Rosenberg, Dorothy Richardson. The Genius They Forgot (London: Duckworth, 1973), p.49. Hanscombe, *op cit*, also quotes from this manuscript, p.40-41. The essay is unpublished and resides, as do most of Richardson's unpublished papers, at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.
- 19 *ibid*; p.50 (Rosenberg)
- 20 Richardson, letter to John Cowper Powys, dated 25th October 1942. Quoted in Gillian Hancombe, *op cit*; p.51. Gloria Fromm, Dorothy Richardson - A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977) discusses Richardson's review of Finnegans Wake, pp.319-320.
- 21 Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane, eds., Modernism (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p.633.
- 22 May Sinclair, 'The Novels of Dorothy Richardson,' Egoist, Vol.5 (April 1918), pp.57-59. (See Note 1, in Part I, Chapter 3 ('Formlessness') of this dissertation)
- 23 Edward Garnett, who accepted Pointed Roofs for Duckworth in 1915 (and, incidentally, accepted Woolf's The Voyage Out in 1916) used this term, according to Gloria Fromm, in Dorothy Richardson: A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977), p.77.
- 24 Richardson's thoughts on the term 'stream of consciousness' are set out in a letter to Shiv Kumar, quoted in his book, Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1963), p.46. They were also voiced in a conversation with Vincent Brome - 'A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson,' London Magazine, 6 (June 1959). The implications of the term are discussed at greater length, in this dissertation, in Part I, Chapter 3 ('Formlessness') and in Part II, Chapter 9 ('Time')
- 20 Sinclair, *op cit*
- 21 Mansfield, Novels and Novelists, ed. J. Middleton Murry (London: Constable, 1930), p.137. (Mansfield was writing about Interim)

NOTES TO PART I

NOTES to Chapter 1, Part I, 'Modernist Themes'

Note

- 1 Franz Kuna's essay 'Vienna and Prague 1890-1928', in Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane, eds, Modernism (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p.120. And, in 'The Name and Nature of Modernism,' Bradbury and McFarlane cite some of the usages of the word 'modern' - pp.37-40.
- 2 This is quoted in Robert Hughes' The Shock of the New (London: BBC Publications 1980; p.56. However, Stein wrote at least one other account of this flight, in Everybody's Autobiography (1937) (London: Virago, 1976), p.164-165:
'It was then in a kind of way that I really began to know what the ground looked like. Quarter sections make a picture and going over America like that made any one know why the post-cubist painting was what it was. The wandering line of Masson was there the mixed line of Picasso coming and coming again and following itself into a beginning was there, the simple solution of Braque was there and I suppose Leger might be there but I did not see it not over there and even if none of them had seen it and they had not very likely had not but since every one was going to see it they had to see it like that.' (and, at the end of the next paragraph: '... it made it right that I had always been with cubism and everything that followed after.')
- 3 Yeats, The Tower, 'Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen' (1928).
- 4 Ortega Y Gasset, The Dehumanization of Art and Other Essays, translated by Helene Weyl (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press 1925), pp.4-12.
- 5 Walter Benjamin, 'The Task of the Translator', Illuminationem (Frankfurt 1969) - translated as Illuminations by Harry Zohn, ed. and with introd. by Hannah Arendt (London: Fontana/Collins, 1973), p.69.
- 6 Discussed throughout Frank Kermode's Romantic Image (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, 1957) (see especially pp. 1-2).
- 7 Ortega Y Gasset, *op cit*; p.4.
- 8 Quoted in Hughes, *op cit*; p.14.
- 9 From Magritte's painting, 'The Treason of Images' 1928-9
- 10 'VORTEX GAUDIER-BRZESKA' in Blast, No 2 (July 1915).
This passage is preceded by:
'I HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR TWO MONTHS and I can now gauge the intensity of life.
HUMAN MASSES teem and move, are destroyed and crop up

Note

- 10 again.
 THE BURSTING SHELLS, the volleys, wire entanglements,
 projectors, motors, the chaos of battles DO NOT ALTER IN
 THE LEAST the outlines of the hill we are besieging.'
 (Capital letters emulate Blast typeface)
- 11 'Constructivism' and 'Futurism' suggest optimism and
 potential. But neither of these qualities is plausible.
 Both movements (similar in many respects despite representing
 polar political extremes) are more fantastic than
 functional - the structures of both no more "real" than
 those of Surrealism.

NOTES to Chapter 2, Part I, 'Seeing'

Note

- 1 Roger Fry 'An Essay in Aesthetics,' Vision and Design (1920; London: Pelican 1961), p.18. (This essay first published in New Quarterly, 1909)
- 2 Arthur Symons, The Symbolist Movement in Literature, with introd. by Richard Ellmann (first published 1899, revised eds. 1908 and 1919. New York: Dutton & Co, 1958), p.5.
- 3 W.B. Yeats, 'The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry' (first published in The Dome 1900) Essays and Introductions, (London: Macmillan & Co 1961), pp.65-95.
- 4 Ford Madox Ford, The March of Literature (first published in the USA, 1938; London: Allen & Unwin. 1939), p.732.
- 5 '... it was all against Conrad's over-sensitized receptivity that a boat could ever be just a boat. He wanted to see it with a definite vividness of his own. But I wanted to see it and to see it only in relation to something else - a story, a thesis.' H.G. Wells, An Experiment in Autobiography (London: Victor Gollancz & Cresset Press, 1934), Vol II, p.619.
- 6 That furniture should be described as 'dazzling' (the title of the crucial Chapter 5 in Part I of Canetti's novel is 'Dazzling Furniture') is bathetic, certainly ironic.
- 7 Roger Fry, 'The Artist's Vision,' *op cit*; p.49 (This essay first published in The Athenaeum, 1919).
- 8 Walter Pater, The Renaissance (first published 1873; London: Macmillan, 1912), pp.177-232.
- 9 Leonard Woolf (ed.) Virginia Woolf. A Writer's Diary (London: Hogarth Press, 1953), p.57.
- 10 Alain Robbe-Grillet, 'A Future for the Novel,' 1956, in For a New Novel, translated by Richard Howard (New York: The Grove Press, 1965), p.20.
- 11 Marcel, in Swann's Way - 'Overture' - has already recognised that 'seeing' is 'to some extent, an intellectual process.'
- 12 Henri Bergson, Laughter, translated by C. Brereton and F. Rothwell, (London: Macmillan, 1911), pp.151-157.
- 13 Henri Bergson, Creative Evolution, translated by Arthur Mitchell (London: Macmillan, 1911), pp.321-323.

Note

- 14 For instance, in 'An Essay in Aesthetics,' *op cit*, Fry says: 'The needs of our actual life are so imperative, that the sense of vision becomes highly specialized in their service. With an admirable economy we learn to see only so much as is needful for our purposes; but this is in fact very little, just enough to recognise and identify each object or person; that done, they go into an entry in our mental catalogue and are no more really seen. In actual life the normal person really only reads the labels as it were on the objects around him and troubles no further people have no idea of what things really look like.' (p. 29)
- 15 *ibid*, pp.24-25.
- 16 A photograph of Webley leads Quarles to remark how this medium exposes the deceptive nature of time and motion. The superficial attractiveness of Webley is actually composed of split moments of ugly stupidity, caught, frozen and revealed in the photograph.
- 17 The opening paragraphs of Eyeless in Gaza has Beavis examining photographs 'as dim as memories.' This theme is taken up later as Beavis considers that his conscious life is really chaos: 'a pack of snapshots in the hands of a lunatic' and thinks about the random nature of memories: the falling together of 'certain particles,' 'Click! the event found itself caught, indelibly recorded.'
- 18 Anthony Cronin, A Question of Modernity (London: Secker and Warburg, 1966), p.50.
- 19 Eliot's note to Tiresias says that this is the 'most important personage in the poem.' 'What Tiresias sees, in fact, is the substance of the poem.' In making this point I am mindful of James MacFarlane's essay 'The Mind of Modernism' in Modernism, eds. Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), pp.71-93. MacFarlane discusses 'Tiresian vision' saying that 'seeing blindness derives from a very Modernist logic,' and uses Canetti's Auto da Fé as commentary. All of part 6 of MacFarlane's essay discusses issues of focus and multiplicity especially pertinent to this chapter.
- 20 Bergson, Creative Evolution, *op cit*; p.323.
- 21 Hermione Lee, 'A Burning Glass,' Virginia Woolf: A Centenary Perspective, ed. Eric Warner (London: Macmillan, 1984), p.25. This essay discusses Woolf's mirror-images with reference to 'three related areas for consideration ...' The three areas are: 'the habitual, almost involuntary yoking together in her work of glass, reflectors, and fire, as terms for the mind in

Note

- 21 its moments of creative intensity; the re-working of such terms in different kinds of writings; and the extent to which such terms can be used to place Virginia Woolf on the curve extending from the Romantic to the contemporary imagination.' p. 16
- 22 W.B. Yeats 'In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markiewicz' Oct 1927, from The Winding Stair and Other Poems, 1933
- 23 Arthur Symons, *op cit*, pp.93-94.

NOTES to Chapter 3 Part I, 'Formlessness'

Note

- 1 May Sinclair described Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage as portraying Miriam's (the protagonist's) 'stream of consciousness,' in Egoist, Vol 5 (April 1918), pp.57-59. (This article was also published as introduction to the 1919 Knopf edition of Pilgrimage, and, in a slightly different version, in Little Review 4 (April 1918), pp.3-11.) This phrase was apparently adopted from William James' usage in Principles of Psychology (see Note 4) and was subsequently used by critics to describe novels with a similar technique and subject matter. Yet Richardson herself refuted the description, calling it a 'muddle-headed phrase.' 'A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson,' Vincent Brome, London Magazine, Vol 6, No 6 (June 1959), pp.26-32. (See also Notes 34 and 35 of Chapter 9, 'Time,' in Part II of this dissertation)
- 2 This definition of liberal, radical, deconstructionist feminist theory, and of *écriture féminine*, is discussed in Toril Moi's Sexual/Textual Politics: Feminist Literary Theory, (London: Methuen, 1985). Moi refers to Julia Kristeva's rejection of 'biologism' - that is, sexual identity - and outlines Kristeva's schematic summary of a three-tiered feminist debate. (p.12) She describes the biologism of the French feminists, and explains their view that to impose names is an act of power, and a masculine trait. (p.159-160)
- 3 Jane Miller, Women Writing About Men (London: Virago, 1986), p.188.
- 4 'Consciousness, then, does not appear to itself chopped up in bits It is nothing jointed; it flows. A "river" or a "stream" are the metaphors by which it is most naturally described. *In talking of it hereafter, let us call it the stream of thought, of consciousness, or of subjective life.*' William James, The Principles of Psychology, (first published New York: Henry Holt, 1890. Authorized ed., New York: Dover Publications, 1950), p.239.
- 5 Walter Pater, 'Conclusion,' Studies in the History of the Renaissance (first published 1873. London: Macmillan, 1912), pp.233-238.
- 6 Henri Bergson, An Introduction to Metaphysics (first published as an essay '*Introduction à la Métaphysique*' in Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale, January 1903) Authorized translation by T.E. Hulme (London: MacMillan, 1913), pp.50-51. Reprinted as Ch.VI in The Creative Mind, translated by Mabelle L. Anderson (New York: Philosophical Library, 1946), pp.159-200).

Note

- 7 Bergson, *ibid*; p.53
- 8 Karin Stephen, The Misuse of Mind - A Study of Bergson's Attack on Intellectualism (Prefatory letter by Henri Bergson) (London: Kegan Paul, Trench Trubner, 1922, and New York: Harcourt Brace, 1922), pp.10-11.
- 9 Henri Bergson, Creative Evolution (first published as L' évolution Créatrice, Alcan, 1907) translated by Arthur Mitchell (London: Macmillan, 1907), p.724.
- 10 Karin Stephen, *op cit*; p.23.
- 11 Ortega Y Gasset, The Dehumanization of Art (1925) translated from the Spanish by Helene Weyl (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1968), p.35.
- 12 Edwin Muir, The Structure of the Novel (London: Hogarth Press, 1928), p.11.
- 13 E.M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace 1927, London: Edward Arnold, 1927, Pelican 1962), p.104.
- 14 Ivy Compton-Burnett, 'A Conversation Between Ivy Compton-Burnett and M. Jourdain' Orion, I (1945), p.25.
- 15 Forster, *op cit*, p.32.
- 16 Muir, *op cit*, p.126.
- 17 Percy Lubbock, The Craft of Fiction (London: Jonathan Cape, 1921), pp. 10 and 11.
- 18 *ibid*, p.14.
- 19 Forster *op cit*; p.169.
- 20 Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (1931, New York: Scribner, 1969), p.13.
- 21 Quoted in Arthur Symons, The Symbolist Movement in Literature with introd. by Richard Ellmann (first published 1899, revised eds, 1908 and 1919, New York: Dutton, 1958), p.71.
- 22 Wilson, *op cit*; p.13.
- 23 Virginia Woolf described Richardson's invention of the 'psychological sentence of the feminine gender' in her review of Revolving Lights (1923) in Times Literary Supplement, (19 April 1923).

Note

- 24 The distinction between Anglo-American and French feminists is outlined in Moi's Sexual/Textual Politics. In her Preface, she makes it clear that the terms 'Anglo-American' and 'French' 'must not be taken to represent purely national demarcations: they do not signal the critics' birthplace but the intellectual tradition within which they work.' (p.xiv) Hermione Lee, in a review of twelve feminist critical texts (all published in 1986) quotes Mary Jardine's summary of the differences in the Anglo-American/French divide: "'The Anglo-Americans emphasize 'oppression,' the French 'repression; the Anglo-Americans wish to raise consciousness, the French explore the unconscious; the Anglo-Americans discuss power, the French pleasure; the Anglo-Americans are governed by humanism and empiricism while the French have developed an elaborate debate on textual theory.'" 'Women at War,' Artbeat, The Fiction Magazine, Vol.6, No.3 (April 1987), pp.32-36. (The quotation from Mary Jardine occurs in Feminist Literary Theory: A Reader, edited by Mary Eagleton (London: Blackwell), 1986.)
- 25 Casey Miller and Kate Swift, Words and Women (first published in USA: Anchor/Doubleday, 1976, Pelican Books 1979), p.124. Furthermore, the subject-matter women choose is often considered to be, as their literary style, peripheral and unemphatic. They focus on the minutiae of life. Miller and Swift discuss this criticism and say: 'If one is forbidden to take part in a world that really matters, one over-refines what remains.' (p.126)
- 26 Discussed in Moi, *op cit*, particularly in her discussion of Luce Irigaray's Ce sexe qui n'en est pas un (This sex which is not one) (Paris: Minuit, 1977). Moi says that Irigaray's 'mimicry of the patriarchal equation between women and fluids' fails. It merely reinforces and reproduces such patriarchal discourse. (p.142) Similarly, Hermione Lee in her 'Women at War' article, *op cit*, finds the 'association of particular linguistic elements with the maternal tending alarmingly towards a reactionary placing of women with silence, darkness, evasion and subterfuge.' And she asks: 'Isn't the proposal for "the text as body," the identification of the semiotic with the feminine, an essentialist concept which falls back on a biologically based theory of sexual difference?' (p.34)
- 27 Luce Irigaray, 'La "mécanique" des fluides', from Ce sexe qui n'en est pas un; pp.103-16. Quoted in Moi's Sexual/Textual Politics, p.142
- 28 Inga-Stina Ewbank, 'Ibsen and the Language of Women,' in Women Writing and Writing About Women, ed. Mary Jacobus (London and Sydney: Croom Helm, 1979), p.130.
- 29 Moi, *op cit*, p.155.

Note

- 30 Hélène Cixous, 'The Laugh of the Medusa' in Signs (Summer 1976) revised version of 'Le rire de la Méduse' which appeared in L'arc (1975) pp.39-54. These passages taken from New French Feminisms: An Anthology, ed. and with introd. by Elaine Marks and Isabelle de Courtivron (Brighton: The Harvester Press, 1981), p.248 and 253 respectively.
- 31 *Moi, op cit*, p.159.
- 32 *ibid*, p.160.
- 33 Mary Ellmann, Thinking About Women (first published New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1968, London: Virago, 1979), pp.173.
- 34 *ibid*, pp.171-172. Ellmann gives as reasons for this reluctance to speak: despair in the adequacy of the public voice; mistrust in authoritative omniscient authors; withholding of the interpretive faculty.
- 35 *ibid*, p.227.
- 36 D.H. Lawrence 'Surgery for the Novel - Or a Bomb,' Literary Digest International Book Review I (April 1923), p.5. Reprinted in Phoenix, ed. and introd. by Edward D. McDonald; (New York: Viking, 1936), pp.517-20. Lawrence claimed egotism was killing the novel. He could hear the 'death rattle' in the works of Richardson, Proust and Joyce.
- 37 Compton Mackenzie, Literature in My Time (London: Rich and Cowan, 1933), p.189..
- 38 *ibid*, Mackenzie flatters women, referring to their 'devastating cynicism and directness' and the excellence of current novels by women. But their influence is still portrayed as sinister, as a physical, somehow un-human, stranglehold: '... It is by their influence on the sexual life of the future that women will assert themselves. Once they control that they will control whatever art and literature the future may produce.' pp. 213; 247; 248, respectively.
- 39 May Sinclair, The Creators: A Comedy (New York: Century, 1910) Sinclair herself conceives of genius as the masculine form of creativity, comparing with women's natural biological creativity: 'There is everything in that everlasting readiness to bring forth, everything in those profound and intarissable wells of instinct, in that stream of the Life-Force of which Woman is preëminently the life reservoir.' Feminism (London: Women Writers' Suffrage League, 1912), pp.30-31.

Note

- 40 Sydney Janet Kaplan, Feminine Consciousness in the Modern British Novel (Urbana: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1975), p.67.
- 41 Tarr is based upon the Bergsonian idea of the comic, arising from automatism in humans (in Laughter - Le Rire - 1900). Lewis' mechanistic puppet protagonists then, provide good examples of the satirically mechanistic mode; the direct opposite to the intuitive mode. Lewis' views of the comic are set out in Wild Body (1927).
- 42 Lewis' own paintings and Blast rhetoric reflect the Vorticists' aims to rid themselves of all things soft and indeterminate. Vorticist visual art uses meccano-like structures to represent places and people. The effect is either unhuman (Lewis' 'Revolution' [The Crowd] c.1915) or of mechanized humans - all flat, planed surface and hinged joints (for example, Roberts' portrait of the 'Vorticists at the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel': Spring 1915. The female form is virtually unrepresented.
- 43 Henry Adams. The Education of Henry Adams (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1918), Vol.II, Ch.19, 'Chaos,' p.59.
- 44 F.T. Marinetti, 'Manifesto of Futurism' (1909) in Paths to the Present, translated from the French by Eugene Weber; (London: Dodd, Mead and Co.), 1960, p.7.
- 45 Birkin's idea of Ursula, in Lawrence's Women in Love (1921) as the 'perfect womb, the bath of birth horrible,' compares, as does his (Birkin's) fear and hatred of the '*magna mater*' - described in Ch.16 ('Man to Man').
- 46 Edward Thomas, Feminine Influence on the Poets (London: Martin Secker, 1910), p.3.
- 47 *ibid*, p.49.
- 48 In Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (New York: 1957), p.172, a letter from Joyce to Harriett Weaver (dated 7th October 1921) states that the 'Ithaca' episode is really the end of Ulysses; as 'Penelope' has 'no beginning, middle or end.
- 49 Wilson, *op cit*, p.224-5.
- 50 Virginia Woolf, 'Modern Fiction,' (1919) The Common Reader (London: Hogarth Press, 1925), Vol I, pp.184-195.
- 51 'The thing about Proust is his combination of the utmost sensibility with the utmost tenacity. He searches out those butterfly shades to the last grain. He is as tough as cat-gut

Note

- 51 and as evanescent as a butterfly's bloom.' Saturday, Dec 13th, 1924, A Writer's Diary, ed. Leonard Woolf. (London, Hogarth Press, 1959), p.72.
- 52 Virginia Woolf, A Room of One's Own (first published London: Hogarth Press, 1929, Panther 1977), p.43.
- 53 Karin Stephen, *op cit*, pp.10-11.
- 54 Woolf, A Room of One's Own, *op cit*, p.73-74.
- 55 There are many examples of Woolf's censure of slovenly writing, and of her own strenuous discipline, in her diaries. For instance, she describes her desire for 'something loose knit and yet not slovenly' in writing technique: 'But looseness quickly becomes slovenly. A little effort is needed to face a character or an incident which needs to be recorded. No one can let one's pen write without guidance ...' (20th April 1919) Or: 'It took me a year's groping to discover what I call my tunnelling process ...' (15th October 1923) Or: (regarding the writing of 'The Moths' which was to become The Waves) 'How can I begin it? ... I feel no great impulse; no fever; only a great pressure of difficulty.' (28th May, 1929) And even when she records having written with 'dashing fluency' - 'I scatter out two pages ... rushing at it ... flown with words' (referring to the writing of the second part of To the Lighthouse) she is still overwhelmingly concerned with structure and plot. (30th April 1926, and, 5th Sept. 1926), *op cit*, pp.13-14; 61; 142; 89 and 99 respectively.

NOTES to Chapter 4 Part I, 'The Written'

Note

- 1 Percy Lubbock, The Craft of Fiction (London: Jonathan Cape, 1921), pp.10-11. (See also the discussion of form in Part I, Chapter 3, 'Formlessness' (section i, 'Multiplicity of Moments') Note 17.
- 2 'language is never innocent' - Roland Barthes, Writing Degree Zero (Le Degré Zero de L'écriture (Paris, 1964) translated by Annette Lavers and Colin Smith (London: Cape, 1967), p.22.
- 3 Stephane Mallarmé, 'Crisis in Poetry' [1886-95] Selected Prose Poems, Essays and Letters, translated from the French by Bradford Cook (Baltimore: John Hopkins Univ. Press 1956) pp.34-43.
- 4 Laura Riding and Robert Graves, A Survey of Modernist Poetry (London: Heinemann, 1927), p.67.
- 5 Stephen Spender, The Struggle of the Modern (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1963), pp.83-84.
- 6 '... the graphic form of words strikes us as being something permanent and stable, better suited than sound to account for the unity of language throughout time. Though it creates a purely fictitious unity, the superficial bond of writing is much easier to grasp than the only true bond, the bond of sound.' Ferdinand de Saussure, Course in General Linguistics, eds. Charles Bally and Albert Sechehaye, translated by Wade Baskin (London: Peter Owen, 1960), p.25.
- 7 *ibid*, p.14.
- 8 '... flux is only one of the two obvious qualities of consciousness. The other is its privacy; that is, the unformulated and incoherent aspects which make any one consciousness an enigma to another.' '... psychic activity is a private thing and must be represented as private in order for the writer to gain reader-confidence. Consequently, the stream-of-consciousness writer has to do two things: (1) he has to represent the actual texture of consciousness, and (2) he has to distill some meaning from it for the reader.' Robert Humphrey, Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ of California Press, 1954), pp.61 and 63 respectively.
- 9 Mallarmé, *op cit*, p.37.
- 10 Rainer Maria Rilke, Letter to Countess Margot Sizzo-Crouz [1922] translated by Eva Rennie, Selected Letters, ed. Harry T. Moore (New York: Doubleday, 1960), pp.325-6.

Note

- 11 Paul Valéry 'Poetry and Abstract Thought' [1938] in The Art of Poetry, translated from the French by Denise Folliot, Collected Works, ed Jackson Matthews, Bollinger Series, Vol VII (New York: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1958), pp.52-81.
- 12 Virginia Woolf, A Room of One's Own, (first published London: Hogarth Press, 1929, Panther, 1977), p.73.
- 13 Virginia Woolf, 'How Should One Read a Book?' The Common Reader, 2nd Series (London: Hogarth Press, 1932), p.259.
- 14 Arthur Symons, The Symbolist Movement in Literature, with introd. by Richard Ellmann (first published 1899, revised eds. 1908 and 1919). (New York: Dutton & Co, 1958), p.38.
- 15 The passage continues: 'But names present to us - of persons and of towns which they accustom us to regard as individual, as unique, like persons - a confused picture, which draws from the names, from the brightness or darkness of their sounds, the colour in which it is uniformly painted, like one of those posters, entirely blue or entirely red, in which, on account of the limitation imposed by the process used in their reproduction, or by a whim on the designer's part, are blue or red not only the sky and the sea, but the ships and the church and the people in the streets.' ('Place-Names: The Name')
- 16 Henry James 'The Art of Fiction' [1884] in Henry James - Selected Literary Criticism, ed Morris Shapira, prefaced with a note on 'James as Critic' by F.R. Leavis (1963). (London: Heinemann, 1963), pp.49-67.
- 17 '... in writing this novel I had no other object in view than to express imaginatively the general truth which underlies its actions, together with my honest convictions as to the moral complexities of certain facts ...' [The novel is the result of] 'general knowledge, fortified by earnest meditation. My greatest anxiety was in being able to strike and sustain the note of scrupulous impartiality I had never been called before to a greater effort of detachment ...' 1920 Preface
- 18 'In some strange way we devalue things as soon as we give utterance to them. We believe we have dived to the utmost depths of the abyss, and yet when we return to the surface the drop of water on our pallid finger-tips no longer resembles the sea from which it came. We think we have discovered a hoard of wonderful treasure-trove, yet when we emerge again into the light of day we see that all we have brought back with us is false stones and chips of glass. But for all this, the treasure goes on glimmering in the darkness, unchanged.'

Note

- 19 Bernard possesses, in fact, the counterfeit coin which Edouard imagines as a symbol of literary representation. The illegitimate Bernard tells Laura that honesty is the finest virtue: "I should like all my life long, at the very smallest shock, to ring true, with a pure authentic sound."
- 20 Henry James, *op cit*, pp.50-57.
- 21 Henry James, 'The Future of the Novel,' (1899) *op cit*, p.184.
- 22 E.M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace; London: Edward Arnold, 1927, Pelican 1962), p.169. (see also Part I, Chapter 3, 'Formlessness.')
- 23 'The 20th century novel ... might almost be identified with that device of punctuation so liberally employed by its creators, and called the Novel of the Three Dots' Elizabeth A. Drew, The Modern Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1926), p.37.
- 24 Virginia Woolf, 'Modern Fiction' (1919) The Common Reader, (London: Hogarth Press, 1925), Vol. I, pp.184-95. (See also Part I, Chapter 3, 'Formlessness.')
- 25 Symons, *op cit*, p.5.
- 26 Mallarmé, *op cit*, p.37.
- 27 Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (New York: Scribner, 1931), p.13.
- 28 Mallarmé, *op cit*, p.43.

NOTES to Chapter 5, Part I, 'Dorothy Richardson'

Note

- 1 Gloria Fromm, Dorothy Richardson - A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977)
- 2 John Rosenberg, Dorothy Richardson, The Genius They Forgot (London: Duckworth, 1973)
- 3 Shiv K. Kumar, 'Dorothy Richardson and Bergson "Memoire par excellence,"' Notes and Queries, n.s., 6 (Jan 1959), pp. 14-19, and: 'Dorothy Richardson and the Dilemma of "Being versus Becoming,"' Modern Language Notes, 74 (June 1959), pp. 494-501.
- 4 Caesar R. Blake, Dorothy M. Richardson Foreword by Leslie Fiedler (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1960)
- 5 John Cowper Powys, Dorothy M. Richardson (London: Joiner & Steele, 1931)
- 6 Gillian Hanscombe, The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982) (and her introduction to the 1979 ed. of Pilgrimage); Elaine Showalter, A Literature of Their Own (Princeton Univ. Press, 1977, London: Virago, 1978, new rev. ed. 1982); and Jane Miller, Women Writing About Men (London: Virago, 1986)
- 7 Virginia Woolf, Review of Revolving Lights, in 'Romance and the Heart,' Nation and Athenaeum (19 May 1923), p.229.
- 8 Lawrence Hyde, 'The Work of Dorothy Richardson,' Adelphi 2, (Nov. 1924), p.509.
- 9 John Cowper Powys, *op cit*, p.5.
- 10 Leon Edel, 'Notes and Discussions: Dorothy M. Richardson 1882 [sic] -1957' Modern Fiction Studies, IV (1958), p.165. (The date of Richardson's birth is 1873)
- 11 C. R. Blake, *op cit*, pp.182 and 190.
- 12 Bryher, 'D.R.' Adam 31 (1966), p.23.
- 13 Horace Gregory, 'An Adventure in Self Discovery,' Adam 31 (1966), p.45.
- 14 Gillian Hanscombe, The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982), pp. 36, 30 and 32 respectively.
- 15 Gloria Fromm says that after Richardson's death in 1957, facts about her life emerged which changed the conception of Pilgrimage as a novel in the realistic or stream-of-

Note

- 15 consciousness tradition: 'In 1963 I published an essay in PMLA that was the first account of Dorothy Richardson's life. It showed that Pilgrimage was indeed an autobiographical novel.' *op cit*, p.xiii. (Fromm's research is exhaustive in detail, and makes clearer the parallels between Miriam and Richardson. However, I feel that the autobiographical tag serves little purpose in establishing Richardson's place in a literary movement, and deflects attention from the intended nature of her protagonist.)
- 16 Richardson's review of Studies in Dreams by Mrs H.A. Foster, (1921) in Adelphi (Oct 1924), pp.425-426.

NOTES TO PART II

NOTES to Chapter 6, Part II, 'The Structure of Pilgrimage

Note

- 1 Gloria Fromm, Dorothy Richardson: A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977), p.79.
- 2 *ibid*, p.76.
- 3 John Rosenberg, Dorothy Richardson, The Genius They Forgot (London: Duckworth, 1973), p.49. The phrase he quotes is taken from Richardson's unpublished 'Literary Essay' (see note 18, to Introduction to this dissertation).
- 4 As explained in Part II, Chapter 7, 'Autobiography' (section 1, 'The Author')
- 5 Elaine Showalter, A Literature of Their Own (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1977; London: Virago, 1978, new rev. ed. 1982), p.254.
- 6 Gillian Hanscombe, The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982), p.73; and Gloria Glikin (now Fromm), 'Through The Novelist's Looking-Glass,' Kenyon Review, 31 (Summer 1969), pp.297-319: '*Hypo*, as the "fixing" agent in the development of a picture and the cleansing solution in dental laboratories, suits the role Wilson plays in Pilgrimage.' p.301.
- 7 See footnote to the Preface of this thesis.
- 8 Caesar R. Blake, Dorothy M. Richardson (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1960)
- 9 Clive Scott, 'Symbolism, Decadence and Impressionism,' Modernism, eds. Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p.227. The phrase quoted is preceded by: 'It is, of course, possible to create present-tense effects with the past tense, to seem to re-establish an immediate contact with the data of the past, by imitating the pattern of perception and reaction contemporary with those data.'
- 10 In her biography of Richardson, Gloria Fromm suggests a strong 'link' between Miriam and Charlotte Brontë's Lucy Snowe: 'But Lucy Snow and Jane Eyre have a strong covert sexuality that is absent from Miriam Henderson. So that even though Fraulein Pfaff and Pastor Lahmann might be said to correspond to Madame Beck and Paul Emmanuel in *Villette*, there is nothing in Dorothy Richardson's novel like the possibility of a sexual relationship between two adults that hovers tantalisingly over Charlotte Brontë's.' *op cit*, p.73.

Note

- 11 In her encounters with men, Miriam is often at her most "human" - and silliest. The bathetic conclusion of Chapter ii, of Backwater, provides an example of a de-bunking of Miriam which will be repeated from time to time in the following books. Miriam feels that she has done the clever and worldly thing in 'bringing Ted to his senses' by paying rapt attention to Max, his German friend. She is sure of happiness: 'She was secure, landed in life, dancing carelessly out and out to a life of her own.' But her security and pride is shattered a moment later when she realises that she has lost Ted and earned embarrassed disapproval from her friends and family.
- 12 The quality Miriam is trying to describe is characterised as 'it,' or 'thing:' 'It was the thing that was nothing. Yet it seemed the only thing that came near and meant anything at all. It was happiness and realization. It was being suspended, in nothing. It came out of oneself because it came only when one had been a long time alone. It was not oneself. It could not be God. It did not mind what you were or what you had done.' (Interim ii, p.322) The wondering and struggling for definition continues, but ends in questions not answers.
- 13 'There were things in England. But they struggled at cross purposes, refusing to get into a shape that would draw one, *whole*, along with it. But there were things in England with truth shining behind them. English people did not shine. But something shone behind them. Russian shone. But there was nothing behind them. There were things in England.' (Revolving Lights i, p.240)
- 14 The description of the man on ski recalls the description of Gertrude diving, in Pointed Roofs. But here, there is not the sinister sense apparent in the earlier book: 'From the edge of the shelf he leapt high into the air and seemed to stand there against the sky, in a dream. Down he swooped, sailing, dreaming, to the track, rose smoothly from the terrific impact and smoothly went his way.' '... Zurbuchen was the best. It was he who would live in her memory, poised against the sky like a great bird.' (Oberland vii, p.116)

NOTES to Chapter 7, Part II, 'Autobiography'

Note

- 1 Quoted by Vincent Brome in London Magazine, Vol 6, No.6 (June 1959), 'A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson;' p.28.
- 2 In John Fletcher and Malcolm Bradbury's 'The Introverted Novel,' the 'theme of the portrayed artist' is described as 'a recurrent one in the Modernist novel, and one of the means by which the aesthetic self-consciousness of the species develops through the great classics of Modernism. Proust's Marcel, Mann's Tonio Kröger, Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, Gide's Edouard are all 'portraits of the artist;' and nearly all are parts of plots that take us toward the centre of a symbolist possibility for art. The modern artist, often an exile, takes on shape as a spirit, a voyager into the unknown arts, and an embodiment of the difficulties in the form which surrounds him, taking his place in the complex perspectives of the writing itself.' Modernism (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), eds. Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane; pp.404-405. Richardson's Miriam belongs in that list of protagonists.
- 3 Gloria Fromm, Dorothy Richardson, A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977) And: John Rosenberg, Dorothy Richardson: The Genius They Forgot (London: Duckworth, 1973)
- 4 Fromm, *op cit*, p.xiii.
- 5 *ibid*, p.66.
- 6 *ibid*, Fromm describes Richardson's London, and makes particular reference to the presence of Russian revolutionaries, who of course play a part in Miriam's life. (pp.24-26)
- 7 'When she began at the hard thick edge [of a slice of bread and butter] there always seemed to be tender places on her gums, her three hollow teeth were uneasy and she had to get through worrying thoughts about them - they would get worse as the years went by, and the little places in the front would grow big and painful and disfiguring.' (Backwater iii, p.230)
- 8 H.G. Wells, An Experiment in Autobiography (London: Victor Gollancz and The Cresset Press, 1934), Vol. II; pp. 15 and 17.
- 9 Gillian Hanscombe, The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982), p.29.
- 10 *ibid*; p.32

Note

- 11 Fromm, *op cit*, points out the irony of Richardson's club being called the *Arachne*, where she meets her new room-mate who is called Miss Moffat, and where she makes friends with Veronica who attempts to enmesh Miriam with her close affection: 'When Dorothy joined the club, she could not have dreamed that the myth behind the name ['Arachne'] would play an actual part in her life, that a modern web was about to be spun about her.' (p.43)
- 12 *ibid*, Fromm refers to an article 'A Sussex Auction' which Richardson wrote whilst in Vaud. The article, published in the Saturday Review shows that Richardson must have met the Penrose family *before* the trip to Vaud. (p. 59)
- 13 John Rosenberg, *op cit*, p.49. Dorothy Richardson's words are taken from her unpublished 'Literary Essay' (see Note 18 to Introduction to this dissertation).
- 14 Rosenberg, *op cit*, p.53. Richardson's words are taken from Louise Morgan's 'How Writers Work: Dorothy Richardson,' Everyman (22nd October, 1931). On p.54, Rosenberg explains Richardson's refusal to give a conventional description of people and places: 'It was immensely demanding to keep the two visions - hers and Miriam's - apart, and sometimes frustrating, since she only could describe scenes and people as Miriam would register them. Anything familiar to Miriam, that she would only notice obliquely as one does in such cases, would have to be described in the same tangential way. It was 'horrible to refrain from objective description of her family' and other elements of the background.' (The quotation is from an unpublished letter by Richardson to E.B.C. Jones, dated 12th May 1921)
- 15 'Data for Spanish Publisher' ed. Joseph Prescott, London Magazine, Vol. 6, No. 6 (June 1959), p.19.
- 16 H.G. Wells, *op cit*, p.492.
- 17 Sean O'Faolain, The Vanishing Hero (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1956), p.35.
- 18 Virginia Woolf, A Writer's Diary, ed. Leonard Woolf (London: Hogarth Press, 1953), 26th Jan 1920; p.23.
- 19 Rebecca West, 'The Castle of God' from The Court and the Castle (1957) in Rebecca West: A Celebration (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978), p.404.
- 20 Gloria Glikin (Fromm) 'The I and the She,' Adam, Vol xxxi, Nos 310-312 (1966), pp.42 and 43.
- 21 In Authors Today and Yesterday, ed. Stanley Kunitz (New

Note

- 21 York: Wilson, 1933), p.562.
- 22 Frank Kermode, The Sense of An Ending (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966) p.134-135. This follows an account of how Sartre tells, in his autobiography, of his discovery of 'the falsities imposed upon him by the fictive power of words' when he wrote a novel about a French Private who captured the Kaiser.
- 23 *ibid*, p.140.
- 24 Leon Edel, 'Notes and Discussion - Dorothy M. Richardson, 1882 [sic] -1957' Modern Fiction Studies, IV (1958), pp.166.
- 25 *ibid*, p.168. Edel does not concede the order or structure in Pilgrimage. But that structure (of travelling, stages on a journey, underpins the whole).
- 26 Fromm describes Richardson's arguments with her publishers, and particularly the protracted squabble with Dent when they were, in 1937, preparing the first omnibus edition of Pilgrimage. Richardson chose 'to correct all the errors that she claimed the Duckworth volumes contained. Indeed, it suddenly occurred to her that this must be why she had an "obstructive reputation for unreadable prose." Once she had formulated an idea, she would not let it go. To the end of her days she insisted that the chaotic state of her commas was responsible for her reputation.' *op cit*, p.307.
- 27 Richardson, 'About Punctuation,' Adelphi i, No.11 (April 1924), p.990.
- 28 Lawrence Hyde, 'The Work of Dorothy Richardson,' Adelphi ii, (Nov 1924), p.517.
- 29 Tony Tanner, Introduction to Villette [1853] (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979), p.47.
- 30 Fromm, *op cit*, refers to a long letter which Richardson wrote to Edward Garnett where she refers to herself throughout in the third person. (p.78) And Richardson wrote 'A Few Facts for You' (Sylvia Beach (1887-1962) in Mercure de France, tom. 349, Nos. 1198/1199 (Aug-Sept, 1963), pp.127-128) in the third person - although she is writing about herself.
- 31 Some other examples of this switch in person in March Moonlight can be found at: Ch.iv, p:606, and Ch.v, p.617
- 32 Gloria Glikin (Fromm), 'The I and the She,' *op cit*, p.12.
- 33 Walter L. Myers, The Later Realism (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1927) p.152.

NOTES to Chapter 8, Part II, 'Reality'

Note

- 1 Walter Allen, Tradition and Dream (London: Phoenix House, 1964), p.8.
- 2 Alain Robbe Grillet, 'From Realism to Reality,' (1955 and 1963) in For A New Novel, translated by Richard Howard (New York: Grove Press, 1965), p.157.
- 3 Critics reactions to Richardson's method range from irritation to admiration. Graham Greene, for instance, says: '... this novel ... just ploughs on and on ... Miriam still sensitively on the alert, reading far too much significance into a cup of coffee, a flower in a vase, a fog, or a sunset' - 'The Saratoga Trunk' in The Lost Childhood and Other Essays (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1951), p.86. Whereas Gloria Fromm says: 'The integrity of her novel lies ... in the insistence upon physical and emotional details as meaningful in their own right.' Dorothy Richardson: A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, London: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977), p.396.
- 4 Virginia Woolf, 'Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown,' (1924) The Captain's Death Bed (London: Hogarth Press, 1950), pp.90-111.
- 5 H.G. Wells, An Experiment in Autobiography (London: Victor Gollancz and The Cresset Press, 1934), Vol.II, p.619.
- 6 Conrad's approach, though more 'aesthetic' than Wells', is still essentially *business-like*. In his 1920 Author's Note to The Secret Agent, he says of his own conscientious brand of realism: 'I was simply attending to my business. In the matter of all my books I have always attended to my business. I have attended to it with complete self-surrender.' Richardson's surrender of self has an altogether different meaning. It is not in order to *suggest* reality but in order to recreate reality and simultaneously - self. Thus 'over-sensitivised receptivity' is an understatement.
- 7 Tony Tanner, Introduction to Villette [1853] (Harmondsworth: Penguin: 1979), p.11.
- 8 See references to seeing through glass, in Part I, Chapter 2, 'Seeing' (section iii, 'The Looking Glass').
- 9 This description, and one in March Moonlight iii, p.599, bears a striking resemblance to the description in Villette when Lucy Snowe awakes from sickness in the Brettons' house. Her's is a prettier room than Miriam's, but some articles correspond to Miriam's furnishings. There is an emphasis on green; a mirror with a black frame; a 'smooth milky-green'

Note

- basin and ewer; and the curtained bed recalls the dividing curtain in Miriam's room.
- 10 'Until,' Marcel says, 'I thought no more of the room than of myself.' See references, in this dissertation, to the effect of 'custom' in seeing things, in Swann's Way, in Part I, Chapter 2, 'Seeing' (section ii, 'Snapshots').
 - 11 Walter Benjamin, Illuminationem (Frankfurt 1969) - translated as Illuminations, translated by Harry Zohn, ed. and with an introd. by Hannah Arendt (London: Fontana/Collins, 1973), pp.60 and 67.
 - 12 Alain Robbe Grillet, 'A Future for the Novel,' *op cit*; p.19.
 - 13 Again, see Part I, Chapter 2, 'Seeing' (section i, 'Dazzling Objects').
 - 14 Unsigned review of Honeycomb, 'According to Miriam,' Saturday Review, 124 (24th Nov 1917), p.422.
 - 15 Georg Lukacs, The Meaning of Contemporary Realism, translated by John and Necke Mander (London: Merlin Press, 1963), p.20.
 - 16 Examples are at: Pointed Roofs iii, pp.38-40; Backwater iii, pp.229-234; Honeycomb iii, pp.376-380; Interim vi, pp.377-379; and ix, pp.437-439; The Trap vi, pp.471-473; Oberland ii, pp.37-42; Dimple Hill iv, pp.438-442
 - 17 Gillian Hanscombe, Introduction to Pilgrimage (London: Virago, 1979), p.6
 - 18 There is irony in Miriam's despising the 'monorail' quality of ideas. The word 'monorail' recalls Locke's account of association as a 'train of ideas,' satirized brilliantly by Sterne in Tristram Shandy, as the obsessive hobby-horse. Miriam is more 'hobby-horse' prone than anyone. She confines her ideas along narrow tracks. She gives ideas 'body' by doing so, giving them hard outlines and rigid definitions. But she is certainly guilty of 'monorail' thinking.
 - 19 Walter Allen, *op cit*; p.14
 - 20 Although Gillian Hanscombe says that, in passages such as ones where Miriam examines and ponders upon her hands, Richardson 'reminds the reader of the essential disjunction Miriam suffers between her mind and her body.' The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982), p.99. This suits Hanscombe's thesis, in that she argues a sexual disjunction in Miriam's personality. But the statement does not explain Miriam's enjoyment in physical exertion, and her sense of pleasure in her own hands.

Note

- 21 Shirley Rose. in an unpublished Doctoral dissertation ('The Social and Aesthetic Views of Dorothy M Richardson - A Study of Pilgrimage and her miscellaneous writings in the light of her theoretical and practical views of socialism and literary art' London University, 1967; pp.187-188) says, with reference to the 'hands' symbol: 'The hands are examined as things in themselves as well as in relation to Miriam. Usually, hands are the parts of our body we recognise instinctively as being ourselves. We offer the hand in greeting as the agent, communicating our good will. Asked to look at ourselves, if there is no mirror, we examine our hands as the most convenient and readily visible part. They are before our eyes in nearly all that we do; we are aware of them, consciously or unconsciously. What we do or make with our hands is instinctively ours; their imprint is unique ... They suggest the artist's hands but they are not conventionally romanticised as delicate or artistic in appearance.'
- 22 A.A. Mendilow, Time and the Novel (London: Peter Neville, 1952), pp.154-155.
- 23 Robbe-Grillet, 'A Future for the Novel,' *op cit*, p.21.
- 24 Rufus M. Jones, Social Law in the Spiritual World (London: Headley Bros, 1904), p.50. Caesar R. Blake (Dorothy Richardson, Foreword by Leslie Fiedler, (Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1960), pp.23-24, says that Richardson acknowledged the influence of the Jones work in her study of Quakerism.
- 25 Caesar R. Blake, *op cit*, p.24. Blake's book considers Pilgrimage entirely in a mystical context - regarding the 'mysticism' as of primary importance.

NOTES to Chapter 9. Part II. 'Time'

Note

- 1 See references to style, in this dissertation, in Part II, Chapter 7, 'Autobiography' (section iii, 'The Reader')
- 2 David Daiches, discussing Ulysses ('"Ulysses": The Technical Problem', in The Novel and the Modern World (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1939, revised ed. 1960), p.111.
- 3 Ezra Pound, 'A Few Don'ts,' Poetry (March 1913) Literary Essays of Ezra Pound, ed. T.S. Eliot (London: Faber, 1954), p.4.
- 4 Richardson, letter to Henry Savage, 1948. Quoted in Gillian Hanscombe, The Art of Life (London: Peter Owen, 1982), p.37.
- 5 E.M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1927, London: Edward Arnold, 1927, Pelican 1962), pp.36 and 28.
- 6 Frank Kermode, Romantic Image (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1957), pp.1-2.
- 7 It is surely possible to read these short novels as evidence of Mann paying ironic lip-service to the idea of the anguished 'outsider.' This is more obvious in Tonio Kröger but there is certainly wry irony in the price the protagonist pays for 'perception' in Death in Venice.
- 8 Virginia Woolf, 'Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown', (1924) The Captain's Death-Bed (London: Hogarth Press, 1950), pp.90-111.
- 9 Hans Meyerhoff, Time in Literature (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press), 1955, p.80.
- 10 Frank Kermode, The Sense of An Ending (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), p.39.
- 11 In a sense, the city is change, as is the city in the first book, 'A Sort of Introduction,' in Robert Musil's The Man Without Qualities (1930): 'Like all big cities, it consisted of irregularity, change, sliding forward, not keeping in step, collisions of things and affairs, and fathomless points of silence in between, of paved ways and wilderness, of one great rhythmic throb and the perpetual discord and dislocation of all opposing rhythms, and as a whole resembled a seething, bubbling fluid in a vessel.' (Ch.1) But Musil pushes the idea further to include the Futurist concept of 'a kind of super-American city' - apotheosis of speed, energy and mechanization. (Ch.8)

Note

- 12 Mary Ellmann, in Thinking About Women (first published New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1968; London: Virago, 1979), p.195-196, suggests that alienation is a particularly pertinent theme for modern women writers. She says they 'share, even intensify' an 'almost intensive or ingenious' reaction of 'sadness' to the present century: 'Isolating themselves as topics of the imagination, they seem to multiply their old actual (or social) isolation.' She says that Richardson is the first to find a different mode for expressing dissociation from feminine stereotypes. See also the discussion on Miriam's alienation, and life in the city, in Part II, Chapter 8, 'Reality' (section i, 'A West End Life,' and section iii, 'Terrifying People.'
- 13 The 'loop' of time is a favourite description in the later books of Pilgrimage. For example: Oberland v, p.96; Clear Horizon i, p.304; and iv, p.355
- 14 Shiv Kumar, Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1963), p.10.
- 15 Richardson herself denied direct influence, in a letter to Shiv Kumar dated August 10th, 1952, *ibid*, p.46.
- 16 *ibid*; p.42. Shiv Kumar is quoting Bergson, from The Creative Mind
- 17 *ibid*, p.44.
- 18 *ibid*, p.44. Kumar says that 'as soon as Miriam stops conceptualizing she realizes *becoming*, in the strict Bergsonian sense. But when Miriam formulates her ideas about 'being versus becoming' she has become an inveterate 'conceptualizer.' This does *not* change, nor does her belief in the supremacy of *being*.
- 19 *ibid*, p.58.
- 20 Richardson, 'A Sculptor of Dreams,' review of Studies in Dreams, by Mrs H.A. Foster (London: George Allen Unwin, 1921) in Adelphi, Vol.2, No.5 (Oct. 1924), pp.422-27.
- 21 Henri Bergson, Matter and Memory, translated by Nancy Margaret Paul and W. Scott Palmer, with introd. by H. Bergson, 1910, (London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1911), p.94.
- 22 *ibid*, p.177.
- 23 Gloria Fromm, in Dorothy Richardson: A Biography (Urbana, Chicago, Illinois: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1977) says: 'During the summer of 1918, there was talk here and there of the strange new work by James Joyce appearing in installments

Note

- 23 [sic] in the Little Review (the April issue would contain May Sinclair's essay on the novels of Dorothy Richardson) Dorothy and Alan Odle heard some of the talk about Ulysses as they spent most of their summer working, she on The Tunnel, volume four of Pilgrimage ...' p.114. On p.118 she describes the accidental confiscation of an instalment of Interim.
- 24 Shirley Rose, 'Dorothy Richardson's Focus on Time' English Literature in Transition, Vol. 17 (1974), pp.163-72.
- 25 William James, The Principles of Psychology, Vol. I, (first published New York: Henry Holt & Co, 1890. Authorized ed., New York: Dover Publications, 1950), p.606-7.
- 26 *ibid*, p.239.
- 27 Georges Poulet, Studies in Human Time, translated by Elliott Coleman (Baltimore: The John Hopkins Press, 1956), pp.299-300.
- 28 Bergson, *op cit*, p.24.
- 29 The 'snowballing' term is used in Bergson's Creative Evolution, (1907) translated by Arthur Mitchell (London: Macmillan, 1911), p.2. The heavy 'load we drag behind us as we grow older' is described in Bergson's An Introduction to Metaphysics, (1903) translated by T.E. Hulme (London: Macmillan, 1913), p.6.
- 30 Richardson, 'Old Age,' Adam, Vol 31, Nos. 310,311,312 (1966), pp. 25-26.
- 31 Rose, *op cit*, p.163.
- 32 Vincent Brome, 'A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson,' London Magazine, Vol. 6, No. 6 (June 1959), pp.26-32.
- 33 May Sinclair, Egoist, Vol 5 (April 1918), pp.57-59. (See Part I, Chapter 3, 'Formlessness,' Note 1)
- 34 Letter to Shiv Kumar, *op cit*, p.46.
- 35 *ibid*, p.46.
- 36 *ibid*, p.52.
- 37 Richardson, 'Comments by a Layman,' The Dental Record, xxxviii, 8 (1 Aug 1918), pp. 350-2.

NOTES to Chapter 10, Part II, 'Words'

Note

- 1 Richardson's attempts at poetry are disappointing; for instance, this undistinguished example (it is named 'Disaster'):

Upon the homing ship, the conqueror,
Fell radiant sunset light revealing her,
Her stature and her strength and all her grace
At last before the eyes even of those
Who never saw her as she ranged the seas,
Who saw her for a moment ere she sank,
Sank without signal, mighty and unassailed,
Regal and kind, and proud in modesty.
And where she rode, heaven comfort us, a sea
Empty and cruel assails our desolate eyes.
Adelphi, Vol. II, No. 4 (Sept 1924) p. 277

- 2 Roman Jakobson, 'Two Aspects of Language and Two Types of Aphasic Disturbances' in Part II of Fundamentals of Language, eds. Roman Jakobson and Maurice Halle, (The Hague: Mouton & Co, 1956, 2nd revised ed. 1971), pp. 55-82.
- 3 Gerard Genette. '*Metonymie chez Proust, on la naissance du Recit*' Poetique, vol. 2, 1970; pp. 156-73 - Quoted (and translated by David Lodge, 'The Language of Modernist Fiction: Metaphor and Metonymy,' in Modernism, eds. Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976) pp. 481-496. David Lodge is discussing the metaphoric nature of the structure of Remembrance of Things Past, involuntary memory being the 'prime moving force' behind the narrative. He continues: 'But, says Genette, if the initial trigger mechanism of memory is metaphoric, the expansion and exploration of any given memory is essentially metonymic, because of Proust's characteristic tendency towards "assimilation by proximity ... the projection of analogical affinity upon relationships of contiguity," and vice versa.' (p. 493)
- 4 Jakobson, *op cit*, p. 78.
- 5 She feels that one ought not to think in words - see Part II, Chapter 10, 'Reality' (section 1, "Everything is Words")
- 6 Richardson, 'Data for Spanish Publisher,' ed. Joseph Prescott, London Magazine, Vol 6, No. 6 (June 1959), pp. 14-19.
- 7 Robert G. Kelly, 'The Premises of Disorganization: A Study of Literary Form in Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, James Joyce and Dorothy Richardson.' Unpublished Doctoral dissertation, Stanford University, 1952; pp. 47-48.

Note

- 8 *ibid*, p.234. Kelly assumes that Miriam's proposed return to Oberland at the end of Dimple Hill is the end of Pilgrimage: 'And in the end she arrives at a void, rich, ineffable, incommunicable, where there is clearly no point in going on writing. And so, after two thousand wandering pages, her pilgrimage is at an end.' (p.242) (Kelly's thesis predates the 1967 publication of March Moonlight) Miriam's pilgrimage actually ends with her final commitment to being a writer.
- 9 Roland Barthes, Writing Degree Zero (Le Degré Zero de L'écriture, Paris 1964) translated by Annette Lavers and Colin Smith (London: Cape, 1967), p.22.
- 10 Tony Tanner, City of Words (London: Cape, 1971), p.16.
- 11 Ferdinand Saussure, Course in General Linguistics, eds. Charles Bally and Albert Sechehaye, translated by Wade Baskin (London: Peter Owen, 1960), p.112.
- 12 Virginia Woolf, 'Modern Fiction,' (1919) The Common Reader (London: Hogarth Press, 1925), Vol I, p.106.
- 13 Barthes, *op cit*, p.22. (See also, Part I, Chapter 4, Note 2)
- 14 Hermione Lee, 'A Violent-Coloured Ray,' New Statesman, 11 (January 1980), pp.59-60.
- 15 David Lodge, *op cit*, p.494.
- 16 Saussure, *op cit*, p.25. (See also Part I, Chapter 4, 'The Written,' Note 6)
- 17 See references to 'photographs', in Part I, Chapter 2, 'Seeing' (section ii, 'Snapshots')
- 18 See references to 'image' in the opening paragraphs of Part II, Chapter 9, 'Time'
- 19 Roland Barthes, Image - Music - Text, essays selected and translated by Stephen Heath (London: Fontana/Collins, 1977), p.17. Barthes is writing about the 'special status' of the photographic image - its 'analogical perfection.'
- 20 Alain Robbe-Grillet, For A New Novel translated by Richard Howard (New York: Grove Press, 1965), p.19. (And see references to 'seeing through glass,' in Part I, Chapter 2, 'Seeing' (section iii, 'The Looking Glass')
- 21 Robert Hughes, The Shock of the New (London: BBC Publications, 1980), p.129.

Note

- 22 Babette Deutsch, 'Freedom and the Grace of God,' (Review of The Tunnel and Mary Olivier) Dial, Vol. LXVII (15 Nov. 1919), p. 441.
- 23 See Part I, Chapter 4, 'The Written', Note 23, regarding 'the Novel of the Three Dots'
- 24 Richardson, 'Adventure for Readers,' (review of Finnegans Wake) Life and Letters Today, Vol. 22, No. 23 (July 1939), pp. 45-52.
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The information for this part of the bibliography has been drawn, for the most part, from Gloria Fromm's book: Dorothy Richardson: A Biography (1977). Details have been augmented by Gillian Hanscombe's The Art Of Life (1982), John Rosenberg's Dorothy Richardson: The Genius They Forgot (1973) and my own research. As Fromm used categories such as: review, essay, short story, etc, for organising her list of Richardson's writings (and as Gillian Hanscombe uses an alphabetical listing of periodicals for her bibliography) I have presented the major part of the list of Richardson's writings in chronological sequence. Richardson wrote a vast number of pieces for periodicals. Rather than separate these into categories: autobiography, non-fictional books, prefaces, reviews, essays, sketches, short stories, poems, excerpts from Pilgrimage, etc, they are all collected together, for the first time, in a chronological list. (The nature of the piece is given in squared brackets at the end of each entry.) Details about Pilgrimage are shown separately, at the beginning of the list of Richardson's writings.

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